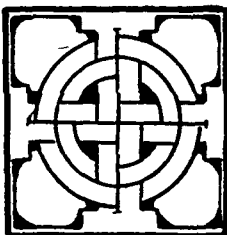


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No. 31.

In Pace Virginis.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER, '15.

PEACEFUL sleeping maiden, o' dark wind lying
High in the mountains, daughter of sea and distance:
Beauty dreaming beauty, with tresses loosened,
Tresses of starlight,

Rise and walk the cities unlighted, naked,
Lost in the Champagne mists and the Argonne,
Homes of hearts that followed the bloody twilight,
Hearts of our loved ones.

Kings they were and husbands of blessed vision
Planting their swords that crosses might bloom and
save us,
Knowing not the shard that would break our bosoms,
Shard that is anguish.

Notre Dame of shadows and seven sorrows,
Lady of tryst with death and the heart of Jesus,
Walk the dewy cities unlighted, naked,
Cities of heroes.

Take this cup that crimson with blood unstinted,
Blood that was proudly given and largely measured,
Rich with tears as grace with the sacrament,
Rich with our memories.

Brothers, dream. Your cities have marvel-spires,
Belfries with burdens rich as the choral of angels,
Sounding dreams to earth that is dreamless, weary,
Dreams of the Morning.

The Moral Purpose of the Novel.

BY BROTHER ELIGIUS, C. S. C., '20.

EVERY action a man performs with the knowledge of the intellect and the consent of the will affects him for better or for worse. When a man picks up a novel and reads it, even though it be only to enjoy a few hours of "solid comfort," he becomes morally better or morally worse by so doing. If innocent pleasure is the only obvious result this does not imply that the matter is neither morally good nor morally evil, for innocent pleasure is a good, and what is good is moral. It is evident, therefore, that although a

novelist's purpose be simply to interest or amuse, the effect his work produces cannot be said to be "unmoral." From this it follows as a corollary that his novel is either moral or immoral.

The novel, at least in its highest reaches, is a work of art, and art is by no means outside the pale of morality. A work of art should be such as to produce an ennobling, elevating, refining influence on the mind, and not of a character to disgust or cause pain by shocking the normal faculties of man. Furthermore, it must not assail any belief, sympathy, or sentiment which the human mind recognizes as essential. In itself it is an indifferent thing, but as soon as man takes interest in it, his will makes it morally good or morally evil. Now every human interest lies within the moral law, and since man is by nature a moral being, it follows that art, a human interest of eminent degree, also belongs to the domain of morals. In the sphere of literary art, therefore, it cannot be reasonably claimed, whether by author, critic, or reader, that a book as such is neither morally good nor morally evil. Furthermore, each man's special relation to a work of literary art is also encompassed by the moral law. The popular slogan, "art for art's sake" is uttered very frequently by so-called artists in defence of indecent productions, but this plea does not carry enough conviction with it to satisfy the human mind; art, in the sense that it is an unmoral product, does not justify its own existence.

From the foregoing observations it is clear that a great responsibility rests with the novelist. Society is better or worse because of his creations. The question naturally arises, should a novelist, when he sits down to write a story, have a specific moral purpose? Although many great novels have been written with the moral purpose foremost in the minds of their authors, they owe their popularity to something else, such as great sympathy, imagination, or their style. Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" to make slavery unpopular; Dickens wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" to drive wretched schools out of existence. Now, although the principles underlying these books are praiseworthy, the novels are not necessarily better and greater because a definite moral purpose guided their authors. As soon as a work of fiction proposes for its end the direct inculcation of a moral lesson, it ceases to be legitimate artistic fiction. It may enjoy great popularity for a time, but it soon shares the fate of modern "best sellers," unless it has also some redeeming features such as those mentioned above. Not that such works are without moral value; they may influence positively to good conduct and away from evil, but direct preachment in fiction does not readily appeal to the vast majority of readers. Some other method must be adopted in order that a novel may improve character and conduct and still hold its place with the fine arts.

A novelist whose story is most influential for good develops a plot which portrays the true relations between the antecedents and the consequents of human actions; he shows the results of good and evil conduct respectively, but in an unobtrusive manner. Although he does not preach directly, his book need not be lacking in moral earnestness. He may sympathize with the victims of injustice, encourage the outcast to begin life anew, stand up for truth no matter at what cost, but always the artist in him will control and direct the reformer. He permits the good to triumph and avoids picturing successful villainy, or stories of crime. His criminals are not exalted as heroes nor is their escape from justice made a heroic event. Now, he may produce such a work consciously or unconsciously, but withal his novel may do more good than a dozen sermons. Even though the novelist's purpose be to write for sheer love of the writing, his work may contain profounder moral insight and produce more elevating and ennobling sentiments than a whole library of the so-called "moral purpose" novels.

To produce a great novel, a real work of art, the novelist must be clean at heart, for a bad man or a small man cannot become a great novelist. The closer art touches human life and character the greater will be the amount of moral element that enters into it. All the arts are human interests, it is true, but not all stand towards life on terms of equal intimacy. An ingenious sculptor or painter may be good or

bad at heart, but his product is so far removed from human life and character in the concrete, that his morals become a matter secondary to his ingenuity and skill. But the composition of great music, or of great fiction, demands something higher than mere manual dexterity. In these arts the artist's most important task is to interpret conscience and character, but how can a man do this if he himself lacks both? He may write excellent stories of incident and adventure, but he could not write a novel in the true sense, because he cannot interpret what he does not understand.

An aspirant for literary fame must make himself good enough and great enough before he can hope to produce real literature. To become a truly great novelist he must have noble ideals. Possessing them he will picture not only the dark but also the bright side of life, not only the disease-producing but also the health-giving forces, not only the evil in an individual or in society but also the redeeming characteristics—all in their true relations. Such a writer cannot help creating moral books even when he does not consciously concern himself about morality or immorality while writing. He will be moral as a matter of course. Not only will he delight and cheer, but he will also inspire and improve his readers. He will not fail to portray characters and relate experiences which are beautiful and good. His work will quicken the imagination in a wholesome and elevating way. Instead of instilling pessimism, he will inspire hope and faith. His influence, in short, will be ennobling and refining.

The author should bear in mind that his work is a revelation of his own mind and character; he cannot be separated from his work. This fact ought to animate him to put a healthful restraint on his evil tendencies. Readers, as a rule, desire to see him adhere to some noble ideal, so that they may follow him sympathetically in his work. They demand good company, not bad, when they take part in the fictitious adventures, and their estimate of the author's personality is formed by the thoughts or sentiments before them. When they discover that downright devilishness prevails, they will close their eyes to whatever beauties may be present, and consequently they form a low opinion of the author. He will be judged to lack skill, ingenuity, and deep insight, because they know that otherwise his judgment would have been truer and his presentations not so one-sided.

Since readers always think of the artist in connection with his product, both a bad work and its author are condemned.

Before condemning an author and his work on the grounds of morality, the influence of his book should be estimated by its total effect rather than by this or that detail. The morality of many of the world's masterpieces in both poetry and prose on the subject of sex is unquestionably bad, yet the influence of the work as a whole has been wholesome to generations of readers. Here and there in Shakespeare's dramas, for example, we find not only vulgarity and grossness but much that is still more objectionable; but to emphasize such parts as characteristic qualities of Shakespeare would be to give the lie to innumerable readers of every generation and clime who have maintained that his work, taken as a whole, is eminently moral. A judgment which is so universal, uniform, and constant is of the greatest importance and should not be ignored. Only the general tenor and spirit of an author's works can be considered safe criteria by which to judge the morality of his production.

