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## The Wounded Bird.

BY J. C. A.

ALL the day long the Lord has lain  
Within my very breast;  
Yet welcomings I could not feign,  
For this too patient Guest.

And notes of praise I should have strung  
Are shut in me, unheard.  
Yet I know some way my heart has sung,  
Like a wounded bird.

## The Dream of the Gael.\*

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

IRELAND was always a land dear to my heart. From the days when at my mother's knee I listened with tears in my eyes to that Irishwoman's poem, Caroline Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine," which my mother learned in the national schools of Ireland, until to-day when my heart has been fired anew at the story of the latest martyrs to carry Christ's Cross for Ireland, that little island has always called to me. When in the story of the poem "the dying soldier faltered—"I never more shall see my own, my native land," my mother's voice would falter, too. When the soldier wished his sword hung "on the cottage wall at Bingen, where the bright light used to shine," it was the shining of an Irish sun upon an Irish cottage wall that my mother dreamed about. And when he "saw the blue Rhine sweep along, and heard or seemed to hear the German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear, as down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill, the echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still," it was the flowing Suir in Ireland my mother saw, and Irish songs she heard. I drank in a love of Ireland with my mother's milk; my earliest memories are of

Irish lullabies, and dreamland oft began for me "where the river Shannon flows." My mother, symbolized Cathleen ni Hoolihan to me. Cathleen ni Hoolihan! How the poets and patriots have loved thee! What marvelous garlands have they fashioned thee of their love; how beautiful are the garments they have woven for thee of the bitter-sweet woof of pain and sacrifice! But though they have gladly given their blood in the effort, they have not been able to strike the shackles from off thy limbs—and the iron has bitten deeply into their faithful, breaking hearts.

Six or seven years ago, the Abbey Players came to Notre Dame, and played Yeats' "Cathleen ni Hoolihan." Even then that deep, symbolic story stirred me profoundly. I remember there was an old woman coming down the road,—"the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming." She entered the house where the wedding of Michael and his sweetheart was in preparation. She speaks: "It is long I am on the road since I first went wandering,—sometimes my feet are tired, and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart." A noise echoes in the distance. The poor old woman says, "I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me," and she sings—

I will go cry with the woman,  
For yellow-haired Donough is dead;  
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth  
And a white cloth for his head.

"He died for love of me," she croons on, "many a man has died for love of me." There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian who lost his life at Clontarf, by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some hundreds of years ago, and there are some will die to-morrow." Michael

\* Speech delivered at the United Irish Societies' banquet, March 17th 1919, in South Bend, Ind.

asks her, "What hopes have you to hold to?" The poor old woman answers, "The hope of getting my four beautiful fields back again; the hope of putting the stranger out of my house. I have good friends that will help me. They are gathering to help me now. I am not afraid. If they are put down today, they will get the upper hand to-morrow. I must go to meet them."

MICHAEL.—"I will go with you."

THE OLD WOMAN.—"It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help."

MICHAEL'S MOTHER.—"You did not tell us your name yet, madam."

THE POOR OLD WOMAN.—"Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some call me, Cathleen the daughter of Hoolihan."

MICHAEL'S FATHER.—"I remember I heard that name in a song."

The old woman from the door—"There have been many songs made for me; I heard one on the wind this morning."

Michael begs to be allowed to help her.

She answers—"It is a hard service they take who help me—they that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid," and she goes out singing—

They shall be remembered forever,  
They shall be alive forever,  
They shall be speaking forever,  
The people shall hear them forever.

A neighbor rushes in. "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala." Michael breaks out of the arms of his sweetheart and rushes out. The parents ask the neighbor, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" He answers, "I did not, but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The Poor Old Woman is walking to-day in Ireland, and many are the Michaels who are answering her call, and many are they who are ready to die tomorrow for Cathleen ni Hoolihan. For the bright sword of Erin's dauntless faith that has made sacred ten thousand fields through seven centuries of conflict is not weary of its relentless doing. When the "Wild Geese," no longer able to fight at home, swept off to foreign fields, it was ever and always upon the side of freedom their gleaming swords were bright, and well might they sing,—

War-battered dogs are we  
Fighters in every clime,  
Fillers of trench and grave,  
Mockers, bemocked by Time;  
War-dogs, hungry and grey,

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

Can I paint those things which swell your hearts, which fire your memories, and dim your eyes? When we think of the Isle of Saints and Scholars, and our thoughts go back to the thatched roofs of the little cottages where our forbears lived and died, then the mournful picture rises of the empty homes on the green and golden plains of Ireland, a great gulp rises in the throat to choke and check the utterance.

Ireland has been the Land of Sorrows. Oh, how many are the mothers who quavered the last choking "God be with you" to the departing sons and daughters, who watched their children through a mist of tears, passing beyond their ken, perhaps forever. And the wakes of the parents, who died without kin, with none of their children to mourn them to the grave.

It is a picture which we Americans, with God's help, will remove forever. For the Ireland of the poet's dream and the patriot's sacrifice, for the poor old woman dreaming of her four fields, and suffering the stranger in her house, will your hearts not quicken? Only the wastes of the Atlantic toss between the statue of Liberty and Cathleen ni Hoolihan in chains. It is the duty and work of the Irish societies in America to awaken this nation to sympathy for Ireland. By means of the press, by means of literature, by means of speeches, by means of personal influence, we must fire the imagination and arouse the enthusiasm of America for Ireland's fight for freedom.

If all the "sea-divided Gael" unite, on the forge of that vast co-operation will be fashioned the tools which will strike the shackles from off the limbs of Cathleen ni Hoolihan. From the flame of that forge of union will arise a new land and a free people. O free Americans, let us pledge to the land of our ancestors, that we shall not rest—

Till we have set, O Mother dear of Mothers,  
A nation's crown upon thy dear, dark head.

### A Soldier now of God.

Knighted in the Court of Light,  
Clad in peace of fleckless white,  
You who westward swiftly flew  
When Death's bugle grimly blew,  
You who heard the clear command  
Come from the Eternal Land  
Now march under holy skies  
In the peace of paradise. LEO L. WARD, '20.

## Good-Will Stuff.

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

"Pardon the intrusion, neighbor, but I' been reading that good-will banner strung out there above the street, and say,—"

Dreams of home and far-away New England vanished. I gathered my thoughts, looked up, and met the closely fixed eyes of a slouchily-dressed, middle-aged stranger. He continued:

"Do you know, neighbor, that's a mighty fine idea, that good-will stuff? It's set me a thinkin'."

He looked at me more intently. I judged he was trying to fathom my thoughts. I was glad to think that he was not succeeding, for his appearance had not favorably impressed me. I looked at him again. His beard was unkempt, his slouch hat was far from new, and his long gray overcoat, a hand-me-down affair, hung almost to his ankles, barely showing his khaki trousers which fell floppily over his mud-spattered shoes. Men of his type are frequently seen about the waiting station at Washington and Michigan Streets, where I encountered him.

"Yes, my boy," he said, "that there sign has set me thinkin'. It makes me believe we human beings ought to keep each other in good spirits and be friendly, and all that sort of thing, don't you think? Well, I saw you sitting over here day-dreaming, and I says to myself, 'there's a young feller over there and he looks like a mighty fine young feller; I guess I'll go over and give him some kind words for a good starter.'"

I listened to his "line" and smiled. "Some bunk," I thought; "wonder what he's driving at."

"Waiting for a car be you? Y'are? Well listen to me. I'm not going to give you a hard-luck story or anything like that. Just listen and I'll tell you how I used to practice this good-will stuff long years ago and I never had a press agent publish all my good works either. I come from a family of blue-bloods, I do. My folks used to be well-to-do down in Tennessee twenty-five years or so back. I was sort of a restless chap though, and I'd never go to school. I r'iled the old folks so much that I finally reckoned as how the best thing for me to do would be to leave home. I did, neighbor; I ran off and joined the army."

That Hill Street car was no where in sight.

"Yes," he continued, "I guess I broke the

old folks' hearts, but I was stubborn. I got a good dose of army life—that was long before this here war of course—but I was too proud to write home and tell the folks I got more than I bargained for in the army. I stuck it out and pretty soon I was sent out with a company to quiet down some devilish Injuns out in Oklahoma. That's mighty exciting work, putting the lid on them fiendish redmen once they get off their reservation and go on the war path. Somebody gave them lots o' fire water and they done kept getting drunker, and meaner and meaner every day.

"One day the fellers in our company got together and swore they'd put an end to the mad marauding, and we did. We cleaned 'em out in an afternoon. We done peppered 'em with lead. I think we killed twenty and the other hundred reckoned they hadn't a fighting chance. Right away they promised us they would be good hombres. We gave 'em a chance to settle down and they did.

"But the sad part in the shooting-up was when we killed one Injun who was married and had a wife and six kiddies. It was a pity to see that woman and them kiddies cry over the 'dad.' They was a peaceful family until the big chief got on a spree and into the fight that finished him. His widdy had him buried, but I saw there was pretty tough sledding ahead o' her; so I thought and thought and wondered how I could help her out.

"This is where I pulled the good-will stuff. I got my month's pay and turned it all over to her, some fourteen dollars. I'd keep the other dollar, shoot craps with it, double it, and have enough then for 'terbaccy.'

"Well, I saw she never'd get along without help all the time. So, I just kept on handin' over fourteen dollars every month as long as I stayed there and I stayed three years, and re-enlisted for three years more at the same post. Altogether I spent five years near that Injun widdy and I helped her out quite a bit. It came mighty hard on me, pardner, to part with the whole fourteen at times, but I reckoned it was for a good cause and I never balked. The oldest kid and the second oldest was able to help her out on the farm before I left the army; so I thought then I had done my share.

"I left there in 1911, I believe it was, but I've been back many times to see the widdy. And say, neighbor, she's done got along fine.

"About two years ago, I began to think she

was getting sort of sweet on me, but I reckon I got kind o' sweet on her too. But she wouldn't have me unless I promised to keep away from the fire water. Yeh, she knew my weakness. I thought I couldn't quit 'boozing'; so I left her. But I've been dropping cards to her every now and then and she writes to me. I never thought I could love an Injun woman, but the widdy's the best little woman in all the world, I know. She's forty-two and I'm forty.

"Well, anyway, a couple o' weeks ago I decided I'd take the pledge for good. No, 'twasn't because they put that there prohibition law through, but I liked the widdy. I wrote to her and told her what I was going to do. I took my last drink yesterday over in Ohio and I slept in a blind baggage for the last time last night, I hope.

"Now, neighbor, I know you know I look pretty seedy and you think I'll head for the nearest Sick Owl where there "blind pigging it" just as soon as I get a jitney, but 't ain't so."

Then it came—the inevitable "touch."

"I need a quarter badly to ride up to St. Joe where the widdy's going to meet me, going to fit me out in some respectable sort of clothes and we're going to be married. And now, in the spirit of this here good-will stuff I'm asking you for a quarter and I'll give you my word o' honor that I'll pay my fare to St. Joe with it."

"This is a new one," I thought; "when they get thirsty now they go to telling romantic tales."

However, I deemed this tale was well worth a quarter, and I gave it to him. He stretched out his hand for a shake, and though I doubted his story I shook.

"My name is Gorton," he said as I stepped aboard my street car. I saw him last speeding up North Michigan Street, hurrying, I supposed, to the nearest place where "a meal and a musty" are served on the sly for a quarter. But in the Sunday morning paper I happened upon this under the heading, "Wealthy Indian Widow Weds South Bend Man."

"St. Joseph, March 2.—George Gorton, of South Bend, and Mrs. John Tewanee, widow of a Ucataw Indian, were married here to-day. Gorton is said to have befriended his bride after her husband was killed in a reservation wrangle fifteen years ago. The couple will leave tomorrow for Oklahoma to return to the Tewanee farm where rich oil deposits have been recently discovered."

## You're not a Fan, Pierrette.

BY SERGEANT STUART H. CARROLL (OLD STUDENT).

(Reprinted from *Yanks: A Book of A. E. F. Verse*, first published in the *Stars and Stripes*.)

I'll take you to the Follies, dear,  
If there you think you'd like to go;  
I'll buy you beaucoup wine and beer  
Down at the gay Casino show;  
In short, I'll do whatever task  
Your little heart desires to name,  
Save one: You must not ever ask  
To see another baseball game.

Your understanding is immense  
At "compreying" the jokes they spring  
In vaudeville—and you're not dense,  
Because you like to hear me sing.  
But, cherie, you will never be  
The one to set my heart aflame,  
Because you simply can not see  
The inside of a baseball game.

When you and I were watching while  
The Doughboys battled the Marines,  
Did classy hitting make you smile?  
Did you rejoice in home-run scenes?  
Ah, no; when Meyer slammed the pill—  
They couldn't find it for a week—  
You turned to me and said, "Oh, Bill,  
I sink hees uniform ees chique."

And did you holler "Atta Boy!"  
When Powell zipped 'em, one, two, three,  
And made the Doughboys dance with joy—  
Was yours the voice that rose in glee?  
Not so; you made your escort feel  
Like one big, foolish, roasted goose,  
When all the bleachers heard you squeal,  
"But, Bill, hees nose ees so retrousse."

So when you don your new chapeau  
Hereafter for a promenade,  
Remember that no more we'll go  
To sit beneath the grandstand shade;  
Your curtain calls are surely great  
Where Thespians tread the boards of fame—  
But, Gosh! you can't appreciate  
A good old Yankee baseball game.

## The Manchester Martyrs.

BY JOHN J. BUCKLEY, '20.

Ireland, like every other nation, has her history. She has a history such as no other nation can boast. Its pages are rich with examples of the heroism of her persecuted sons and daughters. Their names are inscribed on every page. Many have made the supreme sacrifice in her honor. Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Fitzgerald, the Sheares, Luby, MacManus, Pierce, and others have been sacrificed that the world might know of her resistance to English oppression and the principles for which England stands. Beautiful as is her history, teeming as it does with deeds of love and valor, there is no brighter page than that which records the name of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. These were men whom any country might well be proud to number among its heroes. Their names are engraved on every Irish heart and their memory is revered wherever the foot of the Celt has trod.

In 1867, there occurred an event which shook the British Empire to its foundations. In one of the principal cities of England, the power of the Empire was defied and resisted by the friends of Ireland. A prison coach was halted and Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey, leaders of the Fenians, were liberated just as the British jail was opening to receive them. In the midst of the delivery, one Sergeant Britt, an English police officer, was killed.

No sooner had the news of this act reached the people than there arose a cry for vengeance. The people demanded that the stain be obliterated by blood. Poses were organized and the country was searched for Irish. It mattered not to the people who the Irish were. They were not concerned about apprehending the men guilty of the crime; all they desired was the capture and punishment of the Irish. Every Irishman that could be found was dragged before a summary court, thrown into prison, and bound in chains. Every principle of English law was violated; all precedents were disregarded. The Irish had committed a crime and the Irish must suffer for it. The prisoners were denied the right to consult with their attorneys before being taken into court. It was the first time that men were compelled to stand trial in chains before an English tribunal.

Their counsel objected; he beseeched the judges in the name of the English Law; he appealed to their sportsmanship; he protested on the grounds of precedent; he begged them in the name of outraged justice and the civilized world to strike the irons from the limbs of the men while they were on trial. His efforts were all in vain. The court stated that the police believed such a measure necessary in order to prevent the Irish from escaping. That excuse might have satisfied the conscience of the judges, but they were Englishmen and the consciences of the English are never troublesome when they are dealing with Irishmen. The real motive was the desire on the part of the English to inflict on the unfortunate Celts all the disgrace, distress, and torture possible. They panted for vengeance. They sought to break the spirit of the Irish. Nothing could please them more than to see an Irishman cringe before an English tribunal. In all of their tortures, they overlooked the fact that an Irishman will always suffer for Ireland with heroic stoicism.

The result of the trial was the conviction and sentence of five men under a blanket verdict. The men found guilty were Allen, Larkin, O'Brien and Maguire. The last of these, a British marine, was entirely innocent of any connection with the deed for which he had been convicted. He had not been in the party who had freed Kelly and Deasey. Yet, he had heard witness after witness enter the court and swear that he was one of the leaders.

No sooner had the sentence been passed than the people began to understand what a farce the trial had been. The reporters for the British press appealed to the Crown for Maguire's pardon. In their memorial to the Home Secretary, they stated that it could easily be seen that Maguire had had no part in the crime for which he had been condemned to die. From this it was plain that the blunders of the court and jury must have been so glaring and painfully notorious that any sensible man could see that justice was the farthest thing from the minds of the men who had passed sentence. The result of the appeal was a pardon for Maguire.

From a legal standpoint the pardon of Maguire broke the effectiveness of the whole sentence. The five had been convicted and sentenced for the same crime and on the same evidence. After the pardon of Maguire a new trial should

have been given to the others. The British Government, however, was afraid to adopt such a course. The men had been convicted when the passions of the people had been aroused to the highest pitch. A new trial might result in an acquittal or a lighter sentence. It would never do to create such a precedent in favor of the Irish. They must suffer for their disregard of English law, power, and dignity. Maguire might go free, but the others must suffer.

Before the sentence could be carried out, another incident occurred which further weakened the case for the state. Condon, alias Shore, the American citizen, was liberated. Condon had acknowledged his guilt. He had stated that he was a member of the party that had freed Kelly. He threw the evidence into the face of the Court and laughed at the panic it created. Why, then, the pardon for Condon? The reason is clear. He was an American citizen, and he was pardoned because the British feared to hang an American on such a vitiated verdict. England feared to incur the wrath of the United States. Condon had a country strong enough to avenge him. He had a country that would resent the insult offered, and it would hurl that insult back into the face of the English nation. It was dangerous to murder an American and the British knew this.

What was to be done? Would British vengeance be thwarted? Must a new trial be given the remaining three? To the English mind it was not necessary. They were Irish. Britain controlled and dominated Ireland. The country of the unfortunate men could not protest in the same manner that America could. Therefore, let the three Irishmen be sacrificed to appease the demand for vengeance. If the men were innocent, the conviction would do more to put into the Irish the fear of British power than the execution of a dozen men on a just sentence. Let the verdict stand.

In spite of the opinion of the world, in spite of the frantic appeals for justice, in spite of the vitiated verdict, the sentence was executed on November 23, 1867. The people of England made the event an occasion for celebration and rejoicing. All night long they stood before the jail and hurled vile epithets, oaths, and imprecations at the prisoners. Like wolves that wait to have their craving for blood satisfied stood the English. Like wolves they fought and struggled for advantageous positions from which to view the horrible spectacle. They forgot

that they were human, and each strove to be more beastly than the other. With insatiable gaze they watched for the approach of the victims. A shout of hate went up when the unfortunate men, blindfolded and bound, appeared on the platform. For a minute all was silent, save the murmured "Christ have mercy on us" that fell from the lips of the doomed patriots. The rope was adjusted, the trap sprung, and the souls of three brave, patriotic Catholic men, went to the throne of the great Judge in the cause of Ireland,—a cause for which they had suffered and for which they had given that "last full measure of devotion."

In Ireland, the shock of the execution was too great to be described. The people had hoped until the last. They believed that not even the British government would dare commit so flagrant an outrage upon justice. The island was stunned by the news. No matter what the Irish felt, they maintained order. They fomented no uprisings against the British. They displayed, however, their sentiment toward the deed by one of the most impressive displays of passive disapproval that the world has ever seen.

On December eighth they turned out sixty-five thousand strong to march in funeral procession in honor of the dead heroes. The day was wet. Rain fell all night and all day. Yet the ardor of the Irish was not quenched. Ankle deep in mud, men, women, and children, marched behind the empty hearses. The martyrs had been interred in the trench of the prison and covered with quick lime. This made the funeral sadder and more solemn than it otherwise could have been. With muffled drums and with the bands playing the "Funeral March from Saul," the countrymen of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien marched in deep and reverential silence. It was a protest such as the world had never seen and the like of which it has not seen since. It was a spectacle that should have moved even the hearts of Englishmen.

So closed the saddest and, yet, the brightest page in the history of Ireland—sad because of the unjust trial of the martyrs, and illegal execution, but bright because of the protest that Ireland had made against the rule of the British, bright because it proved to Ireland that her sons had not forgotten the plight in which she stood nor the conditions under which she labored.



## Varsity Verse.

## AN ANCIENT POPULAR SONG.

(First heard in the Babylonian Terrace Gardens, B. C. 1000, where Aba Bula, the Babylonian Al. Johnson, "shimmered" nightly for a solid year in his scenic spectacle "Naughty Nebuchadnezzar." The movements of this ancient piece are somewhat like those of the Pyramid Prance, — and the tune faintly resembles our own "You'll have to put him to sleep with a Marseillaise," etc.; Note well that the version has been modernized.)

Geel! have you ever stopped to contemplate,  
Geel! have you ever stopped to ruminate,  
What folks would have thought of Cicero,  
If he'd known how to do the tickle-toe.  
Yea! He'd have taught the ancients how to dance,  
Bo! he'd have learned them all to kick and prance;  
Folks would have gone round jazzin' all day,  
The brass bands blarin' away.

## CHORUS I.

The piccolo was played by Queen Dido,  
And sure Plato—  
He strummed the old banjo;  
The moanin' saxophone was blown by Zenophon—  
They all went Oom Pa, Oom Pa, Oom Pa, Oom Pa,  
La-La-La.

The isles of Greece with harmony did shake—  
For jazzin' they did take the cake.  
Although it's new, it is surely true,  
That every ancient knew just how to shake a shoe.  
And Alexander had his ragtime band  
And Homer loved to syncopate.

## CHORUS II.

Old Polyceute, she sure could toot the flute,  
And make the kettle-drum  
Go rum-tum-tum,—  
That woman Xantippe, played her ukelele,  
And drove her husband wild—each night and day.  
The Parthenon had its own trombone  
That made the dancers howl and moan.  
Although it's new, it is surely true  
That every Roman knew just how to shimmy, too.  
And Africanus had his rag-time fits,  
And Remus liked to "walk the dog."

CORNELIUS SPEARS.

## AFTER JULY FIRST.

Bumble rode astride a bee  
Across the Adriatic sea;  
Then he drank the five Great Lakes;  
—Course he had the water snakes!

C. H. W.

## ASPIRATION TO NIGHT.

'Tis Night who breeds the thoughts which light the day,  
And brings each dawning's vessel to the evening quay.  
'Tis Night who steals all weariness away,  
And makes a gift of deep serenity.  
'Tis creeping shadows of the day's eclipse  
That press the dream-cup to the traveller's lips.

Ah! Night, sweet Night, and Sleep—sweet sleeping  
That compensates each toiling work-a-day,  
And moulds this life into a pleasant roundelay  
That's precious with the diamonds of our weeping.

FRANK B. SUMMERVILLE (English D).

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## FOOLISH FREDDIE.

(A Tragedy in One Stanza.)

Foolish Freddy Fumingstacke,  
Rested on a railroad track;  
A locomotive happened by—  
Now Freddy's 'way up in the sky.

C. H. W.

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## LITTLE PETER.

(Another One).

Little Peter Paresofpance,  
Went to see the elephants;  
Their trunks with peanuts he did prod—  
Now Peter's sunk beneath the sod!

H. W. C.

There was a freak damsel named Sue,  
Who should have been put in a zue,  
For she painted her face,  
And made a grimace,  
Then into a Fury she flue.

W. H. C.

\*\*

There was an old woman called Mamie,  
Who queried: "Why thus do ye blame me;  
Can ye chide me a bit,  
For throwing a fit,  
When I think about those who did name me?"

C. W. H.

## NOT VERY.

"Now Johnny dear," the mother said,  
"Have you been bad to-day?"  
"Ah no! Just comfortable, Ma,"  
I heard dear Johnny say.

## Holy Thursday.

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

The candles flickered and sputtered like restless children. Silently, the Blessed Virgin adored the Child (for even though He was grown to manhood, He was still her Child) wrapped in swaddling clothes. The parishioners could feel her anxious eyes fall on them occasionally. "Can it be possible," they heard her say, "that you, who now adore Him will really lead Him on the morrow to Calvary?" No one answered her. She shook her head sorrowfully. The stable was as quiet as it had been on that first Christmas night. But there was more light tonight—and more warmth. And the odor of hay had given way to that of roses. Ah, yes, roses for her Son! And how still everything seemed! Occasionally, a rose got in the way of a candle and sputtered as it yielded its glossy red to burnt-brown. A rosary dropped from the hands of a sleepy child. Mary turned to watch him. She had been thinking of her own Boy, how she and Joseph had found him discoursing with the doctors in the Temple. How He had grown up! What deep echoes did His voice make in her heart now as He told His disciples what He was going to give them. The Virgin watched the stream of angels as they came and knelt at His feet, their white wings fanning the candle light. What sweet voices they had, those angels! And what divine music in His Child voice. The Mother grasped her heart as she remembered the plaintive treble with which He had spoken at Nazareth.

And the parishioners—there was no doubt that they loved Him. It was now long past midnight, and the little chapel was yet filled with fervent souls. They were the same ones who had welcomed Jesus amid shouts of joy on the previous Sabbath, who had carried palms before Him, crying "Hosanna, Hosanna!" They would never desert Him, never! Even now, they stood in the street below the upper chamber, where Christ was gathered with His Disciples. They were exhausted, too. One weary little woman, rose from her place, made her genuflection, and went out, closing the door softly behind her. She had already waited too long. God knows that she loved Him!

Then, an angel brought bread and wine and laid them before the Master. And St. John came to Jesus, saying "Lord, I love Thee!"

And Jesus drew John's head to His breast and kissed Him. John was young and beautiful. He knelt reverently before the altar for a moment, and then climbed the steps and began to change some of the candles which were nearly burned out. He was indeed radiantly beautiful. The Virgin watched him in wonder. What angel had woven his delicate surplice, and made his glossy cassock? When he moved in front of the altar, he rested both hands on the Holy Table and bowed down, and as he did so, the Master reached forth his hands and embraced him.

Then for a long while, the Christ said nothing. Mary watched him tenderly while He was absorbed in thought. All about Him were His disciples, waiting for Him to speak. Again, the rosary dropped from the sleepy one's hands. And then, softly, Christ began, "Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me!" John came back to the centre of the altar and kneeling said, "Lord, is it I?"

An old parishioner, his hair white and his face deeply wrinkled, stood up to slip on his overcoat. The perfume of the flowers filled the upper chamber where Christ sat. The March wind rattled the windows and whistled sharply, but above the distraction could be heard the wail of the Master, "Yea, yea, one of you, one of my chosen ones, shall sell me!" A long-drawn sign came from the white-haired old man as he sank back in his pew. He kept his eyes steadily fastened on the Master and saw Him raise His eyes to heaven. The candles fluttered nervously. The old man went on his knees again. From the altar came softly, "This is My Body; This is My Blood!" The old man bent reverently forward. Then the chapel swelled and surged with the mellow tones of angels—soft, quivering notes, like silver and crystal bells, floating about the frescoed walls and dropping with a harmonious crash at the feet of Christ. The old man pulled out his handkerchief. The young boy who knelt next to him, sniffled. The angels' music died away.

The door of the sacristy opened. The priest came in, took off his biretta, and made a genuflection to the Blessed Lord. Christ rose from His seat at the Table. His disciples rose with Him. Through the windows could be seen the first rays of the Good Friday sun. The old man looked around for his hat, and then slipped quietly out of the pew and left the chapel. Several followed him. The priest slipped on a



surplice which was lying on a priedieu. Over this, he placed a stole and then the veil. St. John rose from his place beside the altar, and, candle in hand, ascended the steps with the priest to where Christ stood. Both bowed down before Him. Mary watched them, as the priest placed the veil around her Son. She followed them as they passed out the door into the dingy Jerusalem streets, gray with the morning sun. With His apostles, He crossed the Cedron and entered the olive grove of Gethsemane, just as He had nineteen hundred years ago. Only St. John remained in the upper chamber. He suppressed a yawn as he climbed the altar steps to extinguish the candles.

### Americans on Ireland.

Ireland—may she soon burst her fetters, and take her rank among the free republics of the Earth!—*Thomas Jefferson*.

An American by birth, I love liberty; an Irishman by descent, I hate oppression; and if I were in Ireland, I should be a Fenian.

—*General Sheridan*.

With such relations as your own history records, can you, will you, dare you, Americans, be silent and withhold your voice from a general acclaim which should thunder in this land in a prayer for Ireland's deliverance.—*George W. Parke Curtis (Washington's adopted son)*.

This is a government of the people; and any people who, are striving by every effort and every sacrifice, to enlarge their liberties shall always command the earnest and enthusiastic sympathy of the United States.—*Daniel Webster*.

