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## Liberty's Worth.

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

THERE'S a lotus-land in a Southern clime,  
Where the zephyrs sweep in a languorous rhyme;  
Through lofty lyres that men call trees;  
Where a white beach is washed by azure seas;  
Where men do nothing the whole day long  
But eat and drink and make idle song.

There's a rugged land in the North, they say,  
Where a grey sea breaks in an angry way;  
Where the coast is bleak and the winds are cold;  
Where the men are stern and the women are old;  
Where life is a mirthless dreary toil,  
With travail and trouble dug out of the soil.

On the southern shore where the blue waves break,  
Live the spiritless slaves of a tyrant's make;  
Where the gloomy coast is lashed by the sea  
Over all floats the flag of loved liberty.  
Far better a lance of sad freemen's pride  
Than a lotus-country where Honor has died!

## Maker of America.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

OUR nation has been singularly blessed with men of creative vision and constructive powers; it seems as if the spirit of God brooded over us with special fatherliness, for at every crisis in our existence, there have risen up pilots to guide us on our way. They have been men who walked alone; whose heads were hidden in the stars; who saw so far beyond the common vision that we are fain to believe they might have pierced the veil of eternity. In the travail of our national birth, uprose austere, magnificent Washington. What no other could have done with the tools at hand, he accomplished. He struck off the

bonds of subjection and lifted America to the starry heights of freedom. When in after years came the test, "whether that nation could long endure," out of the bosom of the people the unerring finger of the Creator picked Abraham Lincoln that "government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth." There was another crisis in the affairs of our nation more than one hundred and forty years ago. Freed but faltering, her shackles at her feet but immured in a morass of doubt, America stood helpless after the revolution. Again the Hand reached down from the heavens, and from a volcanic crest in the sultry tropic seas, plucked him who more deservedly than any other merits the title of 'Maker of America,'—Alexander Hamilton.

Alexander Hamilton was born on Nevis, a far-flung outpost of British power, in the summer seas of the West Indies, January 11th, 1757. James Hamilton, a Scotch emigrant, was his father and he was named after his paternal grandparent, Alexander Hamilton of "the Grange," the family seat in Ayrshire, Scotland. His mother was Rachel Faucette, daughter of a Huguenot merchant of St. Christopher. Hers was a tragic history. Raised by her talented mother, she was married while yet a child to Levine, a Dane, who took her to the capitals of Europe and presented her to society, where the combination of all graceful accomplishments, rare beauty and an unusual mind, made her widely admired. But Levine, it appears, was a perverted brute; and terrified and stunned, Rachel Levine stole away and returned to her native isle. A child was born and sent to Levine, who never returned to St. Christopher. It was impossible to secure a divorce as the Admiralty Courts of the Island were even more severe than the mother country. When, later, Rachel Levine met James Hamilton, all fear of the penalty of the law was swept aside before their tumultuous love as chaff before the West

Indian hurricane. They lived together ever after and the fruit of the union was the towering genius, Alexander Hamilton, to whom his beautiful mother, dying at thirty-two, addressed these words: "My son, never aim at the second best. It is not worthy of you. Your powers are in harmony with the everlasting principles of the universe."

From his parents, Hamilton received the high-purposed, rugged determination of the Scot, and the fanatical devotion and enthusiasm of the Huguenot. His father having failed as a business man and having lost Rachel Levine's fortune also, Alexander was sent to relatives on St. Croix. He imbibed all the meagre tuition the schools there furnished and at the age of thirteen entered the employ of Nicholas Cruger and at fourteen was in charge of all the owner's stores. During this time he was busy reading finance, history, poetry, and philosophy under the tutelage of Rev. Hugh Knox, an Irishman and a Glasgow University scholar. In October, 1772, he left for New York to continue his studies. After a year in grammar-school at Elizabethtown, he entered King's (now Columbia) College, pursuing a special course of studies. About this time (1774) he became interested in the cause of the colonists. By a series of anonymous pamphlets, he soon became the oracle of the patriots, and when the authorship was fixed, was looked up to by all the great men of the colonies. Nicholas Murray Butler remarks of this: "We have seen great and precocious genius in literature, as Chatterton; we have seen it in music, as in Mozart; but where in the affairs of men, where in those large matters that have to do with the organization of liberty, the establishment of government, and the perpetuation of everlasting standards of right among human beings—where from the dawn of history have we before seen a youth of nineteen leading the thought of a people, and laying the foundations of a nation?"

With the outbreak of the revolution, Hamilton became a captain of the first artillery company furnished by New York and he took part in the battles of Long Island, Harlem Plains, Chatterton's Hill, New Brunswick, Trenton, and Princeton. Washington, admiring his skill and bravery in these engagements, insisted he become his private secretary, which position Hamilton held from January, 1777, till April, 1781. Returning to active service he led a

brilliant assault at Yorktown and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis. In 1780 he married Elizabeth, daughter of General Philip Schuyler.

It had long been a dream with young Hamilton to see "an adequate and permanent government established," as he expressed it in a letter to James Duane, a delegate from New York to the Congress of the Confederacy, written September 3rd, 1780. In September, 1786, a commercial convention of five states had gathered in Annapolis, Maryland. Hamilton influenced the other delegates to pass a resolution calling for a general convention to consider the defects of the confederation. The convention met in Philadelphia in February, 1787, and drafted our Constitution of which Guizot remarks: "There is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, of duration, which he (Hamilton) did not powerfully contribute to introduce into it, and cause to predominate." It is the general consensus of opinion that the Constitution is almost wholly the work of Hamilton. It may be safely said that no other man has had so large an influence upon our national life, laws and institutions.

Hamilton's next work was what Nicholas Murray Butler has styled: "the greatest forensic triumph of modern times." The Constitution had yet to secure the ratification of the states. New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York were the chief states still hesitating. The state convention for the latter met at Poughkeepsie, June, 1788. There were sixty-five delegates present. Nineteen, including Hamilton and the delegates from New York, Kings, and Westchester, favored ratification. The remainder were friends and followers of George Clinton, who bitterly opposed it. For six weeks Hamilton was on his feet every single day, debating, pleading, arguing, reasoning. By sheer force of intellect, by the display of political genius of the first and most enduring order, Hamilton wore away all opposition, and ratification was carried by a majority of three. We now had the Constitution but no government.

On April 30th, 1781, Hamilton had written to Robert Morris, outlining a matured and complete system of national finance. This letter together with the one to Duane suggesting and delineating a permanent government, have been styled "the *principia* of the American

government in organization and administration." So when Washington was casting about for a man who could put the national government on a sound basis, Robert Morris suggested Hamilton as "the one man in America" fitted by studies and abilities to fill the treasurer's chair. This position Hamilton held for six eventful years. As Butler concisely puts it: "One great report after another poured in upon Congress. It consisted of clever and intelligent men, but they were almost stupefied by the wealth of information, the rush of argument, the appeals that were made to them to formulate a system of taxation, to charter a bank, to raise revenue, to organize a treasury system, and to call the latent forces of the nation into action for purposes of national support and for national administration—tell me whether Alexander Hamilton did not make the government of the United States in body and in spirit, just as truly as he had planned and constructed it in form?"

