

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 27.

## Sirens of the Sea.

JUST as the sun in ruddy hue  
Had dipped his chin in the ocean blue,  
Across the deep with gentle swell,  
Came the pealing sound of a tolling bell.  
Hast thou, O Sea, with liquid throat  
Wherewith to give this silvery note?  
Hast thou beneath thy foamy wave  
A funeral knell and yawning grave?  
Or have the sirens of the sea  
That luring bell that calls to me?

BROTHER ERNEST, C. S. C.

## Cultural Equipment for Foreign Trade.\*

BY REV. JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.

IN the very able address that opened the proceedings of this session four years ago, Doctor Gay, of Harvard, made a germane division of commercial schools into three types: the evening continuation school of the larger cities; the undergraduate schools of the Western universities; and the partially or wholly graduate schools, such as Dartmouth or Harvard. Each of these types has its function to perform, and while the vocational and evening continuation schools must continue to furnish the most numerous class of candidates for export work, it would seem too bad to permit this type of school to usurp the distinctive functions of the other two classes.

The suggestion is offered that possibly the constructive work of the educational section of this convention has stressed too much the importance of technical training and has overlooked the fact that college men are sought for commerce because of the broadened vision and resourcefulness which the college is expected to develop.

What is it that the business man wants when

he asks for a college man? Is it a clerk who will always remain in a subordinate position? The efficient clerk, it seems to me, can best be trained in the business college and in the export office. A college degree given to such a man for exclusively technical studies will injure his usefulness as a clerk to the extent that it will fill him with an ambition which he can hardly realize, since his narrow training will make it difficult for him to acquire the broad grasp of big questions demanded of an executive.

Mr. Huxley drew an apt distinction between the college man and the business college man, in his address at the Pittsburgh Convention, two years ago. When a new problem is presented, he said, "the man with a clear understanding of the underlying theories will be able to apply them practically to the changed condition, while he who has carried out and been concerned in the ordinary routine, will be wholly at sea and wholly unable to cope with the situation."

These remarks apply to the executive in domestic as well as foreign business; in the case of the latter, however, there are several considerations which make a strong argument for cultural instead of the exclusively technical preparation to which our discussion seems to be limiting us. Let us consider specifically the Latin-American export field.

Several years ago Mr. Vanderlip was quoted in an interview as saying: "There is the difficulty of securing men who speak the language, and are sufficiently familiar with the Latin-American literature and characteristics and methods to make it possible to talk to them." This observation of Mr. Vanderlip's has been repeated time and again at these meetings by Latin-American trade experts who have been distressed by the boorish provincialism of men who have gone out with excellent lines of goods and ruined the chances of their firms and other

\*An address delivered at the Sixth National Foreign Trade Convention in Chicago, Illinois, on April 24, 1919.

American firms seeking business in Latin-American markets. We have been told to have a special consideration for the atavism of these people; we have been warned to "teach our young people . . . that the rest of the people in the world are not wrong or queer because they differ from us"; that "an ability properly to appreciate and cultivate the tact, dignity, sales force, judgment and self-control necessary in a foreign representative," is the prime requisite in the trade representative abroad.

In a magazine article a few years ago, Doctor Aughinbaugh of New York University, stated a fundamental truth that must act as a guide for the successful trade representative in South America:

"Socially, Latin-Americans may be divided into two great classes—the politician, and the business man. The former lives by exploiting his country and his fellow-men. He has the interest of neither at heart. To his door may be traced all the revolutions and other disturbances of these places. On the contrary the merchant and estate owner has the welfare of his land and its citizens always in mind, for he knows full well that peace means prosperity, that prosperity induces capital to come for the development of latent resources. The politician is in the minority, but his voice is heard loud and often in public places, and his speeches are reproduced by the papers. Upon his actions and his utterances we are prone to judge the masses. Unfortunately, we of the North are unacquainted with the real Latin-American, the dignified, courteous man of affairs, the man who contributes his capital; his ability and his best efforts to the upbuilding of his nation; for he keeps in the background."

Those of you who have had the delightful pleasure of close acquaintance with this "dignified, courteous man of affairs," will appreciate, I am sure, the value of culture in your relations with him. The Latin-American character will not change violently, and social considerations will always be a determining factor in trade relations. The cultured representative of American industry will do more to remove prejudice and the haunting fear of American hegemony, than all the assurances of American statesmen and all the publications of the Pan-American Union, great though their usefulness may be.

When we send a young man abroad we should ask ourselves how he is going to occupy his time out of business hours. This is the time that hangs heavy and breeds home-sickness.

The student who has read half a dozen of the comedies of Calderon de la Barca, and has had his reading directed intelligently, can attend a *zarzuela* or an opera with his customer—and will have him at his mercy so far as orders are concerned. If you train the student at the feet of the Muses, he will have other interests besides dollar-chasing,—and no occupation so antagonizes the South American merchant as this. His mind will be clearer and his sales-eloquence more effective, because less obtrusive. He will be content with the business hours of his customer and will learn something of the reposeful efficiency of the South American merchant who does a day's work in three or four hours.

There is no reason on earth why we cannot capitalize the cleverness, the candor, the good humor and resourcefulness of our young Americans, if we train them to know the Latin mind. These are Latin characteristics, though generally they lie unsuspected and only intimate social intercourse brings them out. Much though we may question the motives that guided German conduct in South America, reliable observers have told us that in the clash of interests there before the war, German adaptability was generally the victor over British aloofness.\*

If you want the sympathy of your customer, you must acquire similar tastes. Above all, you must avoid trying to acquire a "sympathetic understanding" of the Latin mind. "Understanding" suggests to the Latin that he is a problem to be solved, and "sympathy" is patronising. He resents both. "Enthusiastic appreciation and *urbanity*—the quality of the dweller in the city,—are the qualities that will win the heart of the South American gentleman.

If our colleges cannot instil these qualities they have failed. But to my mind, they cannot instil them fully with exclusively technical courses. Technical work must necessarily form a substantial part of the foreign trade course, but the cultural subjects,—literature, history, and philosophy—must continually refresh the mind of the student if you want him to appreciate the point of view of his customer—an essential in sales-psychology. A thorough study of the colonial history of South America, for instance, will do more to safeguard the salesman

\* (V. Bryce, "South America: Observations and Impressions," p. 216; Zahm, "Through South America's Southland," pp. 310, 335, and the references there given to Maitland, Scott Elliott and W. Anderson Smith; Snow, "German Foreign Trade Organization")

against wounding the susceptibilities of his customer than the reading of any number of chapters on Latin-American habits and customs. It will remove *ignorance*, the most prolific cause for these *faux pas*.

Granted, at least for the purpose of argument, the value of cultural training for the trade ambassador, the balance between classical and technical subjects may be struck without difficulty. This technical training should be intended not to supplant, but to prepare for actual office work. Even the business colleges do not intend to supplant office training. The value of summer work, in the office or factory, should not be ignored, and business should offer liberal encouragement to students seeking summer work.

I want to say one word in conclusion about an institution that seems to offer unlimited possibilities in the way of framing the "international mind" that has so often been mentioned as a desirable asset. I refer to the International Chamber of Commerce made up of all the commerce students in the college, an institution possible, of course, only in schools with a cosmopolitan student body. I hope I may be pardoned if I speak only from local experience since I am acquainted only with the work we are doing at Notre Dame in this line. The members of our Chamber of Commerce represent nearly every state of the Union, and most of the commercially important countries abroad. The industries represented are just as varied. To insure personal attention, the work is divided among sections of not more than fifty students each. At the weekly meetings, students are required to give reports based on their previous business experience or their prospective work, and must be prepared to answer questions. Ten questions is about the average to a report—a fair index to the interest shown by the audience. From time to time, outside lecturers address the students.

