

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 3, 1919.

No. 26.



God's Shepherd.*

TO-NIGHT the sainted Sorin's eyes
Look down from Heaven's holy skies,
And from that burning height
Around us falls a flood of holy white.
It is the light that answers Sorin's prayer
Breathed into the Heaven's clear, sweet air,
That comes adown the golden, star-lit way
Rich-laden, with memories of another holy day,
When, from Heavenland
The Master Shepherd's hand
Gave thee a priestly staff,
With strengthening grace then seared His autograph
Upon thy soul in letters deep of flaming gold,
And sent thee forth, the trusted shepherd of His fold.
Here thou didst build a place of sweet, protecting peace,
Where youth's baptismal virtue, thy lambs' fair
fleece,
Is ever spotless white,
Washed with Heaven's holy light;
Where evening breezes seem but angel voices
Telling us how the Heart of God rejoices
In this familiar air

That seems of Heaven, it is so sweet and pure and rare;
Where holy men walk slow among the listening trees
Down peaceful paths, reading their breviaries,
Teachers they are, as holy they as wise
In this cloistral paradise,—
All this thy 'complished dream and Sorin's prayer,—
He looks from Heaven, and see, he's smiling there.

When Time is folded in the last long day,
And with the last, long-lingering ray
Even this place of peace has passed away,
Far up the shining lanes of light we'll go
Arm in arm, to where we know

In that saint-trodden land
We'll find thee, staff in hand,
Upon the deathless hills of Heaven;
And there white angel troops of harmony
Will sing the golden memory
Of how thou faithfully didst keep
Thy guard around God's sheep,
And brought them safely home to His eternal fold;
Shepherd, thy deeds are like the works of God,
Thy staff is like the Master's guardian rod.

LEO L. WARD, '20.

* Read in Washington Hall at the celebration of Father Cavanaugh's silver jubilee, April 26, 1919.

Our President's Jubilee.

THE sacerdotal silver jubilee of the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., D. D., President of the University of Notre Dame, was celebrated in a most fitting manner on April 26th and 27th. Friends and admirers of the revered president gathered at Notre Dame and joined with faculty and students in a whole-hearted manifestation of admiration and love. Formality was swept aside and the 'big-family' spirit which characterized the celebration gave eloquent testimony to the sincerity of the tribute. The concert given in Washington Hall on Saturday evening by the Notre Dame Glee Club, directed by Professor John J. Becker and assisted by Mr. George O'Connell, tenor, and Mr. Frederick Ingersoll, violinist, was of unusual merit. The persistent applause which greeted many of the numbers indicated the high appreciation of the audience. The Glee Club numbers, "The Rose of No Man's Land," and "Swing Along," were especially well received, while the solo selection, "Old Friend of Mine," by Mr. O'Connell, with words of his own composition, showed high merit. Mr. Delmar J. Edmondson, Ph. B., '18, as spokesman for the student body and the alumni, dwelt upon the wide scope of Father Cavanaugh's activities, the remarkable success of his administration, and the inspiring influence of his gracious personality, constituting as it does, "one of the finest treasures in the heritage of the student of Notre Dame." Mr. Edmondson said on the part of the students:

It is my privilege, Father Cavanaugh, to salute you in behalf of the students of Notre Dame and express to you their congratulations on the occasion of your jubilee. This is an hour of happiness no more to you than to the University. And by the University I mean the faculty and students, not merely of the present, but of the past as well. To these last it must be a source of keen regret that they can not to-night be here actually as they are here in spirit. So in offering felicitations I mean to include a thought for the alumni, who everywhere, with a single voice of gratitude, are praising the name of Father Cavanaugh and wishing him well. Not until your good offices are viewed from a perspective reached through broader experiences and deeper journeyings into life is their value adequately appreciated. Hence, in speaking for the many not present I feel that I am taking no unwarranted liberty.

Twenty-five years ago, Father Cavanaugh, a bishop of the Church raised his consecrating hand over you and beseeched Heaven to pour graces into your soul, that from it might henceforth issue in unceasing flow

the waters of life. Fourteen years ago the Congregation of the Holy Cross graced with your endowments the presidency of Notre Dame. I can not be very far wrong in assuming that these have been the greatest moments in your life. It is easy to know which of the two aroused in your priestly soul the more joyous response.

It were unworthy of your dignity, as it would be repugnant to your wishes, for us to flatter or even to praise you. But it is fitting that the service of a good man be an inspiration to his fellowmen, though he would wish his deeds recorded only by Him in whose love they were performed. And so it is due the Church and the University of Notre Dame to exploit for common edification the life of our president. A quarter-century in the Master's vineyard! The immensity of the power for good that is there implied! The light enkindled in you has shone before men. The seed placed in you by the Great Sower has borne a plenteous harvest. Your soul is rich in graces for the sanctification of yourself and others. Your labors have been those of a "good and faithful servant," and it is meet that you should partake on this solemn anniversary of the supreme "joy of thy Lord."

The college president, if I may be permitted the figure, is the "buffer state" of the academic world. On the one side are the students, dashing the surf of their impatience against the disciplinary breakwaters, frequently requiring oil on their troubled spirits. The college president is the divinity, so to speak, that shapes their ends. On the other side is the public, hasty to judge, ready to criticize, but withal as susceptible to favorable impression as to unfavorable. Outsiders estimate a University by the worth of its president. Father Cavanaugh's performance of this double office places him among the foremost of college presidents.

One of the finest treasures in the heritage of the Notre Dame student is the opportunity for close acquaintance with a man of such mind and heart as Father Cavanaugh. Though he is one to stir the youthful spirit to zealous emulation, he is not the cold, formal ideal. With the learning of the schoolman he combines the kindly interest of the friend and of the father. In the greatness of his heart he encompasses all who seek sanctuary there. His endearing personality is entwined with thoughts of Notre Dame as the vines, with clinging tendrils, fasten themselves to the walls of the Chapel of the Sacred Heart.

During the last decade Notre Dame's prestige among the universities of America has known a most remarkable increase. Though the spiritual force was there, not without human effort was this result accomplished. Divine assistance is most lavish where the industry of man has made fertile the ground. It is largely due to Father Cavanaugh that the University has attained its present position. Leaders in the secular world have deemed it an honor to take his hand. Orators have been enthralled by the readiness of his wit and the ease of his eloquence. Strangers have been won by the charm of his character; won not only to him but to the school that he represents.

I waste no time in speaking of the buildings reared upon these grounds to God's glory, palpable symbols of Notre Dame's progress. Monuments though they

are to Father Cavanaugh's energy, no less enduring and far more magnificent are the monuments of gratitude and affection which he has builded, all unconsciously, in the minds and hearts of those who are privileged to know him. Monuments they are to those who count Notre Dame's success as dear as their own, who accord to Father Cavanaugh the merit of having made her conscious of her power and confident of her mission, so that now she dreams of an exalted future, of scenes of greater glory. Monuments they are to those who revere in Father Cavanaugh the highest ideals of the priesthood; who believe in his principle that education and religion are consorts not to be put asunder, and who with him would effect that others learn it to be the proudest function of science, philosophy, and art to lead to and confirm faith.

To-night the University views Father Cavanaugh's administration as one might look from a high place at the sunlight streaming upon the turrets and glinting from the pinnacles of a distant city; and her bosom swells with gratitude to him. Most aptly, however, has the poet remarked that beauty in its rarest aspects is conducive to melancholy. That spirit gently prevades the University even on this jubilant occasion. None of us is so dull but he may enter into the mind and feeling of the reverend president in resigning his position, for the same shadow of regret that must lie upon his heart falls across our own. But he may take to himself the assurance that while there is memory to recall and tongue to repeat, his services to Notre Dame shall not be forgotten. They are of such nature and such quantity that they may not be justly measured by the mind or expressed in words. But there is One who knows all; not a sparrow falls to the ground but He takes note. And He, in justice to a steward who has served faithfully and well, will make full recompense.

