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A Song of Service.

THERE is for me somewhere a worthy place,
Where I may work in harvest fields of earth,
And reap the grain that golden grows apace—
Angels will take the sheaves and know their worth.

Perhaps I live to help a soul in woe,
A child, or one whose hair has long been gray;
For since God keeps me in this world, I know
Some one has need for me somewhere today.

B. A.

The Prodigal's Return.

BY JOHN J. SULLIVAN, '18.

IT was a week before the big game of the season. On the campus nothing was talked of but the game with Haywood. Great was the confidence in the team that so far remained unbeaten. Whether unbeatable or not, the next Thursday's game would decide. But the hopes of Clayton students were running high.

The field within the high board fence was a place of mystery for the students. Secret practice had excluded all but the team and the graduate coaches.

Tom Conklin climbed out of his taxi, fished out a heavy suitcase from somewhere within the car, paid the passive driver and gazed about him.

"The same old place—just the same," he murmured. "Nothing changed but the faces, I suppose."

He began to walk rapidly in the direction of the big gym.

"Yes," he mused, "the faces will be different. I wonder how they'll receive the brother of Ray Conklin. At least they'll all give me credit for the nerve. But I'm needed here now; I know it. They've never

had anyone to show these backfield men how to drop-kick."

He turned the knob of the gym door and stepped in. There was no one in the dressing-rooms.

Conklin seated himself on one of the long benches, opened his suitcase and in a short time stood erect in his old football togs. He threw his clothes into the bag, snapped it shut and trotted out along the path to the field.

The guard at the gate held him while he called the coach. Lynch looked at Conklin coldly for a long time, then he held out his hand.

"How are you, Conklin?" he asked coldly. "What brought you down here?"

They shook hands very briefly.

"Why, I thought I might be needed to help with the drop-kickers, Lynch, so I took the liberty of offering my services."

"I see," said the coach quietly. "But listen here, Conklin, before I ask you to come in I want you to understand that you will likely be very unwelcome out there," he pointed to the field. "You didn't receive an invitation—purposely. But the thing isn't in my jurisdiction. Come in if you want to."

Conklin was hurt terribly, but he stuck out his lower jaw and jogged out upon the field.

Many of his classmates and even some of his old teammates were there. All either met him distantly and with a frigid courtesy or ignored him entirely. It seemed none could forgive him for that one thing in the past. He had been disgracefully discharged for a wild escapade a day before the most important game. He had been the greatest drop-kicker in the football history of Clayton; but today she welcomed him back as she would a pestilence.

Ray Conklin, the young brother of Tom, was the only one that greeted him decently.

"Can't talk very long now, Tom," he had said after a hearty hand shake. "But I want to see you as soon as we're through."

He hurried off. Ray was the sensation of the

Clayton backfield and the older brother looked after him with a swelling heart.

"I hope I'm not hurting him any, coming here like this," he told himself.

That night the student body requested Conklin to leave the campus. He received the committee smilingly, but he was torn with humiliation and anger.

Later, honestly indignant he told his brother about the whole thing.

"I'm sorry," sympathized Ray. "You came here in all good faith too. What are you going to do now, Tom?"

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do" answered the unfortunate one slowly, "I'm going up to Haywood tomorrow. They've invited me long ago. And I'm going to do my level best to beat Clayton. I'll show this bunch of snobs the value of drop-kicking."

Conversation lagged and soon Tom arose.

"Well, old fellow, I'm wishing you the best of luck. I'm going to catch the 10:00 o'clock train. And say," he paused and drew forth some bills, "here's that twenty-five I owe you—I'd better pay you now that I've got it."

Ray was just thanking him when Trainor, the captain, came in without knocking. He saw the bills and the elder Conklin stopped short.

"I hope I'm not intruding?" he asked.

"No, no, come in,—sit down, my brother was just on the point of leaving."

"Good-bye, Ray—I'll drop you a line."

"So long, Tom, good-luck"

The papers next evening chronicled the fact that the famous Conklin had been installed as assistant coach for Haywood University. Clayton admirers read the headlines, sneered, and forgot it.

All through the next few days laborers were busy erecting new rows of bleachers for the big crowd that was sure to come. And finally the big day arrived.

Thousands saw the game . . . and wondered. The visitors seemed impregnable on the defense. Time and time Clayton, who was before considered far the better offensive machine, was thrown for big losses. In the third quarter Ray Conklin blood-smeared and on the point of tears was carried from the field. From then on Haywood gained steadily; before the final whistle sounded they had crossed Clayton's goal line twice

and scored three field goals. But long before then Coach Lynch had known the reason. Haywood had known every play and signal that he had guarded so zealously!

In the dressing-room Lynch thrashed it out with Trainor, the captain.

"No! I tell you," repeated the coach for the twentieth time, "it couldn't have been that way. No one got inside that field but ourselves! Somebody on the inside sold us out, that's all. It's not how it was, it's who it was that I want to find out."

Trainor shook his head. Then suddenly there flashed to him the thought of the bills he had seen pass from Tom Conklin to Ray. In a second he had splurged out his suspicion.

"The cur!" the coach groaned with rage, "sold us out to his vicious brother, did he? I thought *he* might be different from that other Conklin—but I guess I was wrong."

The following morning Ray Conklin found himself suspended from Clayton on suspicion until he could prove his innocence.

Tom read about it in the papers in the lobby of a hotel a hundred miles away. He caught the next train in the direction of Clayton.

Lynch received him almost insultingly. Conklin spoke before the other could say a word.

"I want to tell you something, Lynch," he began rapidly, "that I know is going to queer my reputation as a sportsman from one end of the country to the other. I've come a hundred miles today to do it. Ray Conklin is one of the whitest men I know alive, and he's no more guilty of selling you out than you are yourself. That money he received from me was in payment of a little debt. To clear his name entirely my story will have to be published I suppose—so here it is: I stole your signals, Lynch, and I stole every one of your plays—you're not much more as a detective than you are as a man—that's enough, isn't it?"

"But wait a minute," asked Lynch contritely, "tell me, Conklin, how did you get our signals?"

"Why,—you see those new bleachers out there?" asked the other. "Well, I helped build those while you fellows were at 'secret practice.'"

Lynch gazed intently at the ground. Then, "I'm sorry," he said. "If there was any other way I'd hush this story up. Everyone at Clayton, I'm afraid, has misjudged you—"

The story as Lynch told it was printed. This is it.

Benediction.