The value of this work seems fully to justify the time required of the director, who must supervise personally all the work of the students. First of all, it gives the student an active interest in commerce throughout the four years of the undergraduate course, and helps the Freshman who chafes under theory. It brings him into contact with the students from the countries he may be called upon to visit. He learns early to be guarded in statements concerning foreigners; he gets acquainted insensibly with their habits and customs, their tastes in reading, their newspapers and periodicals. It

takes away the novelty of what is foreign and prevents the embarrassing outburst of surprise with which the unsophisticated American is apt to greet everything curious abroad. The student can, if he wishes, form associations outside the Chamber of Commerce; that will give him a strong hold on the language. He can even learn to talk with his hands.

These are suggestions that are submitted in a spirit of constructive criticism, and with full deference to the opinions of wiser and more experienced men. But they are the fruit of an honest conviction based on years of association with Latin-Americans, in school and in trade, in formal and informal social and business relations. I find, too, on consultation, that the view expressed is shared by many business men whose culture, whether acquired in the schools or in the world, is a winning asset in their business relations, and a strong argument in favor of cultural training for our trade ambassadors.

#### The League of Nations.

There are among our people those who believe that not to declare avowedly for the proposed League of Nations is to oppose democracy. Such an attitude is fallacious. Granted that much can be and is being sanely said in favor of the league, yet there is on the other side stronger argument than merely that it is an innovation. The fact that President Wilson and the majority of our congressmen have intimated their sanction lends import to the proposal; it does not close it to all objections, for the convictions of these men are no better founded perhaps than those of the minority who are opposed to it.

It is well to get in mind, first, what the league proposes to do and, secondly, how it proposes to do it. Its fanatical advocates are convinced that it is somehow to secure permanent peace, and that prosperity and happiness will of necessity ensue. No one doubts that national and international happiness and tranquillity are desirable assets. But if lasting peace were made somewhat certain—which is a doubtful enough premise—the prosperity, which all rightly expect with it, need not be accompanied by happiness. The assurance of plenty for either individual or nation is seldom the handmaid of true happiness. Most secure is that man or that nation which for its livelihood must daily bestir itself. Whatever will insure to the affairs of

state the zealous interest of the whole people will go farthest toward making the nation permanently safe; yet nothing would so much tend to produce a lethargic attitude toward communal needs, a relaxation of that spirit of vigilance, which, we are told, is the price of liberty, as the bare promise of permanent peace.

But are we to assume withal that the nations of the world will not have differences too momentous—in their own estimations, at least—to leave to others to adjust? Will there no longer be intolerable provocations? Will that lamentable day come when men will be so cowed down as to think no cause worth fighting for and worth dying for? Evidently the French do not think so. Solicitous as they are for reparation for the losses sustained in the last aggression, they are even more so for protection against what they consider inevitable—impending German invasion. Perhaps their fears are not well founded. But if not, it would seem that the peoples just emerged from war must have been made over within the last half year; that national animosities of centuries' standing must have been extinguished utterly, if nations so lately at each other's throat could, on the one hand, neglect to guard against a repetition of crimes too terrible for telling, and on the other, forget unprecedented defeat.

LEO R. WARD, '22.

### Reverie.

O dreary days haste ye away  
With all your lurid looks,  
So may the queen of seasons come  
And gladden nature's nooks.

I love your silenced wintry days  
That give a place to mirth,  
I cherish ev'ry snowflake, too,  
That beautifies the earth.

But still spring-time is loved by all  
In her deep reverie,  
Whose limpid waters mirror heav'n  
While rushing toward the sea.

The light in furrows flows along  
With sweet celestial smile  
Just as the sun glides off to hide  
His blushing cheeks awhile.

Heavy hearts have longed to feel  
The sweetness of Spring's breath,  
But they have passed from this sad earth  
And rest in sleep of death.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C.

### The Massacre of Bache'or's Walk.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

The conduct of the British soldiers in Ireland has scarcely been equaled, certainly not surpassed, by the atrocities committed upon the Armenians by the Turks or upon the Jews by the Russians. Ireland has had its own Black Hole of Calcutta, has seen years upon years of wanton bloodshed and nameless outrage. Were it necessary to produce proof, a chapter of horrors could be written that would surpass anything of a similar kind the world has ever read.

—F. P. Jones.

A man with a telescope to his eye, lay high upon the Hill of Howth, a few miles out of Dublin on a cloudless morning in July, 1916. Far out to sea, a white-winged yacht scurried toward the foot of Howth Head. Through the telescope the watcher made out the ship's colors, a bright orange, white, and green fluttering proudly over the summer sea. Then he scrambled down the hill to the village and sent a message singing over the wires to Dublin.

A detachment of Irish Volunteers, a society of young men organized to secure the peace and prosperity of Ireland and to assist the Irish legislative body just formed by act of British Parliament to carry out its legal acts, was out this Sunday morning for an early march. The morning was typically Irish—warm and soft, sea and sky blending, air laden with fragrance of gardens and fields, with the salt tang of the sea to stir the blood. It was a morning for poetry, one on which a Lionel Johnson or a Yeats might tramp the hills and see the goddesses of olden times.

Out along the broad road that winds beside the sea from Amiens Street Station in Dublin to Howth Head tramped the marchers, their light songs making merry with the music of the roadside thrush and flighty meadow lark. Just as the head of the column swung around the last bend in the road, the white yacht drew up to the little pier. In a few moments hundreds of rifles and rounds of ammunition were carried out of the ship's hold and piled up on the quay. One lone policeman protested impotently, and then retreated to telephone the news to Dublin.

The ammunition was hidden and with the empty rifles on their shoulders, the little company began its march back to Dublin. From the

thatched cottages by the roadside came out the peasants to cheer the stalwart youths who passed singing of the visions of the freedom of Ireland.

But in the outskirts of Dublin, other Sunday marchers were met. A regiment of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, summoned by the policeman's call, were lined across the road in the borough of Fairview to intercept the Volunteers. Their officer demanded the guns. The Irish refused to give them up; the British troops attempted to take them. With the butt-ends of the rifles, the Volunteers resisted, and while some of them held the troops at bay the others swung round and slipped into Dublin by the north. Then the rest dispersed, and every gun landed at Howth came into Dublin.

The whole city rang with this daring exploit and the discomfiture of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The British troops, through shame and fear, skulked on the outskirts of the city until dusk and then tramped sullenly back. The whole city turned out to see them return. All along the line of march the troops wound through ranks of silent but smiling watchers. At the corner of Bachelor's Walk and O'Connell Bridge, however, a small boy broke the silence with an uncomplimentary remark which reached the ears of the British officer and a number of spectators.

Immediately the officer halted the column, faced the men about, and at the word of command, three volleys of rifle bullets crashed into the crowd, mowing down the dazed, defenceless, innocent men, women and children. The King's Own Scottish Borderers resumed their march to their barracks, leaving Bachelor's Walk littered with the dead and the dying. Four persons were killed and sixty wounded in this wanton attack, this ruthless firing of the military upon an unarmed, and unoffending crowd of men, women, and children. An inquiry was made but no one was punished for the crime. This happened in July, 1916, in Dublin, Ireland. It was not the Huns or the Bolsheviki who did it, but rather, the "Good Samaritan of the world, the champion of the small nationalities, altruistic, self-sacrificing, impeccable England."

#### Irish Martyrs.

Ye are not dead who bled for Eire,  
Your spirits quicken from the grave  
The world's wide ranks of souls unfettered  
Who spurn the shackles of a slave. O. P.

