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Crucifixion.

BROTHER EDMUND, C. S. C.

O ERIN, thou art queen of bitter tears,
And heavy on thy purpled brow is pressed
The crown of sorrows, while the mocking jest
Of "Liberty for All" upon thine ears.
In harshest accent falls. All through the years
Thy burdened way has led to Calv'ry's crest
With Christ; and thou wert given not to rest,
But hurried to thy death 'mid taunting jeers.

Yet, Erin, though thy throne is now the Cross,
And bruised hangs thy blood-stained body there,
Thou still art queen of hearts that watching keep
Beside thee, while upon thine eyes the gloss
Of death creeps fast. I know a morning fair
Shall dawn on Calv'ry's hill for hearts that weep.

The Irish Race Convention.

BY THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20.

PHILADELPHIA, February 22nd and 23rd.

"My Friends, there is liberty in the air," began Cardinal Gibbons in presenting the resolutions of the Irish Race Convention in Philadelphia, February twenty-third, and in a trice five thousand men and women sprang into an ovation that challenged description. In one eminently suggestive remark the venerable Cardinal had epitomized the spirit, purpose, and result of the convention.

In his opening address, the President of the Friends of Irish Freedom, under whose auspices the convention was held, said: "Our business is not to go back into our past, either the glorious past or the sorrowful past. We have wept enough for Ireland; we have gloried sufficiently in Ireland. Now our duty is to work for Ireland; and to work in such a way that the world shall know that our work is the work of men who could die for Ireland." And the convention conscientiously fulfilled the duty thus indicated

by Father Magennis. Enough has been said of the ancient wrongs of Ireland; little of her present rights. Ireland does not base her claim to freedom and independence upon past grievances; she urges this right upon the basis of present conditions. Although in Irish affairs a knowledge of what has been is indispensable to a knowledge of what is, Ireland asks for liberty not because of her resplendently heroic past but because of her noble present and her encouraging future.

Ireland is at the present time forced to pay England, according to the latter's own system of bookkeeping, \$90,000,000 a year in direct taxation, in excess of what it costs to maintain "government" in the island. Ireland's taxes have been increased by \$50,000,000 during the last few years. She now pays \$150,000,000 annually, and just as in 1800 she was saddled with a debt that was not rightfully hers, so now she will be burdened with a disproportionate share of England's \$29,000,000,000 war debt. Indirectly England profits by \$100,000,000 per annum from her enforced monopoly of Irish commerce.

Freedom of speech is denied the people of Ireland. The right of trial by jury is suppressed there at the discretion of the English government. And in the face of these violations of the most fundamental, catholic human rights, we are told that the Irish question is a domestic problem of England's. "How can any reasonable man make such a statement," said Justice D. H. Cohalan, the permanent chairman of the convention, "when we are just finishing a war which had for one of its main purposes the relief of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, and Prussian Poland from the domination of Germany? Surely no question which involves the right of one people to govern another without the consent of that people can be regarded as other than an international problem, and one in which all the peoples of the world have a vital interest." Germany and Austria-Hungary maintained that the fate of Poland and Czecho-

Slovakia was a domestic question to be settled by their imperial governments alone; Turkey asserted that the fate of Armenia was a domestic question to be decided by the Ottoman government alone. Every ruler of subject peoples claims that the question of their self-determination is a domestic question to be adjusted by himself alone. If England's contention that the fate of Ireland is a domestic question be allowed to go unchallenged, then America, in the words of Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, "has sacrificed 260,000 lives and \$25,000,000 in order to take the cloak of despotism that was formally torn from the shoulder of the Kaiser and pin it upon the brawny shoulders of John Bull."

The slogan of the convention as sounded by the chairman was: "Unless the doctrine of self-determination be applied to Ireland, there can be no just and permanent peace." In the declaration and acceptance of the American principle of self-determination for all peoples, no exception was made of Ireland. This Republic entered the war and ended the war not to relieve the embarrassment of any group of powers but to establish the principles of lasting peace and liberty among the peoples of the world. If England is unwilling to sacrifice interest to principle at the end of a devastating war, she can never be persuaded to do so after the re-establishment of peace. In the words of Justice E. J. Gavegan of New York, "No League or half-League of Nations can stand without the support of public opinion; no League of Nations can have that support unless the public are of the opinion that it is based on justice, and no League of Nations can be based on justice if it stands for a denial of justice to Ireland, or to any other land." President Wilson himself cannot recall his resolution for the self-determination of all peoples—"the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments." If Ireland, to again quote Bishop Gallagher, "is not given her independence, if America enters the League of Nations and binds herself to guarantee the oppression of England toward Ireland, then she has abandoned all the principles and all the traditions of America. The loss to America will be greater to us than it will be to the people of Ireland to remain enslaved, for Ireland would still continue to lose her liberty, but America would lose her soul."

It would be impossible to enumerate the accomplishments of the Irish Race Convention, but these two tangible achievements are salient

because of the immediate influence they are likely to have: the adoption of a set of resolutions, and the subscription of nearly \$2,000,000 for the purpose of putting Ireland's case squarely before the American people. The resolutions adopted by the convention call upon the President and Congress to urge the peace conference "to apply to Ireland the great doctrine of national determination and to recognize the right of the people of Ireland to select for themselves a form of government under which in future they shall live." This claim is urged in the name of justice, in the name of America, in the name of Ireland, in the name of humanity, and finally, "in order that peace and order may be brought out of the chaos with which the whole world now seems to be threatened." A committee headed by Justice J. W. Goff was empowered to present these resolutions to the President, to Congress, to the peace conference, to any authoritative body of the representatives of the people of the world. The Irish Republic exists and will continue to exist in virtue of the will of eighty-seven per centum of the people of the island. Its existence is acclaimed by devotees of liberty from Norway to India; it is ardently sustained by many millions of Americans; it has been seconded by Jewish rabbis, by Episcopalian churchmen, by responsible Presbyterian ministers, and unanimously by the Catholic hierarchy.

There are some Irishmen and some Irish-Americans here in America who seem to be indifferent to the cause of Ireland. This is somewhat disconcerting, not because of the effect that such apathy is likely to have upon the movement, for aside from the smallness of their number these individuals are more decidedly limited by the parsimony of nature, but because they may attempt to pass as typical Irishmen. These men do not realize that they are the deluded victims of insidious British propaganda which has been carried on incessantly for the last fifty or sixty years. They do not know that because England has kept Ireland enslaved she has had to try to justify herself before the nations of the world, and has spent fifty millions of dollars in the attempt. They cannot comprehend the deliberate English villification of Irish motives. But with this minority or without it, the Friends of Irish Freedom will continue its work "to the end that autocracy and militarism may be destroyed and that the right of self-determination shall be given to all the people of the earth."

The Hour.

STRIKE! Ye sons of Ireland's soil,
Hot is the iron of freedom,
Weld it now with a master's toil
That ye may fore'er be freemen.

Fires of faith have smouldered long;
Act now and fan them into flame
That burning, searing out the wrong
Restores the honor of Erin's name.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

The Poets' Revolution.

Here are some of the Dead of Easter Week; men who gave their lives for love of the Dear, Dark Head. Their souls flamed out in that brief struggle in the streets; or left the bodies lying crumpled under the haze of the firing-squad's last volley; or broke the iron prison bonds that racked and ruined the body, though they could not crush the spirit. Here are men who in the early Christian ages would have died as martyrs and have been canonized as saints. They are the spiritual sons of Theobald Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. Their love for Ireland was a thing of beauty; and among the ranks of the Immortals whom England has slain as rebels they walk myrtle-crowned and glorious. These short sketches are utterly inadequate to portray the delicate spiritual beauty, the sublime idealism, the heroic mould of these men—words fall short of limning the flame of lofty love which made them "go down with unreluctant tread, Rose-crowned into the darkness." They were Gaels incarnate; rapt of the fire of mysticism, hot-haters of injustice and oppression, infinitely patient knights whose swords never wearied. Men in all ages over the world have died for their principles; yet in all history it is doubtful if there ever was another group of men who clothed the Ideal they worshipped with garments so fair and fitting as the Men of Easter Week weaved of the magic tapestry of love and sacrifice for Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

G. D. H.

* * *

PADRAIC PEARSE.