The many-toned, unending chant;
 Redolent vapors of incense
 Cloaking the pale glare of candles.
 Rich robed figures moving about;
 The tinkling jingle of a censer's chains;
 The dull hazed red of hanging altar lamps;
 Great fluted columns reaching up and up,
 Spreading above in a lyric canopy.
 Angels, cherubs, saints gazing from painted ceilings.
 Large colored windows glowing with the dying sun,
 A stir in the vast black of worshippers;
 The singing of a silver bell;
 A tall figure with uplifted hands—
 Like a sea—the bowing of heads.

George D. Haller, '19.

The Making of a Man.

BY JOHN U. RILEY, '17.

It is almost a common belief in this unrivalled age of progress that environment and the surgeon's knife can make or unmake any man. Environment and heredity have been blamed for criminals that the sociologist and scientist hope to cure; in numerous instances the insane have been completely cured by an operation on the skull, and persons who appeared inherently bad have been regenerated through the influence of good environment. Despite this progress, when every step seems to be a step, directly or otherwise, for the improvement of environment and the overpowering of the laws of heredity—if such really exist—our prisons continue to be overcrowded and our hospitals for the insane, delinquent and incorrigible increasing in number. May we then still suppose that the making of a man is largely if not wholly dependent upon his ancestors, his mother, his ministers and his teachers?

Looking into the life of any one individual it seems possible to place the blame for his virtues and vices, his habits and characteristics at the threshold of the tendencies and aptitudes with which he is born into the world; the training he receives at home in his tender and impressionable years; his religion and the manner in which he regards it; or lastly, his teachers in whatever educational institutions he may attend. Few men are fortunate enough to be born and grow to a mature age while these four great forces work in harmony. Many

men spend years in overcoming a disadvantage resulting from imperfections in any one of them. Among the great men of the last century, favored by all, or obliged to combat the influence of any one of these agencies I have enumerated, Abraham Lincoln stands out boldly in the van as the one who became a man among men, perhaps the greatest of the Twentieth Century, despite the fact that a great love for God and his fellow-man and an overpowering sense of justice which prompted perseverance and ambition seemed to be the only elements of real success in his favor.

Imbued as we may be with our own importance we have not yet proved capable of many things, and to date have not been accorded the privilege of selecting our own ancestors and the hereditary tendencies and talents they carry as baggage. Neither have the infantile protestations registered against the recognized methods of child-raising amounted to very much. However, a man's religion and his advanced education are different, for he may exercise his freedom of choice. If he be born and brought up in a religion, let him studiously live up to it and respect it and trust to his conscience to tell him whether or not he has the gift of Faith.

If a man be firmly grounded in his religious beliefs the views of any one individual who may instruct him during his college days will not greatly influence his life; but to obviate even the risk of such a catastrophe parents and students wisely select schools and universities where strength as well as protection is given. Is not the purely secular part of a college education bound to have some influence on the making of man, you will ask? Most certainly it is, for the man who makes a botch job of his college course is liable to lose his self-respect and despair of success. When I speak of college failures I do not mean those who spend four of the best years of their lives having a good time and avoiding labor both at home and at school. I mean the man who through unwise selection of his courses finds himself at the end of four years equipped for the battle of life, with a diploma, a fair amount of culture, a bit of scientific education, a smattering of the languages, a notion or two about philosophy, but no really definite special equipment resulting from the nursing and cultivating of the talents he brought from home. Off hand, the most obvious remedy for such results would seem

to be prescribed courses which would deprive the man of freedom of choice in another of the great moulds in which men are made.

The prescribed system of study, as generally understood, however, has also been accused of turning into the world men armed with only the same educational hash acquired by men through their failure under the elective system. It would seem then that the reasonable plan would be a combination of the two systems: a group of elastic prescribed courses with elective sub-courses or even individual subjects, to be selected by the student with the advice and suggestion of a qualified expert. In other words, has vocational training a right to be considered a possible means of helping education to its part in the making of a man? It cannot be but fair to consider it as such when confronted with the number of men who, though favorably born, carefully reared and blessed with a sterling piety fail to achieve what the modern world demands of a man.

Is every man predestined to some particular occupation or profession? Should he be unable to fathom his own personality to the extent of discovering his vocation—the result of such predestination—is he therefore the proverbial square peg in a round hole? I believe, and I presume most everyone does, that those called to the religious life feel within the voice of God calling them to His service. Is the call as distinct for every vocation?

It is quite clear that a man who feels he is called to the religious life, and knows matrimony is not for him, has little to worry over in accepting the call. He cannot be seriously tormented by doubt, for there is only one religious life, the life of the three vows. But to the man who knows in his heart he is not best fitted to serve God as a religious and who feels within him the necessity of taking unto himself a helpmate and wife, the search for his vocation, aside from this, the marriage state, is indeed mystifying.

Undoubtedly many men do not achieve the heights in the business and professional world to which their every virtue and quality would seem to entitle them, and we know there are countless absolute failures. On the contrary, men who seem to be entirely unfitted for certain walks of life have been startlingly successful along those very lines. Luck, we are prone to call it, though we have no doubt they have missed their respective vocations.

Vocation, then, seems to be a subtle, abstract

thing with no definite outline by which we may recognize it when it chances to come our way in that particular form best suited to our natures. How is a man to know when he has found his vocation? Many men have been unusually and equally successful in several professions or businesses.

Our colleges and preparatory schools have been accused of neglecting their part in assisting the student to discover his vocation, and afterward in fostering and encouraging him along those lines. In this way they would help him to be an expert in some one line of work, of course not neglecting his culture and general education. He would be fitted to do at least one thing well.

The realization of this fact has resulted in the appearance of an expert in a new line of work. He may be called a vocational expert. As far as I know, Culver Military Academy is the only school in the country employing such an expert. It is his duty, as far as is possible, to discover the line of work for which each boy is suited and to see that he is trained along such lines. From every school the boy has attended, and from his parents, a complete list is obtained of the studies he has taken. His grades in these subjects, those he liked and disliked, how he played and amused himself, what work he could do best with his hands, what best with his brain, and a thousand other facts, are noted on a card arranged for the purpose and filed. The boy is advised to pursue work along those lines to which he is best adapted. His teachers report his progress to the expert. The boy is consulted as to his own ideas of his progress. He is watched at work and at play, and all the information thus obtained is catalogued and used as the basis of the youth's training. He is encouraged to progress fastest in that subject to which he is best suited and is given enough of all other classical subjects to bolster up his specialty. Thus, besides a general education and a smattering of everything he has a specialty.

When he is about to graduate the expert presents a summary of the student's academy record and the boy is then able to see for himself what line of work he can follow in college to the best advantage, or, if he is not going to college, into what business he should endeavor to secure a place in order to advance rapidly. In this way the boy is graphically shown the value of experience as a teacher and enabled to give the best of his heart and mind to his work as

he does his soul to his religion and Maker.

