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## My Parting Soul.

I HEAR the voice of my parting soul  
As it cries on the moorland of death;  
Its piteous wail like the moaning wind  
Is chilling my life with its breath.

I listen and wait for that echoing cry  
In the whispering vaults of the years,  
And my spirit clings to the rocks of hope  
Which are beaten with thoughts and with fears.

Alone I wait as the shadows creep  
O'er time's fast darkening shoal;  
They bring the remembrance of buried woes  
To frighten my fainting soul.

Hark! I hear a voice that is clear and low  
That calls from the road I have trod—  
Breaks a ray of light, and the deepening gloom  
Grows white in the face of God.

*Brother Xavier, '19.*

## The Power of Hate.

BY JAMES KENNETH BOYLAN, '17.

THE prisoner stood very quietly and straight before the judge. About him people craned their necks in an effort to get every detail of this thrilling trial; he alone of all the throng seemed composed and unconcerned in what was going on. His gaze went beyond the judge and rested on a sweet-faced young woman who was crying softly. As her eyes met his he smiled, as though to cheer her. But the words of the judge made him start, and the hand that had rested so firmly on the rail before him trembled slightly as he heard, "I therefore sentence you to hard labor for fourteen years, the maximum for the offence."

While the court-room hummed with the comment of the crowd the prisoner remained

quiet and calm; he stood as one hypnotized. But the hysterical weeping of the woman came to him now and his strong frame shook in response. "Some day it will be my turn; and then watch out! I swear that as I am innocent of the charge that you shall suffer for this, you hypocrite. I'll get you, sure!" And then reluctantly as though he realized that life was closing for him, he walked through the door between the officers.

Twelve years later John Martin sat in the office of the warden of the state prison thinking of the time that had passed since he had threatened Judge Hale. To him the years, looking backward, seemed short enough, but the delay in the revenge seemed intolerably long, much had happened within those years: countless steps had he taken in the endless lock-step line; millions of times, it seemed, had he heard the cell door clang behind him as the guard marched them to their cells for the night; a hundred million hours had he spent gazing at the same cold stone. Outside the prison, too, things had happened. She had died and the hope of the happiness they had planned in the memorable days were gone with her. There was nothing left for him in the world now; it mattered little to him that he was one of the honor prisoners and that he would receive the highest recommendations when he was discharged the following week. There was nothing for him now but the bitter memories of what might have been—and the sweet revenge that he was to get at the first opportunity. If he could only get a chance, he thought, to put his many plans into execution. Through all these years as he had sat in his cell and even in the little prison chapel, he had formulated schemes for evening his score with the judge who had condemned him unjustly.

His was a mighty hate and it grew upon his mind until all of his superb powers were concentrated in burning hatred against this one

man. Revenge upon Judge Hale became the motive and the ambition that raised him from the ranks of the prison type to the shrewd, cunning intellectual class. When he thought of the release that was to be granted him in a few days, he felt much as a hungry lion feels as he waits for his prey.

With the few pieces of silver that the warden gave him in return for the best years of his life, a friendly admonition from the chaplain and a firm hand clasp from the old warden himself, John Martin started out into the world and disappeared. The employment agency to which he was directed heard nothing of him; as far as anyone who knew him was concerned he had dropped out of existence.

Five years later John Martin was very different from the man who had left prison. He was now a man of affairs, popular, wealthy and esteemed by all who knew him. Yet there was to them something strange about him: he was retiring and uncommunicative, even to those who might have been called his closest friends. He had no intimate friends and there was an air of sombreness about him which not even his business associates could penetrate. Men gave up guessing and were satisfied with believing that in a life so filled with business ambitions there was room for neither domestic attachments nor emotions. "One hundred per cent business" was the judgment of the street.

Though comparatively unknown, Martin was soon entrusted with the management of the finances of the Dover Corporation because of the striking ability he had displayed in several instances. And when it was found that he had succeeded in bringing order out of the chaotic condition of the business he was regarded as a financial genius.

Hence it was no more than natural that Judge Hale as the spokesman of a group of capitalists should come to Martin and ask him to affiliate himself with the new railroad that was to be built to the steel mills in the lower valley. Time had made so many changes in Martin that Judge Hale had no idea that the man who sat at the desk was the man who had sworn revenge in the court years before. The years in the prison and the ambition that had burned in his breast had made him an entirely different man. Martin congratulated himself at the manner in which fortune was playing into his hands; it seemed as though his one great purpose in life would now be easy of achievement.

By the terms of the agreement Martin and Hale were to furnish the greater portion of the funds, and the actual financing of the road was to be left in Martin's hands. The project involved considerable money, and Martin realized that Hale would be ruined if the finances of the road could be juggled. But one thing troubled him; he could not allow the other investors to suffer with Hale. Therefore he resolved to buy up the outstanding stock of the corporation and make the transactions personal ones between Hale and himself. After a little effort he succeeded in obtaining control of the greater part of the stock, and he had Hale at his mercy.

From that time on things did not run so smoothly in the Midvale Corporation, and Hale became alarmed at the imminence of failure. As an emergency measure Martin suggested that they put in more funds; and Hale was forced to give his note for \$50,000. Things kept getting worse and finally Hale was forced to borrow more funds without security from the bank that the interests controlled. The next bank examiner discovered the irregularity, and the judge became the subject of much undesirable publicity. To cover the note it was necessary to sacrifice the old mansion and country estate of which his family had been so proud.

When finally the Midvale Corporation was forced into the courts to have its affairs straightened out, it was discovered that Hale had been guilty of several unlawful proceedings, all of them undertaken with the knowledge and advice of Martin. In the agitation that followed Judge Hale was influenced by his friends to yield to the popular demand that he resign his office. At last Martin had his old enemy where he wanted him; penniless, stripped of his honors and positions, broken-hearted and disgraced, the old man was most pitiable. But the stony heart of the avenger was not satisfied; he knew that the Judge would never lose entirely the respect of his few friends while he lived, and therefore he planned even direr revenge.

One afternoon the broken old man came to Martin's office to confer with him about the future. Martin told him that there was absolutely no hope that the Midvale could ever be reorganized in such a manner that the present stockholders would reap any profit from their investments. And then the Judge broke down and wept, his proud head bowed beneath the accumulated blows. "I am nothing,

an outcast, a crook, a criminal—and this is the end of the life that showed so much promise. For me there is nothing left. What have I done that I should get this punishment?"