#### Fairy-Tale Time.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

When I lived in Montevideo I was a very small boy, blue-eyed and tow-headed, and had just arrived at the age of five. I was beginning to realize that a boy should play with other boys and never with girls unless courtesy and parental authority demanded it. You can imagine, then, my feelings when I was sent to a school with my two sisters. My isolation and humiliation were made complete when my two elder brothers, who had begun to take me for an occasional playmate, were sent to the Jesuit college for boys on the other side of town. There were a few other boys at the Kindergarten in the convent with me, but they wore half-socks and velvet suits with lace collars, and were more contemptible in my sight than the girls, who were feminine simply because they were girls.

As a result of this sorry beginning to my school life, I began to be a very moody and a very lonely boy. I kept to myself, even when my brothers were at home. As I was not able to read very well in Spanish and not at all in English, practically my only joy was to lie on my stomach on the floor of the little store-room half-way up the stair-way and pore over the cartoons in what in so far as I remember of their contents must have been the *Literary Digest*.

I did not tell anybody how very lonesome I was, and I did not think anybody noticed it; but my mother did, and she had, as mothers always have, a way to cure it. I had not seen her very often for some time after I had started to school, because I had been away all day and when I got home in the evening, mother would be preparing to go out somewhere, and although I had come to take my mother as a matter of course, the fact that I did not see her so often as I had been accustomed to, made her become very dear to me and made her absence the more notable.

I was feeling more lonely than usual one night after a motherless dinner. The tears came to my eyes; I could not keep them back. I resented them because they were girlish. I was sobbing as no real boy should, when the door slowly opened and almost before I had time to brush my pajama sleeve across my eyes, the dearest voice in the world asked:

"Not asleep yet, honey?"

"No, mother," I answered, failing utterly in my attempt to make myself sound cheerful. The light flashed on in the room, and as she turned slowly around so that I could see her dress from all angles, I paid my mother the exquisite compliment of a tear-stained smile of admiration. She looked down at me very tenderly, and I was sure that no other mother in the world was so beautiful as mine.

Turning out the light, she sat down on the side of the bed, and I sat up, so that my head could rest on her shoulder. Then she told me her favorite fairy tale, the one about the princess who loved her regal father more than salt. Long before the princess and her chosen prince had entered upon that interminable period of "ever-after" happiness my head dropped to the pillow, and I was dreaming of Fairyland.

Thereafter fairy-tale time was as sure as supper time. When mother was going anywhere in the evening she would always dress early enough to tell the nightly story to me before she must leave. When she could not do so my eldest sister would serve as substitute. Before long my mother or sister were oftener than not the listeners, while I told them breathless tales of my own doings in the fairyland of my dreams, in which I was always a noble prince fighting many battles and dying many deaths for my princess, but always living happily ever after. And sometimes when she thought I had gone to sleep, mother would kneel at my bedside and live her childhood again. Her loneliness was forgotten, as it had been forgotten when she was a little girl with her head resting on her mother's breast at fairy-tale time.

#### A Flower.

Time unbosoms stately spring,  
Whose breath, the soil makes mild;  
And scatters o'er God's petaled smiles—  
The flowers of the wild.

There grows in ev'ry human heart  
A little tender flower,  
Which in the spring of youth takes root  
And blooms each day and hour.

Of all the buds that ope their eyes  
Beneath the blue above,  
There's none so fair, so true, so sweet,  
As that dear flower called Love.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C.

#### In Maytime.

Kind sky, that frownest not  
All the summer day;  
Fair sky, that know'st no blot,  
Smile upon the way;  
Soft wind whose sighing heals,  
Green vine whose creeper steals,  
Cool lanes and twilight peals,—  
Welcome lilled May!

LEO R. WARD, '22.

#### Epigrams on Ireland.

God save Ireland!—*Last words of the Manchester Martyrs.*

Educate that you may be free.—*Motto of Young Ireland.*

England has gained the whole world, but at the cost of her soul.—*Gerald MacM. Ryan.*

God curse the laws which made these men my enemies.—*George II.*

Protestant Ireland knelt to England on the necks of her countrymen.—*Grattan.*

Providence sent the potato blight, but England made the famine.—*Irish Saying.*

England will some day become an Irish province.—*Family tradition of the Emmets.*

It is better to perish by the bayonet of England than by her laws.—*John Mitchell.*

The palace is the seat of shame, the prison the place of honor.—*Irish proverbs.*

England has been a garden wall between Ireland and the sun.—*Lady Clanricarde.*

The Irish Protestant never could be free while the Irish Catholic was a slave.—*Grattan.*

Not bad government, but any foreign government—is that which the Irish protest.—*Gerald MacM. Ryan.*

The Englishman has just grasped an idea when the Irishman has passed it on to the next.—*L. Paul-Dubois.*

You can get nothing out of an Irishman by taking him brusquely, and you can get anything by taking him gently.—*Daryl.*

We must have Ireland not for certain peers, or for nominees of peers, in College Green, but Ireland for the Irish.—*John Mitchell.*



There is no blacker nor fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.—*Gladstone.*

There is moral electricity in the continuous expression of public opinion concentrated upon a single point, perfectly irresistible in its efficacy.—*O'Connell.*

In 1889, at Ennis, a policeman (these being a British army corps) begged pardon for batoning an *Irish Times* reporter whom he mistook for an Irish member of parliament.—*The Book of Parliament.*

On English concessions to Irish agitations for justice Dean Swift remarked, "They sent the medicine from a distance, and had it applied by a doctor who understood neither the patient nor the malady."

A girl of twelve was convicted in Ireland in the nineteenth century for obstructing the sheriff's bailiff; a little boy was convicted for intimidation, because he had looked at a policeman "with a humbugging sort of a smile."

When the Muse of History, whom Wendell Phillips pictured as dipping her pen in the sunlight and writing in the clear blue of heaven, comes to write of Ireland, she will put down as synonyms, Irishmen, democrats, and liberty-lovers.—*Gerald MacM. Ryan.*

In Ireland a British justice can arrest an innocent man, and if his innocence is demonstrated the justice will not release him till he gives bail for future good behavior, and if he cannot get his bail, he will be thrown into prison till he does get it, even though he be utterly innocent to begin with.—*Gerald MacM. Ryan.*

### Life's Shadows and the Dawn.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

When heavy heart unsealed my eyes  
I saw advancing through the skies  
A countless army hurling glowing spears.  
A sunbeam army charging way  
The shadows. Watching this affray  
I felt new hope and checked the flowing tears.  
Then new-born Dawn victorious  
Besieged me with her glorious  
Array and captured all my woeful fears.

### The Sixth National Trade Convention.

The American business man has always been regarded by people of other nationalities as a type of energy and efficiency after which they might well pattern themselves and their methods. At the recent Sixth National Foreign Trade Convention, held in Chicago, this type of keen aggressive business man was at the helm. A daily paper describes it as "A forty-billion-dollar university," because of the fact that during the entire session no resolutions were adopted for the development of trade, the predominant aim of those present being merely to acquire all the information possible concerning foreign markets for our American products.

Contrary to the notions of so many, the foreign fields are not a novelty in the range of our commercial activity. For years American-made goods have been pushed into new territories, with the result that today the United States holds the securest financial and commercial position as a creditor country.

That America's commercial strength predominates throughout the world is undisputed. With such men as E. H. Hurley in charge of the construction and development of our merchant marine the result can not fall short of the best expectations. To back the United States Shipping Board are such great industrial administrators as James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation; Alba B. Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works; Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, lending to the cause their talents, time, and capital.

The discussions during the convention were varied and interesting. The lawyers were engaged in analyzing the new Webb Export Bill. The bankers devoted themselves to consideration of our trade balance and to the promotion of banking institutions abroad. Exporters talked of the government financial assistance now being offered to export corporations, while the shipbuilders proposed solutions for the operation of our newly acquired merchant fleet.