Hon. Woodbridge N. Ferris, former governor of Michigan, has instituted much the same idea in his school, the Ferris Institute. Mr. Ferris urges all high-school graduates to spend at least a year at work before entering college, in order to find out, as nearly as possible, what line of work they like best and for what they are best suited.

The number of college men one finds pursuing a particular course of study without any idea whither they are going or what they intend or would like to do after graduation, is astonishing. Could these same young men, even before they entered college, have found out for just what particular calling they are best suited, if they had known how to do so and been given the proper assistance? It does not seem impossible that such a conclusion may be correct.

Most young men, realizing the part their education is bound to play in making the boy into a man, give considerable thought, and even prayer, to the subject, but there seem to be no tangible, concrete aids to assure them this or that inspiration they may feel stirring in their souls is the one to be obeyed. How is the young man to know the voice that will call him out of boyhood and into manhood throughout the days of his preparation? Today he may feel he is predestined to be a man of business, tomorrow, that work within four office walls could never have been ordained for him.

It would seem, then, that there is a place in life for the vocational expert. His greatest service would be giving himself exclusively to the study of the qualifications of young men, and the devoting of his energies to putting them on the right track, that having the advantage of being blessed with the best the other three forces of man-making can give him, the youth will not waste them by adulteration with unprofitable years in school. Such an expert would be a man to whom the young men in doubt could go with their troubles and difficulties of study; with their hopes, fears, original ideas and plans for the future. They would not hesitate to confide or unburden themselves, for his time and ability would be theirs. As a result, a young man would at least be reasonably certain he was on the right road and personally doing his utmost to take advantage of what nature, family and religion had given him toward the making of a man, rather than fitting himself to be a round peg in a square hole.

War.

Defiant, proud, to arms the nations flew;
Into the dust, God's law of love they threw.

'Mid shot and shell, the soldiers knew no fears,
And souls were chastened by the smart of tears.

The quiet homes are now more quiet still,
The very silence auguring of ill.

On every side are hearths made desolate,
And cries of starving throngs increasing great.

But joy! A way to God is found in strife,
For struggle is a constant law of life.

We cry for peace, though we are warriors all,
Who fight to hang our arms in Heaven's Hall.

B. Gilbert, '20.

The Movies.

"Come, let's take a trip to the movies," says a popular song. So also say the billboards, your kind friends, and not least of all, the price—two jitneys downstairs, and one up.

Gaze upon your favorite as she gracefully raises one white hand, touches her beautifully coiffured hair, adjusts her diamond la vallière, and then returning the said white hand to the dish-water, begins anew to wallop the pots and pans therein reposing. Control your emotions, dear companion. Your little Mary is the victim of deep-dyed villainy. Years ago her wretch of an uncle stole her away as she lay sweetly cooing in her cradle, and left her on a door-step in the West End. She grew up in the slums of the wicked city, keeping her innocent soul pure and true amid all the temptations about her. Then a haughty dame,—her own aunt, by the way,—took her in as a menial. Her currish uncle was among the dear departed—dear is right; his funeral cost four hundred dollars, the most expensive one of the season—so the old codger could not prevent this step toward justice. But somehow Mary's exuberant innocence was born to waste its sweetness on the kitchen air; hence it came about that she held the job with which she was wrestling when first we perceived her sylph-like form.

Now fades the wretched picture on the sight. Mary, poor but proud, vanishes, and you see before you a benevolent old gentleman with side-whiskers and a bald head. He inquires

for Miss Mary Bushman, and the haughty old dame, having looked 'him over, sniffs with unmistakable vigor; she says that the servants receive their callers at the other end of the house, and would the gentleman kindly seek the lady there? Possibly he will be able to make her understand his purpose in coming; no doubt he knows how servants talk.

And then—oh, happy day! oh, vindication of justice!—Mary is heiress to a large fortune! She had given a tramp a crust of bread several years ago; the tramp went some place or other; he discovered gold, and made *six million dollars*; he died the other day, and left it all to Mary. Then the haughty old dame takes Mary to the parlor, and falls all over herself trying to be pleasant.

"Say, Mamie," says Gertie right behind you, "what makes the old bird change so awfully much."

"Why, don't you know?" says Mamie in answer. "Mary has just told the mean thing that she is going to marry a gold miner with *sixty million dollars*."

"Gee, ain't that great," exclaims Gertie.

"Ya-ah," Mamie agrees as she turns again to the picture.

Now, my companion, behold Mary in her finery. A lap dog, furs, automobiles, electrics, beautiful gowns, a mere man, and all the rest of it. In 'steen minutes or so, the mere man puts his hands on Mary's shoulders, and draws her nearer and nearer. The focus changes, and now we see only their two heads on the screen. The mere man continues to draw her nearer and nearer—and nearer—and—

Zip! goes the film.

The American flag.

Much applause.

Come again.

Good-night. R. C. C.

Vision.

I gazed into the silent night,

As wrapt it lay in sleep,

Full-flooded by the clear moonlight,

Where winds are wont to sweep;

And far beyond the silvered skies,

New paths my spirit trod;

I knew that there were watchful eyes,

And I felt the hush of God.

M. A. Coyle, '18.

Unseen.

I heard a little blind bird sing

And twitter in a tree,

Just glad to feel the warm sunshine,

Though sun it could not see.

And I, too, am happy made

When in God's grace serene

The sunshine of His love I feel,

Though He is all unseen.

Thomas J. Hanifin, '19.

Notes on Some of the Birds.

BY MEMBERS OF THE OBSERVATION CLASS.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,

Their thoughts I cannot measure,—

But the least motion which they made

It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

—Wordsworth.

Much has been said and written of the value of bird study, of the pleasure to be found in it, and of the fascination it affords to those who pursue it.

Our literature abounds in references to birds and bird life. Wordsworth, especially, is known as a bird poet. His verse fairly throbs with the happy songs of the air.

Too many of us, however, have obtained our knowledge of birds, if we happen to have any at all, from poems and books of science; we allow the poets and naturalists to do the observing for us, and thus deprive ourselves of one of the greatest pleasures that nature offers.

Let us go into the fields and study the birds first hand. In this way only shall we realize what Burroughs means when he says, "There is a fascination about it that is quite overpowering." In a short time one begins to feel a genuine pleasure in being acquainted with the birds themselves and able to recognize the various species.

