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Death.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY, '19.

NOW we two part—

I—treading my lonely, sorrowful paths alone—
Must go, who felt the breath of love full-blown;
Who drank of the rich and reddened vineyards
Of your fruitful heart.

Wandering along—

Quiet fields beneath the silent evening skies,
Bereaven of the light of your fair eyes;
And deaf to all the music in the air—
Deaf to the skylark's song.

My ways are sad—

And wet with tears of our requited Love;
But yet a single fragrance from above,
Sweet with remembrance, clings to the dull earth—
And I am glad.

The Ideal Teacher.

BY BROTHER MATTHEW, C. S. C., '17

TEACHING is an art—an art so great and so difficult," says W. L. Phelps, "that a man or a woman can spend a long life at it without realizing much more than his limitations and mistakes and his distance from the ideal." The sculptor works on the cold block of stone until the lines of a graceful statue are complete; the teacher molds the souls of children until the beautiful characters appear: the one is an artist in material things, the other in spiritual. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the right kind of teacher approaches his duty with a sense of reverence? His is a difficult and delicate task. To him more than to any other is given the responsibility of unfolding the powers of the young soul, of guiding it in the path of knowledge, truth, and piety, of forming the character that is latent

within it. If he succeeds, his success is a glorious one indeed; if he fails, the failure is tragic.

The aim of the ideal teacher is the formation of character; his ambition is to accomplish this aim. Consequently, he offers himself a living sacrifice to the welfare of others. "The great prizes of life—wealth and fame—are not for him, and must be resolutely forgotten at the outset." He loves teaching for its own sake, he realizes the grandeur of his profession, and embraces it with passionate devotion.

But this is not enough. The eagerness to sacrifice oneself to the cause of education will be worse than useless if there be not proper equipment for the work. The teacher should be the embodiment of those virtues which he is continually striving to cultivate in the youthful souls entrusted to him. If he is to control others effectively, he must be able to control himself; if he would have others obedient, industrious, courteous, manly, these virtues must radiate from himself; otherwise his young charges are apt to cry out, interiorly at least, physician heal thyself.

Another indispensable qualification of the teacher is a rich fund of knowledge. The pupils come to him with their intellectual coffers empty; if he is prepared to fill them they will go away rich; if his own resources be meagre, they will go away poor. It ought to be the ambition of the teacher then to acquire knowledge at every opportunity. Every addition to his fund will be so much gained for his pupils; every opportunity despised is a loss not only for himself, but for hundreds of pupils as well. It is a mistake for the teacher to set limits to his knowledge. Many think if they know just what they are to teach, it is enough; but every experienced teacher understands that a large background of reserve knowledge is an invaluable asset in the class room. The teacher that lacks this goes about his work with little confidence in himself; he is perpetually afraid of being found wanting. The pupils will

not be slow to discover his limitations and as a result his teaching will be ineffective. "I cannot teach right up to the edge of my knowledge," says Professor Palmer of Harvard, "without a fear of falling off. My pupils discover this fear and my words are ineffective. They feel the influence of what I do not say." The teacher's knowledge should be broad; it need not be profound. In fact, profound knowledge may prove a very real obstacle in rendering him unable to sympathize with his pupils, and to appreciate their intellectual limitations.

Knowledge in itself does not constitute the teacher. The imparting of knowledge is his business, and this is just where he differs from the scholar. The latter is content to know; the former longs to know and to make others know. This is an essential part of the teacher's mission—the making of scholars. He succeeds or fails in proportion as he does this. Some men, it would seem, are born teachers; they go about their work in a tactful and easy manner, and year after year their handiwork becomes more evident on the minds of their pupils. Others who are not born teachers—and they are in the majority—have gradually acquired the virtues of the ideal teacher. These have profited by years of training, especially by those years spent in the old, old school of experience. There are still others who labor in a sea of difficulties; they spare no pains to achieve their ends, and yet they fail to accomplish anything. To account for the success of some teachers and the failure of others we must consider briefly the qualities that seem to be essential to success; namely, the ability to maintain discipline, aptitude for what Professor Palmer calls vicariousness, and abundant patience.

"The power of maintaining discipline is the *unum necessarium* of the teacher." No matter how anxious he may be to teach, no matter how much he knows, if he has not this power he must bow to failure. Someone has well remarked that the teacher is like the captain of a ship. If the captain is not able to manage his ship he is at the mercy of the wind and waves; if the teacher is not able to control his students he is at their mercy. And what more pitiable sight than the master become the slave of his class. His life is a bondage, and his teaching nothing short of a mockery. A strong personality and a constancy of purpose, combined with a certain mysterious reserve in dealing with pupils, will greatly aid in maintaining order

and discipline. A good teacher makes his pupils realize that in the class room he is lord of all he surveys, but he does this in a tactful way without airing his authority. In fact the most successful teacher will be the one who can keep his authority in the background—a power felt but not seen.

Good discipline implies, besides order and external control, the mental attention or internal control of the class. A teacher may scare his class into order, he may so tyrannize over his pupils that there is a semblance of attention, but this is not discipline. After all, "discipline is a matter of personality rather than *avoir du pois*."

The ideal teacher overcomes the disciplinary difficulty by proceeding according to method and by creating a lively interest in the subject he is teaching. He comes to the class room with the day's program prearranged in his mind. Every minute of the hour, every hour of the week has its proper employment. He has learned—probably from experience—that idleness breeds mischief, and he tactfully keeps everyone busy. His pupils know what they have to do and do it. Procrastination or fickleness has no place in his methods. The teacher's enthusiasm for his subject is contagious; the skillful and attractive way he presents it, begets interest in those he is instructing. This once accomplished, he has surmounted the greatest difficulty, and teaching becomes a pleasure.

The second quality that is indispensable to the good teacher is vicariousness, or the aptitude for putting oneself in the place of the pupil. It is evident this will require a sympathetic imagination—a thing which so many otherwise good teachers lack. They tumble out facts *en masse*, or rush through a lesson, presuming too much on the knowledge of the class. All is perfectly clear to the accustomed mind of the teacher, but it has a stupefying effect on the less developed mind of the pupil. No wonder that a crop of ridiculous answers follows, leaving the master bewildered at the seeming imperviousness of his scholars. The truth is, the master, and not the scholars, is at fault. He has not acquired that precious virtue of his profession, namely, vicariousness.

The youthful mind is naturally meagre and undeveloped; it cannot grasp facts with the facility of more mature minds. For it, things wear a very difficult aspect from the teacher's. Consequently, the instructor who is happily able to go outside himself and get the student's

point of view has an immense advantage. He discovers new intellectual channels and directs the flow of his thoughts accordingly. One of the most successful teachers I have known, profited much by the examination papers submitted to him. He studied them carefully to discover the attitude of his pupils to the subject under consideration, and in this way he was able to adapt his teaching to less mature minds, and throw new light on his subject. This teacher knew the value of vicariousness.