In every civilized country the vast majority of cultured people always strike the right keynote on questions of morality. If here and there an excellent person condemns a work of art, it does not necessarily follow that he possesses finer moral feelings than the majority of his class; his judgment may be the result of defective aesthetic discipline or the misapplication of an ethical principle. Even scholarly critics sometimes dwell only on the passages painted in warm and vivid colors and overlook the fact that the book as a whole may produce a highly moral effect. Further, readers who feed their imaginations on such scenes exclusively are also bound to miss the general lesson. As a rule, however, only artistically trained minds can judge such works aright. Persons of inferior intelligence are not capable of judging whether a work of art is moral or immoral.

Usually when a discussion of the morals of fiction arises, it limits itself to the single question of sexual morality. Of course no one will deny that this is a matter of great importance, for the sexual instinct plays a momentous role in human life. Still this is only one among many matters of morals. A normal person cannot but be shocked by a story which tells in plain terms how a youth yields to sexual temptation, but to be consistent, he ought also to be shocked

by stories which place might above right, sing the praise of war regardless of the cause, and glorify brute force, for these also are immoral.

A novelist who sincerely purposes to produce a wholesome story will regard seriously its possible moral influence. He will not make heroes of murderers or pirates, nor allow them a fairly long and prosperous life. Poetic justice will ever be his standard. Further, he will not allow a good, sound principle to go down in defeat to a bad one in the arguments he embodies in his story. If he makes some of his characters speak with intent to deceive, or if he puts into their mouths evil insinuations and lies of every description, he will have other characters defend truth, and effectively oppose or contradict evil. In this manner he will prevent false ideas from being inculcated in undeveloped minds, and neither the ignorant and easily influenced adults, nor the young of either sex will suffer moral harm.

That there are other very serious moral questions besides that of sex which are juggled carelessly or inserted with evil intent by novelists to the detriment of readers may be readily deduced by anyone who will observe. We need only to consider how the evil promptings of a wicked nature which result in all manner of offenses against life, liberty, and property are treated by many authors. Murder, the chief of these crimes, may serve as a typical example. The representation of unlawful killing of human beings, or of the circumstances leading thereto are not in themselves immoral; the morality of such representations depends on their coloring. When the author dignifies or justifies murder and makes a hero of the murderer, then unquestionably his work will produce an evil influence on the reader, particularly if he be immature. Even the mature mind may suffer a measure of harm. The immoral effect of novels dealing with bloodshed is not so great where the environment is totally different from that of the reader, but where it is similar, the immoral effect is greatly intensified. The reader's conduct is insensibly influenced; he becomes convinced that homicide is lawful, and that secret revenge is not only proper but justifiable.

A novel cannot consistently exhibit educated and refined people committing murders from alleged moral motives superior to law without working havoc with the morals of the readers. This applies in particular to a novel which

removes the guilt from the crime and makes of the murderer a minister of ideal justice. Only a well-balanced mind will see clearly through such sophistries that justify personal revenge. When such a story instils in the reader's mind righteous indignation against the murderer, little harm is done. If he reads more books of the same character, however, the moral feelings will slowly weaken; the ultimate result of such reading will be similar to that resulting from keeping company with notoriously bad people. Youths and adults of low intelligence who cannot weigh arguments are likely to be injured most. Tales of bloody adventure of a character similar to the "dime novels" of a few decades ago are generally acknowledged by judicious people to be among the chief causes of crimes of violence. The "dime novel" is the worst type of book from the moral point of view, but many that have been dignified with the title of "classic" do not rise above its level.

Present-day novelists who write stories akin in content to the modern "problem plays" have no trouble in disposing of their books for a liberal remuneration. At the present time erotic novels are in great demand; they constitute a high per cent of the "best sellers" on the bookstands. Even masters of fiction now treat boldly of phases of human experience not hitherto considered fit for the novelist's art. Condemnation of such literary licentiousness is heard not only from teachers of morality, but from all who have any regard for decency. Nevertheless, the supply continues to increase as a result of the ever increasing demand.

The chief cause of interest in the so-called "novels" dealing with sex problems is due to the fact that they stimulate sexual appetite. The novel which glorifies murder is, morally speaking, very bad but not so bad as that which gives minute accounts of the workings of the sexual passion. The latter tends to awaken and to develop almost beyond the mastery of man an appetite which may be unlawfully gratified everywhere in social life. Now, since such gratification is immoral, how much more the book which encourages it? Novels of this sort may possess a delightful style and beautiful description, both of which contribute to the general artistic effect, but they are all the more dangerous on that very account. Neither the author nor the reader can justify his respective relation to the book by the bogey that "to the pure all things are pure." One is naturally

inclined to question the purity of such people. Neither can they seek shelter behind the well-worn motto, "art for art's sake," for all true art ennobles and elevates the thoughts and sentiments of the person interested. Only a fool will attempt to camouflage the real motive of his interest in such works by urging that a warmly colored and artistically presented story of sex relations pleases merely on account of its abstract beauty.

There are many hypocritical, pietistic reasons offered by the readers of erotic novels in defence of their motives. It is tiresome to hear them say that they read such novels for the "style," the "moral lessons," the "aesthetic form"—for almost every reason save the true one. People read them because they portray in lurid colors the workings of a powerful human appetite, all the more powerful because a similar desire, set aflame by a lively imagination, is enkindled in the readers.

A novelist who has the welfare of society at heart will not write stories of a questionable character. Although he will not have moral lessons stand out in bold relief on every page, his book will still produce a genuinely wholesome effect. Being a man of conscience and high ideals, he will bear in mind his great responsibility and he will permit himself to be guided in his work only by sound principles. A writer of erotic novels may enjoy success and great popularity but his work is doomed to be short-lived. On the other hand, the author with genius who strives to become another Sienkiewicz, or Dickens, or Scott, will not only prosper and do good, but will also earn everlasting fame.

Edmund Waterton relates that at the battle of Trafalgar when the English fleet was going into action two Catholic blue-jackets were serving at a gun to which eleven men had been told off. Whilst they were awaiting orders to open fire one of them sang out to the other: "Bill, let's kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary'; we'll do our duty none the worse for it." "Aye, aye," Bill replied, "let's do so." And amidst the jeers and scoffs of their companions the gallant tars knelt down and greeted the Blessed Virgin with her favorite prayer. Twice during the action that gun was remanned, and each time every soul of them was sent into eternity with the exception of Our Lady's two clients, who came out of the battle unscathed.

Vacation Verse.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH.

Our nineteen twenty studies
 Are very nearly done,
 We'll soon leave all our buddies
 And all the campus fun.
 For three long months we'll work again,
 We'll work our very best,
 We'll save up every cent and then
 Come back for nine months' rest.—J. H.

LAMENT.

You say vacation days should hold
 For me a tender charm.
 You think that summer days are rare,
 When spent down on the farm.
 You may not like the city, but
 Give me the gay, white way.
 I have to spend the next three months
 At home, a-pitchin' hay.—P. G.

HE'S OFF AGAIN.

You remember last September
 All the tales he told,
 How in the car he raced so far
 And beat the speed-cops cold.
 Well, this young skate goes through the gate
 Back to that wild, wild town.
 Now, folks, this lad is not so bad,
 He's just a college clown.—T. V. D.

