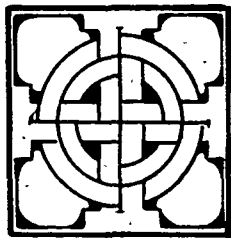
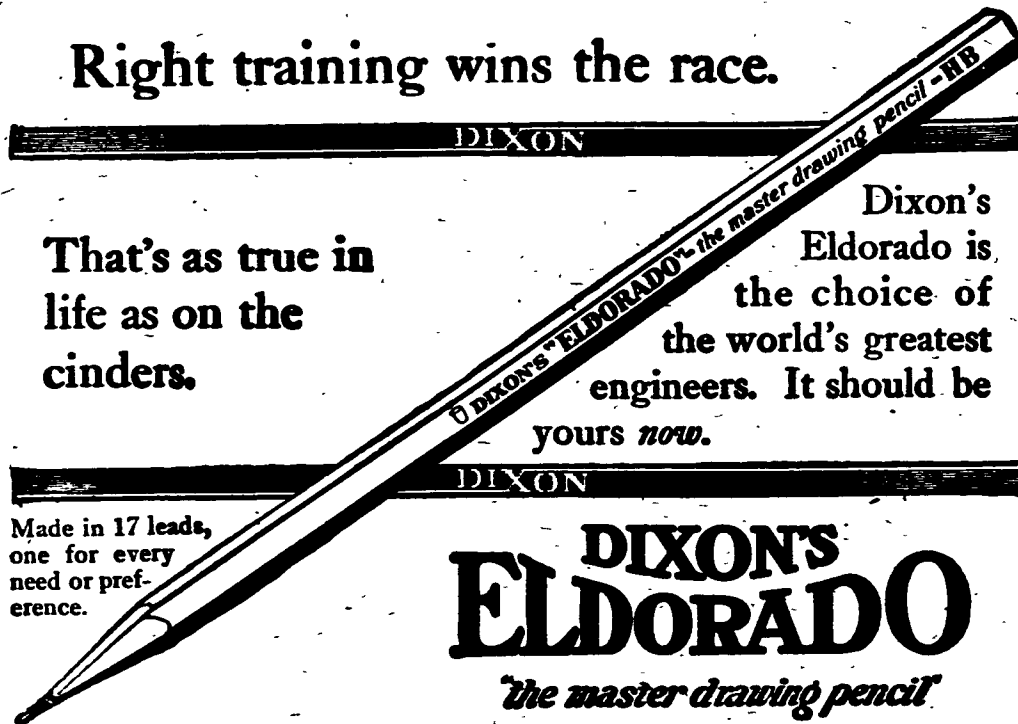


# The Notre Dame Scholastic



Right training wins the race.



That's as true in  
life as on the  
cinders.

Dixon's  
Eldorado is  
the choice of  
the world's greatest  
engineers. It should be  
yours *now*.

Made in 17 leads,  
one for every  
need or pref-  
erence.

**DIXON'S  
ELDORADO**  
*'the master drawing pencil'*

**Frank Mayr & Sons**

JEWELERS

113 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

**GEORGE WYMAN & CO.**

Come and See Us

The South Bend Home for Better Luggage.

N. V. P. Trunks—Indestructo Trunks  
Miller Boston Bags, Brief Cases, etc.

**Kable's Restaurants**

104-106 N. Michigan St.  
122 W. Washington Ave.

119 W. Jefferson Blvd.  
206 So. Michigan St.



**EYES EXAMINED**

Glasses Fitted at Moderate Prices  
*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

**DR. J. BURKE & CO.,**

OPTOMETRISTS AND MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

Notice: We duplicate any lens the same day, no  
matter who fitted them. Bring the pieces. 230 S. Michigan St

**National Grocer Company**

WHOLESALE GROCERS

402-8 South St. Joseph Street, South Bend, Indiana  
"LIGHT HOUSE BRANDS"

**The Ellsworth Store**

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE AND ROOM FUR-  
NISHINGS AT SPECIAL PRICES FOR  
NOTRE DAME STUDENTS

Pure Drugs. Careful Compounding. Prompt Service

Always at

**The Eliel Pharmacy**

230 W. Washington Ave.

Emil Reyer, Ph. G., Mgr.

MAKE THIS YOUR MEETING PLACE

**JIMMIE & GOATS**

"WHERE THE CARS LEAVE"

The  
Gift  
Shop

**The Ries Co.**

Room  
Furnish-  
ings

306-308-310  
S. MICHIGAN ST.

SOUTH BEND  
INDIANA

Special attention to the furnishing of students rooms  
THE "GIFT SHOP" OF THE BETTER SORT

**J. J. KREUZBERGER**

MERCHANT TAILOR

216 W. Jefferson Blvd

Arnold Building

## ***Spring Suits and Top Coats.***

"Society Brand," advance showing of Spring Suits and Top Coats are here, and awaiting your approval.

The models in single and double breasted, the fabrics in fine casemeres and unfinished worsteds, and the colorings in beautiful browns, blues, and pencil stripes are more handsome than ever. It will be a pleasure to show you these new spring offerings, when you drop in to look them over.

Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, everything in the new "haberdashery" denotes the coming of spring.

"Golf Shirts" are all the rage on the campus. At the Athletic Store we have received some more of these fine Oxford shirts, in plain white, of "Arrow" and "Manhattan" make, with button down collars, and cuffs attached. Drop in and look them over.

Also when in South Bend, drop in our store and see the new spring suits and "everything;" it will be a pleasure for "Harry" to show them to you.

***"Ask for him."***

### **ADLER BROTHERS**

107-109 So. Michigan St.

108 W. Washington Ave.

Conductors of

**The Athletic Store**

On the Campus

Harry E. Poulin., Mgr.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic Advertisements

Monogram  
Pipes



Soda  
Grille

## Dr. Walter A. Hager

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Telephone Bell 52

N. W. Cor. Lafayette St.  
and Washington Ave.

South Bend, Ind.

## Mike's Restaurant and Lunch Room

H. E. GROSS & SON, Props.

103 E. Jefferson Ave., South Bend

Home Phone 6183

Office { Home Phone, 5789  
Bell Phone, 689

Res Bell 1162

## DR. R. F. LUCAS

DENTIST

611-612 J. M. S. Bldg.  
Cor. Main St. and Wash. Ave.

South Bend, Ind.

## Nobile's College Inn

HEADQUARTERS FOR CANDIES

FRUITS AND ICE CREAM

STUDENTS' ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

108 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

Phones: Bell, 602; Home, 965

Office: Bell 886. Home, 5842. PHONES RESIDENCE:  
Bell, 3561. Home, 5702

## DR. JOHN A. STOECKLEY

DENTIST

No. 511, Corner Suite  
J. M. S. Building

Wash. Ave. and Main St.  
South Bend, Ind.

## DR. F. W. VAUGHN

SURGEON DENTIST

and ORTHODONTIST

608 J. M. S. Building

South Bend, Ind.

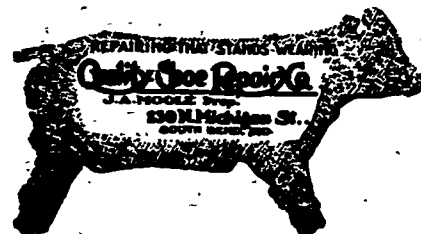


## "WALK-OVERS"

THE STUDENT'S SHOE

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP

115 S. Michigan St.



Bell Phone 581  
Home Phone 2451

Will call at University  
by appointment

## Chiropodist

L. L. ROBERTS

Office and Residence, 222 S. Taylor Street, South Bend, Ind.

With the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Plant in  
Northern Indiana, and the most skillful workmen, we are  
prepared to meet your most exacting requirements.

## L. P. HARDY CO.

417-423 S. St. Joseph St.

South Bend, Indiana

## Klingel & Kuehn

SHOES OF QUALITY

Between Oliver Opera House and J. M. S. Bldg.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Bicycles at Reasonable Prices. Special attention  
given to students. Branch Repair Shop,  
St. Edward Hall, Notre Dame.

## Anderson Brothers & Bultinck

109 West Colfax Avenue

South Bend, Indiana

## Baker's Shoes

"FOR MEN WHO CARE"

EXCLUSIVE IN STYLE PERFECT IN FIT

114 W. Washington, Ave. South Bend, Indiana

## THE LIGHT OF THE VISION

By CHRISTIAN REID

362 pp.—Price \$1.25

THE AVE MARIA

NOTRE DAME, IND.





P.R. CONAGHAN '20



M.J. TIEDNEY '21



T.J. TOBIN '20



W. ROBINSON '20



F.R. FARRINGTON '20



P.J. SCOFIELD



A.B. HOPE '20



K. M. '20



T.J. VERPILAT '20



A.N. SLAGBERT '21



R.E. O'HARA '20



C.C. PALMER '21



C.A. GRIMES '20



L.E. L. WARD '20



T.H. BEACOM '20



WALTER M. O'KEEFE '21

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 3, 1920.

No. 24.

## Easter in Heaven.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

LIKE a sad, vigilant star  
That has watched the earth afar  
Through three long, anxious nights  
And three grey twilights,  
To Heaven's East now turns each tired, sainted eye,  
For there in the trembling glory of the expectant sky  
Soft morning-clouds, immaculate white,  
Merge in the floods of breaking light;  
Joyous angel-bands go skipping through the blessed air,  
In eager silence romping up far heights, to where  
In holy peace the Heaven's love-gardens grow  
And God's own love-lilies in soft breezes blow.  
Then with a tender reverence  
They pluck these flowers of innocence;  
Great armfuls do they gather fast,  
Then, in seraphic pageantry, down past  
Heaven's wondering clouds return the angel-bands  
With the lilies of love in their proud, white hands;  
Towards Heaven's East on a path of light they move  
On the breezes of love.  
But then! in the hushed skies  
They stop in awed surprise,  
The lilies tumbling from their hands  
In tumultuous, trailing strands  
Down, down through the glory where  
They fall o'er the legioned saints in startled prayer—  
For there on a cloud of holiest white,  
Enrobed with light,  
Stands the risen Guest of God,  
His feet wound-radiant shod,  
While on the cloud of white are stains of red  
That His wounds of love have bled—  
Far fairer than the lilies that the angels brought,  
These rich blood-roses which the cloud has caught.  
In swelling majesty then breaks along  
The sainted hosts, their glorious song,  
For from those deep thorn-wounds there shines adorning  
The light of Heaven's Easter morning.

## "The Mother Country."

BY THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20.

WHEN President Wilson, in the course of his remarkable "swing around the circle," trumpeted the hyphen once more into national observance by declaring that it "is the knife which is being stuck into this document," videlicet the peace treaty, there could be no further doubt that the war was over. America prepared for a renewed bombardment of Anglo-Saxon twaddle. Why not? The future could be judged only by the past. When the American colonists were too far exasperated by the injustice of Britain to recognize kinship, hirelings held forth in continuous and systematic flummery on the original common source of the two peoples, the Anglo-Saxon. So it was discovered that Anglo-Saxon blood was our heritage. England and America may differ occasionally over policies and opinions, but after all they must always be friends, for be it always remembered that they both have sprung from that one unsullied hybrid stock, the Anglo-Saxon. In any other connection the hyphen conjures up visions of poor outcasts with the taint of Irish, German, French, Italian, or Polish blood in their veins. Only Anglo-Saxons in America can rightly refer to the "Mother Country;" they alone may allude to "hands across the sea."

It must have been the observation of this proclivity that caused Swedenborg to shut up the English souls in a heaven by themselves. England's sense of superiority is her national religion. Is she not the law-giver, the protector, the enlightener, the ally? Does not her beneficent rule follow the march of the hours as she administers old French laws in Canada, the edicts of Cortez in the West Indies, the laws of



the old French Netherlands at the Cape of Good Hope, the Code Napoleon in the Mauritius, the laws of Menu in the East Indies, the Pandects of Justinian in the Ionian Islands? How consistently natural was the English lady travelling on the Rhine, who, hearing a German refer to her party as foreigners, exclaimed: "No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you who are foreigners."

When Lord Henry Manners exclaimed,

Let art and learning, trade and science die;  
But keep, oh keep our old nobility,

his prayer must have called forth a hearty "Amen" from millions of Anglo-Saxons. "The Beerage" of England is a caste, founded on wealth, which combines the snobbery and hauteur of an hereditary nobility with the prejudices and insolence of capitalists. For two centuries the British aristocracy has failed to exhibit even the innate possibility of an altruistic motive. Yet our Astors and Vanderbilts are constantly drifting Londonward, and our subsidized press continues to give evidence of an adipoceros Anglo-mania. In extenuation of such conduct it is only fair to say that England is the most pleasant country in the world—for oligarchs. An English estate would be almost an Eden were it not for the wretched poverty in the squalid village just beyond the park gates.