The great doctrine of the implied powers of the Constitution, has changed that instrument from a stiff, dry skeleton; and has given it flesh and blood. It was Hamilton who, in cabinet discussion, first gave forth the idea of the implied powers; by that act breathing, like a divinity, a soul into its body. Even if we add to all this work on the Constitution the *Federalist*, the defense and explanation of the instrument, the peer of all constitutional commentaries, papers which give Hamilton rank in the first place of master minds; since "in extent and precision of information, profundity of research, and accurateness of understanding, they would be an honor to the most illustrious statesman of any age; and which for comprehensiveness of design, strength, clearness and simplicity, have no parallel, "even all this is shadowed by his marvelous accomplishments in finance."

When Hamilton took office, the government was overwhelmed with the immensity of the problems before it. Hamilton disposed of them in four reports: the first dealing with the public debt, the second with the excise, the third with the national bank, the fourth with manufactures. Hamilton forced the refunding of the total domestic and foreign debt at par. He secured the assumption of state debts and devised a sinking fund to absorb eventually the entire indebtedness. The national bank was adopted and organized as he asked and it

is the parent of the national banking system of to-day. Hamilton used the excise both for revenue and as a means of strengthening the national government. These reports have had a more lasting and widespread influence on our national life than any other similar series of government acts. They gave us our financial system, established public credit, fostered the system of national banks, gave us our currency, our revenue system, sinking fund system, funding system; gave us the mint and regulated its workings down to the veriest details, and also advocated the double system of coinage.

But Hamilton's great genius did not confine itself to finance and constitution, but rather, like sparks from the divine anvil, flashed forth from his mind the ideas which were to germinate the institutions of earth's mightiest nation. Protection was the basic principle of his report on manufactures; imperialism and nationalism found him their earliest and strongest advocate. The Monroe Doctrine and the acquisition of the Louisiana territory were his ideas; while in his advocacy of the patent system, premiums on inventions, internal improvements, and government subsidies, he gave examples of amazing far-sightedness.

Hamilton refused the chief justiceship of the United States and returned to the New York Bar after leaving the cabinet. Talleyrand, who compared him to Napoleon and Fox, observed when once he saw the light burning at midnight in Hamilton's study: "I have seen the eighth wonder of the world. I have seen a man laboring at midnight for the support of his family, who has made the fortune of a nation." Though out of politics Hamilton deemed it his patriotic duty to defeat Aaron Burr's dangerous ambitions. Having accomplished this he was forced into a duel by the disappointed man, and on July 11th, 1804, was mortally wounded, on a little shelf of the Palisades on the west bank of the Hudson near Weehawken. He died early next morning. His death was a national calamity and caused universal sorrow. Four girls and four boys survived him, and his wife, who died a half-century later, at the age of ninety-seven, never laid aside her mourning, while the shock broke the mentality of his fifteen-year old daughter, who was, of his children, nearest akin to him in spirit and in the precocity of genius.

In personal appearance Hamilton was a little

below medium height, but well-formed; his general address being quick and nervous, showing the activity and energy of his mind. His complexion was bright and ruddy, his hair light. His manners and conversation possessed irresistible charm; and he was loved alike for his amiability and respected for his honor. He was so persuasive an orator that Congress bade him send his reports in writing; while Burr added that the man who put himself on paper with Hamilton was lost. His intellect was said to have been mature from infancy—able to pierce the most subtle and profound problems, while his industry was marvelous and his learning only equalled by his creative faculty. As a lawyer he is compared with Marshal; Pickering called him greater than Washington; Spencer called him the greatest man America has known; while Kent added: "In power of reasoning he was the equal of Webster and in creative power infinitely his superior."

Hamilton is the Maker of America; because he gave his whole life, heart and soul, to her service; because he evolved, expanded and perfected the Constitution; because he gave us a financial system which has lasted a century, applicable to the needs of a handful of people huddled on the Atlantic coast, yet fitted to serve without change the hundred millions sprawling across a continent from sea to sea.

### A Twilight Memory.

The twilight shadows brooding soft  
Upon the campus ground;  
And I am sad a-longing for  
My "pal" in France, war-bound.

How oft at dusk, we twain did walk  
These paths, and all the while  
"Our Lady," from the golden dome,  
Looked down, and seemed to smile.

The sunbeams and the shadows weave  
A gold-grey veil up there;  
And as it gently hides her face,  
I breathe a twilight prayer:

"Sweet Mother, gentle Queen, O shield  
Dear Jim from sin and pain;  
And bring him safely back, that we  
May walk these paths again!"

FRANK MASTERSON.

### Camp Cooking.

BY B. AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18.

We are somewhere in Indiana. We have just separated ourselves from a particularly black-looking interurban car, and find ourselves on the shores of Lake Michigan. We are loaded down to the gunnels with the various impedimenta indigenous to camp life, and experience no little difficulty in navigating effectively, not to say gracefully. The scene is remarkable, both artistically and piscatorially. Great sand hills elevate themselves unto the heavens at intervals, and no doubt you have already guessed that the summer breeze is crooning softly through the trees; that the wavelets are lapping against the crags, and a white-clad maiden is singing "What are the wild waves saying" out on the canning factory's pier. Ornamenting the front of the cliffs are nets in various stages of decomposition, poles of remarkable length, and fishermen, blessed with wonderful mustaches and cuss-words.

We start out along the shore, which we observe is usually very close to the lake. We admire the scenery, but wish the basal portion of it would refrain from getting into our shoes. One of our party sees a nice piece of barrel stave and picks it up. Does he muse over it and wonder if it is a portion of a schooner wrecked off a Milwaukee bar; that perhaps it once helped to surround fresh cabbage from Michigan? Nay, he only thinks of it as a preliminary to camp cooking. Perhaps you see now, reader, that this preliminary stroll will be of some practical value. We move along some more, and this person notices that he is the only one carrying a barrel stave. Immediately he casts about for two good reasons why the rest should not carry barrel staves, and strange to say he doesn't find them. So he wonders out loud, why some people have to do all the work around here anyway. Nobody will tell him, and he doesn't seem to be able to figure it out himself, and the way his face looks, it seems to hurt him awfully. However, someone bumps into a piece of box, and picks it up. Then even I believe it advisable to accumulate a little lumber, and so, gentle reader, if you want to come along with this crowd, you had better get some yourself.

By this time the appetite seems to be rounding up pretty well, and tentative glances are sent

up the hillside for a suitable camping spot. Pretty soon some one begins to wonder if we're going to walk all day. Not receiving any answer he begins to speculate out loud, as to why so many egregious fools happen to concentrate in one locality. This brings on a discussion, not of fools, but of camping place, and the relative advantages of flats, hollows and sand dunes are learnedly discussed. Ultimately we decide on the sand dune for the reason that it is the nearest. The man with the provision sack heaves a long sigh and slips his load to the ground. For the last mile or so, a particular can of beans has jarred his spinal column, no less than seventeen distinct times, each worse than the first, and he feels that by all the laws of poetic justice revenge should be his. The solemn rite of instigating a fire follows, but this is a scene that can be dwelt on but lightly. Details would be harrowing. We have but two matches among three men, and both look quite disgusted with life. But they stave off despair, so we do not complain.