HOPE THIS PASSES.

When the year is at June,
 And June at the morn,
 The morning at eleven,
 The exams all passed:
 At twelve at the noon,
 I'll not be forlorn,
 For I'll be in heaven
 That class is my last.—C. L.

THANKS.

In June time,
 My rhyme time,
 Will then forever close;
 For that time,
 A home clime
 Will give me sweet repose.
 A fast train,
 My tired brain,
 Will carry to my home.
 So this time's
 The last time
 I'll ever write a pome.—W. S.

Thou Shalt Crawl.

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

It was in the late afternoon that the two of us stood there in the big, old abbey looking down on the marble slab, with the green and red and golden light from the windows pouring in on us. For a moment neither of us said anything.

"It's funny," drawled the Abbot, "it's funny that I never observed his conduct more closely."

I waited a minute, for being only a sexton, I was a bit timid. "Well, he fooled lots of people, Father."

The Abbot merely hem'd to himself, took another look at the slab, the lettering of which had been scratched off, and with a slight sigh, walked towards the door. Then he stopped and turned to me: "You know the likes of him was always made to crawl, Perkins!"

I nodded: "Snakes, you mean?"

"Snakes I mean!" and he went out.

I remained there a moment still looking at the slab. If you look closely, you can decipher the name—"Louis Stephen Young." But that does not make any difference. Louis Stephen is not buried there any longer.

When Louis Stephen Young came to Milford Abbey, I had already been there twenty years. My father had been lodge-keeper for Sir Thomas Mullen, and I, too, had been in that nobleman's service. But the good old man had sent me to Milford Abbey to help the monks there. He had always been very kind to me, and I had considered myself deeply indebted to him. As for being loyal to him, he afterwards said that his own sons never stood by him as I did. The honor of his family was also my honor; to keep his arms unsullied was, I thought, the obligation of all his debtors.

It will be three years next All Hallows' Eve that this Louis Stephen Young came to the Abbey. He was a musician and poet, and had come, as had so many others, to remain for a while in a place so agreeable to his temperament. Many writers of poetry and fiction have come to the Visitors' House, a short distance from the Abbey, but none of them created so much interest as did Louis Stephen Young. He became very friendly with the Abbot; all the monks liked him; and the servants declared that they had never seen a man more generous

with his money and so appreciative of little favors.

Three weeks after Young's arrival, John Barry came to Milford Abbey. He, too, was a literary man, and took up lodgings in the Visitors' House. It was not long until Young and Barry became very good friends. Wherever you saw one, you might be sure that the other was not far away. If Young came into the church to play the organ, you could be certain that Barry was in some corner ready to listen to him. Of the two, I liked Barry the better. He was younger than the other, more frank and jovial, and, although he was not so free with his money, he did not disdain to speak kindly to a poor sexton. The fact is that neither a kind word nor a penny ever came to me from Young.

When Spring came the two visitors used to take long walks among the hills; sometimes they borrowed a gig from the Abbot for a day's ride, Barry always driving while the dark-eyed Young read poetry to him.

It was from an outing of this kind that the two of them came home one afternoon, not in the gig in which they had set out, but in the carriage of Sir Thomas Mullen, in company with Miss Flora Mullen, his oldest daughter. As they stepped out of the carriage, the gentlemen thanked her cordially, saying how much they appreciated her kindness after their unfortunate accident, and how they hoped she would call upon them sometime at the Visitors' House. Miss Flora bowed and blushed behind her pink bonnet, and said she would be glad to come soon.

From that day on, Milford Abbey saw a great deal of Miss Flora Mullen. She came sometimes with her father and sometimes with her sister, always driving to the Visitors' House where she asked for Young and Barry. Both men seemed quite captivated with her. The servants took an especial interest in the proceedings, and you may be sure that there was no detail of conversation or manner that was not duly reported at the servants' hall. The domestics seemed to favor Young's suit, for Young had made himself a favorite with them by his frequent gifts, whereas Barry had all he could do to live respectably without any such expenditures as servants sometimes occasion. One day there were hints that the two men had fallen out, and a day or two later the chambermaid told us that she heard them quarrelling loudly in the study. No one saw

them together after that. And when Miss Mullen came to the Visitors' House thereafter, it was Young who received her most often, although the gardener reported that the "young lady and Mr. Barry 'ad 'ad a very serious conversation hover the dial hin the rose-garden, they 'ad!" which colloquy, according to the witness, had not resulted very pleasantly.

"My eye!" giggled a young chambermaid, "Barry has good looks, but t'other one's the money!"

"Yes, an' he knows how to spend it, too!" piped Joe, who emptied slops and blacked the visitors' boots. Many a shilling of Young's had found its way to Joe's pocket. Being a sexton, whom nobody tips, I was neutral. I did not much like to have them quarrelling over Sir Thomas' daughter, however. In my heart, though, I began to hope that Barry would win. That afternoon, Barry stopped me and asked if I would do a favor for him. When I told him that I would, he was very serious. Then he gave me some instructions. "I will go into the confessional near the St. Edward statue, and you go behind the grill where the Sisters hear Mass. In no event expose yourself, but be on the watch!"

He seemed so preoccupied that I thought it would be rude to ask the meaning of this procedure; so I followed him. When we went in by the east door, we heard the organ playing softly-wild little notes, with a heavy, dull melody running through them. The organist could not see Barry enter the confessional, and I crept to the grill on my hands and knees. From there I could see Young playing the organ, and I saw down in the body of the church Miss Flora sitting in one of the benches, listening. The music was now very soft, and Young was repeating the same piece so often that I fell asleep, I guess, for suddenly I was startled by a terrible cry, coming, as it seemed, from a much-frightened woman. Gazing stupidly through the grill, I saw down in the body of the church a man with very dark hair struggling with Miss Mullen. She was fighting him pluckily and all the time keeping up a fierce bawling. Young was not at the organ. I could hear the man panting as he wrestled with her, but was too horrified to move. Then I heard a voice call loudly and clearly; "Jesus, have mercy on us!"

It was the voice of Barry in the confessional. As the words sounded through the church, the

strugglers stopped. Then the man took to trembling and tearing his hair, as if he would shake himself to pieces, and I almost believe that he did, for at that moment, he seemed to fade into the shadows of the church and to become absorbed in the air. Then the organ began playing again and Miss Mullen, very much exhausted, sank back into the seat.

The event agitated me not a little. I remember scarcely anything that happened the rest of the afternoon. That night, however, Barry was murdered in bed. The chambermaid who had sneered at him only the day before had discovered him, and no end of smelling salts had been able to revive her. Priests and brothers crowded to the front door of the Visitors' House; detectives and police came on horseback; a physician rode over from Taunton. In the cellar the bootblack was describing the catastrophe so vividly to the cook that the good woman set up a howling which brought down three policemen with drawn revolvers. The sight of Barry's body was enough to disturb anyone. His flesh had been slashed and hacked in a dozen places with some sharp instrument. Over his body there were many peculiar burns, as if a red-hot hand had been laid on him, and over his heart there was a long, slender imprint of a hand. Strange to say, Young was the only one in the house that was calm. He was grave, and ordered the servants around with a reserved air, as if he were master of the place.

I could not resist the temptation to think that Young knew something of the murder. The servants of the house, however, and the priests and brothers, too, would not believe such a thing possible. The police and detectives however were not so easily satisfied. They questioned Young very carefully, but his answers vindicated him, and they were obliged to let him go.