England vaunts her free institutions and free speech, yet under English laws it may be libel to tell the truth; she boasts of the sanctity of her promise—"England's word, her bond"—yet the record of her dealings with the United States would make a first-rate primer of Machiavelism; she flaunts her "rights for free men," and disfranchises half her workmen by a system of property suffrage; she gasconades about her freedom, while keeping in thrall three hundred millions in India, millions more in Egypt, and maintaining a fully equipped army of occupation in Ireland.

The conduct of the "Mother Country" toward her intractable progeny, America, is, at this time, singularly touching. With maternal solicitude she penalizes patrons of American-owned vessels by a rebate system in force among British shipping interests, and attacks officials of the United States Shipping Board who have the temerity to send American vessels to ports where she believes there should be British monopolies. With scrupulous care she belittles America's achievements in the world war so as

to magnify her own rôle. With delightful assurance she classifies those who approve her conduct in Ireland as the "best mind of America"—which is, she admits, "profoundly pro-British"—and regrets that "the popular mind has yet to be won." With motherly dependence she tries to borrow from the United States without paying interest, while she spends \$2,750,000,000 on her army and navy. With rare constancy she sends to this country 10,000 agents and \$150,000,000 for propaganda to convince the American people that the Declaration of Independence was a lie, that the Revolution was an accident, and that Washington was the leader of a buffle-headed, rabid mob. With unfailing devotion she maintains a continuous procession, to America, of British orators, writers, scientists, and poets. Hence the frequency with which we hear the proud appellation—"The Mother Country."

### Casey "Grows Up."

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

Casey was in the old days a sociable youth. Carefree, he whiled away his idle hours and his Sunday afternoons at the council chambers. He played a hand with the boys, puffed contentedly on his humped meerschaum, and discussed Tris Speaker's batting average for the last ten years. Every exemplification of the third degree attracted him, although his attendance at monthly meetings was not nearly so regular. He made special effort to get down to the annual election of officers and missed "nary a smoker." When Peter W. Collins, David Goldstein, or some other K. of C. lecturer happened along Casey became enthusiastically serious and seriously enthusiastic.

"We Catholics are dumb," he would assure another Casey. "We're dumb for letting the Socialists work while we sleep and do what Goldstein says they do." And then, for a day or two he would strut around telling all the Caseys, "The town's dead—we ought to do something." Before the end of the week he had entirely forgotten that the town, ready for burial, needed stirring, and he lapsed again into the old affable indifference.

Casey believed in fellowship, fraternalism if you prefer, and cared not a deal for the serious side of life. Mind and knowledge were great



things for great men, but, who wanted to be great? Indeed, Casey in the old days had much to learn. His education began, so to speak, along the Mexican border in 1916. His experience taught him a lesson, a lesson of service. He grew enthusiastic, wanted to "help the boys," sent secretaries, equipment, and stationery to the national guardsmen, and then did his little to quiet the border bandits. All his activities, however, were confined to welfare work on the American side of the Rio Grande. It was good work, well-intentioned but incomplete. Casey, like his Uncle Sam, was unprepared. First-hand realization of his shortcomings set him to thinking and in a thoughtful moment he came to the conclusion that good-fellowship alone would never win for his organization the success its founders had intended. So Casey got busy.

President Wilson had hardly stopped writing notes in April of 1917 when Casey's supreme officers decided that he had a mission to perform. He would extend the "makins" of fellowship, scratch light into dreary training-camp days of millions of future soldiers, and pen the thoughts of the disabled doughboy to the folks back home. Casey sent real men, other Caseys, mixers all, to help the fighters. How gloriously they acquitted themselves here and abroad is now matter of common knowledge. Casey learned a second great lesson; he learned to help the other fellow.

And then, as a rift came in the war clouds Casey's fast-developing intelligence peeked out far into the future and led him immediately to decide that the returning doughboy would need help. That help would have to be both mental and physical. That was the third and perhaps the greatest of his lessons. He saw that the millions of soldier-civilians would need training, mental and vocational, before they could be properly refitted to industry. He saw further, that if he didn't hold the inside track to the soldier's good wishes, the Socialist and the Bolshevik would inevitably step in and muss up the whole work of social reconstruction. He was not going to permit that.

No sooner had the dove of peace flitted back to earth than Casey had vocational schools under way in several American camps. His far-sightedness greatly facilitated the establishment of educational centers for the soldiers overseas. He lined up some of the ablest economists in the country, put them to work and

soon had prepared a vast, practicable plan of social reconstruction. The first returning troops had not landed in New York before Casey had his employment bureaus functioning. Thanks to him 300,000 soldiers filtered back into industry with never a difficulty. He had done what the government had overlooked, introduced the man to the job and the job to the man. He provided work for those who had no work, homes for the homeless, and little luxuries for the temporary "down-and-outers."

Most promising and most cleverly planned of all his undertakings was his educational program. He insisted that true knowledge makes for Godliness and that Godliness is the foundation of all civilization. He had realized that just as the knights of old went out to do battle well equipped with arms and steeds, so must the modern knight go out well equipped mentally and morally to do battle in the world of today. And Casey is equipping well his warriors for the intellectual fray. Eagerly and attentively he listened to Cardinal Mercier, who said not long ago: "Only in the training of our workers and our scholars can we combat the evils of Bolshevism."

There are in Casey's educational scheme three kinds of work. First, with a surplus of \$7,000,000 from his share of the United War Welfare drive, he sent 510 ex-service men, regardless of creed, to colleges and universities in all parts of the country. Less than fifty per cent of these scholarship men are Catholics, but Casey thought little of that. He has outgrown petty religious discrimination. He is farsighted now, and tolerant. He purposes to make right-thinking men of right-thinking Americans. Those 510 scholarship men, Casey sees, are getting a training such as will fit them to be sane leaders. Practically all who are taking courses in Arts and Letters are getting their philosophy at Catholic colleges and universities. They, the students of today, the leaders of philosophic thought tomorrow, are the men Casey expects to "come through." Twenty-three of these men are getting a sound education here at Notre Dame.

Schools for demobilized service men and supplementary council schools form the second great branch of Casey's educational endeavor. In every city of importance throughout the land he has set up technical and commercial schools for the returned soldier. In these schools there are 165,000 students. Casey believes in

progress. He teaches and preaches progress. He engages the best instructors a community can offer, puts them to work, advertises the benefits that come from special training, emphasizes the necessity for some sort of an education, and soon the ex-soldier becomes an enthusiastic student. One or two of the schools have failed of their purpose, but the blame is not Casey's. Place it rather on circumstances over which he has no control. If a dull local council turns a deaf ear to the educational advantages he offers and if returned service men prefer present pleasure, a movie, a game of billiards or a cheap show to self-improvement, then the loss is theirs, not Casey's.

In the eastern schools hundreds of students are taking up courses in foreign commerce. Their training is bound to prove before many years most beneficial to the country. Equipped with a command of Spanish and a knowledge of Latin-American history and customs, they can soon close the gap that has long existed in trade and social relations between North and South America. Further, if Catholics take advantage of the course as Casey hopes they will eventually, these foreign commerce students can quickly dispel the illusion in South America that the United States is entirely a non-Catholic, pagan country.

Lectures and literature comprise the third source from which Casey intends to put forth safe and sane ideas into American minds. He already has a most efficient corps of speakers, and his writers are turning out work that is bound to influence the thoughts of men who think as well as of those who do not but should. Casey has acquired the happy habit of hammering away until he accomplishes his end.

Not long ago Peter W. Collins, one of Casey's lecturers, talked in New England to a thousand of his brethren. He told of the activities of the Church in behalf of the workingman. The auditors were laborers, and, although most of them were Catholics, they were very much surprised to learn that the Church had always been active in their interests. They knew not, until Collins told them, that Pope Leo XIII forty years ago demanded living wages for all laborers. They knew not that Father Ryan's "A Living Wage" has been rightly termed the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of our modern industrial America; and they knew not that a Fr. Edwin O'Hara, a Catholic priest and not a Socialist, was the first exponent of a legal minimum wage

in America. They knew not of the odds he overcame before he finally succeeded in getting eleven of our states to adopt minimum wage laws for women. About all these facts they were ignorant. Now, thanks to Casey's lecturers they have a few more arguments against the Socialist malcontent. Casey plans in this manner to fill the minds of workingmen in all parts of the country with sane, progressive ideas on the subject of labor. Casey himself is progressive. Some of his lecturers do nothing but tour the country in his interests. Others he engages among the more prominent men of a community to deliver local lectures. Here at Notre Dame he invites priests and professors to talk at the semi-monthly meetings, and the lectures are always interesting and well-attended.

And thus has Casey turned to the "days of accomplishment." He now knows that there is a serious side to life. He is paying more attention to things of the mind, and his war slogan, "everybody welcome," still holds good in his educational endeavors, for still is "everything free." Casey has learned the lesson that it pays to think and to think aright. He is teaching others to think and to act. Casey of the old days is no more, but, happily, Casey, sociable and helpful, is still very much alive and active among the builders of a better race.

### The Call of the League of Nations.

BY PAUL R. CONAGHAN, '20.

The greatest document ever submitted for the consideration of man is the covenant of the League of Nations. That document is to set the economic machines of all nations into a motion of perpetual harmony, to reverse the imperialistic tendencies of foreign nations, and thereby give permanent peace to the world. The people of the United States should accept this covenant. President Wilson has so ordered. The people will undoubtedly heed his instructions; they did so in obeying his recent command to elect Democratic senators. The President is passionately in favor of the League. It makes no difference what the opinion of the people in this matter may be. The position that they should take has been infallibly revealed to them by the President. But the Senate should be seriously considered at this time, merely for its necessary votes. In the event

that the Senate stupidly refuses to act for the salvation of the world, the unintelligent electorate should be whipped into choosing the father of Article X for a third term. If this attempt fails, perhaps—in a democracy—some cognizance should be given to the opinion of the majority.

The League is hopelessly bound up with the Treaty of Peace. But that makes no difference. The gullible populace will not see the manifoldness of the question. The fourteen points of President Wilson were long ago relegated into insignificance, having been condemned as too altruistic to meet the practical demands of foreign nations. But expediency always predominates over right principle in matters of present-day diplomacy.

European nations have already reaped economic gain through the League. After securing huge loans from the United States, the European countries will immediately file a petition in bankruptcy, showing the parlous state of their currency and begging the American government to have mercy upon their helplessness. The economic gains of our co-partners in the proposed League have already become a striking reality. Every American tax-payer will testify in behalf of this glorious cause. Such a spirit of mutual friendship will tend to promote a brotherhood-of-man, working for the economic well-being of all concerned. Austria, the staggering remains of a European nation, is a renowned martyr to the cause of the League. With her implicit faith in America and in the interpretations of the League of Nations, she is pathetically waiting for the members of the League to fulfil their moral obligations in the cause of humanity, while her starving subjects die in their heroic expectations. The French have encamped in the Saar Valley and are long-ing to push the frontier to the Rhine. Judging from their success at Versailles, French diplomats can easily convince the members of the League that they should obtain this additional territory for the economic stabilization of Europe. Shantung, with 40,000,000 inhabitants, has been given to Japan to keep her in good humor, and Great Britain gains new colonies in her assignment as mandate for Persia and Mesopotamia. The Roumanians have gained complete control of suffering Hungary and the Japanese are engineering several expeditions in Siberia. Poland has been left alone to the mercy of the Russian "Reds." Thus the treaty has

furnished an economic guarantee to all weak nations—a guarantee that they will not suffer humiliation or exploitation. The five leading belligerent powers who have joined the League all agree that it is a good thing—a great moral force exercised in the cause of humanity.

The League will also remove the possibility of any future war. Italy has already seized Fiume and strategic points on the Adriatic, thus obviating the danger that the Juglo-Slavs, or any other people, may obtain these positions for military purposes. France and England have recently given their approval to the maneuvers of Italy, told the Juglo-Slavs that they must accept their decision as final, and then communicated to the United States report of the peaceful settlement. The selfish demands of the Juglo-Slavs to govern themselves have been utterly ignored. Italy has shown kind allegiance towards Austria and Germany, thereby laying the foundation for a powerful Mittel-Europa, which combination would tend to balance that of the allied powers. Italy, Juglo-Slavia, Czecho-Slavia, and Poland remain armed camps. In being thus prepared for war, they will hesitate to cause any trouble among themselves or with any other nation. These weak and socialistic governments, in the midst of the campaign for an international bolshevism have preserved their integrity by means of the irresistible moral force supplied by the League of Nations. The allotment of people to various small governments, real or mythical, has presented a safeguard against any future war. These people have established stable governments, and with the aid of the nations allied in the League have made such noble progress that content and harmony prevails everywhere. There is simply no possibility of future war left

The United States would undoubtedly profit by the entry into the League. It will give Americans the opportunity to sacrifice traditional national policies, to surrender at least some of their sovereignty, and to imperil their well-being as an independent nation. All this will be for the glorious cause of humanity. What the League has already accomplished in stabilizing peace in Europe is alone a sufficient reason for our entry. In joining without further ado, we should thereby please the President, and some others, and give our stamp of approval to the noble progress made by the League since its establishment.