It is plain from what has been said that the teacher will need a good stock of patience. Possibly the man whose days are spent in the classroom is the most tried of men. There are always pupils who test one severely because of their natural stupidity, some because their sole ambition is to puzzle the teacher, some are lazy, some are flippant, some are vicious, and all these the teacher must somehow direct and instruct without losing his evenness of temper. If he fails in this, if he gives rein to passion for a minute, he is sure to lower himself in the eyes of his pupils, or perhaps do or say something which is unworthy of a gentleman. Bursts of temper sour the hearts of pupils; youth can be won and formed only by a kindly spirit—the spirit that bears with the weakness, the foolishness, and faults of youth—the spirit of Christian patience. Patience, then, is a special mark of the good teacher.

We have now seen the qualities of the ideal teacher. He who possesses them, and gives his life generously to acquiring and imparting knowledge, is not without his reward. It is true that he works among a caste which is not much given to gratitude and appreciation, but these the teacher cannot reasonably demand. He labors from higher motives and he looks elsewhere for his reward. Apart from the pleasure of teaching—the pleasure of the artist practising his art—he will find abundant compensation in the thought that he has permanently influenced the lives of many for the better, that he has produced real spiritual masterpieces. "Workers on marble may live to see their work perish," writes Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., "builders of temples may watch their masterpieces crumble in the dust: teachers will have the consolation of beholding the temple of God, the shrine of the Holy Ghost which they helped to raise and sustain in human souls, stand for eternity in dazzling light, a monument of their zeal and a tribute to their nobility."

Varsity Verse.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

The organ-grinder in the street
Plays at my door in the afternoons
A rhythmic jargon, yet he brings
Joy of the spring with his jangling tunes.

The merry children crowd about—
Blossoms of May round a crooked bough—
Kirtles of pink and white and blue
Sway to the dancing music now.

The grinder holds his cap for a coin,
He bows his thanks with a jerk of his head
And moves along with the happy throng
To beckoning hands in the street ahead.

Old and bent is the organ-man—
In the blossoming year a leafless thing—
Yet his jangling tunes in the city-street
Open the budding lanes of Spring.

H. T. L., '19.

TRIOLET.

When I am old and gray—
Forgotten by the boys,
And youth has passed away;
When I am old and gray,
I'll want my friends to say,
I joined to make their joys—
When I am old and gray
Forgotten by the boys.

A. V. Calay.

HOW INDEED.

I knew her once, I knew her well,
I loved her oh! so true;
But now she's gone, my heart is void,
It must find idol new.
Her eyes are blue, her tresses brown,
Her voice rings like a bell;
The chimes that meant our meeting time
Now seem a somber knell.
She is so pure, so sweet, demure,
Her eyes her soul reflect.
I loved her so—how could I know
Her husband would object?

Delmar Edmondson, '18.

A SURE SIGN.

Longer "dinkies," chirping robins,
Thoughts of love, the Freshman poet,
Spring's not here, though signs may say so—
When the rhubarb comes we'll know it.

R. M. Browne.

Phil Diggs, Hermit.

BY RICHARD DANIEL DALEY, '17.

No one knew just why Phil Diggs shunned the people of the town completely and lived alone in the little shack at the old mill. Most of the natives had long before given up conjecturing as to the possible reason for Phil, the hermit. At one time he had been the very life of the church socials and other events in the sleepy little town. But suddenly he had deserted business, town and friends for the lonely existence at the abandoned mill. All this was some thirty years ago. When his old father and mother died, he did not even attend the funeral services. When informed of their deaths, he had merely nodded his head in a preoccupied manner. About the only time anyone heard Diggs' name now was when he came into town for supplies. Even this was seldom, and his rare appearances at Hi's store were always the occasion for new surmises as to the reason for his strange life.

Haynes, of the Sunshine Biscuit Company, was just putting his samples back into his bag and Hi was making ready to close up for the night, when he saw Phil Diggs slip noiselessly in at the front door. In a low, guttural voice he gave his order to Hi, who came back to the rear of the store to get the strip of bacon that was wanted.

"That thar's the hermit that you've heard the boys talk about. He ain't been in since last March, so I reckon his supply of bacon's got low. Ter look at him you'd never think me and him was in school tergether, would you?"

"So that's Phil Diggs, is it? He certainly has some make-up. Belasco would grab him in a minute if he had the chance."

Two barefooted youngsters, with wet swimming trunks thrown carelessly over their shoulders and with their hair sleeked back from their foreheads, entered excitedly through the swinging screen doors and approached the candy counter. They talked excitedly in low tones about how much of this and how much of that they would get with their few pennies. Hi was busy at the bacon barrel, and Haynes was fastening the last strap on his case when he saw the hermit turn and stare fixedly at the two boys. One of them stooped over to get a closer look at the coveted candy and the wet

trunks slipped off his shoulder to the floor at the hermit's feet. He stared at them dumbly for a moment, and then, with a half-stifled cry, dashed through the doorway.

"Well I'll be jiggered," exclaimed Hi. "What in the world do you suppose happened to that critter?"

"Does he know either of these boys?" Haynes asked.

"Naw," replied Hi. "If he wasn't half crazy he'd remember their dad though, for he went to school with him. There's no use trying to explain that feller's actions. Like as not he forgot to take the tea-kettle off the fire and he just thought of it. He'll probably be back after his grub tomorrow."

Haynes thanked the old storekeeper for his order, said goodbye, and walked out to the Pike House, the town's lone hostelry. Even the good meal that the corpulent Mrs. Pike put before him could not make Haynes forget the incident in the grocery store. The meal over, he went out on the veranda. He could not help thinking of the strange conduct of the man from the mill. He made many surmises as to the motive of his hermit life, and tried to picture to himself the old mill and its surroundings on a night such as the present one.

After the supper work had been cleared, Mrs. Pike joined her lone boarder on the veranda, and it was not long before Haynes brought the conversation around to the hermit. He received much more information from her about the old man than Hi had been able to give him, and finally he inquired the way to the old mill. She told him and then said suddenly:

"Land sakes alive, Mr. Haynes, you ain't athinkin' 'bout goin' up ter that old mill ter-night, be ya?"

"Oh, not especially," replied Haynes, "only it's a beautiful night and I think I'll take a walk before going to bed."

Darkness was just wrapping itself more closely about the little town as Haynes turned off the main street and started up the road which led past the mill. The first half mile he walked in darkness, but then the full moon rose above the ridge of trees which crowned the hills toward which he was walking and the road lay before him in an irregular, white line. After rounding a sharp bend in the road he saw far above him, the weather-beaten boards of the old mill shining white as if newly painted. He hurried on, eager to get a glimpse of the home

of the old hermit. The road became steeper, and just as he reached the top of a long hill he suddenly found himself in a small clearing before the mill. The weather-beaten boards did not seem so white now, a dull grey instead. At his approach a flock of doves arose noisily from a little patch of moonlight in the dusty road, and flew to the cupola from which hung a snapped-off flag pole.