Martin rose from his chair and demanded, "Judge Hale, do you know who I am? I am Jack Martin, the cashier, whom you sentenced to prison eighteen years ago this very day. I have waited long and dreamed constantly of this day. When I sat in the silence of the prison those many nights, I heard in my ears the rattle of your throat as I closed my hands around it; I saw in the bleakness of the prison walls the ruin and the emptiness that I would bring into your life even as you brought it into mine. I saw in every white hair that the foul air of the prison put on my head the promise of the troubles that should hound you to the grave. In every death-chamber wail that haunted the grim prison walls, I heard the echo of your cry of despair. It is my turn now. You robbed me of the best years of my life; you broke the one heart that had loved me; you spoiled the happiness that love had brought into my life; and as sure as there is a hell you shall pay for it. You are in my power now; you cannot escape. Now I shall have my revenge."

The white-haired man rose from his chair and grasped at the table for support. "Martin, you are not well; your mind is overburdened with worries—"

"Not worries, but with the memories of the living hell that you made for me. Wait! Here are the copies of a story that will be handed to the papers tonight: it tells of an unfortunate part of your career that will make any respectable man blush to speak your name. You shudder; I don't blame you; for that is something that one would not want published. However, it is part of my revenge. There is only one thing that will stop that story and that is in the top drawer of that desk."

Like a drunken man Martin reeled to the window. He stood there listening to the slow movements of the other man. First the cautious sliding of the drawer,—a startled exclamation—a rustle of the papers—a pitiable sigh that was almost a sob—a dull click—and then a report that echoed through the stillness of the office.

With a horrible laugh Martin turned around and looked at the heap in the chair. He picked up the papers and threw them into the fire, then flicked the ashes of his cigarette on the

hardening face of Hale. "At last I have beaten you, you old devil. I told you that I would get you, and I did." He broke out into an unearthly gurgle that would have frozen any heart with terror. Then striding to the window he threw open the casement and flung his arms out. "At last I am free to do as I will. I have the whole of life before me. I am a new man with nothing to live for." He laughed the horrible laugh once more, and toppled head first out of the window.

### Spring: And You and I Together.

The Vine,

Whose ice-gloved fingers tap your sill  
When Winter's night-wind blows,  
So drear and shrill,  
And in the heat of Summer shields the threshold of  
your door,  
Beckons to tell us that it knows  
The days are here whose journey we have counted  
o'er and o'er.  
Whose heralds from the hilltop watched with fervent  
praise.  
The first, a screaming blue-jay in the wood  
Where hand in hand enraptured, first we stood  
Together, 'mid dying glories of October days.

Now,

You whisper secrets tiny buds conceal,  
Expectantly attend your timid crocuses  
That through the grasses steal  
To kiss the sun and hear the linnet sing,  
For soon, all will be Spring,  
And you and I together.  
Let us be happy, love, laugh, and play—  
Fierce war will take my love away,  
But duty it will be, for I must go into the war of work  
To fight, and win—  
You, the rich reward;  
No more I ask, when I have proven faithful to my task,  
But while we may,  
You and I together.

Love,

My sweet, while I am far away,  
You will have faith, be true, and ever pray?  
Your warm white prayers, before the feet  
Of Him who gives a love so sweet  
Will give me strength.  
Then, when the time of test is done,  
With out-stretched arms I'll trail the sun into the West,  
I'll call your name, Beloved,  
Then, you and I together.

J. U. Riley, '17.

## Ignatius of Loyola.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

Ignatius was a soldier and a scholar. His career as a soldier was as brilliant as it was brave. It is supposed that he first fought in the Italian campaign under Gonsalvo, but it is a certainty that he distinguished himself in the War of the Comuneros. When the Castilian town revolted, he was dispatched to quell the uprising. He captured the town of Najera, and although he had valorously led his forces to victory, he gallantly refused to accept any of the booty taken in the battle. When the French, under the command of Andrew di Foix, laid siege to Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, Ignatius was left there to encourage the soldiers of Spain. By exhortation and example, he sought to instil confidence into his men, but to no avail. At the approach of the enemy, the town was ready for surrender and the officers were ready to retreat. Although not in command of the troops, the soldierly nature of Ignatius rebelled against these cowards, and he cried out in righteous indignation: "I do not think even Æneas worthy of admiration, when I see him escaping from the flames that consume his city, for to shun the common peril is the nature of cowards; to perish in the universal ruin is the mischance of brave men. I should deem him worthy of immortal glory if he had died of his fidelity."

Here is portrayed in Ignatius the stubbornness of the soldier, who is unwilling to surrender without a fight. His was an ardent spirit, one that would not admit defeat before the battle had been fought. The burning words of contempt, spoken by Ignatius to the crowd around him, gained one loyal supporter to the Spanish cause, and together they retired into the citadel to give battle to the French. The garrison fought fiercely and bravely under the encouragement and command of Ignatius, who directed them from that part of the fort where danger from the attack of the enemy was the greatest. A stone dislodged by a shot struck his left leg, and the rebounding cannon ball shattered the right. Ignatius and Pamplona fell on May 20th, 1521.

For fifteen days Ignatius was held prisoner by the French, and then he was removed to the castle of Loyola. He suffered severely from

his wounds, but bore all his pains with exemplary patience. After his removal to the castle, the bones had to be rebroken in order to avoid a life-long deformity. The re-setting was followed by a high fever, but Ignatius prayed to St. Peter to intercede for his life, and he recovered. But the soldier's right leg remained shorter than the left, and a bone protruded just below the knee. When Ignatius discovered that this last deformity would prevent him from wearing fashionable stockings, he ordered that the bone should be sawed off. Being neither bound nor held, he suffered this most excruciating operation with his usual invincible fortitude. He bore all of these pains in the cause of chivalry, so that his personal appearance would not be displeasing to his lady-love.

Ignatius suffered most keenly from his confinement. Being by nature a man of action, his enforced idleness made him restless. In order to have the hours seem less wearisome, he asked for a book of romances, because tales of knight-errantry held for him a certain fascination. But instead of romances, he was given the "Lives of the Saints" to read. At first he read the book only out of curiosity, but afterward he began to relish the reading. One day while pondering over the austerities and virtues practised by the saints, he exclaimed: "These men were of the same frame I am of; why then should not I do what they have done?" Henceforth we do not see him wielding the sword in the army of Spain, but we see him carrying the cross in the peaceful soldiery of Jesus Christ.

Ignatius was full of the maxims of worldly honor, vanity and pleasure, and, for a time, he lost sight of his good resolutions. His passion for glory, and his love for a certain rich lady in Castile, often filled his heart with worldly ambition. Such thoughts occasionally gave Ignatius some sensible delight, but always left in him a feeling of unrest and bitterness, while the pleasure that he derived from meditating on the lives of the saints was of a consoling kind, and always left his mind at peace and his spirit tranquil. Ignatius noted this contrast, and then renewed his good resolutions, to which he ever after remained faithful. He loved solitude and suffering in order that he might better serve God. He gave his cavalier clothes to a beggar, and himself put on a sackcloth gown and a hempen girdle. He preferred to listen rather than to talk. Like a military leader, when

he spoke his words were brief, plain and pointed. As organizer of the Society of Jesus, Ignatius insisted that his subjects should excel all other religious orders in the practice of holy obedience. He made this the characteristic mark of his order.