The body of Barry was kept at Taunton for two weeks, and detectives from London came up to work on the case. Hundreds of visitors came to the Abbey to get the story first-hand. A jury finally returned the verdict that the crime must have been the work of a certain lunatic who had been at large for a month and who had escaped all attempts to capture him. Thereupon, although he was not satisfied with the verdict, the coroner authorized the burial of the body. The Abbot insisted that it should be buried in the Abbey. Poor Barry! It was I who cemented the slab over his tomb.

As I did so I could not help thinking of the incident that had occurred in the church the day before his death.

It is strange how soon we forget the dead. Three weeks after the burial, one hears rarely a reference to the tragedy. The servants had exhausted their speculations; the chambermaid had entirely recovered from her shock—though she avoided scrupulously the room in which the murder had occurred; even the cook ceased to scream when the bootblack mentioned the affair. I, too, the sexton of the church in which the murdered man lay at rest, sometimes forgot him.

It was not long, however, till I saw again in the church the same angular form that Barry and I had seen struggling with Miss Mullen. I was at the time repairing a hinge on the door to the nave when I heard someone hammering. I went into the transept, and there before Barry's tomb, stood this figure, in shirt sleeves, wild-eyed, disheveled. As he turned his face, toward me his whole form seemed to light up with a sulphurous glow, and, uttering a shrill cry, he vanished, just as he had done when Barry had uttered the ejaculation nearly a month before. I was very much affected by the event, but went over to the tomb. On the marble slab was the imprint of a long, bony hand. On the floor lay a hammer, and when I stooped to pick it up, I found it so hot that I had to drop it.

The coroner's jury, as I said, had returned the verdict that Barry had been the victim of a lunatic. I was not a witness at their investigations. If I had been, the verdict might perhaps have been different. I felt sure that the event in which Miss Mullen had been implicated on the afternoon before Barry's death bore some relation to the murder. But I was unwilling to have the daughter of my friend become the subject of scandalous talk. I did not feel especially sorry for her, for I believed her a rather fickle and capricious person, and I was not pleased with the relationship which existed between Young and her. But for her father's sake, I forebore to mention the episode to anyone.

Now, however, I was determined to speak my mind to someone. I went to the Monastery, but the Abbot was not there; and the porter told me he would not return until the next afternoon. I went back to the Abbey, and fell to thinking of the singular event. Certainly, he

whom I had seen was more than a lunatic. No ordinary hands could have held those hot instruments. None but some devil's hand could have made that imprint on the marble slab.

I determined to stay that night in the abbey. It was a very bright moonlight night. I could hear the branches of the fir-trees scraping against the windows, and the rats scurrying between the boards of the floor. I went into the basement to get my coat, and as I was about to go upstairs again, I heard the same gentle hammering as before. I listened carefully. I had had no hesitation about resolving to stay in the church at night, but now, somehow, I wished that I had not. My brow was wet with perspiration and my heart was thumping furiously. I went back and lighted a candle, and started up the rickety stairs. When I got to the top, a draft extinguished the candle, but the moonlight streaming through the windows gave me sufficient light. The sound of the hammering was coming from Barry's tomb. As I tiptoed over the creaking floor, there came a fearful scream and at the same time the whole transept was filled with a luminous light.

From where I was, I could not see the tomb but the voice sounded much like that of Young. Just as this thought came to me, I heard Barry's plaintive voice, "Why do you trouble my bones? In life you sought to persuade me of the evil one; in death I am beyond your persuasion. Do ye not fear your end?"

And then it seemed as if a thousand *dêmons* answered. "No, no, no, no! I am not the servant—" The voices stopped. A strange sob echoed in the transept and died away in the recesses of the Abbey. Then, "Jesus, have mercy on us!" I heard Barry speak the words as he had spoken them on the day before his death. I have never forgotten the cry of anguish and the choking sobs that came from the Tormentor, nor have I forgotten the terror that seized me, as the light quickly faded and I was left in the darkness. It was only as the rays of the moon began to give me light, that I was able to make my way back to the basement where I stayed the rest of the night. I was obliged to cement again the next day the slab of Barry's tomb, all of which had been torn away.

I went to see the Abbot again, but he had sent word to the Monastery that he would not return for a week. I was unwilling to trust my secret to anyone else, especially since I felt sure that Young and the ones who had been

meddling with Barry's tomb were in some way connected. I tried to content myself that by watching carefully no harm might be done until the Abbot's return.

When three or four days later I was sent to the Abbey to make some repairs, I heard the organ playing the same wailing air which Barry and I had listened to on the day before his death. The remembrance of the music chilled me. Anticipating something unusual, I entered the same confessional in which Barry had watched on that memorable day. I could see Young playing in the loft, and there in a pew in the body of the church sat Miss Mullen. She seemed thinner now, and very serious, I thought, for when Young stopped playing she did not smile as had been her wont. Then Young came down from the loft and motioned to her to follow. She rose slowly from her seat and obeyed him with reluctance, as it seemed.

They came down the side aisle, Young somewhat in the lead. As he stopped and turned to wait for her, his face showed a most ghastly expression. As I watched him, every feature of his body changed, until he presented a most horrible and distorted figure, grinning and snarling at Miss Mullen. A look of terror came over the girl's face as she drew back, and then like a flash, he pounced at her and stifled the cry she was about to utter. I stepped from the confessional and attempted to yell for help, but in my fright and horror I had no voice. Trembling with terror, I saw the two of them struggle as I had seen them once before, striking against the benches and making a great clatter. After a few seconds of the strife the girl grew faint, and lay almost without resistance in Young's arms. The villain flung her to the floor, where she lay writhing and groaning in agony. Then I suddenly collected my strength and called out loudly to the assailant. At the sound of my voice, he uttered an unearthly shriek, stooped over the trembling form and with his hands clenched about her neck began to choke her. "Stop that!" I cried, my voice shaking with emotion.

He did stop, looked at me with the most hellish expression, then rushed toward me, and in a second I felt his claws burning into my neck and the hot breath from his hideous face pouring upon me. I tried to cast him off, but he had more than human strength. His hands were throttling me; my breath refused to come; I knew that I was choking to death. Terror

and despair seized me as I felt the hot hands of this devil about me—then a great peal of thunder shook the old Abbey, and down the aisle came the voice of Barry: "Jesus, have mercy on us!"

Instantly the claws of the demon loosed their grip, the muscles of his face twisted horribly his hair stood on end, his long, bony arms reached out into the air, and screaming inarticulately, he began to leap and jump, to fall to the floor, to rise up again, all the time screaming, crying, and groaning in demoniac fury. Finally he did not rise from the floor, but lay there perfectly still.

I helped Miss Mullen to her carriage as soon as she was able to walk. Her arms and neck were severely burned, as were my own. I was very nervous, and said nothing to her. Indeed, I had no words to speak. I was thoroughly dazed with it all and wished to be alone. I saw the girl drive away, and then there followed a period of blankness, of which I remember nothing but the heather fields some miles from the Abbey. I have a vague recollection, too, of being found by a number of men and of being brought back to the Abbey.

When after some weeks I had recovered my mind I went to see the Abbot and told my story. He listened, but the expression on his face told me that he believed I was demented. I repeated my story and told him he might consult Miss Mullen as to the truth of it. I showed him the marks on my neck. He dismissed me, saying that he would send for me later.

