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## My Morning Offering.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C.

JESUS, I bring in toil-stained hands  
These pretty flowers to You;  
I culled them fresh from gardens near,  
All sprinkled o'er with dew.

The lilies in Baptismal robes  
With hearts as pure as gold;  
And humble violets I bring  
And fern in many fold.

But blooming in Your earthly home  
I find a lily there;  
Your Virgin Mother, full of grace—  
A flower without compare.

## France and the Exiled Religious.\*

BY LEO R. WARD, '22.

**W**E have bound ourselves to a work of anti-clericalism, to a work of irreligion. . . . We have extinguished in the firmament lights which shall not be rekindled. We have shown the toilers that the heavens contained only chimeras." These words, falling from the godless lips of Viviani, strikingly reveal the depth of degradation to which the rulers of France have fallen. Terrible words,—but it is consoling to know that they reveal very imperfectly the religious conditions in France to-day. They reveal one side, but by no means the whole of the picture. There is another and a brighter view. This side shows us God-fearing men and women—millions of them—still content to follow what for Viviani and his kind are only chimeras. For them the lights in the firmament have not been extinguished. If for a time they had smouldered, if in some instances their keepers had grown weary with watching and waiting,

they have been aroused, and their fires have again gloriously blazed forth. A great issue—that fair France should be regenerated, that she should again be clothed in the vivifying and the saving grace of Christianity. Such a work was not to be lightly accomplished. But the occasion arose, and to the everlasting glory of the name of France there were Frenchmen willing, aye, even glad to pay the price which bought back their France from "bondage to unnatural sons." Those men were the French priests and exiled religious.

The story of the expulsion of the religious, both men and women, from the soil of France is a notoriously shameful one. It is the story of a series of brazen acts by a God-defying power whose avowed purpose was one of anti-clericalism, of irreligion. A long list of measures against the Catholic Church and against all religion was crowned finally in the first years of this century by those acts which expressly deny to the teaching orders and to every congregation, not authorized by that godless government, all legal existence. Well might infidel France gloat over that victory. The religious teacher was gone; the crucifix was taken down from the walls of the school where for centuries it had preached so eloquently; and in every official capacity the Catholic and the Christian were forced to yield to the atheist. Well might the accursed Viviani make his vaunt: "We have put God out of the state and the school; and now we are going to tear Him down from the skies." But he and his satanic followers never reckoned rightly with that power which moves mountains; they had not feared or thought that the very men whom they had exiled would become in the hands of God instruments for the regeneration of fallen France.

It is an old, old adage that deeds speak louder than words. For decades the Catholics of France had fought the powers of atheism; but slight

\* Prize Oration in the Freshman oratorical contest, held in Washington Hall, May 27, 1919.

gains were soon swallowed up in more sweeping restrictions. Thus, crucified between hope and fear, did they bide their time. Unexpectedly their opportunity came. The long days of national security were abruptly ended; the Germans were marching on Paris. We do not wonder that in that day every inhabitant of France rallied to his country's call; but that there should be no distinction between churchmen and layman was unprecedented. And then came the call for the exile. How can we ever regard that call as anything other than basest political irony? Surely the rulers of France were not sincere when they made that appeal; surely they did not expect obedience to it. And what marvel if the appeal had been spurned? Who could have ever branded such a response as ingratitude or disloyalty? Then would the atheist have had in his ignoble hand the weapon he had so long desired. "These men," he would have said, "are not Frenchmen; they have declared it themselves."

But such was not the cult of the exiled religious. For the pearl of greatest value he had left home and friends and country; but at heart he was always a Frenchman. At that godless call he rose up from shores which never could become home for his true French heart, and he hurried back to fling himself as a common soldier into the death trenches. When the war was but a month old there were in the ranks of France fifteen thousand priests; thousands of them have been cited for bravery, thousands of them died gloriously on the field of battle. More than two hundred fell at Verdun alone, and one hundred and fifty-six in the single month of September, 1915. Of near a thousand Jesuits who returned from exile one hundred and fifty-two sealed with their lives their love of home and country.

A young Jesuit, Father Gironde, a few days before the enemy singled him out, well expressed the sentiments of all in these words: "To die a priest and a soldier, . . . while giving absolution; to shed my blood for the Church and for France, for my friends, for those who have the same ideal, and for others also, that they may be given faith, . . . Ah, that is glorious!" The Abbé Remy, a renowned professor, was lauded for his "superb attitude on the battlefield." With a courage which knew no hesitation these heroes coupled an absolute self-sacrifice. "We have preached the Gospel of humanity," said an old and talented Jesuit writer, "the hour has come

when we must live it." And well did they by precedent and precept teach the soldier of every religion and nationality how to live and how to face death. A certain Oblate, we are told, "taught his men to despise death." The young Lieutenant-poet, Camille Violand, was twice wounded, and twice did he return to his men before he was healed. His third wound was his last. On his dead body was found a note to his aged father, "If I die," he had written, "know that I die content, without a regret, . . . as a good Christian and a good Frenchman." Here we have the secret of this unparalleled heroism: to remain even unto death faithful to God and to France—that is the highest destiny of the French Catholic.

It is well to recall that the greatest lay figures of France during the World War were unswervingly Catholic. Such men as General Petain, and General Castelnau, and the greatest of them all, Marshall Foch, are Catholic, not in principle merely, but strictly in practice. Foch's brother is an exiled Jesuit, and Foch himself and Castelnau are the products of Jesuit schools.

This in brief is the story of the French exiles. It is the story of their vengeance upon those God-defying statesmen who expatriated them. Where shall we find love of God and of country greater than this? These men, at the peril of their lives, held back the hand that reached out to annihilate their mother—the mother who had cast them off. Oh, theirs was a love founded upon a rock; the raging tempests of persecution came, and the seething billows of warfare surged and broke, yet that love faltered not!

And what will be the reward of such devotion? Should it not silence criticism and disarm persecution of the Church and her ministers for all time? Is this not a consummate refutation of all that has been so slanderously said against them? Is it not a vindication of anything they have ever claimed for themselves? These men fought and died for France; for that tyrannical France which has obstinately and perfidiously denied to them ever so much as elemental justice, yea, within her borders, even life itself. And they fought, not for France alone and the Church, but for Christianity, for civilization, for all mankind; they opposed the forces of autocracy and of irreligion. In return, they must be given every right of the Frenchman; that diabolical law of expulsion must be struck from the statute-books. If France dares not do this—if she will not—she will have proved her-

self the enemy of religion and of democracy and of civilization; altogether unworthy of her grand military achievement; and most damnably disloyal to her patriot-priests whom, when her national life was in the balance, she called back from exile to save her from annihilation.

### Education in the American Army.

BY RAYMOND M. MURCH, '22.

During the last half-year general education has been attempted on a large scale by the United States Army. The signing of the armistice in November placed more than two million men in the position which was just being thought about by America. Her soldiers were on a foreign soil and their hopes had been somewhat suddenly realized. Their work in France was practically ended, and plainly the proper thing was to get them back to their homes as quickly as possible. A year or more would be required to transport them to the United States. The leaders in our government had been considering this new difficulty. They understood the evils in idleness and impatience due to delay. Accordingly, a system was developed for the employment of the soldiers' time. There had been a preliminary experiment in education in the Students' Army Training Corps, but with no great success. Not discouraged, however, by this failure and knowing that men accustomed to military laws could be gradually changed to pursue a less intensive form of training, the officials in charge of army education set about perfecting plans for general education which would meet the conditions in France. In a survey of the army preliminary to the formation of definite plans, it was ascertained much to the pride of our country that over twenty-five hundred of our officers in France had been either college professors or were otherwise competent to serve as instructors in college work. Besides these capable men there were some five hundred civilians with the army serving as secretaries for the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C., who had been affiliated with the public schools or higher institutions of learning. All these men were available for educational duties. There was a scarcity of books, of course, but the supply which had been sent to France by the Y. M. C. A. and by the American Library Association was used temporarily. Printed

pamphlets were sent to France and a sufficient number of these was soon at the disposal of the officials.

The educational system of the army embraces every grade of instruction from the most elementary to the advanced graduate courses. As it would have been impossible to have the numerous branches taught in many places, four separate divisions have been made. Men have been arranged in companies according to the stage of their previous education. The first class is composed of those men in the elementary grades. For three hours a day they receive instruction instead of an equivalent period of military drill. About 150,000 men are actually enrolled in this class. Their training is voluntary and they may return if they choose with their respective organizations when ordered to the United States.

The second class is more limited. Not more than fifteen per cent of any command may be selected for this instruction which embraces not only the high school grades but also vocational training in carpentry, surveying, telegraphy, and many other branches of tradesmanship. These soldiers receive a minimum of instruction and supervised study for five hours a day, five days a week, for a period of three months. They also are permitted to return to America with their original organizations. These secondary schools have been very popular among the soldiers, as so many of them were finishing their high school courses before entering the army.

The third class is composed of those men who have completed their high school work and are ready for college. To accommodate these students, a university of semi-permanent character has been built on the site of the large base hospital at Beaune, near Dijon in France; the buildings, one thousand in number, cover an area of two square miles. This institution which is the center of the vast field of army educational efforts, is under the supervision of Colonel Ira I. Reeves, formerly the President of Norwich University. The school at Beaune is divided into several colleges, each of which is under the supervision of a dean. The college of agriculture is the largest of these subdivisions. For practical work this college has been provided with a six-hundred acre farm. The students at Beaune are required to take three lecture hours and four and a half hours of study five days a week for a term of three months. Saturdays and Sundays

are free. At his personal request any student may return with his original organization when that body is ordered to America.

The fourth class is composed of those men who are now attending French and British Universities. This division is limited to those who have completed at least two years of a collegiate course. The men are organized in units with an officer in charge and a civilian to act as dean. These men are obliged to finish a course of three months whether their original organization returns home or not. They receive a salary of two dollars a day and an extra allowance of one dollar a day for lodging. About ten thousand soldiers are finishing their first three months' course in the foreign schools. Some two thousand of these soldiers are attending British and Scotch Universities and nearly eight thousand are in French Universities. In addition to these four classes, short intensive instructions in citizenship and agriculture are conducted. They usually last for three days and are held at various points of encampment and embarkation.

Probably the most beneficial result that has been obtained by this extensive system of educational training is the closer union of American sympathies with those of France and England. The French show even a fondness for American ideals. They have thrown open their schools, and the citizens of Beaune have even furnished a club room in their city for the use of our soldier students. Mme. Hugues LaRoux and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton have each written pamphlets on their respective countries for the information of our men. "Paris," someone has said, "has been opened to America," and this is the typical French city. But best of all, there is no reason to doubt that this international friendship which is forming will be permanent and of great advantage to all concerned. Again, there will be a deeper appreciation of the home government on the part of the soldier-citizens benefited by this educational opportunity. Men who have helped their country in the time of her need will not forget that their country has supported them to the utmost while they were abroad in her service. Some of them will be the new leaders in their communities and as such they will uphold the standards of their predecessors who were instrumental in affording them the opportunities which they enjoyed in consequence of the educational system of the Army.

### "Give, and the Baby Buds Shall Grow."

BY SERGEANT STUART A. CARROLL (OLD STUDENT).

(Reprinted from *Yanks: "A Book of A. E. F. Verse,"* collected from the *Stars and Stripes.*)

Give, and the baby buds shall grow  
In childhood's sheltered garden plot;  
Give, and the coming years shall show  
Each blossom a forget-me-not.

Give, and the dawn of lonesome years  
Shall turn to springtime morning mild;  
Give, and receive through a mist of tears,  
The blessing of a little child.

### For Rent.

(In One Act.)

BY REX McBARNES, '22.

### CHARACTERS

JOHN LANDON, caretaker of the Esray estate;  
FRANK BELLAMY, an old friend of Landon;  
HENRY ESRAY, owner of the estate;  
MR. BRAMWELL, a prospective renter;  
MRS. BRAMWELL, his wife.  
BARBARA BRAMWELL, their daughter.

### SCENE I.

*A handsomely and tastefully furnished room in a Long Island home. The walls are richly decorated. A large fireplace at one end of the room with logs burning brightly. On a mantle above the fireplace is a dark bronze clock and near it a bronze cup shaped like a lily. Leaning against the wall near the fireplace is a "For-Rent" sign. John Landon, an elderly man with a very pink bald head fringed with snow-white hair, is sunk in the depths of a great leather chair, his feet extended toward the fire. At his right on a table is a decanter of liquor. At his left in another large chair is sprawled his crony, Frank Bellamy.*

LANDON.—(Setting down glass and stretching his arms). It's a man's life, Frank. 'Tisn't just that we should slave seven days of the week, an' them as is born with wealth have all the fun. For the last year I have had no rest at all. Up in the morning to heat the house for them as was too lazy to turn a hand. My back ached from carrying scuttles of ashes, and when the weather broke I was scrubbing the car for the master and splashing water around until I was bent like a bow with rheumatism.

BELLAMY.—So in all instances. (*He drains his glass and hands it to Landon who puts it on the table*). Yes, Johnny, me lad, you're right there. And 'tis small thanks you'll get from them as don't work themselves.

LANDON.—Thanks? Sure he was going on about something all the time. I've earned a little rest, and I'm going to take it whether Esray likes it or not. (*Looks at the clock on the mantle, and rises hurriedly*). My, my, how the time races when you have a moment for yourself! I must straighten things up a bit, before old Esray comes.

BELLAMY.—(*Rising and putting on his cap*). I'll take a turn to the house for a little, and I'll see you in the evening. (*He goes out. Landon continues to arrange the chairs, etc., humming softly. The bell rings. Landon goes to open the door but on the way notices the decanter and glasses which he has neglected to put away. He takes up the glasses and decanter, and conceals them behind a rocker in the corner. The bell rings again, persistently*).

LANDON.—Yes, yes, yes; I'm coming. (*Hurries and opens the door, admitting Mr. Esray*).

ESRAY.—(*Sharply*). What's the matter, John? Were you sleeping?

LANDON.—(*Surprised*). Sleeping? I've been working in the rooms above this hour or more. I can't skip about now, Mr. Esray, as I used to. That rheumatism last spring—

ESRAY.—(*Seeing the "For-Rent" sign beside the fireplace*). What's this? Do you expect people to read that sign through the wall? Or have you just taken it in to warm it?

LANDON.—(*Confused*). N-no, Mr. Esray; the wind was contrary this morning, and wouldn't let it stand; so I took it in for a bit, till the gale settled. (*Takes up sign and goes toward the door*).

ESRAY.—Any callers, John?

LANDON.—A few, sir, but they would give no definite answer. One thought the place too big, and another feared it would be too lonely here by the sea.

ESRAY.—(*Annoyed*) Nonsense! Lonely! Was it lonely here before mother went to the West?

LANDON.—(*Bowing*). Indeed, no, sir. I told them that, sir; the happy times we all had here, sir.