## The Crowded Heart.

BY FRANCIS JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '20.

**B**LEST are these climes  
 Where Nature rises one with Christ;  
 All living things resurged,  
 One resurrection has sufficed.  
 Here Easter wakes the Spring anew:  
 Chaste chaliced lilies raise  
 Her offering of crystal wine of dew  
 On altars of green-breasted hills  
 Attended by a reverent flock  
 Of bowed-head daffodils.  
 The budding sentries of the oak  
 Turn out her leafy guard.  
 The robin tunes his far-fetched harp;  
 He is her minstrel bard.  
 The ardent south wind whispers  
 "God-love" to the rose;  
 Nature's fairest blossom blushes  
 And all the world her secret knows.  
 Some lover learns the secret:  
 (In spring, 'tis easy learned)  
 From this same whisper to a maid,  
 Far rosier blushes are returned.  
  
 Pity those who do not feel  
 A springtime in them start  
 Like the barefoot boy who whistles  
 Because he has a crowded heart.  
 They're not alone for poets,  
 These gardens of the heart,  
 Where one feels as something growing  
 In a heaven world apart;  
 For common sunshine's really brighter  
 Beamed from living things,  
 The God-made world about us,  
 The growing, giving things.  
 In these in Spring we see Him,  
 For He is risen again  
 Here, now, and all the years  
 Going before us just as then.  
 None but the blind or still-born soul  
 Ambition's pawn or passion's slave  
 Need wait to see Him at the grave;  
 Too late, to see with anguished stare  
 The stone rolled back—  
 He is not there.  
  
 Come, we, too, must rise again.  
 Awake the soul that slumbers long  
 On snowy bosom of forgetfulness,  
 To share the Easter springtime song;  
 The thrilling notes of birdling throats  
 With Nature's score before us,  
 When blossoms sing the verses  
 And our hearts bring up the chorus.

## The First Ursulines in Louisiana.

BY ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21.

The greatest problem that confronted Bienville, founder and first Governor of New Orleans, was that of establishing in the colony a sound, Christian system of education. A horde of French criminals, a large number of slaves, and a handful of respectable citizens formed the population of the capital of this New France. The Governor was convinced that the only remedy for the social and the moral ills of his beloved province, which were daily becoming more serious, was education. But suitable educational facilities and representative teachers could not be easily procured in the New World at that time. Hence the intrepid Governor made every effort to impress upon the King of France the urgent necessity of providing for the Christian training of the children of the province, who knew "little of their letters or their God." Bienville's first official act relative to the promulgation of religion and education was to petition the French Provincial of the Capuchins for a body of Friars, to take over the supervision of the principal parish church and the parochial school-work in the city of New Orleans. In response, two Capuchins arrived in 1722 and a parish school, exclusively for the education of boys, was opened.

In the meanwhile the Governor approached the Jesuits, who were conducting a successful mission in the colony, and sought their support in developing a plan for higher education. The missionaries were barely able to administer to the spiritual wants of the colonists and, although they evidenced an intense interest in the project, they were unable to proffer assistance unless a representative endowment was offered. Bienville, enthusiastic at the possibility of providing a center of higher learning in New Orleans, presented his plans to the King. After careful consideration of the matter by the home government the Governor was advised that the comparative unimportance of New Orleans would scarcely warrant so huge a financial outlay, and that not until the colony had advanced to a reasonable dignity could the French Government give the petition further thought.

Although his plan failed of its specific purpose, Bienville was more than rewarded for his efforts in furthering the cause of education.

In 1727 there occurred one of the most significant events in the educational history of the country, when ten Ursuline nuns, representatives of the leading teaching sisterhood in France, started for the colony to assume complete charge over the training of girls. The Ursulines, under the direction of Mother Tranchepain, a saintly and learned woman, embarked at l'Orient on the "Gironde" and left the shores of their beloved country at dawn, February the twenty-second. The memorable voyage to New France is graphically described in a diary written by Sister Stanislaus, the youngest of the party. The "Gironde" was tossed about on the mad Atlantic in storm after storm. She took the unbeaten paths to evade piratical craft and the crew was required to stand by the life shells during the long watches of the night. For five long months—an eternity it must have seemed to the heroic nuns who bore the hardships of the voyage with Christian patience—the "Gironde" floundered on her heavy course. At last the ship reached the mouth of the Mississippi, but misfortune continued to hound the little craft. All aboard were compelled to abandon her when she ran on a reef, and to make their way up the river to New Orleans in small boats. On the seventh of August, 1727, after many days of most trying hardship, New Orleans was sighted. The Ursulines were accorded a stirring welcome, the sincerity of which more than recompensed them for their voyage of sacrifice. An old mansion, formerly occupied by Bienville, was given to the Sisters, and here was established the first convent and school for girls in this country. To the daughters of all classes in the colony was extended the privilege of entering either the day school or the boarding division. Sunday and practically every evening saw a large number of Indian and Negro women with their children at the convent eagerly learning the fundamental truths of the Catholic religion. In the first few weeks of its existence, twenty-four boarding students and forty day scholars were enrolled at the Academy.

The Ursuline Rules, adopted in Paris in 1705, were carried out by the branch in New Orleans as well as conditions permitted. The code sets down beautiful ideals in the education of youth, an exhaustive and interesting statement on Ursuline teaching methods, and the curriculum to be followed in Ursuline schools.

To the end that each student be well grounded

in the truths and practice of religion, great stress was laid upon a careful training in prayer, morals, and catechism instruction. Every influence of a religious nature was brought to bear upon the children, for the Ursulines were impressed with the paramount necessity of bringing the child to the knowledge of God and a practical realization of the importance of salvation. The beautiful ideal expressed in one section of the rules, "to learn to know, love and serve God; in order by this means to become one day blessed," is an expression of the first aim of the Ursulines in caring for the young.

The Sisters were liberally provided for by the French Government which now treated educational matters in the rapidly expanding colony with great concern. When Spain took over Louisiana in 1769, a like feeling of friendliness was shown towards the Ursulines. The action of the Spanish Governor, Miro, however, who prescribed Spanish textbooks for all schools, met with some disapproval; but this gradually yielded as conditions became more stabilized in the colony. As an evidence of how completely the Ursulines had accustomed themselves to the Spanish regime, it is interesting to note the strong apprehension felt by the Order when Louisiana was restored to France in 1803. This apprehension was augmented when Louisiana was purchased by the American Republic. Moved by the constant rumors that their labors in the colony would be discontinued under the new regime, the Ursulines communicated with President Jefferson, praying for protection. Jefferson, in a beautiful letter to the Mother Superior, assured them that the rights of the Community were "sacred and inviolate and would be carefully shielded." Claiborne, the first American Governor, held the Ursulines in high esteem and veneration, and accorded them many kind considerations.

The work of the Ursulines in Louisiana is monumental. Pioneers in the field, they gradually evolved an educational system which has since placed them in the foremost rank of Catholic teaching orders in the United States. From the Louisiana community there have emanated numerous bands of Sisters who have founded many prominent schools in various sections of the country. Their ardent efforts and zealous perseverance compel a genuine feeling of admiration from the student of American educational history.



## Irish Literary Gifts.

BY FRANK S. FARRINGTON, '20.

Ireland is the sole representative in literature of that great world which lived and thrived outside the classic camp of Greece and Rome. Rule by the Roman legions meant in all cases a massacre of mind, a decay of native expression and intellectual development. Roman law and the paralyzing canons of classical taste triumphed over every nation subdued, sweeping into oblivion nearly every evidence of an earlier literature. For a time the Celts were face to face with a power that had deluged the Britons, but the persistent hostility of a people in their heroic age prevented the eagles of the Legionairs from obtaining a foothold in the Green Isle. From a study of the old Celtic literature we can judge how one of the Free Nations, whom the Greeks and Romans called barbarians, sang and thought through many generations.

Truly is it said that Ireland was the lamp of learning by which all the other countries were guided after the fall of Rome. A glimpse of the literature of the ancient Celts of Erin gives us an understanding of the character of the people before the introduction of Christianity. Such an ardent acceptance of the Faith on the introduction of Christianity, the rapid spread of missionaries, the growth and multiplication of schools, and the all-round intellectual development could have been possible only to a people imbued with the zeal for learning.

We find in the ancient literature of the Celts no rimed epics, such as those of Greece and Rome; rather they put their epics into prose, giving them the form of historical or imaginative romances. The productions would have been less important if classical in form. Servile imitation in literature or in any other art is always fatal to the native genius of a race. The restlessness and activity of our own day have through the ages been ever present in the Celt, with the result that they have always been far in advance of their age and have been called the Moderns of the Past.

This quality of modernity made them pioneers in poetry, just as their artistic skill, ingenuity, and delicacy of taste enabled them to produce admirable specimens of work in precious metals and later in the art of illumination. It is commonly observed that the poetry of the pre-Christian period is characterized by effusiveness

of thought and luxuriance of language. On the contrary, the literary remains of the Bardic schools show a clear, classic reserve in form, thought, and expression, such as is commonly associated only with the classic productions of Greece and Rome.

If for no other service than the introduction of rime into the poetry of Europe, the Celts would be gratefully remembered. But they accomplished more. The Gaelic language was admirably adapted to the formation of word-music, so that a delicate instrument of melodious charm was achieved in the echoes and half-echoes of broad and slight vowels and consonants. In this manner the tinkle of repeated words and syllables at the end of lines was avoided, and the echoing sounds occurred at varied intervals within and between the lines. New forms of grouping verse were discovered, and the possibility of monotony was avoided by varying the line-lengths.

Other ancient peoples used in the poetic portions of their literature mainly love-songs and war-odes. The Gael were the first to see that nature is picturesque, that the pang of the exile awakens pity and love of country; that the ocean, whether in tumult or calm, is fit subject for high literary endeavor.

During the time of the great Bardic Companionship there was at hand a critical and cultured audience. Stimulated by emulation and inspired by genius a literature was created in which nobility of purpose and loftiness of thought predominated. In the time of St. Columba the Bardic Companionship was dissolved, the Bards became mere retainers, and a decadence of true poetry followed. But newer and greater forces were at work. The Christian ideals and teachings, added to the natural spiritual heritage and imaginative power of the race, and the wars to preserve the integrity of their own national life, made certain that renaissance would always follow decadence. The literary history of Ireland shows this to be true, and that as long as the Irish language was spoken poetry remained the possession of the people.

No student of European literature can hope to attain to a correct understanding of the subject unless he knows something of the power and charm of the writings of Erin. For at least three centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire Ireland held in undisputed sway the literary sceptre of Europe. Poets, scholars, and

missionaries travelled to every country in Europe; and in consequence the Norse, the Anglo-Saxons, the Germans, the French, and the Spanish can trace part of their culture and literary methods to the Celt. The growth of Ireland's universities made her the center of learning, to which scholars from all Europe came to study. Thus Ireland became during her Golden Age of learning the intellectual centre of the Christian world, her most prolific period in letters antedating the Renaissance by at least four centuries. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Erin is the mother of the literature of the modern European world.

### The Younger Brother.

BY WILLIAM H. ROBINSON, '20.

Dan Morgan was discouraged, and discouragement sat ill on his broad shoulders. He stared moodily at the picture on which he had been working and then flung it down in disgust. It was sorry work struggling against the stubbornness of the unamiable father of a very lovable girl. It was abhorrent to his manhood to fail supinely in his work from a consequent lack of ambition; and shouldering the responsibility of an irresponsible brother—that was the acme of wretchedness. He was aroused from his brooding by the entrance of the culprit, who, as usual, burst into the room as if he were a whole mob in himself.

"Good morning, Brother Daniel! Hum, grouchy? Well, out with it! Let's have the latest version of the same old sermon."

"I don't feel like wasting words. Experience has taught me that the only remedy, with a chance of success, would be simply to beat the badness out of you. I have always thought your escapades were nothing more than the ebullitions of youth, but your persistence makes it appear that wildness is pretty deeply engrained in your make-up. Confound you, my life would not be a series of roseate joys just now even without your crop of wild oats to dispose of."

"Outside of receiving a few little bills of mine—and paying them?—what has happened to cheer you up this way?"

In answer Dan handed him three letters he had received that morning. Harry looked at the topmost and grinned without embarrassment. "I see it's marked paid," he said. Dan glared.

Harry read the next soberly. "Too bad, old man; why don't you kidnap the beautiful Maria and let Papa Manzoni know about it later. Well, let us see what sorrow the rest of the budget brings."

"Oh, just a small matter; only the cancellation of LeFevre's big order. He was in to see what progress I was making, and I suppose the sight of this mess," as Dan pointed disgustedly to the half-finished painting on the floor, "would be enough to make any man call off the deal. I have quit working on 'The Dawn,' lest I should spoil it," he added despondently.