After the reading of the jubilee ode by Mr. Leo L. Ward, '20, the felicitations of the faculty were expressed by Professor William Hoynes, as follows:

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

On behalf of the members of the Faculty, cordially uniting in the felicitous spirit of this happy occasion, which meritedly commemorates your priestly ordination and consecration to the service of God, holy Church, and humanity twenty-five years ago, and hence your silver jubilee, I take pleasure in expressing heartfelt congratulations and voicing the cheery greeting, "*Ad multos annos!*"

For more than thirty years you have been identified loyally and enthusiastically with our beloved University of Notre Dame as student, religious, prefect, editor, professor, priest, and president. During that long span, almost the third of a century, you have creditably taken a conspicuous part in its activities and achievements.

In the fulfillment of your official duties as president you have deserved well not only of its faculty, students, patrons, and friends, but also of the public at large. You have pursued a course that has commanded the respect and won the confidence and esteem of your associates in the salutary work of the Church,

the manifold concerns of the Community, and the multitudinous interests and affairs of the University. And for the members of the Faculty it may pertinently be said that they are proud of and grateful for the privilege accorded them of working to promote the success, prosperity, and high aims of the University under your direction and in co-operation with you. They are proud to have been permitted to share in the creditable work accomplished. They acknowledge with feelings of deep and abiding appreciation the courtesy, consideration, kindness, and magnanimity invariably characteristic of your relations with them.

They would pay you the compliment also of saying that during your administration Notre Dame has notably broadened in the sphere of acknowledged recognition of its status as an educational center of unsurpassed merit and promise. This fact is incidentally evidenced by the substantial gains made in student attendance from remote states, as well as from other countries.

They believe that your advice, counsel, and services are inseparably interoven with the policies, progress, and achievements of this noble and thriving institution—thriving better without financial endowments than many colleges supported very largely by such adventitious means.

The services you have rendered will be enshrined in its history as fittingly and worthily supplemental to the resplendent and memorable deeds of your honored predecessors—the revered Fathers Sorin, Dillon, Lemmonier, Colovin, Corby, Walsh, and our esteemed Provincial, Father Morrissey, who is still with us, thank God, hard at work and possessed of his normal health and vigor. Their perspicacious vision, clear discernment, sagacious policies, indefatigable labors, cheerfully endured privations, and inspiring leadership proved signally effectual under God's favor in achieving success for the University and placing it in the foremost rank of the educational institutions of America. In the line of orderly development your work, with here and there a change, has been a continuation of the brilliant record they made. We join heartily in the acclaim which acknowledges and honors you for it.

They sought to lead rather than to follow, and so directed and guided college work that more could be accomplished by diligent students here than elsewhere within a given time. This was not simply a theory. It was a fact repeatedly demonstrated. Time and again has it been verified. Many of our students have within stated periods surpassed those of other institutions in scholarship and proficiency, as measured by highest collegiate standards. The friendly emulation thus aroused necessarily encouraged assiduity and intense application in study and working methods, leading to what is popularly called "the Notre Dame spirit." This looks to substantial and approved results rather than to strait-jacket or stereotyped methods of reaching them. It favors initiative, intensiveness, and leadership rather than blinkers and tandem methods. Let us hope that this buoyant Notre Dame spirit may be perpetuated as an earnest of efficient work and unprecedented progress in the future.

In conclusion, let me say that we rejoice to partici-

pate in these exercises. We respond heartily to all that they imply of greeting, friendship, and honor to you. We wish, moreover, as a small token of our esteem and affection to present, and beg you to accept, a chalice which we have ordered. We trust that it may be found suitable and serviceable, and tend possibly to remind you at times of this pleasurable occasion.

For the Faculty I may say that its members cordially, fervently, and hopefully wish you many years of life—a long and happy life—attended with health, and vigor, and God's choicest blessings.

So be it even to the yet remote day of your golden jubilee, and when that shall come may it find you still hale and strong, and able to devote effectually your rare endowments of mind, gifted oratorical powers, and kindly impulses of heart to the fruitful service of God and the Church, Holy Cross Community, and the University, your high ideals, and our sorely overburdened humanity.

In this spirit I repeat my greeting and say in hopeful confidence of its blissful realization, "*Ad multos annos!*"

The reading, by Father Moloney, of a few of the congratulatory messages received from prominent Americans was one of the most interesting numbers of the program. The great zeal and service of the President was extolled in words of deep personal regard by the Apostolic Delegate, Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic hierarchy, and quite as enthusiastically by eminent statesmen, educators, and other prominent persons in all parts of the United States.

Father Cavanaugh, with characteristic modesty, sought to parry these expressions of praise, declaring that such 'radiant rhetoric' might be much more properly applied to the self-sacrificing priests, brothers, and lay professors who have been associated with him in his educational work. Following is his brief reply to the felicitations expressed in behalf of the students and the faculty:

Reverend Fathers and Brothers, Ladies and Gentlemen: I think I may say that for the first time in my life I feel thoroughly ridiculous on this stage. We have the pleasure tonight of a visit from the editor of *Collier's Weekly*. It was his intention to address the University, but these exercises seem to have interrupted and to have deprived us of what I was sure would be an illuminating and enjoyable address. And I am just wondering what he thinks of us anyway after all these extravagant words.

Well, it would be the sheerest affectation on my part to pretend for a moment that I don't see through all this charming rhetoric. Why, there never was any such a man at all! It reminds me of a story, which I fear I have told you before, of a good man who died in Chicago. He had been a fireman in this life, and, fortunately for him, the eulogy was preached by a strange clergyman. Of course, the widow had a promi-

nent place at the funeral, and as she listened to the beautiful things said about this man, whom she knew so well, she turned to her little boy, who sat beside her, and said: "Look around, Johnnie dear, and see if there is another corpse here."

Now, let me tell you frankly that I don't think that at any time during the last twenty-five years of what you have heard described as the laborious work in the priesthood—not for a single moment in the last twenty-five years have I ever worked so hard or suffered quite so much as I did tonight. The self-knowledge I have prevents me from taking any complacency in what has been said—but you meant this occasion kindly, and it is a beautiful thing of you to do that.

And, so, just as I accept these gentle courtesies and multitudinous kindnesses from you with a feeling of real gratitude, I must try very much more to deserve some of the recognition which in your large charity you have been willing to extend to me thus far. I tell you that Notre Dame was built up, not by any man whatever. It was built first by the blessing of God and the protection of His Holy Mother, and then, not by a man, who went about the country giving talks, not by any wonderful foresight in a president. The patient, faithful workers day by day in the classroom and on the campus were the men who did it. They, and not any other, deserve the gratitude, and it is a real joy for me to-night to express to them the admiration I feel for them and the pride I have in the association of these most interesting and happy years—to be privileged to work side by side with the priests, whom I know and love and admire so much; to be privileged to stand side by side with the noble brothers.

And I want to say especially a word of praise for the brothers. It requires wonderful wisdom and great strength of character and beautiful virtue to persevere in that great calling which perhaps lacks the lustre and acclaim of a life which brings us in contact with the world. But no man who knows the brothers at Notre Dame can ever forget the solid virtue that shines in the lives of so many of them. And we have proofs constantly of this great admiration among Notre Dame students for the modest, quiet workers, whose names are never known to the world.

And I want also to pay tribute to the kind of man, who, without the personal consecration to the religious life, and alone in some quiet modest corner of a great school is giving out the fragrance of his beautiful life and the example of his noble virtues for the good of the rising generations of young men. Notre Dame owes a large measure of gratitude to our lay professors.