Like gold covered up in the ground, sanctity in Ignatius was hidden in his humanity. To illustrate this let me relate to you the story of his career as a billiard player. During his whole life he participated in but one game of billiards, and then he consented only after much entreaty on the part of his host, a French doctor of theology. Ignatius yielded on condition that should he lose the match, he was to act as servant to the doctor for a month, but in case he should win the game, the theologian was to perform a single service requested by Ignatius that would be for the doctor's own advantage. The Frenchman was confident of victory, for he was a fairly good player, while Ignatius never before had handled a cue. But Ignatius, much to the chagrin of the Frenchman, won every point. The defeated doctor graciously fulfilled his part of the program which was to go through the Spiritual Exercises faithfully for a month. Hence Ignatius won another soul for Christ. Had Ignatius lost that game he himself would have been benefited in a spiritual way, for would it not have been humiliating, indeed, for a soldier and a scholar to play the role of servant to an inferior in both sanctity and learning?

On another occasion Ignatius remembered his cavalier days long enough to strengthen a faltering soul on the path to perfection. Ortiz, a former persecutor of the Jesuits, had been converted by Ignatius. The convert, while making a retreat in the abbey of Monte Casino, suffered a nervous breakdown and became despondent. Ignatius, always solicitous for the salvation of souls, danced before Ortiz the national step of old Biscay. He moved about with the grace of a master and with the vigor of a youth, but not for personal pleasure. He danced to encourage the down-hearted Ortiz, so that he would complete the Exercises, and thereby come nearer to God. Here Ignatius forgot his dignity and danced that he might save a sinking soul from the quicksands of discouragement. This pious stratagem is but another proof of the soldierly nature of the man.

That same winter the courageous soldier made secure the salvation of another sinner.

A certain young man had an unlawful love for another man's wife. Ignatius knew this, and set out one mid-winter night to save the libertine. As the youth approached a bridge over a pond, Ignatius plunged into the icy water up to his neck and cried out to the illegal lover: "Whither are you going? Do you not hear the thunder of Divine Justice over your head ready to break upon you? Go your way, satisfy your sensual desires, but I shall stay here and do penance for you until God puts an end to my life or to your illicit love." The youth became filled with remorse at the grossness of his sin, and, repenting, amended his life. Here again is displayed in Ignatius that stubbornness of the soldier, that "stick-to-it-iveness" which wins battles.

The example of the saints is the short road to Christian perfection. It is true that we cannot all be great saints like Ignatius, but we can, at least, strive to imitate his obedience and humility. We can all behave like Ignatius, the soldier, whenever we are confronted by an enemy, spiritual or physical. We can be brave in battle, humble in prosperity, and poor in spirit. We can all be soldiers. And, finally, if we apply ourselves rigidly to our studies, we can all be scholars. If we learn to be obedient to God and to man, we can all be saints. We are of the same frame as was Ignatius. So why can we not respond to grace and do what he has done?

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### Varsity Verse.

#### INDIAN LOVE SONG

All the forest is changing, and the trails are deep with leaves;

Misty red the day comes dawning, and it dies in purple glowing.

Today I heard the woodland echo; 'twas a moose that called its mate;

In my swift canoe I searched the rusks where the brant are happy nesting;

While the sun was at the noon, in the pleasant heat I slumbered,

And I dreamed an eagle mated with a pigeon, ruby-throated.

O my pigeon, laughing maiden, child of dawn the ruddy-misted;

O my wild-bird, bright-haired songster, daughter of the silent forest.

Hear the eagle at his mating, flee to my wild acric;  
 I have strong wings, tempest-daring; I have swiftness  
 like the stag;  
 List to me, O wildwood pigeon. Come to me, O  
 laughing maiden,  
 With your eyes like smiling waters, with your voice  
 like wild birds singing.

*G. Haller, '19.*

THE CLASS OF 1917.

Farewell, old-boys, until  
 We meet again—in France.  
 On foreign battle ground,  
 Beneath Old Glory we'll be found  
 In Honor's corps—in France.

The chosen day will come;  
 We'll meet again—in France.  
 Our rendezvous's across the sea—  
 A class reunion let it be.  
 We'll meet again—in France.

*Vincent Fagan, '20.*

ALAS!

Last night I held her on my knee,  
 The little girl that I love best.  
 But I, alas, am sixty-three,  
 While she in baby clothes is dressed.

*T. Deker, '20.*

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

When you see the little fairies a-ridin' on canaries,  
 When the kangaroos are floppin', an' the fishes start  
 a-hoppin'

Through the sea.

When the elephants are flyin', an' the people vote for  
 Bryan,—

You can start right in divinin' that the faculty is  
 signin'

My degree.

*John Reuss, '18.*

TO A SKULL.

O blanched and tongueless thing!  
 What message dost thou bring  
 To mortal men?  
 Dost tell of stranger clime  
 Where mortals spend their time  
 And live again?

Or wouldst grave warning give  
 To such as fain would live  
 In sinful thrall?

A lesson that no tongue  
 Has spoken yet, or sung,  
 Thou teachest all.

*D. P. MacGregor, '19.*

Just Letters.

BY FRANCIS S. FARRINGTON, '18

Long Branch, Wis., May 20.

Friend Bob:

Last week was the longest seven days in the history of the world, believe me. You know how I was turned down by the medical examiner when I tried to get into the summer camps, and that he advised me to get out of the city to some place where I could breathe, and get my hands soiled with some good clean dirt. It was up to me to do my bit, so I am out here.

I had heard that roosters crow early in the morning; but I didn't expect them to wake up at such an ungodly hour as four o'clock to do it. Farmers save on alarm clocks, at least. The boss never takes another nap after the first call, and doesn't expect me to, either. He gets up, hustles down to the lower pasture after the cows and then we milk them. Did you ever—but I know you never got that close to a cow. Due to a lamentable ignorance, big-game hunters consider cows to be domestic animals. But just let one of them try to sneak up on a Guernsey, armed with a shiny tin pail and a one-legged stool, and extract ten quarts of the foaming fluid from her. You have to use equal quantities of patience and profanity to do the trick properly. My forearms have developed an inch in the last week from the old squeeze.

To properly hold a milk pail, a man needs to be bow legged, and should have learned to balance on the hind legs of a chair. A pair of goggles would help a lot, for a cow's tail switched across the eyes as an old heifer can do it surely does make you blink. The boss, Herman, told me that cows used their tails to shoo pests away with. He appeared to be serious about it, too.