Why does ornithology become so intensely interesting? Why do these little creatures appeal so strongly to the mind and the heart? Much of the fascination is due to their wonderful beauty and to the delicacy of their song. There is something else that attracts us. We find by close observation and study that birds exhibit to a marked degree many human traits and characteristics. There are birds, for example, which show themselves vain and haughty; others that are so modest that it is difficult to

get even a glimpse of them. Like human beings, they show signs of love, hate, courage, fear, patience and anger.

It is well to cultivate the friendship of the birds. They will bring happiness and help to make life ever so much more interesting.

RAYMOND O'DONNELL.

At the present time Notre Dame appears to be the "stopping-off place" of numerous birds, who, like modern aristocrats, after a pleasant southern winter are on their way to the cooler North to escape the torrid southern heat. An hour's walk through the groves, around the lakes, or a ramble through the gullies that lead to the St. Joseph River affords sufficient time to study a variety of richly plumaged birds that delight the eye as well as the ear of the lover of nature.

The Baltimore oriole, with its plaintive whistle, its orange-colored body, black wings and black head, is easily distinguished. The American redstart is beautifully marked. It is almost entirely black, with large spots of red on either wing and fringes of red in the tail feathers.

Warblers there are aplenty: the myrtle, the palm, the pine, the yellow, the chestnut-sided, the black-throated green, the black-throated blue, the Maryland yellow-throat. The magnolia and the blackburnian deserve special mention on account of their varied and richly colored plumage. In the first, black, yellow, and white are combined in a way to attract the eye of the least careful observer. In the latter orange, though not the predominant color, is so prominent on the breast and throat that it unmistakably distinguishes the species.

One hundred varieties of birds have been seen here since the beginning of spring, a goodly number of new varieties appearing every day. Some have already passed to their summer home farther north. Among these may be mentioned the purple finch, remarkable not only for its beautiful singing but for the peculiar distribution of delicately rose-hued plumage over its throat and body. F. B.

It has been truly said that "familiarity breeds contempt," and nothing better illustrates this than the fact that many of us too often regard the existence of our bird neighbors merely as a happy accident. How many of us,

when we see a small dark bird fly across our path, says: "There goes a sparrow." How do we know whether or not it is a sparrow; and, if it is, which one of a dozen species?

Many birds are easily recognizable by their plumage and voice. Some have very beautiful markings and are easily distinguished. One of these is the flicker, a summer resident in the northern states. It is about twelve inches long, and is brilliantly marked. Its neck and head are bluish-gray; its back is brown and barred with black; the breast is of a lighter color, and is thickly spotted with black. There is a red stripe on the nape of the neck, and a black one across the breast. The under side of the wings is a golden color, which is very conspicuous in flight. While the flicker is not very musical, it makes a beautiful dash of color among the trees in summer.

Another bird, which is possibly more familiar, is the brown thrasher. Its back is a dark brown, while its breast is lighter in color. This bird possesses a long tail, which it uses to express its emotions. Not so brilliantly marked as the flicker, it makes up for this deficiency by a fine voice. Perched in the top of a high tree, the brown thrasher pours forth a song which is preferred by some even to that of the mocking bird. It never appears to tire of singing, and seems to pride itself on its vocal accomplishments.

The flicker and the brown thrasher are two of the birds which from April to October of each year, provide for us the entertainment we all, unfortunately, do not appreciate.

LOUIS VANDYKE.

The perfume-laden air, mingled with the sweet songs of the birds, tells us that spring is here. All the birds join in the vernal chorus for man's pleasure. The swallows twitter as they soar in the heavens, the brown thrasher performs in the tree-tops, and the meek field-sparrow trills in the high grasses of the meadow.

Anyone with a keen ear can distinguish many species of birds as the members of the daily symphony. Despite this unceasing chorus, very few persons interest themselves in this precious gift of nature,—the birds. Some regard them as pests. But let us turn to those who enjoy the presence of these messengers of happiness.

Close observation given by those who are interested in these gay companions of ours reveals many interesting things. Perhaps some

warm afternoon you will hear kitty's plaintive cries, which upon investigation will prove to be a wily catbird sitting in the bushes nearby. The whip-poor-will has such a peculiar way of uttering its notes that one would think it is far away, whereas it is, perhaps, in the nearest hedge. The brown creeper has an odd habit of climbing up a tree and then flying down to the bottom, often repeating this performance. So it is with every bird, each having its peculiar habits which arouse the intense interest of the lover of birds.

ALBERT A. UEBBING.

* * *

TO THE SCARLET TANAGER.

Bird of fiery flame,
With wings and tail of night,
And dove-shaped head,—by right
Beauty's thy name.

Swaying in the trees,
With the sunlight on thy coat,
Thou art like a flaming mote
Fanned by the breeze.

The charming call-note—
Chip-churr, chip-churr, thou dost say—
In the woods on a summer day,
'Seems remote.

Thy robin-like song,
As on the air it floats,
In memory wakens notes
For which I long.

But not thy voice—
It is the matchless red
Of thy coat and head—
This is my choice.

Those groves where thou
Dost flash in summer days
More lovely are, when sways
'Neath thee the bough.

In autumn tide
Thy coat of flame will fade
To yellow ashes—shade
That wounds thy pride.

Bird of scarlet name,
I await returning May,
When the sunbeams shall play
On thy coat of flame.

B. A.

Of all the forms in which Nature reveals herself, nowhere does she do it more fully and more beautifully than in her birds.

These little creatures of the pure fresh air of the wood and the pasture are ever ready to delight us. The trees, and the flowers, and the green of the meadow, are all beautiful, but what are they without the songs and beauty of the birds? The great out-of-doors would be a lonely place ever longing for the notes of its little friends.

But it seems that good old Dame Nature has taken special pains that we might not be without her little songsters during any part of the changeable year. In winter, when all else is dead, she sends the hardy snowbirds and chickadees to cheer us, while in summer she gives us a great variety of the most beautiful singers.

The rich color of the bluebird as it passes before our eyes, and slowly, silently vanishes from sight, makes one forget that there is anything else in nature. Listening to the wonderful song of the thrasher cannot fail to drive away all one's cares and troubles. And the oriole, in its brilliant orange and black, makes the best and most faithful of friends. These are but a few of the enjoyable acquaintances we may make among the birds if we will only be sociable. There is a world of delight out of doors, and the birds furnish an important part of it.

L. LEO WARD.

* * *

Nature as we see it on a summer afternoon with the flowers in bloom, saturating the air with their perfumes; the rippling brook flowing through the cool, green forest, presents a beautiful picture to the lover of nature. Yet, what is all this without the sweet songs of the birds? How dreary would not a grove seem without the notes of the songsters. How very imperfect would the spring morning seem if we were not awakened by the robin and the bluebird? Surely, nature could never be complete without our feathered friends.