Now you know that no school could be great which didn't have great boys. [Laughter] You wouldn't be great boys if it weren't for your fathers and mothers; and I want to include in my thanks and felicitations tonight that wonderful army scattered all over America who love this old school and praise this old school and send to this old school the kind of fellows who win athletic and oratorical contests and are among the first in every manifestation of the refined and lofty human spirit. So, to conclude, I give my best thanks to all who have sat so patiently during the reading of those most extraordinary letters. I sometimes say that we

have the best boys in the United States. I know it is true because their mothers tell me so. I haven't in recent years read much fiction. I get plenty of that in letters of recommendation. I am sure that after this magnificent splurge of radiant letters that you won't need to refresh yourselves with the reading of any more fiction during the next year at least.

God bless you!

The solemn high Mass of jubilee in Sacred Heart Church Sunday morning was preceded by a procession of the University Gregorian Choir and the clergy singing "Christ, Who once for Sinners Bled." Father Cavanaugh, the celebrant, was assisted by Father Moloney and Father Gallagher. The jubilee sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Provincial, Father Morrissey, C. S. C. In eloquence befitting the occasion he spoke of the exalted dignity of the priesthood and the exemplary manner in which Father Cavanaugh has fulfilled this high vocation.

Sunday evening the Sisters and students of St. Mary's College threw open their halls and joined in a tribute of loving gratitude to the President of Notre Dame. Following a banquet given in honor of the jubilarian, a delightful musical entertainment was presented by the students in St. Angela's Hall. Miss Cecilia Fitzgibbon in a few well-chosen words voiced the greetings and congratulations of St. Mary's. The glee club and quartet numbers were exceptionally pleasing and the instrumental selections added much to the charm of the program.

JAMES W. HOGAN, '21.

Concerning My Aunt Maggie.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

My Aunt Maggie is a maiden aunt. But do not for a moment think her the kind of maiden aunt that you read about in books. In the first place, she is not lean and lanky, and lastly, not to mention other differences, she has never told me her youthful romance. The reason for my first visit to her house was that she was my aunt; the reason for all of my subsequent visits has been that she is my Aunt Maggie.

I shall never forget that first visit any more than I shall forget that on that occasion I observed for the first time the custom of putting eggs in the coffee to clear it. That first visit was one long revel in eating pie and playing with Fritz, or Shep, or Ole Fella—whose name

never made much difference, as he would answer to any name for something to eat and never answer to any name for any other purpose. I do not know which of the two sports I enjoyed most, but remembering my appetite and her appetizing pie, I rather think that the latter must have been the greater attraction. I have always believed that I could eat of that particular pie all day.

Aunt Maggie may have found me somewhat difficult to rouse in the morning, but whether she did or not, I am sure that my laggardliness in the one instance was more than made up by my prompt regularity at meals. Meals meant pie, and I never had to be coaxed thereto. Aunt Maggie cuts her pies in four pieces, and to eat fewer than three pieces at one meal is little less than insult. Of course, she does not eat pie herself; but that does not keep her from baking six pies a day when I am there—three for Uncle Pat and three for me. The remains, which are scant enough when I am there, go to the children next door. Nor is the pie-eating confined to one meal; it is a regular part of all three, and you are not considered rude if you eat as many as six pieces at one meal. In fact, it is looked upon as the prime duty to eat the pie—not that you have to eat it if you do not want to, but you must present a good reason for the delinquency. You might, for instance, pass by the supper pie, if it makes you sleepy, when you have an engagement; or if the dinner pie causes insomnia, you need not let it interfere with your nap; but I am sure that nothing short of Lent could excuse you from the breakfast pie.

Every time I visit Aunt Maggie, she complains that I do not eat as much as I used to. Whenever she makes this allegation I lay down my fork and look offended, and refuse to eat any more pie until she assures me that she is not speaking sarcastically. When I told my sister, apropos of some reflections upon my appetite, what my aunt says, she received it with his disdain. "I'm sure she means it," she made reply. "If you talk as much there as you do around here, it's a mystery to me how you ever get time for a bite between words."

Sic Semper Sorores!

Aunt Maggie is also a wonderful critic of poetry. She always insists that my poetry is "quite unique," and that magazine editors show a great lack of sense in turning it down. I sometimes suspect that she is trying to flatter

me, but her praises sound so sincere. She has a very convincing way about her and she always makes you feel that you are conferring a great favor on her when you finally decide that the family will not mind if you stay a few days more than they have said you could.

I don't believe that Aunt Maggie ever gets to bed before two o'clock in the morning. Uncle Pat puts down his pipe and magazine at one sharp, but Auntie busies herself for a full hour longer. I am just well asleep when at ten minutes before two she comes tip-toeing into the room with a kerosene lamp in her hand, sets the lamp on the floor and looks under the bed to see if there be a burglar there, and then, thinking that she has not disturbed me, tip-toes out again and shuts the door behind her. Really, she disturbs me more than I care to admit. I am not cowardly by nature, but for two months after every one of my visits to Aunt Maggie's I put my reading lamp on the floor of my room and look for the burglar before I go to bed. I get discouraged more easily than Aunt Maggie, however, and after a month or two I lose interest in burglars. Even though there are electric lights installed in her house, and new ideas, she perseveres with a sanguinity that I can but envy. I suppose she has a regular program made out for her burglar when she does finally get him; and I often wonder just what kind of pie she intends to feed him.

If you would take all of Aunt Maggie's tales, you would of necessity think her to have been a very wonderful baby. Far from being the typical old maid of the story-book, she deliberately tries to impress you with her age. When she was but forty she would tell me how they cooked forty years before, when she was learning how; and now at fifty she tells me how her native city looked fifty years ago. She really should know, if it grew then at the rate it is growing now, for within my ten years it has added two houses and a cigar store, and lost through fire one railroad station.

I said that Aunt Maggie has never confided to me her youthful romance. I doubt whether she ever had any. A person of her temperament must have been too busy to have romances. She spends most of her time now baking pies and justifying Uncle Pat's implicit trust in her in the matter of shirts, and socks, and collars, and flannel unmentionables. Her brother's word in politics is always the last word,

although Uncle Pat is two years younger than she. Aunt Maggie is an unqualified opponent of woman suffrage and of the protective tariff; and although she herself writes movie scenarios that are accepted, she insists that no one is a more genuine litterateur than my own self—all of which persuades me that she is a person of great tact and taste, my Aunt Maggie.

The Dark Rose.

"Go and mouth praises of other things,"
Was the cryptic advice of my master,
"See ye the loathesome side of existence,
Nor doubt it, nor clothe it with silks.
Write me an ode to a dirty milk-bottle,
Set me afire with pictures of truth—
Let me hear sounding above your verse meter
The hacking cough of the tubercular mother,
Show me madonnas spewing forth blood,
Show me cheeks scarlet with flush of disease,
Show me the children damned before living,
Living yet dying, dying not able to die.
Then give your picture a name—call it Erin.
Let all the world know the true page of grief;
Grief brought on by a ruinous ruling,
Reign of a law more productive of plunder,
Hypocritically masked as beneficence;
Selfishly stifling the voice of the people.
Let them who will frame phrases to eye-brows,
Let others grow delirious over a daisy,
But you—give us a picture of Ireland.
Not the fair Ireland of green smiling meadows,
Of limpid streams flowing to the meeting of waters,
Of lakes that are sapphires upon a green bodice.
No! Write of the rotten slums of old Dublin;
Dublin where Connolly died a true martyr,
Lifeless relinquishing the hand he had taken,
The hand of her of the Dear Dark Head,
The hand of his loved one to lift from her shame.
Look closer, see the dirty milk-bottles.
Babies know germs before they ken fairies;
Write of the Rosaleen, seduced and abandoned,
Of Roisin Dhu ravished, and cold England aloof.
Study yet closer, bend your face to the scene,
Take in all of the details, the grim, dirty details,
That spawn in the dark of an alien government;
Then when your heart is abrim, running over,
Crush down a gulp, and shake off a tear,
Clench your fists and your jaws tighten harder,
For these are things that shake the strong,
Things that are often better unspoken,
For words are pale things to paint a great grief;
Words make but a mockery of her lying there,
Make but a crown of new thorns for her Dark Head;
Blood, and blood only will wipe out the stain,
Acts and acts only will raise her again. G. D. H.