"Brighten up, sweet sunshine. I will soon be able to support the family, myself. My novel goes into print to-day and the publishers seem very enthusiastic over its prospects. They say that an exposure of Wilhelmstrasse methods will stir up quite a sensation and the book will be its own advertisement. Speaking of the novel reminds me of the queer meeting I just had. A swarthy chap who looked like the villain of a Bohemian melodrama accosted me with the blood-curdling remark, 'The day your book is print, you die,' and then passed on."

Laughing at Dan's warning, Harry departed. As he came down from the studio he met a hurdy-gurdy man, an Italian, whom he had once befriended and who in return had helped him with information, valuable in his work. A sign passed between them and a little later they were seated together in a café, dingy and deserted by day, tinsel and riotous by night. The Italian lost no time in telling his story and was soon gone, leaving Harry to gasp at the intelligence given him and the possibilities of revelation it contained. The thing was so astounding as to be almost incredible, had not the veracity and shrewdness of the informant been above doubt. Harry realized that in time of peace no publisher would dare to print such matter; nor, mindful of the warning received that very day, did he overlook the perilous side of the venture. As he sat there, absorbed in his dreaming, there came a scurry and agitation along the street. He awoke to his surroundings and found himself repeating with the passersby, "The Austrian Archduke is killed."

On the day war was declared with Germany, Harry was passing through the Champs Elysees when a silvery voice accosted him from the luxurious depths of a crawling limousine. Looking up he saw for an instant the beautiful



face of her, who, it seemed, was to rise out of the bad dream of the past to blight his life anew. A tinkling laugh of mockery floated back to him as he stood white and shaken, unmindful of the charging traffic. Recovering himself at length, he made his way to the sidewalk café on the opposite side of the avenue and there sought to drown his fears. He succeeded only in muddling his mind and arousing a stream of frenzied imaginings. Hours later, as the gold of sunset changed to the grey of dusk, he made his stumbling way to his brother's. Dan was out.

Spiritless, Harry flung himself on a divan and strove to order his thoughts back to reason. As he lay there he thought of the failure he had made of life; he thought how Dan with fine patience had borne with him, and how with filial devotion he had kept from their old parents back at home the sad knowledge of his misdeeds. Why had he gone wrong, while Dan in the same surroundings had sought the higher things of life? Well, it was not too late yet. He had it in his power to write the greatest novel of the age. He had only to construct another chapter, based on the information just received from the Italian, which the outbreak of war had not only made printable as fiction but had verified as fact. It might mean the sacrifice of his life, but what mattered that to one who had made of life such a failure. His mind cleared, and he wrote feverishly.

As he was about to leave he heard for the first time in weeks Dan's happy laugh ring up the stairway. Harry waited. And Dan came in, accompanied—by the girl of the limousine.

"Meet my wife, Harry," Dan cried joyously; "I turned kidnapper on your advice."

"I believe we have met before—in Italy," replied Harry slowly.

"No, M. Morgan, it was my sister whom you knew in Italy. The good nuns of the convent school where I was when you were in Venice will testify that I made the acquaintance of no man other than old Filippo the gardner. I did pass you on the Champs Elysees to-day, thinking you to be Dan; but I had no sooner spoken than I discovered my mistake. Did you hear my laugh?"

Harry "believed" that he did, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Four weeks later there issued from the agencies of an international publishing company a most sensational and a most powerful piece of fiction. Harry Morgan's book in a very short

time did more than all other literary endeavors together to make the world pro-ally. Interest in the book was heightened by the fact that its young author, while bravely leading his men, had fallen in the first Battle of the Marne—one of the many gallant souls whom the Foreign Legion there offered up as a holocaust to the God of Liberty.

### Azoth.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

One day while turning over the magazines on the table of a public-library my attention was caught by the cryptic word *Azoth*, set forth on the cover of a slender periodical. Curiosity prompted me to pick up the paper, and I discovered on looking inside that "*Azoth*" is a mystical or cabalistic word, formed of the first and the final letters of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew alphabets, and that as here used it was meant to signify what "is contained within the limits of the beginning and the end; otherwise, the essence of all things." A bit bewildered, I turned to the editorial page where the *raison d'être* of *Azoth* was impressively set forth: "An Inspirational, Philosophical, and Progressive Magazine of Constructive Thought." Rosy-fingered dawn had come, but not high noon, and settling into a chair, I proceeded to find out why was the "occult magazine of America."

"Occult"! That signified something which lay beyond the curtain of the material, something which only a soul with an X-ray vision could see. Indeed, I was now perusing the pages of a real exponent of the Higher Criticism, which overcrows so many columns and conversations nowadays. Eagerly I scanned the list of editors and the name of each editor's specialty, Symbolism, Higher Thought, Masonry, Astrology,—and after that imposing array I turned over the pages of *Azoth* with reverence, for I was acutely aware that in the company of specialists in the symbolistic and the sidereal, philosophic deference was most proper.

Presently I chanced upon an article headed "The Ten Sephiroth," by Anael. The Sephiroth are, it seems, in the cabalistic system, the ten persons or attributes of God, male or female, known by such names as "Yah," "The Lesser Countenance," "The Primordial Point," and the like. I must avow that Anael's article did

not illuminate my prosaic mind nor did the concluding sentence give me great comfort: "They who do this" (i. e., recognize the immanence of the Divine Will in all things, and surrender themselves cheerfully to it), "enter spiritually into the sphere of the lowermost of the ten Sephiroth, Melkuth, and by perseverance may climb to the heights of conscious union with the crown of life." So, if I perseveringly chase the incomprehensible, I may some day hope to catch it, and may at the same time, peradventure, pin down the elusive. The nucal Taylor, the last of the Platonists according to Disraeli, was in his old age turned out of his lodgings in London by an irate landlady because he tried to sacrifice in his back parlor a bull to the Brazen Thunderer; but his vagaries were but vexing, and never became so vague as to approximate the vacuous.

After several attempts to grasp the thoughts of the Higher Thinkers, I was about to abandon *Azoth*, for I felt that it was designed mostly for those whose heads strike the stars, when I unexpectedly ran across a presentation of prejudices, written in language plain enough for me to understand. After reading about the Sephiroth I never anticipated an article of ancient abuse, a rehash of Ingersoll by a clumsy cook. But the reading of an editorial against a priest who had bluntly stated the Church's attitude towards Spiritism showed that the old enemy was just as venomous in the glossy guise of the mystic as in the shabby garments of materialism. It also demonstrated that a new rival of the *Menace*, and the *Florida Catts*, is in the field, catering to the coins and plaudits of the gullible.

"Spiritualism would do away with hell, the devil, and false ideas of purgatory—and then what would the poor shepherd of souls do?" Well indeed might we ask, what would the esoterics do if the Mahatmas shut up shop? "Alas! we know full well how mankind has been retarded in development by this opposition to free thought. How long are so many millions of our brothers going to allow pseudo-thinkers like this cassocked and tonsured example to think for them?" Can you not picture the flutter of cambric kerchiefs as this jeremiad, read in an attenuated quaver, undams the lacrymose fountains of the susceptible?

So it seemeth that even these mystagogues are mortal after all—swayed by passion and prejudice, revelling in the real, making mistakes

and misjudgments just like us common creatures of clay. I was bitterly disappointed that such ethereal beings, as were initiated into an awareness of psychical arcana could not at least feign to ignore the stupid folk who denounce their doctrines as dangerous, as a menace to mind and morals—mere folk who carp at Elevated Ineptitude because their inferior intellects can not comprehend it. My idols toppled off their high pedestals in a humiliating heap, and all the king's men can never put them back again.

I soar above all earthly scenes,  
I soar! I soar!  
My soul bathes in a sea of dreams,  
I soar! I soar!  
Above the toiling, moiling world,  
To zenith spaces star-empared,  
My radiant soul is swept and swirled,  
I soar! I soar!"

### After Reading an Imaginary Book.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

I have just finished reading an imaginary book—a refreshing, invigorating, and interesting book. The title? The author? Really you embarrass me, for I cannot answer your questions. I have a peculiar distaste for title-pages, as I have learned from long experience that modern authors invariably clutter up the title-page with a wearisome list of their former efforts. But after I had finished this unusual book my curiosity got the better of my repugnance and I turned to the title-page only to find it blank. What a relief it was. What a sense of enjoyment was mine when I found that I was not to suffer the nightmare always brought on by scanning a laborious list of previous novels perpetrated by the same author.

If I only knew the author of this book I would consider it a special honor to herald his name to the world as the master who has produced the greatest novel of all time; "in what he leaves unsaid I discover a master of style", and he does not plunge his hand into a potpourri of words and hurl them broadcast upon paper. He differs from our modern authors in that he observes a great truth which so many amateurish professionals overlook, the truth that "the art of writing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the ink-pot." He illustrates this truth with such a fine exactness that the reader is moved to applaud such a

master of discretion. Whereas the modern author is constantly clothing "an antique hero like a modern ass" my unknown author is quite the reverse. He is natural to a delightful degree and does not depend upon any of the ten commonplace and stereotyped plots of modern fiction. I find him discarding them all with enviable disdain and revelling in his anomalies. The ten plots I refer to are the ten commandments of the present-day writer, and a slight deviation from them is a peculiar offense, worse than murder, and second only to the hideous sin of using everyday English. Do not judge from my remarks that I am trying to disparage modern authors. We must bear with them and hope that some day they will regain their rationality.

I have confidence in my unknown author and feel that he could write upon any subject, however distasteful, with the greatest ease and clarity. He is indeed "a curious workman" who "by his skill divine from an ill object makes a good design." But I would not ask him to attempt any of the subjects the acephalous authors of today manage to wade through.

I have not told you of the subject-matter of this book, and I do not intend to, for that would spoil the story for you. I will, however, tell you how to procure the book, then you can judge its merits for yourself. I am sure you will agree with my opinion. If not—well "the obstinate man still earns" the name of fool." You may borrow the book from the Library of the Future, and peruse it at your leisure. You are bound to be satisfied.

### Bye-an' Bye.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

HUHT yo' finger, honey?  
Loahdy, don' yo' cry—  
It'll be as fine as silk is  
Bye an' bye.

Some one make yo' sad, honey?  
Did dey hones'? My!  
But nevah min', chile, yo'll be laffin'  
Bye an' bye.

Some man break yo' heaht, chile,  
Some man make yo' cry?  
Don' yo' worry he'll be beggin'  
Bye an' bye.

Goin' t' go away, honey?  
Y' ask me why Ah cry?  
Don' yo' min' me; Ah'll be happy—  
Bye an' bye.

### The Classics and Success.

BY WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21.

In this era of specialization, utility and efficiency much is said of the futility of Latin and Greek and little of their utility. Nowhere do we find more contention upon this point than among students, many of whom stubbornly deride the Liberal Arts and stoutly refuse to enter into unbiased argument on the issue. The position of Latin and Greek is as unassailable now as it was in the days of Milton; and to the person whose one principle is, "Be practical," we shall endeavor to state the case. We shall make clear the practical value of Latin.

If the purpose of a Latin course were merely to acquire a reading knowledge of the language our position would be weak enough. Ability to dazzle the uninitiated with an occasional, "ipso facto, res ipsa loquitur," or similar verbal bric-a-brac, is not the aim and end of the Classical course. A liberal education does at least one thing, and does it well: it gives the student the power of exact thinking.

The philosophy of Materialism is reflecting itself with disastrous effects in the field of education: and self-styled progressives are advancing utilitarian arguments against Latin and Greek as an integral part of the curricula of secondary schools and of the colleges. This war of Soul and Sense manifests two aspects in education: first, the tendency to consider as essential only that which contributes directly toward the accumulation of wealth; and second, a disposition to disregard education which makes for breadth of vision and fullness of being.

For almost two thousand years Latin has proved its worth as an intellectual diet which produces a healthy, vigorous mind: nothing has more effective results in training the mind in clear, critical, concise thinking than good literary—not literal—translation, the translation of good Latin into good English. One Classicist has remarked that "it takes genius to translate genius finely." Ability to turn Latin into logical, forceful English is not to be lightly esteemed. Honest, thorough translation leaves out no detail: the student endeavors to give the exact thought of the author in vernacular as good, if possible, as the original. In his search for synonyms, for the correct word to fit the thought, he notes the nice connotative distinc-

tions and selects the English idiom to express the original. In doing so he exercises observation of the author's thought, comparison of the interpretations, and the judgment on its English equivalent.

Modern educators strive too industriously to cram the student's head with mere information instead of developing his power. To train the mind in studious habits, to discipline it into marshalling its ideas and giving them clear and exact expression is the real function of education.