Of wealth or of glory
I shall leave nothing behind me.
(I think it, O God, enough!)
But my name in the heart of a child.

The outstanding trait of Pearse's life was his love for the youth of Ireland and by it would he

wish to be remembered, as the foregoing simple lines show. Many pages might be written of Pearse, the poet, philosopher, mystic, enthusiast, the warrior; however, in this brief account it will be enough if we but catch a glimpse of the soul that burned for the little children of Erin. Many said of Pearse that in him Cuchulain lived again. Indeed there was a likeness in him to that brave and tender hero of ancient Ireland. The striking, well-built figure, the deep eyes, the thoughtful face, the gentle manner proclaimed him a man of destiny. He yearned to have every child of the country become imbued with the true spirit of the Gael. To realize this longing he founded in 1918, while yet in his twenties, the famous St. Enda's School for boys and St. Ita's School for girls, devoting to that project many years of labor and much wealth. There Pearse wrote his plays and his imperishable poems and lectured to his pupils on the past glories of their land. He wanted to recreate the olden chivalry of Gaelic Ireland, and saw that his students were able to speak Irish as well as English. They hung on his slow, melodious words and felt the vision of his dream-laden soul, for his strength and passion were overwhelming. He was always using the subtleties of the language, in fact scarcely ever spoke without them; and they heard him all the more delightedly. Therein Pearse had the secret of appealing to that race whose lips still breathe poetry and whose minds grasp the veiled allusion and love the delicate symbol of speech.

Of all the revolutionary heroes Pearse was the greatest loss to Ireland, but even in his short life he wrote numerous works varied and permeated with the high idealism of Gaelic Ireland. His is an abiding name among the writers of his country. Here is the spirit of Pearse, the patriot, in the tense, brave utterance of defiance to the might of England: "We are older than England and we are stronger than England. In every generation we have renewed the struggle and so it shall be unto the end. When England thinks she has trampled out our battle in blood, some brave man rises and rallies us again; when England thinks she has purchased us with a bribe some good man redeems us with a sacrifice."

On May 3, 1916, Pearse the "good man and brave man" faced the rifles of the firing squad: four pointed at his heart and four at his head, that heart which had loved the children of Ireland so well, and the masterly mind that had planned such great things for them. A few hours

before his execution he wrote to his mother: "....this is the death I should have asked if God had given me the choice of deaths—to die a soldier's death for Ireland and for freedom..." In reply to her request that he should write a poem for her to say Pearse wrote to his mother:

Dear Mother, thou who saw thy first-born son
Go forth to die amid the scorn of men,
Receive my first-born son into thy arms
Who also goeth forth to die for men;
And keep him by thee till I come to him;
Dear Mary, I have shared thy sorrows,
And soon shall share thy joys.

T. F. H.

* * *

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

His songs were a little phrase
Of eternal song,
Drowned in the harping of lays
More loud and long.

His deed was a single word,
Called out alone
In a night when no echo stirred
To laughter or moan.

But his songs new souls shall thrill,
The loud harps dumb,
And his deed the echoes fill
When the dawn is come.

These lines which MacDonagh wrote of a poet patriot might well be applied to himself. The first two stanzas reveal the gentleness and diffidence peculiar to the man, while the third speaks for itself. MacDonagh was accorded as the most brilliant Gaelic scholar of his age. He was of the thoughtful order, and, as his poetry reveals, possessed an inner life singularly intense, at times almost tortured. Yet no man showed the world a gayer face; the quick eye, the pleasing voice, the cordial aspect bespoke humor remarkable even in a Tipperary man. Early in life he chose the educational sphere. He taught at Fermoy, at St. Enda's School and subsequently became Lecturer in English at University College, Dublin. He knew poetry well in French, English, Latin and Irish, and could speak for hours at a time in Irish on the classical poets he loved best—Catullus, Dante and Racine. In a quieter period of history he would have risen to great heights of fame in literature; and only one motive could have torn him, as it did, from his natural path—love of Ireland. MacDonagh was one of the seven martyred signers of the Irish Declaration of Independence. His last letter to his wife written at midnight after

the death-sentence had been passed upon him is a document of unusual interest: ".... My enemies have treated me in an unworthy manner; but let it pass. It is a great and glorious thing to die for Ireland, and I will forget all petty annoyances in the splendor of this. God has been kinder to me than I hoped. My son will have a great name, and you my darling little boy, remember me. Kindly take my hope and purpose for my deed..." A few hours after, the brave MacDonagh sank to his knees and died for Ireland. T. F. H.

* * *

JAMES CONNOLLY.

"I was wounded twice yesterday and am unable to move about, but have got my bed moved into the firing line, and, with the assistance of your officers, will be just as useful to you as ever." The truly intrepid valor of James Connolly is radiant in these words which, as Commandant-General of the Dublin Division of the Nationalist Army, he addressed to his soldiers on the fifth day of the Battle of Dublin. Connolly's military genius was unquestioned; it was by no mere sentiment that he was entrusted with command of the little army. He was a democrat of the purest stamp, an educator, possessed of rich literary gifts, a man of the people, and an orator devoted to the defense of his fellow-workers.

None of the finer grace of person, however, so distinctive of MacDonagh, was to be seen in Connolly. Of heavy build and somewhat thick-set, he had not in any sense a poetic temperament. His reserve was distinctly marked, and though his power of winning friends was slight, his ability to keep old friends was a notable element of his character. He was the god-father of the working-man, a diplomat in whom the capitalists found an indomitable and fearless obstacle. Connolly did not merely play the soldier; he had studied military science in the United States and in Europe, and was a qualified commander, whose ability could lead a band of 1100 citizen soldiers against an English detachment of 60,000 men fresh from the fields of France, and make a stand which for a time promised to be successful. His tragic death confirmed and sealed the natural heroism which was his. On account of his wounds he was not able to stand, and he had to be carried on a stretcher from Dublin Castle to Kilmainham Jail, four miles away. Then they shot him. He was buried

in quick-lime without a coffin, near Arbor Hill Barracks. His entire adult life had been spent in unselfish sacrifice for the amelioration of the conditions of life of Irish labor.

J. MCD.

JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.

'Spring came late that year but the harvest early,' in fact, harvest began soon after Easter week, for one May morning through war-scarred Dublin went the story—five corpses lying in Kilmainham jail-yard, what had been revolutionists, and among them all that was mortal of Plunkett. The dead man had been a writer, a friend of Pearse, he had dared to live his dream of a free Ireland—and so he met the firing-squad.

The story of Plunkett's life is brief. He came of saintly and patrician stock; his family name graces the list of the English peerage. At nineteen he entered Pearse's school where he soon gave evidence of remarkable literary powers. But the revolution broke—and with it he gave up any literary ambitions he may have entertained, headed a detachment of revolutionists that fought in the streets of the city, surrendered with Pearse and MacDonagh, and was cast into prison. On the night of his execution he was married, going almost literally from his marriage-vows to his death, which occurred in the jail-yard, the day-break of May 4th, 1916.