Haynes could hear the soft splash of water and he circled around under cover of the shadows of the old trees and came out on a small embankment overlooking the shallow pond formed by the dam. Directly below him was the old sluiceway and the tumble-down shed which had housed the big paddle-wheel. He lay flat on the ground and watched the water as it slipped over the dam. Presently his musings were interrupted by the click of a latch on the door of the little shack. Then a form emerged from the darkness of the doorway, which in the bright moonlight Haynes easily recognized as the old man who had left the grocery store in such haste a few hours before. The man looked up into the starlit heavens for fully a minute and Haynes thought he heard the words of a prayer. Then he turned and walked back to the side of the shack. From the darkness beneath the eaves he drew out a long pole with a hook on the end, and walked slowly toward the water. Without hesitating, and with the long cloak which hung from his shoulders trailing on the top of the water, the old man waded out into the pond. Haynes made out that the old man carried a grappling hook with which he began probing into the holes formed by the fast decaying boards of the dam.

All around the mill pond the man went and came back directly under where Haynes lay. Whether it was the dampness of the ground or merely the workings of fate Haynes did not have time to decide, but suddenly there sounded upon the still night air two violent and distinct sneezes. The old man looked around quickly and in a trembling voice called,

"Jim, oh, Jim! is it you? I've been wait—" and he sank slowly down into the shallow water. Haynes was on his feet in an instant and scrambling down the slight embankment into the water. He took the unconscious form in his arms and carried it ashore. At first there was no answer to his calls, and he worked feverishly rubbing the thin, worn hands. At length he was rewarded by faint, inarticulate sounds. Then

he was able to catch some disconnected words, and finally the following:

"Oh, Jim, forgive me!—I've looked so long. Every night I've been here waiting. I knew you'd come up again. Oh, I was a coward—I could not swim—but I should have tried. Instead I ran, ran for hours—your pleading face and clutching fingers reaching out to grasp me. When I finally went home they told me—Jim Hale's body had been found in the mill pond. It was a lesson for us boys not to go swimming alone. I believed what they told me at first, and then I knew that it wasn't you they buried. Hadn't I seen you here? I didn't tell anyone—I just came up here and waited. Oh, it's been a long time, Jim, but I knew you'd come, and now we can go back together. Let's go, Jim, let's go."

He tried frantically to rise, but his meagre strength spent, he sank back into Haynes' arms and lay perfectly still. Haynes held the wasted body several minutes before he realized that it was lifeless. Then he picked it up and carried it into the little shack and put it on the narrow bunk in the corner. He would see that he delivered the order of bacon and cornmeal in the morning to the old mill, and he knew that tomorrow would bring fresh surmises as to the reason for Phil Diggs' wasted years at the old mill. But there was only one person who knew the secret and that man would leave the next morning for Springfield, and old Phil's story would be forever safe from the curious folk of Haverford.

Thoughts.

Conceit is self-deceit.

Look out for that end in friendship.

"War is hell;" so is peace-at-any-price.

An oasis is an expected question in an examination.

Prohibition must keep the rye out of dry to be effective.

Success is reached not by a ladder but by a greased pole.

Life is not a relay race: you make both start and finish yourself.

College spirit is as essential to a school's success as the college faculty.

Many a man who is ready to stand for "The Star-Spangled Banner" is not ready to fall for it.

The Road of Sleep to Fame is a long one; it took Rip Van Winkle twenty years to traverse it.

J. A. L.

The Wayside Shrine.

There it stands, brother, by the cross-roads,
Its weather-beaten post the only unshattered thing on
the landscape.

It leans toward those who kneel with bared heads,
As they pass on their way to and from the trenches,—
Ever to and fro.

Some stop to pray, and pass on over the hill—
But do not return.

The tiny statue of the Virgin

Leans toward the barren road,

As though she wishes to extend her hands in blessing
Over these silent and determined warriors.

For some, it is their last prayer,

For others, an oft-repeated outpouring of thanksgiving;
But always a prayer.

As far as the eye can see.

The fields are ploughed with shell and harrowed with
lead.

The trees are broken and dead, the song-birds are gone,
And the whole scene is seared and gray.

All through the day and night they come and go;

Two long, winding ribbons over the rutty road

And away beyond the crest of the hill.

Now and then comrade greets comrade;

A hand-shake, a word spoken, a light for the cigarette—

They are gone, in opposite directions.

But always, it is their last prayer,

As they kneel before the statue 'neath its shelter

On the leaning weather-beaten post,

For they may not pass that way again.

John U. Riley, '17.

Thomas à Becket.

BY JAMES H. MACDONALD, '19.

A saint does not put off his human nature when he puts on his sanctity, nor does his sanctity veil from him the common things of life. Holiness does not destroy the human element but perfects the human in the saint, brings it to its full power, distils from it its baser tendencies, draws off the scales and reveals the hidden beauty of human life. True it is that sanctity involves certain restraints, but only to prevent calamity and a domination of the lower powers. For man is not flesh alone but spirit also. And when one part of him develops disproportionately, he is out of equilibrium and hence unhappy. It is a common notion that a saintly person cannot be a companionable one,

that he is colorless and cold, unloving and unlovable, that if he be not actually disagreeable unbearable, he is yet not pleasant and attractive. His poverty of spirit is taken for timidity and scrupulosity, his meekness for unmanliness, his forbearance for cowardice, and his calmness for hardness.

The falsity of this idea may be seen not in the life of one saint only, but in any one of a very large number. Here, however, we can take but one, and we choose St. Thomas of Canterbury,—Thomas à Becket—who was remarkable at once for his high sanctity and for his intensely human qualities.

A saint is not necessarily a poet, though his deeds make excellent poetry and appeal graciously to the imagination. He does not live in the imagination, but in the flesh and blood. He moves and has his being as ordinary persons, yet his character is superior to other men's because he has brought his powers of soul and body into obedience to his will; and this will he has united to the will of God. Nevertheless he is still a man; and as his spiritual sense is quickened and his will more shaped to his Maker's, his human nature too becomes more perfect. He becomes more tender because he is alive to the weaknesses of men; more sympathetic and compassionate, for he realizes the power of desolation and abandonment; more agreeable since he is purified of selfishness and so can shift his point of view. Still he is not weak. For he is often, in very truth, the master of men; and then, though considerate and patient, he is firm and unflinching, since he has nothing to lose when he maintains God's principle, and is not afraid to die. It has too long been taken for granted that gifts of mind and disposition, talents and wholesome agreeableness are incompatible with virtue. It often happens of course that they do not go together; talents do not always accompany religious dispositions and one who is good is not always attractive. But such is not necessarily the case, nor should it be so. The life of St. Thomas of Canterbury is a splendid refutation of such a notion.