It now becomes necessary to give each of my companions a name. Not that I have any slavish respect for the hereditary mania of labelling individuals with long names. I'd just as soon number them, or represent them by x and y, or differentiate them by chemical formulae. We will call one of our friends, he with the high forehead and shoes, Jim, and the one with the English accent and bald head, Joe. Shifting to the past tense, Joe pulled out a piece of newspaper telling about the latest fashions in Hawaii, and carefully placed it in the lee of the sand dune. A slight sprinkling of broken twigs with a tincture of dried leaves served as the preliminaries. A moment of intense suspense followed, while Joe struck the match, and we only breathed freely when a slight flame heralded the fact that combustion was under way. We built a sand break around it, and we were ready for action. The first thing on the program was to get out our collapsible camping outfit. Its name was extremely appropriate. Its collapsibility was evident, even prominent. In fact it stood out as a distinct entity. Obviously its chief purpose in life was to collapse, and this it did with earnestness and consistency. We started to put it together, using the book of rules as a guide. The man who wrote that book evidently believed with Talleyrand that words were intended to conceal thought. It was the most perfect camouflage I ever had the

misfortune to encounter. Each one interpreted the rules according to his own reason and we immediately dissolved into three violently dissenting sects. Fortunately in the heat of the argument, the rule book caught fire, and I was commissioned to finish the affair. I managed to put it together, though considering the picture on the box, there were some startling discrepancies. When finished it looked something like the marks of a football field, suspended in the air by means of its goal posts. These posts we inserted into pieces of wood to give them stability.

Joe in the meantime had started to excavate the provisions. These consisted of beans in can, bacon, bread and coffee. Joe unearthed two cans of beans and then decided that it was slow business and facilitated matters by inverting the sack. Things came out much quicker this way. Now co-ordinated with and supplemented by the above mentioned gridiron, were two skillets. These folded up like pocket handkerchiefs and were about as useful for cooking purposes. They were in all respects as thoroughly and completely collapsible as the gridiron. I placed one of these on the gridiron and put some bacon on it that had been only partly buried in the sand. They gave a rather sickly sputter, but I was in no mood to be particular. You know you get close to nature when you are out camping, and sand was the biggest portion of the most immediate nature. Jim accumulated a brilliant idea. He hied himself to the beach and collected a short ton of wood. He put it on the fire with the fell purpose of raising the temperature. His success was spectacular; and he soon had it about six hundred. When I came back from the bean can, things had happened. The gridiron finding things rather hot, pulled up one leg under it, something like the storks you see in the picture books. This it did I imagine in virtue of its collapsibility. Unfortunately it was never ordained to stand on three legs, and after a few preliminary totters it sank weakly at one corner. Alas the skillet skidded down the incline and skilfully steered itself to the place where the temperature was most prevalent. I sprang to the rescue, expecting to find the bacon in ashes, but the inventor of that machine had a little forethought. The same agency that had made the gridiron become a tripod, made the skillet become a cylinder. At this crisis, its inherent collapsibility asserted itself and it

surpassed its own expectations in the result. I gingerly rolled the cylindricated vessel out of the fire, at the same time elaborating for Jim's sake my idea of people that can't tell the difference between a camp blaze and a forest fire. When the unfortunate utensil was safely extricated, I endeavored to rescue the distressed bacon. But never were imprisoned miners more hermetically sealed than the poor bacon in the helicoidal folds of the skillet. In vain did I pull and pry, collapsibility reigned supreme. Joe suggested using an axe. I politely requested him to run back some three miles and borrow one. Joe didn't seem anxious, but he gave me an idea. I rolled the skillet over to a stone, and with the aid of two sticks, persuaded the thing to get on top. Then I went and got me another stone, worse than the first and held it directly over the offending prison. I dropped it squarely on the skillet, but it was useless. The infernal thing had assumed a flatuity just as baffling. So I left the bacon to its dreadful fate, and hied me back to the beans. I assaulted the can with vigor, too much vigor in fact, for the can-opener broke. I was reduced to using a knife. Thanks to Joe's method of unloading, I found one down near the Pleistocene drift. Using this implement both as a wedge and a pile driver, I penetrated the outer defenses of the beans, and disclosed a mass of rosy, juicy looking beans. It was a glorious, inspiring sight. Not trusting to the gridiron, I placed the can near the fire, that they might heat sufficiently. Jim had been rehearsing with the coffee for some time, and was about ready to go through the performance of manufacture. Joe was hewing out large masses of bread with noble impartiality. Things were getting along smoothly. But we knew better than to think it would continue. It didn't. A little man trotted out of the woods a few yards from the camp, who was our *deus ex machina*. He headed directly for Jim, "Ah," he says "bon jour Monsieur. Il fait tres soliel aujourd'hui."

Jim flared up. "So is your whole family," he yelled back, not wanting to be outdone by a comparative stranger. The little fellow seeing that he had "got in wrong," tried to straighten out things. "Non, non, Monsieur," he stammered, "vous ne comprenez pas. Je dit,"—

"Go there yourself," howled Jimmie, afraid the Frenchman was getting ahead of him, and commenced rolling up his sleeves. Jimmie

looked so belligerent, that the Frenchman beat a hasty retreat to the woods, murmuring reproachfully as he went. As the last Gallic syllables died away, we became conscious of a distinctive odor. I rushed to the bean can. Alas, I was too late, one whole section of the beans, lately so fresh and rosy, were now reduced to mere shadows of their former beauty, and extremely black shadows at that. Mournfully I apportioned the mess among the three plates, giving most of the burned beans to Jimmy, whose bellicose spirit had precipitated the disaster. I gazed soulfully at the gridiron, while I skilfully dogged the black beans with my fork. Suddenly there came the sound as of much sputtering in the place. I looked up and found Jimmie choking and spitting and looking entirely out of sorts. I thought at first that he was trying to repeat what the little fellow had said to him, but the cause was evidently more deep-seated. After about three minutes of consecutive and consistent sputtering he managed to clear his mechanism of speech sufficiently to remark a few things in a way that left his meaning unmistakable. He wanted to know why in the name of several unmentionable things, Joe hadn't cleaned the knife when he cut the bread, for the same bread was in very many ways unfit to be eaten, except by certain kinds of fools. Joe protested that he had taken particular pains to clean the knife, having gone so far as to rub it vigorously on a bar of soap before using it. This served as a climax to our miseries, and we all felt a distinct longing to be somewhere else. So we carefully packed the knives and spoons, and leaving everything else to its fate, we plodded our weary way toward the interurban line.

### A Welcome Spring.

O gentle Spring, come bide a while with me,  
Come, fragrant blossoms of the maple tree.

Awaken, tulips, from your dormant state,  
And creeping ivy, twine about my gate.

Come, robin red-breast, from that sunny clime  
Where Jack Frost's brush has never painted time.

And, Neptune, banish from thy limpid face  
The icy scarf which hides thy peaceful grace.

And Thou who paled before the Crucified,  
Thy soothing rays from us no longer hide.

B. ALBINUS.



At the Periscope.\*

YOU'VE put me on the menu card,  
 Chief seaman of our crew,  
 To stand beside the periscope  
 That brings past years to view,  
 And from my point of vantage here  
 Look toward the distant day  
 When you and I were only lads  
 At study or at play.

You've put me here and bid me scan  
 Time's ocean far and wide,  
 A tale to tell of other times  
 Which lapsing years would hide:  
 The distance ranges far, I note;  
 Full thirty years have fled  
 Since to the gates of Notre Dame  
 Youth's star my footsteps led.