That Plunkett ranks among Irish patriots of all time is undeniable: of the enduring worth of his verse time alone can tell. This much, however, seems certain—that no matter to what heights Celtic poetry may rise, Plunkett's work will always be a gracious and a living influence. It has the quality of "snow-whiteness" that one associates with Vaughan; it throbs with wisdom and sadness, and with a beauty imperishable.

White Dove of the wild dark eyes,
Faint silver flutes are calling
From the night where the star-mists rise
And fire-flies falling
Tremble in starry-wise,
Is it you they are calling?
White Dove of the beating heart,
Shrill golden reeds are thrilling..."

Joseph Plunkett was cut off at twenty-four because he cast the gauntlet of defiance into England's face, because he loved life less than he hated tyranny. It is not important that he came from what is known as the "ascendancy":

it is eminently important that he lived to his ideals as nobly as ever priest to chalice, that in death as in life he gave the lie to any brute oppressor who thinks death can silence a patriot's lips or still the beatings of his heart. Will the power across the Irish Sea take warning, I wonder? These may be only school-boy's words, but were I controlling imperial destinies, I would sooner attempt to subdue continents than to conquer one sensitive, high-strung race, holding fast to a pure religion, and with the blood of martyrs, patriots, and poets throbbing in its veins.

R. B.

TOM CLARKE.

Tom Clarke, the incarnation of Irish Nationalism, was one of the most popular and influential leaders in the Irish cause. All Ireland, and especially all Dublin, knew his little weeshy shop in Parnell Street. It was in that humble little store that the sincere and ardent Tom Clarke could be daily found, a man of middle size, frail and emaciated by the rigors and severity of English jails. His wiry little frame, the keen, dark blue, penetrating eyes flashed courage and resolution, the alert manner and discerning glance, all bespoke the personality of a man who knew no fear and no rest, and in whose veins ran blood of fire. His stern loyalty to the cause of Irish liberty and his zeal and integrity had made him a leader of the Nationalist Movement. He was a man to be respected, a successful business man and a natural leader. Year by year he had watched the growing spirit of Nationality become stronger, and when the momentous days came in 1916, his spirit was ready. It was he, who with Pearse, Plunkett, MacDermott, Connolly and two others, met on Easter morning in Liberty Hall, Dublin, and decided that the blow was to be struck. It is said that every member of that gallant council-of-war was as gay and light-hearted as if the occasion were a banquet; and of Clarke, the veteran and chairman, that he was by far the cheeriest and coolest man in the city of Dublin.

J. MCD.

THE OTHER DEAD.

What shall we say of the other dead? What tribute to the rest of that heroic company, of O'Rahilly, Ceannt, MacBride, Colbert, Mallin, Hueston, O'Hammrachain, Macken, Howard,

Manning, and the others who met death under the prison wall or fell fighting on the streets of Dublin. Mere youths, for the most part, ranging from 17 to 25 years, they formed a galaxy who in genius and acquirements have never been equalled in any other country. They were Erin's choicest children and as such they loved her. The story of their end is as fascinating as a romance and as grand as an epic. The memory of Colbert, whose young and manly bearing as he walked to his doom brought tears to the eyes of his jailers, will never pass away. The last letter of Mallin to his wife makes the heart throb with a strange poignancy: "...God and His Blessed Mother again and again bless and protect you. Una, my little one, be a nun. Joseph, my little man, be a priest if you can. James and John to you the care of your mother. Make yourselves strong men for her sake and remember Ireland. . . ." After writing those words Mallin went forth and prayed with open lips into the very rifles of those who shot him. The tall, handsome Sean MacDermott, "kindly Irish of the Irish," most lovable perhaps of all the revolutionists, says in his last letter to his 'dear sisters': "...I feel a happiness the like of which I have never experienced, and a feeling I cannot describe. The cause for which I die has been rebaptized by the blood of as good men as ever trod God's earth. Before God, let me assure you how proud and happy I feel. It is not alone for myself I feel happy but for the fact that Ireland has produced such men."

In those dying words we may judge the sublime motives which urged MacDermott and the rest to yield their lives, full of promise, to a pitiless fate.

Sorrow and wrath bade deathless courage wake,
And struck from burning harps a deathless tone
With palm and laurel won, with crown and bay
Went proudly down death's way
Children of Ireland, to their deathless throne.

All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled
By the forgetful waters they forget.

Not thee, O Inisfail!

Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,
They hear thy winds call ever thru each vale.
Visions of victory exalt and thrill
Theirs hearts' whole hunger still:
High beats their longing for the living Gael.

So it is that: "They shall be remembered forever; they shall be speaking forever; the people shall hear them forever."

T. F. H.

Children of Roisin Dhu.

This heritage to the race of kings:

Their children and their children's seed
Have wrought their prophecies in deed
Of terrible and splendid things.

The hands that fought, the hearts that broke
In old immortal tragedies,
These have not failed beneath the skies,
Their children's heads refuse the yoke.

And still their hands shall guard the sod
That holds their father's funeral urn,
Still shall their hearts volcanic burn
With anger of the Sons of God.

—JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.

Time and passing events have vindicated the men who gave their lives for Ireland in 1916. Today the world knows the true story of that daring endeavor, and the sons of the Gael in other lands feel a new warmth of the heart when they read the tale of that majestic oblation of human lives at the shrine of liberty. The men who died in that fatal Easter week were the last martyrs of Ireland. They were patriots, high-minded and chivalrous, mindful of the ancient glories of their race and filled with the desire to set their country once more among the free nations of the earth. They knew in a full sense that Ireland was once a nation both in spirit and in name, that Cuchulain died for her before the Trojan Hector fought. Caoite loved her and Ossian sang her praises. Their souls burned with the fire of a consuming patriotism. They were the noblest men in all Ireland—poets, dramatists, teachers, writers and men of learning, possessing the delicate character and sensitive temperament that is the charm of the Celt. They were idealists with a practical turn of mind. They were "the young, the gifted, the gallant, the daring," whose love for Ireland was a religion which entailed sacrifice.

Now they are no more. They have gone to join the ranks of Ireland's strengthless dead and the land they died to redeem is bereft of their aid. The limestone graves around Dublin Castle are their monuments, but they have done a deed which cannot be forgotten. Theirs was a desperate part. They saw full well that the chances of victory were remote; but, whatever the outcome, they wished to offer up their lives and leave an enduring example that would be remem-

bered by the men of Erin. And so willing, they bent low and kissed with bleeding lips the feet of her they loved. They bound her with a wreath of glory. Brief garland! Yet in that white hour of pride Erin felt once more the breathless ecstasy of freedom and beheld again the far glimmer of a breaking sky. The soul of each of that immortal band flared forth in one last intense glow ere it passed from the shattered body and rose radiantly in God's clear air: while their earthly hopes were flung like broken lilies upon the altar of their immolation.

In that death there was victory too. For they had fanned the smoldering spark of Irish patriotism and made it burst into a living blaze. Now their names are breathed with love and veneration by the fireside and on the hill. The message they have left behind them cannot die, for it is writ in letters of blood and treasured in breasts that feel the sorrows they endured. This is their triumph—that they have lifted up the head of Erin so that she throbs with a new life and her name is splendid among the names of nations. Thousands of her sons stand ready to die for the Dark Rosaleen if only those who live after them can hear once again the olden music of her quiet feet, beautiful upon the mountain-top. Spirit of Pearse! spirit of Plunkett! be with us yet! go not from our vision, lest the dimmer shadows come again and rob the light from the eyes of Roisin Dhu.—T. F. H.

Her Riches.

VINCENT F. FAGAN, '20.

THE deathless palm of scourge and martyrdom,
A thorny coronet of blood and tears,
The scars of lashes eloquently dumb,
Grim ransoms for the Faith her heart reveres,
Anoint the radiant brow of Ireland.