As the trade situation now stands, the field is unlimited and open to all—the banker, manufacturer, economist, advertiser, and promoter. What is needed and asked for is men who have highly specialized knowledge and ambition to help make the United States a great center of trade with all nations of the world.

J. C. POWERS, '20.

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## Board of Editors.

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The school year of 1918-19, not unlike various business enterprises, has experienced numerous difficulties attendant upon war and upon the sudden transition from war to peace. The interests of the college student, however, is no longer concentrated upon military pursuits. He may now follow whatever course he may choose and prepare himself for life. A college can make a successful man of the ambitious and industrious student, or it can help to make a more complete failure of the indifferent one. Only a few weeks of the scholastic year remain, at the end of which some of us will have finished our college career. But whatever our status, we should put forth our best effort for a strong finish and thus reap the maximum of benefit from the little time that remains. We can not merely absorb an education in some passive manner: we can get it only by being up and doing all the time.—P. R. C.

The terms of the peace treaty have been delivered to the Germans, and within a few days we shall know finally whether the war is over or not. In the meantime let everybody be busy heart and soul in our final effort to "finish the job" in the complete and prompt success of the great Victory Loan. The

facts that the fighting is in all probability over and that our soldiers are coming back as fast as available ships can bring them is not the cue for us to lag or fail to worry about the outcome of this fifth loan. It is to be the climax of America's most glorious achievement. Let us make it worthy. Let us get together in the same spirit that animated us during the War and make this loan as successful as were the ones of the war-time. This one is quite as necessary to final success as were any of the other loans. This is our victory drive and we must straight, surely, and quickly to the objective. Everybody over the top!—I. S. S.

Wake up! America. It was a good dream sometime ago, but it is degenerating into a nightmare. Let us pull our heads from out the dream clouds of theory and face the facts as they are, and not any longer fancy them to be what we should like to have them. The way is boggy and full of filth. Our path is crowded with venomous reptiles seeking to poison our national life and paralyze our energies. Italy has left the conference. Her people are ready for war. France has sent to her memorials of sympathy. The question of small nations dominated by England is held to be a purely domestic problem. England is enlarging her navy and strengthening her army. Germany hints that the peace treaty will not be signed. Russia is in the toils of Bolshevism and anarchy. Socialism is fast sweeping westward, capturing nation after nation. Japan decries the Monroe Doctrine and is greedy for territory. Our theories have been rejected. Our plans are set at naught. The European nations accept the fourteen points merely in so far as they can get something by so doing. Human nature is still the same old human nature. The world will not be ruled by a theory. The law of might is not yet repealed. Ours was a beautiful theory, indeed, and it gave some promise, but the world now seems far from ready to put it into practice. "There are none so blind as those who will not see." To date, our leaders have been visionary. It is now high time for them to become practical. Let them deal firmly with the situation, and we will face its consequences. The American people will support to the end a leader who sees his duty and follows it. America, awake, before the crisis is upon you!—J. J. B.



## Justice for the Foster-Parents of Our Children.

(Editorial given by the *Literary Digest* for release to-day.)

It is strange that the generous-hearted American people, who poured out their riches so prodigally in response to every patriotic, every charitable appeal, and who accorded such enthusiastic and liberal support to every measure and to every group that helped win the war, should have neglected to properly encourage and reward the services of one of the noblest professions in the field of human activities—a profession that in lofty ideals, in unselfish principles, in sacred responsibilities, stands side by side with the ministry of the Gospel itself.

We wish to bespeak, with whatever power and authority we may have and with such words as may be granted to us, some measure of consideration for the foster-fathers and mothers of our children—the school-teachers of the United States of America.

There is no class of workers of which we demand so much. We commit into their keeping the minds, the bodies, and the very souls of our children in the tender and formative years of their lives, and they, receiving these children, can indeed be said to hold in the hollow of their hands the future of America. We expect these devoted men and women to watch over and care for our sons and daughters as though they were their very own, to drill them in the arts and sciences, to train them for business and for citizenship, to instruct them in manners and in morals, to do for them those things which we would do had we the training and the leisure.

No class has assumed so heavy, so trying a burden and a responsibility with such willingness as these consecrated men and women. No class has performed their increasingly heavy tasks more devotedly, more conscientiously, and with less thought of self. No class served their country more whole-heartedly, more loyally during the trying and tempestuous times of war, day by day pursuing their round of duty, day by day helping the young people, and through the children the parents to see the struggle in its true light, thus securing the cooperation of the community in every measure undertaken by the Government to win the war.

Truly they have made the nation their everlasting debtor. Truly had they not done their work so well this republic would not outlast the span of a generation.

What then have the teachers received at our hands in return? They have received little of honor and somewhat less of pay. Other classes have prospered; other classes through powerful organizations have secured generous wages. The teachers have no spokesman, however, to demand even the simple justice of a living wage; so to them we give their petty pre-war pittance, so meager, so pitifully inadequate, that it places a burning brand of shame and disgrace upon this nation.

The men and women who are making the Americans of to-morrow are being treated with less consideration than the janitors who sweep out the buildings in which they are employed; they are earning on the average less than the wages given to the scrubwomen employed in the public buildings of the United States Government. Normal-school graduates receive less salary than street-sweepers; high-school principals and super-

intendents less than section foremen; country school teachers less for instructing the farmer's children than he pays his hired man to feed his hogs.

In a certain town of Illinois, for instance, the average wages of fifteen miners for one month was \$217, while the average monthly salary of fifteen teachers in the same town was \$55. In another town a miner, who, by the way, was an enemy alien, drew more than \$2,700 last year, while the salary of the high-school principal in the same town was \$765. We welcome with all our hearts the long-belated recognition that is being given to the man who works with his hands. We believe that this same workingman will be the first to join with us in asking better pay for those who teach his children.

No wonder there are fifty thousand vacancies in the teaching forces of the schools. No wonder the ranks are being filled with weak men and with immature women who merely use the profession as a stepping-stone to something better. No wonder there are thirty thousand teachers in the United States who have had no schooling beyond the eighth-grammar grade. Small wonder, indeed, that seven million of our school-children are being trained by teachers, mere boys and girls themselves, who have had no professional education whatever.

When we consider that the 740,000 teachers of America are paid an average salary of \$630 a year; when, moreover, we consider the fact that living costs have actually advanced 103 per cent, since the beginning of the war, thereby cutting the buying-power of these insignificant salaries in half, we can easily determine that only a fool or a martyr would choose teaching as a profession, or would long remain in it unless these terrible conditions be swiftly remedied.

What a crime is this! What an indictment! What an unpardonable sin at the doors of an enlightened people who now find themselves at the head and forefront of the democracies of the world! How can we better prepare for the great undertakings of reconstruction than by setting ourselves immediately to remedying this perilous condition? In these trying and chaotic times when the world is beset by unrest, by anarchy, by revolution, by the devil's brood of appalling evils that follow in the train of war, we must make sure that the foundations of our republic are set on a rock that it may stand against the flood.

The peace and security of the world of the future will be in the safe keeping of the generation now in our schools. These boys and girls must "weave up the raveled sleeve" of civilization. Their hands must minister to the wounds of the nations. Their minds must meet and solve the difficult and crucial problems that will be their inheritance. Their hearts must be so imbued with the horrors of war and with the poverty and anguish that inevitably follow in its wake that they in their time will enter upon it only as a last resort in national self-defense or in support of some great principle of humanity.