The power of the community must support law or the law must be without effect. The bayonets of a minority can not long successfully seek out the persistent disobedience of the majority. . . . This principle is strikingly illustrated in the inefficacy of the English repressive laws in Ireland. The consent of the Irish community is not behind them, though the strength of England is, and they fail utterly, as all laws must, which lack at least the passive acquiescence of those whom they concern.

—*Woodrow Wilson*.

There was this one sovereignty which they [the Irish] never relinquished—the sovereignty of conscience and the privilege of self-respect. Their soul has never been conquered; and if it was said in Pagan times that the noblest spec-

tacle which this earth could present to the eye of the immortal gods was that of a virtuous man bravely struggling with adversity, what might not be said of a nation of such men who have so struggled through entire centuries?

—*Archbishop Hughes*.

There is liberty in the air. The nations of the earth are clamoring for liberty. And why should not freedom-loving Ireland join in the general cry? Yes, Ireland wants freedom to breathe the air of heaven. She wants freedom to stretch her brawny and sinewy arms. She wants freedom to develop her resources. She wants freedom to develop the riches of her soul. She wants freedom to carry out her own destiny.

—*Cardinal Gibbons*.

The resources of our enemies are almost annihilated in Germany; and their last resort is the Roman Catholics in Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to do, every man of a regiment raised there last year (i. e., before the commencement of the war against America) having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound. And most certainly they will desert more than any other troops whatever.—*Letter to George Washington from Commissioner Arthur Lee, Berlin, June 15, 1777*.

Is it strange that when Poland and Serbia and the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Ukrainians are clamoring for national rights and national recognition, that Ireland, for full seven centuries dominated by a foreign rule acquired only by force and even to-day exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasure stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty?—*Cardinal O'Connell*.

We are desirous of the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing you with the true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision. Your Parliament has done us no wrong. You had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind; and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and of America.—*Address of the American Congress, July 28, 1775, to the Irish people*.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## Board of Editors.

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While this country is considering the question of the league of nations, why does it continue its prodigious program of military expenditures?

We are told that the **Government Waste.** league will provide for disarmament, that it will

furnish adequate protection for all members, and yet President Wilson, after telling us how secure we shall be in the league, faces about and recommends an appropriation of seven hundred and twenty million dollars for a stronger navy. Clearly these expenditures are likely to prove but a sheer waste of means if we join the league. At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station buildings are being erected and the whole camp enlarged whilst at the same time men are being discharged at such a rapid rate that now only only one-tenth of the war-time population of this station remains. The Navy does not intend to enlarge its number of men, but on the contrary to relieve those who have been on duty during the war. The Great Lakes Station was large enough to accommodate the great number in training during the war and surely it is large enough for peace times. At present England and the United States are racing with war-time frenzy in an effort to outstrip each other in the matter of military strength. If either of these nations is seriously considering the protective league, why does it resort to these tactics? As the final draft of the league of

nations stands, the international board will ask of each nation a contribution to the armed forces of the league, which contribution is to be relative to the present strength of the country. If a nation's armament is to be restricted by the league, how are we to derive any benefit from increasing our Navy now? In any light in which we view the recent huge appropriations, we can recognize in it only a great waste of money.

—D. J. P.

## Presentation of the Laetare Medal.

Before a gathering of church dignitaries and prominent Catholic laymen Reverend Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, formally presented the Laetare Medal, awarded last Laetare Sunday to George Logan Duval, in the drawing-room of the archiepiscopal residence of Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, at Fiftieth Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, Saturday afternoon of May 5th. Most Reverend John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was present at the function and honored the medalist by pinning the award to his coat lapel. "With the arrival of the guests in the drawing room," says the *New York Times* in its account of the occasion, "Mr Duval was escorted in by Dr. Francis J. Quinlan and Bourke Cochran, Laetare medalists of other years. He was greeted by Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes and presented by him to the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame."

Father Cavanaugh read on the part of the University the following address of presentation:

Sir: Six and thirty years have passed since the Laetare Medal was founded to commemorate excellence in any field of lofty human endeavor and to honor distinguished service to arts, letters, science, patriotism, civilization, or religion. In the long cycle that has since passed, this cherished token, the highest honor within the gift of the University, has been bestowed upon illustrious men and women who in turn have added glory and lustre to the Laetare Medal itself.

But the University had in mind another object when it created this badge of special merit. Itself dedicated to the training of American manhood, the University felt that it is not sufficient to teach abstract lessons of virtue and excellence to growing youth; it is no less important to single out great examples of the virtue those lessons inculcate. Hence great types of the soldier, the jurist, the artist, the author, the physician, the journalist, the patriot, the spiritual leader, have been publicly set up for emulation. In

each case the note of timeliness was added to the lesson according to the circumstances of the period.

More than once the Laetare Medal has been conferred upon noble and generous men and women who, endowed with worldly riches, have recognized that they were the providential dispensers of wealth for the strengthening and development of religious education and charitable works. This year the University turns to you, Sir, as another model son of Holy Church who has felt the responsibilities of wealth and his own stewardship over the worldly goods entrusted to him by God. Never before in our modern times has there been such general recognition of the power of wealth when wisely employed to promote and foster learning and goodness, but it may fairly be questioned whether Catholic men and women of great wealth have recognized and fully responded to this duty and this opportunity.

Because, out of comparatively modest wealth, you have set an example of distinguished generosity and devotedness to Catholic works of zeal and charity, because you have been in an unusual sense not only a toiler in the world, but a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, because you have consecrated so large a part of your earthly possessions to the encouragement and assistance of religious men and women, themselves dedicating their whole lives to the cause of God; and, especially, because in pursuit of this high religious purpose you have kept specially in mind the glory and the beauty of the Immaculate Mother of God, therefore, the University of Notre Dame, dedicated to the love and honor and service of Mary Immaculate, selects you as the Laetare Medalist for the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred Nineteen, and prays that you may have length of days, the never-failing blessing of God, and the increasing favor of our Immaculate Lady, the Mother of Fair Love and of Holy Hope.

In accepting the medal from the University the recipient said:

On occasions such as this, when the devil's advocate is silent, benevolence is apt to forget that the injunction *nil nisi bonum* belongs to the dead alone. Happy, however, is he who lives to listen to the kind words of friends and to receive at their hands such a notable distinction as the Laetare Medal, founded by a great institution of learning especially to stimulate faith and to quicken charity. As I recall the names of many whose associate I become, I uncover to salute them and crave their indulgence.

Catholicism and charity are inseparably connected. We of the Church recognize the universal character of the great virtue, although it is sometimes charged that in our practical attitude we are inclined to be selfish, i. e., intent upon the succor of our own. If this is measurably true there is reason for it without prejudice to the extent and depth of our sympathy with distress wherever it exists. Our fold embraces much the larger proportion of poverty and affliction with an inverse ratio of means to relieve it, so that when we minister to the needs on our own doorstep, so to speak, our resources are severely taxed. There is another and more important reason in the obligation we are under to preserve the faith, an obligation of

citizenship as well as of religion. It is not to say that only Catholics are good citizens, but it does say that a Catholic cannot be a good citizen if the faith is lost, because its loss involves the loss of self-respect, embracing respect for the rights of others, which is the essence of good citizenship in obedience to the law.

At no time in the past has the Catholic Church loomed so large as a bulwark to the State as now when the hideous spectre of lawlessness stalks the earth. Her doctrine and teachings on behalf of vested rights and authority have hold not only on the minds of great intelligence within her membership but upon the hearts of the masses as well. Theirs not to reason why, but their fidelity coming down to them in an unbroken chain from the ages is ever steadfast. While we take pride in the illustrious minds that have joined us after study and research, we glory in the masses that fill our churches, yea, and support them. They represent the virtues of subordination and sacrifice, and the volume of their contributions, which do so much to bind them to the Church, each reflecting some individual sacrifice, immensely outweighs the substantial contributions from affluence seldom entailing any self-denial at all.

Emerging triumphant from a terrific war which was fought for civilization and the rights of man, where else are these principles so clearly defined as in the tenets of the Church, which, upholding on the one hand the law and the right of property, proclaiming on the other hand the equality of men in the highest sense consistent with the fullest measure of individual responsibility, accords immunity to none from the operation of its decrees and dogmas, and thus level prince and peasant before its sacred functions? In the war fought for this great cause the whole-hearted response of the Catholic element to the call of country, preponderating beyond its proportion and extending from the highest in command to the rank and file, is proof of attachment to the cause itself and effective evidence of exalted patriotism.

Among the activities of the Catholic Church in this beloved country of ours, under its beneficent laws, that which most attracts the attention and admiration of the fair-minded who differ from us, is the interest lavished on the destitute, the indigent aged, the defective, the delinquent, and last but not least, the children. Our institutions established for their care are served by a noble band of men and women who magnify the Name of the Lord, edify the beholder and stand without counterpart in the community. To contemplate their abnegation and witness their ministration is itself a liberal education in Christian charity. Yet these institutions are from time to time subjected to hostile attack, inspired, I believe, by resentment of their excellence and their pro-Catholic effect. They come forth, however, with renewed vigor, as persecution only strengthens the object of its malice. Nevertheless they need our personal as well as material support. This we owe to our appreciation of the efforts of the toilers to whom interest and sympathy from the outside world are as manna from heaven, bringing great joy and encouragement. The effect, moreover, upon those under their care is incalculable. Rescued for the most part from sordid surroundings where neither

light nor attention penetrates, they crave secular as well as religious concern in their welfare, and respond to it in a way to gladden the hearts of their friends and benefactors. There is good, my friends, under the roughest exterior, if we but find and touch it; and the love and gratitude of these helpless ones for their more fortunate brethren who display an active interest in them, if cultivated, are fountains of many virtues.

Sharing with you, my fellow Catholics, the utmost reverence for the great Church to which we belong, with the fullest measure of loyalty to those appointed to preside over it and to direct us, I humbly accept this token of its recognition as a tribute to good will rather than to performance, for, candidly, I am unable to see any great merit in the mere bestowal of money when it entails no substantial sacrifice. I accept it as a stimulus to that good will, in the hope that as time progresses ability will join hands with disposition; and I thank you, my friends, for the honor you have done me in coming here to-day to witness the bestowal of the much-valued medal.

Mr. Duval is a member of the firm of Wessel, Duval, and Company, of New York City, export commission merchants, owning the West Coast line of freight steamers, with branch houses in San Francisco, Valparaiso, Concepcion, and Talcahuano, Chile. He is regarded as one of the most prominent figures in export trade circles and an authority in the business world.

Commenting upon this year's award of the Laetare Medal the *Ave Maria* said recently:

"The many friends and admirers of Mr. George L. Duval, of New York City, have been gratified by the bestowal upon him of the Laetare Medal,—'The Golden Rose of the New World'—by the University of Notre Dame. Eminently deserving as were all the recipients of this distinction, it has never been more fittingly bestowed than in this case. Apart from sterling personal worth,—nobility of character, blameless life, ardent though modest devotion to the cause of our holy religion,—Mr. Duval is distinguished for princely benevolence, always exercising it where the need seemed most urgent and the likelihood of publicity most remote. And—not less beautiful—his benefactions have invariably been in honor of the Blessed Virgin to whom he is singularly devoted, and of whom he has proved himself a true knight. At White Plains, N. Y., there is a home for crippled children, under the care of the Sisters of St. Francis where daily prayers ascend for its beloved founder and generous friend. In the petition that a life so beneficent and exemplary as that of Mr. Duval may long be preserved his coreligionists everywhere will heartily join."—C. A. G.

## Obituaries.

### BROTHER JOHN CHRYSOSTUM, C. S. C.

There passed away at Notre Dame on Friday, May the 6th, at the age of eighty, Brother John Chrysostum, former assistant master of novices in St. Joseph's Novitiate and for many years commander of the Notre Dame Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. As a young man the deceased did valiant service throughout the Civil War, at Gettysburg and on many other fields, in behalf of the Union. At the end of the war he joined the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame and since that time has been intimately associated with the furtherance of the work of the community. By the many priests and brothers who as novices under his direction knew him intimately he will be long remembered as an example of genuine spirituality and fervent loyalty to the interests of his congregation. Great must be the merit of the long life devoted so whole-heartedly to the service of God and country. *R. I. P.*

\* \* \*

### MR. EDMUND J. BURKE.

All at Notre Dame were grieved last week by the news of the death of Mr. Edmund J. Burke, father of Fathers Eugene and Thomas Burke, of the University faculty. Born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1833, Mr. Burke came to Chicago at the age of sixteen, and there for three-quarters of a century lived that beautiful Catholic life which edified and charmed everyone who came in contact with him. He was an Irish gentleman of the old stock, the picturesque type of Irish Catholic that makes his religion the vitalizing principle of his life, the kind of man whose faith is his very life, the ideal layman whose God is always first in mind and heart.

Mr. Burke was especially devoted to the Holy Souls and each morning went patiently through a high stack of in-memoriam cards, praying for deceased friends. During the Portiuncula time he would spend hour after hour in his parish church. His presence at funerals, at which he invariably led in the recitation of the rosary, was proverbial. A great lover of sermons, one of his chief delights all through life was to attend missions in the city, and he loved to tell of the noted preachers he had heard in his younger days. As a raconteur he was gifted and few men could tell a story with more effect. Those who knew him well say that to clasp his hand and to

see him smile was an inspiration to goodness. He was indeed a most interesting and amiable character. His refinement of spirit, graciousness of manner, largeness of heart, combined with a nimble wit and a characteristic speech, made for him a friend every time he made an acquaintance. If success is measured, as it should be, by devotion to high ideals, by fidelity to faith, by persevering loyalty to God and fellowman, then the death of him whose death has brought sadness to so many, was surely most successful.

His death was indeed a fitting climax to his exemplary life of eighty-six years. The deceased was buried, from St. Columbkille's Church, in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago. The funeral sermon was preached by Father Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame University. To the four sons, to the bereaved daughter, and to all those whose life has been sorrowed by his going, Notre Dame tenders heartfelt sympathy and the promise of many prayers for his eternal rest.

### The Commencement Program.

Notre Dame will celebrate her seventy-fifth commencement on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of June. Her alumni were prevented by the war from attending last year's celebration, but this year there will no doubt be a large re-union of the old students. The University invites all her soldier alumni to come and enjoy with her the Victory commencement of 1919. The following program has been arranged for the commencement days.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7.—The exercises will open at eight o'clock in Washington Hall with a Camp Fire for the returned chaplains, Reverend Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., Vice-President of the University, Reverend Ernest Davis, C. S. C., Reverend Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., Reverend John McGinn, C. S. C., and other Notre Dame men of the Army and Navy. This event will, it is thought, be largely attended by the old students who served in the World War.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8.—Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by the Right Reverend Herman J. Allerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne, after the academic procession from the Main Building to the church. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by the Right Reverend Monsignor F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew (John Ayscough), LL.D. '17, of Salisbury Plain, England. After the Mass the U. S. Flag, presented by the senior class to the University on Washington's Birth-

day, will be blessed in the sanctuary by the president of the University and carried in procession to the flag-pole for hoisting.

At three o'clock Sunday afternoon will take place the dedication of the Hoynes College of Law in honor of Colonel William Hoynes, of the class of '77, Dean Emeritus of the department of law. The procession composed of the senior class and the faculty are to assemble in the old law room in Sorin Hall and march to the new law building. There will be several enthusiastic addresses.

The Business meeting of the Alumni Association will then be held as usual in Brownson Hall at five o'clock, followed by the annual dinner, to be attended by all old students present for the commencement.

The exercises for Monday, the 9th are:

8:30 A. M.

Requiem High Mass for deceased old students.

10:00 A. M.

Bachelors' Orations in Washington Hall.

THREE GREAT CATHOLICS OF THE WAR

"Ferdinand Foch" Louis John Finski (Laws)  
"Cardinal Mercier" Thomas Francis Butler (Classics)  
"Pope Benedict XV" James Harold McDonald (Classics)

2:30 P. M.

Baseball game between the Alumni and the Varsity on Cartier Field.

8:00 P. M.

Class Poem Thomas Francis Healy (Classics)  
Commencement address by the Honorable David Ignatius Walsh, United States Senator from Massachusetts.

The awarding of medals and degrees.

Valedictory George Dewey Haller (Journalism)

### The Junior "Prom".

The class of 1920 enjoyed the most successful event in its history last Wednesday night in the form of the Junior "prom." The Chain O' Lakes Country Club was splendid in its array of dog-wood blossoms, the weather was ideal, the geniality which the Juniors consider characteristic of the Class of '20 was much in evidence, and Charles Davis, the music man, was at his best. The program, artistic in its Japanese sandal-wood cover, announced "Symphonic Syncopation," directed by Davis. It did not require any effort on the part of the director to bring out the symphony, and syncopation is a quality inherent in the group of performers led by Davis.

Professors Benitz, Rockne, Worden, Dorais, and their wives, were the guests of honor.



Mrs. Peter Reiss, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, Mrs. C. H. Bader, of Whiting, Indiana, and Mrs. J. D. Fitzgerald, of Pekin, Illinois, also attended as guests of the Juniors. Ensigns Dick Leslie and Don Kennedy, recently released from active duty at Pelham Bay, attested to the unqualified success of the ball.

Other out of town guests were; Miss Harriette Casey, of Auburn, Indiana; Miss Lois Mae Velde, of Pekin, Illinois; Miss Katherine Schue, of St. Louis, Missouri; Miss Laura Neuses, and Miss Gertrude Reiss, of St. Marys-of-the-Woods, Indiana; Helen Judie, of Oakland, California; Miss Mae Hughes, of Chicago; Miss Geraldine Buckley, of Columbus, Ohio; Miss Eva Crouch, of Beloit, Wisconsin; Miss Loyola Kelly, of Chicago; Miss Elizabeth Paden, of Chicago; Miss Helen Forbes, of Niles, Michigan; Miss Ruth Curtis, of Elkhart, Indiana, and Miss Marguerite Codd, of Niles, Michigan.

The credit for the unusual merit of the promenade must be ascribed largely to the committee in charge, composed of Vincent Fagan, Walter Douglas, Thomas Beacom, Elwyn Moore, Paul Scofield, Edward Harrington, Dillon Patterson and President Al Ryan. The incentive to their efforts was, of course, the knowledge that they had the enthusiastic support of every man in the Junior Class.

### Local News.

—The next number of the SCHOLASTIC, which will contain more pages than the regular issue, will not be ready for circulation till early in the first week of June.

—On Tuesday evening, the 27th, the violin and piano pupils of the College of Music will give a recital in Washington Hall. On the program are some excellent numbers.

—The lawyers are delighted with the new furniture that has been added to the equipment of the law library. They are preparing a vote of thanks to Father Foik for the accommodation.

—A novena of Communions in honor of the Sacred Heart has been begun at the University, to end on the eve of the Feast of the Ascension. It is hoped that a goodly number of the students will join in this novena.

—In a recent game between Corby and the St. Florians, of South Bend, "Pete" Steger, Corby's versatile short-stop, clouded the longest

hit made upon the Oliver diamond in five years. Needless to say, "Pete" circled the bases. Corby lost by a score of 6 to 3.

—The Corybites have organized an indoor league between the various floor teams of the hall. The third-floor team, under the leadership of Dick White, has already won a substantial lead over all opponents.

—The Journalists have postponed their banquet scheduled for last Sunday night, until May 25th, owing to the fact that Father Cavanaugh was unable to attend at that time. They hope to have some of the prominent newspaper men of the country at the occasion.

—The Class of '22 has decided to initiate its social activities with a banquet, in place of the annual freshman frolic, to be held next Tuesday evening at the Oliver. The committee in charge is striving to make the occasion one of the most notable of its kind. The program planned is one that will bring joy to the heart of a Freshman.

—The architectural department of Notre Dame is represented in the annual White Pine Competition by two designs. The competition is nation-wide and open to all. One of the Notre Dame designs is the joint work of Bernard McGarry and Arch Blackman; the other is the production of Vincent Fagan. The fact that the men have the confidence to submit designs speaks well for the work that is being done in the architectural school.

—The Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers has announced its first annual banquet for the night of June 5th. President James Ried has placed the arrangements for the "spread" in charge of Messrs. Brandy, Rozek, and McCarthy. The engineers have invited several prominent professionals to their banquet. It is to be hoped that the feast will be as successful as the committee is laboring to make it.

—On Sunday afternoon the four-part choir of Holy Cross Seminary, under the direction of Rev. Charles Marshall, C. S. C., gave a sacred concert at St. Joseph Farm. The event, which was complimentary to Very Rev. G. Français, C. S. C., Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, proved a very pleasing one not only to the dwellers at the farm, but to the members of the choir as well. At six o'clock an especially satisfying farm luncheon was served. The decoration of the grounds and



the preparation and serving of the lunch were in the hands of Brother Mathias.

—The students of the University who have not yet received the Sacrament of Confirmation are requested to hand in their names at once to Father O'Hara in order that they may be prepared for the Sacrament, which is to be given by Bishop Alerding, of Fort Wayne, in Sacred Heart Church on the morning of Ascension Thursday, May 29th. Those who have not made their solemn First Communion will do so at the Mass that morning.

—Two new courses of study have been added to the curriculum of the University, both leading to the degree of industrial engineer. One is designed for undergraduates and the other for graduate students. The latter course is intended for those men who have already completed a four-year course in engineering. The former combines engineering with a commerce course. The candidate for the degree of industrial engineer may specialize in mechanical or electrical engineering or in industrial chemistry. Its special aim is to train factory managers. It is now recognized that an efficient manager must know the productive process as well as the marketing problem. With knowledge of both engineering and commerce, a manager may become an expert in both of these pursuits. Both courses, it is thought, will prove popular.

—J. J. BUCKLEY.

### Personals.

—"Biff" Ice, former varsity player, umpired the Iowa-Notre Dame baseball game last week.

—Maurice Keady, formerly of Sorin Hall, is now taking a medical course at the University of Buffalo.

—Felix Saino, a sergeant in the Scrin Company of the S. A. T. C., visited the University during the week.

—Eugene Kennedy of LaFayette, Indiana, a student in Badin Hall last year, is now studying medicine at Purdue University.

—Louis Klapheke, formerly a student of Badin Hall, is now assistant machinist to his father in Louisville, Kentucky.

—It is reported that John U. ("Duke") Riley, a graduate in Journalism, is about to take

over one of the Niles' papers. We predict a "boom" for Niles.

—Delbert Smith, a student of Walsh Hall in '16 and '17 and also a member of the N. D. Lifers Club, paid the school a visit last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

—Walter Conway, a student of the Seminary during 1917, visited friends here last week. "Walt" was in France with the A. E. F., and will return to the Seminary next fall.

—Edwin S. Ryan of Freeport, Illinois, formerly a student of Engineering, visited Professor Maurus during the week. "Ed" was an ensign when he received his discharge a short time ago.

—Walter O'Keefe, a student in Corby Hall last year, has been discharged from the Marines and will return to school in the fall. Walter will undoubtedly be a welcome addition to next year's Glee Club.

—Edwin C. Donnelly of Toledo, Ohio, a law student of Sorin Hall last year, has registered for the Summer School. "Ed" has just returned from Kelly Field, Texas, where he was in the Balloon Aviation Service.

—Daniel McGlynn, president of last year's law class, and recently a corporal in the army, has just returned from France as a special courier of the Peace Conference. "Dan" has received his discharge and expects to visit us soon.

—The play—*A Good-Bad Woman*—staged at the Oliver Opera House last Saturday, was written by Wm. McGuire, student here in '09. Mr. McGuire has made quite a name for himself as a playwright and practically all his plays teach a good moral lesson.

—"Don" Kennedy and Humphrey Leslie (old students) visited the University lately. Both were discharged from the navy recently after having received the commission of ensigns. "Don" intends taking a position in his home town and Humphrey will return next year.

—"Eddie" Meehan of Corby received a letter from "Cy" Kaspar the other day in which the latter renews his intention of returning to Notre Dame as soon as he gets back from the other side. "Cy" states that he has been doing very little track work, but that he has been playing regularly on the regimental football team and will be in tip-top shape for the season next year.

—R. J. MURCH, '22.

## Athletic Notes.

## THE IOWA GAMES.

The baseball team enjoyed a successful inning on its western trip to Iowa last Friday and Saturday, defeating Iowa State in a nobly contested game and tying with Ames College. The game with the latter team went thirteen innings and was called to allow Notre Dame to get a train for Iowa City. According to the account of a local paper "Tommy Lavery started the game for Notre Dame against Ames and held his opponents safe up to the ninth inning, when two hits and an error tied the score. The veteran Murray rushed to Lavery's rescue and in five innings he fanned ten men. The score with Ames College was Notre Dame 5: Ames College 5.

"On Saturday Murray triumphed over one veteran Belding in what was rated as one of the best games in the West. Notre Dame turned what seemed a hopeless defeat into a victory in the eighth inning. A base on balls, a safe hit, and a 'Texas' leaguer by Connor gave the Gold and Blue two runs and the victory, totalling Notre Dame four runs to Iowa's three. The game was marked by sensational fielding by Notre Dame. Before Murray warmed up, his offerings were sent to all corners of the lot, but the Notre Dame fielders caught every high fly and prevented damage."

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NOTRE DAME, 89; MICHIGAN AGGIES, 31.

Coach Rockne's track squad swamped the Michigan Farmers at East Lansing, last Saturday in a dual meet, in which the N. D. men experienced little difficulty in rolling up a big score. Notre Dame made a clean sweep in three events—the furlong, the pole-vault, and the javelin-throw. Minus Gilfillan, the Gold and Blue surprised the spectators very much by their showing. Captain Rademaker had an unusually good day and cleared the horizontal bar in the pole-vault at 12 feet, 6 inches. The summaries of the meet:

100-yard dash—Hayes, Notre Dame, first; Mulligan, Notre Dame, second; Harviel, Aggies, third. Time: 10 1-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Hoar, Notre Dame, first; Barrell, Aggies, second; Ryan, Notre Dame, third. Time: 16 4-5.

One-mile run—Meehan, Notre Dame, first; Sweeney, Notre Dame, second; Brendel, Aggies, third. Time: 4:39 2-5.

440-yard dash—Kurtz, Aggies, first; Scallon, Notre

Dame, second; Meredith, Notre Dame, third. Time 52 4-5.

220-yard dash—Patterson, Notre Dame, first; Mulligan, Notre Dame, second; Hayes, Notre Dame, third. Time: 23 flat.

880-yard dash—McDonough, Notre Dame, first; Hoffman, Aggies, second; Kurtz, Aggies, third. Time: 2:03 1-5.

220-yard low hurdles—Ryan, Notre Dame, first; Hoar, Notre Dame, second; Graves, Aggies, third. Time: 27 4-5.

Two-mile run—Van Wonerghen, Notre Dame, first; O'Hara, Notre Dame, second; Brendel, Aggies, third. Time: 10:20 3-5.

Pole-vault—Rademaker (Capt.), Notre Dame, first; Powers, Notre Dame, second; Douglass, Notre Dame, third. Height: 12 feet, 6 inches.

High jump.—Hoar, Notre Dame, first; Douglass, Notre Dame, second; Speidel, Aggies, third. Height: 5 feet, 9 inches.

Broad jump—Kremp, Notre Dame, first; McGinnis, Notre Dame, second; Hatland, Aggies, third. Distance: 20 feet, 10 inches.

Shot-put—Atkins, Aggies, first; Schwei, Aggies, second; Smith, Notre Dame, third. Distance: 37 feet, 9 inches.

Discus-throw—Atkins, Aggies, first; Smith, Notre Dame, second; Schwei, Aggies, third. Distance: 111 feet, 10 inches.

Javelin-throw—King, Notre Dame, first; Smith, Notre Dame, second; F. Hayes, Notre Dame, third. Distance: 149 feet, 5 inches.

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## INTERHALL GAMES.

Walsh hall was eliminated from interhall honors in baseball in losing to Sorin last Sunday by a 7-to-6 score. Heavy hitting marked the contest, but errors and misplays proved too costly for Walsh. Lockard and F. Hayes were the battery for the victors, while McGaveney, Caffery and Brady worked for Walsh. By defeating Badin, Brownson qualified for first honors. The winners out-hit Badin. Kiley relieved Steinle in the seventh when Badin threatened. The score: Brownson, 7; Badin, 3.

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Vincent Hanrahan, of Buffalo, N. Y., won the University championship in tennis by defeating John McNamara in an exciting finish last Thursday. The victor took the first set of five games, but lost the succeeding two. He changed rackets in the final stage of the game and won. Mr. Harry Poulin, manager of the athletic store, presented the winner with a silver trophy, a gift from the Wilson Company, of Chicago.

—ALEXANDER A. SZCZAPANIK.