The tattered moonbeam slipping through the tree,
To catch the dancing fairies in the dew,
The whispered legend'ry of the banshee,
The hearth-side tales of folk whose hearts beat true,
Are treasures in the lore of Ireland.

The closet'ral softness of a nun's "Amen,"
The last breath of the distant Angelus,
The echo in cathedral transepts when
The organ's sigh is throbbing, tremulous,
Are blended in the name of "Ireland."

Ireland's Fitness for Self-Rule.

The justice of Ireland's plea for freedom is undeniable. But there are many observers who doubt Ireland's ability to live alone. It has been one of the stock arguments of the Anglophile—the claim that but for England's beneficent (?) rule, Ireland could not hope to survive. Of course, the potency of the League of Nations to guarantee the existence of all small nations free from foreign aggression, is not considered. But pending the actuality of a working League, could Ireland support an independent existence through her own powers, providing that no undue adverse forces are wielded against her? The answer is a triumphant affirmative. The following statistics will speak for themselves:

Area—Ireland	32,500 sq. miles
Belgium	11,000 sq. miles
Holland	13,000 sq. miles
Denmark	15,000 sq. miles
Switzerland	16,000 sq. miles
Serbia (approx.)	33,000 sq. miles
Population—Ireland	4,500,000
Norway	} All less than Ireland
Switzerland	
Denmark	
Serbia	} Each only a few hundred thousands more than Ireland
Bulgaria	
Greece	
Taxes—Ireland (1917)	\$150,000,000
Belgium (normally with twice as many people)	150,000,000
Serbia	26,250,000
Greece	27,000,000
Switzerland	35,000,000
Bulgaria	35,000,000
Norway	37,000,000
Denmark	47,000,000

All these nations except Ireland have their own armies and navies, their own governments, their own consular services.

Norway, with only half Ireland's population, and less than half its wealth, supports the world's third greatest merchant marine.

Spain, with four and a half times Ireland's population, supporting a first class army and a second class navy, pays only one fourth more taxes than Ireland.—G. D. H.

Why an Independent Ireland: A Few Facts.

Ireland is the largest of the small nations of Europe, being three times as large as Belgium, larger than Denmark and Switzerland together. Her population is equal to the combined pop-

ulation of Norway and Denmark and equals that of any other small nation of Europe with the exception of Belgium.

Denmark pays annually for her business \$45,000,000 by far the largest of all the small nations save Ireland who paid under Dublin Castle Rule last year \$185,000,000.

In Switzerland liberty costs \$10 per head; in Ireland subjection costs \$20 per head.

Denmark in points of trade beat all the other small nations hollow in 1915, her figures being \$325,000,000: Ireland's trade, even under subjection, for the same year was \$865,000,000.

The money which Ireland paid England last year could run the government business of Bulgaria, Switzerland and Denmark, paying for all their police, soldiers, ships, and guns.

Ireland has paid since 1914 \$150,000,000 annually in taxes to England. Having paid \$50,000,000 each year previous to the war, she has been compelled to pay the criminal excess of \$100,000,000 annually for four years.

During the war the Irishman was taxed 48 per cent of his income; the Englishman, 40.98 per cent of his.

Bonar Law allotted to Ireland the task of paying \$1,170,000,000 to help remove England's war debt. That is the finance of servitude.

Must Ireland be deprived of her wealth to bear an unjust share in removing the debt of an Empire she will not recognize? Has not Ireland been robbed long enough?

Her industries have been crushed, her trade stolen, her seaports used by England for England's sole benefit; and yet she stands the richest of the small nations.

Her sons have fought and died for the freedom of every nation of the earth, principally America.

In the great war just over, Ireland from her small population gave more men than did Canada which has 8,000,000 people.

Ireland opposed conscription in 1918 because England has no moral right to conscript Irishmen. She had already given more than her quota of soldiers. England wanted 100,000 more from Ireland, maintaining then, as she does now, 150,000 British soldiery in that country.

Has not Ireland been crushed long enough beneath the steel of a merciless foe?

Ireland desires her independence; she deserves it, having all the claims that Armenia or Hedjak possess.

England cannot rule the Irish people against their wishes, because power cannot come before

right and there is no exception to the application of "universal justice."

"Self-government is our right, a thing born in us, no more to be doled out to us or withheld from us by another people than right itself—than the right to feel the warmth of the sun or smell of the flowers—or love our kind."

"It is only from the convict that these things are withheld for a crime committed and proven—and Ireland has wronged no man, injured no man, sought no domination over others."

T. F. H.

"Let Me Carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord."

(Written by Thomas Ashe while in prison.)

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

The hour of her trial draws near,
And the pangs and pain of the sacrifice
May be borne by comrades dear.

But, Lord, take me from the offering throng,
There are many far less prepared,
Though anxious and all as they are to die
That Ireland may be spared.

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

My cares in this world are few,
And few are the tears will fall for me
When I go on my way to You.
Spare, oh! spare to their loved ones dear
The brother and son and sire,
That the cause that we love may never die
In the land of our heart's desire!

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

Let me suffer the pain and shame;
I bow my head to their rage and hate,
And I take on myself the blame.
Let them do with my body whate'er they will,
My spirit I offer You,
That the faithful few who heard her call
May be spared to Roisin Dhu.

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

For Ireland weak with tears,
For the aged man of the clouded brow,
And the child of tender years.
For the empty homes of her golden plains,
For the hopes of her future, too!
Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!
For the cause of Roisin Dhu.

The author of this so deeply religious, so fervently patriotic poem, has borne his cross along the Via Dolorosa where so many Irishmen have trod before, and has gone his way to Christ. Thomas Ashe, a young teacher, took a promi-

*Editor's note. Roisin Dhu—a poetic term of endearment for Ireland.

This poem is proscribed by the English government. Anyone found circulating it in Ireland will be imprisoned.

ment part in the Rising of Easter, 1916. He was captured and given a sentence of death, which was later commuted to penal servitude for life. With thousands of others, he was deported to England in May, 1916. A year later he was released. In July, 1917, he, with many others, was arrested for drilling Claremen volunteers. He and the other officers took the stand urged by O'Connell and Sinn Fein,—they denied the authority of the English courts, and demanded treatment as prisoners of war. With twenty others, Ashe was thrown into Mountjoy prison, Dublin, to be treated as a common criminal. As a protest the men began a hunger strike on Sept. 20, 1917. The *Clare Champion* of November 2, 1917, describes the ensuing scenes: "On Thursday morning, bed, bedding, and all cell furniture were removed from them—shivering with cold, without food, without sleep, without air or exercise, in their naked cells the prisoners lay through the long watches of the night, and through the cheerless days. But the lusty voices of the Claremen rang out through the echoing halls and corridors of the gloomy prison, shouting, 'No Surrender! Victory or Death!' and in snatches of song they recalled the deeds of bygone times, the glories of the past, or sang of the bright surging hopes of the future. Then the inhuman forcible feeding began, as cold, weakened from want of sleep or food, they were dragged out by brute force and strapped and gagged, were subjected—every fibre of their bodies in violent protest—to this horrible indignity. The scene at the first operation was, we are informed, heartrending. Clare prisoners were the first to be fed, and from them came the only active resistance to this brutal operation. Violently resisting—the struggles and moans, the choking and retchings of the helpless victims, bound and gagged, are too horrible to be described in detail. Many of them were carried away insensible and flung like dogs on bare and frosty floors to live or die as the mercy of a just God might decree, and some of them were thrown into underground dungeons, damp and foul, so that England's might and England's 'justice' should be vindicated at all costs.... During the strike it was the practice, in order to cheer and hearten each other, to sing patriotic songs through the cell-doors. On Sunday night, September 23, at one of these impromptu concerts, poor Tom Ashe sang, 'The Dead in Arbor Hill,' a song of his own composition. And a few nights after, when he had 'carried Ireland's Cross,' and his pure

soul had gone to its Maker, it was the voice of a Clareman, Michael Brennan, that summoned his fellows to their barred and bolted doors to offer up with broken voices the Rosary in Irish, for the loved companion who had died—that they might be spared to work and strive for Roisin Dhu."