Ireland's Right to Independence Justified.

BY JOHN BUCKLEY, '20.

God has endowed every man with a personality that is sacred and inviolable; a personality that equals that of other men; a personality in which there inheres the natural rights of life and liberty. The right to life includes the right to enough of the bounty of the earth to enable him to live in a manner consistent with his last end. This right becomes actually valid when man labors by useful toil to obtain it. The right to liberty includes the right to worship God according to conscience, the right to determine the government under which he lives, and the right to education.

In order to make these rights more secure, men have organized governments and social groups known as society. Public welfare is the ultimate object of all government. When a certain regime insists on governing for its own selfish benefit, it loses its right to govern and should be abolished.

With these fundamental points in mind, let us consider the effect of the British rule in Ireland. When the heel of Henry II trod the island for the first time, Erin was far superior to the rest of Europe in culture, learning, and civilization. The Irish Universities attracted students from the entire continent. The laws of Ireland were just. The Irish scholars were profound. The Irish people were happy and contented. Disregarding these things, the English at once began a policy that was designed to make Ireland a conquered land and the Irish an inferior people. They scoffed at and debased her learning, they destroyed her colleges and churches, they ridiculed her customs, they crushed her arms more by treachery than by might. The Irish were refused the status of English subjects and were declared outside the pale of the English law. The statute of Kilkenny made it a crime to whisper a Gaelic word. Intermarriage was punishable by death, and an Irishman was forbidden to hold title.

With a set policy since the time of Henry II, the English have continued to dismantle Ireland for the benefit of a few Englishmen. She gave the land of Ireland to eight thousand men, and the destinies of six million Irishmen were controlled by these eight thousand despotic, usurping foreigners who had nothing in common with them.

Henry VIII tried to coerce the Irish into Protestantism. This was the one insult that the Irish never accepted. The one time "Defender of the Faith" employed every torture that the diabolical mind of a monster could devise. Whipping, flogging, half-hanging, the pitch-cap, murder, outraged women and violated priests tell the story of an unsuccessful attempt to wrench from Scotia Major the faith that had been instilled in her "heart of hearts." In spite of everything, she remained true to Catholicism and St. Patrick.

In 1798, England, attempting to force a union of the Irish and English parliaments, employed all the corrupt practices and tricks that are concealed under the pretentious title of statecraft. The Ulster-Peep-of-Day Boys and the Catholic Defenders were set against one another. The hostility spread and culminated in the Orangemen and the United Irishmen. The Irishmen were imprisoned on the slightest excuse, while the Orangemen were urged to greater crimes. Belgium was never defamed in the way that Ireland was debauched at this time. However, the union was forced. It is on this act that England bases her right to rule Ireland. The claim is notoriously invalid, for the Catholics who at this time composed seven-eighths of the population were not considered. Could one-seventh of the population execute an act that would bind all the people? No honest man would affirm that it could. Yet, this is the solitary claim that England has to rule in Ireland. Seven-eighths of the population were not even asked to give England this right nor were they considered in the proceedings.

When the potato crop failed in Ireland during the years eighteen forty-five, six and seven, the English government under Peel and Russell refused to stop the exportation of grain from Ireland. They closed their eyes to the horrors of the situation and dulled their ears to the cries of the starving Irishmen. When the famine began to lay waste the Irish race, the population of Ireland numbered nine millions. In 1849, it had been decreased by three million. During the years of famine, there was a sufficiency of grain raised in Ireland to feed her people. However, to insure the landlords a large profit, the government refused to stop its exportation. While the grain was being sold abroad, the miserable people who had raised it were starving on cabbage, seaweed, turnips, and diseased horseflesh. "Stop exporting or we perish"

was an appeal lightly ignored. His Majesty, the King of England, and Lord of Ireland, refused to do anything to help the Irish. The only assistance that came to the unhappy people was that which came from lands and hearts beyond the sea. The United States, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia were softened by the plea of the plague stricken natives of Ireland.

From the time of Henry VIII until the passage of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829, a Catholic was denied an education in Ireland. He could not practice his religion, nor was he permitted the right of suffrage. At one time, the bigotry and intolerance against the Catholics became so bitter that five pounds were offered as bounty on the head of a Priest. They were hunted from cave to crag like wolves.

English historians have stated that the Catholic faith was the only thing that opposed the rule of the British. They regard this question in the same way as they regard other questions that relate to Ireland. We will be kind enough to believe that the misunderstanding is unintentional. It is not the Catholic faith, but the men who practise the Catholic faith that cause the British to meet with opposition. The population of Ireland has always been at least two-thirds Catholic and two-thirds of the population have always stood out against the rule of the invaders. Thomas Addis Emmet says: "There can be no doubt but that the condition of Ireland is due to no other cause than the refusal of the Irish to give up Catholicism. If they would desert their faith and submit to the demands of the English, they would surpass the prosperity of the Scots. Today, Ireland would be the most prosperous land in the British Empire." However, let us thank God that the Irish have preferred political oppression and noble principles to political freedom and debased ideals.

The English policy in Hibernia has forced some of the ablest Irishmen to emigrate. Three millions of them have gone to foreign countries. Their bones lie in every land that the sun warms. They have broadened every walk of life and they have brought honor to every profession. No nation has waged a just war without having Irishmen enrolled in its legions.

War-battered dogs are we,
Fighters in every clime.
Fillers of trench and of grave;
Mockers bemoaned by time.
War-battered dogs are we,

Gnawing a naked bone,
Fighting in every clime
For every cause but our own.

The fact that the British rule is irreconcilable to the Irish is shown by frequent revolts. Every ten years for the past four centuries, the Irish have tried to shake off the repulsive claw of England. Catholic and Protestant have striven side by side, and many leaders of the revolts have been non-Catholics. Dr. William Steel Dickson, a Presbyterian minister and a United Irishman, in a narrative of the confinement of the Irish leaders in Fort George, states: "Nor is it unworthy of note that the Catholics, Presbyterians, and Protestants in our prisons are in inverse ratio to the number of each denomination in Ireland."

In summing up the evidence and remembering the principles on which a just government rests, what claim has England to retain Ireland? The right of the Irish to life has been defamed and derided; they have been decimated and massacred time after time by a ruthless soldiery; they have rotted in prisons and they have been scourged to exile. Their right to worship God has been denied and suffrage was unthought of for them. Education was denied them. Their language has been eradicated. Their matchless universities have perished. The development of Ireland has been choked by the English policy. The insane of Ireland have increased twenty-five per cent through enforced emigration of her virile manhood. That these things were not approved by the Irish is shown by the constant revolts. Can anyone but an Englishman claim that these things were for the good of the governed? Clearly he can not.

Today, the world is about to settle the wrongs that might has caused. Let it be Ireland's day of justice. She has suffered infinitely more in the cause of freedom than any other nation. Her wrongs dwarf those of Armenia. Her sufferings pale the sufferings of Poland. May these wrongs continue no longer. Give Ireland to the Irish, and let her take her place in the world a nation once again.

Forgetfulness.

You were unkind (I do not love you less);
You were unthinking and untrue
To pass me by, with eyes forgetful of your
constancy.
You were unthinking, and untrue
To your sweet faithfulness,—

JAMES H. McDONALD, 19

Letter on "Bulldozing the Bolsheviki."