Thomas à Becket stood, as so many others have stood, for "the principle of God against Caesar." Others have come into conflict with worldly power and have maintained the rights of the Church against the interference of kings. But seldom in history have men seen the claims of the two, of the Church and of the state, more

clearly in conflict than Thomas of Canterbury, when he and Henry, King of England, met in conflict, so to speak, with their armies of supporters fallen back, and the two of them single handed to decide the issue. What was the character of him who thus, unarmed, defied the impetuous sovereign? He was a saint,—meek and humble; yet talented, attractive, learned, an athlete, business man, archbishop, the primate of his country and hitherto a favorite subject of his king. How Thomas was once Henry's friend and companion, was made the Chancellor of the Kingdom, was, on the death of the saintly Theobald, made Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate and Papal Legate; how Henry thought he had placed an easy tool in the primatial see and Thomas, contrary to his lord's expectation, persisted in preserving intact the right of the Church to try criminals who were clerics and to carry out ecclesiastical canons and regulations; how Henry, became bitter and forced him into exile, and later caused him to be murdered;—all this is widely known. And Thomas is regarded as a martyr and a brilliant historical figure.

Still Thomas à Becket did not see his life as it is seen today; to him, as to many another, it was a very small thing to be judged by man or in man's day. A life is made up of an infinite number of ordinary, plain and everyday experiences, while it is by the marvels which some men exhibit once or several times during their lifetime that posterity models its ideals and upon which it feeds its imagination.

Thomas was above all human and an engaging personality. Born of Norman parents, his father a London merchant of moderate circumstances, Thomas grew to boyhood full of vivacity and comeliness. He was high-spirited, quick and eager; he loved the open air and outdoor sports; he went to school to the Augustinians at Morton Abbey, studied a great part of the day under a priest, and when school was over and the tasks laid away, went to the meadow for football. His biographer says that "there were three great schools which were attached to the principal churches, and on feast days the scholars would hold their disputations in the churches where the feasts were celebrated. On such occasions the boys of the several schools would meet, and there would be a lively competition in verse or in their knowledge of grammar. Their sports were not

less vigorous than their literary contests. Shrove Tuesday morning had its barbarous pastime. The boys would bring their fighting cocks with them, and the school would be turned into a cockpit under the master's eye. The afternoon of Shrove Tuesday was devoted to a general game at ball outside the city, while the Sundays in Lent were given up to tilting at the quentin, which game after Easter was played in boats of the river. In winter there was skating on thigh bones fastened to the feet, an iron-pointed staff being held in the hand." Hawking and hunting were also favorite sports. Indeed Thomas had a wholesome love of sport all his life. Once, when travelling about in disguise during the period of his exile, he was recognized by the interest he betrayed in a fine hawk.

Such was the spirit of the boy and the youth who developed into the hero of the English church. A recent biographer of St. Thomas tells us that "men would turn round in the London streets smiling with pleasure to see this gallant boy, a head taller than themselves on the ground, ride by over the country by Westminster or over the wooden bridge to Southwark meadows where the wild duck lived. And God too, we know, looked on him with pleasure; for this boy, in the midst of a roistering, careless society, lived a life as innocent as the day of his birth. It is true that he loved the lovely things which God had made, that he delighted to feel the wind in his face and his horse between his knees, and to watch the long swoop of the towering bird, and to hear the *mort* of the stag blown on the hunting horn—this was natural enough; but for Thomas a life of clean pleasure was the life to which God called him."

In growing into manhood, Thomas lost nothing of his personal attractiveness. He was a favorite in the household of Archbishop Theobald, whither he was sent to learn the manners of the nobles and gentlemen. Later Thomas, having studied in England and Europe and being the King's first friend, was made the lord chancellor of the kingdom. Behold him as chancellor, a business man, a judge and a diplomat, riding with magnificent retinue, holding intercourse with kings, dining in sumptuous halls and served at table with every known delicacy; sought by people of all rank; held in esteem by the rich, but, more especially, by the poor, who were feasted at his door; enjoying the splendor which surrounded him, yet knowing

how to enjoy it and yet not give way to it! Amid it all he remained undisturbed, true to himself and to his God. And the crowd and the great folk admired and loved, cheered and sang for the tall, athletic, handsome churchman, all gleaming in "color and jewels," while Thomas alone could feel the prick of the hair shirt beneath his shining garments.

As Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas is known to the world. Yet the world little understands his manner of living. He no longer rode out in grandeur, as Archbishop, and he lived, during his exile particularly, the life of a monk. Yet his religious observances and the cares of his office, did not diminish the graciousness of personality. He was rigorous in his penance, but his health, we are told, demanded that he partake sometimes of delicate food. An insolent guest at his table once called his attention to this. Thomas replied, smiling, "I think, my dear brother, you are more eager over your beans than I over my pheasant."

Thomas' day was well filled with work, and his night was broken by the midnight office in which he was accustomed to take part. After his office he would go to his small room, wash and kiss the feet of thirteen poor men and himself wait on them at breakfast. After a little sleep, he would rise and say Mass, at nine o'clock. His dinner was shortly before noon, and after dinner, he would make up for the sleep which he had lost during the night by taking a nap; and then, after some conversation with his friends, he would ride out, walk in the cloister or visit the sick in the infirmary. Then once more, when supper was over, his prayers said and discipline taken, he would go to bed, or sleep beside his bed on the stone floor. And he it was, who, when the king demanded that he yield the Church's claims, replied, "I will not, sire."

A Wish.

I'd like to live on a pearly isle,
That is washed by a sparkling sea,
And canopied with deep blue sky,
Where fleets of clouds go drifting by
Noiselessly.

I'd like to live on a breeze-swept isle,
Where there is perennial spring,
Where flowers of every hue abound,
That scatter blooms the year around,
And strange birds sing.

B. William, '19.

How Hen Johnson was Late.

BY JOHN L. REUSS, '18.

"Now, Hen Johnson, yo' wuthless niggah, yo' all bettah mot done detained yo' befoah ah bounce dis heah rollin' pin off yo' black head!"

"Bein' as yo' seem to be so sot on it, ah may as well tell yo.' Ah jes' was on mah way to dis' heah cabin, an' wasn't thinkin' ob nothin' in paticulah—cépt ob yo' an' de pickaninnies—when de pahson, he steps out and says, 'Hen, ah ain't seen yo' at de serbices foh some time back, an' ah reckon as to how yo' ole soul mus' be jes' black wid sin. De good Lawd am callin' yo' from de paths ob perdishun to de road of de Almighty.'"

"An' yo' mean to tell me dat de pahson don been talkin' to yo' till dis heah howah ob de molinin'."

"Ah doan' mean to 'sinuate dat at all, but, when he says dat to me, 'I jes' got to thinkin' as to how wicked ah been, nebah goin' to de serbices on de Sundays. So ah says to myself, 'Hen, yo' all bettah go right now to de church an' make yo' peace wid de Lawd.' 'Nen ah turned in mah tracks, an' go straight to de chuch, an' prayed till ah couldn't pray no moah foh de good Sabior to fogive me, an' to bless me wid de grace to sabe mah ruined soul. Ah come right from de chuch, an' heah ah is."

"So yo' espec' me to believ dat fibrication, does yo', Hen Jachnson, when ah see wid mah own eyes de mud on dose boots, ob yourn; an' dey ain't a spec' ob mud from heah to de pahson's. Ah'll gib yo' jes' one moh chance to tell me de truf, or ah'll let loose ob dis heah weapon."