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, one hundred and fifty priests, three thousand uniformed and armed Irish Volunteers, and forty thousand people marched in Tom Ashe's funeral procession, paying loyal tribute to the heroism of this martyr and patriot.

Varsity Verse.

TO THE MINSTREL.

SWEET singer, from the cups of song
Thy plaintive sadness pouring,
Hush, for the lark is fluting joy along
The hawthorne ways, high-soaring.

See dawn awaking like a flag unfurled,
And new flame in the heart of Irish hopes;
Freedom with banners wide would claim the world,—
Will she not woo the blessed Irish slopes?

F. X.

ERIN.

THE teardrops long have lingered in your eyes,
Your face is white with pain,
But keep your head uplifted, O my love,
And you shall smile again.

What tho' your heart has ached thru long, long years
And weary feet have bled,
Only another hill to climb, dear heart,
And homeward you shall tread.

And friends shall quench the teardrops in your eyes
And cool your fevered cheek,
Only another heart pang in the night,
And Liberty shall speak.

And she shall fold you in her starry arms
When cruel pain is past,
And press her burning lips upon your brow,
Her child come home at last.

NOT YET.

"NOW the war is over, Mickey,
Won't you come again to me?"
"Shure," he answered, blue eyes blinkin'
"War's not over, I be thinkin'
Till we've made God's Ireland free!"

J. BROWN, '22.

"Æ" (George W. Russell) to Kipling.

RUDYARD KIPLING:

Dear Sir: I speak to you, brother, because you have spoken to me, or rather, you have spoken for me. I am a native of Ulster. So far back as I can trace the faith of my forefathers they held the faith for whose free observance you are afraid.

You have Irish blood in you. I have heard, indeed, Ireland is your mother's land, and you may, perhaps, have some knowledge of Irish sentiment. You have offended against one of our noblest literary traditions in the manner in which you have published your thoughts. You begin by quoting Scripture. You preface your verses on Ulster by words from the mysterious oracles of humanity as if you had been inflamed and inspired by the prophet of God; and you go on to sing of faith in peril and patriotism betrayed and the danger of death and oppression by those "who do murder by night," which things, if one truly feels, he speaks of without consideration of commerce or what it shall profit him to speak.

But you, brother, have withheld your fears for your country and mine until they could yield you a profit in two continents. After all this high speech about the Lord and the hour of national darkness, it shocks me to find this following your verses: "Copyrighted in the United States of America by Rudyard Kipling." You are not in want. You are the most successful man of letters of your time, and yet you are not above taking profit out of the perils of your country.

* *

I would not reason with you but that I know there is something truly great and noble in you, and there have been hours when the immortal in you secured your immortality in literature, when you ceased to see life with that hard cinematograph eye of yours, and saw with the eyes of the spirit, and power and tenderness and insight were mixed in magical tales. Surely you were far from the innermost when for the first time, I think, you wrote of your mother's land and my countrymen.

I have lived all my life in Ireland, holding a different faith from that held by the majority. I know Ireland as few Irishmen know it, county by county, for I traveled all over Ireland for years, and Ulster man as I am, and proud of the Ulster people, I resent the crowning of Ulster with all the virtues and the dismissal of other Irishmen as "thieves and robbers." I resent the cruelty with which you, a stranger, speak of the most lovable and kindly people I know.

You are not even accurate in your history when you speak of Ulster's traditions and the blood our forefathers spilt. Over a century ago Ulster was the strong and fast place of rebellion, and it was in Ulster that the volunteers stood beside their cannon and wrung the gift of political freedom for the Irish parliament. You are blundering in your blame. You speak of Irish greed in I know not what connection, unless you speak of the war waged over the land; and yet you ought to know that both parties in England have by act after act confessed the absolute justice and rightness of that agitation, Unionist no less than Liberal, and both boast of their share in answering the Irish appeal. They are

both proud today of what they did. They made inquiry into wrong and redressed it.

* *

But you, it seems, can only feel angry that intolerable conditions imposed by your laws were not borne in patience and silence. For what party do you speak? When an Irishman has a grievance you smite him. How differently would you have written of Runnymede and the valiant men of England who rebelled whenever they thought fit. You would have made heroes out of them. . . .

Have you no soul left, after admiring the rebels in your own history, to sympathize with other rebels suffering deeper wrongs? Can you not see deeper into the motives for rebellion than the hireling reporter who is sent to make up a case for the paper of a party?

The best in Ulster, the best Unionists in Ireland, will not be grateful to you for libelling their countrymen in your verse. For, let the truth be known, the mass of Irish Unionists are much more in love with Ireland than with England. They think Irish Nationalists are mistaken, and they fight with them, and they use hard words, and all the time they believe Irishmen of any party are better in the sight of God than Englishmen. They think Ireland is the best country in the world, and they hate to hear Irish people spoken of as "murderers and greedy scoundrels."

Murderers! Why there is more murder done in any four English shires in a year than in the whole of the four provinces of Ireland. Greedy! The nation never accepted a bribe, or took it as an equivalent or payment for an ideal, and what bribe would not have been offered to Ireland if it had been willing to forswear its traditions?

* *

I am a person whose whole being goes into a blaze at the thought of oppression of faith, and yet I think my Catholic countrymen infinitely more tolerant than those who hold the faith I was born in. I am a heretic judged by their standards, a heretic who has written and made public his heresies, and I have never suffered in friendship or found by my heresies an obstacle in life.

I set my knowledge, the knowledge of a lifetime, against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and its people a wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits, like any brawling bully who passes and only takes sides to use his strength. If there was a high court of poetry, and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet and that none should use it save those who were truly knights of the Holy Ghost, they would hack the golden spurs from your heels and turn you out of the court.

You had the ear of the world and you poisoned it with prejudice and ignorance. You had the power of song, and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who are frail on earth but mighty in the heavens, at generosity, at truth, at justice, and Heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is only a shallow newspaper article made to rhyme.

Yours, etc.,

George W. Russell.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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This number of the SCHOLASTIC has been prepared by the Notre Dame Branch of the "Friends of Irish Freedom" in accordance with the policy of the order. It has several objects. It aims to awaken that section of America which it reaches to active sympathy for Irish freedom; to arouse those natures which are by temperament more responsive to the conflict for noble principles and high ideals to earnest endeavor on behalf of persecuted Cathleen ni Hoolihan; to portray the true situation in Ireland by lifting the veil a little upon the witches-broth of blood which England stirs there; to show that the ancient cruel policies of Britain are still actively invoked against a much-suffering, much-deserving people; to give just a glimpse into the heart of the Sinn Fein movement and of its leaders—to reveal how noble, how glorious, how knightly, those patriot-paladins of Ireland were.

Much of the matter published here is not allowed circulation in Ireland; to print or quote some of it there would result in imprisonment. The British censors did not allow it to come out of Ireland; it was smuggled out.

When the objects of the "Friends of Irish Freedom" are accomplished, when America warms to the Irish fight, as, please God, she soon will, this branch hopes that it shall be able to greet, with a consciousness of having done its share, the free Ireland, which shall be the work of all the "sea-divided Gael."—F. O. I. F.

Welcome to Chaplain Davis.