Never has there been a more urgent need for high-minded, great-hearted, splendidly trained, 100 per cent American instructors to drive home the vital lessons that these times hold. Never has the future of the nation been so clearly committed into the hands of the teachers. And yet thousands of men and women

of ability who would prefer to teach are reluctantly leaving their chosen calling, forced by the hard necessities of their very existence.

The teachers ask no largess at the hands of fortune. They enter their profession for service, not riches. But they invest years and money in preparation for their life-work and the knowledge they gain is shared with others who themselves use it to their own profit. Teachers, then, by every right and in all justice expect a return that will permit them and their dependents to live decently and in comfort.

In every community reached by the *Literary Digest* there are readers of foresight, of vision, broad-minded men and thoughtful women who will see—nay, perhaps have long since seen—the critical and compelling importance of this problem. We are directing this appeal to them. We urge them to compare the salaries of their teachers with the wages of those who are doing work of equal value. There will be a challenge in the facts that will stir the community to action.

Let each community invest in schools so that it may thereby invest in a trained manhood and womanhood that can play their part in the great period of rebuilding and reconstruction that lies before us. Let each community set for its goal, as far as is practicable, a minimum wage of at least \$1,000 a year for the teachers of America. This would cost the nation perhaps as much as we spent so gloriously in but one week of the Great War.

We are not pleading merely for the welfare of some single profession; we are not pleading for a special class; we are pleading for America: for her larger, her brighter, her richer future, for the fulfilment of her glorious promise. We are pleading for a coming race of men and women who shall be qualified to make complete the work of our forefathers who founded this nation and dedicated it to liberty, and who will bring to full fruition the new victories that we have won in freedom's cause. We are pleading for a wider teaching of the principles, the purposes, and the ideals of this nation that all men shall know her meaning and shall have equal access to her opportunities; that it will flood every home, every heart, in our great land.

### Obituary.

Word has recently come to Notre Dame of the death of Dr. William F. Hake, a student at Notre Dame in the late eighties and a prominent physician of Grand Rapids. Dr. Hake's disease was caused by a general breakdown in health brought on by overwork during the influenza epidemic. As a specialist in the diseases of children he enjoyed a wide reputation. His splendid spirit of Christian charity prompted him to give gratuitously for years his services to the St. John's Orphanage of his home city. To the aged father, brothers and sisters of this distinguished physician, zealous benefactor, and esteemed Catholic gentleman Notre Dame tenders sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

### Local News.

—The members of the junior class met in the Sorin Law Room Thursday noon, and discussed matters regarding the junior "prom" to be held soon.

—Frank Coughlin, recently discharged from the navy, has returned to the University. Frank was one of the mainstays of the 1918 football team and is still eligible for two years of play.

—Brother Alphonsus left Wednesday afternoon for Kokomo, Indiana, to deliver his lecture on "The Bird Lover" before the state convention of the Audubon Society. He will also address the Catholic schools of the city.

—Mr. Tom Daly, of Philadelphia, famed for his verse in Italian dialect, lectured in Washington Hall on Friday evening, May 2nd. This time Mr. Daly gave some personal impressions of the present verse librists, whom he terms "Bolshevik Bards."

—Sixty couples enjoyed the benefit dance given by the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, at the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening, May 7th. The Knights appreciated greatly the donation of the use of the Rotary Room by the hotel management. The proceeds will go to the building fund of the Knights.

—Fifty candidates for admission to the Knights of Columbus were put through the rigors of the first degree by the local council last Friday night in the council chamber in Walsh Hall. The second and third degrees will be given in Winey Hall, Mishawaka, Sunday afternoon, May 11th, and will be followed by a banquet at the Oliver Hotel, South Bend. A local team put on the degrees.

—At a meeting of the Notre Dame branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom last Monday night it was decided to send the SCHOLASTIC to the national council, showing the ardent and efficient work of the local chapter. It was also agreed to start a fund for the purpose of securing efficient defense for the Irishmen who tried to enter Ireland during the war in violation of the espionage law. Vincent Fagan was elected corresponding secretary.

—Douglas Fairbanks, with his million-dollar grin and the usual antics, starred in "He Comes up Smiling," on the morning of Thursday, May 1st, in Washington Hall. This time

"Doug" found his fortune in the chase of an elusive canary coupled with an impersonation sketch. The plot of the piece is excusable only on the grounds that Fairbanks is the chief actor, which atones notably for the incongruity of the great change from bank clerk to bird chaser.

—The members of the surveying classes met in Science Hall on April 24th, and organized a surveyors' club. Professor Henry Maurus, of the engineering department, is honorary president. The following officers from among the students were elected: Frank Goodall, president; Daniel Young, vice-president; J. R. Coryn, secretary; and A. Abrams, treasurer. The meetings of the club will be held on the first and the third Friday of each month. Plans for the development of the practical side of surveying, along with the social diversions, are being considered.

—The annual Elocution and Oratorical contests for the year 1919 will be held as follows: Lyons Medal Elocution Contest (open to all preparatory students), May 16; Barry Medal Elocution Contest (open to all college students), May 19; Preparatory Oratorical Contest, May 21; Freshman Oratorical Contest, May 23; Sophomore Oratorical Contest, May 26; Junior Oratorical Contest, May 28. Names of Contestants must be given to Prof. W. E. Farrell or to the Director of Studies *not later than May 15th*.

—Beginning next September a course in Latin-American history will be required of all students in the College of Arts and Letters. Heretofore, this course has been required only of students in foreign commerce and has been elective for all others. The wide interest in Latin-America, and the frequent misrepresentations of the Church there have determined the action of the faculty. Notre Dame is the first school in the United States to take this step. The South American library at the University is one of the most complete collections of its kind in this country. It is the gift of the Very Reverend Doctor J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., formerly vice-president of the University and Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

—That Notre Dame is coming to be recognized as a leader in business education was demonstrated at the National Foreign Trade Convention lately held in Chicago. During the session the Reverend John O'Hara, C. S. C., with his address on "Cultural Equipment

for Foreign Trade" created a most favorable impression. Father O'Hara, in introducing his subject gave a brief résumé of his experiences in South America. The speech made several references to the course in commerce at Notre Dame. Surprise was exhibited by Eastern educators upon learning that Notre Dame has a fully developed course in foreign commerce. The Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce was represented by M. N. Schwartz, J. H. Ryan, and J. C. Powers. —S. J. MEYERS.

### Lectures.

It is to be regretted that a larger number of students did not avail themselves of the opportunity to hear Dr. James J. Walsh's address on Marshall Foch in Washington Hall Tuesday evening. A short sketch of the war and some well-deserved praise for the work of the Americans were included in the comprehensive encomium. Foch is said to believe that power of will and trust in God are more important factors of success than knowledge. The lecture was given primarily for the benefit of the building fund of the Knights of Columbus. The proceeds amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars.

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On Friday night the Reverend James Grattan Mythen, an Episcopalian clergyman, of Norfolk, Virginia, a member of the National Council of the Friends of Irish Freedom, gave in Washington Hall eloquent testimony to the fact that the Irish question is not and never was a religious issue. Just now, as the speaker showed well, the question of the self-government for Ireland is vitally an American issue. We entered the war and ended the war, for the self-determination of all peoples,—not merely of those held in submission by the German Empire. If we do not secure the application of this principle to Ireland, our principles will have failed signally at the Peace Conference. Mr. Mythen has temporarily given up his position as professor at the Episcopal Community House, in Baltimore, in order to devote his time to the presentation of Ireland's case before the American public. His message was enthusiastically and appreciatively received, and it should prove an inspiration to every friend of Irish Freedom at Notre Dame to "become an expert on the Irish question," and to give the best that is in him for the liberty of Ireland.

## Personals.

—James Murtagh, a student of Badin Hall last year, has received his commission in the Aviation Corps.