"Ah, ain't anxious 'bout feelin' de weight of dat pin, so ah gess ah bettah speak de truf: Ah was goin' by Jedge White's place, when ah heard one ob his hens cackle powerful loud, an' ah jes' could'n resis' de temtashun, so ah hops into de coop."

"An' how many ob de jedge's hens did yo' steal, yo' lyin' niggah?"

"Ah done got only two."

"Lawdy massy chile, wha din' yo' done tell me dat when ah axt yo' de fuhst time, an' we would a had de feathahs off o' dem-fowles by now. Go git dat ax, and chop dere heads befo' dey gits to cacklin' agin."

How To Become a Novelist.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

The advice to be proffered under the heading, "How to Become a Novelist," is intended, not for all who may chance to read it, but only for that select set of the people who have, or think they have, a talent for literature. But that, after all, would include the greater part of the population, for few are the persons who are not convinced that they could do something in belles-lettres if they would only give their time and attention to it. We are not attempting, however, to make litterateurs out of such folk as lean naturally toward more prosaic, and incidentally more remunerative, occupations. Fictionists, like poets, are born, not made. Even were this not the case we cannot imagine how any rational being would actually set out to wean into authorial endeavors one who might otherwise be useful for something.

Ours is the laudable intention of helping embryonic literary lights whose lamps, ere they can shine forth in the world of letters with their due brilliance, must needs be trimmed. In short, recognizing as we do the lamentable truth that there is a financial as well as an artistic side to literary pursuits, we wish to show young writers how they may come to look their landlords in the face with the arrogance that wealth engenders.

We shall assume that you have written and are writing short stories, which is, indeed, an easy trick to turn. All that is required is to take the same old Romeo and Juliet and have them do as your fancy fancies, to just let them do all that public opinion and the police authorities will permit. One fecund source of plots which the alert author must keep in mind is the fashionable city club, that favorite haunt of wits, raconteurs, travelers, detectives, hunters, scientists, and heroes in general.

Now, put this question to yourself: Why stop at short-stories? Why remain a sojourner in the realm of short fiction, when, by exercising only ordinary ingenuity and perseverance, you may become a novelist? While editors continue to pay by the word, what you should seek first is quantity, not quality. Why not change that proverbial "grain of oatmeal" into an Epicurean feast? Why not move from your attic to comfortable apartments, where you may burn incense, titivate the walls with

purple hangings and pictures of yourself, and live as every author should live.

Most authorities are agreed that writing short stories is but an apprenticeship to the more ambitious pastime of turning out novels. Not only is this indubitably the truth, but what we wish to point out is, that most short stories can, with careful elaboration, be lengthened into novels. This is especially the case in these modern days when the average novelist needs have little more than the ability to fill up his pages with pointless conversation, the willingness to discuss subjects that were tabooed in less enlightened but more modest times, and the nerve to foist his output on the reading public.

The method to be used is as follows: Suppose you have in mind a plot for a short story. To begin with you may expatiate unconscionably upon the ancestry of the characters involved, and their goings-on previous to the time of the incident with which the short story would have dealt. Then the aforementioned incident may be stretched out as far as it will go. Use any elongating process that occurs to you, as, for instance, the meticulousness of realism. If you introduce an inebriate into your action give an approximate estimate of the number of hiccoughs to which he gives vent while making a single remark. Do not be content to say simply of your heroine: "She was expensively gowned." Tell the cost of each article she wears, where she bought it, what her father said when he received the bill, and whether or not her feminine neighbors are satisfied that she is spending more than her father can make. At last what ordinarily would have been the conclusion is reached amidst the throwing of rice and the congratulations of a host of friends.

Now the author can run the thread of the plot off the reel of his imagination along romantic or realistic lines, accordingly as he take for his patron saint Walter Scott or Emile Zola. The expedient may be resorted to of showing whether the two principals lived happily or unhappily ever after; whether they had six, twelve, or no children, depending upon their social standing; and whether, on finding themselves incompatible (as most fictional heroes and heroines would), they had recourse to the divorce courts, separation, suicide, uxoricide, or what-not. All this may be very uninteresting, but it takes up space, and the result is that profitable boon, a novel. Surely nothing could be simpler.

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Admiral William Shepherd Benson.

(From the March number of the *Catholic University Bulletin*).

Admiral Benson, the chief of naval operations, and senior ranking officer of the Navy since the death of Admiral Dewey, has been chosen for the high honor of Laetare Medalist for 1917 by the University of Notre Dame. The Laetare Medal is without doubt the most unique of all the honors conferred upon Catholic laymen and laywomen in the United States. Admiral Benson's long career in the Navy, his meritorious service to the country since his graduation from Annapolis in 1877, his active interest in Catholic affairs since his conversion to the Church, and his present responsible position at the head of the Navy, have made him a national figure of importance. Those who have had the honor of meeting the Admiral recognize in him one of those marvellously efficient men, who are unable to talk about themselves or their work, and who see only in the strict and generous performance of their duty the whole meaning of life. One of his brother officers once said of the Admiral:

"Whatever ship he served was sure to be a happy and efficient ship. Not, however, until he took command of the superdreadnaught *Utah* did he find his real element, where the force of his personality could make itself felt. It was there that he initiated and created the Utah spirit, famous throughout the battle fleet and now famous throughout the Navy; because he brought the Utah spirit to the Navy Department with him. Before he had been here long, people began to find out that the Utah spirit was the Benson spirit, best exemplified in the ancient phrase 'Mine the labor, thine the praise.' Those who know him best are well aware that over and beyond all is a profound and consistent piety which shows itself, not in words, but in his acts and character, so that, with his great responsibilities and his far-reaching military authority, the one idea that shines out above everything else is his never-ending charity and devotion to duty."

The University of Notre Dame has conferred its highest honor upon Admiral Benson and in doing so it has echoed the sentiment of Catholics all over the country. Its present recipient is the strongest argument of how closely love of Church and love of country are joined in the hearts of the patriotic and God-fearing citizens of the republic.

Book Review.

NOTRE DAME VERSE: Compiled and edited by Speer Strahan and Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 88 pages. The University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price, \$1.00.

The little anthology bearing the modest, but to us significant, title "Notre Dame Verse" recently issued by the University Press is a very appropriate and worthy souvenir of the diamond jubilee of the University and of the golden jubilee of the SCHOLASTIC, and all those "of whose world Notre Dame is somehow a part" will be grateful to Mr. Strahan and Father O'Donnell for this contribution to the literature of our Alma Mater. The poems that the little book presents have been very carefully selected from the fifty volumes of the SCHOLASTIC, and when one remembers that they are, with very few exceptions, the efforts of undergraduates, provoked in most instances not by irrepressible inspiration but by the task-master of the classroom, their quality is somewhat surprising. Though well aware that the best always shows better by being separated from the inferior, we had hardly anticipated the pleasure of being so proud of our poetic achievement. The "Notre Dame Verse" will compare very favorably, we believe, with any other collection of amateur verse.