You are just about dressing to go out, I suppose, while I'm undressing to go to bed quick before I have to get up; but I'm sure glad to do it. There isn't another solitary thing to do, as the young folks aren't very numerous around here. To be back in town would just about suit me, but I'm going to stick out a while longer just to show myself that I can.

Yours, Frank.

Long Branch, Wis., June 7.

Dear Pal:

Thanks for your kind invitation, but I can't accept it now. I've decided to stick here;

am getting more used to it all the time. At first I had to crawl out of bed in the morning, I was so stiff and sore that it was impossible to get out any other way. Now I can get my arms above my head when I dress. The day after I held the plow the first time I had to cut my blue cambray shirt down the front so I could get into it.

And there's another reason why I'm going to stay,—a very cogent one. She lives on the next farm, wears print dresses, weighs 120—I lifted her over a fence one day—and eyes of such,—but what's the use of trying to describe her. Boy, you have to see her to appreciate her.

Herman sent me over to the house one evening after the chores were done to borrow a pipe wrench. I saw her then, but as far as I could tell from her outside conduct she didn't even see that I existed. That's the way with these country girls. You've got to produce your past history and pedigree before they will so much as look sidewise at you. In town there—well, you know how it is.

Poor Herman—I borrowed a bunch of stuff for him in the next week that he never needed, and as a matter of course, had to return it. In that time I was able to convince the girl's uncle that I wasn't the worst chap in the world. But how I did praise that old boy's farm—and got an introduction to her.

She's never been in a big city in her life, is the most unsophisticated little thing ever, and such a relief from the girls in our crowd. What would Maud Gifford look like beside Nell? Yet I used to think Maud was about the most perfect work of art ever created.

That's just it—she was too artificial. Nell never used a cosmetic in her life, and the mere mention of a highball, for which I sometimes yearn, would cause her to be suspicious of me. They look at those things differently out here, and, I'm getting to believe, in the right way.

Let me know how your fishing up North goes along. A month ago I would have gone with you if you had been going then, but not now.

Sincerely, Frank.

Long Branch, Wis., June 19.

Dear Old Man:

You fellows must be enjoying yourselves to the limit there on the Flambeau. No wonder you're enthusiastic about it; it's a wonderful river.

Don't think, though, that you have any monopoly on picnics. There's a gem of a lake

about ten miles from here, with a nice sandy beach, shade trees, grass, cottages, and everything. Nell and I went over there Sunday in Herman's little car,—it was a pesky thing to keep in the road. Her aunt Mary sent a real picnic dinner with us, and we also went in bathing. I expected Nell to come out of the little bath-house with some queer costume, but you should have seen it. A dream it was; she attracted more attention than anyone else on the beach. Even the people from the big summer homes stared and stared.

She said that she sent to the city for the outfit, and she wondered if I would like it, and if it was the right thing to wear. She was pleased as could be that she attracted so much attention, but was rather abashed, too.

If she was not so naïve, and so wide-eyed at the stories I tell her of the city, I might think she was trying to play with me. But it's as impossible to mistrust her as to mistrust a baby, and though she has a lot of book knowledge stored away in her curly head, she really doesn't know what life means.

Your old friend, Frank.

The Same Place, July 9.

Dear Bob:

How these simple country kids will surprise one. Though I'm head over heels in love with Nell she keeps me at arm's length without appearing to do so. She does it so unconsciously that I can't say anything about it. I know she mistrusts me because I have a lot of money, and she's a poor kid—will never have anything except the farm her uncle is going to leave her when he's through with it.

Several evenings ago we went out to the grassy old orchard back of the house. Nell had on a simple white dress. I've never seen her wear a colored one, and when I sat down on the grass she ran away. Thinking she was just fooling, I didn't attempt to follow. In a few minutes she appeared from within the grape arbor, clad in a regular classic dancer's costume, with a robe over her shoulders and her hair bound up with a band.

At home, the aesthetic dances the girls put on only made me yawn. But the dance Nell did was so far beyond their efforts that I watched entranced. I've seen the best dances that Adelaide Genée and Lady Richardson and Pavowla could do, and she had them all faded. She looked for all the world like some sprite

against the dark green of the apple trees, her bare feet made not a sound on the smooth grass, and she disappeared as suddenly as she came.

When she came back and sat down by me, flushed and still breathing fast, I asked her where she had learned those dances. She laughed, said she danced because she liked it, and that no one ever taught her. It seems that she read a book about the Greek maidens dancing, and that's where she got the idea of the dance and the costume.

Wouldn't that fade you? Frank.

Long Branch, Wis., Aug. 2.

Dear Old Man:

"Good-bye, dear old Bachelor Days," has been my favorite song for the past week or so, and I can't be singing much longer. Next week will find me back in the city, getting ready, and you're to be my best man.

That's really not the big news for you. Nell isn't Nell Benjamin, the pretty little farm lassie, but is really Viola Shaw, the finest dancer on the stage today, and, I think, the most accomplished actress. You know, in the crowd at home I'm not considered a total goof, but I do admit that she put it over me completely.

You may remember that Viola Shaw left the stage last winter because of a nervous breakdown, after that phenomenal run of "The Pink Slipper." It was reported that she was in California, but instead she came out here to her uncle's farm, where she is perfectly at home.

When I saw her dance under the old trees in the orchard, I should have known that no one could have done that without lots of practice and coaching. But it was so near perfection it looked simple. She's so simple herself, that's why she is such a marvelous actress. And what will be the biggest surprise of all to you, old man—we're going to stay on the farm; no more of the stage life for Nell—guess that's what I'll always call her, I'm so used to it now. Dad has enough money, so it won't make any difference if the farm doesn't make anything. We're to have a regular place, full-blooded stock, autos, and the rest of the things a modern hayseed needs. Then next year you can visit us instead of going north to fish and canoe.

Nell has heard so much of you that she is anxious to meet you. So be on hand when we arrive next week. Of course, we'll have to have a little stag to celebrate the end of my bachelor days. Yours as always, Frank.

Somewhere in France.

BY JEROME J. MILLER, '17.

Personæ.

MADAME LOUISE BOURGEOIS

LIEUTENANT MANDRIEU

TIME:—Present War.

SCENE:—Small room of the house of Madame Bourgeois on the outskirts of a French village.

(As the curtain rises Madame is sitting in a chair staring wild-eyed at a picture on the wall. It is a youth of some twenty years).

MADAME BOURGEOIS.—Charley! (She pronounces this name in a soft whisper. A knock is heard at the door) Come in! (enter Lieut. Mandrieu).

LIEUT.—Do I have the pleasure of speaking to Madame Bourgeois?

MADAME.—I am she.

LIEUT.—I am Lieutenant Mandrieu, of the detachment that is camped just east of the village. Captain Fressen tells me that your love for France is deep. You do love France?