Go out some morning early, especially at this time of the year, and observe the wonders of the birds. Observe the melodious note of the meadow-lark and the bubbling note of the cowbird. Then take note of the beautiful plumage of the goldfinch, a bird which the most indifferent of observers could not help admiring. Then watch the kingfisher, one

of the many that indulge in fishing. Watch him as he rises from the lake with a small fish in his long gray beak. This bird justifies its name, because a more expert fisher could not be found.

Then look for the knight, which is the smallest of birds, with the exception of the humming bird. A very active bird is this and only by very good observation can we realize its beauty. There are two species of knights, the golden-crowned and the ruby-crowned. The ruby-crowned is in my estimation the prettier of the two, being topped with a patch of red, which shows up very distinct against the olive green plumage.

Observe for a while the "creeper family." In this family the most important are the nuthatch and brown creeper. The latter is noted for its characteristic climbing, as well as its call, which is a weak "tip." In climbing this bird creeps up the bark of a tree, then "drops back" a few inches, then climbs upward again. He never climbs head downward, a characteristic which distinguishes him from the nuthatch.

As you return home from your trip, notice carefully the red-winged blackbird, the most beautiful by far of all the blackbirds. The scarlet red stands out against the jet black in striking contrast.

The most uninterested of persons could not but help becoming fascinated by the study of birds, a study which is not only instructive,

but which cultivates an appreciation of the value of birds.

J. EDWARD KRAMER.

One of our earliest spring migrants among the birds is the song sparrow, which by its fascinating song attracts the ear of everyone. I took little notice of birds until I heard the song of this bird only two months ago. My admiration for its notes increased rapidly and I soon became eager to see from what source they came. By means of field glasses I observed the songster's markings. Its back is streaked with brown and its breast spotted with black.

As the days passed, my attention was arrested by the notes of other birds I had never heard before, and gradually I grew more and more interested in this branch of natural science. The golden-crowned kinglet was another bird that early drew my attention. On account of its small size, its golden crown and olive green back, it is peculiarly interesting. The markings of this tiny creature were hard to distinguish because of its continual restlessness.

When I first saw and heard the purple finch, I could hardly believe that a bird of such beautiful plumage and pleasing song could have existed for so many years and escaped my notice.

These three were the first birds in which I took particular interest, and it is due to these and many others that I have spent delightful hours in search of new species, and much to my satisfaction the number is ever increasing.

JAMES W. CONNERTON.

Our Fighting Irish Crew.

When old Sammy called the Kaiser, why he didn't
call on nothin',

So he trained a couple million just to show he wasn't
bluffin';

Then he grabbed a hundred Irish from the Golden and
the Blue,

An' he gave 'em all commissions 'cause he knew what
they could do.

You can bet your bottom dollar that the lads will do
their share,

An' they'll rush right in the thickest when the trumpets
start to blare;

They are all for Uncle Sammy, and loyal through and
through,

For there never was a slacker in the Fightin' Irish
Crew.

When the Kaiser meets a squadron, led by men from
Notre Dame,

He'll be wishin' he was neutral in the bloody bloomin'
game;

For they'll take his mighty Teutons, and drop 'em
in a trench,—

An' Hindenburg is lucky, if he gets to play the bench.

John L. Reuss, '18.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Local interest in bird-life has borne fruit in the present issue of the SCHOLASTIC. The views and observations and experiences of those among us who have given

Interest in Birds. their time and attention to this subject make refreshing reading, but this symposium is only one, and perhaps only the least, of the fruitful results of their activity. These men have had pleasant and profitable experiences which in the deeper sense cannot be shared with those who have not been similarly employed. As with all personal work, the greatest benefit here has accrued to the worker. Bird-study, at the very least, "takes you out in the open,"—it is not a class-room or a recreation-room performance. This getting outdoors means fresh air and sunshine, with occasional dashes of wholesome rain and tussels with the sharp winds of early spring. It means exercise in the pleasant form of walking, not as an end in itself but merely as a necessary means to an end. It means training of the senses in observation, especially the eye and the ear. It means exhilarating mental occupation. Best of all, it involves the bright companionable fellowship that comes of common interests pursued on a common footing. It involves, too, a lesson of large importance for life, namely, that the highest pleasures are also the simplest and the least expensive. The life of the birds, particularly in the migratory seasons, is a wonderful and beautiful "movie," thrown on the screen of nature in the limitless theatre of all outdoors.

—Solemn and sad is the hour in which comrades are parted and friendships broken up, to be renewed, if at all, only when the vicissitudes of time shall have

To Our Volunteers. restored the old circumstances and the future shall have proved itself blighting or propitious. Those students who have responded promptly to the call of country are now in a precarious position. They know not whither they will be sent nor when the command to depart will come. But they are none the less ready to do willingly whatever may be required of them. The grave situation developed within the last few months has thrust apart kindred hearts, but the departing ones leave blessed in the prayers, good wishes and sincere admiration of those of us who for the present are left behind. In faring forth to struggle with uncertainties and hazards, our volunteers will find an abiding strength in the helpful philosophy and noble ideals nurtured in them by the Church and their Alma Mater, whose good offices can be appreciated fully only at a time like this. We bid them godspeed, with firm confidence in the kind protection of Providence, and the hearty promise that unless the unexpected takes place, we shall join them later somewhere on the front.

—Prominent among propagandists at the present time are the moving picture producers, who have begun a campaign against censorship. They ask for a free reign in their work, Abolish Astigmatic Censorship. claiming that they are entitled to the same privileges

that are extended to the producers of the spoken drama. In so far as it is the so-called boards of censorship that the photoplay magnates are opposing we see no reason for denying them their wish. Official censorship in the United States is not worthy of the name. In the face of its scrutinizings pictures are being shown in our theatres that would have been driven from the stage were they presented ten years ago. Today they would not be tolerated either were it not for the easy indifference of wholly respectable playgoers.

Public opinion is the strongest governing force in our republic, in morals no less than in politics. What the great mass of our citizenry approves is bound to prevail. But we believe that the public conscience has become anæmic

with respect to the morality of the photoplay. A few years ago there were loud clamorings against the film depicting the lawlessness of the great west; these were thought to offer too strong a stimulation to the adventurous spirits among our young boys. The train holdup has been replaced on the screen by subjects of sex, with the inevitable corollaries of marital infelicity and infidelity. Yet there is none of the apprehension—at least not in the same degree—that there was when the spirit of the pictures was outlawry instead of loose morality.