South Bend, Indiana, April 26, 1919,
The Editor Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.
Dear Sir:

The article in the SCHOLASTIC for April 5, 1919, entitled "Bulldozing the Bolsheviki" deserves some comment in answer, and I hope that your paper will be fair enough to publish this letter. In the beginning let me say that I have nothing against the author and do not desire to enter into a discussion of personalities, but I would welcome an argument on the issues presented by his paper. I feel that there is a great amount of truth in the article, and I trust that the writer will not assume that I foolishly regard the world in the best possible position in its relations with its citizens at the present day.

The writer announces it as his purpose in writing the article to show that "It is neither wise nor prudent to condemn it (Bolshevism) summarily and then ignore it." "The better course," he says, "is to take over the wheat, and the chaff will blow away in a whirlwind of its own making." As a recognized principle of sound philosophy this admits of no reasonable question. It is rather those things which he classifies as wheat that I desire to question here.

"To be left with but the broken tools of a discredited revolution, with opposition both within and without, with ten million demobilized soldiers demanding work when all the industries had been closed They (The Bolsheviki government) organized an efficient working government, reopened mines and factories, re-established industry, gave the soldier work, the farmer land and equipment, the people food." Surely if this be true the world has been in the wrong in condemning the Bolsheviki.

In connection with his figure of the wind and the chaff let us remember three principles of proof. First, there is the argument from authority which binds us to examine all the facts at our disposal from persons qualified to testify. "Whatever is gratuitously asserted may be gratuitously denied." The writer quotes no one to prove his assertions, but there is nothing to be gained by gratuitous denials.

The exact contrary of his position is evidenced by such authority as the British High Commission, sent to investigate conditions in Russia, which recently declared: "The people of Russia are starving. The country is infested by notorious bandits who spread anarchical principles

amongst the people." But the author of the article is rather ill-disposed in regard to England and probably would desire to reject this testimony at once as coming from a nation that has refused Ireland her freedom and is therefore incompetent to speak on any question. This same view of Russia is given us by a commission organized by the German government, which recently declared in practically the same terms the deplorable condition of Russia. The substance of the view of either commission on the matter may be found in an article in the *Literary Digest* for April 14, 1919, under the title "Red Ruin in Russia." Certainly the author would not accuse these two nations of conspiring to deceive us concerning conditions in Russia. Add to these testimonials "The verdict of the entire American press."

Second there is the proof from observation which is not accessible at present to either him or me. Third there is the argument from reason, and since he himself has said "with famine and wholesale starvation imminent these enthusiastical radicals began." Hence there should be some facts at our disposal to prove his picture. Even Lenine, the Russian leader of the Bolsheviki party, complains that we must not expect much from the reformers for five generations.

But why all the argument, one may be led to enquire. After all this is said what is the good to be derived from the whole controversy? The answer is not far to seek; as the writer of the article has asserted, "The Bolsheviki have taken the next step forward," and are attempting to spread their beautiful panaceas throughout the world.

Some, like the author, propose that we compromise with the Bolsheviki and thus solve the problem. An old adage says wisely: "Don't play with fire; the devil burns." Another equally as applicable reminds us that "Truth admits of no compromise." Let us not stand ready to flow with the tide but build our house on the rocks and let the tide wash in vain. There are those who would hasten to deny religion because some so-called scientist introduces a new idea and declares that it disproves all Christian teaching. God speed the day when we shall learn that it is not necessary to compromise with the devil. He will get all that is coming to him soon enough without our "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN WALTER HUNTER, '19.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LII.

MAY 3, 1919

NO. 26.

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Just now it is impossible for anyone here in America to know the real state of affairs in Ireland. The English government will not

The Irish-American Commission.

allow an American citizen to land in Ireland, and the British censor opens every piece of Irish mail addressed to the United States. Meanwhile all of our information concerning Ireland comes from the speeches and interviews of paid agents of the British Empire who are touring this country, from such articles as those of Henry Hyde which recently appeared in the self-styled w. g. n., and from the cartoons of those journals which class Sinn Feiners with the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W., and such. There is some excuse for a certain ignorance of Irish affairs on the part of the average American. But there is no reason why he should misconceive the motive of the three Americans now in Paris to secure a hearing for Ireland at the Peace Conference. The commission composed of Messrs. Walsh, Dunn, and Ryan is not asking President Wilson to intervene in Irish affairs; it is not trying to coerce him by intimation of political expediency, it is not demanding that he or any of the allied diplomatists grant Ireland her independence. These three men, representative of the best ideals of America, are merely asking that Ireland be given a fair chance to present her cause of self-determination. Ireland has more right to a hearing than any other nation, and if lofty sentiments prevail at the peace table, she will win the racial freedom and national independence which is so justly hers.—T. J. T.

France now honors the Maid of Orleans not merely as a patron but as a saint of God. Fifty years have elapsed since she was declared by the Church worthy of St. Joan of Arc. veneration; an eventful decade has passed since she was beatified; a few days ago she was, in her solemn enrollment among the saints, accorded the greatest earthly recognition. At a time such as this it is most proper that the "Lily Maid of Domremy" be honored in such a way. For five centuries the maidens of France have invoked her aid, but never has her protection been more earnestly implored than during the recent conflict. Ever since her ignominious death the French people, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have beheld in her that same glorious impersonation of patriotism and valor which a divided France had recognized in her at Patay. Her example of fortitude inspired the French even at Waterloo; her courage rallied them to the falling standards in 1914, and the memory of her complete sacrifice for her country at Rouen animated them to successful resistance at Verdun. Blessed Joan is most deservedly the patron of both maidens and young men, and it is with this in mind that we beseech her, "St. Joan of Arc, pray for us."

—R. M. M.

"When a man is right and holds his purpose, when he sees his duty and performs it, he is indeed a *man*!" When war broke out two years ago the rank and file of our new Be a Man. army were recruited largely from the upper classmen in our American universities. Prompted somewhat by a spirit of adventure perhaps, but more by the desire to preserve the well-being of their country, they embarked upon an enterprise that meant, as it seemed, almost certain death. They were unafraid; they were unselfish in their willingness to sacrifice all for their country. We who are now in school know those men and admire their patriotism. Many of them have returned from overseas and taken up again their interrupted courses of study at our side. Great numbers of them are still abroad. To them the fruits of victory are tasteless; to their parents the joys of peace are yet far from complete. Still others have come back to us crippled for life. Their memory of the war will not be easily brightened by the future so glorious for the rest of us. When we think of these

things, how paltry seems our duty now in the great victory loan which is being sold. We have not known what it is to give—to give wholeheartedly and without reserve. In our most patriotic and generous moments we have given but little in comparison to the cause for which those men have sacrificed so much. As college MEN we should recognize our duty in this loan and *volunteer* to buy to our utmost. It should not be necessary to urge this privilege which we now have to help pay for the victory they have achieved at so great a price to themselves. And no man denies that the price we pay is immeasurably cheaper than would have been the toll of defeat. Wherefore, be a man!

—T. H. B.

Notre Dame Bronze Tablet.

(Leading Editorial in the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* for April 10, 1919.)

Notre Dame university, which is preparing to place a bronze tablet setting forth the part her men played in the mighty struggle just over, is entitled to the pride she takes in her record of virile American patriotism. From the beginning of her history as an institution she has played a conspicuous part in every crisis this nation has met. Her record during the Civil War reads like a romance. When the bugle call to battle rang over the North every solitary student at Notre Dame physically qualified for service saluted the flag and responded to the call. A number of the priests of the university went as chaplains, and one of these, Father Corby, by his heroism and self-abnegation and indifference to danger, won imperishable renown. The picture of this heroic man at Gettysburg is one of the most thrilling that is associated with the war. In the war with Spain, Notre Dame did her duty. But never in history has she responded better than in the war just now coming to a close. It is said that the upper classes were almost wiped out. The memorial tablet to be erected will set forth the fact that counting students, professors, and former graduates there were 2,093 Notre Dame men with the colors. And again the Notre Dame chaplain was in evidence, inspired by the example of Father Corby and the traditions of the institution. Among these were the vice-president of the university, Rev. Matthew Walsh, and the Rev. Charles O'Donnell, who has won his way to the appreciation of the lovers of poetry throughout the country with his lyric verse. Up to this time the only one of the chaplains to return to duty at the university is one who was gassed at Chateau-Thierry, the Rev. Ernest Davis.