MADAME.—Yes, Monsieur; I do love France above everything on earth, above—above even life itself.

LIEUT.—And you hate the Germans?

MADAME.—Hate them? With my whole soul I hate them! May I live to see the day when they will be crushed forever.

LIEUT.—Madame, that day is not far distant. In three months they will be no longer on the dear soil of our country.

MADAME.—God grant it.

LIEUT.—And it is in the plans of Fate that you shall help crush them.

Madame.—I?

LIEUT.—Yes, you too shall play your part—that is, if you will.

MADAME.—If I will? Oh, monsieur! I will do anything, for my hatred of the Uhlans knows no bounds. I would gladly give my life in the cause. They have taken more than that from me already.

LIEUT.—I thought that you would be willing to help us. And your name will go down in our beloved country's page of glory.

MADAME.—(Indifferently) I do not care for that. It is enough that I should taste the sweetness of revenge. To me it is dearer than any name could be. What must I do?

LIEUT.—It is simple enough. I will explain. West of the village is marching a large host of Germans, the main force on this sector. They

have sent a small scouting party ahead. These are to give the signal from the window of a house when and where the army should approach.

MADAME.—Yes? (*puzzled.*)

LIEUT.—It is very important that the army should cross this meadow which stretches away for a mile from your house here and directly on a line with the road they are taking.

MADAME.—And I—what part do I play?

LIEUT.—It is simple enough, Madame. When the clock strikes nine you are to put a lamp in that window, the signal that we know they have arranged. They will think it is the signal from their scouting party and will doubtless take their way across the meadow yonder. We have that meadow well mined—and boom!—the whole detachment will be sent to—to their deaths, Madame. It cannot fail; it must not fail. I knew of your zeal for France and decided that you should be the one to direct them to their death. Oh, and it means much, for our detachment is small and we could not possibly stop their advance otherwise. You will do it?

MADAME.—Do it? Gladly! Germans! Oh, how I hate them!

LIEUT.—It is very imperative that they be stopped here, because they are going to the aid of Von Tretzer who is marching on our forces at the Marne. And they are the picked soldiers of the Emperor's army. It is imperative, Madame!

MADAME.—Oh, be sure that you can depend on me; it will be sweet revenge for what they have taken from me.

LIEUT.—For what they have taken from you?

MADAME.—Yes,—my boy! Gladly would I see my boy die for France, dear France; but that he should fight for the Germans—it is much more than I can stand.

LIEUT.—And is your boy really fighting for the Germans?

MADAME.—Yes, Monsieur! Before the war started, we had some money, and he would go to Berlin to study there. Then the war broke out. My husband was killed in the first months of fighting, and we lost all our property through the invasion of the enemy. My boy was crazed by the flattery of the Germans. He became possessed by the devils of the Uhlans. He forswore all allegiance to the land of his birth. He renounced his native birth-right—sold it for a mess of German porridge. He is now fighting somewhere with them.

LIEUT.—And you have not heard from him?

MADAME.—Yes; but not a card for the last six months (*Her saddened tone changes*). But I do not care to hear from him. He is forever out of my life. Oh, what have I done that God should let me live to see the day when this should befall me?

LIEUT.—I feel sorry for you, Madame. But I am happy that it is I whom fate has selected to show you the way to revenge so dear to your heart. Madame, I will leave you now. It will soon be nine o'clock!—play your part well. (*He walks to the door*). And remember that you are playing a great part for France, for among the soldiers in the advancing German host is the Fifteenth Regiment of the Emperor's own Hussars, the scoundrels who have killed more French men than all the rest of the Uhlans. (*Madame Bourgeois grows pale; almost swoons.*) Is Madame not well?

MADAME (*Recovering herself*). It is nothing! Only a slight attack of dizziness. (*The lieutenant leaves closing the door softly behind him. Madame sinks into a chair.*)

MADAME.—The Fifteenth Regiment Hussars! (*In a whisper to herself*). The very same regiment that Charley is in! (*Breaks into tears*). This is too much, too much! I would give my own life gladly for France; but that I should be the means of sending my own son to his death! Oh! (*shudders*) but I will not falter. I have given my word to serve my country and I will not be a traitor. No, nothing shall stop me, not even my boy. (*Goes to the picture of the boy that hangs on the wall*). Oh, if I could only serve my country in some other way! But no! It has been ordered so. (*The clock in the hallway slowly strikes nine. She picks up the lamp from the table and starts slowly to the window. She stops and turns, tears coming to her eyes. Hesitating a moment she goes on to the window, placing the lamp on a stand between the curtains*). For France it is done! (*She drops on her knees and begins praying aloud in fervent tones*). Oh God! Hear this my prayer! Grant that Charley may have time to make his peace with You before he is sent bare-souled into Your presence. Grant me this, my prayer, and I will do penitence all the rest of my days. (*As she arises a loud explosion is heard. She rushes to the window and peers out into the night. Hiding her eyes with her hand, she screams the name of her son, as the curtain falls*).

CURTAIN

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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L. JUNE 2, 1917 No. 33.

## BOARD OF EDITORS

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—Next Tuesday is registration day. All from twenty-one to thirty years of age who have not already enlisted in some military branch of the government must register for service in the new army of 500,000 men, to be raised under the selective draft law enacted by Congress, May 18th, 1917. It is estimated by the census bureau that there are 10,000,000 men who under this law must register. Not all of these will be called for service; there will be exemptions under the scheme of selection and for other reasons; but all must register. Registration should imply something more than the mere act of offering one's name. By such an act do we give our lives also, if there be need of them, to the cause of our country. No doubt many will register merely because they have to do so. This is not the spirit. It reveals, we may say, a kind of cowardice, or anything, at least, but patriotism. It shows an indifference which is becoming somewhat of an American characteristic. When the first shot was fired in France how different was the effect. The whole nation staggered for a second in surprise, but answered the call with an invincible spirit and organized with marvelous promptness, with unanimity to which our disposition is too much in contrast. There are conflicting opinions where there should be one common mind—to back up the President, the government and the country in attaining the ends we are fighting for. The popular question seems to be: How

long will the war last? How soon will the war end? It will probably last till we help effectively to put an end to it. With our allies it is not speculation of this kind: all is work and grim purpose to fight simply to the finish whenever that will be.

Go to the registration booth with patriotism in your hearts and the proper faith in the men who are at present controlling the destinies of our nation. Place your services willingly at the disposal of the government. It is imperative that we raise a large army. Whether that army will be used on the battle front or not is at present beside the point. We may have to fight: yet peace may come sooner than we expect it. At all events our country must be the potent force in forming plans for a permanent peace. Without a standing army this is impossible. With an army at his back, the President can take his seat at the peace table and command the respect and honor of all nations.

—The expediency of sending an army to Europe is a much-discussed question at present. The French and British embassies have made a special plea for such a move; but so far the President has given no official declaration of his intentions.

It is naturally the hope of everyone that the situation may be solved before our fighting force can be got ready for service, and still the only rational thing for us to do under the circumstances is to prepare for the worst in all haste. It is quite reasonable to expect that America will have her soldiers on French soil if the war continues for two more years. At present France would welcome a body of fresh, well-trained fighters. If we are in this war to end it quickly,—this seems to be the only way of doing so. We are fighting against submarines—we must fight against those who are building them. We have pitted our democracy against a menacing autocracy. To abolish the latter we must fight those whom it represents: We cannot do this with the American dollar alone, almighty as it may be. We are fighting an extraordinary, competent, and resourceful enemy, most adept in modern scientific warfare. Our ingenuity, our enterprise, our concentration, our patriotism are insolently challenged. We who bear the banners of freedom must prove that republics can breed better warriors than autocracies.

### Jubilee Commencement Program.

*Saturday Evening, June Nine*

The Conferring of the Laetare Medal on Admiral  
William Shepherd Benson

Address by the Honorable Victor J. Dowling, of  
New York

*Sunday, June Ten*

Pontifical Mass of Jubilee in the University Church  
His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons officiating  
Jubilee Sermon by the Most Rev.

George William Mundelein, D. D.

The Blessing of the New Library by the Right Rev.  
Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.

Address by the Honorable W. Bourke Cockran

Sacred Concert by the Paulist Choristers

Sermon by the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, by the  
Rt. Rev. Abbot Obrecht

*Monday, June Eleven*

Pontifical Mass, celebrated by His Excellency,

Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D.

Apostolic Delegate

Memorial Sermon by the

Most Rev. Edward Hanna, D. D.

Blessing of the Cornerstone of the New Chemistry  
Building by the Rt. Rev. Edward D. Kelly, D. D.

Addresses by

Governor Goodrich, of Indiana, and

Lieutenant Governor McDermott, of Kentucky

Bachelors' Orations:

Elmer C. Tobin, Oscar J. Dorwin, Michael A. Mulcaire

Address by the Honorable Joseph Scott

Valedictory by Bernard J. Voll

Jubilee Commencement Address by the

Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D.

### Memorial Day.

Memorial Day was as usual fittingly observed at Notre Dame. At eight o'clock the students assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of the deceased veterans, after which a program was presented in Washington Hall under the auspices of the Notre Dame Post, No. 569, Grand Army of the Republic. The University Orchestra furnished the music, and

the audience sang several patriotic songs. The newly appointed officers of the Notre Dame Battalion received their commissions, and Company B its silver cup for winning the competitive drill contest on inspection day and each member of the company a bronze medal. The Carroll Hall company won the cup for drill in extended order. Gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded to those winning first, second and third places, respectively, in individual competition. In the St. Edward Company the gold medal was won by P. Leoni, the silver by S. De Lorenzo, and the bronze by A. Peugnet. In the Carroll Company Raymond Girardin was presented with the gold, Richard Corrigan with the silver, and Edward Bailey with the bronze medal. In the inter-company contest, F. Glahe won the gold medal, C. Overton the silver, and C. Morrison the bronze. To Leo Vogel was awarded the gold medal donated by Adler Brothers for the highest score made by a member of the Notre Dame Rifle Team. Vogel won also the gold medal awarded for the best average shot, while Rodney Cullen won the silver medal, and H. Rivas the bronze.

The presiding officer, Mr. Arthur J. Hughes, depicted the glorious deeds of our Catholic soldiers in past wars, and exhorted the present generation to imitate their example. George F. Windoffer eulogized eloquently Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's War Governor, sketching his life and work, and proclaiming him an exemplar of American manhood. The Gettysburg Address was rendered by John P. Doyle, in a manner that met with the approval of all present. Doroteo Amador displayed real elocutionary ability in his delivery of "The Reveille" by Bret Harte. James D. Hayes, in speaking of "Americanism and Catholicity," showed the falsity of the statement frequently made that Catholics are not patriotic. In making his point Mr. Hayes alluded to the spirit displayed by the students, brothers and priests of Notre Dame in '61, to the work of the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg, and to the large number of Notre Dame students—and students of other Catholic institutions—who are now in training camps preparing for service in the present war.

After the program in Washington Hall the graves of the deceased members of the Notre Dame Post were decorated as usual. In the afternoon the Notre Dame Battalion marched in the Memorial Day parade in South Bend.

## Varsity News.

—A telegram just received from Stephen McGonigle, of Belvidere, Illinois, student in St. Joseph's Hall, reads: "Father died last night. Please make remembrance of him in your prayers."

—Leo Ward of Holy Cross Seminary won the prize in the preparatory oratorical contest which was held Monday afternoon in the Law Room of Sorin hall. The subject of his oration was "Benedict Arnold."

—Excavation for the foundation of the new Chemistry Hall that will be built to the east and a little to the south of the old building is now under way. The cornerstone will be laid during commencement week.

—Though nearly half of the members of the Glee Club have left for the training camps, rehearsals are being held regularly in preparation for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, in which the club is to have an important part.

—One of the first of the Notre Dame boys to sail for France to take part in the world war is Charles McCarthy, of Minneapolis (Student 1912-'15). Charlie is with the Norton Harges Ambulance Corps, with headquarters in Paris.

—The first Notre Dame man, so far as is known, to give his life in the great war is William J. Egan, of Cogden, Ontario, Canada. He is well-known to the younger priests of the Community. He was killed in action on the battlefields of France May 4th. *R. I. P.*

—The Kentucky Club enjoyed a banquet at the Nicholson Inn last Monday evening. The Kentucky Colonels have by far the most active organization at Notre Dame, though it now numbers only nine members. It is one of the few social clubs that holds its meetings regularly.

—Thomas Duffy of Holy Cross Hall was awarded first place in the Freshman Oratorical contest held on Monday, May 21st. The defeated contestants were William Havey, Cornelius Palmer, and Thomas Beacom. On Tuesday, May 22nd, Thomas Healy, also of Holy Cross, was declared orator of the sophomore class, over John Reiley, Donald MacGregor, Thomas Hauifin, and Edwin Hunter. Holy Cross won its third victory on Thursday

when Matthew Coyle won first honors in the junior contest over Francis Boland and John Lemmer. Each of the winners receives ten dollars in gold.

—When the students return to Notre Dame next September, a cafeteria will be awaiting them on the campus. It will occupy one of the wings of the new Badin Hall. This hall is now being erected and will take in St. Joseph's Hall, which is being completely remodeled. It will be a residence hall with private rooms reserved exclusively for freshmen. Corby Hall will be reserved for sophomores, and Sorin for juniors and seniors.

—The Notre Dame Press Club was entertained on May 27th with a Sunday evening dinner at the country home of Leo Berner, a member of the club. Reverend Paul Foik, C. S. C., Professor John N. Cooney, of the department of journalism, and Mr. Richard Daley were the guests of honor. As many of the members of the club have gone to the Reserve Officers' Training Camps a complete reorganization has been necessary.

—The Notre Dame Club of Chicago expects to have a special car on the train that leaves Chicago at 10:30 Saturday morning, June 9th, and would like to have all the Notre Dame men from points south and west of Chicago who are going by way of Chicago to the Diamond Jubilee make arrangements to meet the Notre Dame Club of Chicago at this train. Anyone desiring further information concerning this special car, may communicate with Francis H. Hayes, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

—The many students who have gone to the Reserve Officers' Training Camps and also many others at the University are extremely grateful to Dr. Powers who so generously gave his services to assist the boys in procuring speedy appointment. Dr. Powers examined over one hundred and twenty-five students. Those students who wish to apply for the next camp will be obliged to present themselves for examination to Dr. Perry Travers of South Bend, who has been appointed by the government as examining physician for South Bend and Notre Dame.

—The class of 1920 established a new precedent this year when it replaced the annual freshman banquet by a dance. The committee composed of Harry Denny, president of the class, Barry Holton, Thomas Beacom, Paul

Conaghan, Barrett Anderson, John Woodworth, John Ward, and Theodore Wagner, made a success of the Freshman Frolic, which now takes its place beside the Sophomore Cotillion, the Junior Prom, and the Senior Ball. The dance was given on Wednesday evening, May 16th, at the Oliver Hotel. The freshmen were evidently happy as they beat time to the music furnished by the Ragpicker's orchestra, for was it not *their* dance?

—Students in the department of journalism have been given an opportunity to compete for a prize this year. Earl Dickens, advertising manager of the O'Brien Varnish Company of South Bend, has offered twenty-five dollars in cash for the best two feature stories submitted on Notre Dame University, or on any person, object, custom or tradition connected with the University. The amount will be divided into two prizes—fifteen dollars for the best story and ten for the second best. This is the third new prize added this year to the already large number offered annually to students of Notre Dame. The other two new ones are the Wood medal for the best essay on any subject connected with the Northwest Territory, and the Fitzgerald Medal for the best essay on American foreign trade.

—On the eve of Decoration Day the Junior Class disported itself at the Oliver to the irresistible music of Benson's Orchestra—with Sheetz at the piano, as advertisements for the affair had so widely proclaimed. The walls of the Tapestry Room were bedight with flags, and on the last page of the program were the splendidly thoughtful words: "To the Juniors now in khaki." The grand march, led by vice-president Lemmer and Miss Maude Perley, began an evening of heart-free gaiety, mirth and melody that ended at twelve-thirty with the guests standing at attention for "The Star Spangled Banner." The committee, to whose activity the success of the dance is due, was composed of John Reuss, Tom King, James Logan, John Lemmer, Maurice Starrett, Leonard Mayer, and Robert Hannan. The patrons and patronesses were Prof. and Mrs. Rockne, Prof. and Mrs. Tiernan, Prof. and Mrs. Smith, and Prof. and Mrs. Benitz.

—One of the most enjoyable events of the year at St. Edward's Hall occurred last Sunday evening. The occasion was the closing of their very successful athletic season. The "Big

Brothers' Military Scouts" of South Bend, an organization composed of young boys, marched from their city quarters to the St. Edward campus. All in full regalia, and under the supervision of Sergeant Campbell, did their military exercises on the campus. After the march the boys went to the refectory where ice cream, cake and other "goodies" were served. During the feasting the band of the Scouts played several selections. The distribution of gold N. D. pins was also a part of the program. Forty-one school pins were awarded to the members of the three different baseball teams, likewise to six other boys who had shown good work on the field. Among the guests were: Fathers Cavanaugh, Walsh, Finnigan and Bolger. Brother Cajetan acted as toastmaster and, by request, gave a speech in which he talked about the work accomplished by his boys. Speeches were made by the several priests, and Sergeant Campbell expressed his great satisfaction with the excellent military work done by the boys. Master James Barry, Jr., responded in a few but well-chosen sentences. The event will be long remembered as one of the most pleasant in the history of St. Edward's.

### Bulletin of College Examinations.

#### FOR SENIORS.

June 2, 4, 5, 6, 1917

#### COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

June 4th, 2:00 P. M.	Latin	Room 118
June 4th, 4:00 P. M.	English	Room 123
June 5th, 2:00 P. M.	Greek	Room 118
June 5th, 4:00 P. M.	Philosophy	Room 117
June 6th, 2:00 P. M.	Economics	Room 116
June 6th, 4:00 P. M.	History	Room 117

#### COLLEGE OF LAW

June 2nd, 8:30 A. M.	Written examination
June 5th, 3:00 P. M.	Oral examination
June 6th, 3:00 P. M.	Oral examination

#### FOR JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN.

June 6, 7, 8, 1917

June 6th. Classes taught at 8:10 A. M. and 10:15 A. M. will be examined at 8:30 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 3:05 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

June 7th. Classes taught at 2:10 P. M. will be examined at 2:00 P. M.

June 8th. Classes taught at 9:05 A. M. and 11:10 A. M. will be examined at 8:00 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. respectively.

## Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 9; ST. VIATOR'S, 0.

This is all that George Murphy did in the game against St. Viator's College last week: he allowed no hits, struck out sixteen batters, and walked just two men. Bourbonnais, Illinois, is an abject place in which to pitch such a wonderful game. That the town which contains an excellent college may not be singled out, Notre Dame, Indiana, might just as well be condemned as a stage for such a pitching feat. Comiskey Park or the Polo Grounds would have been appropriate spots as Murphy was feeling that way, and he would have gained much more fame for turning such a difficult trick. Notre Dame won 9 to 0.

## THE LAST HOME GAME.

It was at that critical moment with two out in the ninth inning so common in fiction when "Pete" Ronchetti overestimated the distance from where he was playing in left field to home plate by about fifty feet in the game against St. Ignatius College of Cleveland last Tuesday afternoon. Of course the runner scored on the terrible "boner." But this is not fiction, and the situation mentioned above lacked one element—a tie score: The count was eight to nothing in favor of Notre Dame when Ronchetti turned loose his long-distance heave. It was the last bit of excitement in the last game on Cartier Field this year. Two games with M. A. C. at Lansing will complete the schedule.