The time of progress grows apace;  
 We move, else lag behind:  
 The campus life, the bell and ranks,  
 And rules of varied kind,  
 The honor roll, Pat Sheekey's hack,  
 The old-time "skirtless" dance,—  
 All these have changed; these thirty years  
 Have marked a large advance.

But human nature still remains  
 As it was wont to be,  
 Unchanged, the fountain from which spring  
 The joys of memory.  
 The men who were, in those glad days,  
 Our pilots in the race  
 For life's achievements have not passed:  
 Remembered is each face.

Endeared are they for all their worth;  
 Each for his weakness, too,  
 In reverence lives, as memory holds  
 His portrait up to view.  
 I knew them in the days now gone  
 For that which made them men:  
 Let deep affection breathe each name  
 And call them back again.

Undaunted Sorin; rise and gaze  
 On your expanding dream;  
 Three-quarters of a century  
 Have made your forest teem  
 With eager life and growing power,  
 With monumental truth,  
 With visions of a destiny  
 High-builed in your youth.

Arise, meek Corby, giant soul,  
 Most human and most true;  
 Brave spirit of our priests in arms,  
 A patriot rare were you.  
 Look out upon this hate-racked world,  
 Embroiled in strife to-day;  
 Speak wisdom to your priestly sons  
 Who go your valiant way.

Stand forth, rare Walsh of princely parts,  
 Of scholarly renown,  
 On whose unblemished character  
 Rests honor's rarest crown;  
 Point out for those who seek the way,  
 And still must guide our feet,  
 The path that leadership should take  
 To make our work complete.

Stace, Lyons, Regan, Celestine,  
 Fitte, Granger, Stoffel, Paul,—  
 You, too, have gone your glorious way:  
 Hark now to this far call!  
 Shed o'er our labors in this hour  
 The spirit of the home  
 Your sacrifices won for you  
 Beneath the Golden Dome.

REV. M. A. QUINLAN, C. S. C.

\* Read at the Faculty banquet. April 18, 1918.

## The Voice of Belgium.

BY BROTHER XAVIER, C. S. C., '19.

(A Class Talk.)

"And I heard the voice as of many waters." These words of the great Evangelist St. John, might be fittingly applied to one lone voice, the new Saint Paul, Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. Eagerly do the peoples of all lands wait for the golden words, those perfect expressions of Christian patriotism, which come from the lips of this noble old man, now known to the world as "The Voice of Belgium." To extol the character of Mercier would require the fluent pen of a master. I shall merely refer to the epistles of the Cardinal to his people for a just appreciation of his greatness.

August 2, 1914, millions of souls in the peaceful quiet of little Belgium awoke from a summer's dream to the awful realization of an invading host. Without a warning, with no preparation, paralyzed with fear, thrown into a paroxysm of terror, a cry came from the Belgian people which echoed in the heart of the old Cardinal. The people saw in him their leader, their mouth-piece to the tyrant who spurned honor and justice, who sacrificed principle to military policy, who enthroned sacrilege on the altar of materialism. The implicit confidence of the whole Belgian people was placed in the strong, patriotic, Christ-like Mercier. When he spoke, his people listened; when he commanded they obeyed.

From the sad epistle of December, 1914, entitled "Patriotism and Endurance," to the grand letter, "Courage, My Brethren," written on the Sexagesima Sunday of 1917, there is not a word but breathes justice and charity. Not an utterance leaves the clarion tongue of Mercier but is tempered with such sweetness and love that one can with difficulty keep back the emotions which well up in the heart. In his "Appeal to Truth" his voice cries across the solitude of his sorrow-stricken land to his enemies, asking but for justice. In the official organ of Germany, the "White Book," are charges against the Belgians in which there is not one vestige of truth. Again and again has Mercier asked for a thorough investigation, yet without avail; but the world now knows the charges to be calumnies, and believes them

no more. Listen to Belgium's voice calling pitifully across "No Man's Land" to his co-laborers beyond the trenches:

"Germany cannot now restore to us the blood which she has shed, the innocent lives which her arms have destroyed; but it is in her power to restore to the Belgian people its honor which she has violated or permitted to be violated. We ask this restitution from you, you who stand first among the representatives of Christ in the Church of Germany. Do your duty, come what may! We bishops at this moment have a moral duty and therefore a religious one, which takes precedence of all others, that of searching out and proclaiming the truth."

Pitiful indeed is this, yet no answer comes from his brethren across the grassless fields and the bleak hills; no echo of response to this appeal of Belgium's beloved Father.

The Voice of Belgium each day grows stronger. Time and grief is wearing away the delicate frame of Mercier, but his voice is reverberating ever stronger over wastes and waters, carrying sweet messages of peace and charity. Each day finds the disciple at the foot of the crucifix craving light and benediction on the crushed hearts of his people. Every hour the pleadings of the broken-hearted Cardinal wing higher and higher; every whispered dart of love pierces the clouds and finds its home in the Great Heart of Christ. There the echoes of whispered prayers of love plead for the bleeding hearts of his people, the crushed and broken flowers of his pasture, the children of his love; there the heart of Belgium melts into the Divine Heart of the Master.

## An Evening Stroll.

I took a lonely stroll last night  
Into the fragrant, starlit Spring.  
The air was brisk, a touch of frost  
Enlivened ev'rything.

The night was empty of all sounds  
Save those I made. No breath of air  
Had being; all was motionless  
In Nature's silent prayer.

The sky replete with golden dots  
Bent down in bright proximity,  
Enfolding in its azure arms  
The sleeping world and me.

W. H. ROBINSON.



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LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18 THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '20 WM. H. ROBINSON '20

—There are Americans and Americans and those who think themselves Americans. The parlance of propaganda has recognized two kinds: those who put **Pseudo-Americanism.** the "I" in "fight," and those who put the "pay" in "patriotism." These are both commendable, but unfortunately there is a third class, not so much to be admired, the kind that puts the "riot" in "patriotism." They are the ones who, too cowardly to wield a camouflage brush in the fighting zone, content themselves with painting up the property of supposed "enemies within." They are the ones who, too delicate to chance sampling the liquid fire bestowed by the Germans on our defenders in the trenches, content themselves with dealing out boiling tar over here on imprudent blabbers who can be taken care of by civil law or, that failing, by martial law. They are the kind who, out of alcoholic zeal and whiskey-inspired love of country, rush from a saloon and hang aliens upon mere suspicion and a handy tree. In their blind blood-lust, masquerading as patriotism, they do not consider that outrages upon Germans here will most likely be revenged upon Americans in Germany—upon civilians caught there by the war and soldiers captured during its progress. How do you reconcile these things? As the avatars of liberty, the exponents of democracy, the defenders of humanity, and the champions of civilization, we gallantly oppose Germany in the trenches. We go to the rescue and relief

of Belgium, bloody from the harrying of the Hun; we rush to the aid of France as she fronts the frothy-mouthed gray beast, and at the same time rage and trample up and down our own land, which we have called the haven of the oppressed, mercilessly venting our wrath upon the foolish blabbers and suspected plotters who make up the "enemy within." Granted that "enemies within" exist, a menace to our part in the conflict, can we not show ourselves worthy of the great ideals we are fighting for, and let the law take its course? We would "make the world a safe place to live in," and yet practice lynch law at home!—G. D. H.