I went towards the Abbey, and as I went in, the light fell through the window of the Immaculate Conception. The image of the snake under the heel of the Virgin was thrown on a tomb at my feet, and the shadow of the green serpent coiled around the name on the slab—"Louis Stephen Young."

A few days later when the Abbot ordered the remains to be disinterred, there burst from the coffin a yellowish light and a most horrible stench. The cross, which had been placed on the coffin, was twisted out of shape. When the lid of the coffin was raised there was found inside only the carcass of a snake. I remember the good old Abbot said these words: "Upon thy breast shalt thou go, and earth thou shalt eat all the days of thy life."

—We should give God the same place in our hearts that He holds in the universe.—*Cicero.*

The Patriotism of Peace.

BY PAUL R. CONAGHAN, '20.

Patriotism has made America the greatest of the nations. Love of country on the part of her people, devotion to her lofty ideals of equality and justice, obedience to her duly constituted authority, and worship of God, the Creator, have always been characteristic elements in true Americanism. It is this patriotism, in war and in peace, which is today the object of our earnest emulation. And it is most proper that we pause today, with reverence and devotion, to recall the memories of a never-to-be-forgotten past. By contemplating the deeds of the dead and honoring the courage of the living, we seek to learn anew the lesson of their noble sacrifice.

The few surviving members of the Notre Dame Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, venerable veterans of the Civil War, hail this day as one of the greatest in the year. With ardent patriotism and Christian manhood they set forth, when the future of the country was threatened, to die, if necessary, in order that this Union of States might live. Notre Dame responded bravely to the call to arms and sent to the front seven priests as chaplains and from the student body a full company of volunteers. On the morning of the battle of Gettysburg the soldiers of the Irish Brigade with bowed heads and bended knees received general absolution pronounced by Father Corby. The religious patriotism and patriotic religion of the priests of the Holy Cross and the illustrious example set by the volunteers who served in the war of the States are indelibly fixed in the hearts of every Notre Dame student. Their deeds inculcate high ideals of devotion to God and to country, and we humbly thank them for this priceless heritage.

We rejoice at the victory of the men in blue. Their cause was just and they were successful. Their descendants owe them a debt of gratitude which they can never fully pay. The men who wore the gray also deserve our highest respect and praise for the valiant determination with which they fought and died for a cause which they believed to be just. We can, in a way, express our appreciation of all the heroes of the Civil War by doing them public honor. May we forever cherish and perpetuate their deeds of valor. We pray that the Almighty may pardon the souls of the dead and lead them to everlasting

bliss. We hope that the rapidly diminishing numbers of the Civil War Veterans now living, who fought for peace among the people of the greatest nation on earth, may find solace with their comrades in the eternal peace of Heaven.

Today the union is perfect. The nation flourishes one and undivided, with common ideals and purpose. The lesson taught by the Civil War has been concluded; the mission of the war has been accomplished. After its successful close all hailed an era of progress and of peace. But scarcely more than fifty years had passed when, in 1917, this country was forced into the greatest of wars. Instead of progress, there was retrogression, the ruthless destruction of property and of life; instead of the tranquillity of peace, there was the deafening din of war.

We know of the enthusiasm with which all Americans rallied to the cause. Young men left the classroom, the workshop, and the home to go forth against a mighty and ruthless foe. In this crisis Notre Dame again displayed her patriotism. There left for the front six of her priests to serve as chaplains and several hundreds of students, all eager to plunge into the fray. Some Notre Dame students would perhaps be now here with us had they not died in that struggle. They are the silent orators of this great day. Their perfect tribute is more worthy than any words of praise. They now sleep among eighty thousand American soldiers in the graveyards of France. They were honored with no happy welcome home—no bands, parades, or medals. Wooden crosses mark the far-off graves in which they rest. This morning we offered prayers and the Holy Sacrifice that those of them who have died in the war may be admitted to their everlasting reward. This is the one recompense we can make them for their patriotism, for their devotion to Alma Mater, to country, and to God.

Nearly two years ago the great war was ended. Today no foe threatens from without. But within there is another war—the battle of civilization with material prosperity. This subtle struggle threatens to destroy the priceless institutions and traditions which have come to us from our ancestors. Political corruption, crime, disloyalty, and disobedience to the law of God seek to sap the very foundation from the nation. How can we check these evils? It is only by showing that our patriotism in peace is not inferior to our patriotism in war.

The young veterans who fought in the recent war are now taking their places in the hopeful future. From their comrades who fought so nobly and who died so bravely they have received the highest lessons in citizenship. Every soldier had a duty to perform. By his courage and skill he overcame the foe; by his patriotic spirit of sacrifice he saved the nation. From his conduct in war we have gathered the highest inspiration to the duty of the citizen in peace. God grant that we have the courage to perform this duty.

Even since the close of the world war, some nations have violated the rights of other countries. Some nations have foresaken the principles of justice and have chosen the way of selfishness and greed. We entered the War for no selfish ends—not for territory nor for commerce. We fought for freedom and justice to all nations, for the preservation of our own. May this still be the spirit of our citizens. As students of Notre Dame, we have the highest examples of patriotism, and patriotism informed by religion is an irresistible force which no enemy can stop in war, which will leave no problem unsolved in time of peace. We must always be the champions of the principles of genuine Americanism. We must always see to it that our flag represents the high ideals that it does today.

Thoughts.

BY SENIORS.

CHEERFULNESS is an ally of success.

To be a saint one need not have visions.

THIS futurist art looks like a jazz band sounds.

A LIFE well spent culminates in an edifying death.

CREMATION shows a man how really insignificant he is.

THE weather-man seems at times much opposed to the dry state.

HE is truly free who keeps in check his manifold desires.

MEN chafe under impartiality, yet prosper remarkably.

It is often more a martyrdom to live for God than to die for Him.

OUR principal aim should be to prevent crime not to reform criminals.

WE want all from God but are very slow in giving Him ourselves.

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Evidence of the tendency of some modern physicians to usurp the Divine Right over human existence came to light not long ago at Marquette University.

Murder vs. Conscience. Five physicians resigned from the Medical School because Rev. H. C. Noonan, President of the University, forbade them to make themselves autocratic arbiters of life and death when dealing with parturient women. The Medical School is non-sectarian and is not controlled by the Catholic religion, as some would have us believe. But the killing of a babe to save its mother's life, or the killing of the mother to save the infant's life is not governed by Church legislation alone. The answer to such a question is found in the natural law, "Thou shalt not kill"; and the ethics of the world prove that the Divine Physician alone has dominion over death. Some aspiring newspaper man waxed paradoxical in stating "the university's theory," which is a direct contradiction of the preceding statement; the President simply brands the practice of abortion and craniotomy as murder. He is to be admired for so vigorously asserting his right to settle ethical questions for, and to fix the moral standards of the Medical School. Some modern physicians think nothing of trifling with a human life, and were it not for men like Father Noonan to check them they would go blithely on scoffing at a moral principle whose violation brings the inevitable wages of sin.—P. S.