In the collection twenty-five of the old students and three former professors are represented by some sixty pieces. We are not well acquainted with the much that has been rejected, but we wonder whether the selection might not have included much more and still have been quite as good. The verses presented are nearly all serious, sincere, sensible, substantial, and poetic. Personally, we like best the little lyrics of Patrick J. McDonough, '03, and the easy, exquisite lines of Eugene P. Burke, '06. Of course it could not seem so to themselves, but the editors really owed their readers no apology for including the splendid pieces of their own production.

This wreath of Notre Dame song is most appropriately dedicated to Our Lady. Verse-making has been for many years a duly prominent part of the work in English at Notre Dame, and this presentation of the best results amply justifies the tradition. Along with the other purposes it will serve, this little volume of verse will doubtless be an incentive and inspiration to other singers among the students of the present and of the future to enlist themselves with their best effort in the company of Notre Dame poets, and we trust that the collection that will be made twenty-five years hence at the centenary of Notre Dame will dedicate many more laurels of equal or finer quality to the great Queen of Catholic song.

J. L. Carrico C. S. C.

Lecture by Dr. Wallace.

If there had been any doubt in the mind of anyone here at Notre Dame regarding the corporeality of William Shakespeare it would have been permanently removed last Monday night when Dr. William Wallace of the University of Nebraska lectured before the University. Dr. Wallace is considered by many to be the foremost contemporary authority on the facts about Shakespeare, and in his lecture he modified very materially our idea of the character of the great poet. His lecture was very interesting as well as instructive and much of the matter was illustrated by slides.

Dr. Wallace and his wife have spent the last seven years in searching the English archives for material on Shakespeare, and, to say the least, their search has produced astonishing results. During this time they have examined over five million manuscripts, many of which had never before been accessible to the public. Of their work, Professor Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, says: "Dr. Wallace has added more to our knowledge of Shakespeare during seven years of labor than all other scholars together have accomplished in three generations." This is high praise but in no way extravagant.

Among the many illuminating facts discovered by the professor are the following: Shakespeare was not a vagabond man-about-town, but a respectable gentleman of means; his income from his plays amounted to barely five thousand dollars a year, and not to the fabulous sum that many biographers have estimated; his companions and associates were men of character to whose sympathy and good will the poet owed much of his greatness and success; and finally, what proves to be a death blow to the theories of Ignatius Donnelly and other Baconians, the fact that Shakespeare was honored in his home town of Stratford as a famous man only fourteen years after his death.

Furthermore, Dr. Wallace has discovered five more authentic signatures of Shakespeare, where, heretofore, only five were known to exist. The lecturer's statement that the modern English drama did not develop from the old liturgical plays, as has been uniformly understood by historians of the drama, but was a distinct and original development, was naturally a great surprise to all of us. We were sorry

that Dr. Wallace did not have the time to explain and substantiate his contention, and so are forced to reserve our judgment until he brings forth in print his data on the subject, as we hope he will be able to do within a short time.

The lecture was of the kind and quality proper to a university audience, and we hope that the professor will continue in his good work. His success means more laurels for American scholarship and his task has already elicited a national interest. Until Dr. Wallace began to publish some of the results of his thorough researches, the English researchers declared that the sources of information concerning Shakespeare had been completely exhausted. The American student goes to their own great treasures and shows clearly that the sources have scarcely been touched at all. We have often been referred to by our friends across the ocean as mercenary, and as having little time for the finer things of life. If therefore, an American can make an important contribution to Shakespeare scholarship from sources which the host of English scholars have through carelessness all but entirely neglected, we shall have, in this field at least, no reason to smart under the charge of philistinism. It seems that to the zeal of Dr. Wallace and his wife is due the honor of vindicating the quality of American scholarship.

M. J. E.

Obituary.

Sylvester F. Shenk, father of Robert Shenk (M. E., '11) died at the home of his son Richard in Delphos, Ohio, on the 17th of last month after an illness extending from last November. To Robert and the other children we extend our deepest sympathy.

Leonard and Paul Swift were called home by the alarming illness of their father, and they wired from their home in Dayton May 2nd: "Father died beautiful death. Please pray." Friends of these splendid boys among faculty and students will answer the request for prayers.

Mr. Swift was a man of distinction in his community and a model Christian gentleman.

WANTED—High School teacher in small inland city: must be able to teach German, Latin and mathematics, and also speak German fluently. Apply to the President.

Varsity News.

—The freshmen lawyers have arranged for a banquet and smoker to be held at the Mishawaka Hotel early in May. The entertainment will be furnished by members of the class.

—On Tuesday morning the 1918 DOME Board pulled off their coats and began their work as official chroniclers of Notre Dame for the year to end May 1st, 1918. This board will have the big task of covering the diamond jubilee celebration in June.

—Several positions of timekeepers, paymasters, and general helpers in general contract work, are being held open for students, especially energetic civil engineers, who desire work during vacation. For further particulars write to Mr. Henry Hughes, Elks' Building, Fremont, Ohio.

—May Devotion exercises were solemnly opened by a procession and Benediction on Monday evening, and will continue to be held every Wednesday evening in May. These exercises are especially appropriate at our University, which is dedicated to Our Lady, and all students are urged to attend.

—Since February 1st, eighty-two students in Brownson Hall received no demerits, and are permitted to go to the city daily until 6:00 P. M. Fifty-eight of the Brownsonites have had nothing scored against them since the beginning of the school year last September. The prefects of Brownson Hall are highly pleased with this record, and think it eclipses that of any previous year.

—A pleasing photo-drama, "Let Katie Do It," was presented in Washington Hall last Saturday night. The interest in the picture lay chiefly in the activities of the seven vivacious little orphans whose pranks were laugh-provoking; though Jane Gray and T. Marshall were featured. Music by the University orchestra, together with a Keystone comedy and a Ford educational film, helped to make the evening enjoyable.

—The Architectural Club gave a banquet at Kable's Banquet Hall last Sunday evening in honor of the senior class in architecture, and Professors Francis W. Kervick and John L. Worden. After-dinner speeches by Professor Kervick, Matthew Trudelle, John Campbell, Simon Rudolph, Raymond Graham, and Eugene

McInerny, combined with a musical program, were enthusiastically received, and all that were present reported that they had an excellent time. The committee in charge of the banquet were Columbus Contoy, chairman, Leo Valker, Stanislaus Makielski, and Norbert Monning.

—During the past week a decorator has been at work repairing and repainting the ceiling in the main corridor of the Administration Building. This is part of the general plan to have everything on the campus looking well for commencement week, during which hundreds of people are expected to visit the University for the celebration of the diamond jubilee.

—Seniors who are leaving the class-room for military service will receive their degrees in June without being required to make up the work they will miss between now and the end of the year. Full credit for the unfinished work of this scholastic year will be given to all other students who are voluntarily entering the military training camps, and on their return to Notre Dame they will receive special assistance, if they should need it, from the professors, all of whom have offered their services free of charge.