—Many thoughtful Americans, engaged in recasting their opinions of German scholarship, are now asking if we have not been neglectful of French and **Education after the War.** English culture. They intimate that

after the war we shall look for inspiration, not as of yore, to Heidelberg and Berlin, but to Oxford and Paris, to Manchester and Louvain. Yet, when we look back, it is astonishing to see how much our country owes to German scholarship. The American university is very largely a German contribution, both in the training of its personnel and in its organization. The *seminar* and the *kindergarten*—the top and the bottom of our educational structure—are German-born, even to their names. German ideas have formed the warp and woof of our educational philosophy. What "Normal" graduate has not run the gauntlet of Comenius and Pestalozzi, Froebel and Herbart? No less pervasive has been the German influence on American medical science, chemistry, biology, historical and literary criticism, and Protestant theology. Nor have France and England been unaffected; in a very literal sense Germany has tutored the world. How much of this influence is really being impaired by the war? To what extent has German scholarship been dimmed? Chiefly in this, that the war is showing the awful consequences of letting science run wild. The German war machine has exhibited the coolest disregard for every human ideal that opposes mathematical efficiency, an un-Christian use of men as means, an appalling contempt for the sacredness of natural rights. In three dreadful years, Germany has fastened on science a sinister meaning that the world will not soon forget. For that

reason the world, after the war, will look askance at any culture which does not elevate moral rights and ideals over mere science and efficiency. We shall continue, as in the past, to profit by the patient science of Jena and Halle, but social and philosophical inspiration we are certain to seek elsewhere.—L. G. H.

### Obituaries.

#### DR. EDWIN O. WOOD.

Gloom overspread many hearts at Notre Dame last Tuesday morning when news arrived of the death of Edwin O. Wood (LL. D., '16), who passed away at Pasadena, California, the day before. Pneumonia was the cause of death.

Doctor Wood had many titles of distinction. He was conspicuously successful in the world of business; he had attained notable position in public life, having been for many years Democratic National Committeeman for the State of Michigan. He had a marked taste for scholarship and for many years was a member of the Michigan Historical Commission. He is the author of important historical studies, and at the time of his death was engaged upon a monumental work which alone would keep his memory alive. He was a gentleman of infinite charm; his mind at once strong, delicate and elevated, and no one who spent even a few moments in his presence could ever forget his exquisite qualities. Mingled with those great characteristics was a generous nature, a refined and beautiful spirit, and a kindliness of heart which made him memorable and beloved among his multitude of friends.

Notre Dame has special reasons to be grateful to him and to remember him prayerfully, as he has been one of the most conspicuous benefactors of the University within recent years.

We offer the bereaved family assurance of heartfelt sympathy in this hour of saddest trial. President Cavanaugh is attending the funeral.

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#### ARTHUR JAMES HAYES.

Late last week Father Cavanaugh received word of the death of Arthur James Hayes, who died of pneumonia at Camp Grant, Illinois, after a very brief illness. Not only was Art's death a great shock to his many friends and admirers at Notre Dame, but it robs American literature of a most promising writer.

Art received the degree of bachelor of philosophy from the University in 1915 after four

years of excellent scholarship. His flair for literature was even then markedly evident. One of the most prominent editors of the SCHOLASTIC, he contributed regularly short stories, essays, and novelettes to our weekly magazine. In his senior year he was editor-in-chief of the 1915 DOME, and, as one of his class-mates put it, "he labored, pleaded, and sacrificed himself," to the end that his work stands as the highest type of college annual. For the next year and a half Art remained at Notre Dame as an instructor in English, pursuing at the same time a post-graduate course in law. In December, 1916, he accepted the position of manuscript editor for the Sunday Fiction Magazine of the Chicago *Herald* and was soon made New York correspondent.

Whilst serving in this capacity, Art was drafted into the United States army from the 13th Chicago district in the early March quota. He was for three weeks a member of the 332nd Field Artillery, and was then transferred to Company B of the 36th Engineers. Art gave himself most cheerfully to the service of country. It was at Camp Grant, during the course of military training, that he contracted the malady which terminated in his lamentable death. His body was removed to the home of his parents at Chisholm, Minnesota.

While still at Notre Dame as a post-graduate, Art began contributing to various magazines the stories that placed his name prominently among the younger authors of the day. These pieces evinced an intense imagination, mastery of expression, and powers of vivid description. Arthur Hayes' pen was prolific of thrilling romance and absorbing mystery. He was especially skilled in treating of the occult and the bizarre. It is safe to say that in the maturity of his talents, he would have become a great novelist.

Art was a loyal alumnus of the University. That his literary development was provoked by his English studies here at Notre Dame, he was keenly aware, and he never ceased to be grateful. And now that death has taken this promising author, across Notre Dame's heart falls deeply the shadow that Arthur Hayes' death has thrown over American letters. But even in mourning her eye kindles with affection for the man and pride in his achievements, and from her heart she breathes the promise of perpetual prayers for one of the ablest and most devoted of her sons.—D. J. E.

## Local News.

—There are some methods of acquiring other people's property which are contemptible, even in the eyes of the ordinary jail-bird. We have our opinion of the lanky, bespectacled individual who deliberately walked away with a baseball belonging to a Carroll Haller recently.

—Francis Murphy, Sophomore in the law department and member of the four mile relay team, left Tuesday for Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky. Murphy's absence will be keenly felt by Coach Rockne. His host of friends wish him the best of fortune in the service.

—We wish to correct the statement made in our last number that Notre Dame and St. Mary's had each subscribed \$500.00 to the Third Liberty Bond Campaign. The sums spoken of were donated to the War Chest Campaign, conducted recently in South Bend. Notre Dame's and St. Mary's subscriptions to the Liberty Loan extend into the thousands.

—"The Undying Flame" was an interesting but impossible combination of ancient and modern paganism, in which Mme. Petrova starred as an ancient Egyptian princess and as a modern English lady, the daughter of the commanding officer in Egypt. Mahlon Hamilton carried the other leading role and supported Petrova splendidly. The scenery in the first part was selected with creditable regard for ancient types.

—Complying with the request of the Indiana State Council for Defense, several members of the faculty left Tuesday to deliver a series of addresses, dealing chiefly with the urgent necessity of education, especially during the present war. The roster of speakers includes: Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of the university; Judge Francis Vurpillat, dean of the law department; Prof. James Hines and Prof. William Farrell.

—At a meeting of the junior class held Monday noon George D. Haller was unanimously elected editor-in-chief of the 1919 DOME, the senior class year book. The high recognition accorded Mr. Haller is a fitting climax of an unusually excellent literary career at Notre Dame. He has held an associate editorship on the SCHOLASTIC for two years and his numerous contributions have evidenced a distinctive literary style. Mr. Haller was also

awarded the Earl S. Dickens prize in journalism last year, his essay being a touching eulogization of Brother Leopold, entitled "A Faithful Man." Needless to say the class of 1919 has chosen the logical man for the position which is, incidentally, the highest honor a class can confer upon one of its members.

—"The Bond Between," shown last Saturday evening, was a Pallas Picture, starring George Beban as an old French music teacher in New York City. It was the "Prodigal Son" story done over to admit the character of a secret service agent, a part played by Viola Vale. Though the plot was not overly ingenious, interest was sustained throughout by Beban's powers of impersonation. The entertainment was marred by frequent interruptions in the screening of the play.