Not least among the qualities of service which distinguished the university was its systematic plans to keep in touch with its boys. Through a letter writing bureau the "spirit of Notre Dame" was at all times in touch with the men who had passed from its classic halls to the battlefield.

Upon the bronze tablet will be inscribed the names

of some of the university's martyrs—some of those fine, manly fellows whose athletic prowess had made their names known to lovers of clean sport in Indiana. Lieutenant Arnold McInerney, who was a football star, fell in battle, and others too numerous to mention. Another of Notre Dame's star athletes Harry Kelly, lost a leg and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. It is a fine record in which all of Indiana, regardless of sect, may take pride. The tablet will be something more than a memorial—it will be an inspiration and an exhortation and will serve to preserve for any future crisis that may arise the fine spirit of virile Americanism which has distinguished the institution from the day it first opened its doors for the education of the youth of the land.

Senior Ball.

Out of the welter of frustrated plans and defeated purposes which had all but overwhelmed the senior year of the Class of 1919, the Senior Ball emerged to crown with glory the efforts of the graduating class. Like a blushing rose, it sweetened the desert of the year's earlier disappointments. The first important social affair following two years of war, it was a fitting reward to the class which feels it has suffered more through the conflict than any other—a proper climax to the activities of the class whose just boast it is that it has done more in the war than any other.

As the guests entered the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel to the strains of the "Kiss Me Again" waltz, played by Donahue's Orchestra, they came upon a veritable scene of enchantment. Tables were set for forty couples about the ballroom; the only illumination being that of candles. The sombre black and immaculate whites of the men's dress, and the dazzling variety of the ladies' costumes, the color motif of the school, the gold and blue, which was carried through all the decorations, made a picture long to be remembered. Places were laid for six at each table, each a candle-lit bower with a bowl of flowers repeating the Notre Dame colors for center-piece, with dainty wicker baskets containing corsage bouquets continuing the color scheme as individual favors for the ladies, with handsome programs in heavy leather stamped with the college seal in the shape of card cases for the ladies and cigarette cases for the men. During the banquet a novel feature consisted of cabaret dancing.

The first number of the entertainment was a parody on a liberty loan speech by George O'Brien. Captain John Urban Riley, 16, just home from overseas service, sang one of his old favorite

hits of college days, "Here Comes the Groom." The feature of the evening was a series of interpretative dances by Miss Marcia Cleveland, of the "Denishawn" dancers, a danceuse of eleven years, beautiful and charming enough to grace a cameo. Mrs. Hoversheid and Miss Josephine Decker pleased greatly with vocal numbers. During the interval between the banquet and the dance, a travesty on the last act of "Camille," written by Delmar Edmondson, was acted by Notre Dame students.

The dance consisted of sixteen numbers, the music being furnished by the famous Reginald DuValle Negro Orchestra of Indianapolis. It is the unquestioned opinion of everyone present that the ball far exceeded anything of like kind ever held by a Notre Dame class.

Professor and Mrs. W. L. Benitz acted as patron and patroness, and the following graduates returned for the evening,—Captain Paul J. Fogarty, with Miss Lupton, of Michigan City; Captain John U. Riley, '16, and Mrs. John U. Riley, of Niles, Michigan; Armand O'Brien, '15, LaPorte, Indiana; Thomas Kelley, '18, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sherman May, '18, South Bend, Ind.

The following ladies were guests from out of town,—Miss Margaret Nester, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Margaret Haller, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.; Miss Mary Trenck, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Margaret Colwell, Paris, Ill.; Miss Florence Casey, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Hoberg, Green Bay, Wis.; Miss Eilers, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Edna Pfeifer, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Forbes, Niles, Mich.; Miss Quirk, Niles, Mich.; Miss Berenice Dolan, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Leonore Moran, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cecilia Kelly, Valparaiso, Ind.; Miss Rosalind Schaeffer, Dubuque, Ia.; Miss Granger, Terre Haute, Ind.; Miss Suttner, Spokane, Wash. The following ladies were present as chaperons, Mrs. Jack Blackman, Paris, Ill.; Mrs. Granger, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. Leonard, Michigan City, Ind.; Mrs. Quinlan, Woodstock, Ill.; Miss McManus, Woodstock, Ill.; and Mrs. Guthrie, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Mae Rogerson, Chicago, Ill.

The brilliant success of the affair is due the efforts of the committee consisting of Chairman Paul Fenlon, Charles McCauley, Bernard McGarry, Everett Blackman, George D. Haller, Louis Doyle, Columbus Conboy, Joseph McGinnis, August Van Wouterghen and Emmett Kelly.

—G. D. H.

Obituaries.

BROTHER CASIMIR, C. S. C.

Some time during the night of April 25, death came suddenly upon Brother Casimir. He was not, however, unprepared for its coming. Always an exemplary religious and a daily communicant, Brother Casimir felt no terrors at dying without friend or priest at his side. Instinctively, however, all of his friends and fellow religious could not but experience some sadness at the circumstances of his passing away. To the students of Brownson Hall especially, Brother Casimir's death brought much sorrow, for during nine years he had endeared himself to them in many ways. At the funeral six of the Brownson students bore the remains to the Community cemetery. The solemn Mass of requiem was sung by Rev. Matthew Schumacher, with Rev. Bernard Ill, as deacon, and Rev. Joseph Burke, as sub-deacon. The funeral was attended by the student body and the members of the Community. Brother Casimir was born September 23, 1869, and entered religion July 3, 1909. May his soul rest in peace.

Local News.

—The Kentucky Club plans to hold its first banquet of the school year on Tuesday, May 13th, at the Oliver Hotel. The army training seriously interfered with the club's social activities during the fall, but the Kentuckians have at least two other vents under cover to make up for the deficit.

—An enthusiastic audience of four hundred persons heard the Glee Club Concert at St. Joseph Hall, St. Joseph, Michigan, Wednesday night. "Chuck" Butterworth again proved his act a headliner, and the voice of Mr. O'Connell won instant favor. After the recital the Gleesters were given a dance at St. Joseph Hall.

—Brother Alphonsus is to be among the speakers on the program for the State meeting of the Audubon Society, to be held in Kokomo, Indiana, on May 8th and 9th. Brother Alphonsus will speak before the Catholic schools of Kokomo on the 8th, and on Friday will deliver his lecture, "The Bird Lover," before the society. The Audubon Society is rapidly gathering recruits throughout the state. In Kokomo the work of organizing the school children has progressed

with great success. About three hundred members will attend the State Meeting.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held their annual banquet, Thursday night, at Kable's banquet hall in South Bend. Brother Alphonsus, Professor Cooney, and Professor Farrell were the speakers of the evening. Messrs. J. Tierney, J. Kenny, and Leo L. Ward responded to toasts. The banquet ended the year's work for the "Argurers."

—The University Glee Club scored its second "hit" of the season when they appeared at the Madison Theatre in LaPorte, Indiana, last Monday night. The stern song of the "Vikings" opened the entertainment and won immediate applause. "Swing Along" and "The Rose of No Man's Land" were received enthusiastically. Mr. George O'Connell promptly won the audience with his selected solos, and was encored repeatedly for his Scotch folk ditties. The Novelty Orchestra, under the direction of Charles Davis, added some very successful numbers to the program. Six hundred people were present. After the concert the members were given a dance at the Phoenix Hall.