The Notre Dame branch of the "Friends of Irish Freedom" held in Washington Hall on the evening of Tuesday, March 11, its first general meeting since its organization a month ago. The meeting, which was open to all, was well attended both by Notre Dame men and by visitors from the city. It was decided to make the occasion a welcome to (Rev.) Lieutenant Ernest Davis, C. S. C., who has just returned from his very active service with the Twenty-eighth Division of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Father Davis has been away for thirteen months, three of which he spent under continuous fire in the front line trenches in the Battles of Chateau Thierry and of Argonne Forest. He was finally disabled in a gas attack and it was several months before he could leave the hospital to return to America. It is safe to say that no chaplain in the great war was more in the thick of the fight than Notre Dame's professor of chemistry.

After a few appropriate selections by the university orchestra, Mr. George Haller, president of the Notre Dame chapter of the F. O. I. F., introduced Father Schumacher, who, in his characteristic easy manner, extended the welcome of the University to Father Davis. In reply Father Davis declared his happiness at being back in the old home and among his old friends, making in his brief words little more than a few modest references to his experiences, but promising that he would give a more detailed account at some later date.

The program, as arranged by the society, followed. Father Eugene Burke, in his Irish melodies, was persistently encored. Mr. Tom Tobin, as orator of the local chapter, again proved himself in every way worthy of his position. His report of the national meeting held at Philadelphia last week was at once complete and entertaining. Ireland, according to Mr. Tobin's report, bases her present claims not on the grievances of the past, but on conditions just as they are today. His statements were ably supplemented by Mr. John Ryan Jolly, who also attended the national meeting. To lend a purely Celtic tone to the program, "Eddie" Mahon introduced the charming Kerry dance, which was a unique number for a Notre Dame audience and was most highly appreciated. Mr. Mahon and his company are surely to be complimented on their graceful performance of so difficult a

dance. Father Cornelius Hagerty gave us an earnest talk which was both instructive and persuasive. He reviewed the work which has been done already by the "Friends" at Notre Dame and what it is expected can and will be done in the near future. He declared that it is no more than logical that the University should equip men of oratorical ability who should go forth throughout the country as apostles of the Irish cause. Mr. Mahon closed the program with his far-famed solo dance, which evidently is not waning in favor at Notre Dame. The local branch of the F. O. I. F. now counts more than three hundred members and it is anticipated that there will be numerous recruits about St. Patrick's Day as a result of the enthusiasm aroused in the open meeting on Tuesday evening.

L. R. W.

Obituaries.

The sympathy and prayers of the faculty and students of the University go out to Father Joseph Maguire, C. S. C., in the loss of his brother, John, who died March 3 at his home in Chicago. Mr. Maguire had been sick just a week with influenza pneumonia. For many years he was employed by the City of Chicago as a machinist, and his mechanical ability was so widely recognized and so well appreciated that he was about to become a vocational instructor. A splendid type of Catholic layman and signally unselfish in his professional dealings, his friends were legion. Besides Father Maguire, he leaves his son, Leon, who was for four years a student in Carroll Hall, another brother, Rev. Thomas A. Maguire, who finished at Notre Dame some years ago, a father and two sisters. The funeral services were held at St. Cyril's Church, Chicago. Father Schumacher preached the sermon.

News has come to the University of the tragic death of Mr. J. H. Hoey, who was recently run down by an auto truck in Oakland, California. The deceased was eighty years old, having been a student at Notre Dame in the late Fifties. He is remembered by a few old residents as the school leader who lost an arm when a cannon in the front campus was fired in a St. Patrick's Day celebration in 1857. Mr. Hoey's long life was filled with kindness and service; he exerted always a beneficent influence in his community, and made his career helpful and most edifying. Notre Dame will remember him often in prayer.

Locals.

—Athletic Director Knute K. Rockne plans to hold the interhall track finals next Monday afternoon as part of the St. Patrick's Day celebration.

—A previous engagement of the ball room of the Oliver Hotel for a Jewish celebration on St. Patrick's Day has forced the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus to postpone their social intended for the afternoon of the Seventeenth.

—We have been anonymously and somewhat surreptitiously informed that our last week's scoop concerning the speech of Mr. Witucki on "Ignace Paderewski," before the Warsaw Club of South Bend was "fabricitious." We retract *in toto* the allegation.

—Lieutenant Bernard Voll (Ph. B. '17), a member of the varsity debating team for three years and winner of the Breen medal, visited the University last week. Although in France only a few months, "Bernie" was in the midst of the fighting in Argonne Wood where after being gassed and wounded, he lay for six hours under continuous German shell fire.

Personals.

—J. Paul Fogarty, of Michigan City (Jour. '17), recently received his discharge from the army and has secured a position with a prominent Chicago advertising agency.

—Brothers Matthew, Godfrey, and Xavier, of Holy Cross College, New Orleans, will make their final vows on March 19th, the Feast of St. Joseph. The Most Rev. Archbishop Shaw will preside at the ceremony.

—Father Patrick Haggerty recently received a letter from Jorge R. San Pedro, an old student and former resident of Walsh Hall. He is now a practising physician in Cuba, his address being Sur 6 Apartado No. 6, Consolacion del Sur, P. del Rev.

—"Laurie" Ott, soloist in the Glee Club last year, writes that he is going to try and attend one of the Universities on the other side of the water, as there seems to be no immediate opportunity of getting back to the United States and to Notre Dame.

—Louis H. Hellert (LL. B. '18), after discharge from the army service at the close of December, was admitted to the practice of law on

January 20. Louis has formed a partnership with Mr. Le Roy Wade, the firm being known as Wade and Hellert, Attorneys, Vincennes, Indiana.

—Sherwood Dixon of Dixon, Illinois, recently passed the Illinois Bar examination with a high average, despite the fact that he is in active service in France. The questions were sent and answered by mail, and this novel way of taking a law examination has been the subject of considerable comment, receiving special notice in the Chicago papers.

—"Stue" Carroll, former Notre Dame journalist, writes from France that he is planning to remain in Europe after his discharge has been effected. He is still business manager of the *Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces. The circulation of the paper had passed the half million mark before the American forces began to return to the United States.

—Five former Notre Dame men, Charles Call, Timothy Sheehan, Francis McGrain, John Lemmer and Thomas McManus, were commissioned ensigns in the U. S. Navy at Pelham Bay last week, according to advices recently received at the University. These men are undecided as to their future; they have no present choice as they must now remain in the service until the "emergency expires."

—Elmer J. Hickey, in a letter to Brother Paul, narrates several striking incidents of daily occurrence in Army life, the most vivid of which is his description of a "cootie" hunt. "Each night before the boys crawl in," he writes, "they hold class, during which their clothes are 'read' to discover if any unwelcome visitors have made their appearance." Elmer rather likes the life, however, and expects to remain in France for several months.

—Basil J. Soisson (LL. B. '13) has just been discharged from the army, where he acted as confidential courier between Washington and General Pershing's headquarters. In that capacity he made several trips to France. He has resumed his work of attorney-at-law in Uniontown, Pa. Basil's brothers, Ignatius and Robert, were also in the army, the former having been discharged last week. Robert is at present with the Army of Occupation in Germany.

—President Thomas Bicknell of the Rhode Island Historical Society has challenged Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, former National President

of the A. O. H., to a public debate on the Irish Question. Mrs. Jolly has promptly accepted, and the debate will be held in Providence, Rhode Island, about the first of April. The local Friends of Irish Freedom are much interested in the debate because of the fact that Mrs. Jolly, who received a LL. D. from Notre Dame last June, is one of the ablest Irish historians in this country.

—The body of Captain George Campbell, former military instructor at Notre Dame and member of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, will be brought from France for burial in South Bend, if the effort of the South Bend Elks are successful. Captain Campbell was the only member of the South Bend Elks to fall in battle. Previous to the outbreak of the war he taught military tactics to the Junior Elks or Boy Scouts of South Bend, during the years he was engaged as military instructor at Notre Dame.