—The senior play, a farce of local nature, will be given in Washington Hall, May 8. Rehearsals are being held daily under the direction of Rev. Bernard Ill, C. S. C., and the play promises to be the most successful entertainment of the season. Following are the members of the cast: D. J. Edmondson—author of the farce and editor-in-chief of the DOME; Mulligan, Ambrose, McCauley, Saino, Ryan, Callan, Durnin, Slaggert, Reuss, McGinnis, Kelley and Dant. Earl J. Clark and Father Eugene Burke, C. S. C., are the composers of the musical lyrics which will be sung in connection with the play.

—On Thursday evening, April 18, the lay members of the faculty tendered a banquet to the religious professors of the University at the Oliver hotel. Members of the University orchestra furnished excellent music for the occasion. Professor William Farrell acted as toastmaster and introduced the following speakers: Fathers Michael Quinlan, Eugene Burke, Thomas Burke; Judge Francis Vurpillat, Professor John M. Cooney, and Father Cavanaugh. The occasion was marked by the spirit of fraternal unity which has always existed between the lay and religious members of the Notre Dame faculty.

—The New England Club convened in Walsh Hall, Monday evening, in honor of Raymond W. Murray, president of the club who left Tuesday to join the colors. Under Mr. Murray's direction, the men from the East have sustained a record in student activities that has met with the highest approval

of both the faculty and the student body. Vice-president James Dooley presided at the meeting. Rev. Francis McGarry, C. S. C., the guest of honor, presented Mr. Murray, in the name of the club, with a military wrist watch. The sophomore quartet—O'Keefe, R. Devine, Slaggert and B. Devine—provided musical entertainment, the meeting concluding with a rousing send-off of good will to the departing president.

—The Poetry Society held its regular bi-weekly meeting Sunday evening, April 21st. The entries for the poetry contest were made at this meeting. Those who submitted the poems which are to be judged by T. A. Daly, the well-known poet, were Brother Alphonsus, Brother Edwin, Brother Finbarr, Vincent Fagan, Thomas Duffy, Leo Ward, Thomas Hanifin, Thomas Healy, James McDonald and Robert O'Hara. The giving of a poetry prize is an innovation at Notre Dame. This is all the more remarkable because of the interest which has always been taken in poetry at this school. Mr. Daly will present the winner with an autographed volume of some of his works. The name of the winner of the contest will be announced at the next meeting. The poems judged to be the best submitted to the vote of the society at the meeting were, "The Snowflake," by Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C., and "Notre Dame," by Brother Finbarr.

—Chester D. Freeze (Arch., '11) spoke before an appreciative audience Wednesday afternoon on the subject of Life Insurance. Mr. Freeze holds a position with the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., with headquarters in Chicago, and with Father O'Hara is perfecting a plan by which Notre Dame men can enter the employ of his company under the most favorable circumstances, after having received the advantages of a short course of intensive study under the direct supervision of an expert in the business. The plan as completed will be placed before the Chamber of Commerce on a subsequent visit of Mr. Freeze. In partnership with the speaker is another Notre Dame man, Joseph Girardin, so we wonder little at the success of the firm. Mr. Freeze is a typical Notre Dame man and held his audience from the start. The talk was arranged principally as a Chamber of Commerce attraction, but the doors were open and many outsiders enjoyed the hour. Other such lectures

will be welcomed at Notre Dame, especially on such practical subjects of vital interest, and all are looking forward to Mr. Freeze's return.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society met Thursday, April 18, and a very enthusiastic crowd attended the opening of the society after the Easter recess. During the last three quarters of the year the society has greatly increased its membership, and it is hoped that others in the University will attend the final meetings held during this last quarter. The society offers an opportunity to all who may be interested in the Oratorical contest which is to be held in June, and is open to all Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, a prize being offered for each class. All those interested are given an opportunity to come before the society and give their speeches and all the benefits of a larger audience will be found in this society. A short but very interesting program was rendered, and the members of the society discussed the war in its different phases and the effect it may have on the various nations after the articles of peace have been signed.

—Dr. Walsh lectured before us on Tuesday of this week and once more drew from the vast fund of his knowledge a series of practical and interesting ideas, presented with his inimitable freshness and stamped with his whimsical individuality. He took for his text: "The fascination of trifles obscures what is worth while." Dr. Walsh showed in substance that when war flung its fearsome shadow over Europe in July, 1914, millions of men were aroused to the sense of duty, to the knowledge that there were things in life greater than life itself. In America, however, we still sought happiness in the mazes of materialism, we still saw things with that superficiality of vision which refuses to look below the surface for fear of what it may behold. As a result, he showed, our literature has been debased by popular craving to ephemeral, meaningless stuff, while our music appeals to the body instead of the soul. In the near future, however, Dr. Walsh declared, the chastening power of the war into which we have entered will arouse us to the realization that happiness is not to be found in the possession of material goods. Sad experience will teach us the answer to the question: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Dr. Walsh's delightful humor was aided by his new-found powers of mimicry.

—The annual debate between the freshmen of Brownson Hall and of Holy Cross, held in the Holy Cross recreation room Tuesday evening, resulted in a two-to-one decision for the Brownson team. The question under discussion was the advisability of extending the Oregon minimum wage law, or one embodying the Oregon principle, throughout the United States. The affirmative was upheld by Vincent Nagel, Raymond Switalski, and Frank Cavanaugh, for Holy Cross; while the negative case was presented by John Kenny, Joseph Tierney, and Emmet Sweeney, representing Brownson. The Holy Cross debaters developed with vigor and clarity the need and justice of legislation for underpaid workers, and their speeches were, as a team, superior in delivery and preparation. The Brownson men, however, seemed more successful in dealing with the actual operation of the Oregon plan. Admitting the need of a corrective for the evils due to low wages, they expended their energies in attacking the practical results of such minimum wage legislation as now exists. The Brownson speakers made excellent use of figures, citations, and other concrete and specific data, and their opponents did not exhibit a corresponding skill in using statistical matter against them. Sweeney of Brownson and Switalski of Holy Cross made the most effective rebuttal speeches; the other speakers, while earnest and spirited, appeared to lack any very definite plan of using their rebuttal material. The debate, as a whole, was vigorous and interesting, and all six men may be counted upon to do excellent work on the college debating teams of the next few years.

### Athletic Notes.

#### DRAKE RELAY GAMES.

Running in a snow storm that lasted all afternoon and covered the stadium to a depth of three inches, the Notre Dame four mile relay team fought its way to second place last Saturday in the Drake Relay Games at Des Moines, Iowa. Ames was the winner of the distance feature, but the Gold and Blue out-fought and outran Chicago and Nebraska. A piercing wind, blinding snow, low temperature, and the soft track made running precarious, and strength and gameness were of more advantage than inherent speed which could not be capitalized.

In the draw for positions Call saw his luck

at the indoor relay carnival at Illinois repeated, and Notre Dame secured the pole. Chicago, Ames and Nebraska were the next removed in the order named. Murphy, of Notre Dame, Speer, of Chicago, Reed, of Ames, and Thomas, of Nebraska, were the first baton-carriers. Evidently each man was under instructions to let some of the others take the lead that he might save himself from breaking the sharp wind. The pace picked up slightly when Speer, of Chicago, stepped out in front. Reed, Murphy, and Thomas followed close behind him. The wind told heavily on the men, and Thomas all but collapsed before completing his mile. Murphy, though beaten by both Ames and Chicago, stuck valiantly in the race, and turned his baton over to Van Wonerghen with not more than a loss of thirty yards.