—The Knights of Columbus held their regular meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the council chamber in Walsh Hall. Applications for membership were voted upon. It was announced that the first degree will be held on Thursday, May 8th, in the council chamber. The second and the third degree will be "put on" at Winey Hall, Mishawaka, Sunday afternoon, May 11th, and will be followed by a banquet at the Oliver Hotel in South Bend. The regular dance of the Knights will be given at the Oliver Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, May the 7th. The proceeds will go to the building fund. Chas. Davis' Novelty Orchestra, and the "Jazzeurs Extraordinary" will furnish the music.

—One of the purposes of the Notre Dame Branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom is to help make known and diffuse the culture of the Irish race. The entertainment given in Washington Hall on Wednesday evening by Miss Lucy Magee of Indianapolis was in accordance with that purpose. Miss Magee, who was formerly of the far-famed Irish players, was born and reared on Irish soil and is exceptionally well fitted for the presentation of the particular phase of Irish life with which she dealt. Her subject was the imaginative and the spiritual

Irishman. She traced vividly the early history of the Irish people and supplemented it with a long and interesting story of the Irishman's innate belief in faeries. The belief of the Irish in faeries, as well as many of their other national characteristics, she assured us, antedates history. Many quaint and humorous tales served to enliven and make impressive this beautifully romantic side of the Irish character.

—First Lieutenant (Rev.) Chas. L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., arrived at the University last Tuesday from Camp Sherman, Ohio, where he was discharged after a year's service with the army in France and Italy. Father O'Donnell arrived with the 132 Infantry in this country on April the 14th. He was among the first Holy Cross priests to offer their services to the Government at the beginning of the war. The spring of 1918 found him with the army in France, where he stayed for three months. From there he was sent to Italy, being the first Catholic chaplain to enter that country with the American forces. He was with the Italian Allies when they routed and drove the Austrians across the Piave. While in Italy he visited Rome and the Vatican. Father O'Donnell is the poet laureate of Indiana and is widely known as one of the most prominent of present-day poets. His experiences in Europe have already resulted in a new poetic strain of which his "Little Churches," one of the best of the later war lyrics, is an illustration. —J. S. MEYERS.

Personals.

—David Philbin and "Jerry" Miller, both ensigns in the navy, are visiting at the university.

—Rev. Michael Becker, an old Student of Notre Dame, is now located in Cathedral parish, Alexandria, Louisiana.

—"Terry" Grogan, old student, visited old friends at the University last week. "Terry" was a Varsity basket-ball man in his day.

—"Jerry" Miller (Journalism '17) of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who was recently discharged from the army, visited the University last week. "Jerry" made two trips to Europe while in the service.

—Ensign H. L. Leslie of the class of 1920 writes from 155 West 73rd Street, New York City, that he expects to receive his discharge this month and, if it is possible, to attend Summer-School this year.

—Thomas C. Kelley (LL. B. '18) took a trip down from Milwaukee, this week. According to reports Tom heard before hand the strains of the senior ball, and could not resist the temptation to come down and "look 'em over."

—Rev. John S. Delaunay, C. S. C., of Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., recently made a business trip to the University. Father Delaunay is at present revising the Constitutions of the Congregation of the Holy Cross according to the spirit of the New Canon Law.

—Lieutenant Joseph P. Sheehan is a first lieutenant of cavalry now stationed at Camp Pantanezen, France. His address is A. P. O. 716, Camp Pantanezen, American Expeditionary Forces, France. His duties look to the embarkation of troops on the transports leaving Brest for the United States.

—John Conboy, a student of a few years ago, has received his discharge from the navy and returned to his home in Michigan City. John enlisted in December, 1917, and since that time has been stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois, where he was an instructor of Liberty motors in the aviation school.

—Mr. M. J. Murphy, Syracuse, New York, a member of the National Council of the Friends of Irish Freedom, writes: "Your Irish SCHOLASTIC was fine. Many compliments for the beautiful eulogies of the men of Easter Week. Their reproduction in last week's *Irish World* is a glowing tribute to their worth."

—John Urban Riley (Jour. '17), recently returned from overseas, came back to the University for a visit and as it happened just in time to "put on" one of his famous "stunts" at the senior ball. "Duke" was one of the chief stars of the Glee Club in the seasons of 1916 and 1917, besides being Notre Dame's premier actor.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Hurley, of 21 Larel Avenue, Chicago, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Ruth, to Mr. Daniel E. Hilgartner, Jr. of the same city. The marriage will take place early in June. "Danny" received the Ph. B. in Journalism by parcel-post in 1917 while in training at the first reserve officers' training camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois. He is now out-of-town advertising manager in the classified department of the *Chicago Tribune*. We are delighted to learn that he expects to bring his bride to Notre Dame for the commencement.

—Rev. Walter O'Donnell, C. S. C. (A. B. '06), visited the University last week. Father O'Donnell has a mission of about 10,000 Mexicans in and about Austin, Texas, and his work for the past three and a half years has been of the highest type of missionary labor. Last Monday evening he discussed some phases of his work publicly at Holy Cross Seminary, to the intense interest of all present. Father O'Donnell was both an editor of the SCHOLASTIC and of the *Dome*, and the success which he achieved in his college days is a fitting criterion of the results of his present endeavors.

—News has been received that the Reverend Matthew Walsh, vice-president of the University, and chaplain American Army, has been raised to the rank of captain. During his first months in France Father Walsh saw some very active service at the front. For a time he was attached to a casual division at Saint Aignon, France. While stationed in Paris he was the head of all army chaplains in that zone. After the signing of the armistice he was made dean of theology at the great American Army University at Beaune, France. Captain Walsh expects to return to the United States within a few weeks.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 6; INDIANA, 5.

A batting fest in the third inning together with a diplomatic sixth netted Notre Dame six runs and victory in last Saturday's game with Indiana State. Wrape's consistent pitching and "Benny" Conner's "homer" were the features of the contest. Captain Sjoberg was back in the game and wielded his war club effectively. Notre Dame put their first run across the plate in the third inning. Wrape got a life on Rauschenbach's error and Bader walked. Moore failed on a bunt and was out. Then Sjoberg sent a long hit to right-center which scored Wrape and Bader. Halloran, running for Sjoberg, scored on Bahan's single. Connor then drove one to deep right-center for a complete circuit, thereby bringing the total for the inning up to five runs. The sixth run was made by Wrape in the sixth inning when Scofield singled through short, stole second, took third on Barry's sacrifice, and scored on Wrape's bunt. Indiana threatened to score several times early in the game, but the fast Gold-and-Blue infield successfully checked them.

The Hoosiers got to Wrape for four runs in the eighth, but the twirler tightened and retired the side by fanning Sutherland, the Indiana clean-up man. Score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	H	O	A	INDIANA	AB	H	O	A
Bader, cf	4	1	2	0	Rauschenbach, ss	5	1	1	4
Moore, ss	5	0	1	3	Driscoll, lf	3	1	1	0
Sjoberg, 2b	4	2	5	2	Faust, rf	5	1	0	0
Bahan, 1b	4	2	10	1	Sutthliner, 1b	5	1	7	0
Connors, rf	4	2	1	0	Dean, 2b	3	1	4	1
Mohardt, 3b	4	1	1	3	Dennis, c	4	2	5	0
Scofield, lf	4	1	1	0	Teeters, cf	4	1	2	0
Barry, c	3	0	5	0	Bittorff, 3b	3	2	1	2
Wrape, p	4	1	1	2	Wooten, p	4	0	2	2
Totals	36	10	27	11	Totals	36	10	23	9

*Moore out, bunted on last strike.

Indiana.....0 0 0 0 0 1 c + 0-5
Notre Dame.....0 0 5 0 0 1 0 0 *-6

Two-base hit—Connors. Three-base hit—Teeters. Home run—Connors. Hit by pitcher—By Wrape, 2 (Buttleroff, Driscoll). Runs—Bader, Sjoberg, Bahan, Connors, Scofield, Wrape. Base on balls—Off Wooten, 1. Struck out—By Wrape, 4; by Wooten, 3. Errors—Sjoberg, Connors, Scofield, Rauschenbach, Sutherland, Dean 2. Wild pitch—Wrape. Passed ball—Barry. Stolen bases—Bader 3, More, Sjoberg, Bahan, Mohardt, Scofield Wrape, Rauschenbach, Driscoll, Faust, Wooten.