—Announcement has just been received of the coming ordination to the priesthood of Rev. James Lauer, O. S. B., student in Mathematics at last year's summer school. Holy Orders will be conferred by the Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D. D., in St. Bede College Chapel, Peru, Illinois, on Saturday, March 15th, at seven o'clock. Father Lauer will celebrate his First Holy Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Sublette, Illinois, on Wednesday, March 19th, at ten o'clock. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations in the name of many friends at Notre Dame.

—Another honor has been conferred upon Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04) in his unanimous election to the presidency of the Chicago Realty Club. The club in question is of a very exclusive nature, membership in it being limited to "fifty licensed real estate brokers of established reputations for integrity and straightforward methods and business organization." In addition to the honor of this office, Byron is also a member of the South Shore Country Club, chairman of the House Committee of the Flossmoor Country Club, member of the Chicago Bar Association and chairman of the New Membership Committee of the Chicago Real Estate Committee. Evidently his athletic, debating, and literary activities while at Notre Dame, is being more than eclipsed in the "up-and-do" circles of Chicago. The *Banker, Merchant and Manufacturer* of Chicago has this

to say of the recent election: "Mr. Kanaley, the new president, is a genial, pleasant gentleman, with an army of friends and acquaintances, who will be glad to learn of this latest honor accorded him." In the name of his Alma Mater, the SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations to a loyal alumnus who has always been an honor to the school from which he was graduated.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 44 2-3; WISCONSIN, 41 2-3.

The track team took a close meet from Wisconsin last Saturday at Madison by a margin of $3\frac{1}{2}$ points. All of the events were closely contested. Though the Badgers took six first places, having matters their own way in the distance races, the Gold and Blue retaliated by securing enough second and third places to balance the account. Notre Dame scored heavily in the field events, Captain Rademaker taking five points in the pole vault and John Powers a good second. In the shot-put Gilfillan had no trouble in landing first place, although he could not put the weight for his usual 40 feet. With a number of markers behind, Coach Rockne delegated Gerald Hoar to assist Gilfillan in the weights. Hoar made good by earning three much needed points and assuring the victory.

Again Gilfillan scored numerously for the Gold and Blue, counting five tallies in the shot, three in the high hurdles, and a tie for second in the high jump. Much to the disappointment of the Wisconsin followers, Mulligan defeated their best bet in the 40-yard dash. His opponent, a son of the Orient, could not keep up the pace with the "Brooklyn Flyer" and left the gymnasium in disgust.

Edward Meehan showed a big improvement in Saturday's contest, finishing second in the mile. Meredith made his debut as a half-miler in winning three points, and in the two mile pace Walter Sweeney added three.

In the mile relay, which was the deciding event, Colgan, our anchor man, finished about twenty yards ahead of Wisconsin's last hope, and our athletes left Madison with a worthwhile victory to their credit.

The summary:

Pole Vault—Rademaker, Notre Dame, first; Douglas, Notre Dame, second; McCartney, Wisconsin, third. Height, 11 feet.

40-Yard Dash—Mulligan, Notre Dame, first; Hieh,

Wisconsin, second; Fourness, Wisconsin, third. Time, 0:04 3-5.

40-Yard Hurdles—Reed, Wisconsin, first; Gilfillan, Notre Dame, second; Edwards, Wisconsin, third. Time, 0:05 4-5.

One Mile Run—Brothers, Wisconsin, first; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; Smith, Wisconsin, third. Time, 4:51.

440-Yard Run—Kayser, Wisconsin, first; Barry, Notre Dame, second; Scallon, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:55 3-5.

Running High Jump—Edwards, Wisconsin, first; Gilfillan and Douglas, Notre Dame, tied with Williams, Wisconsin, for second. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Two Mile Run—Burr, Wisconsin, first; Sweeney, Notre Dame, second; Taylor, Wisconsin, third. Time, 10:24 4-5.

Shot Put—Gilfillan, Notre Dame, first; Hoar, Notre Dame, second; Hirschfeld, Wisconsin, third. Distance, 37 feet 6 inches.

Half Mile—Ramsey, Wisconsin, first; Meredith, Notre Dame, second; McCabe, Wisconsin, third. Time, 2:09 4-5.

Relay—Notre Dame, first. Time, 3:39.2

1919 BASEBALL.

Prospects for a winning baseball club this year are none too bright. Minus the stars of former years and with the smallest number of candidates that ever reported for the varsity team, Coach Dorais has rolled up his sleeves to the task of making the most of the scanty material with which he must face the schedule of very formidable opponents.

Only two regulars are left from last year's team, Patrick Murray the mainstay of last year's pitching staff and Captain Ralph Sjoberg, the splendid second baseman. Coach Dorais is confronted with seven serious vacancies, and the enthusiasm for places is not intense. "Tex" Allison, regular backstop of the 1917 team is now back at school and is out to hold his position over Robert McGuire and Aaron Halloran, the two other aspirants. Practice is being held daily in the gymnasium and will continue until weather permits outdoor work.

SPRING FOOTBALL.

Spring football for candidates of the 1919 varsity will begin Monday afternoon. Coach Rockne has issued a call for candidates and expects that some thirty men will respond to the roll on Monday. The spring session will continue for a period of six weeks, during which time Coach Rockne will have charge of the linemen, and Coach Dorais will teach the backfield art. The prospect is that Coach Rockne will have a wealth of material to work with this spring. A. A. SZCZEPANIK.

Letters from Soldiers.

American E. F., France,
February 7, 1919.

Sister M. Eleanore,

St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind.

My dear Cousin:

... You doubtless know already that I have been to Ireland. After a long wait my request for leave was finally granted. I left Bourges January 13th and travelled, via Tours, Paris, Le Havre, Southampton, London, Holyhead (Wales), Kingstown (Ireland), Dublin, Mallow, and Castle Island, to my father's old home in Kerry. The details of the trip would fill pages. Suffice it to say that I had a glimpse of Paris, a rather good look at London and Dublin, and a fine visit with my ninety-nine-year-old grandmother and my numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins, in the most "Irish part of Ireland." I would that you might some day have the privilege of making the same trip, for limited as my time was, it was sufficient to enable me to drink in a thousand things I shall never forget.

No doubt you would be intensely interested in a word about conditions and politics in old Erin, but really I am so freshly come from there that my ideas are almost too violent for expression. The world has not yet done with travesties upon justice nor can she ever be done with them until *all* nationalities attain self-determination. But perhaps I had best contain myself for the present. I must say, however, that I have grave fears for what the next year may bring. There are Emmets in every household, and noble people driven by injustice and oppression sometimes seek the unattainable.

I was somewhat disappointed in not being able to see Killarney's Lakes even though I spent a week within sight of her mountain tops. However, the "flu" was raging around there and the folks would not hear of my going into what they conceived to be grave danger. Personally I was anxious to take a chance with the "flu" but not with a family row; so I stayed at home, and mentally reserved Killarney's beauty for my next trip over the Atlantic—which I trust will be made in civilian clothes.

As a fitting climax to the vacation I had the pleasure of meeting Father Walsh and Father George Finnigan in Paris on my way home. I talked over the "phone" with Father Walsh on my way through Paris the first time, but of course that was not equal to a glimpse of his old smile. He seemed to me a little thin but assured me that he was feeling fine and that his spirits were of the best. He is now chief chaplain of the District of Paris. Father Finnigan expects to go to the Army of Occupation. He is well and expressed himself as pleased and satisfied with his army experiences. He gave me the SCHOLASTIC which contained Father Cavanaugh's sermon at the opening of school at Notre Dame last fall. Though several months old, it was the first copy I have seen in France, and you can be sure it was warmly welcomed, and eagerly read by one who spent so many happy hours writing for it. I also met Father Stephenson who was the K. of C. chaplain at Camp Green last winter at the same time that I was K. of C. secretary there. You can guess how Americanized Paris is becoming when one can walk down the street

and casually "run into" so many old friends.