—Rev. Stanislaus Tomaszewski (old student) celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in St. Stanislaus' Church at South Bend on April 27.

—Barry Holton, student in Corby last year, visited the University this week. Barry is now a lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the Navy.

—Judge James Deery (E.L. B. '11) of Indianapolis will act as toastmaster at the annual initiation banquet of the Knights of Columbus at Notre Dame Sunday.

—Lieut. Harry Newning (Ph. B. '14), a former Varsity third baseman and trackman, renewed old friendships at the University this week. Harry has just returned from active service in France.

—William Ong, who left a few months ago for the Philippines, has arrived safely at Manila. He says that he feels lonesome for the old school and will always cherish a fond remembrance of his days at Notre Dame.

—Joseph Sullivan (LL. B. '02), City Attorney of Chicago, visited the University recently. "Joe" was a Varsity pole vaulter and high jumper in his day and has always been one of Notre Dame's most loyal alumni.

—From France, Harry Baujan sends this homesick note to the President: "I would rather be back in America. Nothing appeals to me over here. Expect to get home by September. At present I am in Arlon, Belgium."

—Lieut. E. J. Beckman (Journalism '16) writes from Nantes, France, that he does not expect to return to the States until "the *Stars and Stripes* are ready to quit business," which will probably be in the latter part of the summer.

—Thomas Lyons (Litt. B. '04) is one of the authors of a valuable book, *The Oil Operator in Oklahoma*, which is receiving the prompt recognition of the foremost jurist and oil magnates of the South. "Tom" is a lawyer in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

—Admiral Wm. S. Benson, U. S. N. (Laetare Medalist) was recently decorated by President Poincare with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor in the presence of a few members of the cabinet and several distinguished officers of the allied navies.

—Mr. Alphonse P. Ill (student '01-'05), a

successful bungalow-builder of Cincinnati visited his brother, Father Ill, on the occasion of the celebration of his Silver Jubilee. "Shorty" renewed many old acquaintances among the faculty members.

—It is reported that "Jimmie" Phelan, Varsity football captain and quarter-back of a few years ago, will act as assistant athletic coach at the University of Missouri. If he does, we have no doubt but that U. of M. will give a good account of itself in the football field.

—(Rev.) Captain Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., of the Expeditionary Force, arrived at Newport News Saturday, May the 3rd, after more than a year of service abroad. Father Walsh is now at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, awaiting discharge. He expects to return to the University within the next few weeks.

Charles Call (Journalism '18) visited at the University during the week. Charlie has been mustered out of the navy and has been offered a fine position by one of the largest trade papers in the textile field of New York. He left a few days ago to visit Editor Darling of the *Laporte Argus* with whom he was associated in the newspaper field before going into the navy. Judging from the past record in newspaper work, Charlie ought to "make good" in New York.

—James Barry (A. B. '97) now a lawyer at Nogales, Arizona, writes as follows: "I have been delighted with the *SCHOLASTIC* and am always eager to read it, especially since the soldiers' letters have been published therein. I would prefer to go without almost any other publication. It is better now in every way than it was in the days when I was one of the editors, and you will agree that this is some admission for an old member of the *SCHOLASTIC* staff."

—The *Literary Digest* for April 26 ran a long quotation from the *Gazette* (Little Rock, Arkansas) about the late Wm. T. Johnson (A. B. '68; A. M. '70) of Kansas City, Missouri, who was widely known as the "Sage of Osage." The *Digest* says of him: "He was among the world's foremost interpreters of ancient Greek philosophy, a profound scholar and thinker, and a distinguished critic on philosophic subjects." A review of Mr. Johnson's life work appeared in a recent number of the *SCHOLASTIC*.

—The following letter of appreciation to Paul Scofield was recently received from Mr. George L. Duval, the Laetare Medalist:

"Through the kindness of Father Cavanaugh

I have received several copies of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, and read an article which you have been good enough to write concerning me and the bestowal of the Laetare Medal, in which I find it difficult to recognize myself. For the kindness and good will that prompted it, I am your debtor. Owing to the tremendous rush of business on my hands at present, I have hitherto contented myself with sending my acknowledgment to you through Father Cavanaugh, and accordingly apologize for the delay."

R. M. MURCH, '22.

### Athletic Notes.

ILLINOIS, 77; NOTRE DAME, 49:

Notre Dame furnished the attraction in baseball and track at Urbana last Saturday at the big athletic carnival arranged under the auspices of the University of Illinois, but met with little success in either contests. The absence of Earl Gilfillan and Edward Meehan from the track squad was fatal, Notre Dame losing thereby at least seven first places. Both of these stars were injured at the Penn games to such a degree that they could not enter against the Illini. Nevertheless, our cinder-path men gave a good account of themselves, taking the lead from the opening of the meet up to the field events, which before the meet were conceded to Gilfillan.

The meet was marked by several surprises. Hayes, running under Notre Dame colors for the first time in a dual meet, won the 100-yard dash in 9 4-5, only a fifth of a second behind the world's record. He duplicated the feat by winning the furlong race over Carroll in a sensational finish. King met a veteran in the javelin-throw and was defeated for first place by four feet. The other Gold and Blue athletes who scored first places were McGinnis in the broad jump and Sweeney in the mile-run. Douglass and Hoar tied for first honors in the high jump. Illinois "cinched" the meet by taking nine points in the shot-put.

#### Summary of the meet:

100-Yard Dash—Hayes, Notre Dame, first; Carroll, Illinois, second; Mulligan, Notre Dame, Third. Time—0:09 4-5.

Mile-Run—Sweeney, Notre Dame, first; Caskey, Illinois, second; Middleton, Illinois, third. Time—4:42.

220-Yard Dash—Hayes, Notre Dame, first; Emery, Illinois, second; Carroll, Illinois, third. Time—0:22 3-5.

120-Yard High Hurdles—Bucheit, Illinois first; Zimmerman, Illinois, second; Hoar, Notre Dame, third. Time—0:16 3-5.

440-Yard Run—Emery, Illinois, first; Meredith, Notre Dame, second; Brown, Illinois, third. Time—0:53 3-5.

Two-Mile Run—Blount, Illinois, first; Birks, Illinois, second; Von Wonerghan; Notre Dame, third. Time—10:17 2-5.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Buchheit, Illinois, first; Carroll, Illinois, second; Hoar, Notre Dame, third. Time—0:27 1-5.

880-Yard Run—Brown, Illinois, first; McDonough, Notre Dame, second; Schuh, Illinois, third. Time—20:3 15.

Pole-Vault—Buchheit, Illinois, first; Powers, Notre Dame, second; Douglas and Rademaker, Notre Dame, third. Height—11 feet, 6 inches.

Discus-Throw—Wilson, Illinois, first; Smith, Notre Dame second; Brede, Illinois, third. Distance—117 feet, 8 inches.

High Jump—Hoar and Douglas, Notre Dame, tied for first; Buchheit, Illinois, third. Height—5 feet, 7 inches.

Shot-Put—Wilson, Illinois, first; Lifuendal, Illinois, second; Schuh, Illinois, third. Distance—36 feet, 7 inches.

Broad Jump—McGinnis, Notre Dame, first; Chandler, Illinois, second; Rademaker, Notre Dame, third. Distance—20 feet, 11 inches.

Javelin-Throw—Buchheit, Illinois, first; King, Notre Dame, second; Wilson, Illinois, third. Distance—156 feet, 5 inches.

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ILLINOIS, 5; NOTRE DAME, 3.