—Sixty couples assembled at the Oliver Hotel Wednesday night to attend the Sophomore Cotillion. The ballroom was gaily decorated with American flags and bunting, and the whole atmosphere was one of patriotism. "Home, Sweet Home," which is usually the final musical number, gave place to the "Star Spangled Banner." The committee in charge, to whom the success of the dance is chiefly due, was composed of the class officers: H. L. Morency, president; Edward Meehan, vice-president; Austin A. McNichols, secretary; and F. Mulligan, treasurer. Music was furnished by the Ragpicker's Orchestra.

—In his illustrated lecture on "Biological Products," delivered Friday, April 27, in Washington Hall, Dr. C. W. Brown of Philadelphia maintained that the United States is energetically engaged in producing materials for the conservation, as well as for the destruction of life. To uphold the assertion he conducted the students through the laboratories of the H. K. Mulford Co., with which he is connected, showing and explaining the entire process of the manufacture, in immense quantities, of the antitoxins, vaccines, and serums that are used in the prevention and treatment of infectious

and contagious diseases. He declared that nearly one and a half million wounded soldiers have been saved in Europe by "Made-in-America" antitoxins for the prevention of tetanus. Though the lecture was burdened with too many scientific terms for all except science students, it was very interesting.

—The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus held a luncheon and smoker Tuesday evening. After a short business meeting in which George Shanahan was chosen to accompany Grand Knight John Miller, as delegate to the state convention, the members were entertained by a short program. The ever-ready Mandolin Club, Howard Parker, and several members of the Glee Club, furnished instrumental and vocal music, and James Ryan entertained those present with a humorous speech. Austin McNichols and Thomas King were chosen respectively first and second alternate delegates to the state convention.

—The department of Current Poetry in the *Literary Digest* for April 21st speaks as follows of our little volume of verses:

A few years ago, the verses that appeared in college magazines were almost without exception humorous—at least in purpose. *Vers de société* was the sort of writing in which the undergraduate poet chiefly desired to excel. Now, however, the college poet is attracted by the subjects that attract his older fellow craftsmen. He takes his art seriously, and not infrequently he writes verse that deserves and obtains a hearing outside the walls of the college. Some of the best of the poetry that has been written in past years by the students of Notre Dame University has been gathered into a small volume by Speer Strahan and Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., and published by the University Press with the modest title "Notre Dame Verse." It is an admirable collection, worthy of the traditions of the University that has numbered among its professors such men of letters as Charles Warren Stoddard and Maurice Francis Egan. From it we make two selections: the first, a splendidly descriptive lyric, and the second, a finely wrought sonnet rich in historical significance.

The critic then quotes a poem by Mr. Charles J. Flynn and another by Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell. In the same column, by the way, there is a poem by the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., introduced with these words:

Here is a bit of Celtic magic, a hearty home-coming song. The sorrow of the exile from Ireland has produced much noble poetry. This poet give us the other side of the shield, the joy of the Irishman whose exile is over. We take it from the "Songs of Creelabeg."

E. G. L.

Personals.

—Dr. Henry P. Luhn, a prominent physician of Spokane, Washington, and captain of Notre Dame's first football team in 1887-88, has written to say that he will probably be with us at Commencement time.

—Hugh E. Carroll (LL. B., '16) is practicing law with the firm of Riley, Hambroth, Dyer and Reed in East Chicago, Indiana. The offices of the firm are in the First Calumet Trust and Savings Building.

—The marriage of Miss Stella Helen Glogauer to Mr. Frank McKee (Litt. B., '94) took place at Hollywood, Cal., on Wednesday, April 25th. Mr. and Mrs. McKee will be at home after June 1st at Versailles, Kentucky.

—Stephen B. Fleming, a football man of the early '90's, then of Fort Wayne, now having offices on Broadway, is coming back in June for several reasons, one being that he has a daughter at St. Mary's, and another that he wants to meet his old chums who played with him on the team.

—Another athlete of the Far West who is to return in June is George W. Philbrook, football and track star of a few years ago and Olympic star at Stockholm. Philbrook has been engaged in the insurance business since he graduated from Notre Dame in 1912, and is now assistant-manager of a large company in Portland, Oregon.

—Patriotism among the alumni is running high since the declaration of war. Not to be outdone by the students, many of the graduates have applied to the Military Department of the University for records of their service that they may enter the Officers' Reserve Training camps. Many students have never appreciated until now just how much the University has done for them in affording them this opportunity for preliminary training. During those years when military drill in the schools of the East was unheard of, Notre Dame kept her men in ranks. Only the state schools here in the Middle West, dependent upon grants of money from the legislature, kept up the military life. But here memories went back to an earlier day, when so many sons of Notre Dame marched away at the call of their country.

Among the men who have written to Sergeant George A. Campbell for references are: James V. Robbins, LL. B., '14; Emmett Walters,

LL. B., '16; Albert A. Gloeckner, C. E., '16; Eugene A. Kane, C. E., '14; Fred J. Stewart, C. E., '12; Joseph B. McGlynn, LL. B., '12; William J. Shea, S. E. E., '15; Raymond T. Miller, LL. B., '14; Ernest P. Lajoie, LL. B., '15; Marcellus M. O'Shea, LL. B., '12; William M. Galvin, Ph. B., '14; William Henry, LL. B., '16. Among the old students, not graduates, who have applied, are Selden Trumbull, Emil Frossard, Jasper Ffrench, Gerald Griffen, Dolan Kreger, William A. Curley, and John Ruffing.

F. S. F.

Athletic Notes.

THE TWO-MILE AT PENNSYLVANIA.

One yard separated Notre Dame from the two-mile relay championship of America at the twenty-third Annual Race Carnival held on Franklin Field at the University of Pennsylvania last Saturday afternoon. That was the distance Scudder, anchor man for Pennsylvania, broke the tape ahead of Meehan, in the most sensational race of the big meet.

Each half-mile furnished its thrills. Four teams toed the mark at the start—Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, Chicago, and Penn State, in respective positions from the pole. It was Walker for Pennsylvania, Captain Miller for Notre Dame, Clark, half-mile champion of the Western Conference, for Chicago, and Skey for Penn State. At the crack of the gun Clark leaped away from his marks and beat the field to the pole at the first turn. Walker was second, Miller third, and Skey fourth. Clark, evidently, had been sent in under orders from Coach Stagg to set a terrific pace. Though he secured the pole, his first quarter in :61 was anything but fast, and the field raced close to him. Towards the end of the second quarter, however, he sprang a sprint that carried him eight yards ahead of Miller, who was a yard in front of Walker at the first exchange of the batons. Miller's time for the first half-mile he ever ran in competition was 2:01. Penn State was distanced.