The overthrow of Carranza after six years of doubtful prosperity shows us again that the Mexican people are not yet capable of establishing a secure government; they do not know how to respect the rights of citizens and foreigners. It is hard to say whether Carranza's comparatively long reign was due to his ability as a statesman or to the great exhaustion of the rebels. One fact, however, is certain: the system of the late president was inadequate because it existed for a faction and not for the country. It was different from other Mexican regimes of the past in that the worst part of the nation was in complete control. The increase in anarchy and lawlessness was proportionate to the growth of the anti-religious feeling. As the only efficient school system is that of the Catholic Church, it follows that education has been made almost an impossibility. With such conditions it is doubtful whether Mexico will again reach that state of sham order possessed by some sections during the presidency of Carranza. But who will succeed him? Most likely the next ruler will be a man of equal incapability. It is evident that a strong, intelligent man must put Mexico under one head and establish a government that will foster religion and education. The peon is not yet fit for self-government.—C. A.

Almost six centuries after her terrible martyrdom at the stake, the Maid of Orleans, once condemned as a hopeless heretic, is now declared a saint. In this as in other episodes her life is so much an imitation of Christ that we may not be wrong in presuming this singular similarity to be an exquisite honor conferred on her from on High as the stigmata were the badge of God's love for St. Francis. Joan of Arc's biography reveals an exceptional parallel to the life of the Redeemer.

Like Christ's her mission was divine and her inspiration, supernatural. Her youth she spent in the house of her father at Domremy in the same submission and reverence that marked the Holy Home at Nazareth. When the time came she went forth at the command of God to rescue France from ruin just as Christ began his public career to deliver the world from damnation. Everywhere her words were heard with rasping suspicion and disparaging distrust; her people openly accused her of diabolism on

the same grounds that centuries before the Jews had adjudged Christ the vicegerent of Beelzebub. In the midst of ingratitude and antipathy, the Saviour healed the sick and cured the cripples; in the face of overpowering apathy and callous indifference Joan cured the sick at heart and raised up a nation crippled by despair. The climax of her career came with her glorious investment of Reims; the acme of the Redeemer's was his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. As thunder follows lightning so misfortune ensued, and not many days after Joan was captured by John of Luxemburg to be sold to the English. The Maid's trial before the tribunal was almost as unfair and obviously as uncalled for as the Saviour's ordeal with the Hebrew courts. Both rendered similarly hideous punishment for undetermined crimes. In the terrible torment of the flames Joan died for Christ; on the cross of excruciation Christ sacrificed Himself for her. We can safely say, therefore, that she is one of the few individuals to visualize in its awfulness the penalty of original sin, when amidst the glowing fagots she held the crucifix before her. No sooner had the tongues of fire covered her than a young soldier exclaimed in impressive accents, "God forgive us, we have burned a saint," and now the Pope confirms that prophecy.

If we regard Joan from this aspect, as one of God's most favored courtiers, the chant of the litany of the saints, "St. Joan of Arc," will be answered with immeasurably increased sincerity "Pray for us."—E. J. M.

Fourth Edition of "Priestly Practice."

The fourth edition of "Priestly Practice," by the Reverend Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., has recently come from the press. The popularity of this volume of clerical essays has been most remarkable, considering that it is of interest only to priests and seminarians. "Priestly Practice" is delightfully written; it treats of every phase of priestly life, and is eminently practical. Father O'Neill has an effective way of putting the points which deserve to be made to the best advantage. The book merits to be better known at Notre Dame. The present high cost of labor and materials has necessitated an advance in the price of the volume to \$1.35, instead of the former price of \$1.00. The book is published by the University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.—A. B. H.

Obituaries.

MR. JOSEPH L. HEBERT.

Mr. Joseph L. Hebert, student at Notre Dame in the early sixties; died in Davenport, Iowa, on the 20th of February last, at the age of seventy-five. Mr. Hebert is remembered by several old residents at the University as a young man of exceptional character and ability. To the relatives of the deceased the SCHOLASTIC tenders on the part of the University heartfelt sympathy.

MR. A. W. ARMINGTON.

Announcement came some days ago of the death on April 23rd of Mr. A. W. Armington, of Pueblo, Colorado, graduate in Law in 1871. The deceased, the son of the distinguished jurist, Judge A. W. Armington, of Chicago, was widely known and respected in the West, where he practised his profession for more than thirty years and won during his long life a host of friends by his graciousness and generosity. The University extends to Mrs. Armington its most prayerful sympathy in her great bereavement.

Final Concert.

The University concert course closed last week with one of the most enjoyable recitals ever given at Notre Dame. The artists were Miss Josephine Decker, contralto, Miss Helen Guilfoyle, pianist, and Mrs. J. T. Cover, accompanist. The largest audience that has attended any recent concert was a fitting tribute to these three young artists whose merit has long been recognized by Notre Dame men. Miss Decker possesses a voice of beautiful quality and uses it with great skill. Her irresistible charm pervades every song. No other pianist has won a Notre Dame audience so quickly nor retained it so perfectly as did Miss Guilfoyle. She is an exceptional musician, magnetic, and a mistress of technical resources. In interpretation and execution she displays a fine sense of discrimination. Mrs. Cover is an artist of great merit. She plays with an ease and certainty that inspire. Her part in the vocal numbers is beyond praise. The programme given was as follows:

Christ in Flanders		Ward-Stephens
Joy		Beatrice M. Scott
Shadow Song	} From	
Robin Woman's Song		Opera "Shanewis" Cadman
		MISS DECKER

Prelude C minor }
 Prelude G minor }
 Valse A
 Concert Etude

MISS GUILFOYLE

Waters of Minnetonka
 A Disappointment
 A Memory
 Joy of Spring

MISS DECKER

Nocturne E major
 Nigger Dance
 Rhapsodie No. 12

MISS GUILFOYLE.

Rachmaninoff

Chopin
 MacDowell

Lieurance

Harris

Ganz

Woodman

Chopin

Cyril Scott

Liszt

Personals.

—Lester and Harold Remp, James Harding, and Jimmie Wheeler (old students) attended the track meet between Notre Dame and the I. A. C.

—Pierre Miller (former student) is now at ~~Criffle~~ Barracks, Arizona. Pierre has chosen his distant residence with a view to building up his shattered health.

—Bill Walsh (old student) motored to the University Decoration Day to visit his brother Clyde, of Sorin Hall. Bill is now engaged in the wholesale field in Chicago.

—Pat Murray (C. E., '19) was here recently and saw Notre Dame trim the Michigan Aggies in baseball. Pat, who was with the Philadelphia Nationals last season, has signed with Detroit in the American League.

—John M. Miller (old student) is now employed by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., of Akron, Ohio. John's coaching enabled our Freshman eleven to go through the last football season without a defeat.

—George Scott, brother of "Al" Scott, of Corby, has successfully passed his mid-year examinations at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. George was one of the most popular soloists on the Badin smoker schedule last year.

—James McNulty (E. E., '19) has been transferred from the Fort Wayne office of the General Electric Company to the Chicago office of that company. He is now acting in the capacity of consulting engineer.

—Joe McGinnis (LL. B., '19) visited the University during the week. He is at present doing post-graduate work at Columbia University, New York City. Joe still keeps up his singing, being a member of the Columbia University Glee Club.

—Knut K. Rockne, director of athletics at the University, has accepted the appointment of temporary recreational director for the play-grounds of South Bend. Mr. Rockne will continue in that capacity until the beginning of the Notre Dame athletic season in September.

Local News.

—The April number of the *Catholic Historical Review* contains two book reviews of interest at Notre Dame. One of them, a criticism of "The United States in the World War" by John Bach, was contributed by Father Lennartz, and the other, a criticism of James Melvine Lee's "History of Journalism," is the work of Father Foik.

—D. J. Fitzgerald stressed some of the many-sided phases of electrical engineering that counted for so much during the period of the war, at the meeting of the *Electrical Engineers*, Tuesday evening. The sole motive power of the Big Berthas, he said, was electrical force. G. J. Malone made a report on the progress of his thesis. Preparations for the annual banquet were discussed at the business session.

—In the college contest in elocution held this last week the Patrick T. Barry Medal was won by Thomas C. Duffy, of Holy Cross Hall, with a selection entitled "The Prisoner's Story." Raymond Norris, of Holy Cross, was victor in both the elocution and the oratorical contest for preparatory students. John Heffernan, of Walsh Hall, took first place in freshman oratory. The oratorical contests for sophomores and juniors are still to be held.

—The call of Spring and the great outdoors finally lured the journalists. Prof. Cooney, accompanied by Fr. Lahey and the guest of the occasion, Fr. Foik, and escorted by the body of the Press Club mingling indiscriminately, hiked to Bertrand on the St. Joseph river, Thursday where Pio Montenegro provided the spread. Pio's versatility supported his claim of four years' service in the Navy. E. M. Starrett and Alvin Van Dolman directed arrangements for the affair.

—The English classes had the unexpected pleasure of hearing several delightful talks by Rev. John Talbot Smith during his recent visit to the University. On Friday afternoon, May 21st, Dr. Smith spoke to the students of all the collegiate English classes on "Fiction

and the Market Place." The next morning at nine o'clock he took for his subject "The Analysis of the Novel." On Monday morning, May, 24th, the Junior and Senior English students heard Father Smith talk on "The Criticism of a Novel," in which he referred particularly to "The Deluge," by Sienkiewicz. The subject of the last talk, on Wednesday morning, May 26th, was "How to Write a Novel."

—Among the most pleasant events of the scholastic year was the final meeting of the Chemists Club held in Chemistry Hall on Wednesday evening of June 2nd. The regular routine of business was dispensed with and the evening was given over to pleasure. A progressive game of "five-hundred" was the initial feature of the evening. Prizes for high and low scores were awarded to Father Nieuwland and Father Maguire respectively. A three course-luncheon was then served, the unique features of which were the chemical apparatus for chinaware and a menu written in chemical parlance. Next followed extemporaneous speeches by the members of the faculty and the officers of the club. Plans for a bigger and better organization for the coming year were considered.

—J. J. O'Brien, president of the South Bend Lathe Works, in addressing the Press Club Saturday morning explained the advertising used during the last nine years to raise the firm to its present affluence. His most successful advertising venture was a pamphlet on "How to Run a Lathe" which now has a circulation of 500,000, in all parts of the country. The primary purpose of this magazine was not to instruct beginners but to sell South Bend lathes, and for this end it contains a catalog of various makes of lathes with their prices. In an effort to attract foreign demand for machinery, which Mr. O'Brien predicted will be ripe in two years, the concern has published a Spanish and a Portuguese edition of the pamphlet. This has been mailed to every known machine-shop and technical school in South America.

—"Nosotros," the Latin-American annual distributed during the last week is a splendid tribute to the Association which sponsored it. The fact that the fifty members were able to finance such a publication is unusual. Moreover the book is the finest attempt that has been made to promote and foster Pan-American

friendship. That the book will aid in giving Notre Dame an international reputation is unquestionable. It is not only the first Spanish Latin-American year book ever published by university students, but the contents and artistic work all unite to make the book a really interesting publication. Credit for the editorials and arrangement of material is due Alphonso Anaya and Raymon Restrepo, while Henry Rosselot, the business manager, who financed the edition, deserves well-earned praise.

—Brother Raphael, lone survivor of Post No. 569 G. A. R., saw veterans of the World War take up the celebration of Memorial Day and carry through an observance which for almost fifty years had been conducted under the auspices of his comrades at Notre Dame. He and Colonel William Hoynes are the only Civil War veterans now at the University. William C. Havey presided at the exercises which were held in Washington Hall Monday morning. The program included Overture, University Orchestra; "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," B. Vincent Pater; Address, "The Church and Social Welfare," Emmett Sweeney; Memorial Ode (G. N. Shuster) by Walter M. O'Keefe; Address, "The Patriotism of Peace," Paul R. Conaghan. After the Washington Hall observance came the customary decorating of graves of the deceased members of the Notre Dame G. A. R. post.

—Last Sunday, May 30th, in W. O. W. hall, South Bend, the first, second and third degrees of the K. C. were conferred upon a class of sixty candidates under the auspices of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus. The first and second degrees were in charge of the Notre Dame teams, and the third degree was exemplified by District Deputy M. J. Geraghty and associates, of Chicago. Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C. presided at the banquet, which was served at the Oliver Hotel following the degree work. Rev. Dr. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., speaking on "Our Problem in Education," delivered the address of the evening. Short talks were given by Rev. Dr. James Burns, C. S. C., Rev. Dr. Thomss Irving, C. S. C., Rev. Dr. Timothy Crowley, C. S. C., Vicar-General of the diocese of Dacca, India, and Mr. M. J. Geraghty. Davis' Orchestra played during the banquet. Between speeches Mr. Lenihan L. Lally sang, and Mr. Harry Denny played a violin solo. —E. W. MURPHY.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME WINS INDIANA STATE MEET.

Notre Dame won first place in the State Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet held at Lafayette last Saturday, after placing men in every event and piling up a total of 55 1-10 points. Purdue University was second with 28 1-10 points, and Depauw third with 20 points.

"Chet" Wynne scored eleven points for Notre Dame and divided high-point honors with Jones of Depauw. Wynne won the low hurdles in 25 seconds, equalling the State record; he took second in the broad-jump and in the high-hurdles. The feature race of the meet was the mile-run, which was won by Bill Burke, of Notre Dame, after a sensational sprint with Furnas of Purdue. The latter started the last lap with a lead of five yards on Burke. The two remained in this position until the last turn, where Burke let loose a burst of speed and passed the Purdue star five yards from the tape. The time was 4:21 1-5, a new State record and the fastest time made in the mile-run in America this year.

Kasper took nearly two seconds off the State record for the quarter-mile when he did the distance in 49 3-5 seconds. "Cy" trailed Reed, the Purdue captain, until the last turn, then sprinted and won by ten yards, with Meredith in third place. Meehan won the half-mile in 1:57 3-5, a new State record, and Kasper finished second, a few feet behind.

Shaw won the shot-put with a heave of 41 feet, 7 1-4 inches. "Little Willie" Coughlin, with a put of 39 feet and 1 inch, proved that he was the fourth best shot-putter in the State. Shaw added another point to the Notre Dame total when he took fourth place in the discus throw. Foley, in his first intercollegiate competition, took third place in the javelin contest with a throw of 153 feet. This event was won by Miller of Purdue, who made a new State record of 171 feet, 8 inches. Powers won the pole-vault by going over at 11 feet, 6 inches; he failed in an attempt to set a new record of 12 feet. Douglas tied for fourth in this event, with four other competitors. Hoar, Griniger, and Douglas tied for fourth place in the high-jump with Haase and Martin of Depauw and Benedixon of Purdue. Bailey took fourth place in the 100-yard dash and third in the 220-yard dash:

The Notre Dame relay team, composed of

Dant, Willett, Hoar, and Meredith, lost a heart-breaking race to Purdue. Hoar, running third, started off in fourth place, twenty yards behind; he picked up the leaders on the final stretch and after a perfect touch-off sent Meredith off in the lead. Meredith led until within a few feet of the tape, where he was nipped by Reed of Purdue. The time was 3:32.

The rest of the teams finished as follows: Wabash, 16 3-5 points; Earlham, 16; Indiana, 15 3-5; Butler, 6; American Gymnastic Union, 5; Franklin, 2.

—E. J. MEEHAN.

NOTRE DAME, 1; MICHIGAN, 5.

Costly errors at critical moments gave the team of the University of Michigan a five-to-one victory over the Notre Dame nine last Wednesday. Mohardt pitched superb ball in all the innings except the fifth, in which the Wolverines piled up four runs, on two walks, two hits, and a wild pitch. The Gold and Blue batsmen set to work early in the game, filling the bags in the second and again in the fifth inning. In both instances, however, the necessary scoring hits were not forthcoming. Rusicka and Froemke sampled Mohardt's delivery in the third, and their hits coupled with a walk scored the first Wolverine tally. Mohardt achieved three strike-outs in the fourth inning but weakened slightly in the next frame. Knode, the first man up for the Maize and Gold, clouted a terrific line drive which was good for a complete circuit of the sacks. Two more clean hits, two free bases, and Miles' error netted the Michiganders four runs. Thereafter the Varsity hurler had the opposition at his mercy. Notre Dame made valiant but vain attempts to overcome the Michigan lead. Benny Connors smashed out a beautiful triple in the seventh and scored on Prokop's line drive to first, but further efforts to score were frustrated by Rusicka, who allowed but four hits. The score:

Notre Dame.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0	— 1 4 1
Michigan.....	0 0 1 0 4 0 0 0 0	— 5 6 0

Batteries: Notre Dame—Mohardt and Blivernicht; Michigan—Rusicka and Froemke.

NOTRE DAME, 2; VALPARAISO, 1.

Notre Dame added another victory to her long list last Friday when the Valparaiso nine succumbed, 2 to 1, to the steady hurling of Steinle and the perfect field play of his teammates. Despite the low score, both teams

achieved a series of long hits. Mohardt, Fitzgerald, and Donovan combined for the first score in the second inning, and Valparaiso retaliated in the next frame by tying the score on hits by Hansen and Davis. The second and winning score came for Notre Dame in the fifth. During the rest of the game the batsmen of the two teams vied in clouting outfield flies. Donovan handled successfully nine long-distance hits. Steinle showed good control and Adams, the Valparaiso hurler, was equally effective.

NOTRE DAME, 3; IOWA, 2.

Notre Dame scored a second victory over Iowa, runner-up in the Conference race, last Saturday. The game soon settled down to a pitchers' battle between Mohardt and Hamilton, the Gold and Blue hurler allowing but four scratch hits and fanning eleven men. The Hawkeye star retired ten men by strike-outs and held the Varsity to four singles and a triple. The contest was easily the best of the season. Notre Dame began scoring early in the game and soon had a tally. In the fifth frame the Varsity succeeded again in solving Hamilton's delivery for another run. Iowa rallied and pleased the pleading 'fans' by evening up scores in the next inning. In several instances thereafter Iowa made desperate attempts to top the Gold and Blue only to be foiled by the faultless fielding of Donovan and Connors, and, despite the close Hawkeye defense, the Varsity scored the winning run, on a walk, two wild pitches, and a passed ball. Miles' triple and the shoestring-catches of Donovan and Connors were the features of the game.

NOTRE DAME, 1; INDIANA, 4.

Due to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, the Varsity baseball team reported for the game at Bloomington last Tuesday with only seven men, and Umpire Jensen declared the game forfeited to the Indiana squad because of Coach Dorais' inability to put a full nine on the field. Desirous, however, of staging some sort of contest for the crowd, Dorais accepted the services of two Indiana freshmen. Indiana drew one run in the first inning and three in the sixth. Notre Dame's single score also was made in the sixth. The umpire called the game in the seventh on account of darkness.

—A. N. SLAGGERT.

The championship in single-tennis was won by John Pfeiffer, of Corby Hall, when he defeated Raymond Wegman, of Brownson, in the finals of the tournament held in the gymnasium last Wednesday afternoon. The score by sets was 11-9, 6-4, 4-6, and 6-4. McCullough, of Sorin, and Travers, of Badin, were runners-up. Pfeiffer will be presented with a silver cup, given by Adler Brothers, as a trophy of his victory.

The Badinites exhibited professional form in their diamond game against Dujarié Hall last Sunday afternoon. Although they counted only six hits, they made such timely use of sacrifices and squeeze plays as to put eight runs to their credit against two for the Brothers. The contest was one of the snappiest and most sportsmanlike ever staged on the Dujarié diamond. The batteries were composed of McIntyre, Castner and Vass for the victors; of Brother Harold and Brother Sabinus for Dujarié.

With the Carroll Hall Reserves leading by a score of 8 to 7 in the fourth inning the Seminary Reserves forfeited the baseball game of last Sunday afternoon to go swimming. As the heat was intense and the Carroll boys had made four runs in the last inning the boys from over the Lake were somewhat justified in their conduct.

The boys of St. Edward's Hall held their first annual track and field meet on the afternoon of May 31st. A large number of youngsters turned out to participate in the various events, which in all cases were hotly contested. Brother Cajetan had graded the boys into five classes and to each class or team was assigned a name. The "Pals" won the meet with a total of 41 points; the "Cardinals" were second, with 35 points. The other teams scored: "Bulldogs," 26; "Midgets," 11; "Little Arrows," 8. The winners of the first four places received beautiful ribbon badges as rewards for their efforts. The management of the meet was entirely in the hands of the little fellows and they deserve credit for the manner in which the affair was conducted. Because of the interest shown and the benefits to be derived from such a meet, Brother Cajetan hopes to make it an annual affair. The young athletes brought their season to a very successful close with a supper last Thursday evening.

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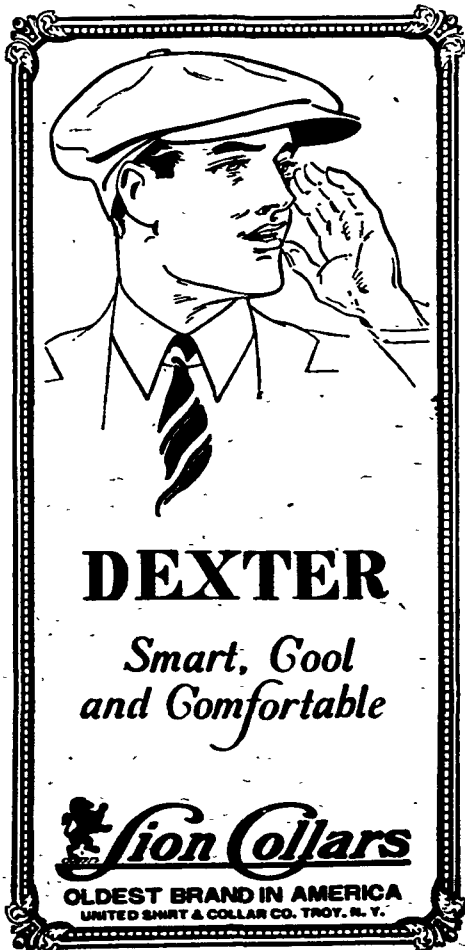
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