Van Wonerghen started with a rush after Lewis, of Chicago, and Cromer, of Ames. In fact he hurried his pace a little too much during the first quarter mile and it told on him before he had run his whole race. However, he managed to pass Lewis and was hot after Cromer when he passed the baton to Sweeney for the third relay. Van Wonerghen probably ran the gamest race of all the Notre Dame runners. It took every ounce of stamina he could muster to get himself around his last lap, but he fought right through to the finish and only then gave in to his weariness.

Sweeney ran a strong, steady race, nearly holding his own with Stone, of Ames, and widening his lead over Moore, of Chicago, from thirty to fifty yards. He, like the rest of the Notre Dame runners, suffered from the unprecedented elements, but he seemed to be able to hold to his stride better and turned in the best mile of the quartet.

The order at the finish of the race was apparent as the anchor men took up the running. Hawthorne, the Conference cross country champion, got away far in the lead for Ames. Call, for Notre Dame, thanks to his plucky teammates, had a lead of some fifty yards on McCosh, the fastest miler in the Western Conference, while Graf, of Nebraska, a wonderful distance man, did not start so far was his team in the rear. The running of the last mile was perfunctory. Ames could not be overtaken, and Call, after running a half mile at a fair pace, harbored his strength for an eleventh hour spurt by McCosh which did not materialize.

An interesting part of the souvenir programs

of the meet were the names of eight Notre Dame men in the service flag of contestants at former Drake Relay Meets. Lieut. "Cy" Kasper, a member of the record-breaking 1917 two-mile team, attended the games and assisted with true Notre Dame spirit in getting the runners into shape for their event. Carlton Beh, a 1917 graduate, was also on hand, and taxi-cabbed the team about Des Moines in his Stutz. "Gus" Dorais could not remain away while a Notre Dame team was in the vicinity, and as a consequence Coach Rockne had a most enjoyable visit with his old running mate. After the meet the Gold and Blue contingent were guests at a monster banquet given by the Drake authorities.

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#### NOTRE DAME DOWNS WISCONSIN.

Two lonely and widely separated hits were all that nine regulars, a relief pitcher, and two pinch hitters, could garner off the delivery of Pat Murray, a southpaw of the first magnitude, last Tuesday on Cartier field. The opponents of the Gold and Blue are pursuing their studies at Wisconsin University. The score was 6 to 1.

Round one saw Notre Dame far in the lead, never to be threatened. A couple of atrocious errors by men stationed by the Wisconsin coach in the outfield to catch flies aided the Notre Dame cause materially. Abetted by hits from the bats of Ronchetti and Philbin the total for the inning was three runs. A neatly executed double play retiring Notre Dame helped Wisconsin from even a greater handicap.

Murray deserved a shut-out if ever a pitcher did for his splendid twirling throughout the game, but in the third inning two errors allowed Mills, a visitor, to complete the circuit.

Ralph Sjoberg was directly responsible for the fourth Notre Dame run. His two-bagger in the fifth made it child's play for the fleet Ronchetti to cross the plate. Sjoberg narrowly escaped scoring a moment later when a beautiful throw to the plate following Captain Wolf's drive cut him off at the end of a great sprint.

Ronchetti, who delivered a hit four out of five times at the plate, accounted for the final pair of runs in the sixth when his thrust sent Mangin and Andres home with room to spare.

Ten men turned back to the Wisconsin bench after having taken three strikes at the offerings of Murray tell the effectiveness of the Notre Dame twirler. His head was moving in perfect synchronism with his wonderful arm—as a matter of fact it looked as though he was

getting away more on what he knew than on what he did. However, he tightened perceptibly with men on bases.

A catch by Bahan retiring Hancock, the big Wisconsin first baseman, was a feat that would attract attention in an organization that carries a calliope. He ran far back, he jumped way up, he stuck out his left hand, and he caught a ball that might have gone for a home run.

Coach Harper's machine moved along smoothly at all times. The new comers showed up well; the old timers looked better than ever. It looks like a successful season. The summary:

| NOTRE DAME          | AB | R | H  | O  | A  | E |
|---------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|
| Ronchetti, cf.....  | 5  | 2 | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Bahan, rf.....      | 3  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1 |
| Sjoberg, 2b.....    | 4  | 1 | 1  | 4  | 3  | 0 |
| Wolf, ss.....       | 3  | 0 | 2  | 3  | 3  | 2 |
| Philbin, 1b.....    | 4  | 0 | 2  | 7  | 3  | 1 |
| Barry, lf.....      | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Mangin, 3b.....     | 2  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 |
| Fitzgerald, 3b..... | 0  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Andres, c.....      | 3  | 1 | 1  | 11 | 2  | 0 |
| Murray, p.....      | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Total.....          | 31 | 6 | 11 | 27 | 8  | 5 |
| WISCONSIN           | AB | R | H  | O  | A  | E |
| Mills, 2b.....      | 3  | 1 | 0  | 3  | 1  | 0 |
| Roberts, cf.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 2  | 1  | 1 |
| Manuel, rf.....     | 2  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Hancock, 1b.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 10 | 0  | 1 |
| Simpson, c.....     | 4  | 0 | 0  | 3  | 3  | 0 |
| Zollfer, lf.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 1 |
| McBride, 3b.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 4  | 1  | 0 |
| Beaver, ss.....     | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 1 |
| Snyder, p.....      | 2  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 4  | 1 |
| Phelps, p.....      | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| *Keller.....        | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| †Deed.....          | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Totals.....         | 32 | 1 | 2  | 24 | 13 | 5 |

\*Keller batted for McBride in the 9th.

†Deed batted for Phelps in the 9th.

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

|                 |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Notre Dame..... | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0—6 |
| Wisconsin.....  | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—1 |

Sacrifice hits: Bahan, Wolf, Murray; two base hits: Wolf 2, Sjoberg; double plays: Wolf to Sjoberg to Philbin; Sjoberg to Wolf; Beaver to Mills to Hancock; McBride unassisted; struck out by Murray, 10; Phelps 2; bases on balls off Murray, 2; Snyder, 2; Phelps, 1; hit by batsman: Philbin, Zollfer; left on bases: Notre Dame 8, Wisconsin 5. Scorer: Szczepanik. Umpire, Schafer. Time of game, two hours.

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Inclement weather knocked the edges off the first trip arranged for Coach Harper's baseball team. Rain caused the cancellation of games with Wabash and Indiana last week, but the Gold and Blue experienced little trouble in winning from Rose Poly in the one game the elements permitted.



Letters from Camp.

CAMP CODY, NEW MEXICO,  
April 8, 1918.

Rev. M. A. Schumacher, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father Schumacher:

You are perhaps finding it difficult to keep in touch with the men now in the service. I was assigned to this division last month from the Medical Officers' Training Camp at Fort Riley. I must confess that Camp Cody is not a very delightful place, because of the sand. We can depend on having a sand storm any day, so that together with the hot weather and the alkali we have to agree with Sherman. This division, however, is scheduled for overseas duty, and we are expecting orders to move at any time.