"Swede" Edgren and "Pat" Murray divided the burden of pitching this time. After Edgren had sailed along serenely for five innings, Coach Harper decided that Murray ought to be given a chance. Each pitcher was fathomed for only two hits, and the runs might have been equal but for a happening that already has received too much prominence. The visitors were outclassed throughout the game and it was merely a question of how large the Notre Dame score would be.

Captain Kline singled in the second inning, and immediately stole second. This was the beginning of persistent and wanton theft of that base which lasted all afternoon. Wolf's single allowed the home leader to score the first run. Four more were achieved in the third. Keenan hit and stole, then scored on Allison's double. Sjoberg got to first on an error and Allison found himself on third. Two bases

were purloined this time, Allison scoring. Kline singled again and Sjoberg tallied. Wolf's muffed fly to left made it easy for Kline to count.

Allison tripled into the tall grass behind the football bleachers in the fourth inning, clearing the bases of Keenan and Dubois. In the fifth Edgren "won his own game" by a pretty single that scored Wolf. Why Notre Dame stopped scoring so early in the game is not quite plain, but with such a safe margin there was really little incentive to swell the total. The score:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	PO	A	E
Keenan, cf.....	2	2	2	0	0
Dubois, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Ronchetti, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Allison, c.....	1	2	5	4	0
Philbin, c.....	0	0	2	0	0
Meyer, rb.....	0	0	14	0	0
Sjoberg, rf.....	1	0	2	0	0
Kline, 3b.....	2	2	0	0	0
Wolf, ss.....	1	1	0	1	0
Spalding, 2b.....	0	1	1	6	0
Edgren, p.....	0	1	1	1	0
Murray, p.....	0	0	0	1	1
Totals.....	8	9	27	13	1

ST. IGNATIUS	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, 2b.....	0	1	2	3	1
Jordan, 3b.....	0	0	1	1	0
McKenra, lf.....	1	0	2	1	1
Sommers, rb.....	0	1	11	1	2
Sommerhauser, c.....	0	1	4	1	1
Nolan, cf.....	0	0	2	0	1
Posedly, rf.....	0	1	2	0	0
Gallagher, ss.....	0	0	0	4	0
Brickel, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	1	4	24	13	6

Struck out—by Brickel, 4; by Edgren, 4; by Murray, 2. Base on balls—off Edgren, 1; off Brickel, 5. Hit by pitcher—Meyers. Stolen bases—Keenan 3, Dubois 2, Sjoberg, Kline, Wolfe. Left on base—Notre Dame 7; St. Ignatius 3. Time—1:45. Umpire—Schafer. c. w. c.

## NOTICE.

The following letter may be of interest to students planning to work during vacation months.

"We have positions in Northern Indiana for a few students who are bright, clean and industrious. We want boys or men who are sincere and will work during vacation—boys who can sell.

Sales managers will assist in closing your prospects without expense to you. You will also receive co-operation from headquarters by newspaper advertising, and direct by mail circularizing. Write or call for full information to Alabama Land and Oil Company, Indianapolis, Ind. M. J. Dobson, Sec'y."

The following Alumni have signified their intention of being present at the Diamond Jubilee Celebration on June 9, 10, and 11.

R. Adelsperger, '90, College Station, Texas  
 Timothy Ansberry, '93, 504 Southern Bldg., Washington, D. C.  
 Rev. P. Barry, '12, Burlington, Vermont.  
 Richard T. Braun, '14, 711 Penn Ave., E. St. Louis, Illinois.  
 Frank O. Bartel, '15, 228 E. 1st St., Blue Earth, Minn.  
 Rev. J. M. Byrne, 4007 Elm St., Dallas, Texas.  
 P. F. Burke, '80, 307 Camp St., New Orleans, La.  
 J. V. Birder, Park River, North Dakota.  
 Rev. J. J. Burke, '86, Peoria, Illinois.  
 John M. Bannon, '12, 63 Oregon Ave., Crafton, Pa.  
 Paul Barsaloux, '11, 6438 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 William E. Bradbury, '16, Robinson, Ill.  
 Edward Brennan, '97, Butte, Montana.  
 James H. Brown, '97, 67 Merrimac St., New Bedford, Mass.  
 Stephen E. Burns, 128 E. Williams St., Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 Paul R. Byrne, '13, Columbus, Ohio.  
 William A. Byrne, '95, Covington, Kentucky.  
 Harry W. Carr, '09, Minahan Bldg., Green Bay, Wis.  
 Thomas Cavanagh, '97, Chicago, Illinois.  
 Louis P. Chute, '92, 7 University Ave., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Walter L. Clements, '14, Louisville, Kentucky.  
 Harry V. Crumley, '03, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 John M. Culligan, '15, 2069 Iglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.  
 J. L. Coontz, '07, Vandalia, Mo.  
 Rev. Dennis A. Clarke, '74, 584 W. Broad St., Columbus, O.  
 William J. Corcoran, '13, 2306 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 Gerald S. Clements, '15, Owensboro, Kentucky.  
 James J. Conway, '85, 117 E. Washington St., Ottawa, Ill.  
 E. P. Carville, '09, Elko, Nevada.  
 Frank X. Cull, '08, 711 Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, O.  
 James Curry, '14, 647 Main St., Hartford, Conn.  
 Thomas Curry, '14, 647 Main St., Hartford, Conn.  
 Leonard M. Carroll, '16, 3117 Flora Ave., Kansas City, Mo.  
 D. E. Cartier, '92, Ludington, Michigan.  
 Warren A. Cartier, '87, Ludington, Michigan.  
 Edward P. Cleary, '13, Momence, Illinois.  
 William E. Cotter, '13, 505 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
 Hugh E. Carroll, '16, Seminole Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Captain J. E. Cusack, '89, Toledo, Ohio.  
 Walter Duncan, '12, LaSalle, Ill.  
 John V. Diener, '09, Parmentier Bldg., Green Bay, Wis.  
 Eugene A. Delaney, '99, Windber, Pa.  
 William M. Donahue, '14, Route 4, Kokomo, Ind.  
 Daniel C. Dillon, '09, 1523 Park Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 William P. Devine, '14, 14 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.  
 James E. Deery, '11, 2036 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Rupert Donovan, '08, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
 Robert E. Daley, '16, 45 Falls St., Youngstown, O.  
 Edward K. Delana, '11, 1215 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
 John F. Delph, '16, 540 Parkwood, Youngstown, O.  
 Rev. John R. Dinnen, '65, Lafayette, Indiana.  
 Paul J. Donovan, '10, Woodstock, Ill.  
 A. F. Dooley, '00, 26 Sylvester Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.  
 R. H. Downey, '16, South Bend, Indiana.  
 Poyntelle Downing, '14, 110 N. Water St., Decatur, Ill.  
 Mark Duncan, '15, Portage Ave., South Bend, Indiana.  
 John W. Ely, '11, 601 Germania-Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
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### Old Students' Hall.

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