Censorship of the moving picture is undoubtedly needed, but it is the censorship of an unbending public conscience, not the imperfect inspection of paid boards. Let the producers have what they ask for, and substitute for boards of censorship a more critical attitude toward the moving picture as it is in its present stage of evolution.

Lectures.

MR. HUTCHISON.

The large audience that filled Washington Hall on Friday evening, May 18th, enjoyed a very instructive and entertaining lecture. The subject of the lecture was Thomas A. Edison, and the speaker, Mr. Miller Hutchison, who has been intimately associated with the great inventor as consulting engineer for more than seventeen years. He sketched briefly the early days of Mr. Edison—a chapter on a mind's indomitable struggle against every disadvantage that poverty and a world's indifference to budding genius bring in their track—and took up in order some of the principal inventions which have made the name of Edison world-famous, showing the successive stages of the processes that converted vague but hopeful ideas into practical and useful contrivances. It was Mr. Edison who conceived the idea of sending more than one message over the same wire at the same time; who perfected the telephone invented by Bell; who gave the world the phonograph, the dictaphone, the moving picture, the incandescent lamp, the storage battery, and the electric railway; and the common factors that found their way into all these inventions were work unceasing, indomitable patience, and a cheery, happy disposition.

The speaker illustrated his lecture with slides and moving pictures which brought his audience into the Edison shops and showed them the

inventor at work. Mr. Hutchison himself is a notable inventor. He has created among other things, the 'Klaxon' horn for the automobile, and as a member of the naval consulting board, is now busy with his chief in trying to discover some means to defeat the submarine. A number of guests from the Rotary, Knife and Fork, and University Clubs of South Bend attended the lecture.

F. J. B.

MR. ROSS CRANE.

A second visit from Mr. Ross Crane of the Chicago Art Institute was most welcome, and his lecture, while of a different nature from the first, was fully as interesting. Mr. Crane has the ease of expression and the pleasing freedom of movement that betokens wide experience and a secure knowledge of his subject. The wit that seasons his discourses, together with an evident array of talents, makes Mr. Crane's lectures a delight. Tuesday afternoon he treated the audience to a novel exposition of the various modes in which the arts are interpreted, and of how the same thoughts reach expression through the soul of the poet, the painter, and the musician. Mr. Crane made the further and interesting, comforting point that whatever one does well, be it nothing more subtle than running a factory, is art.

Obituaries.

MICHAEL A. J. BAASEN

Notice has just been received at the University of the death of Mr. Michael A. J. Baasen who died at his home in Milwaukee, Wis., on March 24, 1917. Mr. Baasen graduated from the University in 1864 and will be remembered by many of the old boys. He was a model Christian gentleman and was highly respected in the community in which he lived. To his bereaved family the students and faculty offer their sincere sympathy, and bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

DR. JOAQUIN AYALA.

Word has been received of the death of Dr. Joaquin Ayala who passed away at his home in Guadalajara on April 17th. Dr. Ayala had earned a reputation as one of the most skilful physicians of Mexico and was much admired for his qualities of heart and his gentle character. A friend who knew him well says: "He died in the Lord, as he had lived." R. I. P.

Personals.

—Major Joseph E. Cusack (B. S., '89) writes that he will be back in June if leave of absence can be secured. The major can be reached at 2332 Scottwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

—Rupert Donovan (LL. B., '08) has received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the First Illinois Cavalry, and William Corcoran (B. S. in Biol., '13) has received a commission in the Medical Corps, U. S. N.

—Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Francis Marie Place of South Bend and Russell H. Downey (LL. B., in Journ., '16). The ceremony will be performed June 6th in the First Methodist Episcopal Church in South Bend.

—Mr. Leo Schumacher (LL. B., '13), brother of our Director of Studies, visited at the University last week. He now lives at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he is associated with Joseph E. Lantry (C. E., '07).

—Harry W. Cullen (LL. B., '12), 1226 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, writes that he cannot attend the Jubilee Celebration. He is to be married to Miss Helen Vanderhoof of Windsor, Canada, on June 16. Felicitations.

—“Al” Fries (C. E., '16), who until recently has been a foreman for the Bedford Construction Company in the building of the new library, has taken a position in Toledo, Ohio, with a large steel manufacturing company. His address is 1420 Starr Avenue.

—The marriage of Ella Lillian Miller to Mr. James Wasson (C. E., '13), one of the best dash men that ever wore a Notre Dame jersey, took place on April 25th. The young couple will be at home after July 15th at 709 West Seventy-first Street, Chicago, Illinois.

—The Notre Dame Club of Chicago held its annual election of officers on Wednesday, May 16th, at the Brevoort Hotel, and the following were elected: Fred L. Steers, president; Thomas Shaughnessy, vice-president; Rupert Donovan, treasurer; Francis H. Hayes, sec'y.

—Charles E. Dorais (LL. B., '14), who is called the “Wonder Coach,” down at Dubuque College, is coming back in June to see his brother Joe receive his sheepskin. It is safe to say that no one on the campus will receive a heartier welcome than Dorais, the wonderful little quarterback, who led the Gold and Blue to so many victories.

Varsity News.

—Have you lost a fountain pen? If you have, see Brother Alphonsus who has several that he would like to return to their owners.

—Sorin cadets who received medals for competitive drill were: Paul Leoni, gold; S. Delorenzo, silver; and A. Pengnet, bronze.

—The Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding of Fort Wayne administered the sacrament of Confirmation to a class of sixty-four in the University Church, May 21st.

—William Lamport, the South Bend advertising expert, delivered a lecture to the class in Advertising, May 18. “The News Agency, Its Purpose and Work” was the subject treated by the lecturer.

—Final examinations in the Preparatory School will begin on the morning of May 31 and will close at noon of June 1.

In the colleges the examinations will begin on June 6 at 1:30 P. M. and will last until noon of June 8.

—Cartoons by the best cartoonists in the country will be one of the features of the equipment of the new Journalism quarters in the library next fall. Papers showing the various stages of development of the press will also occupy conspicuous places.

—The Columbian Insurance Company wishes to employ several college students during summer vacation. If you are interested, write to J. W. Adams, 1008-9 Hume-Mansur Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., giving both your present and your home address.

—Lost—Somewhere on University campus, a French cylinder, silver watch with key wind. Initials in back of case. Echappement-A-cylindér-4-Joyaux No. 10884. Open face, Roman figures, monogram on back, “C.” Finder kindly return to Brother Basil, C. S. C., Music Hall.