* **

PENN RELAYS.

Battling against many adverse conditions, Notre Dame was forced into third place in the two-mile relay at Philadelphia last week. Frigid weather and a strong wind prevented the athletes from making their best time; they covered the distance in 8:11, which was nine seconds slower than the time established at Drake on the previous Saturday. Meredith was pitted against the experienced McCosh, of Chicago, and the latter set a lead which the succeeding Gold-and-Blue runners could not overcome. Gilfillan, after placing in the discus, injured his knee in the broad jump and was forced to withdraw.

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MICHIGAN AGGIES, 2; NOTRE DAME, 1.

Failing to take advantage of several opportunities for runs, Notre Dame went down to defeat for the first time this season, before the Michigan Aggie on Cartier Field Wednesday afternoon. The Gold and Blue started off strong in the first inning when Bader got a life on an error and later scored on several other boots. The Aggies retaliated, however, several innings later and scored two runs by means of four singles. Notre Dame tried hard to overcome the one-run lead but was unsuccessful. Lavery pitched good ball and deserved a victory, but his team-mates were left stranded on the sacks. Miles returned to short after a week's lay-off because of injuries and played a good game, as did also the injured Captain Sjoberg.

Letters from Soldiers.

Winchester, England,
March 13, 1919.

Dear Professor Cooney:

I have not yet received your reply to my last letter and perhaps never shall, as Base Hospital 40 is now on its way home, at least half of it; the other half is scattered all over France and England:

I am now at Winchester awaiting my discharge. When I get it I intend to travel a little and spend a few months at Oxford University. You no doubt realize the benefit I shall derive from doing this. Now, to enter Oxford I shall need some statement as to my qualifications, and the like. Could you kindly send me a recommendation, if I may ask that of you for old-times' sake.

A friend, Josiah Combs, a college graduate and professor, a Kentucky mountaineer and a splendid fellow withal, is being discharged with me and we expect to travel and go to school together. As he speaks French, Spanish, and German fluently, I could hardly desire a better companion.

Best wishes to Mrs. Cooney and my friends at Notre Dame.

Sincerely,

Louis P. Harl.

Sarisbury Green, P. O.,
Hauts, England.

American E. F., France,
March 27, 1919,

Dear Professor Maurus,

My failure to write before this is not due to lack of thought of those at Notre Dame, for if I wrote as often as I think of N. D., I should spend much time with the pen.

Perhaps you will be interested in a little of my "personal history," for I know you are interested in the doings of all the N. D. boys. I entered the service in May, 1917, and after being commissioned in June was sent to Camp Grant and assigned to an engineer supply regiment. Our training there was a long, drawn-out preparation and it was not until September of 1918 that we landed in France. We underwent further training here and received orders to move to the front just as the armistice was signed. Our entire regiment was greatly disappointed in not getting to the front in time for action and we still are, for we feel that we missed something. Perhaps it is just as well we failed, for life up there was no pleasure, judging from things I have seen.

Since the armistice our outfit has done every kind of work. We were held for two months in the Bordeaux embarkation camp, where we constructed barracks and did general camp construction work—all the time watching our name crawl slowly up on the sailing list. When we finally got to sixth place we were suddenly taken off and the companies scattered to the four winds to repair and rebuild the roads destroyed by American traffic. Believe me, that was a sad blow. Though we had been here but a short time, all were more than ready to return home. It looks like at least six months more now.

My company is stationed at Perigueux, and I have one platoon in this town, Mussidan, just thirty-five kilometers from Perigueux. I am operating gravel pits here and have a twenty kilometer stretch of road for my district. After we finish these, there will be more, of course.

I cannot say that I am overjoyed in the situation, as I am the only officer in the town, and there is not a thing to do but work, eat, and sleep. I get into larger towns occasionally with the help of my trusty little side-car, but I cannot stay away very long. So it gets very lonesome here. I was in Perigueux yesterday for the opening of our baseball season. Our company took a wallop at the motor transport outfit. I caught for our boys and had the pleasure of getting the first hit of the game and of the season. No credit to me, however, for it was my only hit, and the score in the end was 18 to 3 against us.

I was on leave last month and visited Biarritz, Pan, Lourdes, Marseilles, Nice, Lyon, and Paris. While in Paris I tried to find Father Walsh, but he was away at the time. I have seen many N. D. men since being here. In Bordeaux I ran into Dan Deegan, Kirkland, Malley, Paul Thompson, and several others.

Now for a favor I want to ask of you. I should like very much to have the SCHOLASTIC sent to me here, and would appreciate it very much if you would please have it sent. I have had a few stray copies sent me by Major C. C. Fitzgerald. Perhaps you know him. He graduated from Notre Dame sometime in the nineties. He is in charge of all roadwork in this base section and I see him frequently. He is a fine man and judging from results he is getting here he is a real engineer.

With very best regards to you and to everyone at Notre Dame who may remember me, I am very sincerely,

Your friend,

(Lieut.) "Pete" Mottz.

311th Engineers, American E. F.,
Mussidan, France.

Safety Valve.

IN THE OLIVER.

"But I couldn't love a man," she protested, "who eats rhubarb. Its such coarse and unrefined food, its—"

"But you never went to college," he replied, "and you can't be expected to understand. It goes with a college education. When the first signs of Spring appear they bring in four car loads of rhubarb and feed it to us fast and furiously until commencement arrives. Think of all the old college memories that are linked with it! Think of the sunset on the lakes and the old familiar haunts and the fresh verdant campus. We remember them as we saw them in rhubarb time. Not even cornflakes, themselves, bring back such happy memories."

"After all," she mused, as she gazed out into the sunset till her large blue eyes seemed orbs of fire, "I wonder if a college education is worth while. I wonder if it doesn't blind one to the higher and more refined things of life, I wonder—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted as he called the waiter. "I'll take rhubarb pie for dessert."

THE REASON.

Ther came from Elgin, Illinois,
A darling little girl,
She had a wealth of golden hair
The sun danced in each curl,
The boys adored her, they could see
No margin for improvement,
But she got on my nerves, because
She had that Elgin movement.

THE MUSIC OF A WORD.

I've heard of all the French have done
In vanquishing the foe,
The deeds the English boys performed
We all have come to know,
The fighting Irishmen have won
The Croix de guerre by pecks,
But somehow far above them all
I want to place the Czecks.

For when I was a college boy
Ah! it is sweet to know
That when I squandered all my coin
Dad used to send more doe,
That word is music to my ears
Though others it might vex,
For daddy's money always came
To me in form of checks.

STICKERS.

I have heard of Coles and Packards, Chalmers, Buicks,
and the like

I have often seen the boat they call Pierce Arrow,
I'm acquainted with machinery in almost every form
I have worked a dredge and shoved an old wheel
barrow.

I've had lawn mowers by hundreds and victrolas by the
score

I can recognize a carriage or coupé
But will some kind friend who loves me kindly whisper
in my ear.

And explain to me "What is a Soviet?"
I've a book case in my study and I know just how its
made

I have often seen a showcase in a store.
In the ice box I have often found a case of Edelweiss
It contained two dozen soldier boys or more
Now the law is full of cases that all lawyers must work
out

But I've often thought my friends would punch my
Jew face
If I stopped them to inquire just exactly what was
meant

When I read of someone issuing a Ukase.

We are informed by an old student that the first
college yell was a Brownson Holler.

MINIM—There's a fellow outside looking for Pierre
F. Sheets

BROWNSON PREFECT—A pair of sheets? Send him to
the laundry.