Otis, for Chicago, like his teammate Clark had done before him, started on the second lap at a fast clip. Howard Berry, Pennsylvania's great all-around champion, jumped ahead of Noonan, and both tore after Otis. These positions remained unchanged for the first quarter, but at the beginning of the second quarter Otis "came back" to Berry, and the

Penn star and Noonan passed him. Berry increased the pace during the second quarter, and though Noonan challenged him in the last two-twenty, he maintained his lead right up to the end of the first half mile, and passed his baton to Capt. Dorsey a step before Noonan could consign the Notre Dame baton to Kasper. Chicago purposely had run its best men first to be in the running as long as possible, and at the end of the mile the decision lay between Pennsylvania and Notre Dame. The watches showed that Noonan had completed his half-mile in two minutes flat.

For six hundred and sixty yards in the third relay the Pennsylvania captain and Kasper moved along step for step. Finally Kasper tried to pass Dorsey and the pace picked up. Dorsey was equal to the occasion and shot down the last stretch with a great finish, but Kasper hung on tenaciously and at the exchange of batons the relative positions of the two teams had not changed an inch for the running of the third relay.

Scudder was away with a burst of speed ahead of Meehan, but "the western wonder" was right behind him. Meehan's fame had preceded him, and the crowd rose to see two of the greatest runners in America fight it out for their respective schools. Both moved along smoothly. Each had a proper appreciation of the other. Scudder had the advantage and he meant to hold it. Meehan was just as determined that Scudder should relinquish it. The perfect rhythm of the two continued until only two hundred yards of the race remained. Three distinct times Meehan challenged the great Scudder. Each challenge was met with a faster pace. As the tape "approached" the tenseness of the fight increased, but Scudder proved a wonderful finisher, and he got himself over the finish line three feet ahead of Meehan. Meehan's time was 1:58 2-5. The time of the race was 8:00 2-5.

The closeness of the struggle from start to finish was the feature of the race. At no time was there ten yards of track between a Pennsylvania man and a Notre Dame man. From the time that Captain Miller started the second half-mile he has run in his career until "Eddie" Meehan bowed to Scudder right at the finish line it was a great attempt by Notre Dame to overcome obstacles.

The relay season is finished. The East and the West have beheld and have had to reckon

with Notre Dame. Our men were literally what foreign scribes called them—"the fighting Irish." For many a day mention of that title will call to mind four of the gamest fighters that ever ran a race—Captain John Miller, "Pete" Noonan, Cyril Kasper, and Edward Meehan.

Leo Vogel demonstrated that he can throw the javelin with the best in the country when he placed third in the Pennsylvania Games last Saturday. His throw went over 152 feet.

NOTRE DAME BEATS BANKERS.

Notre Dame won the best-played game of the season last Saturday at the expense of the Fort Dearborn National Bank team, last year's champions of the Chicago Commercial League. Until the "lucky" seventh Notre Dame had not scored, but in that inning she counted three runs. There was method and some mighty good baseball crowded into that round. "Chief" Meyer started things with a single through the infield which could not be reached by either short or third. With a neat sacrifice, Sjoberg put him on second. Captain "Jake" Kline crossed the inner works of the Chicagoans and his infield roller went for a hit. A wild throw by the pitcher to catch the Notre Dame leader off first went high and Meyer raced home from third. Wolf smashed a double down the third base line that was fair by not over six inches and Kline scored. Harper hurried Ward in to bat for Spalding, and his roller to short sent Wolf to third. Edgren beat out the second infield hit of the inning and Wolf counted. That was all for the seventh, but in the eighth Sjoberg's single through the box scored Dubois.

The visitors scored in the fourth, seventh, and ninth innings, but one was all they could achieve on each occasion. A pretty double-steal on which the man on third went home brought their first run. A walk, a hit, and two sacrifice hits, made one for them in the seventh. An infield out following three bases on balls gave them a run in the last inning.

Considering the weather, Edgren pitched a steady game up to the ninth. Then he went wild, and Harper rushed Murphy into the box just in time. There was much suspense while "Murph" was getting himself out of a decidedly dismal situation.

The game marked the first Varsity appearance of Ralph Sjoberg. His two drives through the box, the second of which scored the run that won the game, and his quick return of a hit

via Spalding to the plate cutting off a run for the bankers in the sixth would be acceptable in any company. Sullivan got a chance in the field after Ward had batted for Spalding in the seventh. Both gave evidence of being valuable men. The Score:

FORT DEARBORN BANK	R	H	PO	A	E
Kernan, 2b.....	0	0	5	4	0
Croake, 1b.....	0	0	12	0	0
Wattell, 3b.....	1	1	0	3	0
Cronin, lf.....	0	3	2	1	0
Walsh, cf.....	0	2	0	0	1
Quinn, c.....	1	0	2	1	0
Wright, ss.....	1	0	2	3	3
McKittick, ss.....	0	0	0	0	0
Pruess, rf.....	0	1	1	0	0
Kearns, F. rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, p.....	0	0	0	3	0
Kearns p.....	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	3	7	24	15	5
NOTRE DAME	R	H	PO	A	E
Keenan, cf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Dubois lf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Allison, c.....	0	1	5	1	1
Meyer, 1b.....	1	1	14	0	0
Sjoberg, rf, 2b.....	0	2	0	0	0
Sullivan, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Kline, 3b.....	1	1	2	1	0
Wolf, ss.....	1	2	3	4	0
*Spalding, 2b.....	0	0	2	8	0
Edgren, p.....	0	1	0	7	0
Murphy, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	4	9	27	20	1

* Ward batted for Spalding.

Two base hits—Wattell, Wolf. Stolen bases—Cronin. Quinn. Struck out—by Sullivan 1; by Edgren 4. Base on balls—off Kerans 1; off Edgren 7; Double play—Wolf-Spalding-Meyer. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 5; Fort Dearborn, 7. Umpire—Schafer. Time of Game—2:00.

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS WEST'N STATE NORMAL.

At a quarter to seven o'clock last Wednesday evening Coach Harper strolled over to the Western State Normal bench and suggested to Coach Spaulding that they call a ball game that had been in progress since four in the afternoon. It was only the seventh inning then, but Coach Spaulding with his sense of humor agreed that it would be just as well to make the eighth inning the last. Three hours of baseball in weather that will never make a "bumper crop," put glee into the heart of the ice-cream man, or produce good pitching, was enough. The fact that Notre Dame won 9 to 3 was the only redeeming feature of the long and frigid contest.

Concerning Notre Dame's forfeiture of the honors won in the two-mile relay at the

recent relay games held at Drake University Des Moines, Iowa, the Des Moines *Evening Tribune* for April 27th had the following editorial under the title "Refusing a Pennant":

The spirit of sportsmanship in athletics will not be injured by the action of Notre Dame University in refusing a pennant won at the Drake relay tournament.

All members of Notre Dame's team were eligible according to the rules of the western conference and the regulations governing the tournament, but one of them was ineligible, according to the regulations of his own school. Therefore, the race is looked upon as an exhibition affair, for the winning of which no trophy can be accepted.

The Notre Dame authorities are tilting slightly backward in their action, but there has been altogether too much tilting forward in college athletics, too much of the spirit of win by any means, but be sure to win.

C. W. C.

Old Students' Hall.

Subscriptions to May 5, 1917.

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