—Tuesday evening, May 29, in the Tapestry room of the Oliver Hotel, Benson's Orchestra of Chicago will furnish the music for the Junior Prom. This last social function of the year 1917 promises to be one of the brilliant social functions for the society lovers. Committeemen in charge of the affair are: John Reuss, John Lemmer, James Logan, Thomas King, Morris Starrett, Robert Hannan, and Leonard Mayer.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES

A Series of Five Lectures on the Hebrew Trial of Jesus and Two on the Roman, to be delivered in connection with the Diamond Jubilee exercises of the University of Notre Dame, June 1 to 7, 1917, by the Very Reverend Francis X. Barth, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church of Escanaba, Mich., and Dean of the Counties of Delta and Schoolcraft.

I

THE HEBREW TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST

(Five Lectures)

LECTURE NO. I.

June 1, 8 P. M.

THE RECORD OF THE FACT IN THE TRIAL OF JESUS

A study of the authenticity of the Gospel biographies, which form the record of fact in the Hebrew and Roman trials of Jesus, and the credibility of the Evangelists who wrote and published these narratives, are here subjected to the rigorous tests of rules of evidence laid down by Simon Greenleaf and by Starkie, both eminent legal authorities.

LECTURE NO. II.

June 2, 8 P. M.

THE PRISONER BEFORE THE BAR

Who is He?

A review of Jesus of Nazareth as He appears from the record of the fact.

A study of the Humanity of Jesus as laid down by the Abbé Bougoud and other illustrious writers.

LECTURE NO. III.

June 3, 8 P. M.

THE LAW—THE COURT AND THE JUDGES

A study of:

- (1) Hebrew Criminal Law from the Mosaic and Talmudic sources.
- (2) The Hebrew Tribunals of Justice, particularly the Great Council or Sanhedrin.
- (3) The moral character of the Hebrew Judges who sat at the Trial of Christ;
 - (a) What they ought to have been;
 - (b) What they really were.

LECTURE NO. IV.

June 4, 8 P. M.

Part First:

THE LAW CONTINUED—WITNESSES AND EVIDENCE. THE MODE OF TRIAL AND THE EXECUTION IN CAPITAL CASES.

Part Second:

THE NATURE OF THE CHARGE BROUGHT AGAINST CHRIST AT THE TRIAL BEFORE THE SANHEDRIN. WAS HE GUILTY AS CHARGED

A REVIEW OF THE TRIAL

THE ARREST OF JESUS—THE PRIVATE EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONER BEFORE ANNAS AND CAIAPHAS—THE INDICTMENT. THE PROGRESS OF THE TRIAL AND THE VERDICT

LECTURE NO. V.

June 5, 8 P. M.

JESUS CONDEMNED BY THE JUDGES OF THE SANHEDRIN

A review of the verdict because the merits of the accused were not considered.

What would have happened if Jesus had had His day at Court?

[The proper consideration of the Hebrew Trial because of the verdict, becomes a matter of review on appeal, requiring a Brief containing a complete statement of facts, an ample exposition of law, and sufficient argument to show the existence of error in judgment.]

II.

THE ROMAN TRIAL OF CHRIST

(Two Lectures)

LECTURE NO. VI.

June 6, 8 P. M.

Part First:

JESUS BEFORE THE ROMAN COURT.

What were the powers and duties of Pilate?

What the mode of trial in Roman Capital Cases?

What forms of punishment in Capital Cases?

Special study on Crucifixion.

Which Roman Law was applicable to the Trial of Jesus?

Special study of the Roman Judge, Pontius Pilate.

Part Second:

JESUS BEFORE PILATE, THE JUDGE

Part Third:

JESUS BEFORE HEROD OF GALILEE

Part Fourth:

JESUS AGAIN BEFORE PILATE

LECTURE NO. VII.

June 7, 8 P. M.

Part First:

LEGAL ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF THE ROMAN TRIAL OF CHRIST

Part Second:

MEDITATION ON THE PASSION AND DEATH OF JESUS

"To your tents, O Israel!"

—The following editorial paragraph from the *New York News* will be of interest to the college men who knew Gilbert Hand, now training at Fort Sheridan.

"A feature of a patriotic meeting at Plymouth, Wis., which brought tears to the eyes of many was the reading of a telegram sent by M. H. Hand, a Plymouth citizen, to his son, Gilbert P., a student at the University of Notre Dame. Young Hand wrote to his parent for consent to enlist. His father wired: "Your mother raised her boy to be a soldier when his country needs him. May God bless you." The boy's father is of Irish blood; his mother of German descent. This double hyphenate is a sterling American, just as are all the other young men, like him descended from foreign-born fathers and mothers. If Uncle Sam was deserted by his sturdy sons of foreign strain he would be in a sorry plight indeed."

—Last Sunday the Poetry Society held its final meeting of the scholastic year. The business of the evening included, besides the usual discussion of topics interesting to the poets, the criticism of several original poems. Of these, the Indian songs of Mr. George Haller seemed to be the favorites. Especially interesting to the members was the announcement that the John Lane Co. is soon to publish a book entitled, "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard, Poet of the South Seas." These poems by our former professor have been collected by Ina Coolbrith and edited by Thomas Walsh. At the conclusion of the meeting Father O'Donnell, who is the founder and inspiration of the society, expressed his entire satisfaction at the work done during the year, and his hopes for even greater things next year. Apart from the benefit they derived from poetic criticism and the practice of verse-making, the members of the society have acquired a new interest in poetry and have made the personal acquaintance of such men as Monsignor Kelly, Father John Talbot Smith, Father Patrick Carroll, Joyce Kilmer, Thomas Walsh, and Louis Wetmore—all of whom have been the guests of the society at one time or another during the year.

—The member of the observation class in ornithology who has been most persistent in his efforts to obtain the largest list of birds is Mr. Henry Keatts. In the short period of three weeks he has made the acquaintance of these eighty-one species of birds: golden-crowned

kinglet, ruby-crowned kinglet, chipping sparrow, field sparrow, Lincoln sparrow, song sparrow, swamp sparrow, vesper sparrow, white-throated sparrow, blue-headed vireo, red-eyed vireo, warbling vireo, white-eyed vireo, yellow-throated vireo, myrtle warbler, black-throated green warbler, palm warbler, yellow warbler, pine warbler, magnolia warbler, black and white warbler, black-throated blue warbler, golden-winged warbler, Blackburnian warbler, Nashville warbler, Cape May warbler, redstart, chestnut-sided warbler, Maryland yellow-throat, Tennessee warbler, yellow palm warbler, black-poll warbler, hermit thrush, olive thrush, wood thrush, brown thrasher, ovenbird, robin, pine siskin, goldfinch, purple finch, kingfisher, spotted sandpiper, solitary sandpiper, killdeer, herring gull, sapsucker, flicker, red-headed woodpecker, red-winged blackbird, cowbird, bronzed grackle, crow, chimney swift, barn swallow, rough-winged swallow, blue jay, catbird, cardinal, house wren, winter wren, purple martin, sparrow hawk, phoebe, wood pewee, bluebird, mourning dove, towhee, American golden eye, bob-white, whip-poor-will, snowbird, bob-o-link, meadow-lark, white-breasted nuthatch, red-breasted nuthatch, brown creeper, Baltimore oriole, orchard oriole, and indigo bird.