The letter I wrote you divulging the "secret" of my expected home-coming was decidedly premature. It was based solely on a false alarm, but all of our company suffered the same deception. I am at Tours now awaiting orders. I understand that I am to be sent to an evacuation camp at Mehun—back to where I started my A. E. F. career. How soon I may be able to get out of the evacuation camp is difficult to say. Men are being sent home from there, but not in the numbers and with the speed we would like to see.

Yes, I got the letter telling me that Emmet Lenihan lives and I have long since ceased to mourn him. I received a New Year card from Father Bolger. I shall write him again before long. Give him and all my N. D. and St. Mary's friends my very best. I am going out this evening on a little recruiting mission; that is, I am going to talk Notre Dame to a boy who expects to go to college when he gets home. I have another N. D. man with me and I think we can land him.

I must bring this to an end with the hope that I can soon write to you that I am homeward bound. May I solicit your prayers to that end?

Devotedly,

Tim. Galvin.

Office Chief Ordnance Officer,

American E. F., France, A. P. O. 717.

American Commission
to Negotiate Peace,
February 14, 1919.

University of Notre Dame,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Gentlemen:

Since my arrival in France more than a year ago and particularly since I have been in Paris I have been asked a great many questions about our Notre Dame in America. Would you please send me at least one copy of your latest printed matter and anything else that may be of help. Every fellow is naturally proud of his old school, and I think every Notre Dame man should be particularly proud.

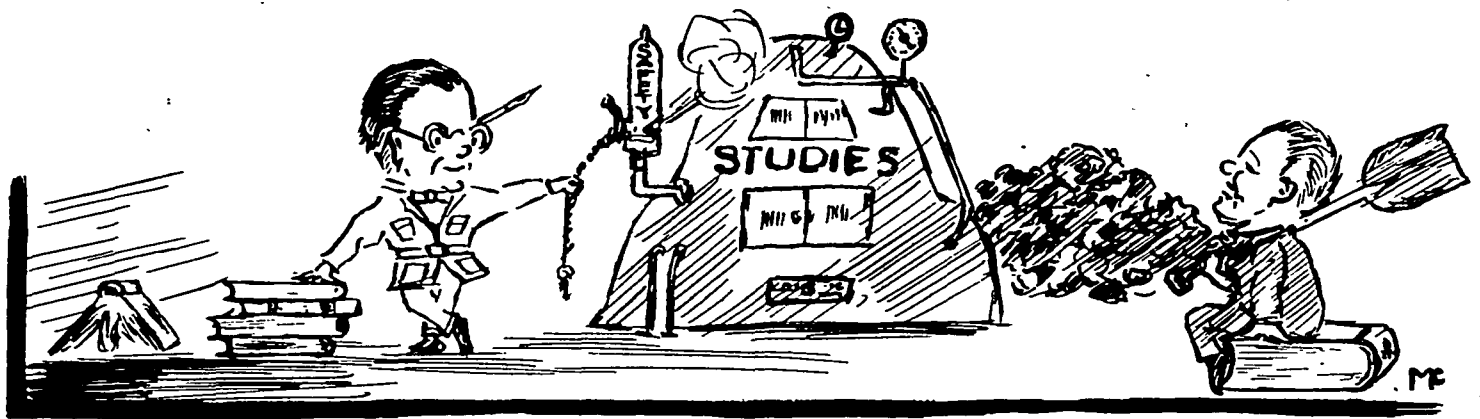
My work here has been somewhat varied. Originally I was in tank work, attending an English tank school at Amiens, at which place we were given an opportunity to see considerable action during the first part of April, 1918. Just after this the Tank Corps was formed and the Ordnance Department of the Expeditionary Force refused to allow any of us to be transferred, in spite of our training and experience. My next move was to Bordeaux, where I was placed in charge of all construction shipping and motor work for the Ordnance Department in that section of France. This has indeed been a wonderful experience. My present duties are those of assistant business manager for the American Peace Commission. This work is, of course, extremely interesting.

I have very fond recollections of my stay at Notre Dame and I hope to be able soon to visit the old school. Would you get the printed matter off to me at once if possible. I am sure I can do some good with it.

(Lieut.) Chas. B. Drew.

Hotel de Crillon, Paris,

A. P. O. 702 American E. F., France.



IMPOSSIBLE.

I've seen pictures of everything under the sun
That ever a mind could conceive,
How absurd and ridiculous some of them were
You'd never get folks to believe;
I've seen paintings by sane men and maniacs too,
Queer drawings by villain and saint,
But a picture of Erin embracing John Bull
Is a picture that no one can paint.

I've heard songs in a soft, sweet, mellifluous tone
And harsh songs that wearied the ear,
I've heard ditties it took fifteen minutes to write
And lyrics that took a whole year;
I've heard warbles of poor peasants living alone
And carols of princess and king,
But a song making Erin John Bull's fiancée
Is a ballad that no one can sing.

I've read stories of diamonds concealed in a cave,
Of murderers out on the sea,
I've been sorry for prisoners dying in jail
And happy with men who got free;
I've been told of the angels who live up above
And read of the demons in hell,
But a tale making Erin the wife of John Bull
Is a story that no one can tell.

MY INSTRUMENT.

I can not play the violin
I do not know the strings,
The flute and harp and saxophone
And many other things
Are all strange instruments to me,
But you would have to sail a
Distressing way to find my like
At playing the shillelah.
Give me a nice smooth two-inch skull,
A British one preferred,
And I will bring forth soulful sobs
That you have seldom heard.
You won't long for the piccolo
Or crave the eukelele,
When you have heard the melody
Produced by my shillelah.
But if an Englishman you be
These liquid sounds might float,
Somewhere between my instrument
And your unholy throat;
For should you come across my path
I'd be quite apt to nail a
Big piece of shamrock on your head
To try out my shillelah.

Sinn Feiner (or Sin feigner). One who feigns sin
or who pretends to commit sin, but who in reality
never does—hence, one who kills an English Landlord.

THE IRISH.

You may bury them in hamlets as obscure as any tomb,
You may hide them in a factory or a mill,
You may try to fill their hearts with pessimistic fear
and gloom

Yet you'll find them climbing skyward on the hill;
And it doesn't matter greatly just how steep the way
may be

Whether cityward it leads or to a town,
They will surely get there somehow if you give them
half a chance

For you can't keep the Irish down.

You may follow close behind them with a musket in
your hand

Quite determined they shall never mount a step,
You can not intimidate them, for they're members of a
band

Who just ooze with Gaelic spirit and with pep;
You may shoot them at the noonday and may cut them
into bits,

You may roast them on the fire till they're brown,
You may chew them to a jelly or may swallow them
alive

But you can't keep the Irish down.

PROFESSOR—Just what is your idea, Mr. Marshall,
regarding the Irish question?

MR. M.—I believe the labor unions are right on
that subject, professor.

PROFESSOR—Would you mind explaining just
what you mean by that statement, Mr. Marshall.

MR. M.—No beer, no work.

Did you hear Kirk Mohn in Sorin?

WHY TEACHERS GO MAD.

Shakespeare was born at Stratford Avenue, England.

As a result of having Brandy and Sherry at the
school last year we have Sousler with us now.

Messrs. Spittler and Studdert of Walsh will rise
and sing "Katie."

OUR FEMALE QUARTET.

Grace, Susen, Jenny and Maag.