ESRAY.—Well, keep things looking well, John. I have advertised in several papers and you may expect people along now. The place looks so dead without a tenant that I would

rather get less rent than leave it idle during the summer.

LANDON.—(*Bowing*) I'll do my best, sir.

ESRAY.—(*picking up his gloves and crop*). I'll run up in a day or so to see you again. If you rent before that, call me on the telephone.

LANDON.—(*Bowing and moving to open the door*). Yes, sir, yes, sir. You came on horse? I shall bring him to the door, sir.

ESRAY.—(*Going toward the dining room*). No, I left him in the orchard. I shall go out this way. Remember, Landon, I must rent this place before the end of the month. The fruit trees are covered with blossoms already.

LANDON.—(*Rubbing his hands and bowing*). Yes sir, yes sir; I'll do my best, sir. (*ESRAY goes out rear*).

LANDON (*Goes over to the decanter and pours out a drink, replacing the decanter behind the rocker*). Hmm! 'I'll be up in a day or so.' Come up, come up, sir. The house'll be here, and I'll be here, but no tenant, if John Landon can prevent it. (*Sips drink and settles himself comfortably in a chair in front of the fireplace*).

## SCENE II.

*The same, an hour later. Landon shows in Mr. Bramwell and his family from the rear of the house. Bramwell is middle-aged, slightly gray, and rather tall and thin. He wears an automobile duster, and a check cap. Mrs. Bramwell, also in a duster, is short and stout. She carries a pair of large goggles in her hand. Barbara, dark and very pretty, is dressed in a smart suit of reddish brown and a cap to match. She wears a spray of apple blossoms which Landon has cut for her in the orchard.*

LANDON.—You say you like the upper part of the house, sir?

BRAMWELL.—Very much, very much, indeed. That large front room that looks upon the ocean will make an ideal place for my study. There is inspiration in the freshness of the sea air, and I shall do my writing with pleasure.

BARBARA.—And I'm going to have the room that looks out on the orchard, Mother. There's a big cherry tree just under my window full of creamy blossoms, and the birds ought to love to nest there; don't you think so?

MRS. BRAMWELL.—Yes, dear. That is your room. And Father and I shall have the pink room at the head of the stairs.

LANDON.—A very pretty room, mam, it was the choice of Mr. Esray and his wife.

(BARBARA has gone over to the mantle and is examining the bronze cup).

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(Going to the mantle). What have you there, Barbara?

BARBARA.—(Handing the cup to her mother). A pretty, old cup. It looks as ancient as the house itself. The family perhaps have kept it as a reminder of their good times. They may be barons or lords, Mother.

MRS. BRAMWELL (to LANDON).—How very odd it is!

LANDON.—Yes, Mam; it is a cup of sorrow. Terrible tragedy, Mam.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—Tragedy?

LANDON.—Yes, Mam. Mr. Esray's wife drank poison from that cup.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(Dashing the cup to the floor). Poison!

BARBARA (Taking hold of her mother). Oh! (They stand in horror looking at the cup. MR. BRAMWELL, less disturbed, looks annoyed. LANDON notes the effect of his words and continues.)

LANDON.—Yes; she found the place lonely, and when Mr. Esray was not at home the wind blowing up from the sea made her afraid. One night at table she insisted that her husband move to the city, and when he refused she came in here, poured out the poison, and drank it off. We found her lying there (pointing to the floor in front of the fireplace), and carried her to the pink room, where she died in half an hour.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(Horrorified). The Pink room!

LANDON.—Yes, Mam; your room. (He rushes toward the mantle and stamps his foot, trying to crush something).

MRS. BRAMWELL.—A rat! (Screams and rushes for a chair, upon which she scrambles hurriedly, but with difficulty. BARBARA screams too, and hurries to another chair, which she mounts without difficulty. MR. BRAMWELL steps onto a sofa directly under a beam from which is suspended a blue cord with a tassel. During the confusion LANDON runs first to assist MRS. B. then to BARBARA).

MRS. BRAMWELL.—You terrible man, to bring us into this place!

MR. BRAMWELL.—Have you no consideration for the feelings of these ladies?

LANDON.—My dear ladies, I'm sure it's gone now. May I help you down? (Goes over to MRS. B.).

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(Screaming) Oh! Go way, you horrid man. I know it's in the room. Get

that poker and search under the chairs. It may be hiding somewhere.

LANDON.—That's possible, Madam; I'll look. (Gets poker from fireplace and wriggles it under the chair on which Mrs. B. is standing. All the BRAMWELLS bend over and strain their eyes to see the rat run out.) It's not here, Mam.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—Try under there! (Pointing to the chair of BARBARA. BARBARA gathers her skirt closely about her and prepares to scream, if necessary).

LANDON.—(Wriggling the poker). It's not here, Mam.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—It must be here. It didn't run into the fire. You horrid man, you must find it. Try under there! (Pointing to the rocker. LANDON wriggles his poker under the rocker and smashes the decanter he had left there. The women scream.)

MRS. BRAMWELL.—What was that?

LANDON.—(Sadly). The departed spirits, Mam.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—Ghosts! You horrid man, to bring us here! (To BRAMWELL on the sofa) Chester, how dare he bring us into this house! Strike him!

BRAMWELL.—(To LANDON) How dare you! (He straightens up and as he does the tassel of the hanging cord brushes across the back of his neck.) Ugh! (Startled).

MRS. B. and BARBARA.—(Screaming) Oh!

BRAMWELL.—(Pointing to the cord.) What is that, sir?

LANDON.—The cord of Dempster's bath robe. Sir, there's tragedy there, sir.

BRAMWELL.—What do you mean?

LANDON.—Dempster was Mrs. Esray's favorite servant, Sir, and when she died he pined and pined. One morning I came down stairs and found the poor fellow hanging there as dead as his fair mistress. Mr. Esray wouldn't let me touch the cord, and there it hangs.

MRS. B. and BARBARA.—Oh! this is terrible.

BARBARA.—Mother, take me out of here! I shall die! (Screams).

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(To BRAMWELL). Chester, take us home at once!

BRAMWELL.—(Jumps down and rushes to the door). Come, my dears.

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(Excitedly). Chester! How dare you leave us!

BARBARA.—Papa! Come here! Oh, I shall die!

LANDON.—(To MRS. BRAMWELL). It's all

right now. There is nothing here. (MRS. BRAMWELL gets down like a chicken about to fly, and after three or four false starts jumps to the floor and runs screaming to her husband.)

BARBARA.—Mother! Mother! MOTHER!

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(To LANDON) You wretched man! Bring my daughter here at once.

LANDON.—(Goes over to BARBARA) May I help you down, Miss? (When he gets near to her BARBARA jumps into his arms and he carries her screaming to the door.)

MRS. BRAMWELL.—(Kissing her). You poor dear!

LANDON.—Madam, if you care for the house I can have it fixed to your liking.

Mrs. BRAMWELL.—Ugh! (Shuddering) Live with rats and ghosts and poison cups?

MR. BRAMWELL.—You brutish fellow! (He slams the door in LANDON'S face.)

LANDON.—(Clapping his hands). Ha! ha! ha! (Looking at the cup). Tragedy there! No, but tragedy here! (He bends down to pick up the pieces of the broken decanter.)

### SCENE III.

The same, three hours later. LANDON and his crony, BELLAMY, sit before the fireplace sipping their liquor.

LANDON.—If they spread the story, Frank, I'll not be worried with tenants for a good spell yet.

BELLAMY.—'Tis a gruesome story, John, I wonder a writer like MR. BRAMWELL didn't lay hold of that. (The telephone rings. LANDON takes the receiver).

LANDON.—Yes, sir; I had a family this afternoon. . . . No, sir; they liked the rooms, sir, but they didn't like the hangings. . . . Said they would be lonely, sir. . . . Yes sir, yes sir; I'll do my best sir.

### CURTAIN.

#### They Say that Love is Blind.

I heard the wise oft quote to me

"In love the heart rules mind."

I scorned such poor philosophy

But now it's true, I find.

When love lends you her eyes to find

The faults in her, most true;

Then rightly say that love is blind

During the interview.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

#### Hawthorne's American Note-Books.

BY CHARLES J. HIRSCHBUHL, '22.

Ever present in the mind of the literary workman is the fact that he must have at hand a wealth of material from which to build his literary edifices. To answer this need, he has had to work out a scheme whereby he may preserve for future reference the fleeting fancies that dart through his mind, and the results of the meditations and observations he has made in a quiet hour on various subjects of human interest. In a word, he is a literary merchant, and must keep up his stock in trade. This he does largely through his literary note-books which he compiles with the interest and pleasure of one who is building a cherished scrap-book.

A writer of any worth is a man who loves nature and men. He is a student of both, and realizes that his success as a literary man depends upon his understanding of these two great subjects. And so he sets about his work in a systematic way, bringing to it a creative spirit that is able to form a thing of life from the commonest clay. He reads broadly and deeply, bringing forth from the treasury of books by the sorcery of his own original imagination, new things as well as old. In his travels he looks about him with a seeing eye; he studies the characters that crowd into the street car: the laborer, smeared with the oil and grease of the factory; the clerk, well arranged in dress, and glib of tongue; the young girl, pretty and arrayed in all the glory that her modest salary or the bank account of her retired father can supply; the mother with her children,—a baby smothered in wraps, or a child old enough to stand upon the seat of the car and scrawl hieroglyphics upon the window panes, pouring forth the while a stream of philosophic inquiry about the course of the universe as he sees it, that would baffle an Augustine to answer. He is careful to note peculiar turns of speech, strange accents, individual gestures. He forms comparisons, figures of speech, and allusions as he mingles among men or communes with nature. He gathers the plot of a story or a drama from a conversation overheard in the depot while awaiting his train; he sees the big thought of a poem in the questioning blue eyes and waving hair of a little child; and he stores all away in his literary note-book for the

day when in the quiet of his study he will give these thoughts and observations a habitation and a name.

Every literary man has kept a note-book which was a source-book for his composition, and perhaps among the most literary and the most carefully kept is the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He is, without doubt, one of our best masters of English style, having a grace and charm and perfection of language equalled by no other American writer. He lived largely within himself, spending years of his life alone, a slave to his literary labors. Always a keen observer, he gathered into his American Note-Books the fruits of long walks in which the beauties of nature flashed upon his mind as upon a sensitive photographic plate. The notes were later published by his wife, Sophia Hawthorne.

As a source for plots nothing could be more varied than the American Note-Book of our author, and among these random memoranda we recognize the germs of many of his stories and sketches. For instance, we find this suggestion: "A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection," and we recognize the theme of his short-story, "The Birthmark"; again we find the nucleus of his story, "Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent" in this short jotting: "A snake taken into a man's stomach and nourished there from fifteen years to thirty-five, tormenting him most horribly. A type of envy or some other evil passion." I quote a few other notes at random which have in them the germ of a story: "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate,—he having made himself one of the personages; . . . Follow out the fantasy of a man taking his life by instalments, instead of at one payment,—say ten years of life alternately with ten years of suspended animation; . . . To make one's own reflection in a mirror the subject of a story; . . . A rich man left by will his mansion and estate to a poor couple. They remove to it and find there a darksome servant, whom they are forbidden by will to turn away. He becomes a torment to them; and, in the finale, he turns out to be the former master of the estate."

The good use of time that can be made by a literary man with an observing eye is well illustrated from this entry in his note-book: "I went last evening to the National Theatre to see a pantomime. It was Jack the Giant-Killer, and somewhat heavy and tedious. The audience was more noteworthy than the play. . . . In the next box to me were two young women with an infant, but to which of them appertaining, I could not at first discover. One was a large, plump girl, with a heavy face, a snub nose, coarse-looking, but good-natured, and with no traits of evil,—save, indeed, that she had on the vilest gown of dirty white cotton, so pervadingly dingy that it was white no longer. . . . I imagine that she must have had a better dress at home, but had come to the theatre extemporaneously, and not going to the dress circle, considered her ordinary gown good enough for the occasion. The other girl seemed as young or younger than herself. She was small with a particularly intelligent and pleasant face. . . . It was mobile with whatever sentiment chanced to be in her mind, as quick and vivacious a face in its movements as I have ever seen. . . . Both these girls appeared to enjoy themselves very much,—the large and heavy one in her own duller mode; the smaller manifesting her interest by gestures, pointing at the stage, and with so vivid a talk of countenance that it was precisely as if she had spoken." From his study window he describes the livery stable across the street, and in one sentence draws from the life this familiar picture: "In the background of the house, a cat, occasionally stealing along on the roofs of the low out-houses; descending a flight of wooden steps into the brick area; investigating the shed, and entering all dark and secret places; cautious, circumspect, as if in search of something; noiseless, attentive to every noise." How aptly every adjective seems to add a stroke to paint the nature of a cat!

The note-book of Hawthorne is filled not only with suggestions for plots, or with perfect pictures of life, but with every flash of expression that chanced to light up his imagination. I quote only a few from hundreds: "Of a bitter satirist,—of Swift, for instance,—it might be said, that the person or thing upon which his satire fell shrivelled up as if the Devil had spit on it. . . . For the virtuoso's collection,—the pen with which Faust signed away his salvation, with a drop of blood dried in it. One of the



children, drawing a cow on the blackboard, says, 'I'll kick this leg out a little more,'—a very happy energy of expression, completely identifying herself with the cow; or perhaps as the cow's creator conscious of full power over its movements. . . . A lament for life's wasted sunshine. . . . Miss Asphyxia Davis. . . . A life generally of a grave hue, may be said to be *embroidered* with occasional sports and fantasies . . . . A gush of violets along a wood-path. . . . A tri-weekly paper to be called the Tertian Ague. . . . Moonlight is sculpture; sunlight is painting." These quotations, picked here and there give some idea of the infinite variety of jottings that find their way to the pages of a professional writer's note-book, and partly explain how an author is rarely without a subject for his pen. A study of this book of our great American novelist, will give one an insight into the methods of a man who makes writing his life work, and will open an unworked mine to the young author anxious to find material upon which to rear a literary structure that can defy time. It is a heritage which Hawthorne has left to those who would follow where he walked. As I close the book, I notice a sentence which may well have been Stevenson's inspiration for a story,—“Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde”—that has delighted millions of readers: “A man living a wicked life in one place, and simultaneously a virtuous and religious one in another.”

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### Freshman Thoughts.

Plan your work; then work your plan.

A man in love with himself seldom has a rival.

Those who fire at random seldom hit the mark.

Never invite trouble; it breaks up the party.

The tests in life are to make, not to break, us.

The racehorse that stops to kick never catches up.

One act does not make a habit, but it is a good start.

The man who has more money than brains needs it.

For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection.

Love is a fire against which there is no insurance.

The man who knows it all is not the biggest fool, but the man that argues with him.

A friend is one who comes in when the world goes out.

A lazy student is like his theory: neither will work.

Some men are born pests; others learn to play the ukulele.

Don't devour a book; take it slowly and assimilate it.

Many men follow the races, but few get ahead of them.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

The road to success is full of the ruts of other men's failures.

Failure means success if we turn it inside out and use it again.

Weigh well your words or you will give too liberal a measure.

Some people who have money to burn hate to smell the smoke.

It is impossible to stop a man who thinks he can tell a funny story.

A clown is all right in his place; but the classroom is not a circus.

There is one and only one good friend that you can buy—a dog.

He who calls his brother a fool proves that folly runs in the family.

The fact that a mule is stubborn does not show that he is determined.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you streak the rouge.

The height of some college men's ambition is to lie low for four years.

The sort of courage you get with a corkscrew quickly evaporates.

Do not mind a stumble; a worm is the only thing that cannot fall down.

Don't slacken your speed toward success to pat yourself on the head.

A man of note is O. K. if he is able to renew himself every time he falls due.

Do not misjudge the man who refuses a drink; he may have just had one.

The discovery of half a worm in eating an apple gives rise to some reflection.

A man at forty knows about half as much as he thought he knew at twenty.

There's a difference between marrying anyone you please and pleasing anyone you marry.

## Hymen Versus Doughnuts.

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY, '20.

Rigley, the elder, held the floor. The only other person in the room was his son Jack, who was stretched out languidly in a billowy Morris chair. These conferences had been held very frequently since the death of Mrs. Rigley and the return of Jack from college, but this interview had been a particularly eventful one. The father, with a stride so well known among the wealthy set of Newport, strutted back and forth across the elegantly furnished drawing-room. He was arguing about a young lady whom he had never seen, but who he knew would never make a suitable wife for his son. In a word, she was a cook, and hence a poor match for the aristocratic Jack.

"You have your choice," said the father, "choose between this silly pauper and my whole estate. If you take the young lady, then you must leave my house forever!"

From the look on the youth's face, it could be easily seen that he had no intentions of giving up his "pauper," nor did he like the idea of quitting one of the finest estates in this land of the "Four Hundred." He was about twenty-two years of age, and had fallen in love with Belle Humphreys. Hence the little controversy.

"Say, Dad, don't be cruel on a young fellow," exclaimed Jack, "try to realize that this girl is one in a million."

"But one with a million is the type that you must marry," said the father. "Don't eat your beans with a young lady who is compelled to trim her own hats, and to transform her last winter's coat into next winter's skirt. Aim at marrying a person with a name and a bankroll. I'll give you a few days to think it over, son, and remember that at the end of that time your decision must be made."

"It's done, Dad," exclaimed Jack, jumping from his seat, and ringing for their evening lunch; "just give me a little more time and we'll try to settle things in an agreeable manner." And Jack really meant every word he said. The outcome of it all, he thought, must be a happy marriage and at the same time a retention of his father's friendship. Neither must be sacrificed; the point was to realize the first and still keep the second.

The evening lunch progressed without any further talk about the young lady. Hot choco-

late and fresh doughnuts were served. And right here it is to be observed that old Rigley had one terrible failing. He was esteemed as the most influential citizen of Newport, with money enough to buy over an army of politicians, but when it came to doughnuts he threw out his fists to be manacled. In other words, the great John B. Rigley was a slave to this particular product of the kitchen. It was once written in the papers that while up in an isolated camp in Maine he had paid a small fortune in order to procure a dish of doughnuts. But whether or not this was true, it was certain that his love for this variety of pastry was most passionate. To see him munching, one would easily conclude that if anything could conquer Rigley's "indomitable" will, it was doughnuts. And across the mahogany table sat a youngster who did not go to college without learning something. Among other things he had learned how to observe and profit by a wise observation. Here was his chance to put his theory into practice, and as a result, win the daintiest maiden in Newport. After the little pile of rollers had disappeared, the motion for retiring was made and was obediently seconded by Jack. It was some few hours before he went to sleep that night, and when Orpheus finally did take possession of him, he had completed his plans to win over his father.

The next morning Jack in his Pierce-Arrow rode out into the country to confer with his beloved. It was a beautiful morning in spring, but as far as Jack was concerned, it could have been the coldest day ever felt in Newport, for he was not regarding either scenery or climate. His plan of conquest was drawn up, and with the assistance of fair Belle the capture of his father would be very simple. Soon he came into sight of the little farm-house, where the poor girl had peeled so many potatoes and washed so many dishes. She was there at the broken gate waiting for him. Humble as was her station she combined in her person the points of beauty of fair Helen of Troy, Marie Antoinette, and a few other historic dolls. She was the prettiest young lady, it was said, that ever attended Madame Hopkins' Cooking Academy, and incidentally, she was the best graduate cook of that same institution.

"How now?" she said, as Jack pulled up at the gate; "what news concerning father?"

Jack, ignoring the question ran up to Belle and gave her his customary salutation. "Say

Belle," he exclaimed, "didn't I hear you say once that you were a graduate cook? Yes? I thought so. Well, now of course you know how doughnuts—"

"Three cups of flour, six eggs, four—"

"Yes, yes, of course," interposed Jack; "but here is my plan. You know 'Pop's' attitude in regard to our marriage. Furthermore, you have heard me say more than once how the old gentleman loves his doughnuts. Here's the scheme. You're to apply for a position as cook in the Rigley mansion, which position you will certainly get, if you prove your prowess as a doughnut-maker. Do you catch the strain? Keep a constant flow of juicy, brown rollers from the pantry-window to the dining-room table, and I'll guarantee that in three months' time, we'll be man and wife, with the blessing and fortune of John B. Rigley, Sr., to boot. 'Pop' has never seen you, nor does he know your name. Don't disclose your identity until you have proven your worth as a cook, and then just leave the rest to me. From that time on, your name will be Rigley. Well, what's the retort?"

"Agreed," answered Belle; "just watch me win him over."

A few days later Belle Humphreys, in suitable garb, approached the doughnut fiend and after appealing to his particular weakness, became lodged as the second cook in the Rigley household. It was not long before she found the opportunity which she desired. The head cook was sick, and Belle was told to cook lunch. Jack stole cautiously into the kitchen.

"Now remember, Belle dear," he said, "they must be the biggest, juiciest, most luscious doughnuts you ever turned out!"

"Just leave it to me, Jackie," she answered; "if my cooking doesn't conquer the old gent, then Madame Hopkins loses one of her best advertisers in the city of Newport—and I lose you. These little golden ones will melt in his mouth and win the favor of the most hard-hearted man that ever wore a fancy waist-coat."

Belle was not exaggerating as the event proved. Lunch was served at one, and before two o'clock, Rigley, Sr., was planted near the kitchen range, congratulating the new cook. For the next few months the most wonderful doughnuts that ever came from a kitchen graced that table and made the iron heart of the chieftain-like a lump of strawberry jelly. Rigley the younger had been watching his father all the time, and saw that his father's consen-

in marrying Belle would be but a mere formality. His father was elated over the finding of such a wonderful kitchen-artisan, and he had told his son as much more than once.

June had come and Jack according to his custom had left for a few weeks of vacation in the Metropolis. He had fully decided that on the day when he should arrive home, he would ask for the paternal permission and marry Belle. Then the greatest wedding that wealthy Newport ever saw would be enacted. Who could doubt it? Jack knew how his father gloated over Belle's doughnuts, and how the shortest route to a man's heart is through his stomach. Such were his thoughts as he set off on his trip.

The life in the big city was interesting, but Jack felt that little breezy Newport was good enough for him. So he spent the one week in building up his entrenchments for the coming attack. He considered how he should lead on his forces and subdue the master, and take Belle as his prize. At the beginning of the following week, the strain was too much for him; he decided to pack up and go back to the old "burg." It was with a hurried, though a slightly disturbed step that he approached the mansion, on reaching Newport about one o'clock in the afternoon. In the hallway, he stopped at the voice of his father. He was in the dining-room—just the place for Jack to make his attack and win the victory. Suddenly he halted in his cogitations. His father was making a short address of welcome. Evidently something unusual was in store. The words of welcome stopped as Jack approached within hearing distance.

"Mary," said the father, turning to the servant-girl; "you forgot to put on the doughnuts which Belle, or rather, Mrs. Rigley, made this morning." And at this point the "indomitable" Rigley saw the astonished Jack. "Ah, thrice welcome son, come kiss your new mamma."

### Call of the Sea.

Though I am far, far from the sea,  
I hear its wild surge calling me.  
O'er all this wide and land-locked way  
I see and hear the flying spray;  
And in my dreams the wild waves roar  
And break snow-white upon the shore;  
I watch the sea gulls lightly dip  
Down to the ocean's-singing lip.  
As calls the mistress to her swain,  
So does the sea call me again.

## Ireland's Right to Self-Determination.\*

BY CORNELIUS PALMER, '20.

Government must have the consent of the governed. After six hundred years of bitter political strife, this principle has been vindicated and the war for democracy has ushered in a new political order. Autocratic rule, sustained by the false doctrine of the divine right of kings, has been violently swept away and upon its ruins there emerges national governments founded on that fundamental concept of political authority—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that the right to determine their own form of government is inherent in every people having the capacity to provide for or maintain competent government. In the evolution of political thought this theory has won universal recognition and with its acceptance has come the demand of small nations for national independence. Already Bohemia and the Jugo-Slaves are free to enjoy constitutional self-government. Poland is again restored, and Belgium has been loosed from the jaws of Prussian tyranny, but Ireland is still denied the right to government by the consent of the governed. Today millions of American citizens are clamoring for political justice to small nations, and if right is to take precedence over might, if reason and not force is to be the criterion of international morality, if peace and harmony are to be secured between our country and England, then Ireland's demand for freedom must be decided before the tribunal of reason and justice.

History confirms Aristotle's dictum that "man is a social being." To protect life, limb and property, to maintain the family and develop his rational personality, man is compelled to live in society. But there can be no society without order which is necessary to regulate the actions of its members and guard their individual rights. Now order is impossible without civil authority, which to be made effective must be "concertized" in the state, and the instrumentalities through which this body politic exercises its will and secures its enforcement is called government. Therefore, government is not a result of the particular concurrence of some historical circumstances, as was set forth in the

political treatise of Rousseau, but it is prescribed by the Creator to man in the very dictates of his nature and exists to promote human welfare.

The end of government is the welfare of its citizens. The doctrine of the divine right of kings conceived by Machiaveli, taught by Luther, and finally embodied in the treaty of Westphalia sought to make the state omnipotent; it held that a king received his authority directly from God and was responsible to Him alone; that people owed absolute and unqualified obedience to their ruler who was subject to no human power. Kings soon wielded this tremendous authority to sway the destinies of their subjects according to their own whims and fancies, and thus governments became tyrannical. To protect the welfare of the people, Cardinals Bellarmine and Suarez propounded to the world that theory of political sovereignty which maintained that authority comes from God to the ruler only upon the consent of the governed, that the consent of the people is necessary in order to protect all their rights and reasonably promote general welfare. For as Father Ryan, one of America's foremost political philosophers, says, "the desire of communities to choose their own governmental forms and persons, is so fundamental to human nature, so bound up with human welfare that reason requires it to be satisfied." It is by the light of this principle that our reason must be guided in the determination of Ireland's right to political independence.

The Irish people are a nation. They are a people, the nobleness of whose traditions, the beauty of whose language, the fame of whose philosophers, the eloquence of whose orators, the eminence of whose saintly scholars and the glorious inspiration of whose patriots and martyrs has seldom been surpassed in all the annals of mankind. The Irish people have always cherished a political consciousness and are ever inspired by a national ideal—the ideal of national freedom.

During the early centuries of her history Ireland possessed her own form of government. It was only when a traitor and an outlaw fled from her shores to seek the aid of a foreign king that

"The emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

Ireland was invaded by Henry II and his ambitious nobles in 1172; led by the traitor they

\* Prize Oration in the Junior oratorical contest held in Washington Hall, Wednesday, May 28, 1919.

pillaged her homes, laid waste her fields, robbed her people of their wealth and power, and set up a government, a government that has existed to the present day not to promote the welfare of the Irish people, but a government the shame of whose persecutions, the injustice of whose laws and the sinfulness of whose bloody, tyrannical oppression finds no parallel in all the most hellish crimes of history.

England did subjugate the Irish people, but that did not give her in any sense the right to rule Ireland. A usurping power becomes morally justified only by perscription, a title that is made valid by promoting the general welfare, which is impossible to do without the consent of the people. But when, I ask, have the Irish people consented by word or action to English rule? Was it when Henry II invaded their land? Was it at the massacre of Smerwick, Clannaboy, Mullaghmast, Drogheda or Clontarf? Was it during the days of the penal laws, laws that reduced their flourishing commerce to a mere ghostly shadow, stifled every prosperous industry, reducing millions to starvation and famine, deprived them of their sacred rights and put a price upon the heads of their hounded priests, laws that roused the great French jurist to such indignation that he exclaimed, "they were conceived by devils, written in human blood, and registered in hell." The sword of a Cromwell or the hideous, yea, fiendish outrages of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth could not bring Ireland into submission. The revolutions of 1798, 1803, 1848, 1867 and 1916 bear overwhelming evidence to the fact that although the Irish people have been many times defeated they still remain unconquered. What law of justice or reason decides, then, that Ireland, never having consented to the rule of England, forfeited her right to freedom? Thus, the popular theory of sovereignty supported by the undeniable records of history has always been, is now, and will ever remain the vindication of the right of Ireland to government only by the consent of the governed.

Ireland demands political freedom. The song of her poets, the plea of her orators, the prayer of her martyrs, and the cry of her people has ever been for freedom, for that freedom which has been the motive force of so much of the noblest human activity. What was it that imbued the Greeks when they turned back the vast hordes of Asia at the pass of Thermopylæ? What was that unconquerable spirit that overthrew the

Moslems at Tours? What was it that inspired the immortal John Sobieski when he hurled down the Saracens from the walls of Vienna? What was it that called forth in our own day the supreme sacrifice of martyred Belgium and heroic France? What was it, I ask, that made America refuse to crouch beneath the mailed fist of Germany or bow to her barbaric creed that might makes right? It was love of freedom, that love of freedom which has been throbbing in the hearts of the Irish people for seven centuries, that same love of freedom which has never been conquered by the force of English power and is now demanding political justice. You who are champions of the truth, you who cherish liberty and are also lovers of freedom, know that there can never be true peace and perfect harmony between America and England so long as the Irish people are denied their right to self-determination. For just as the great bell of the London cathedral announced to the world the taking of Jerusalem, so when we shall behold Ireland sun-wrapped in the beams of golden glory enjoying constitutional self-government, then and not before, let the bells of heaven peal out in thunderous volume proclaiming to mankind that justice and not might has triumphed.

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### The Flight.

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

Aeroplanes have come to be common. A few days ago while Lieutenant Stanford hovered about the campus scarcely an eye went up from the ball game then in progress on the Corby diamond. Aeroplanes may come and go now and the ordinary man will not turn his gaze upward to risk having the roof of his mouth sunburned, as the saying used to be during the war when rookies arrived at the flying fields.

Yet, despite the fact that the airships no longer thrill the onlooker there are thousands who wonder "how it feels to get up there." With the end of the war there is no longer necessity for flyers to take the risks which characterized fighting in the air. The element of danger in flying is gone. Only exhibition flyers attempting to entertain the crowds will fall into a tail-spin or go through with a nose-dive. These and like flirtations with death are now for the most part taboo. Zooming, diving, side-slipping and playing the falling-leafer were war-time manoeuvres,

exciting and dangerous. Far less dangerous, far less exciting, in fact, practically as safe as auto-riding is peace-time flying.

Taking off or starting in an aeroplane is nothing more than jerking and streaking across the ground with greater speed than an auto can work up. Soon the plane is simply going; there is no earth. That first sense of flying, of breezing through space is indeed an experience. As the plane rises a tilt and a gradual incline give the first real notion of soaring. The whirl of the engine grows to an almost musical though deafening drone. Banking or turning on an angle gives identically the same experience one gets when whizzing around a sharp curve in a motor car going forty-five miles an hour. A glance downward while banking often causes dizziness, as the earth appears to be a side-wall, and the horizon, less than fifty feet distant, a distorted connection between clouds and earth.

Righted once more and still soaring, another glance downward may be ventured with no evil effects. There seems now to be down beneath a never-ending stretch of green patches, interspersed occasionally with white spots and clusters of trees, all speeding, speeding on. Were it not for the hum of the motor and the stiff breezes it would seem that the earth raced on while the plane hung magnetized in the heavens. The greater the altitude the fewer the hills, regardless of the real topography of the earth below. A glistening sheet of water, a lake, if you will, as if it were one massive window pane is seen from the side.

Higher still there are sprawling clouds. Ahead, behind, and below nought can be seen now but flowing silver mists. The rays of a beneficent sun afford dazzling illumination, an effect far more blinding than that resulting when a noon-day sun, beats down on a snow-covered prairie.

Dipping out of the clouds, impressions of the ground coming up to collide with the machine vary. A loop will result in a confusion of earth and sky. On coming out of the clouds it is difficult to determine what is directly below. Especially great is this difficulty in night flying. A Notre Dame graduate, on a "bombing raid" in Texas one night last summer came out of the clouds and looked down to see a light which he supposed to be a specified target. He immediately let loose two, three, four "T-N-T's" over the light and still it failed to go out as he had hoped. He signalled the pilot to descend. Two

hundred feet over the light he looked out and saw men, women and children scurrying to cover. Instead of attacking a lighted target as he had supposed the bomber had let loose all his ammunition in an attempt to "get" an innocent group of amusement seekers at an outdoor church festival. Happily, the aim was inaccurate and no one was injured.

There are half a dozen or more different ways down. The falling leaf, used largely in combat during the war, is the most hazardous. The effect on the passenger is practically the same as that produced in a tail-spin, although to the onlooker the movement differs greatly. In both, the green, the water, and the trees below swirl for an eternal moment. Moving pictures from an aeroplane in a tail-spin give an unusually good idea of the sensations experienced in this "stunt."

Righted at an altitude of a thousand feet or so, the plane glides downward. If the descent be rapid, it is next to impossible to get comfortably seated. Somehow the seat manages to always get just two inches away. A few hundred feet lower the drone turns to a whistle, the engine stops, and at last, touching *terra firma* once more, the plane hops and bumps, bumps and hops finally to a stop. The best part of a first trip up is the descent.

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### Our Commercial Opportunity in South America.\*

BY M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21.

One is often led to wonder at the rapid growth of a state to a position of world domination and to be astounded at the decadence, equally as rapid, of that same state a few centuries later. Just as the moon causes the ebb and flow of the tide, so there must be some prime cause for this meteoric rise and fall in national power. Let us consider the history of the empires of the past. We find that Rome and Greece depended in great part upon military and maritime prowess, and we know that the revenue, the power, and the wealth accruing from the trade with conquered provinces made the mother nations all that they were—all that they could claim to be. Study the tale of the rise and fall of ancient Phoenicia and centuries later of Genoa and Venice. Con-

\* Prize oration in the sophomore oratorical contest, held in Washington Hall, May 26, 1919.

sider the day of Portugal's glory; and nearer to our own day, the decline of Spain from a world empire to a third-class power. Consider England. Who will say that the vigor and virility of that long-lived nation is not due to her position as "mistress of the seas"? All history goes to prove that the life of a nation is in her trade.

Let us look to our own shores. Our nation has been made wealthy and populous by the development of her immense resources. As we have developed we have been obliged to find outlets for our exports. Europe has used our products, but she can not continue to do so. The past war made us a great creditor nation; nearly every European power is in our debt, and if we do not import much more from than we export to those nations, not only can the debt never be paid but the amount of the indebtedness will increase. On the other hand we must continue to export; else how are we to utilize our industrial capacity to the full? Where is the outlet? Africa has already been portioned out as the field for the commercial enterprises of France and England. Asia is far distant and not yet ripe for development. What then remains? There remains, gentlemen, the great continent of South America, and it is there that we must concentrate our attention from this time on.

South America, nearer to us by far than any other continent, is the land of opportunity for our United States. Her natural resources equal those of our own land. While some attempts, it is true, have been made by European powers to exploit these resources, their efforts have been rewarded with small success. Think of some of the advantages that South America affords. Consider the rolling prairies of the Orinoco, the lordly forests of the Amazon, the fertile pampas of the Plata; remark the abundance of plant and mineral life; note the variety of climatic conditions permitting every form of agriculture; the rivers long and deep, a strong inducement to manufacturing, the numerous harbors, an invitation to commerce. These and numerous other forms of natural wealth will be to our advantage if we but expend the energy, time, and money necessary to develop them.

The fact that South America has been little developed is the main reason why she forms the best field for our commercial enterprise. Our exports to Europe were either raw or semi-

finished articles which, while they added to our national wealth, gave but little aid to industry. South America needs manufactured articles. We, by reason of our recognized industrial and inventive skill, are eminently fitted to furnish her with them.

We need this outlet in a special way at this present moment. Advocates of Bolshevism, Socialism, and every other "ism" are advancing their remedies for our present economic crisis and are stirring up unrest and discontent to no good end. If we have South America as an outlet for our manufactured products, our industrial capacity will be entirely utilized, and not only will our present danger be averted, but all future dangers of like nature.

As to our transportation facilities, it is well known that at the beginning of the World War we had not one ship flying the American flag and doing transportation business between the United States and the Latin-American republics. The war, however, spurred us on to accomplish wonders, and at the signing of the armistice we had more than five hundred ships and had contracted for twice as many more. These the government offers to place at the disposal of private concerns.

Thus everything is ready. Why do we hesitate in this far-reaching enterprise? Perhaps we may find the reason in the ignorance of the average citizen of the United States concerning our sister republics to the south. We think of South America as containing several insignificant republics whose main diversion consists in external and internal strife. We think of its people, if not as half-civilized, at least as far below our own standard of intelligence. We are under the impression that pleasure seeking is the vocation of the Latin-American business man, business his avocation. Let me say that our knowledge of these peoples forms a sad commentary on the provincialism, the narrow-mindedness, the self-centered insularity of our people.

While it is true that there have been some instances of friction among these little nations, no serious difficulties have arisen. We ourselves had our Civil War, which for a time threatened our life as a nation. In addition to this, it may be safely said that the average South-American gentleman could put to shame men of his class in our country in matters of education and culture. Finally, our idea of the Latin-American

business man is a caricature at best. In reality he is sober, earnest, and industrious—intent not merely upon his own private ends, but interested in advancing the welfare of his community as well.

Throughout the history of our nation far-sighted statesmen have seen what South America would mean to us in a political, economic, and commercial way. Men like Henry Clay, James Monroe, and Theodore Roosevelt ever advocated the strengthening of our relations, the development of a better understanding, and the cementing of friendship between the United States and the other republics of the Western Hemisphere. It is unnecessary to remark that the most efficient and practical way of attaining these ends is by the encouragement of commercial intercourse.

Let our capitalists and manufacturers acquaint themselves with the advantages South America affords. Let our colleges enlarge upon their foreign commerce work; let them educate our young men in regard to the Latin-American languages, customs, and conditions. Thus our business men will have at hand an ample supply of able representatives possessing adequate and accurate knowledge of foreign markets. Let our banking institutions assist by lending sufficient sums of money on long-time credit extensions. Let our government do everything possible by way of encouraging industry and bettering our diplomatic relations with our southern neighbors.

We know that the life of a nation depends greatly upon her trade; we find that South America is for many reasons a most desirable field for our commercial activities; we are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the support, financial, educational, and diplomatic, necessary to gain our ends. Why then do we hesitate? Let us act and act quickly! Failure to seize the opportunity now at our door may mean that we may never have the chance to grasp it again. Let us go on, understanding that the interests of the United States are interwoven with those of every other state in the Western Hemisphere, on to the coveted goal—the establishment of feelings of hearty sympathy and sincere cooperation, which will do away with all friction, all jealousy, all animosity, which will thus enable every American nation not only to achieve its own highest aims and ideals, but to work as well toward the mutual benefit of every other sister republic.

### To L. O.

An athlete in the school-room,  
A scholar on the field,  
A higher call was waiting  
Another soul revealed.

He left behind a countless host  
Of loyal friends who boast  
For having known him.  
How glad his Maker now must be  
To call him close that He  
At last may own him.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

### The Shamrock.

BY LAWRENCE S. STEPHAN, '20.

There are flowers and plants peculiar to each and every country, and connected with these are the legends of the people who have known these flowers from their childhood and heard the stories of fairies and flowers at the knees of their grandmothers. Peculiar to Ireland is the plant known as the Shamrock. Though grown by florists in small quantities in this and other countries, still it does not develop that healthful vigor and color to which those of the Irish soil attain.

The Feast of St. Patrick is always the occasion for the display of the Green of Ireland, and on this day all Irishmen are equal if they wear the shamrock. While Ireland was an independent nation she had her national flag, but the shamrock was the emblem to which her people's honor had been pledged, and by it they stood against all the world. In whatever part of the world you may be on St. Patrick's feast, even to-day you will find everyone who lays claim to any drop of Irish blood proudly bearing either the green flag of the lost nation or else wearing the little sprig of green.

Most people know of the incident in the life of the great Patrick, when, desiring to explain to his people the mystery of the Trinity, he stooped and picked one of their shamrocks and, pointing to the three leaves on the single stem, made clear to them the doctrine of Three Persons in one God. This was the beginning of the love of the Irish for this Irish plant, and ever has this love grown stronger. To-day, when far from their true home, they still cherish the



sacred emblem of their forefathers, and are as willing to die in its defense as any of their forebears who fought against the invading hordes in the early times.

To-day the Irish nation has almost been transplanted to America, and here we find on the great Irish holiday even more enthusiastic celebration than in the Isle itself. Nor is this without reason. What Irishman can truly celebrate the day of the man who formerly freed Ireland from the natural oppressor, the snake, when there is even greater oppression from a human source, a source supposedly cultured and just? It was only through an unnatural fear of the Irish that England began the uncalled-for torture of a peaceful and peace-loving nation.

Because of the unbearable conditions, the men and women who valued so highly their religion and their learning, left the homes in which they had been reared and the land they loved to find peace in other lands. America was the country where they were free in their natural right to practice their religion and follow their conscience without being forever dogged by an agent of the government. That was years ago. They remained here, helped to build up our cities, our states, and the nation, making it the best country in the world in which to live. To-day their countrymen are continuing to come over, following the examples of the older people, and we find these Irish just as industrious as ever. They continue to build up our nation and keep her in a condition that will allow all men and all religions the free enjoyment of their rights and protection of their privileges.

But even here the English hand has tried to injure them, to hinder them in every way possible, by means unfair, ungentlemanly. The Irish were granted home rule shortly after the beginning of the war, but the premier of England fearing that this would sever the Irish from the side of England, refused to put the plan into operation until after the war. This he publicly stated in various addresses, and all the world looked forward to the ending of the war to see whether this diplomat would keep his word or not. We have seen the result. Even before the war was over, before the cessation of hostilities, the press of America had been bought and the Irish question played up, but from the English side alone. The Irish, in order to get their side of the question properly presented, had to establish papers in order to

bring our attention to the fact that they were again being flayed with the sword, when according to the newspapers, they were being given every consideration and advantage.

So far has this matter gone that even our President, who is supposed to have a little Irish blood in his veins, has absolutely refused to deal with the Irish situation at the Peace Conference. Because of the British propaganda, the head of our nation fails to see the matter clearly and practically states that he will not bother with anything in which the British have trouble. From the appearances, we may gather that another attempt is being made to stamp out the shamrock in this time of Justice, when we are trying to right the wrongs of all of the nations of the world,—all except Ireland. This, we may say, will not continue, for not only the Irish in America, but all other Americans who are not prejudiced by English influence against Ireland's holy cause, will stand by the right, and soon we shall see the Shamrock again linked with the Harp and flying among the great flags of the nations of the earth.

One of the chief reasons that Ireland is not getting her independence and her own government is because Free Masonry has no hold there, except among the Orangemen. So long as Catholicity can be oppressed, so long will the Shamrock remain in subjection. We thought at the beginning of this war that the struggle would in the end turn on religion, especially when the Turks proclaimed this to be their purpose, but it was destined not to be so. Shall it now follow the war, and be the final culmination of the persecution which Catholicity has suffered during all the centuries?

Ireland herself does not make Religion an issue, nor does England, directly. Yet from all appearances we find that nations which have been submerged for a greater period are being considered at the peace conference of the world. Nations of much less importance, with much less right to independent existence are being considered. Yet the poor Irish are to get nothing but the shanty in which to live again, and are being held up to the other nations as a people in subjection, conquered, and with no hope of freedom.

There are many people in this country who are ever willing to present the case of Ireland before the public; they are merely awaiting their opportunity and it will come very soon. Indeed it has already come. It is Spring, and

the Shamrock is again reviving its color, growing with ever-increasing strength, and by the summer will be in full bloom. In similar manner the Irish movement is spreading all over this country. Societies are being organized everywhere in the world to protect the Shamrock and to make the Christian ideals of the Irish the ideals of the nations.

As the Shamrock takes its nourishment from a common stalk, even though there are three leaves in the group, so also do all the sons of this martyr isle who are scattered over the other three-quarters of the world take their inspiration, their life, and hope from the sturdy little isle that dares defy the Briton. No matter into what country you may go, you will find the Irishman, full of the hope of freedom for his land and determined to help her when the call does actually come. You will find him naturally good-natured and easy-going, but arouse his spirit and the world knows of what he is capable.

In spite of much provocation there were very few outbreaks in Ireland during the war, and by this Ireland again showed the world that she could be trusted and depended upon. How easily would it not have been for the Irish regiments to refuse to fight, once they had reached France. Did they? Yet the English fear to trust the Irish, because the Sons of Erin, like the shamrock, will grow and multiply, and in time may become the competitor of the English merchants, and deprive these lords of some of their profit. But the Shamrock will grow despite all effort to destroy it or check it, and in time will be exalted as the insignia of a great nation governing itself as a free people should be governed.

### It Can't Be Done.

"It can't be done," the people said,  
When Fulton launched his boat,  
But in spite of all the sneers  
The steamer staid afloat.

Again the same old cry was heard  
When Wright his plane made known,  
"That thing won't fly," the people said,  
And yet, they soon were shown.

A plane was built to cross the sea,  
The same old cry was heard;  
Now it has started on its flight  
It's sailing as a bird.

G. DEAN SPITLER, '22.

### Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS

True friendship elevates.

What so rare as a drink in July?

A deaf man is no judge of music.

An idle man is a potential Socialist.

Be a cog in the machine—not a clog.

One must study much to learn a little.

The raisin seems to be coming into its own.

Meditation is faulty when no action results.

The wisest economizer is the saver of time.

He who loves not nature loves only himself.

Man is always ready to make a fool of himself.

After July first it will be "My kingdom for a keg!"

Do not put off till July what you can drink to-day.

The best advice you can give is a good example.

How can we "Drink hearty" over a mere glass of water?

A noble soul is an inspiration unto all acquaintances.

If you value your name have a care as to where you write it.

No, my son, "liquid cheer" does not mean tears of joy.

Italy's diplomatic storm illustrates the tempest in a tea-pot.

Belittling the work of others bespeaks both jealousy and conceit.

One never realizes how little he knows till he has learned much.

In school, as on the turf, many races are lost in the last quarter.

There is more joy over one successful "skive" than over ninety-nine permissions.

Whom does the "Belle Dame" mean to flatter when she calls her pup "sonny"?

If all reforms were actualized we could dispense with the police force.

England will learn one of these days that experience is a hard teacher.

Now that Poland is free, Germany may devote more time to the cause of Ireland.

If nations were as slow in going to war as in making peace, there would be no war.

The Reds have steered clear of the Irish Greens.

There's many a slip 'twixt now and the first of July.

Not every man who strikes his breast really repents.

What will become of the saloon slang after the first of July?

Be not one of the crowd, but one whom the crowd will follow.

The best way to do away with "conditions" is to avoid them.

If you would have the Lord for a friend, converse with Him.

The moral law may be a stern code, but it is as good as it is stern.

In giving advice do not mistake your own wisdom for the Divine.

Now that the League of Nations is organized, who are to be the umpires?

The prayers of others may be helpful, but our own are indispensable.

Social reform is the only dam that can hold back the tide of Bolshevism.

Advocates of the "new religion" would do well to first investigate the old.

I suppose that saying a fellow is "simple" means that he is lacking in parts.

Beware of the company you keep; but keep company, lest you become a cynic.

A true friend does not regard your absence as a time for relaxing his friendship.

Some schools educate young men for nothing—that is, for nothing in particular.

Do not let the flatterer tickle your vanity nor the critic dampen your courage.

America entered the war at the eleventh hour, but she certainly did a twelve-hour job.

The Kaiser is to be tried, but what European is innocent enough to cast the first stone?

The saloon business must be in a bad way when the brewers have to turn journalists.

So changeable is public opinion that the fool of to-day may become the sage of to-morrow.

That a chap can wear his father's trousers is no guarantee that he can fill the paternal shoes.

Shall Fiume be the meatless bone to turn the peace-conference of the nations into a dog-fight?

Perhaps time will acclaim President Wilson

the George Washington of the United States of the World.

Before we let England get a strangle hold on the United States, let us review the history of Ireland.

After his second look at Sedan, the Kaiser probably realized that first impressions are the most pleasing.

Were Ben Johnson to live in the United States after July first, he would die unknown for lack of inspiration.

O Ireland, how you are forsaken! Those who could help you would not, and those who would help you could not.

If you would know the value of your opportunity at college, ask the intelligent man who has not enjoyed that privilege.

Are the Teutons that sympathize with Ireland animated by a disinterested love for Erin or by an inherited hatred for England?

The German envoys declare the peace terms "unacceptable"—but not long ago they said the German army was "undefeatable."

Do not imagine that you have settled a question because you have by a clever remark silenced one more charitable than yourself.

The really successful man finds his satisfaction and his incentive to further success not in publicity but in a sense of duty well done.

They say the Kaiser is to be tried for violation of international morality—another euphonic legal term which covers a multitude of sins.

An important case before the Court of Nations is Kathleen Ni Houlihan's plea for separation from John Bull on all the grounds for divorce.

Just as you can not stand out in the rain without getting wet, so you can not choose evil environment without absorbing some of the evil.

Will the world require the German people to pay the awful price for the Kaiser's crime while he looks on comfortably from his palace in Holland?

It is said that Great Britain has a liberal reward for anyone who can tell her why self-determination is good for one part of the world and not good for another.

The war was not such a bad investment for England after all, for she has increased her stock-in-trade—the earth's surface—by an area larger than that of the continental United States.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Some one recently epitomized the duty of the Catholic nun as being, "To point to heaven and to lead the way." Certain it is that the nun has so conceived it. And **The Service of the Nuns.** never has she better demonstrated her qualification for that task than in the recent epidemic of influenza. The first distress-signal brought the sisterhoods to the rescue. No appeal from authority was necessary; whole communities of sisters volunteered wherever there was need. With very natural trepidation did the inexperienced enter hospitals where the atmosphere was charged with pestilence; but the motives which inspired them to the work nerved them to accomplish it. They relieved the overworked nurses in the regular hospitals and in hospitals improvised from schools and gymnasiums and garages. In addition to nursing they assumed household duties where whole families were sick. They drew no religious, national, or race lines. No labor or sacrifice was too great for their zeal. Their only sorrows were to see others sorrow and to see men die without a thought of God. Numerous conversions, they declare, have amply recompensed them. A word of encouragement here and of remonstrance there, added to the impressive lesson of their own courageous and charitable self-sacrifice, did not fail to move hearts. Even the most unreasoning prejudice was tempered. Thus in a most practical manner, they

publicly illustrated the purpose of their religious life. Now they are less in the public eye, but not less in the service of all. They have gone back to their wonted work, the work of moulding the minds and hearts of American children, a work as indispensable to the security and welfare of our domestic, social, and national life as any under Heaven.—J. R. W.

## Sentences on Prohibition.

Whatever may have been our former minds on the subject, prohibition is not any longer a debatable question in this country.

The abuse of a thing does argue against its use when the abuse is the invariable rule.

More or less fanaticism is the inevitable concomitant of every great movement.

The old-time prejudice of many in favor of the demon will quickly dissipate as the country becomes more sober.

Who on the score of personal liberty finds fault with the old law of prohibition in regard to minors or with the law against drugs?

Put yourself into the place of the toper's wife and you will have no doubts as to your duty in regard to the law against liquor.

The one and thoroughly conclusive argument against the manufacture of intoxicating liquors is the inestimable harm they do in opposition to the little and more or less doubtful good.

It is quite true that rum is not evil in itself, but in its effects, in the evil purpose it serves so surely, it might as well be so.

If you be a democrat and an American throw all the weight of your influence into the balance with the majority on the side of the law for its enforcement.

It is seriously objected that the prohibition law is an infringement upon personal liberty. Is not every law, natural or positive, divine or human, civil or ecclesiastical, just that?

If the prohibition amendment to the Constitution is duly enforced, it will prove itself the greatest moral triumph since the emancipation of the American slave.

Mr. Dooley observed very well of the saloon some years ago: "If it is necessary, it is not an evil; and if it is an evil, it is not necessary." The American people have decided that it is not necessary.

Prohibition is now a part of the fundamental law of the land, made so in the manner prescribed by the people in the constitution of their republic. Are you with the Constitution or against it?

Experience shows that in any community in which prohibition is not merely voted but enforced it will win to its favor an ever-growing majority. Even the habitually thirsty citizen will think twice before casting a ballot for the old conditions.

If prohibition is to be a failure, it will be in consequence of the opposition from so many good people who in all reason ought to help it succeed.—J. L. C.

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### Obituaries.

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#### LEO OWENS.

The students of the university were surprised and shocked at news of the death of Leo Owens on Friday last in St. Joseph's hospital, South Bend. He was apparently in good health, attending all his classes up until Wednesday, when he went to the hospital. The report of his death caused a great deal of regret among the students, for Leo was a favorite with everyone who knew him. Strong and athletic, a good student and a cheerful, happy companion, he made a host of friends among the members of his hall, and his classmates. The smiling good humor of the "Sarge" was contagious and made him a welcome figure in every student gathering. The students offered a general communion for him on Saturday morning in their hall chapels and a solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated in the university church at eight o'clock by Father Eugene Burke, assisted by Father Leo Heiser as deacon and Father Charles Doremus as subdeacon. Joseph Brandy of Sorin Hall accompanied the body to its home in Ogdensburg, New York. The faculty and students of the university offer their prayers and sympathy to the bereaved family.

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Word has come from Daniel C. Curtiss, (LL. B. '12), that his mother died suddenly at Ottawa, Illinois, on May 13. Through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC the faculty and students of Notre Dame tender their sincerest sympathy and promise prayers for the soul of the deceased. R. I. P.

### The American Legion.

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There is now in process of permanent formation an organization of Uncle Sam's fighting men, to be known as the "American Legion." The organization was thus named by a caucus of enlisted men and officers of the American Expeditionary Force at a meeting held last spring in Paris. The League is backed by the enlisted personnel of the army, navy, and marine corps, emphasis being laid on the fact that enlisted men have equal advantages and prerogatives with officers.

The League is to be in no sense partisan or political; it purposes to keep alive the principles of freedom, justice, and democracy for which its members have fought, and intends to preserve to future generations the history and incidents of their participation in the war. Not the least of the advantages which will accrue from membership in the League will be the strengthening of the ties of comradeship formed in the service.

Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is temporarily directing the tentative organization, which has secretaries in every state in the Union. The temporary secretary for Indiana is Scott R. Brewer, whose address is, The Washington Trust Company, Indianapolis. Mr. Brewer would welcome and answer a letter from every Notre Dame man who has served with the army, navy, or marine corps, at home or abroad. This service man's organization wishes to establish a "dugout" in every community in the United States. When opportunity offered, Notre Dame men lost no time in volunteering to fight for the principles of right and justice; they should with equal promptness affiliate themselves with an organization the object of which is to perpetuate those principles; for which they have fought so successfully, and the memory of the sacrifices through which those principles have been vindicated.

The personnel of the central committee of the Legion is temporary. Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt and his assistants, Lieutenant Colonel Benet Clarke and Lieutenant Colonel Eric Fisher Wood, seem to appreciate the immense superiority of that organization which is built from the bottom. Hence the imperative necessity, expressed by Colonel Roosevelt, of permanently establishing "dugouts" in each community. Notre Dame's dugout should be, as usual, away up in the front line.—T. J. T.

## Local News.

—The students who have been serving Mass and Vespers in the University church during the year were treated to a delightful banquet by Father Doremus, Father Thomas Burke, and Father O'Hara on May the 31st.

—Precedents were smashed when the Seniors from St. Mary's attended the Michigan-Notre Dame track meet last week. The sincerity of their enthusiasm for the Gold and Blue was a source of great encouragement to the team.

—At a recent meeting of the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce, Raleigh Stine read a very interesting paper on the Salmon Industry. He has had a varied experience with the industry, and his treatment of the subject showed a very practical mastery of it.

—On Friday, May twenty-third, the Glee Club sang before one of the most appreciative audiences of the year at the Bucklen Theatre in Elkhart. Three songs by Mr. George O'Connell were enthusiastically encored, and the Club's selections "Ferrara" and "Swing Along" were especially well received.

—According to statistics compiled by President Twing, of Western Reserve University, Notre Dame leads the Catholic universities in the number of students who gave their lives in the service during the war. Forty-five Notre Dame men died on the battlefield and in the camps. Georgetown is second on the list with forty.

—Classes in the summer school will begin July the 1st. It is pointed out by the Director of Studies that the summer session offers, especially to freshmen and sophomores, an excellent opportunity for making up their studies, so that they may be able to enter upon next year's work unhampered by "conditions."

—Mr. R. E. Dailey, of the West Publishing Company lectured recently to the students of the Hoynes' College of Law on "How to Find the Law." Mr. Dailey is a prominent member of his profession, and the information which he gave will be of great value to the law men. It is hoped that this may not be Mr. Dailey's last appearance at Notre Dame.

—Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus met Monday night, May 26th, the last time for this term. A large number of Knights attended the meeting and enjoyed the excellent program arranged by the lecturer. The Knights plan to pursue with renewed

vigor the building fund campaign during the summer, so that actual construction work may be begun in September.

—A photograph of more than passing interest was presented to the University last week by Reverend Dr. Vismara, of Kalamazoc, Michigan. It was taken in the Sistine Chapel by the papal photographer at the episcopal consecration by Pope Pius X of the Most Rev. Giacomo della Chiesa, as Archbishop of Bologna, now the reigning pontiff, Benedict XV. Dr. Vismara was one of the officers of the Mass.

—Within the week three prelates have visited Notre Dame. On May the twenty-fourth Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, of the archdiocese of San Francisco, and Bishop John J. Cantwell, of the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey, visited the University, and on Ascension Thursday Bishop Herman Alerding, of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, conferred the sacrament of Confirmation at the University.

—Last Saturday the Minims' baseball nine, accompanied by Coach Steinle, journeyed to La Porte and defeated the team of the Junior Holy Name Society by a score of 16 to 7. A home run by Baker and the pitching of Lacy afforded the chief thrills to the spectators. The Minims are very enthusiastic in their praise of the La Porte boys, and particularly appreciative of the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Fitzsimmons, who treated them royally.

—Interest in bird-life received further stimulus among the Minims on May 26th when Brother Alphonsus took a number of them for an observation trip to Rum Village, southwest of the city. Many birds of rare species were seen, among them the alder fly-catcher, acadian fly-catcher, crested fly-catcher, Maryland yellowthroat, yellow warbler, bay-breasted warbler, cardinal, red-eyed vireo, yellow-throated vireo, and the woodthrush.

—The annual banquet of the journalists was held in the Rose Room of the Oliver Hotel on the evening of May 24th. Mr. George Haller acted as toastmaster with the success which characterizes all of his activities. Among the speakers of the evening were Father Cavanaugh, Mr. Paul Cowles, superintendent of the western division of the Associated Press, Mr. Thomas O'Shaughnessy, the Chicago artist, Professor John M. Cooney, Dean of the department, and the Reverend Thomas Lahey. The students were represented by Dillon Patterson, Charles

Grimes, Leo Ward, Edward Doyle, and A. Castellini. The work of Sinnott Meyers was largely responsible for the success of the occasion.