Coach Dorais' baseball team lost two contests to Illinois last week, the first on Friday and the second one following the Notre Dame-Illinois dual track meet. Wrape pitched the first game in winning style, but the team was in poor luck again. In nearly every inning men reached the bases only to be stranded. It was a repetition of the "Aggie" game. In several instances any kind of hit would have won the game for Notre Dame, but somehow the N. D. men could not connect with the ball when hits were needed. The score:

ILLINOIS					NOTRE DAME				
Doss, cf	1	1	0	0	Bader, cf	1	0	3	0
Edwards, lf	0	3	0	1	Miles, ss	0	0	0	1
Kopp, ss	0	1	1	5	Sjoberg, 2b	1	1	3	1
Ingersen, 1b	0	0	9	1	Bahan, 1b	0	0	9	1
Johnston, rf	1	0	1	0	Conner, rf	0	2	2	0
Kaiser, c	0	1	9	1	Mohart, 3b	0	2	0	1
Diehl, 3b	1	0	4	1	Scofield, lf	0	0	2	0
Kissinger, 2b	0	1	3	2	Barry, c	0	0	4	5
Wrobke, p	2	0	0	2	Wrape, p	0	1	1	3
Totals	5	7	27	13	Moore, p	1	1	0	0
					Totals	3	7	24	12
Illinois						0	2	0	0
Notre Dame						0	0	1	0

Errors—Kopp, Kaiser, 2; Kissinger, Wrape. Two base hits—Edwards, Conner. Struck out—Wrobke, 8; Wrape, 4. Bases on balls—Wrobke, 3; Wrape, 2.

ILLINOIS, 9; NOTRE DAME, 5.

In the second contest Notre Dame led up to the seventh inning when two hits coupled with a costly error gave Illinois a decisive advantage. Umpire Fitzpatrick admitted that he was at fault in not watching the game closely enough, which fault indirectly gave Illinois two runs. Murray caught an Illinois runner napping some ten feet off, but the umpire was dusting the home plate and did not see the play. Even the Illinois rooters and the spectators in the stands expressed themselves dissatisfied with that "Bone."

The score:

ILLINOIS	R	H	P	A	NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A
Doss, cf	3	1	0	0	Bader, cf	1	0	2	1
Edwards, lf	1	1	0	0	Myles, ss	0	1	1	1
Kopp, ss	1	1	1	1	Sjoberg, 2b	1	2	2	1
Ingwersen, lb	1	2	11	0	Bahan, lb	0	0	7	1
Johnson, rf	0	0	1	0	Connors, rf	2	2	2	0
Wrobke, rf	1	0	0	0	Mohart, 3b	0	2	0	2
Kaiser, c	1	2	9	3	Donovan, lf	0	0	1	0
Diehl, 3b	1	0	3	1	Barry, c	1	1	9	0
Kirsinger, 2b	0	2	2	3	Murray, p	0	2	0	5
Arrasmith, p	0	0	0	4					
Totals	9	9	27	12	Totals	5	10	24	11

Illinois	2	0	1	0	0	4	1	1	*—9
Notre Dame	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—5

Errors—Kopp, Kaiser, Sjoberg, Barry. Three base hit—Monart. Home runs—Connors, Edwards. Struck out—By Arrasmith, 10; By Murray, 9. Base on balls—Off Arrasmith, 3; off Murray, 5. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

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NOTRE DAME, 13; WABASH, 0.

Wabash college was not in the same class with Notre Dame last Monday. The Little Giants were simply unable to solve Lavery's curves. After the fourth inning Jay's twisters were sent to all corners of the lot when Notre Dame opened heavy fire and scored six runs. Three more were added in the last inning. In the eighth Wabash threatened to end its row of goose eggs when they got men on second and third with only one out. Lavery braced, however, by fanning Jay and forcing Beatty to hit an easy grounder. The N. D. twirler fanned ten opponents and kept the hits he permitted well scattered.

The score:

	R	H	E
NOTRE DAME	0	0	0
WABASH	0	0	0

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NOTRE DAME, 16; PURDUE, 6.

The Gold and Blue had little difficulty in trouncing Purdue by the score of 16 to 6 last Tuesday. The Boilermakers used four pitchers and two catchers in a vain effort to stop the N. D. team, but none of the substitutes proved

effective. Wrape held Purdue hitless for six innings and after his teammates had piled up a safe score, he allowed six hits. Miles and Bahan shared honors of the bat, the short stop clearing the bases with a triple to deep centre, and in the seventh, "Fenlon" hit for a home run with two men on bases.

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Director Rockne will officiate in the big track meet on Cartier Field this afternoon, in which South Bend, Elkhart, Goshen, and the Notre Dame "Preps" will participate. The meet was originally scheduled for last Saturday, but the heavy rains made the track unfit for use.

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"Chief" Meyers will take the "Prep" baseball team to LaPorte this afternoon for the second game with LaPorte High School. Two weeks ago our "Preps" defeated the visitors here at Notre Dame by a 26-to-7 score.

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Sorin Hall opened the interhall baseball season by defeating Corby on Wednesday afternoon, 15 to 6. Lockard helped to win the game for the Sorinites, but weakened in the last part of the play. The same day Walsh Hall went to Elkhart to be defeated 4 to 3 by the Conn Manufacturing baseball team. Smith pitched for Walsh and fanned ten opponents.

### Book Review.

YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU. By the Reverend Edward F. Garesché, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price 75 cts.; by mail, 85 cts.

Father Garesché, editor of the *Queen's Work*, has produced a number of books for the purpose of helping the ordinary lay person to a higher and holier way of living. It is certain that not a few people would be still better if they only knew how. It is the author's effort to teach them how, and it is obvious to any reader of his books for lay people that he is well qualified for the task. In this latest volume, "Your Neighbor and You," he suggests many practical and easy ways in which the willing one may perfect himself in the observance of that second great commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." To many the manner of observing this precept seems very vague and for that reason difficult enough. To such the author shows in a series of familiar and interesting talks the plain and easy road to perfection in the great virtue of charity. It is true that there is a great deal of literature on this subject, and yet there is very little that deals with life as it is lived today. The matter which the writer offers and the familiar, cherry, vital, and convincing manner in which it is presented will surely make this book very helpful to any Catholic reader who is in earnest about his spiritual progress.



## Letters from Soldiers.

Camp Dodge, Iowa,  
March 30, 1919.

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

Dear Father Burke:

To-day the hands of the clocks throughout the States are set ahead one hour, and I have finally set the time for writing a few lines to old Notre Dame and more particularly to you. You will no doubt be very much surprised to receive a letter from me. I am really ashamed to think that I have been in the service of Uncle Sam more than eight months and have not written before.

After my arrival at home from the University a year ago the coming June I remained only a few weeks, and then decided that I wanted to see France, if possible. The chances seemed very good in July, for the boys were certainly getting a plenty of hard fighting and as soon as the new recruits came to the camps they were being sent across. Hence I went down and had my number moved up so that I could go with the July contingent, and on the 24th of July I arrived at Camp Dodge.

Through experience I learned that the less you seemed to know the better chances you had of being transferred to a division that was about to go across. When asked if I had had any previous military experience I of course gave old Notre Dame a world of credit for two years of cadet drilling and for it received an acting corporalship, a few days later the corporalship, and a month later the rank of a sergeant in the 163rd Depot Brigade. I was a little disappointed when another sergeant told me that I was "up against it" in regard to getting to France, as they would keep me here to assist in drilling the raw recruits; and that is just what happened.

To Notre Dame I owe my success in the army, because those two years of military training made the army life very enjoyable. I have had not a bit of the notorious K. P. duty or the like and very little drilling. Since the first week in December I have been on special duty for one of the chaplains at the K. C. hut, Father Kankowski, from Oak Park, Illinois. I have assisted him in his varied camp work and on Sundays served both of his Masses, and since the beginning of Lent I have served every morning. Thus my little experience assisting Father Hagerty and a few times the popular Rector of Sorin Hall has been a great help to me in fulfilling my religious duties and living up to the lessons taught at Notre Dame.