Although the Classics aim primarily at a peerless mental training they afford other notable advantages. Latin and Greek words form two-thirds of our English vocabulary, and an acquaintance with these languages will do much to help the reader in understanding the roots of English vocables. In addition to the invaluable aid to our English the classics do much in helping to a quick grasp of the Romance languages, because Latin is the basis of these languages. Chemistry, Biology, Law, all are replete with Latin and Greek terminology. The case was well stated to a medical student when he was told, "You can't even sneeze without using fifty-five pairs of muscles with Greek and Latin names."

If Latin only developed a literary style in English it would be well worth the time given it in the classical course. It is true that there are masters of style who have never studied the Classics. A journalist recently urged the fact that James Fenimore Cooper, who ranks among our English stylists, never studied the ancient languages: but the case of Cooper is the exception and might occur once in a century. What of the Newmans, the Scotts, and the Fieldings?

That the law-student equipped with a classical education is a marked man is attested by the Dean of the Harvard Law School, Roscoe Pound, who writes, "I have taught law in four different law schools, and those who have had good training in the Classics, other things being equal, have an advantage and do better work from the start. The law demands a clearness and accuracy in thinking which is only to be acquired in connection with accuracy in the use and interpretation of language." Charles R. Miller, Editor of the *New York Times*, gives the following word of advice to the aspiring journalist: "There must be an instructed discrimination in the use of the elements of lan-

guage, a sense always clear and sure of the just word. . . It is my observation that the surest way, certainly the shortest way, leads through the Greek and Latin authors and the less alluring but indispensable pages of the grammar. This conviction rests upon a good many years of observation."

If the faculty of making money were the "be-all and end-all" here, we would agree that there is no direct financial return for a classical course: but if money is merely a means to an end, to a larger and fuller life, to breadth of vision and a genuine appreciation of the culture and refinement of "the humanities," then we maintain that the value of the Classics is unquestionable.

### Universal Military Training.

BY THOMAS H. BEACON, '20.

It is a peculiar fact that Americans, upon the termination of any war, always go from the premise "this war is over" to the immediate conclusion that "all wars are over." Events following the recent cessation of world hostilities have painfully re-verified this observation. Citizens who were wrought to unparalleled lengths of belligerency through the contemplation and the experiencing of German atrocities, have suddenly relapsed into a most lamentable passivity. They shut their ears to the cry of the patriot proclaiming the necessity of preparedness, and denounce as pure militarism even the suggestion that adequate armed defence is a condition for our continued safety. Men who assume that attitude have confused the issue of a great national program of military protection, by clouding the terms "universal military training" with a plethora of adjectives to make the program read "universal service," "compulsory militarism," and the like. They have been instrumental in killing, or at least in crippling temporarily, a bill recently introduced in Congress as a part of the army reorganization plan—a legislative act which had the approval and support of the American Legion, because it embodied the essential features of a practical, efficient, and adequate system of universal military training. Some minor amendments were suggested by various local organizations of ex-service men, but the basic plan was acceptable to all.

The underlying principle of universal military

training is that preparedness, in the form of concrete manifestations of power, is a better safeguard against the encroachments of European and Asiatic nations than a hypothetical league which, as yet, has existence only in the minds of a few international visionaries. Our government proposed, upon the sane advice of men trained by actual warfare, to take the male citizens between the ages of 17 and 21 and give them an aggregate of four months of training in military science. The purpose, of course, was to provide an economical, democratic, and efficient citizen army that would be capable of meeting any emergency. Congressman Kahn of California, chairman of the house committee on military affairs, estimated the cost of this form of insurance against war at \$130,000,000 annually. This is surely a measure of economy as compared with the thirty billions of dollars expended by the United States in two years of actual war, to say nothing of the lives needlessly sacrificed in learning the art of combat. Again, a comprehensive plan compels training—not service, but training—of *all* men of proper age who are in fit physical condition to fight. The universality of the plan bespeaks its democracy. And when we recall that one-fourth of our drafted soldiers were physically defective, we must grant that if universal military training meets only that one difficulty it will have been worth ten times its cost. Furthermore, the government means to overcome the appalling illiteracy which characterized a fourth of our conscripted army, and to educate its citizens to an understanding of civic responsibility. Intensive vocational training, included in the program of preparedness, means better citizens, more skilled workmen, and greater satisfaction in the industrial world in times of peace.

Against these very palpable advantages, it is the contention of the pacifist, the world-dreamer, and the notoriously economical politicians, that the American people must not be saddled with an oppressive "military tax." It were better, in their minds, to pay for the construction of a new dwelling on the very ashes of a place destroyed by fire than to take out insurance in the beginning. Presumably they had rather spend money in having wars than in preventing them. The South meets the question of universal training with a solid phalanx of opposition, on the grounds that it would be suicidal for the white people to arm

and train the negroes. With all due respect to the states which have to deal with the problem that inevitably arises where the black race has a majority, it must be said that the objection is not a final one. Negroes were called into service during our last war, as they were in all previous conflicts. To deny them the equipment offered by military training is not consonant with the ideals of democracy for which America stands. The difficulty which seems so real to the Southerner cannot be insuperable if approached by the pathway of rational planning.

A few men, indeed, the rear guard of a moribund belief, still adhere to the conviction that a "million men will spring to arms over night" whenever occasion demands. Perhaps they rely on the services of men who have already fought the cause of Americanism; but what of the nation's protection when these tried soldiers have passed away? Future generations should learn at first hand the lessons so bitterly taught to the men of today—the lesson that giving, and not receiving, is the duty of an American citizen. To give to posterity a heritage of indifference, is not to insure the welfare of our country. Rather should the citizens of tomorrow receive from our hands a tradition of protection and service to guarantee the preservation of the liberty we hold so dear.

---

### Unopened Eyes.

---

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

---

Curzon Sreet was once a fashionable thoroughfare, but commerce has now invaded it and made sad inroads on the reputation it formerly enjoyed as an avenue of the élite. The old brown-stone mansions no longer house the families of the rich, and on the grounds where once the children of the wealthy took their recreation have arisen tall, gaunt business houses. Even the river front, where all Curzon Street was once wont to walk on a warm afternoon, has been converted into a long line of gloomy warehouses and factories.

There is, however, one old brown-stone front, whose erratic owner had festooned the outsides of his home with all sorts of bric-a-brac and gimcracks of carving. The old filigree windows he had thought "quite smart," and the main entrance, with its colored glass and dragon's head door-knob, he had imagined to be a gem of architectural beauty. Everyone else laughed



at the jumble of gingerbread, as they called it. After the fashionable set had moved from Curzon Street and become established farther up town, the old owner, unable to get anyone to rent the house at any reasonable price, was obliged to let it at a ridiculously low rental. Two families live there now.

On this particular afternoon a young woman sat at leisure in a big leathern armchair up in the filigree window. She was sewing on a dainty little garment, and once or twice dropped the little dress into her lap and leaned her head back against the chair. She closed her eyes as if they were tired. She could hear the scraping feet of the passers-by in the street below. Occasionally the shrill cry of a newsboy echoed up the street, or the long, low "thub" of a tug-boat on the river. The gong of a street-car clanged at the corner, and she heard the distant rumble of the elevated trains down the avenue. The March wind rattled the window panes and the lace curtains swished a little. The French gilt clock on the mantle struck four as the woman opened her eyes and took up the little white dress. As she worked, sending the needle back and forth through the dainty white lace, she hummed the chorus of a hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

After a time she held up the dress before her. It was finished. Then she crushed the little garment to her bosom, and held it there passionately, as if it were a little child. "O Jesus! O Mary!" she breathed softly: "tonight, please, oh please; tonight!" The door opened and a young man in a rather shabby overcoat and well-worn hat, but with a happy smile, came in. The young woman went to him and putting her arms around his neck kissed him.

Down in the street below the filigree window, the noontide rush of shop girls and clerks was on. Occasionally, a laborer passed, carrying his lunch-pail at his side. Various groups of people looked in at the shop windows. At the corner the young ladies drew their cloaks tightly about them, and the young men held on to their hats, for the wind came around the building in sudden and unexpected gusts.

There was a look of depression on the faces of nearly all who passed in the street. In the air there was a suspicion of snow and this seemed to shatter all hopes of a warm and balmy Easter. On the door below the filigree window the wind played with a white funeral crepe. The factory whistles blew one o'clock.

## The Centurion Speaks.

BY WM. HENRY ROBINSON, '20.

BEHOLD, Aurora quivers in the East,  
The final day is come. On guard, my men,  
The watch will soon be over and the priest,  
The crafty Caiaphas, will pay us then."

And with the cheering words I lightly spoke  
Bright Phoebus rode above the distant hills;  
The valley of the dead with song awoke—  
Then the wonder! Never will the thrills  
Of that dread moment flee my memory;  
The flash of light, the trembling earth, then calm.  
'Twas then the God of gods gave Faith to me,  
When vanquished Nature yielded Him the palm.  
The world will never be the same for me  
Since Christ my Lord has risen from the grave.  
No Longer Rome's but His fair livery  
I wear,—proud freeman turned His happy slave.

## Passion Impressions.

BY M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21.

### I.—HOLY THURSDAY—JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Soft Spring has come and the world is on the eve of a new life. Clouds part to reveal a moon of azure gleam. The air is fresh and sweet with the breath of flowers. The garden of Malchus is full of beauty. Clad in the velvet cloak of night, its beauty shimmers with the rays cast by the huntress of the skies in passing. The pencilled paths among the trees are like the visions of dreamy, forgetful lotus.

But there amid the arbors cringe a man. His presence renders the whole scene of beauty hideous. His fingers grovel in the ratty meshes of his beard; his lips and teeth smile, his eye hates and his heart fears. He waits for someone, yet he almost flees. Still he stays, and a sinister miserliness plays in his beady eyes. Malchus approaches. Strung to his girdle is a bag which tinkles evilly as he descends from the garden above to the deeper shades of the wooded vale. Judas stretches forth his greedy hands and receives the bag, cast into them contemptuously. He hastens to a spot where the moonlight filters through the leafy branches and there counts over and over the thirty pieces of silver. How they glitter, lighted by the argent beams from the heavens. With feverish hand are the coins caressed.

The moon, for shame at the sight, hastily hides in the clouds, withdrawing the brilliance she had lent to the coins. The traitor stares

with a shudder. There is no beauty here now. Spring has died upon the air. An ill-omened wind wails through the trees and the sky forbodes a storm. There is naught but cold death in the night. The whole world weeps and curses him who has betrayed the Master.

#### II.—GOOD FRIDAY—THE FOURTH STATION.

Beside the dusty, sun-beaten road that passes through the Tyropeon Vale stands a Woman, head bowed in tearless grief, alone in the midst of a multitude. Silent and a little aside are the Beloved Disciple and the "woman of penance." Vain their efforts to console the Mother in her sorrow. The turbulent crowd, impatiently awaiting the approach of the "Blasphemer," regard with commingled awe and anger the heroic fortitude of this sorrowing mother.

Suddenly the sulky stillness of the torrid day is broken by the distant rumble of the awaited procession which is now slowly winding its way from the Praetorium. As the ribald mob comes nearer the low mumbling of the morbid onlookers waxes loud and coarse in vituperation of Him who leads with faltering footstep the jeering file.

Now the Man, bent double with His heavy cross, comes abreast of His Mother. She lifts her sorrowing eyes to gaze upon her Son. Beaten and bruised and torn is He almost beyond her recognition. The dusty blood besmeared the thorn-crowned head and the agonized face. Pitiful the pain, and the bloodshot eyes reveal an anguish of soul far greater than the bodily torments.

Mary gazes at Him and straightway into her mother's heart strikes the dolorous dagger-point. Her countenance becomes a mirror of His suffering. A slight step forward,—and then like a lightning flash her mind is emblazoned with the words, "Woman, know you not that I must be about my Father's business?" And with humble resignation she turns to John and Magdalene. Together they fall into line behind the suffering Christ fated by sin to Calvary.

#### III.—HOLY SATURDAY—A GUARD AT THE SEPULCHRE SPEAKS.

"Vah! How I detest this endless pacing back and forth, twelve paces to the end of the rock and twelve paces back again! And to what purpose? As if those twelve drivelling fools who followed Him, who lies herein a corpse, could budge this rock which would resist the strongest Roman—even should they find bold-

ness enough to come forth from their hiding

"A ghost-ruled people are these Jews, indeed! Because this dead "man" here called Himself a God they must needs go to Pilate to entreat him that he place soldiers of the Empire to guard the grave. The dead are dead, I say. Let us rather watch these living, traitorous Jews, who, for aught I know, may have got us here but to trap us. Worse than dogs are they, fawning on us when they want favors, sneering when we ask a gift in turn. Death do they merit fully as much as this One of them whom they crucified.

"What a sulky day is this! I would fain sleep. Nothing to do but clean my scabbard, and I have done that many times already. Would that Fenestus would order me to Rome before the games! Would that I might have some work for this over-polished sword of mine!—It is near night and time for Tullius and Servius to join me for the night guard. How I pity Fulvius and his comrades who relieve us of this thankless task!

#### Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

HE who runs may misread.

POWDER covers a multitude of faults.

A ROLLING stone does not become moss-covered.

SUCCESS is the Waterloo of many a capable man.

WELL-DIRECTED persistence is the mark of a real man.

WHY not let Wilson try the office of secretary of state?

THOSE who are determined to win never want arbitration.

A GOOD rule for Lent is, "Deny yourself until it hurts."

FAILURE has often been the impulse to the greatest success.

THE next will be the deportation of those who think Hamlet was mad.

NO one knows for sure whether or not a man be successful except himself.

A SPEECHLESS banquet would be like eating watermelon without seeds.

LOVE is interesting so long as the parties remain mutually interesting.



# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

VOL. LIII. APRIL 3, 1920. NO. 24.

## Board of Editors.

FRANCIS FARRINGTON, '20

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20	ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20
CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20	PAUL SCOFIELD, '20
CORNELIUS PALMER, '20	THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20
THOMAS H. BEACOM, '20	PAUL R. CONAGHAN, '20
ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21	LEO L. WARD, '20
ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20	JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '20
WILLIAM ROBINSON, '20	M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21
WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21	EDWARD W. GOULD, '23

When the Student Activities Committee was formed some months ago it was rightly acclaimed as an institution of great possibilities.

A period of apparent quiescence on the part of the Student Activities Committee, however, has witnessed some change of view among the students in regard to the worth of this organization. A few indeed, unacquainted with the work and intentions of this body, have unfortunately concluded that it can serve no useful purpose. To appreciate duly the aims of the Committee cognizance should be taken of a few of the efforts now being put forth to secure the perpetuation and improvement of a student council. It has never been the idea of the originators of this plan to create an appointive go-between for the faculty and the students. What is desired, and what will be secured if students generally evince an interest in the proposed organization, is an elective and truly representative body which will not only initiate projects for the welfare of the students, but will at all times strive for the closer union of the men attending the University and for the best interests of Notre Dame in all things. It must be remembered that such an organization must have the support and cooperation of all students if it is to function properly and successfully. Furthermore, it must establish a tradition of service before it can assume the

importance it is designed to attain. This conviction, it should be known, has ever been uppermost in the minds of the individuals who now make up this Committee, and it has been the thought controlling their efforts to formulate a constitution which will insure student interest and active student participation in affairs of school life. Before condemning what may at first glance appear to be an ineffectual attempt at student government, one should take into consideration the motives animating those who are now actively interested in the development of a comprehensive plan for the future. A constitution will within a short time be formulated and presented for the consideration and approval of both the faculty and the students, a constitution setting forth the lines along which an efficient and valuable instrument of student government may in time be built up. All that is asked is a modicum of confidence during the interim before the plan is submitted, and a persistent, whole-hearted support of it after it may have secured acceptance. If the welfare of the future can be promoted, even in a small degree, through the establishment of an organization which the students themselves will one day acknowledge as a potent force for good among them, the ambition of the members of the present Committee will have been achieved. The traditional spirit of fair play which has always existed among Notre Dame men should secure at least a presumption in favor of the Committee's intentions and its sincere efforts to build for the future. It certainly should not be assumed that their efforts have been fruitless until all the evidence is considered.—T. H. B.

"The trouble with the world today is that men have forgotten the teachings of the Saviour." Five hundred Toledo strikers, many of them Catholics, were shocked! Carrying God into labor disputes was the rankest kind of impropriety! Did not every one know that labor troubles are solely an affair of the material world, not to be mixed in any way with religion! John P. Walsh, conciliation commissioner for the United States Department of Labor, thought not. "We must get back to God's teachings," he continued, "and must have brotherly love in our hearts to make the great world's undertakings go forward." The strikers began to think, and the employers began to think, with the result that in less than

twenty-four hours the workmen were back on their jobs, satisfied that God after all should have a place in the industrial world. Walsh thought so and said so. Thousands of Christian economists, and not a few Catholic economists among them, have thought so, but, unlike Walsh, they have not been forward enough to say so. They let the Socialist and the I. W. W. paint for the workingman a seductive material Utopia while they remain silent. The radical talked and talked, and the workingman listened. Then Walsh stepped in, knowing he was right, and believing that the workingman not only needed but wanted God. Recently in Toledo he took occasion to say plainly what he thought, and he said it to good effect. Multiply that effect by thousands of sane economists who can and should demand a place for God in the industrial world and the workingmen who hear and heed will be so numerous that the I. W. W. must perforce pack up and follow Goldman and Berkman to Russia.—C. A. G.

The conference of teachers of the classics in Catholic colleges to be held in Cleveland in Easter week marks a very definite attitude of Catholic educators towards classical education.

The purpose of the conference is to discuss means and methods of making the classics more useful and more attractive to the student, and of counteracting the current tendency to minimize the ideal and magnify the material. For centuries the Church has cherished the classics and preserved them from the pragmatic encroachments of misty-minded reformers and semi-sane educators, because she has perceived in their judicious use an aid to the accomplishment of her mission—of making men hopeful here and happy hereafter. She knows that the essence of education is not the accumulation of information but the development of mind and character. As matter for mental training Greek and Latin have no adequate substitutes. They are the repositories in which the world's finest treasures are exhibited in the original. Translations can be at best but feeble imitations. By application to studies nearest the dollar a man may make millions and yet in his old age have to hire a tutor, as did Carnegie, to teach him that money is a sesame to everything except happiness and to everywhere except Heaven. The aim of true education is not merely to teach the student how to make a

living but to teach him how to live truly, fully, successfully. Classical studies help very much to that end by man's spiritual nature. Their humanizing and disciplinary influences make him broader in his sympathy; their disciplinary effects train his mind to habits of sound thinking; their catholic appeal and application make him saner in view point, richer in culture.—W. C. H.

### Obituary.

#### CHARLES A. HEUTHER.

Charles Augustus Heuther, of Sharon, Pennsylvania, student in Corby Hall, died last Wednesday, March 24th, in the Isolation Hospital, of scarlet fever and septicemia. His death followed an illness of ten days, in which no efforts were spared to save his life. His parents were present for three days before the end came.

Charles Heuther died the death of a saint, a death fitting the beautiful life he had led. He came to Notre Dame in September, 1918, at the age of 18, full of hope and promise. He made a splendid record in Engineering, and distinguished himself even more by his religious zeal. Always a frequent Communicant, during most of his time at Notre Dame he approached the Holy Table every morning. At times during the S. A. T. C. organization, when a premature reveille call prevented his receiving Holy Communion early, he used to slip from the ranks and go down to the Basement chapel to receive during the few minutes' wait for the breakfast call; and he was active in bringing his friends to follow his pious example.

The fruit of his devotion was manifested during his last illness. During the delirium which preceded his death, he would rouse into consciousness when the Blessed Sacrament was brought to him, and receive Holy Communion with tender devotion.

Seemingly as a reward for his devotion to the purity of the Blessed Virgin, his life was prolonged until the first Vespers of the great feast of her purity, the Annunciation. He passed away at one o'clock on the eve of the feast. He was well prepared, fully resigned to go, and expressed no regret at going to God so young. "In a short time he fulfilled a long life."

To his parents, his sisters and his cousin, John Heuther, of Corby Hall, the Community and students offer sincere and prayerful sympathy.

### Washington Hall Notes.

Sascha Jacobinoff, one of the best of the young masters of the violin, played to a most appreciative audience at Notre Dame last Monday night. He is to be commended first for the taste shown in selecting the numbers of the program, for, contrary to the general rule, he gave the students the melodious, flowing numbers easy to understand, and omitted the long concertos. His ability to gauge the wishes of the audience is no more apparent than his mastery of his instrument, for he plays with a power and decisiveness rarely heard in one so young. His excellent technic was well illustrated in the "Sicilienne Rigaudon" of Francoeur-Kreisler, and the "Gypsy Airs" of Sarasate, pieces having rapid movement and a wealth of melody. The well known "Love Joy," by Kreisler, was played with such melodious and spirited interpretation as to elicit an insistent encore. The delicacy in shading of tones and overtones by the young musician was most evident in the Waltz by Brahms-Hochstein. The place which Mr. Jacobinoff holds in the musical world has made his visit to Notre Dame the more interesting. It is frequently heard on the campus that the students are not interested in the classical music. It is a pleasure to remark that the enthusiasm and applause with which this artist was received does not bear out that contention.

Frederick Paulding, the well-known actor, won many new friends and delighted again his old ones in his two lectures and readings in Washington Hall last Thursday and Friday. The first day was devoted to a study of "Julius Caesar," in which the characters of the principal actors were analyzed and compared, and readings from each act were given in the style which won for Mr. Paulding reputation during his years upon the stage. His most distinct triumph was scored on the following day in a lecture on "The Rivals," of Sheridan. Under the direction of Joseph Jefferson the revival of this masterpiece ran for more than three hundred consecutive performances, in which Mr. Paulding played the part of Beverly. He deplored the lack of finished actors on the stage of the present time, in consequence of which producers are unable to stage the plays in the proper manner. He made a plea for the improvement of the stage and of the screen through the influence of the Catholic people, who should bring it back

to the simplicity and high artistic ideals of our forefathers. The sparkling comedy of "The Rivals" and the laughable situations were presented in a manner that elicited generous and sincere applause at the close of most of the scenes. Mr. Paulding's work as an actor is finished, but in his able effort to awaken in Catholic college men an interest in the literature of the older and better playwrights he is doing a most praiseworthy work.—F. S. F.

### Anent "The Love Token."

In a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC there appeared a story entitled *The Love Token*, which has caused not a little misunderstanding among the Latin-American students of the University. The author believes that the story has been misinterpreted by some of them. At any rate he wishes to correct the impression that it was in any way meant to cast reflection upon Latin-Americans. The piece was in its action and in all of its characters purely a matter of fiction, with no foundation in concrete reality. There is, however, in America a certain class of people who are only too willing to seize upon such stories as propaganda, since they are disposed to believe anything whatever that may be interpreted to the prejudice of the Latin-Americans. It is the sincere hope of the author that this note may reach any of that class who may have read his story. The Latin-Americans at Notre Dame have always been exemplary students, and while the author's acquaintance with them has been rather limited, he is proud to possess among them friends whom he esteems most highly and whom he would not willingly offend. These students of the University have organized themselves into a society, which is more national in its scope than any other organization at Notre Dame. This society is earnestly carrying out plans to effect better relationship between the States and the Latin-American countries. Their work is worthy of all commendation. If any of the Latin-Americans have interpreted *The Love Token* as a personal insult or as a malicious attack upon their race, the author is more than willing to offer them whatever apology may be due. Trusting that this statement will clear up all misunderstanding, the author repeats his good-wishes in regard to the Latin-American Association expressed in the last issue of the *Juggler*.—PAUL SCOFIELD.

### Concerning the Laetare Medal Award.

Philadelphia, March 13, 1920.

In acknowledgment of the message from the University of Notre Dame informing Dr. Lawrence Francis Flick that he was awarded the Laetare Medal of 1920, the following telegram came on Laetare Sunday:

To President Burns:

I greatly appreciate the honor you confer on me. My most hearty, sincere thanks.

Lawrence F. Flick.

In a letter following his telegram, the medalist wrote:

Rev. and Dear Father Burns,—Your letter of 16th inst. giving me in more detail the action of the University of Notre Dame in conferring the Laetare Medal on me to hand. Many thanks for your kind letter. I have already expressed to you in my telegram how much I appreciate the honor which has been done me, but I wish to say more fully that nothing that could have been offered me in recognition of what little I may have been able to accomplish in life would have been more genuinely satisfactory, than this gift of your faculty. I am deeply grateful for it and shall endeavor to make the remaining years of my life worthy of the honor which has been done me.

Archbishop's Residence, Philadelphia.  
March 13, 1920.

My dear Father Burns:—

The award of the Laetare Medal to Dr. Flick is not only an honor to him, but to the rest of the Diocese of Philadelphia; hence, it gives me great pleasure to thank you for this distinction. I have just written my congratulations to the Doctor.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I remain, my dear Father Burns,

Very gratefully and sincerely yours,

D. J. Dougherty,

Abp. of Philadelphia.

Dear Dr. Burns,—Thank you very much for the telegram in regard to Dr. Flick. He will always prove worthy of Notre Dame's highest honor. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Philip R. McDevitt,

March 13, 1920.

Bishop of Harrisburg.

Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, Philadelphia physician, philanthropist, and historian, has been announced as winner of the Laetare medal from the University of Notre Dame. The award is the highest made by the university and is conferred annually on Laetare Sunday the fourth of Lent, upon a Catholic layman for eminence in "service to God and Country."—(The Chicago Tribune, March 15, 1920.)