Athletic Notes.

THE NIAGARA GAMES.

"Pat" Murray, a youthful, left-handed sophomore, whom Coach Harper has been patiently teaching baseball since last February, was the redeeming feature of the two games with Niagara last week. After Notre Dame had lost to the easterners 6 to 4 in the first game, jointly chargeable to the loss of a second baseman and a center fielder through faculty prohibition and some fine baseball by the visitors, young Murray was elected to pitch the final contest. He allowed just six hits in the first full Varsity game he ever pitched. One run in the second and another in the eighth, after the game had been cinched, were all he allowed the team that had defeated Notre Dame the day before. The score was 5 to 2.

Hits by Keenan and Allison gave Notre Dame a one run advantage in the opening round. Niagara evened the score in the third, but in the sixth Notre Dame came through with three. "Chief" Meyer and Capt. "Jake" Kline teased walks out of the pitcher. Wolf then bunted to

the pitcher who threw to third to catch Meyer. "Chief" after a great slide was safe, and the bases were full. Spalding rolled one to second scoring Meyer, but Kline's attempt to score from second on the same play was disastrous, and he was out at the plate. Ronchetti got on first through an infield error, again filling the bases. Murray flied out to the catcher. Keenan smashed a terrific hit through the box that nobody touched except the center fielder, on which Wolf and Spalding scored. Allison ended the inning by fouling out. Doubles in quick succession by Meyer and Kline scored another for Notre Dame in the seventh. A sacrifice fly after a hit and an out gave Niagara the last run of the game in the eighth.

The visitors presented the strongest aggregation that has played on Cartier Field this year. Celts there were on the team in abundance and "fight" stuck out all over them. A .500 percentage for each team for the series just about describes their relative strength. The first baseball weather of the year brought out the best in each team and the games were remarkably well played.

NOTRE DAME, 83 2-3; M. A. C., 42 1-3

"Notre Dame's track survivors, claiming themselves crippled, maimed and practically paralyzed by the loss of ten men who had forsaken scholastic ways for the profession of war, proved to be a highly active corpse Saturday afternoon, when they defeated Coach Beatty's varsity squad on the M. A. C. cinders, 83 2-3 to 42 1-3."—*The State Journal*, Lansing, Michigan.

The above "text" is a sermon in itself. The facts of the case are well presented. It was a wartime team that Coach Rockne put on the track. Many of his stars were in other states, mastering the rudiments of soldiery, and green men performed in their stead. Just two first places went to the team that a week before had won a championship among the different Wolverine schools—Captain Peppard winning the quarter-mile by a great burst of speed in the last hundred yards, and Barrell taking the high hurdles from Starrett in one of those "it's up to the judges" decisions. Though a number of Notre Dame men won their events for the first time, the performance of Rademacher in getting over eleven feet in the pole vault stamps him as the blackest of the rather large local "dark horse" contingent. Summary:

100-yard dash—King, Notre Dame, first; Mulligan, Notre Dame, second; McGinnis, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10 2-5 secs.

220-yard dash—King, Notre Dame, first; Farrell, M. A. C., second; Carlson, M. A. C., third. Time, 22 4-5 secs.

440-yard dash—Peppard, M. A. C., first; Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Phelan, Notre Dame, third. Time, 55 secs.

120-yard high hurdles—Barrell, M. A. C., first; Starrett, Notre Dame, second; Kirkland, Notre Dame, third. Time, 16 4-5 secs.

220-yard low hurdles—Starrett, first; Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Hatland, M. A. C., third. Time, 29 secs.

Mile run—Call, Notre Dame, first; Noonan, Notre Dame, second; Jackson, M. A. C., third. Time, 4 min. 53 secs.

Half-mile run—Call, Notre Dame, first; Peppard, M. A. C., second; Allen, M. A. C., third. Time, 2 min. 10 3-5 secs.

Two-mile run—Noonan, first; Fox, M. A. C., second; Warren, M. A. C., third. Time, 11 min. 12 secs.

High jump—Douglas, Notre Dame, and Carver, M. A. C., tied for first; Donahue, Coughlin, and Scheibelhut, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height, 5 ft. 3-4 in.

Running broad jump—McGinnis, Notre Dame, first; Warner, M. A. C., second; Carver, M. A. C., third; Distance, 20 ft. 5 in.

Shot-put—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Atkin, M. A. C., second; Coughlin, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 43 ft. 6 in.

Pole vault—Rademacher, Notre Dame, first; Douglas, Notre Dame, Sargent, M. A. C., and Yeager, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 11 feet.

Discus throw—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Atkin, M. A. C., second; Coughlin, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 121 ft., 6 in.

Hammer throw—Bachman, first; Lukins, M. A. C., second; Coughlin, third. Distance, 137 ft., 3 in.

Final score—Notre Dame, 83 2-3; M. A. C., 42 1-3.
C. W. C.

Four innings were all that could be played against Purdue at Lafayette before it rained Wednesday afternoon. Notre Dame was leading one to nothing when the excessive moisture drove the teams to cover. The next day Harper's men moved on to Bourbonnais, Illinois, to tackle the St. Viator team that they disposed of so easily in the first game of the season played on Cartier Field.

In the second inning of last Sunday's game between Corby and St. Joseph, Locke was knocked out of the box and St. Joseph won the game 9 to 3. Schmidt pitched a consistent game for the winners.

On Thursday St. Joseph's were beaten even

worse than they beat Corby. Walsh was the team that humbled the hall that is about to "be glorified by a pair of wings," and the score was 14 to 0. There is a lot of snap in the Walsh Hall aggregation this year, and Father Farley has them on their toes at all times. Big "Dutch" Wrape is their mainstay in the box and he disposes of opposing batsmen with amazing regularity. Watch Walsh.

Old Students' Hall.

Subscriptions to May 25, 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 Sweeney, '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; G. T. Stanford, '04. \$500.00

Frank N. Mass, '77; William A. Walsh, '95. \$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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