I played on the Camp baseball team last year and had a few good trips. I considered myself very lucky in getting on the team, as it consisted mostly of major league players. They are planning a number of teams this spring, and as there is not much chance of my being discharged, I think I shall do my best towards making one of the teams.

The K. C. secretaries here receive a copy of the SCHOLASTIC every week; I manage to get hold of it, and I assure you it is read with much interest. The names of many of the boys are familiar to me, particularly those of the SCHOLASTIC staff. I read with

interest the issue on the organization of the Irish society. If I were back there I would surely be one of its members, for we Irish here in this grand old U. S. as well as those over in dear old Ireland are deserving of the happiness we shall enjoy if Ireland gets her independence. When I read concerning Captain Campbell's heroic death I was very sorry and said to myself, "N. D. has lost a most wonderful man." I can remember how good he always was and how devoted to the Church. There have been a few Notre Dame men here since my arrival. One is a Berger boy, who attended Notre Dame in 1915. I also met a Murphy, who was in Brownson the first year I was there, and the day I got here I met a graduate of the class of 1916, but I cannot recall his name just now.

This camp is one of the leading demobilization centers and many thousands of men have passed through here on their last lap of the journey home. When we came in last July there were about sixty thousand, now there are only some six thousand. I am hoping to be discharged sometime before the next term and to resume my studies at Notre Dame.

To me this does not seem to be Lent, as we are allowed to eat meat and the entertainments go on as at any other time. I recall the Wednesday and Friday night devotions in the college chapel, and also how interesting and beneficial were the sermons we heard. Here in camp there are no devotions except on Sundays.

Give my best regards to Fathers Carrico, McElhone, Cornelius Hagerty, and any of the others with whom I was closely associated. Also remember me to Ryan and Saino, and to any of the boys who were in Sorin last year. I hope this may find you in the best of health, Father, and that I may hear from you when you have a few minutes to spare. With the best of success to you and old Notre Dame in general, I am,

Sincerely,

(Sergeant) Edward J. Lalley.

C-o K. of C. Hqs., Building 1.  
Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Neuweid, on the Rhine,  
March 25, 1919.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

Last evening I spent reading some N. D. SCHOLASTICS which Tom had sent me. After reading them, I surely was one lonesome lad. I am at present in Neuweid, on the Rhine, about fifteen kilometers north of Coblenz. I crossed the Rhine on December 10th, went north, and here I am. There were just three divisions picked to cross the Rhine, the First, the Second, and the Thirty-second, composing the Third Corps, in which my regiment is corps engineers. At present I am on special map work in the general staff office, stationed in the palace of the Prince of Weid. It is a most wonderful place. I received a letter a few days ago from DeGree, who is stationed about fifteen kilometers from me, with the 322nd Field Artillery at Wittgert, Germany. I expect to see him soon.

On November the 11th I thought that by this time I should be at home, and should have paid my visit to Notre Dame; but I guess Miss Liberty has really forgotten her boys who did the fighting and has left them here to pine away on the Rhine. The young

fellow with whom I am working is a graduate of Penn State, a very fine architect, and as pleasant a fellow as you would want to meet. His home is in Kansas City. I have not been so fortunate as to meet any of our Notre Dame priests on this side of the Atlantic, as I had hoped I should. I knew though that Notre Dame was well represented in the struggle for liberty, as she is in everything else that is righteous. I have seen the beautiful cathedrals in Bonn, Coblenz, and Cologne, and also the wonderful university in Bonn. I always travel with my "bunkie"; he, being an architect, can make the trips more interesting.

Father, I am sending you some German shells. The larger is a one-pounder, used mostly for short range and direct hitting; the others are German anti-aircraft machine bullets. The Allies had nothing like these. I have taken them down—all powder and caps are out of them, and so they are absolutely harmless.

Well, dear Father, my time is up; I must go to that favorite pastime of a soldier, eating chow. Hoping I may see you and dear old Notre Dame once again in the near future, I remain as ever,

Faithfully yours,

Pvt. Bob Ovington.

Hdqrs. Det. 308th Engineers,

American E. F., Germany, A. P. O. 754.

### Safety Valve.

#### LOVE.

"I love your cheeks," the maiden said,

"And your bright beaming eyes";

The bashful student hung his head

And sobbed, "I love your pies."

"You are more dear to me," quoth she,

"Than sky and field and lake,"

"I love most tenderly," said he,

The many things you bake."

"If you should die," she said, "someone

My tombstone too must carve,"

"And if," said he, "your day were done

I know that I should starve."

"I love you just for love," she said,

"My heart enraptured feels."

The student did not lift his head

But moaned "I love your meals."

\*\*\*

It was very late at night—almost nine o'clock—darkness had tripped and fallen over the city and there was not a sound save that caused by Fannie as she sat in the park eating grape fruit. It was the first grape fruit she had ever driven a spoon into and it responded to her touch like a geyser, shooting into her eye. "Horrors," she sighed, "I am ruined," as she bailed a peck of juice from the pupil of her eye. Then she took out her juice harp and began to play. A nearby owl turned over on its back and 'owled. It was the funniest music he had ever heard. She shot the grape fruit at him. It was grape shot and it penetrated his soul even deeper than her music. He rolled over on his side and died of loneliness. Just then she discovered she had lost her pocketbook. She climbed a tree and looked into her handbag but she

found only a few cloves and a powder puff. Putting her hand into her pocket she discovered a book, "Ah!" she said, "it must be my pocketbook." She drew it forth only to find it was *Paradise Lost*. And she had lost her pocketbook also which made things twice as bad. As she climbed down out of the tree and started across the park she met a man.

"I love you," said the man.

"I know you do," she replied, "but what do you want?"

"I want your hand in marriage," he sighed.

"My hand is in my muff," she said, "and its looking for my pocketbook."

"But can't you unmuff it and place it in my hand?" he moaned.

"That would be handsome, wouldn't it?" she grinned.

She gave a sharp whistle and almost immediately an echo came racing through the park and struck the man full in the ear knocking him unconscious.

She flitted on in her little flitter. It was flitting that she should, for the moon like some terrible epidemic was breaking out of the clouds.

\*\*\*

#### NEARLY A QUEEN.

She was not a stunning beauty with a Venus—Milo face.

She had not the poise and carriage of a queen,

Other girls may have surpassed her in the manner of their dress

Brighter maidens every one of us has seen;

But she had a way about her that took root and grew on you

She was brimming o'er with joy and free from care,

And she wore an ice cream sandwich for a neat corsage boquet

And a little apple dumpling in her hair.

You could dance with her for hours, she would never hesitate,

You could listen to her sing the whole day long,

All the sweetness that was crowded in her own dear little self

Seemed to bubble up and flow into her song,

And her skin was just as whitish as a new born flake of snow

And the little dress she wore was always speckless,

But she always stuck her gum upon the apex of her nose

And she wore a piece of bacon for a necklace.

\*\*\*

#### JUMPED HIS CONTRACT?

1ST STUDENT:—Did you hear Orlando pulled out of the League?

2ND STUDENT:—No. What club did he play with?

\*\*\*

#### AND WAS I CURED?

I had a spell of illness once, was told to take a rest

To get a mustard plaster and to paste it on my chest,

I got the plaster ready just before I went to bunk

But never having owned a chest I stuck it on my trunk

\*\*\*

Some students, like the early birds, get worms.

\*\*\*

We know some students who should be given the Croix de Gorilla for extinguished service.