We congratulate Doctor Flick on the honor bestowed upon him by Notre Dame University. Dr. Flick is noted the world over for the splendid fight he has

made against the White Plague and his name is as well-known in Europe as in this country. We hope that Notre Dame will sometime consider the claims to recognition of Elizabeth Nourse, of Cincinnati and Paris. Miss Nourse styled by the French "The Millet of America," is a Franciscan Tertiary, and has received all the honors that it is in the power of the French government and learned world to bestow. The Luxembourg Gallery contains several of her paintings purchased by the French Government and there is hardly a large collection of paintings anywhere but has one or more of the products of her brush.—The Catholic Columbian.

The Laetare Medal of Notre Dame University, Indiana, has been awarded this year to Lawrence Francis Flick, M. D., a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, who has made the fight against tuberculosis his life work, and with a very large measure of success. In the institutions he has founded and the works he has written he has left his means of continuing the fight against the terrible scourge of our northern climates through his demonstration and record of new methods, and of new applications of old methods. Dr. Flick is a devout Catholic and is described as "the very life and soul" of the American Catholic Historical Association, of which he was not long ago elected President. He has during a long and busy professional life gladly given a helping hand to every good work which appealed to him. The present writer has pleasant remembrances of him in connection with the Catholic Summer School of America. Notre Dame University has on its roll of Laetare Medalists a notable list of names of eminent physicians, who also have been an honor to their Catholic Faith, this including two great surgeons, the late Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, of New York, and Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago; Dr. Francis Quinlan, specialist, and Dr. James J. Walsh, author and lecturer, as well as physician, both of New York; and there is general pleasure in medical circles and among American Catholics at the addition of the name of Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, of Philadelphia, to the distinguished list.—The Republic (Boston), March 20, 1920.

The Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, for Sunday morning, March 14, published, under the sub-heading "Greatest Laymen's Honor Conferred in America by the Church, the Laetare Medal, Goes to Philadelphia Physician, Famous as World Authority on Tuberculosis," the following article on the medalist:

Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, physician, philanthropist, and historian, of this city, was awarded yesterday the highest honor a Catholic layman can receive in America—the Laetare medal for 1920. That medal is awarded annually by the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana, for eminent service "in behalf of God, church, and country."

The custom was originated in the latter part of the twelfth century, when the pope blessed a golden rose and presented it to some worthy nobleman. The name of the medal is derived from the day on which it is

bestowed, Laetare Sunday. This Sunday is so called because the introit of the Mass on this day begins with the word Laetare, which means "rejoice."

The awarding of this honor to Doctor Flick, while a surprise to himself, is by no means a surprise to his many professional friends and acquaintances. Doctor Flick, whose home is 738 Pine Street, has for more than a score of years been recognized as the world's leading physician on tuberculosis. During this time he has also been prominently identified with various historical societies, particularly the American Catholic Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the American Catholic Historical Association. The former society was purely a Philadelphia organization, but one of the oldest of its kind in the United States. Doctor Flick was elected president of it from 1893-96 and was again elected in 1913-14. He was singularly honored at the forming of the American Catholic Historical Association last December, when he was elected president of the national association.

Although Doctor Flick has received no specifications as to why the medal was awarded to him, it is thought that his great work in helping wipe out tuberculosis is the chief reason. After reading over the telegram from Dr. Burns, President of the University of Notre Dame, officially notifying him of the awarding of the medal, Doctor Flick remarked: "Well, it is a well-known fact that in Philadelphia alone we have been able to cut down the death toll formerly taken by tuberculosis, by about 75 per cent."

The real war on tuberculosis, afterward called the "white plague," was started by Doctor Flick in 1886. He was then only a short time out of college. His two years as intern at the Philadelphia Hospital convinced him, however, despite the difference of opinion then reigning among the leading physicians of the day, that tuberculosis, commonly called consumption, was not only contagious but could also be cured. As soon as the young physician dared to express his beliefs in printed form a wide and stormy debate arose from physicians and college professors all over the country. His first paper, "The Hygiene of Phthisis," published in June, 1888, was quickly followed by what was then considered a more startling paper, "The Contagiousness of Phthisis." By this time Doctor Flick's ideas were being put into practice by many other physicians all over the country. In order to force home some actual experiences in his study at the hospital, he wrote another paper entitled "The Mode of Entrance of the Bacillus Tuberculosis into the System." This was in 1889. It was not until 1893, when Doctor Flick's statements were at last accepted as fact, that he wrote his famous book, which has been published in nearly every written language, "Practical Measures for the Prevention of Tuberculosis," and a revised edition called "Consumption a Curable and Preventable Disease; or What the Layman Should Know."

During the many years he fought for the recognition of his methods in preventing and curing tuberculosis, Dr. Flick worked unceasingly, not only in getting people interested in his mission, but also in organizing and building what are now the greatest institutions of their kind in the world. In 1890 he led in the organizing of the famous Rush Hospital in West Philadelphia. In 1892 he organized the Pennsylvania Society for the

Prevention of Consumption. What perhaps stands as his greatest work is the famous sanitarium at White Haven. This institution was first organized under the direction of Dr. Flick as the Free Hospital for the Poor in 1895. The great national association, which was formed in 1904, was an original plan of Dr. Flick, who started the organization in this city. One of the highest honors paid Dr. Flick by the medical profession was in 1908, when he was appointed chairman of the committee of the Sixth International Congress on Tuberculosis, which was held in Washington, from September 28 to October 5, 1908.

Dr. Flick was born in August, 1857. He is now in his sixty-fourth year. His childhood days were spent in the little village of Carrolltown, Cambria county. After receiving his preliminary education in this country town, he was sent to Jefferson College, in this city. After graduating with high honors, he was permitted to enter the Philadelphia Hospital as an intern. While at this institution Doctor Flick became a student of the diseases of the throat and lungs. From the brief stay of two years it was evident to him that unless something was done to prevent the ever-increasing cases of consumption, especially among the poor, nothing short of a calamity loomed for the American people. Strange as it may seem today, many aged people may remember that tuberculosis, in the early eighties, was considered nothing more than an "old-age" ailment or "a summer cold." Like the other prevailing ideas, fortunately exploded by latter-day science, the ways to prevent the "white plague" have at last been officially recognized.

Doctor Flick was married in 1885 to Miss Ella Stone. All his seven children, four boys and three girls, are living. He has resided nearly all his married life in his present residence in the Fifth Ward. One of the many books written by Doctor Flick is based solely on the record of deaths due to tuberculosis in this Fifth Ward.

### Personals.

—Francis T. McGrain (LL. B., '18) has recently begun the practice of law in Rochester, New York.

—William Meuser (Ph. B., '16) of Dubuque, Iowa, has entered the lumber business with his father in that city.

—"Bill" Draper (student 1898-1908) watched the Varsity nine in action during his brief visit to Notre Dame last week-end.

—Stephen F. McGonigle (LL. B., '17), veteran of St. Joseph Hall, is now engaged in the practice of law in Chicago.

—George Shuster (Ph. B., '15) is the author of "Soldiers in France," which appears in the April number of the *Catholic World*.

—Hugh "Pepper" O'Neill (LL. B., '17) was married to Miss Corrine Franze, January 21, at St. Agnes Church, Cleveland. Hugh's

brother Francis (former student) is now attending Campion College, where he has already won his letter in football and basketball.

—George Edward Harbert (LL. B., '18) and his wife visited the University last Sunday. "Eddie" is now engaged in the practice of law in Hoopston, Illinois.

—Morris R. Locke, student of Walsh Hall last year, who for several months has been confined to his home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, with paralysis, is rapidly improving.

—“The Beginnings of Irish Catholic Journalism” is the title of an article by the Rev. Dr. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., which appears in the February number of the *Catholic Historical Review*.

—Thomas D. Lyons (Litt. B., '04) has been elected delegate-at-large to the Democratic National convention at San Francisco. Mr. Lyons is a personal friend of Senator Owen and will support him for the presidential nomination.

—Frank Fehr, student at Notre Dame in the early eighties, visited his son, Frank Fehr III, of Brownson Hall, last Sunday. Frank Fehr II was a member of Notre Dame's first football team and also played first base on the famous Carroll Hall baseball nine that defeated Brownson Hall in '86. Rev. James Burns, now our University President, umpired the game. Mr. Fehr said that the once famous nine is planning a reunion at Notre Dame within the near future.

—Mr. A. H. Wallace of Connellsville, Pennsylvania, a former student at the University, is now a manager of the Arcade Theatre in his home city. Mr. Wallace spent more than two years with the army, having enlisted in the 110th infantry of the 28th ("Iron") Division. He took part in six big offensives on the Western Front, was slightly gassed several times, and showed the "Notre Dame Spirit" so thoroughly that he was cited frequently in general orders. We wish that Mr. Wallace's success in civil life may equal, if possible, the glory of his "dough-boy days."

—Francis D. "Gus" Jones (C. E., '16), who is with the Cleveland branch of the Bertha Coal Company, writes of a weekly luncheon given by former Notre Dame men at the Statler Hotel in Cleveland. Among those present, writes "Gus," were: "'Hoot' King, Kirkland, the Miller brothers, Steve O'Neill, Devitt, McGarey, Cofall, Baujan, Farran, and Ryan.

Naturally," he says, "we have the old breeze league working every time we meet."

—The marriage of Charles A. Black, student of Walsh Hall in 1917-19, to Miss Norma Miller was solemnized on Feb. 16, in the Holy Family Church, Tulsa, Okla. The bride is a graduate of Central College, Missouri. "Charlie" is now engaged in the oil industry in Tulsa. His many friends at Notre Dame extend their congratulations.

—Mr. G. F. Meehan, old student, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, writes in approval of the article "Some Phases of Government Railroad-ing" in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

I am sure that the reasoning agrees with that of the very best minds and with the men of the greatest practical experience in this country. The labor organizations are constantly seeking class legislation through such outrageous demands as are contemplated in the Plumb Plan. Furthermore, they are placing a bonus on inefficiency by demanding for inexperienced and incompetent mechanics the same pay as that received by the high-class mechanics. If the labor unions would place a premium on skill and productive capacity, I am sure that every manufacturer in the country would be glad to deal with them, as they would feel that in taking on a union man his ability as a first-class mechanic was guaranteed. It is to be noted that the men who are working in the shops very rarely give trouble. Only the salaried agitator, who has the ability to talk and to deceive workingmen and whose salary continues in spite of strikes, is the individual responsible for the great industrial unrest in this country. If we could eliminate the salaried agitator more would be accomplished toward securing industrial peace than could be hoped for in any other way.

—W. Elbert Carrico, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, for several years a student at Notre Dame, writes in a recent letter of an event incident to his year of service overseas—in the course of which he was in the St. Mihiel and Argonne drives and later in Germany with the Army of Occupation:

I am sending an item, which may break the monotony of ordinary news, as it concerns a queen, and of course an item of interest pertaining to a queen, especially a good queen, is out of the ordinary. The scene of the royal episode was the old and famous city of Aix-les-Baines, France. I happened to be enjoying a seven-day leave in this ancient "City of the Baths" when Queen Marie of Roumania visited the town in order to pay grateful tribute to the American soldiers stationed there. That all might have an opportunity of seeing her, the soldiers filed before her in columns of two, the Queen smiling her greeting to each column as it passed. Immediately after the review our athletes entertained her with American games, such as indoor baseball, tennis, Indian wrestling, the tug of war,



boxing, and the like. In the afternoon Her Majesty was treated to a very fine stage entertainment by the soldiers. At the end of the program she gave a brief talk, which was understood by all, as she speaks excellent English, being of English descent. She complimented the American soldiers most highly on their valiant fighting during the war, and concluded by a promise to visit America at some future date. She requested that each of the soldiers would write his name and address in a book which she would leave at the Y. M. C. A. building, and said that she would forward to each a photograph of herself when she returned to her country. It was just last week that I received a picture of the Queen, on which was the inscription, "A Christmas Remembrance to my American soldier boy—mine because we have fought for the same cause of freedom—(signed) Marie.

### Local News.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will appear on Saturday, April the 17th.

—Lost: A bunch of keys. Finder please leave them at the Steward's Office and receive reward.

—Found: A pair of Rosary beads in the basement corridor of the Main Building. Owner call for them at Room 208, Main Building.

—Mr. G. A. O'Reilly, foreign trade representative of the Irving National bank of New York, has promised to stop at Notre Dame on his way to the Foreign Trade convention in San Francisco, in order to address the local Chamber of Commerce.

—Because of Admiral Benson's inability to secure a recess between the relinquishment of his duties as chief of naval operations and the taking up of his new work as chairman of the shipping board, his lectures at Notre Dame are again postponed, this time indefinitely.

✓—Last Tuesday night the Knights of Columbus held their last meeting before the Easter vacation. After a short business session the members listened to a very scholarly talk on "The Power of Habit" by Father William Lennartz, C. S. C., Master of Novices in St. Joseph's Novitiate, Notre Dame.