I have not met any Notre Dame men with this division, although Father Martin states that Major Crimmins, who is judge advocate, is an N. D. man, and also a lad in the Sanitary Train here by the name of Lawrence Wasson. I am not acquainted with either of them.

I am thoroughly enjoying my work in the army in spite of the fact that when a doctor enters the army he ceases to be a medical man and becomes a soldier. I am in better condition than I have been at any time since I left Notre Dame.

Give my kindest to all at the University. I would surely like to see a SCHOLASTIC. Best wishes and kindest regards.

Sincerely,

Jesse H. Roth ('10),

First Lieut. 134th Ambulance Company.

CAMP MACARTHUR, WACO, TEXAS.  
APRIL 15, 1918.

Reverend Paul Foik, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

Once more I have moved, and I am now in the Sunny South—"sure nuff." I have been here almost two months, and this is by all odds the best camp I have been in since joining the army, and Waco is the "livest" little city this regiment has seen. The people are decidedly cordial and best of all they seem to have a warm spot in their hearts for the Regulars—which is not true of most people. The National Army and the National Guard get most of the attention, while our men have been more or less neglected, but here we have found a home, and I am certain every man is duly grateful for the favors he has received.

But let's come back to Notre Dame for a brief visit, even though it be only in the realm of dreams. I find it a decided pleasure and very refreshing to let my thoughts drift, as it were on the balmy southern breezes back to the old school on the picturesque St. Joseph. These are materially aided by the arrival of the SCHOLASTIC and an occasional letter from you. The four years which I spent there were wonderful and surely never-to-be-forgotten, and when I read about the debating and oratorical contests I actually get

homesick. I long for the forum again, with its work and its rewards. I am in a different game, however, and trying to play it to the best of my ability. By way of a slight diversion, I wish you would congratulate John Lemmer about a hundred times for me. He is doing great work and I am just as glad and proud for him as I was when I landed a victory myself. I knew he could do it, and if any one deserves to win, he does.

"Shorty" Durrell and Vincent Vaughan are K. of C. secretaries here, and many times we live the old days over again. Incidentally "Shorty" is stepping out with the nurses at the Base Hospital and he insists upon taking me along, which, of course, is very difficult for him to do. Perhaps you remember that "Shorty" had a similar failing while at N. D., so he is right in his element here.

Being officer of the day, I have a few duties to perform so let me close with greetings to all of my friends,

Very sincerely,

(LIEUT.) BERNARD VOLL,  
COMPANY B. 56th U. S. INFANTRY.

FIRST TRAINING CO., C. A. C.,  
FT. MONROE, VIRGINIA.

Rev. Wm. A. Moloney, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

Eight months ago I came here to try for the appointment of electrician sergeant and was very successful. A few months later I was promoted to assistant engineer; but I thought my training at Notre Dame should entitle me to something better, and so I applied for a place in the Officers' Training Camp, and was again successful.

This course ends some time in July, and I wish you would kindly send the SCHOLASTIC to this new address, as I am always anxious for news concerning my classmates and friends.

Most truly yours,

Harry P. Breslin.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,  
930 HARVARD STREET,  
APRIL 20, 1918.

Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

Just a month ago I left the Great Lakes Training Station, and was well pleased in getting a change. We have it just about as fine here as we shall have at any time during our stay in the Navy. We are allowed to room out in private homes and enjoy many other privileges of school life. We begin classes at 7:20 A. M. and finish at 6:10 P. M., which makes a long day, but it goes quickly.

This is a splendid place, Father, but for beauty it can not compare with Notre Dame. The college is situated right in the city and does not possess the characteristic beauties of nature, with which Notre Dame is so well endowed and which assists wonderfully in enabling the mind to concentrate and to get real results from study.

While at Notre Dame I often thought that I wasn't learning anything, but I am surprised to find in review-

ing the work that I got a great deal there, and it surely comes in very handy now. I also find that it is much easier for me now to get an insight into the theoretical subjects, making it, in fact little more than a matter of pastime.

We had a big parade here on Friday, in which we walked about fifteen miles. Secretary Daniels and other prominent men were present at the review.

With sincere wishes,

PAT GALLAGHER.

CAMP MERRITT, NEW JERSEY,  
APRIL 21, 1918.

Reverend Joseph Burke, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

I have just a moment to thank Notre Dame again for the opportunity that has been given me. I am one of a certain number selected from the training school at Leon Springs for a further course of instruction at one of the most famous military schools in France, if not in the world. In bidding us farewell the commanding officer at Leon Springs merely assured us that the opportunity given us is one that has been for many years the life-time ambition of the West Point men in his branch of the service. We are to retain our present rank in crossing, but we expect to be commissioned very shortly after reaching the other side. I met Art Carmody while in San Antonio. He and Pete Yearn are the only Notre Dame men I have chanced upon so far. I am beginning to believe that I am the only one left on this side of the water. Carmody had just finished his ground work in aviation, and was then on his way to El Paso to take up his air work. Pete was still at Leon when I left, as his course of instruction was to continue for two weeks. I have not heard how he came out.

With best wishes to you and many thanks to Notre Dame and her Faculty, I remain,

Sincerely,

RUSSELL C. HARDY,  
OVERSEAS CASUALS.

### Safety Valve.

#### A MEMORY.

I remember, I remember,  
'Twas in the afternoon,  
The buds were bursting from the trees  
As though it had been June.  
I walked along the river bank  
And she was by my side  
And in a fit of madness, I  
Asked her to be my bride.

I remember, I remember,  
She didn't hesitate,  
But tumbled headlong in my arms  
As though she couldn't wait.  
And I in childish ignorance  
Caressed her brow of snow,  
Alas! I've often wished since then  
The girl had told me "No."

I remember, I remember—  
Can memory be sweet?

I little dreamed that afternoon  
How much the girl could eat.  
I never thought I'd have to pay  
Her mother's board, but gee!  
Since she became my loving wife  
The difference is to me.

I remember, I remember,  
I used to think her eyes  
Were like two scintillating stars  
Way up in the blue skies.  
I never knew that one was glass  
'Till one day in a group  
When she was helping serve a meal  
She dropped it in the soup.

I remember, I remember—  
Oh, how can I forget?  
Her golden diadem of hair  
For which I am in debt.  
The roses sleeping in her cheeks  
Have caused me many a chill  
Because I know I'll find them charged  
On my next druggist's bill.

I remember, I remember,  
But let us say no more,  
She's waiting on the front porch now  
To send me to the store.  
She'll probably suspect me,  
And she'll want to smell my breath  
But I'll say, "hic!" give me liberty  
Or hic! give me, hic! death."

\* \*

#### IMPOSSIBLE.

They made my suit from Dad's old clothes,  
And all the kids they know it,  
Because where Daddy spilled his soup  
These clothes of mine they show it.  
Though Auntie says I look just dear,  
I know that's simply twaddle,  
For how could dad's old trousers make  
A 1918 model.

\* \*

#### WHISPERING.

Oh, you can whisper in my ear  
And I will list to you,  
And you can tell me I am dear  
And that your heart is true.  
I'll be to you the perfumed wind  
That lingers in the South,  
Unless I find that you're inclined  
To whisper in my mouth.

My ears were made to hear the tales  
That you have longed to tell,  
And hearing very seldom fails  
To understand them well.  
But should you disobey me, dear,  
I'll leave your side this minute,  
Because my little mouth can't hear  
And you can't whisper in it.