—Notre Dame graduates wishing to take up teaching in high schools will be interested in knowing that there is an opening in the high school of Lemont, Illinois, for two teachers. A teacher of English and Latin is offered a salary of \$1250, and a teacher of mathematics and science a similar salary. Elections to these positions will take place on June 6th. Notre Dame men who are interested may communicate with Superintendent William F. Wall, of the class of '13.

—Mr. Frank Goodall, the Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus, and Mr. Thomas Tobin attended the state convention of the order, held in Indianapolis, Monday June 2nd. The convention was preceded by a Mass in Cathedral Chapel and a sermon by Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, Bishop of Indianapolis. The sessions which were held in the assembly room of the Claypool, were without doubt the most successful in the history of the state meetings.

—Notre Dame students were very much interested during the recent flights over the University of an old-time student, Francis Curtis Stanford, Litt. B. 1913, who stopped here on his way from Toronto to his home at Independence, Kansas. Stanford became so enthusiastic about aviation during his service in the army that he purchased a beautiful Curtis plane to take home with him. He could have spent a long time giving trips to Notre Dame men who were desirous of trying the air had he granted every request that came to him.

—The Notre Dame Chapter of the Friends of Irish Freedom has just procured one hundred copies of Seumas MacManus' book, "Ireland's Case." By taking this number the chapter has been able to secure the books at a price far below that of single copies. The books will be sold to the students at actual cost. The volume is one of the most interesting as well as the most instructive books that have been written on the subject. Every student should have one of these volumes and should make himself thoroughly familiar with its contents. The usual price of the book is sixty-five cents the copy, but the Friends here are able to sell it for twenty-five. The

book vividly portrays the sufferings of the Irish race at the hands of England and is bound to convince an honest man of the validity of Ireland's claim to the right of independence and self-determination. Information regarding the place of sale will be posted in each hall.

—Notre Dame is particularly fortunate in having as its guest during commencement week the Very Reverend Monsignor F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew, universally known as "John Ayscough," and acclaimed as the greatest living English novelist. He is accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Frank Drew. Both are enjoying for the first time a visit to America. While heré at the University the Monsignor in his pleasing manner and with rare charm is lecturing on the novel—its structure, its masters, and its value. On Sunday, June the eighth he will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class.

—June 23rd to 26th the sixteenth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will be held in St. Louis, upon the invitation of the Most Reverend John J. Glennon, Archbishop of that city. Very Reverend James A. Burns, C. S. C., President of Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., and Vice-President General of the Association will be prominently identified with the convention, as will two other members of the Holy Cross Congregation, Reverend M. A. Schumacher and the Reverend Paul Foik of Notre Dame. On June 25th Father Foik will speak on "The College Library and its Relation to College Work," and on the following day Father Schumacher will deliver a report on "Standardization."

—The Memorial Day Exercises were unusually impressive this year on account of the number of service men present. Mr. George D. Haller acted as presiding officer and introduced the speakers. The program consisted of the reading of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address by Lawrence S. Stephan, the affirmative presentation of "The Proposed League of Nations" by Emmet J. Kelly, and the negative presentation by Thomas H. Beacom. Cornelius R. Palmer read the Memorial Ode of Alan Seeger. Mr. Palmer is a reader of unusual talent and the subject of the Ode was one which found sympathy in the hearts of his audience. The University Orchestra and the Glee Club assisted in making the exercises most successful. Notre Dame should be and is enthusiastic in the

celebration of Memorial Day for the reason that Notre Dame enjoys the unique distinction of being the only university in the country that has its own Post of the G. A. R. After the exercises the Veterans of the Civil War marched to the grave-yard and decorated the graves of their comrades.

—Impressive ceremonial exercises in memory of the late Brother Casimer, C. S. C., were held last Thursday evening in Washington Hall under the auspices of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, at which the students of Brownson showed their respect and fondness for their former prefect by attending the exercises in a body. Father Cavanaugh in an address remarked the beauty and heroism in the life of a Brother, emphasizing the exceptional faith and obedience of Brother Casimir. The program included the reading by Brother Alphonsus of an appropriate memorial poem. Emmet Sweeney delivered a carefully prepared eulogy, and "Joe" McGinnis, accompanied at the piano by Dillon Patterson, filled out the program with memorial song.

—Some weeks ago we noted in these columns that the Freshmen had "vernalized." Last Tuesday evening, May 27th, they completed their coming-out process with an elaborate banquet at the Oliver Hotel. One hundred and thirty of the first-year men attended the feast, over which John Higgins, the president of the class, presided. The toastmaster presented as speakers of the evening Father Cavanaugh, Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, Professor Cooney, and Judge Vurpillat. Two of the Glee Club's proudest boasts, Joe McGinnis and José Corona, entertained the yearlings with some real songs. Fathers Wenninger, McGarry, and Steiner were the other guests at the banquet. The committee in charge of the successful occasion were Charles Foley, Charles Hirschbuhl, and John Higgins.

—The Knights of Columbus Building Fund received material benefit from the concert given by the University Glee Club at the Oliver Theatre, South Bend, on Wednesday night, May 28th. A large audience lent encouragement to the club, which appeared to good advantage with its repertoire of melodies and excellent specialities. The illness of Mr. George O'Connell prevented his appearance, and in his stead Mr. Joe McGinnis with his baritone solo "Dear Old Pal of Mine" won unanimous favor. Charles

McCauley, in his first appearance with the club this year, won prolonged applause with his inimitable ragtime, and Charles Butterworth brought joy to his auditors with a clever monologue. The Davis "Symphonic Syncopators" met with their usual ovation. After the concert the members of the club and a large number of seniors enjoyed a dance at the Indiana Club. The Glee Club will sing for the last time this year in Chicago on June 6th.

—Sixteen Notre Dame men were initiated into the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus on Sunday, May the twenty-fifth. The exemplification of the degree was in charge of Earl Dickens, Past Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Council, and now Master of the Indiana District. After the degree, which was given at the Indiana Club, the Knights banqueted at the Oliver Hotel. Mr. Dickens as toastmaster presented Father Cavanaugh, who took for his subject, "Knights of the Carpet, or Knights of the Fray," and the Right Reverend Monsignor F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew, who commented upon the splendid war work of the Knights in France and England. Reverend Matthew A. Schumacher, Professor W. L. Benitz, and Mr. Frank Goodall took prominent parts in the events of the day.

—On May 25th Mr. Thomas O'Shaughnessy, of Chicago, well known as an artist, addressed a group of students who are interested in the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland. Mr. O'Shaughnessy was in Ireland at the time when the Sinn Fein Party was organized and is personally acquainted with all the prominent men in the movement. He describes Arthur Griffith as the brain, Father O'Flannigan as the heart and blood, and Major John McBride as the soul of the movement. The work of Major McBride was particularly eulogized. According to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, he is the man who checked the advance of materialistic philosophy in Ireland and prevented the Irish from losing their ideals. The hearers were much pleased to get such first-hand and reliable information concerning the origin and development of the great Irish movement.

—Notre Dame held the formal opening of her art galleries on the evening of May 29th. The collection of pieces by medieval masters is one of the most important in the Middle West. The pictures have all been restored and retouched by Father Gregory Gerrer, O. S. B. Father Gregory is himself an able painter and



specially well acquainted with the works of the artists of the Renaissance. He is in every respect fitted to carry out such a work. All of the paintings have been reframed by a Chicago expert. The new lighting system which has been installed in the galleries does much to display the paintings to the best advantage. The one thing that is now needed to give galleries the prominence they deserve is a separate art museum. The people of South Bend took a very active interest in the exhibition and the galleries were crowded during the afternoon and night. Several artists from New York and Chicago attended the exhibit and were loud in their praise of the collection.

—The following excerpt from the South Bend *Tribune* will no doubt be of interest to all Notre Dame students: "Honoring the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of Notre Dame, as a tribute to his many years as head of that institution, a banquet given under the auspices of the Rotary Club, at which representatives from other leading organizations will be present, will be given at the Oliver Hotel, Tuesday evening. The Rev. C. A. Lippincott, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will act as toastmaster. The Very Rev. John Hazen White, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of northern Indiana, will speak in behalf of the clergy of this city. Professor J. M. Cooney, head of the department of journalism at Notre Dame, will respond in behalf of the University. A. R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker corporation, will speak for the Knife and Fork Club, R. M. Hutchinson for the University Club, Guy McMichael for the Kiwanis Club, A. Frank for the South Bend Country Club, Miles O'Brien for the Chamber of Commerce, and George O'Brien for the Indiana Club. C. N. Fassett, editor of 'The Slant' on the *Tribune*, will read a poem on the occasion."

—The annual elocution and oratorical contests for 1919 were held in Washington Hall recently, beginning May 16th and concluding on the 28th. Owing to unusual stress of scholastic work during these last days of the school-year the entries from among the upper classmen were not numerous. The Preparatory and Freshman tilts were very lively and revealed some very promising forensic material. The Lyons medal for preparatory elocution was awarded to Emery Toth, who gave cleverly a

piece entitled "My First Recitation." Second honor was taken by Raymond Norris, with "The Revenge" by Tennyson. In the Preparatory oratorical contest first place was won by Edward Wetzel, whose "Apostle of the West" was of unusual merit. "The Message of Mercier" by Raymond Norris was accorded second place. The elocution contest for the Barry medal, open to all college students, attracted eight contestants. The medal was won by William Havey, of Holy Cross Hall, whose masterly interpretation of "The Battle of Lepanto" gave him an easy first place. Thomas Duffy, in "The Human Word" was awarded second. 'France and the Exiled Religious' by Leo R. Ward was the winning oration in the Freshman contest, "Paderewski the Statesman" by C. Witucki being awarded second place. In the Sophomore competition the decision went to Joseph Tierney, who gave an excellent oration on "Our Commercial Opportunity in South America." "The Smith Bill and Our Parochial Schools" by Raymond Switalski secured second rank. Cornelius Palmer took the Junior oratorical award with "Ireland's Right to Self-Determination," the next in rank being "God and the State," by Thomas Duffy.

—On the evening of Ascension Thursday the students of Holy Cross Seminary gave an elaborate banquet and entertainment in honor of Father Thomas P. Irving, C. S. C., superior of the Seminary. The refectory was finely decorated in blue and gold with a neat finish of patriotic colors and soft illuminations. Table centerpieces of large blue bouquets added to the enchantment. Music for the feast was furnished by the Seminary orchestra, which under the direction of Arthur Hope, entertained the guests with many convivial selections. Covers were laid for thirty priests and one hundred seminarians. At the close of the banquet, speeches were made by Father Thomas Burke and Father Carrico, both of whom paid hearty tribute to him in whose honor the occasion was arranged. Both speakers received frequent applause for the many *bons mots* in their "reminiscent revelations." After an intermission of half an hour a program was presented in the main recreation room by the Seminarians. The program consisted of an overture by the orchestra, a speech of appreciation by William C. Havey, an Italian recitation by Edward Kelly, a violin solo by William Summers, a humorous essay by James Hogan,

a vocal solo by Edward Massart with violin obligato. Mr. Frank Falvey delivered a negro recitation in the manner of the real Americanized African, and the entertainment ended with an orchestral finale. Father Irving in a felicitous impromptu address thanked the Seminarians for the appreciation they had shown, and with characteristic modesty disclaimed the commendations expressed by his fellow-priests at the banquet. The evening will be long remembered as one of the cheeriest and most successful of seminary festivities.

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### Personals.

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—"Jerry" Noonan, an old student, visited the University on May 23 and 24.

—Frank Murphy, student in '16-'17, is now studying medicine at Buffalo University.

—Paul Barry, of Corby Hall last year, writes that he will be with us when school starts again.

—John McDevitt, a student of Corby Hall last year, is studying medicine at the University of Louisville.

—"Ben" Berve, student here in '07, has just entered the movies. "Ben's" friends predict a successful future.

—It is reported that James Dooley, student in Corby Hall last year is the father of a baby girl. St. Mary's, take notice.

—Ralph "Lefty" Welch of Walsh Hall last year paid his old friends a visit last Sunday. Ralph has been honorably discharged from the service.

—Mrs. Andrew J. Cormick, of 328 West 72nd Street, New York, announces the marriage of her daughter, Helen, to Mr. Francis C. Schwab, (A. B., '02), on May 25th.

—George Shanahan (Ch. E. '17) is now studying at Beaune University in France. George had the good fortune to meet Father Edward Finnegan recently.

—The Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C., one of the Notre Dame chaplains, now at Verdun, was elevated to the rank of captain May 7th. He writes very pleasantly: "It looks like home soon."

—"Art" Vay a student of Walsh Hall last year, who is now attending Business College in Rochester, New York, writes that he will not be contented until he gets back to the old school again.

—"Art" Lydon, former student in Engineering and prefect in Carroll, visited a few days at the University recently and renewed old acquaintances with the ex-Carrolites.

—James McGirl, the "Phillie Loo" pitcher of the Corby Outlaws last year, is now pitching for the Kansas College of Mines. Needless to say, the College of Mines is having a successful season.

—Eugene Fitzgibbons, an old student, called at the university about ten days ago. "Gene" has seen a half year of active service in France but was fortunate enough to come out uninjured.

—Cyril J. Curran (A. B. '12) announces that he is now a member of the law firm, Hone and Curran, in Rochester, New York. We predict justice to his clients and a rush of business to the newly formed firm.

—J. Bell Moran, old student, was welcomed by friends at Notre Dame a week ago. "Jack" is now District Sales Manager for Kennedy, Floyd and Co., operators in coal, with offices in the Dime Bank Building, Detroit, Michigan.

—The Rev. James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., chaplain at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, has been promoted to the rank of captain chaplain, effective May 8th. This is the best possible proof of Father O'Brien's zeal and success in his work.

—Frank Hailey, a football player of '04, is now the Municipal Judge of Rochelle, Illinois. Frank has been threatening to visit his Alma Mater for a long time now and we hope that the coming commencement will see the materialization of his threats.

—In the exemplification of the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus at Sioux Falls, the following old students and graduates were initiated: C. E. Geelan, Daniel Kirby, Joseph Kirby, Joseph J. Swartz, Thomas Kirby, Otto Kuhle, H. J. Kuhle, Jr., and Albert A. Kuhle.

—Bernard Mulligan, old student, has returned from France and has been mustered out of the service. He says that the people of New York are very enthusiastic on their arrival and that the various organizations of war workers have been accomplishing more than was expected by the American soldiers.

—Frank Stanford (Litt. '13) has the distinction of being the first old student to visit the university in his aeroplane. Frank was an instructor of stunt flying at one of the aviation

camps. After being discharged from the service, he bought an aeroplane from the Canadian Government and was taking it to his home in Independence, Kansas, when he stopped here.

—"Pete" Ronchetti, (Ch. E. '18) varsity football and basketball player, visited the university last week. "Pete" was a lieutenant in the engineers and saw several months of fighting. He comes back from the war zone looking stronger and healthier than ever, and that's going some for Pete.

—"Si" Degree, the famous punter of a few years ago, visited the University last week. "Si" was with the shock troops in a number of first line charges but came out without a scratch. While in France he met Lieutenant "Mike" King and "Archie" Duncan, both old students. "Si" will return to school next fall.

—The Notre Dame Club of Chicago held its annual meeting and election of officers May 22 at the Hotel Breveort. Thomas O'Shaughnessy was elected president; Harold P. Fisher, vice-president; Chester D. Freeze, secretary; and Frank H. Hayes, treasurer. The Chicago Club is one of the most active alumni organizations. They have promised a large representation at commencement this year.

—A recent inquiry from Mr. S. J. Craft (Litt. B. '88) gives us the opportunity of correcting a mistake made in the SCHOLASTIC some time ago regarding the date of publication of an article by Rev. John Zahm, C. S. C., in the *Outlook*. The article in question was in the nature of a personal reminiscence of Theodore Roosevelt and was printed in the issue of March 12. We take pleasure in furnishing Mr. Craft with the more accurate information.

—Word has been received at the University that Chaplain Vincent J. Toole (old student) has been officially cited for decoration with the *Croix de Guerre*. Father Toole won his distinction "for gallantry in action" in the fighting about Verdun, October, 1918. He was with the 324th regiment of the field artillery. Before entering the service he was assistant pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations in the name of Father Toole's many friends.

—The American airplanes which started recently upon the first trans-oceanic flight in history were tested just before leaving by Dr. Albert Zahm (A. B., 1883; A. M., 1885; M. S., 1890). Dr. Zahm has been associated

in experiment work with airplanes from the very beginning of aviation activity in this country, and has written a valuable book upon that subject. He is a brother of Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. (A. B., 1871; A. M., 1873), and is at present in the employ of the Curtis Company.

—Dick Daley (Journalism '17) star basketball player a few years ago, visited his many friends at the University last week. Dick returned from France a short time ago after having spent a year in the war-ridden country. He was at the front in the 48th Infantry along with Capt. Jerry Murphy and Earl O'Connor. Through the ingenuity of Stuart Carroll, also a member of the first graduating class in Journalism at Notre Dame, he went to the *Stars and Stripes* and labored for that publication in Paris and Nantes.

—R. M. MURCH, '22.

#### John Ayscough's Books.

In consequence of the series of excellent lectures being given at Notre Dame by Monsignor Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew on the English novel not a few are doubtless interested in the works of this eminent novelist. Following is a complete list of his books, all of which have appeared under the pen-name familiar to the lovers of fiction, John Ayscough: "Jacqueline," his latest novel, (\$1.50); "Prodigals and Sons," (\$1.25), and "The Tideway," (\$1.50), short-stories; "Dromina," (\$1.50), "Marotz," (\$1.50), "Mezzogiorna," (\$1.35), "Faustula," (\$1.35), "Hurdcott," (\$1.35), and "Monksbridge," (\$1.50), novels; "Saints and Places," (\$2.00), "Gracechurch," (\$2.00), "French Windows," (\$1.50), sketches; "Levia-Pondera," (\$2.50), essays; "San Celestino," (\$1.50), biography; "Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough," (\$0.50).

The most popular of the novels are "Dromina," "Marotz," and "Faustula." "Gracechurch" is the author's favorite. "French Windows" has had a host of readers. "San Celestino" is regarded by most readers as the masterpiece of John Ayscough. A critic in the magazine *America* recently gave it as his judgment that the author of San Celestino has among all living English writers the finest style.

Any of the books listed above may be had from P. J. Kenedy and Sons, 34 Barclay Street, New York City, or may be ordered through the University bookstore.

## Athletic Notes.

## NOTRE DAME WINS STATE MEET.

By scoring points in all but one event, the Gold and Blue track team defeated all opposition last Thursday and won the state championship in track in the state meet held in the Stadium of Wabash College, at Crawfordsville, Indiana. Gilfillan, the individual star of the day scored thirteen points. The running of Hayes in the sprints and of McDonough were also features of the meet. Heze Clark, of the Indianapolis *Times*, gives this account of the occasion:

Coach Rockne and his evenly balanced team from Notre Dame University won the annual Indiana Intercollegiate Athletic Association track and field meet on Ingal's field Thursday afternoon. Notre Dame won points in thirteen of the fourteen events, failing to score only in the 120-yard high-hurdle race. The final scores of the teams follow: Notre Dame, 59; Wabash, 23; Indiana, 23; Earlham, 18; DePauw, 12; Purdue, 8; Franklin, 7; Butler, 3.

In five events new state records were made. New records were made in the 100-yard dash, 120-yard hurdle, half-mile, discus-throw and running high jump. It was a record-breaking meet in many ways. Never have the students and alumni of the colleges of the state shown better spirit than they did Thursday. The winner of every event was heartily cheered, no matter what school he represented. Never in the history of Hoosier athletics have more former college athletes from every school in the state attended an athletic event to "see the kids perform."

Coach Townsend of Wabash had seen to it that the field was in shape and never have the athletes run on a better track. The records in the track events tell the story. More fast dash-men were entered in the century than ever in one race in the history of Indiana athletics. All the heats went in ten seconds, and then the first record of the day was broken. Willam Hayes of Notre Dame broke the state record, making the 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds. Four official watches caught the time and all were the same. Three unofficial watches caught the time at the same mark. Mulligan of Notre Dame, who won his heat in the 100 in ten seconds, finished third in the final heat, but was disqualified for getting out of his alley.

Tad Shid'er, the Indianapolis athlete running for Indiana University in 1904, set a mark in the high hurdles of 15 4-5 seconds, which has been tied only once in this state since that time, until yesterday. Then Naber of Wabash college covered the sticks in 15 3-5 seconds, making a new state record. Shoptaugh of DePauw and Hoar of Notre Dame both were disqualified in the final of the 120-yard hurdle for knocking down too many hurdles. Gilfillan of Notre Dame, tossed the discus 126 feet, breaking the record made by Caldwell in 1916, and the record of Sage of Purdue made in 1905.

The mile-run was a hard fought event. Meehan, Notre Dame, set the pace and kept the lead until the

back stretch on the last lap. Sweeney, his teammate, was ten yards behind Sweeney. Then Eastlack sprinted and passed both Notre Dame men, finishing five yards in front of Meehan.

Meredith of Notre Dame took the lead in the quarter, and held it until near the tape, when Manley of Wabash won by a yard from the northern Indiana star. Butler College, of Indianapolis, scored in the half-mile when Draper took second place. McDonough of Notre Dame won by fifteen yards over Draper and set a new state record of 2 minutes, 3-5 second. He broke Verner of Purdue's record of 2 minutes 1-5 seconds made in 1905.

Von Wonterghem, the little Notre Dame distance man, ran a great race in the two-mile event. Proud, of DePauw, set the pace and the first quarter went in 58 seconds. At the end of the first half-mile Von Wonterghem took the lead and did not even seem tired at the finish. Twenty yards back, Cross of Franklin won second. He ran a good race and Coach Thurber had not expected Cross to place, as the athlete has been ill.

## Summary of events:

120-yard High Hurdle—Naber, Wabash, first; Williams, Indiana, second; Lawler, Earlham, third. Time, 15 3-5 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—Hayes, Notre Dame, first; Keeling, Indiana, second; Nicholson, Wabash, third; Mason, DePauw, fourth. Time, 9 4-5 seconds.

Mile-run—Eastlack, Wabash, first; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; Sweeney, Notre Dame, third; Gates, Indiana, fourth. Time, 4 minutes, 36 4-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Manley, Wabash, first; Meredith, Notre Dame, second; Embick, Indiana, third; Scallon, Notre Dame, fourth. Time, 53 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Hayes, Notre Dame, first; Nicholson, Wabash, second; Mason, DePauw, third; Taylor, Indiana, fourth. Time, 22 3-5 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdle—Lampert, DePauw, first; Gilfillan, Notre Dame, second; Kingsoliver, Franklin, third; DeWese, Wabash, fourth. Time, 25 4-5.

880-Yard Run—McDonough, Notre Dame, first; Draper, Butler, second; Brown, Wabash, third; Kennedy, Indiana, fourth. Time, 2 minutes, 3-5 second.

Two-mile Run—Von Wonterghem, Notre Dame, first; Cross, Franklin, second; Proud, DePauw, third; Mogge, Indiana, fourth. Time 10 minutes, 22 4-5 seconds.

Discus-Throw—Gilfillan, Notre Dame, first; Carey, Earlham, second; Harrison, Franklin, third; Smith, Notre Dame, fourth. Distance, 126 feet.

Pole-vault—Rademaker, Notre Dame, first; Kiefer and McGregor, Purdue, and Powers, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 11 feet.

Running High Jump—Ivey, Earlham, first; Williams and Purcell, Indiana, and Hoar and Douglass, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 5 feet, 11 64-100 inches.

Javelin-Throw—King, Notre Dame, first; Phillips, Indiana, second; Moorish, Purdue, third; Williams, Indiana, fourth. Distance, 151 7-10 feet.

Shot-Put—Gilfillan, Notre Dame, first; Johnson, Earlham, second; Moorish, Purdue, third; Phillips, Indiana, fourth. Distance, 40 9-10 feet.

NOTRE DAME, 13; PURDUE, 1.

Notre Dame demonstrated her superiority on the diamond over Purdue University, of the Western Conference, last Saturday afternoon, achieving thereby a clear title to the much-coveted state championship in baseball. It was the second victory over the Boilermakers this season, the first having been won at Lafayette a few weeks ago by a score of 16 to 6. The following account of the last home game appeared in the Indianapolis *Star* on Sunday morning:

Notre Dame gathered eighteen hits and easily defeated Purdue, 13 to 1, in a drawn-out game, at Notre Dame this afternoon. Wrape, pitching for N. D. allowed the Boilermakers but three hits, one coming in the ninth after Miles had booted two grounders, thereby allowing Purdue's only tally.

Two hits in the first, coupled with a sacrifice and a walk, netted two runs. Two more came in the third on three hits and two sacrifices. Scoring two more in the fourth and two in the fifth, Notre Dame raised the total to eight. Two triples and a single in the seventh added one more tally to the Irish total. Five singles and a triple raised the count to thirteen for Notre Dame, and there the locals stopped. With one down in the ninth, Miles booted two grounders, allowing Beale and Markley to get on bases. DeRoche got a short single to left and Beale scored Purdue's only run.

Notre Dame hammered Barnes and DeRoche almost at will. Miles for the Irish gathered five hits in five times up and included two triples in his batfest. Capt. Sjoberg with three singles and four difficult chances at short made a perfect finish of his baseball career at Notre Dame. He will probably sign with the Boston Americans. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	PURDUE	AB	R	H	O	A
Bader, cf	4	1	0	0		Bailey, 3b	3	1	3	3	
Miles, s	5	5	2	2		Beale, cf	3	0	4	0	
Sjoberg, 2b	4	3	2	2		Martin, lf	4	1	1	0	
Mohardt, 3b	3	2	1	3		Markley, 2b	4	0	1	0	
Connors, rf	6	2	0	1		DeRoche, rf	4	1	0	2	
Bahan, 1b	3	2	10	0		Stewart, 1b	4	0	9	0	
Doyle, 1b	0	0	0	0		Loebig, c	4	0	6	0	
Scofield, lf	1	0	0	0		Barnes, p	0	0	0	2	
Donovan, lf	2	0	2	0		Griner, rf	2	0	10	2	
Barry, c	3	1	0	1		Ferguson, s	3	0	0	2	
Wrape, p	3	2	0	4							
<b>Totals</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>12</b>		<b>Totals</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>11</b>	

Notre Dame	2	0	2	2	2	1	4	0	*—13
Purdue	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Errors—Miles, 2; Wrape, Bailey, Markley, DeRoche. Two-base hit—Bahan. Three-base hits—Miles 2; Mohardt. Stolen bases—Ferguson, Martin, Bader, Miles, Connors, Scofield, Donovan, Barry, 2. Bases on balls off Wrape, 2; off Barnes, 2; off DeRoche, 2. Hit by pitcher—Barnes, 1. (Barry). Struck out—by Wrape, 7; by Barnes, 2; by DeRoche, 1.

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NOTRE DAME 8; IOWA 0.

One scratch hit in the lucky seventh frame was all that Iowa University, of the "Big Ten," got off pitcher Murray in the first event of the

athletic carnival held here last Friday afternoon. Notre Dame won easily, 8 to 0. Our youthful southpaw was almost invincible, fanning seven opponents and issuing but one pass to first. Murray held his opponents at his mercy, and the brilliant support given by the team, especially the infielders, was one of the features of the contest. The victory came chiefly through the hitting of Captain Sjoberg, Miles, and Mohardt, the last clouting on two occasions with men on the sacks. For the losers Ehred at short played a good game, accepting seven chances without a miss.

The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E	IOWA	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bader, cf	5	0	0	1	0	0	Irish, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Miles, ss	4	3	2	1	2	0	Goodwin, 2b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b	5	1	3	2	2	0	Ehred, ss	4	0	0	7	0	0
Mohardt, 3b	4	1	2	0	4	2	Crawford, cf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Connors, rf	1	0	0	4	0	0	Brown, lf	3	0	0	3	0	0
Bahan, 1b	3	0	1	10	0	1	Hamilton p 1b	3	0	0	0	2	1
Scofield, lf	2	1	0	0	0	0	Cockshute 1b	1	0	0	3	0	1
Donovan, lf	1	0	0	1	0	0	Boeldig 1b p	2	0	0	1	0	0
Barry, c	4	1	0	8	2	0	McAlrey, 3b	3	0	1	0	0	0
Murray, p	3	1	1	0	2	0	Olsen, c	2	0	0	6	0	1
<b>Totals</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>Totals</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>4</b>

Notre Dame	2	0	2	3	0	0	2	x—8	9	3
Iowa	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Three-base hit—Miles. Bases on balls—Off Murray, 1; off Hamilton, 6. Struck out—By Murray, 7; by Hamilton, 5. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 5; Iowa, 2. Stolen bases—Bader, Sjoberg, Mohardt, Connors 2, Bahan, McAlrey. Sacrifice hit—Murray. Passed balls—Barry, Olsen 2. Wild pitch—Hamilton. Time—1 hour, 45 minutes. Umpire—Schaefer.

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NOTRE DAME, 3; MICHIGAN, 2.

By defeating Michigan in a well played game on Wednesday at Ann Arbor the Gold and Blue achieved a reputation as one of the best teams in the West, if not the best. Fresh from the victory over the Michigan Aggies, the "Irish" arrived in Ann Arbor ready to dispute any claim to superiority that Michigan might lay, and established their right by imposing upon the Wolverine combination its first defeat of the season. For some time there has been considerable speculation as to what college pitcher is entitled to first honors. Since the Michigan game there is little doubt that our southpaw Murray has the edge on them all. The report of the game published in the Chicago papers to the effect that the contest was not up to the standard and that Murray gave a poor exhibition on the mound is flatly contradicted by the account of the game as given in the *Detroit Free Press*, for May the 29th. According to the *Chicago Tribune* for the 29th: "Notre Dame won from Michigan, 3 to 2, in a game marked by mediocre playing on both sides.

Murray's poor work on the slab was somewhat offset by Notre Dame's good fielding. It was Michigan's first defeat this year."

Except for the dates one would not suspect that it was the same game that is reported in the following from the Detroit paper:

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 28.—Michigan met her first defeat of the year in baseball here this afternoon when she fell to Notre Dame by a 3-2 score. The game was the best encounter staged here this season. The Catholics landed fresh from slaughtering the Farmers yesterday and exhibited the best class here on Ferry field in some time. Murray, their star port-sider, hurled an excellent game, keeping the locals puzzled with his delivery and allowing but four hits. Moreover 11 Maize and Blue boys died at the plate on strikes.

Scheidler started in the box for Michigan, but seemed to be working below normal and was succeeded by "Bob" Glenn in the fourth. Bob was also inclined to be wild and handed out passes quite freely to the South Benders. It was only because of the remarkable support given him by his teammates that kept the Notre Dame score down as low as it was.

Huber spilled the beans in the seventh. Murray struck out on one of Glenn's wide ones, the ball eluding Michigan's catcher and nesting up against the grand stand. While Huber was making up his mind whether or not to chase the pill, Murray cavorted around and was safely perched on second by time the ball was recovered. Murray went to third on Bader's grounder and scored while Knode was throwing out Miles. This proved to be the winning tally of the encounter.

Score:

NOTRE DAME					MICHIGAN				
	AB	H	O	A		AB	H	O	A
Bader, m	2	1	2	0	Knode, ss	3	0	4	2
Miles, ss	5	1	1	5	Cooper, lf	3	1	0	0
Sjoberg, 2	4	2	4	1	Bower'n, r	4	2	1	0
Mohardt, 3b	3	0	2	0	Garrett, 2b	4	0	1	4
Connors, rf	5	0	0	0	Karpus, 2b	4	0	0	1
Bahan, 1b	3	1	8	1	Froemke, 1	3	1	10	0
Donovan, lf	2	0	1	0	Lange'n, m	3	0	1	0
Barry, c	4	0	9	2	Huber, c	3	0	7	0
Murray, p	4	0	0	1	Scheidler, p	1	0	1	1
					Glenn, p	2	0	1	1
					†Schluntz	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	5	27	10	Totals	31	4	26	9

\*Murray out, bunted third strike.

†Batted for Froemke in ninth.

Notre Dame	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3
Michigan	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Runs—Bader, Miles, Murray—3; Knode, Langenhan—2. Errors—Huber, Miles, Donovan, Barry. Hits—Scheidler 2 in 3; Glenn 3 in 6. Two-base hits—Sjoberg, Froemke, Bowerman. Stolen bases—Knode 2, Cooper. Sacrifice hits—Bader, Donovan. Struck out—By Scheidler 3. Base on balls—Off Scheidler 2. Losing pitcher—Scheidler.

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NOTRE DAME, 12; AGGIES, 3.

Notre Dame has avenged the defeat suffered at the hands of the Michigan Agricultural College last month by administering to the Michiganders the worst defeat they have suffered this season. This second contest was

played at East Lansing on Tuesday last. The Varsity rolled up an even dozen of runs, leaving just three for the losers. The big inning came as number seven. With two outs, Notre Dame started a batting practise and stopped only after the eighth run was made. Wrape twirled a good article of ball, allowing but three safe hits.

The *Free Press* of Detroit carried next morning the following account of the game: "Notre Dame university took revenge on the Aggies here this afternoon for the earlier defeat at South Bend by beating Coach Brewer's baseball team, 12 to 3.

"The slugging of the Catholics makes the prospects of the University in their game tomorrow look dubious. Donnelly, the Aggies' star pitcher, was sent in against the Notre Dame outfit and was hit the hardest he has been all the year.

"Mohardt, the Catholic's third sacker, and also their clean-up man, properly led in the slugging, punching out three hits out of five times up, one of them being a double with a man on base. Wrape was effective against the Aggies, but failed to register as many strike-outs as did Donnelly. The pitchers passed an equal number of men."

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MICHIGAN 69½; NOTRE DAME 61½.

By winning the one-mile relay race, the final event of the day, in record time, the University of Michigan scored a close victory over the Gold and Blue last Friday afternoon in the second event of the biggest athletic carnival held on Cartier Field for a long time. The Wolverines, after swamping Chicago a week before, came to Notre Dame fully confident of winning an easy victory. In the event, however, it was a nip-and-tuck battle from the time "Bill" Hayes won a brilliant race from Carl Johnson in the hundred yards. Up to the last event the Michigan followers were so sure that Johnson would place first they offered to wager large rolls of cash. The *Detroit News* for May 24th remarked of the battle: "Notre Dame undoubtedly lost the meet because of a recent injury to Gilfillan, its best athlete, who was unable to place in the sprint and hurdles but scored nine points in the weight events." The *Indianapolis Star* gave the following account of the climax of the contest:

With two events to go, the score stood 58½ even. Johnson leaped 22 feet and 10 inches in the broad

jump for Michigan and took first place. McGinnis of Notre Dame took second and Westbrook of Michigan third. Notre Dame still had a chance to win by taking the relay. Meehan, star distance-man for Notre Dame, injured himself in the half-mile race, however, and Hayes was forced on the relay team. For three laps the relay runners kept neck and neck. In the final quarter Butler pulled away from McDonough of Notre Dame and Michigan took the race and the meet.

Five field records were shattered in the carnival. New marks were set in the broad jump, discus-throw, javelin-throw, two-mile run and the one-mile relay. Johnson, the all-around star, scored twenty-four points for Michigan. In only one event was he forced to lower his colors. In the 100-yard dash Hayes of Notre Dame, after getting a poor start, breezed ahead of the Michigan flash and won the century hands down. He made the dash in ten seconds flat on a slow track. In the 220-yard dash Hayes won easily.

Gilfillan and Meehan of Notre Dame were in poor condition and able to take part in only two events. An injured knee kept Gilfillan out of the hurdles and the jumps. Summaries:

100-yard dash—Hayes, Notre Dame, first; Johnson, Michigan, second; Cook, Michigan, third. Time, 10 seconds.

One-mile run—Sweeney, Notre Dame, first; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; Bowman, Michigan, third. Time, 4:36 3-5.

120-yard hurdles—Johnson, Michigan, first; Ryan, Notre Dame, second; F. Hayes, Notre Dame, third. Time, 16 1-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—Butler, Michigan, first; Messner, Michigan, second; Meredith, Notre Dame, third. Time, 51 1-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—Johnson, Michigan, first; Cook, Michigan, second; Hoar, Notre Dame, third. Time, 26 2-5 seconds.

880-yard run—McDonough, Notre Dame, first; Burkholden, Michigan, second; Losch, Michigan, third. Time, 2.05 2-5.

Broad jump—Johnson, Michigan, first; McGinnis, Notre Dame, second; Westbrook, Michigan, third. Distance, 22 feet, 10 inches.

Pole-vault—Cross, Michigan, first; Rademaker, Notre Dame, second; Westbrook, Michigan, and Powers, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height, 11 feet, 6 inches.

Shot-put—Baker, Michigan, first; Gilfillan, Notre Dame, second; Smith, Michigan, third. Distance, 41 feet, 10 inches.

Discus-throw—Gilfillan, Notre Dame, first; Baker, Michigan, second; Smith, Michigan, third. Distance, 136 feet, 6 inches.

High jump—Johnson, Michigan, first; Douglas, Notre Dame, second; Hoar, Notre Dame, third. Height, 5 feet, 11 inches.

Javelin-throw—King, Notre Dame, first; F. Hayes, Notre Dame, second; Gilfillan, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 152 feet.

Two-mile run—Sedgwick, Michigan, first; Van Worteghen, Notre Dame, second; O'Hara, Notre Dame, third. Time, 9:48.

One-mile relay—Won by Michigan, Time, 8:29 2-5.

#### MASS MEET.

The Michigan Aggies failed evidently to get a sufficient number of students to stage the mass telegraphic meet that was scheduled to take place last Wednesday. Notre Dame, however, lived up to her engagement and held the meet with 301 students in competition. The scoring averaged 84.16. As to the five standard events, Notre Dame qualified 283 men in the high jump, 223 in the shot-put, 263 in the standing broad jump, 259 in the running broad jump and 271 in the 100-yard dash. Notre Dame is thus far the only school in the country that has succeeded in holding the mass meet.

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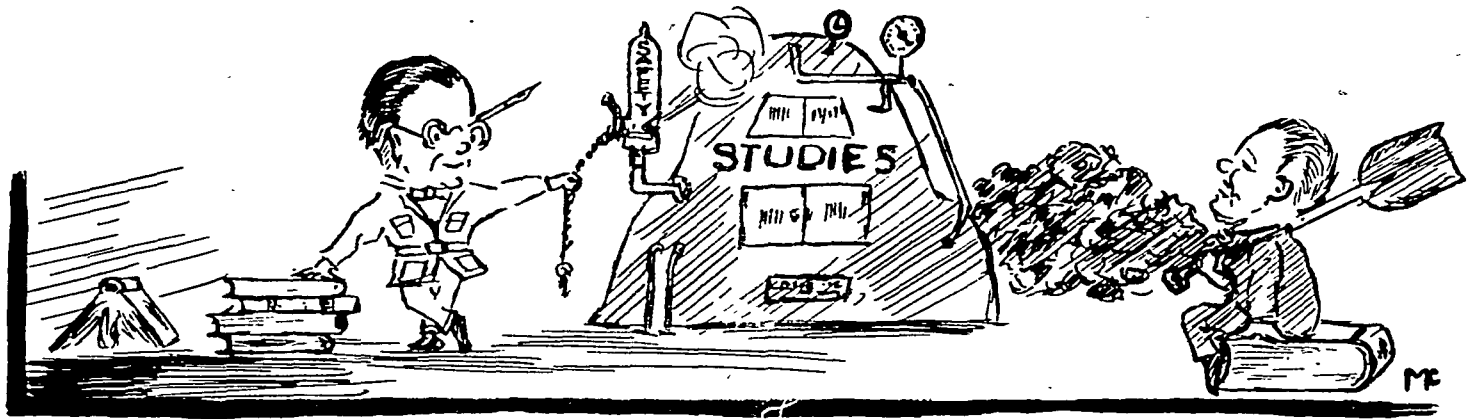
Four new records were established in the Interhall track meet won by Corby Hall from Walsh on Tuesday. "Billie" Burke won the mile and half-mile races in fast time; Trafton won the shot-put, hurling the weight for a distance of 39 feet, 9 inches. Grinager took first place in the high jump, leaping 5 feet, 7 inches. Wynn was the individual star of the meet; he took first in both hurdles, in the broad jump, the 440-yard dash, and second places in the javelin and the discus throw. The final score was Sorin, 10; Brownson, 5.

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#### INTERHALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

With the Little General, "Abie" speeding toward Toledo to make reservations for a certain engagement on July Fourth, the Sorin Hall plain-clothes team lost the game that decided the championship of the year. Brownson was the victor. The game was Sorin's up to the seventh inning when "Dope" Moore made a wonderful peg—for distance. Hayes leaped about four feet into the air but was three yards below the whizzing sphere and two men crossed the plate giving Brownson a lead of one tally, 11 to 10. The scoring for Brownson was considerably aided by a passed ball which brought in two runs. Smith-pitched for Sorin and deserved to win. For Brownson, Keiley began the game but was relieved by Steinley when the Sorin sluggers threatened the windows of Chemistry Hall. There was considerable argument during the contest. Brownson won a point in the debate when they argued "Dutch" Wrape from the position of umpire and Sorin failed to make a similar point against Chief Meyers, who would not yield to the barrage of either Brandy or the encyclopædic shortstop.

—ALEXANDER A. SZCZEPANIK.



## THE GIRLS.

They're pulling out their eyebrows now  
 It seems to be the style  
 To have but just a trace of hair  
 It helps to arch the smile,  
 And so girls patiently endure  
 To have their brows pulled out—  
 If it were style I think each lass  
 Would gladly have the gout.

It's hard to tell the next queer thing  
 That fashion will disclose,  
 A girl may think it rather cute  
 To clip her ears and nose.  
 A hair lip or a double chin  
 May come to be the rage—  
 Just so it's fashion all agree  
 It's eminently sage.

\* \* \*

## WHEN THE BEE BACKED UP AND PUSHED.

She was a quiet little maid  
 At play among the flowers  
 Her pretty nose drank fragrance in  
 Through the long summer hours.  
 In one red rose there slept a bee  
 Whose buzzing wings were hushed,  
 But as the maiden smelled the rose  
 The bee backed up and pushed.

If you have ever heard a scream  
 Half human and half goul,  
 A railroad whistle mixed up with  
 The braying of a mule,  
 You'd recognize this maiden's cry  
 For words we all were "bushed"  
 Because our hearts stopped beating when  
 The bee backed up and pushed.

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Some students seem to have forgotten that there is a difference between "having to study" and "having a steady."

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## MY PREFERENCE.

Most folks applaud the college boy  
 Who goes to every class,  
 Who comes in time for each exam  
 And never fails to pass.  
 He moves upon life's calmest lake  
 Joy's breezes fill his sails  
 But I don't care a rap for him  
 I like the boy who fails.

A bright eyed girl who looks at you  
 Straight in the eye and talks  
 Is loved by nearly everyone  
 Along life's common walks,  
 But somehow I prefer a lass  
 Who shuns the common whirl  
 And never looks straight in my face—  
 I like a cross-eyed girl.

\* \* \*

## THIEVES.

Whenever I pick up a "pome"  
 It always brings me sorrow,  
 For I feel sure the poet's thought  
 Would have been mine to-morrow.  
 Why that old author couldn't wait  
 Another day seems tough,  
 I cannot understand why all  
 These writers steal my stuff.

I always have bright clever thoughts  
 But somehow sure as fate,  
 Somebody publishes them first  
 I think my thoughts too late.  
 Folks never credit me with brains  
 They think I'm just a bluff,  
 Because the other folks that write  
 Steal all my clever stuff.

\* \* \*

## VIRTUE'S REWARD.

Hush little Badenite,  
 Don't you cry;  
 You'll be in Brownson Hall  
 Bye and Bye.

\* \* \*

## EYES.

Some people dote on eyes of blue  
 And some like eyes of gray,  
 Some love the soft brown baby eyes  
 That open like the day.  
 I can not tell what kind of eyes  
 May grip the heart of you,  
 But if you want to know my taste—  
 I like 'em *black* and *blue*.

I like an eye that has looked in  
 Where angels fear to tread,  
 An eye that has been all but knocked  
 Out of a person's head;  
 Others may choose to look into  
 Peepers of softer hue,  
 But if you want to know my choice—  
 I like 'em *black* and *blue*.