✓—Under the direction of Professor John J. Becker, head of the Department of Music, the University Glee Club gave their second Washington Hall concert of the season last Wednesday evening. Due to illness of two of the specialty men, the program lacked variety, but the ensemble numbers were creditable. The work of the baritone soloist, Lenihan Lalley, deserves special mention.

—It is expected that James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation and organizer and president of the National Foreign Trade Council, will visit the University in the early part of May. Father John O'Hara will accompany Mr. Farrell to the Coast as secretary of the educational section of the Foreign Trade Convention.

✓—At the organization meeting of the Empire State Club last Sunday morning James Connerton was elected president; Joseph Tierney, vice-president and James H. Ryan, secretary-treasurer. After the meeting a group picture of the club was taken. Mr. Connerton announces that plans are already underway to make this organization one of the most lively state clubs at Notre Dame.

—George E. Bresland, who has been acting as secretary to Father Burns, President of the University, since last August, has resigned the position. He will, however, return to Notre Dame in September as a student. From April 15th to September 15th he will take charge of the South Bend office of a prominent music publishing concern. He will be succeeded by J. Edmund Andre, of Chicago, a graduate of the Christian Brothers' College in that city.

—The Notre Dame alumni of Chicago will give their first annual ball in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel La Salle on Easter Monday night, April 5th, at eight-thirty. The dance is the first of a series of social events to be sponsored by the Chicago men of the University, with a view to bringing the students and the graduates into closer relation. All Notre Dame men who happen to be in Chicago on the fifth should make it a point to attend the dance. Harvey's Orchestra will furnish the music for the occasion.

✓—A complete reorganization of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was effected at the meeting held last Thursday evening. Hereafter the society will be known as the Notre Dame Forum. This change in name was considered necessary in consequence of the fact that the society has developed from a hall into a collegiate organization. Meetings will be held on Friday evenings in the future. Membership in the society will be elective. Tentative plans have been made for a debate with St. Viator's about the first of May.

—The "Keystone Club," an organization of men from Pennsylvania, has been formed at the University, with the following men as officers:



Rev. Patrick J. Haggerty, C. S. C., honorary president; Thomas J. Tobin, president; James O'Toole, vice-president; William A. Miner, secretary-treasurer; Frank W. Sweeney, reporter; Brother Florian, C. S. C., chaplain. The purposes of the club are to foster closer acquaintances among Pennsylvania men at the University and to promote the interests of Notre Dame in the home cities of the various members of the Club.

—On Sunday morning, March 21st, the Friends of Irish Freedom held their bi-weekly meeting in Sorin Hall. To complete the work of the Irish Loan Drive there will be representatives in the various halls to collect payments on the bonds. The following men have been appointed for the work; Norman Barry for Corby Hall; Walter Douglas, Sorin; David Hagenbarth, Walsh; John Balfe, Brownson; and James Dacey, Badin. Payment of dues for the year 1920 are to be made to the financial secretary, Paul R. Conaghan, Room 211, Sorin Hall. The organization is planning to hold a dance before the close of the year, and a committee on arrangements will be appointed at the next meeting.

—At the meeting of Section III of the Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday afternoon Thomas Kinney spoke on "The Reduction of Shipping Costs"; Joe Romberg, on "The Present Inflation of Currency"; Leo Kelly on "The New Erie Canal," and Harold Bowden on "Anthracite Coal and its By-products." So lively has become the interest in this section that Professor Rafter, in order to give all an opportunity to speak, has instituted a program which provides for four speakers at every meeting. At the meeting of Section II, on March 22nd, Carl Fischer spoke on "The Resources of South Dakota"; Walter Kennedy on "Manufacturing in Iowa"; Daniel O'Sullivan on "Marine Ways"; and John Meade Hope on "The Falling Off of Our Export Trade."

—The United Irish Societies of South Bend held their annual banquet in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel on the evening of March 17th, in which two hundred and fifty persons participated. After a delicious dinner, vocal solos were rendered by Miss Florence Guthrie, Mrs. Robert F. Lucas, Mr. Frank J. Murphy, and Mr. William Condon, and Harry McCormick delighted the guests with his fun. Rev. Dr. James A. Burns, C. S. C., President of the

University, gave an informal talk. Professor J. J. O'Hagarty, of Notre Dame, spoke on the great difference between the home rule offered by Great Britain and the home rule Ireland should have, and traced the development of the Sinn Fein Party. The women of Ireland were eulogized by John J. Buckley. In the address of the evening, Rev. Dr. Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., denounced the imperialism of Great Britain, though his speech was unique in not dealing with the British policy in Ireland. Father Thomas Burke, C. S. C., acted as toastmaster and delighted his audience with his happy presentation of the several speakers. Dr. John M. Cooney, of the Department of Journalism, closed the program by presenting resolutions which were adopted by acclamation.

### Athletic Notes.

In the selection of the All-Indiana basketball team by John W. Head published in last Sunday's Indianapolis *Star*, Captain-elect Mehre of Notre Dame was assigned as a forward on the second team, and Kennedy, who played, at center, his first year on the Varsity, is given honorable mention. Purdue, which received three places on the first team and two on the second, is given the preference for the State title. Mr. Head ranks the other teams: Depauw, Wabash, Indiana, Franklin, Earlham, Notre Dame, Valparaiso, State Normal, Rose Poly, Butler, and Hanover. Notre Dame's record clearly entitles her to a rank before at least two of the fives listed ahead of her.

The Boston *Post* has acknowledged the receipt of letters from various sources informing it of the error in regard to the Notre Dame-Valparaiso game of last season. Arthur Duffy's column admits having "pulled a boner" in handling the story—not understanding that it was the Freshmen eleven of Notre Dame which defeated Valparaiso.

The Notre Dame "Informals," who represented so successfully the Gold and Blue on the ice this winter have stirred up some real opposition for next year. The University of Michigan is planning to put a team on the ice and has written to Notre Dame for two games. Coach Rockne is in favor of the matches, and it is likely that the lovers of the sport may see one of the games here.—E. M. S.

# Yellow Taxi Cab and Transfer Co.

Main Office, Cor. Mich. and Colfax Ave.

BELL 514

HOME 5515

## CAB AND BAGGAGE SERVICE

One or two passengers, - - -	\$1.00
Each additional passenger, - - -	.50
Special trip for Baggage, - - -	\$1.00
Each additional Trunk, - - -	.50
Suit Case, - - -	.25

## CARS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

7-passenger cars for parties, touring, etc.

RATES REASONABLE

# The Oliver Hotel

European Plan

BEST IN THE WEST

300 Rooms

Fireproof

THIS HOTEL OPERATES  
PERFECTLY APPOINTED

CAFES

CIGAR AND NEWS STAND

BILLARD HALL

BAKE SHOP


BARBER SHOP

HAIR DRESSING AND

MANICURING PARLORS

SELF SERVICE DINING ROOM  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Waiter service after 9 o'clock P. M.  
if desired.



**CAPT. JACK**  
*A Low Com-  
fortable Col-  
lar of wide  
reputation*

**Sion Collars**  
OLDEST BRAND IN AMERICA  
UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N. Y.

SOLD BY  
MAX ADLER CO. SOUTH BEND, IND.

# Auditorium Hotel

CHICAGO

On the corner of Michigan Boule-  
vard and Congress Street, in the  
theatre and business center.

Special attention shown students  
and alumni of Notre Dame.

**JOHN J. CALVEY,** Manager

No. 126

# The First National Bank

South Bend, Indiana  
(Oliver Hotel Building)

Capital, \$105,000 Surplus and Profit, \$145,000

A. L. HUBBARD, President.  
J. M. STUDEBAKER, JR., Vice-Prest.  
C. L. ZIGLER, Cashier.  
C. J. WHITMER, Ass't Cashier.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR  
RENT AT REASONABLE  
PRICES

WE ISSUE FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT LOWEST  
MARKET RATES AND LETTERS OF CREDIT  
PAYABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD  
TRY OUR TRAVELER'S CHEQUES

Mechanics Tools

Draughtman's Tools

## G. E. Meyer & Son

Hardware Merchants

115-117 West Jefferson Boulevard

(Opposite Postoffice)

Fine Cutlery

SOUTH BEND, IND.

## The Dome Official Portrait Photographer

# McDonald

211 South Main St.  
Opp. Post Office

South Bend, Ind.

## Spalding for Sport



Base Ball, Tennis, Golf  
Track and Field, Etc.

Complete Equipment  
and Clothing for  
Every Athletic Sport

Send for Catalogue

**A. G. SPALDING & BROS.**  
211 So. State St. CHICAGO

## Ideal Laundry Company

"Get the Ideal Habit"

Three collections a week at Notre  
Dame. Leave your pack-  
ages at the

Notre Dame News Stand

## Cox Sons & Vining

72 Madison Ave., New York

**CAPS AND GOWNS**

Silk Faculty Gowns and Hoods.  
Lowest Prices. Best Workmanship.  
Gowns for Judiciary, Pulpit and Choir



Bell Phones 27 and 922 Home Phones 2542 and 9995

## Schuler, Klingel & Co.

Wholesale Fruits and Produce

481-483 South St. Joseph St.

South Bend, Indiana

GEORGE BUTZACH, Manager

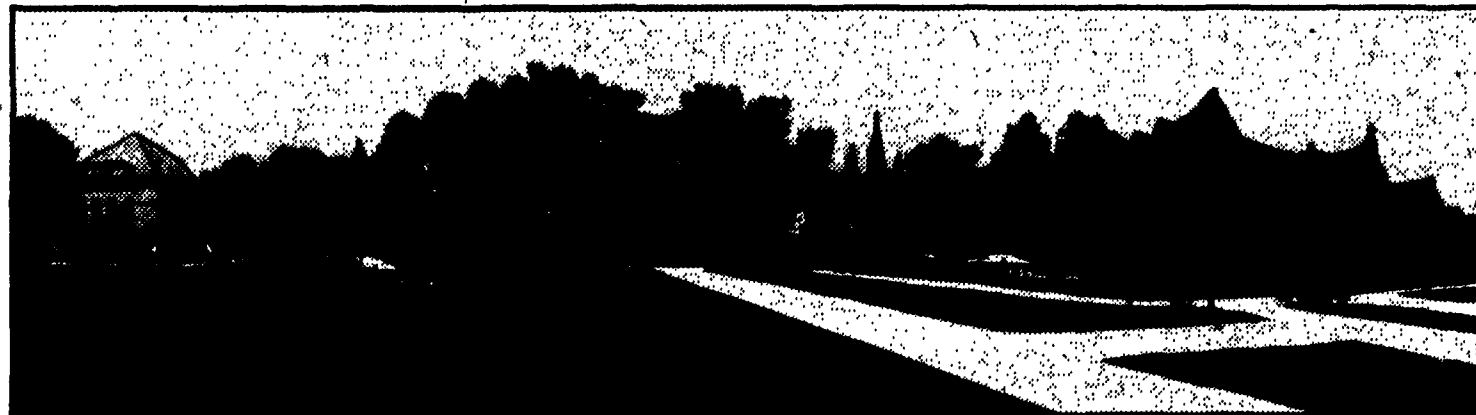
## Citizens National Bank and Trust Co.

112-14 W. Jefferson Blvd.

South Bend, Ind.

# St. Mary's College and Academy

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



Gymnasium

Academy

Church

College

## Recognition by the Indiana State Board of Education

College—Standard; Normal Department—Accredited; Academy (High School)—Commissioned;  
Credits accepted by the leading Universities

An institution where your daughter is assured of all the benefits of an exclusive school, while surrounded with all the comforts and protection of home life. St. Mary's is devoted to the development of the highest type of womanhood in the girls entrusted to her care.

Many features of this school of high ideals, its broad campus and well equipped commodious buildings, cannot be touched upon in the limited space of this announcement. The President, therefore, cordially invites correspondence from parents having daughters to educate, and will take pleasure in mailing an illustrated catalog and descriptive literature. Address the President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY

NOTRE DAME P. O., INDIANA

# The University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

## College of Arts and Letters.

Departments of Ancient Classics, Modern Literature, History, Political Economy, Sociology, Domestic Commerce, Foreign Commerce, Journalism, Library Science.

## College of Science.

Departments of Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Pharmacy, Agriculture.

## College of Architecture.

Departments of Construction, Design.

## College of Engineering.

Departments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Industrial Engineering.

## College of Law.

## College of Fine Arts.

Departments of Artistic Drawing, Painting, Cartooning, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music.

## Preparatory School.

Variant Courses.

## St. Edward Hall.

For Young Boys.

Notre Dame is recognized by all educators, by the press and by the public as a college whose work is of the same grade as that of the most highly endowed colleges or the best state universities. Its atmosphere is strongly Catholic and no young man who has ever attended the University of Notre Dame can escape its influence in after life.

The discipline is paternal, and aims at giving young men the fullest liberty consistent with earnest study and manly Christian character. Rooms at reasonable rates. Catalogue sent on application.

*Address:*

**THE REGISTRAR**

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA