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NO. 21.

My Ships.

WHAT care I when my ships come home?

If dreams will take me there—
To tropic isles and seas they roam
'Neath Southern Cross on ocean foam.

If argosies of fabled store
Await me in the East,
I shall not ask they come the more
With wondering murmurs as of yore.

But I shall go in fancy's dreams
To oriental climes
And follow in a path that seems
To beckon where the parrot screams.

And then across the purple seas
Behind my ships
To skirt what sunset Hebrides,—
In my cup Day's golden lees,
And a new song on my lips.

George D. Haller, '19.

In Memoriam Judge John Gibbons.*

He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life and flingeth it away keepeth it unto life everlasting.—Words spoken by Our Lord.

IN the Book of Ecclesiasticus I read these beautiful words: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation. The Lord hath wrought great glory through His magnificence from the beginning. Such as have borne rule in their dominions, men of great power, and endued with their wisdom, showing the present people, and by the strength of wisdom instructing the people in most holy words. . . . Rich men in virtue, studying beautifulness: living at peace in their houses. All these have gained glory in their generations, and were praised in their days. . . . And there are some, of whom there is no memorial; who are perished, as if they had never been; and

are become as if they had never been born. . . . But these were men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace and their name liveth unto generation and generation. Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the church their praise."

There are two ideals which influence the lives of men. One is the Ideal of Selfishness; the other is the Ideal of Service. One calls to pleasure, the other to duty. Whoso embraces the first sooner or later comes inevitably to find that the fruits of life are dead-sea fruits—they turn to ashes in the mouth. The Master of us all, speaking once, as St. Luke (xii, 16-22), says "when great multitudes stood about Him, so that they trod one upon another," gave to the people this parable:

"The land of a certain rich man brought forth plenty of fruits. And he thought within himself, saying: What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said: This will I do: I will pull down my barns and will build greater: and unto them will I gather all things that are grown unto me, and my goods: And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer. But God said to him: Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee; and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

Here, then, is one of the ideals of life, but the end of it is death and disappointment. It is the story of most men who make pleasure or possessions the goal of their life. Busy with accumulation, their days and their nights pass in worry and labor, and when at length they

* Sermon by the Rev. Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, delivered at the funeral of Judge John Gibbons in the Immaculate Conception Church, Chicago, Illinois, Wednesday, February 14th, 1917. Reprinted from the *National Corporation Reporter*.

feel that they may begin to enjoy the gathered harvest, lo! death, the stern reaper, comes and mows them down. If their ideal is pleasure, they oscillate between indulgence and remorse, believing always that the day of emancipation will come; but instead comes the awful summons to go before the judgment seat of God. It is the ideal of those who fail, of those who have loved life and have lost it.

The history of human greatness and divine achievement is the history of those who have hated their lives and flung them away, in order to keep them unto life everlasting. The poets, the patriots, the prophets, the saints and the sages, have they not flung away their lives in exchange for immortality? The virgin martyr Agnes, who gave up her life rather than abjure the faith of Christ, has she not attained (beside the immortality with God) an immortality in the hearts of men through the Church, which every year does honor to her memory? Did she not hate her life and fling it away that she might keep it unto life everlasting? The marvelous Joan of Arc, made holocaust on the funeral pyre of Rouen because she heeded the Voices,—did she not find eternal life on earth through death? In our own day, Father Damien, with the oils of ordination still fresh upon his hands, turned away from home and mother and sister to bury himself upon the dismal leper islands, going forth in the morning of his promise, washing the sores and pillowing the heads of those upon whom corruption was feeding before they were dead—did he not win immortality with God and man by flinging away his life? Others might tarry and enjoy until death called them away, but Damien for the love of God and the love of God's children, leaped eagerly into the arms of death. "Damien shut to with his own hand the door of his own tomb, and for that service, so long as time shall last," the world will make a path to that tomb to kneel beside his ashes.

And the lesser heroes and heroines of the world—the patient, loyal father, who grows old and pinched and bent in uncomplaining toil, wearing the white flower of a blameless life amid the rankness of the world; the mother, almost divine, who loves and believes and hopes and suffers and worries for the sins and the thoughtlessness of her dear ones; the unselfish daughters and the noble sons; the priest that dedicates all his powers to the spiritual welfare of the flock over which God has made him a

shepherd; the lawyer, who loves justice and honor above fees; the writer, who dips his pen in righteousness; the soldier, who flings away his life as though it were a broken toy; the citizen, who for principle fights even a harder battle; the laborer, who sings at his work because he has God in his heart; the physician, who rushes into danger without thought of health or profit,—do they not all most truly find their life, when they bestow it upon others?

And as men turn away from this ideal to the ideal of selfishness, the literature of the world becomes pessimistic, the music of the world is written in a minor key, and bitterness and despair stalk everywhere before us; because men have sought happiness where it is not to be found. Picture to yourself the Czar of Russia, tossing feverishly between the silken sheets, vainly courting the peace that will not come to him in his turreted castle of stone, though it creeps softly into the thatched cottage of the lowliest of his subjects. Note the look of hatred and mistrust upon the faces of those who serve him. See how ambition hopes for his death, and how even those whom he has most befriended have not an honest tear to shed upon his coffin, and then realize how helpless power is to confer the happiness that the human heart craves. See the Roman Général, Belisarius, returning from his victorious conquests, passing under triumphal arches amid the acclamations of his people, and then a little while later a blind beggar crouching at the gates of Rome, his eyes burned out through the jealousy of a rival; see Napoleon returning at the head of his victorious legions and crushing his enemies before him like a very god of war, and a few years afterward dying in exile on the desert island of St. Helena; see in our own day, Admiral Dewey set up on the pinnacle of greatness, only to be hurled down the next day by the same mob that had glorified and acclaimed him,—and then realize what an empty thing is honor.

Go think of it in silence and alone,

And weigh against a grain of sand the glory of
a throne.

On the other hand, the light that glows in the face of a devoted mother, was it not kindled on the altar of sacrifice? The spiritual light that shines in the face of the nun in the school-room, is it not the outer aspect of the divine instinct of motherhood within? The heavenly patience on the face of the hospital sister, is

it not there because hospital Sisters consecrate their lives to the amelioration of pain—they whose hands are busy all the day long; they whose eyes speak of mother-love, even to the stranger. See in the little dark chapel after the day's work is done a crouching figure before the Great Healer. In that hour of prayer she finds her rest and her strength; for there at the feet of the Master she hears the promise of the reward that is to be hers: "Because you have done this for the least of My children, you have done it for Me. Enter into the joy of thy Lord." And as the light of the sanctuary lamp glows upon her face you feel that these Sisters are a living proof that the divinest things in life can not be inherited, nor purchased with money, that they are to be had for the asking—peace of conscience, the loving heart, the gentle voice; and that not in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, but in the cheerful service of God and humanity lie the roots of joy.

Now, if I have at all interpreted aright the philosophy of life and death, of success and failure, who can doubt but that the beloved friend whose obsequies we celebrate had won the shining heights of greatness. The things which drew the admiration and acclaim of men he did, the things which won for him the approval of his conscience and his God he did not leave undone. Scan however lightly the outlines of his life and I am singularly mistaken or you will recognize the portrait of a noble man.

Born amid the hills of Donegal in the very heart of Irish Ireland, John Gibbons sprang from the loins of that sturdy middle class which in all countries furnishes in large measure the virtue, the genius and the leadership of the people. Deprived at the age of sixteen of the counsel and the assistance of his strong christian father, his mind opened early to the seriousness of life and to the meaning of labor. Adversity, it has been said, is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings, and certainly it is true that it is not the son of the poor man who is handicapped in the race of life. Poverty stimulates, wealth chloroforms the energies of youth. Destiny had marked this boy for her own. Providence which had given him a vigorous, eager mind, surrounded him with conditions most suitable for its development. The energy which marked his whole career drove his resistless spirit through his school work there in the private academy in Ireland, here in the pre-

paratory school, and later in the University of Notre Dame. By intense application, his vigorous mind learned to grapple triumphantly with difficult problems, and when having completed his formal education, he was admitted to the bar of Iowa, he rose rapidly in the profession of the law. At the age of twenty-three he was city attorney of Keokuk and three years later a member of the state legislature. In his thirty-first year he took up the practice of law in Chicago, and from that time until he laid his worn and wasted body down in death he was a prominent figure in the legal and forensic life of the city.

Like all notable figures, John Gibbons was a many-sided man. His energetic rhetoric and his legal erudition found outlet in publishing the *Chicago Law Journal*. He edited volumes of legal text. He wrote a masterly exposition of the Rights of Property and of Labor. He lectured in schools of law and medicine. His voice was heard upon the platform in dignified and eloquent argument and exposition. He did not imprison his intellectual interests within the narrow lines of his own profession. He had a sensitive appreciation of the gentle graces of literature; he was a lover of the poets and philosophers and the historians. His university education had given him an open-minded hospitality for all forms of human thought, and he built on the sure foundations of scholarship the superstructure of his great legal learning. When, therefore, John Gibbons was called to the high dignity and responsibility of a judgeship in Chicago, he had been brilliantly prepared by genius, by temperament, by scholarship and experience for the lofty duties of the bench.

In the theory of the law the judge is an oracle. In his person he embodies the majesty of justice. His judgments under this ideal have the inevitableness of geometry or logic. Human passion which sways the special pleader has no place in his work. Human prejudice which blinds and confuses the partisan is alien to his spirit. Freakishness and radicalism which distort the mind of the propagandist are incompatible with his duty. No laborer within the vineyards of the world requires a nobler endowment of qualities than does the administrator of justice. Learning is his mantle, wisdom his sceptre, virtue is his crown, and justice is his throne. Ignorance in him is as detestable as vice in a priest. Cowardice in him is as hideous as contagion in a physician.

Corruptibility in him is as monstrous as infidelity in a mother. When he fails, justice fails. If he is venal, he is a violated sanctuary. If he is ignorant, his words are sacrilege. If he can be reached and influenced by bribery or political interests, or the siren voice of popularity, or the meretricious beguilements of newspaper fame, or the alluring accents of personal friendship, wounded justice staggers from her throne and the ermine is trailed in the mire. In the idealism of mankind the judge is the supreme incarnation of civic righteousness. His court is the last sanctuary in which human justice takes refuge.

And as the genius of Judge Gibbons was mellowed and sweetened by long familiarity with the culture of the schools, so he was learned in the codes and processes of the law. He had the instinctive judgment and the luminous intuitions of a great jurist. His influence was strongly felt in the highest courts of the land, and his memory survives as one of the brightest traditions of the Chicago bar. Without ever compromising the legitimate rights of wealth, he was a lover of the poor. He was a gentle judge! the bruised reed he did not break, and the smoking flax he did not extinguish. He was a charitable judge! he was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame. He was an incorruptible judge! his sensitive conscience had been refined and strengthened by his own disciplined life. He measured up to the admonition of the Book of Wisdom: "Love justice, you that are judges of the earth! Think of the Lord in goodness and seek Him in simplicity of heart."

He was a religious man. The roots of Catholic faith struck down deep into the friendly soil of his Irish nature. He was learned enough to appreciate the beauties and splendors of the ancient Church. Regularly, he knelt among his brethren at the Communion table, regularly he knelt in humble contrition to receive the sacrament of penance. The great Chief Justice Taney knelt one evening, as was his custom, amid a group of simple neighbors around the little confessional in his parish church and the priest observing him far down the line of penitents went to him and invited him to come nearer, saying, that it was not fitting that the Chief Justice should be kept waiting. Taney answered: "Not Chief Justice here, Father, but the criminal at the bar." With such a faith and such a humility, Judge Gibbons approached his simple religious duties. And I

doubt not but that he had a clearer vision of human justice and a finer sympathy for human frailties because of the stern judgment his conscience pronounced upon his own conduct before the bar of the Supreme Judge.

[The sermon concluded with an exhortation to those present to remember death and be prepared for it, and with an appeal for prayers for the deceased Judge.]

Junior Thoughts.

The poet says, starvation is the mother of inspiration.

The pessimist looks at the sun and sees only the dark spots.

An opportunist is a man who always wants to be on the winning side.

Lack of funds keeps many a one to the straight and narrow path.

To be always insisting on our dignity is to afford a deal of merriment.

Books are food for the intellect, but it requires a brainy man to digest them.

A grumpy disposition has a hard time finding friends to show it a good time.

Man's schooling comes early in life. Don't wait until old age to realize it.

Cupid causes not a few marriages, but cupidity deserves a share of the blame.

We may expect anything—now that oranges are being fed to the early risers.

"It is not being done this year," is the last word for what's what in society.

The reformation of the rake is too often only the sloughing of the serpent's skin.

A man's fortune will be judged soon by the number of eggs he eats for breakfast.

Because Americans like to be humbugged is no reason for your being a humbugger.

Some seem to regard examinations as a time to prove that two heads are better than one.

The school year is only a forty-yard dash: go your best the whole way if you want to win.

Many a wealthy young "blade" would starve were it not for his fond papa's money.

Culture is not so much a question of caste and blue blood as of personality and development.

It is granted that women always "scoop" the Associated Press when it comes to getting news.

Many a man would have missed his step up the ladder of fame if his better half had not lighted the way for him.

Varsity Verse.

JUVENILE PHILOSOPHY.

Last night, when all the day's hard work was o'er,
 And I lay dozing on the kitchen floor,
 With Clement tickling me, that he might see
 If I were in a mood for jollity,
 While I was thinking flesh could stand no more—
 Our Jap, the collie, rushed in through the door.

He ventured to circle the twenty foot space
 Without mixing in with a stand of the race;
 When smash!
 A crash
 Of shivering glass!
 And planets mixed with a clattering clash,
 With fixed-stars,
 Meteors,
 Suns, en masse,
 While the Milky Way was a blue streaked flash
 Of dazzling light on a ten-yard-dash.

I saw through the mist, as I rose from the floor,
 The tail of the dog, as he whisked through the door;
 And putting my hand to my collar—by heck!
 The rest of that fish-bowl was there, round my neck;
 But all I could see, at the angle I stood,
 Were two little fish, on some very wet wood.
 Then out of a corner, he moved into view,
 With arms folded tight, as philosophers do;
 And asked me in words, uttered wondering and slow:
 "Say, Ambrose, where *did* all those big noises go?"

B. F.

A REAL DISTINCTION.

Paradise.

A shaded room,
 An open fire,
 A cozy nook
 And your heart's desire.

Purgatory.

The self-same room
 With me and Sue;
 The self-same nook
 But with Ma there, too.

"OBITER DICTA."

When February's cruel blasts
 Have raged with March's rainy season,
 And all the storms of winter passed,
 There crop up poets without reason.
 They sing of spring, of buds, of flowers,
 In lyrics, odes, and lively sonnets.

Of men and maids in leafy bowers,
 Garbed in spring suits and Easter bonnets.

But when I read their petty verses,
 Though I admit that some sound well,
 They're meant, I fear, like problem stories,
 Not to be read, but just to sell.

J. A. Gibbons, '17.

PROHIBITION.

Whence comes this tide of prohibition?
 I leave to you the definition,
 And stand in strongest opposition,
 To such a ruinous transition,
 That checks one half man's appetite.
 Is't not a terrible perdition,
 To curtail people's just fruition
 Of a wholesome good nutrition;
 As if man had no volition,
 To refrain from a submission
 To a drunken exhibition?
 Temperance is a requisition;
 Dare not say that in addition
 We need the ban of prohibition.
 If you're of this disposition,
 Whether suffragette or politician,
 Be sure to see a good physician,
 And listen to his admonition.
 Keep up, if need, the repetition!
 Beware of lengthy intermission.
 You're in a critical position.
 It's worse than any superstition,
 Or lack of common erudition.
 'Twere best to use some ammunition,
 And check this flow of "dry" ambition,
 But grant this dreadful supposition,
 National in its abolition,
 How fares it then? I fain petition.
 Would not our taxes need revision?
 Would water do for competition?
 'Twould surely stop us from a fishin'.
 And wine would flow without permission,
 With hypocrites for exposition,—
 And a nation in a bad condition
 While people rise in great sedition.
 Believe not the biased statistician,
 Nor any other poor logician,
 Nor Bryan, Sunday, Carrie Nation,
 But the Bible, aye, and all tradition.
 Censure ye then this prohibition,
 As sure an awful proposition,
 For any sane man to be wishin'.

Frank C. Brown, '17.

Lyon's "Flame."

BY LEO J. JONES, '18.

Giles, Rooney, and the "Duke" were idling away a wintry Sunday forenoon in the living-room of their suite in Holworthy Hall, when Lyon, immaculate in frock coat and white waistcoat, breezed in to borrow a pair of gloves.

"Come, tell us about it," Rooney greeted the caller who roomed across the corridor. "Is she pretty, blonde or brunette, tall or short, and does she like you very much indeed?"

"She doesn't like you, that's certain," retorted Lyon. "The last time I telephoned to her you came into the room and swore outrageously, and as a result she thinks you a perfect bear."

"So I am," said Rooney, "a perfect bear. It must be nice to be polite and gentlemanly, to take nice little girls to lunch, and for long walks in the afternoon; to drink tea, and to discuss higher thoughts with their mothers. But I should hate to wear so much war-paint, to sit still, and to smile well-bred smiles; and I could never learn to drink tea."

The "Duke" had looked over all the music on the piano.

"There's not a single religious selection here," he announced; "and all I know is the 'Palms.' I've even forgotten the words to that."

"I know the words to 'Watchman, tell us of the night,'" declared Rooney.

"But they are stupid," said the "Duke." "The words to hymns always seem to be dull. They're not comforting. They always suggest unpleasant predicaments, and make one feel absolutely good. I don't know anything worse than feeling absolutely good. It seems just as though there was nothing more to live for. A fellow has to go and fall into trouble to keep his self-respect."

"I wonder how ministers feel?" queried Rooney.

"I used to wonder, too; so I asked one once, and he said he had a cold and felt very stuffy."

Lyon picked up his hat and dusted it carefully.

"Give her my love," commanded Giles, "and tell her I'm coming to call."

"If you get nervous," advised the "Duke," "tell her you're subject to fits, and that you feel one coming on."

"I'll telephone to you about dinner time,"

offered Rooney, "and ask you if you need any help."

"Don't be a pig and eat all the ice-cream," contributed the "Duke."

"You fellows think you're mighty funny," said Lyon, "but it happens I know the family very well, and I do just as I please."

"Poor family," sighed Giles. "Could anything be worse than having Lyon do just as he pleases? I suppose he smokes cigarettes all during the dinner, and puts his feet on the drawing-room chairs."

"When you are older you'll be wiser," was all that Lyon would vouchsafe as he left the room.

After the Sunday dinner Rooney remembered that Lyon had a new graphophone; so he bribed the janitor to let them into his room where they settled down for the rest of the day.

Several of the neighbors dropped in during the afternoon, and the "Duke" volunteered to accompany the machine on the piano. Someone suggested that all sing for a new record to surprise the unknowing host. The "Duke" took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and began. A man in a bath-robe climbed on top of the piano to be nearer the music. The others crowded about the machine in the middle of the room, and howled and howled and howled.

A gentle knock sounded on the door which no one heard.

"Hit it up!" cried the "Duke," and the uproar swelled higher.

The door opened, and a young-looking woman entered. She took a step forward, then stopped.

"Is Mr. Lyon here?" she asked sweetly.

The "Duke" arose.

"Mr. Lyon is in town fussing, but this is his room, and these," waving his hand at the men, "are his friends. Can we do anything for you?"

"I think I will wait a little while for him," the woman said. "I'll wait in here," pointing to a door.

"That's his bedroom," volunteered the "Duke." "Wouldn't you rather wait out here?"

"I won't disturb you," she answered as she tripped quickly into the bedroom.

"Whew!" whistled the man in the bath-robe, coming down from the piano. "She's a peach!"

"Lyon, Lyon," murmured the "Duke" to himself, slipping on his coat. "Your taste is excellent."

Silently the men stole away, all but Rooney, the "Duke," and Giles, who sat together on

the window seat, wondering whether the visitor was stealing Lyon's photographs or mending his socks.

At last the "Duke" could stand it no longer, and going to the door he cleared his throat.

"Won't you come out here?" he petitioned. "Only three of us left."

The stranger appeared smiling.

"I don't mind meeting three," she admitted, "but I was frightened by the roomful."

"If you know Lyon," advanced the "Duke," "you may have heard him speak of us. This is Rooney, this is Giles, and I'm the 'Duke.'"

Rooney and Giles rose and bowed.

"Lyon was foolish to go into town to dinner. He could not have known you were coming, but I am very glad you did."

"Very glad," said Rooney.

"Extremely glad," echoed Giles.

"If you'll sit down," said the Duke drawing up an armchair, "we'll do anything you suggest."

"I'd like to hear the graphophone," prompted the visitor.

"Be careful," warned Rooney, as Giles jumped for the machine. "Be sure you read the labels first."

"The labels are jumbled, and we can't understand them all," explained the "Duke."

"Don't mind then," the stranger said. "Let's just sit here and chat."

After that they did chat, or rather the visitor and the "Duke" did, and sometimes Rooney. Giles sat still and admired.

When it began to grow dark, the "Duke" wondered what would happen next. He found he had said a good deal about Lyon, and that the stranger had said very little of herself.

"Won't you tell us something about yourself?" he asked. "I know we are all anxious to hear."

She laughed. "I'm very fond of the man you call Lyon," she said.

"Lucky dog!" exclaimed Rooney.

"And I've known him ever since he was a little boy."

"That's queer," wondered the "Duke." "I don't remember him ever speaking of you."

"Does he speak of everyone he knows?" she asked.

"He's likely to—especially of his 'flames.'"

Again she laughed, and the "Duke" was quite enchanted.

"If I'd been in his place," he remarked

gallantly, "I'd have had a good deal to say."

"Would you?" she asked. "That's very nice of you. If you don't mind, I'd like to call you what Lyon does—what is it, the 'Count?'"

"I wish you would," he returned fervently.

"I wish you'd call me Rooney," requested that youth.

"And me Giles," said the third.

"That's very nice, indeed," she said laughingly.

"What may we call you?" asked the "Duke." It was so dark he could not see her plainly.

"Well," she said, "you might call me—"

There was a heavy step outside, and the door was pushed open.

"There's Lyon now," said Rooney.

"What on earth are you doing in the dark, and who have you there?"

He went over to the armchair. "Why it's Mother!"

Senior Thoughts.

If some people knew as much as they pretended, education would not be such a crying necessity.

Sooner or later we grow tired of everything but God, and everybody but God grows tired of us.

When nations lose sight of the cross of sacrifice they hold tighter to their swords.

A "pal" is a man who lends you money when you're broke—and is never broke when you need money.

The world is made poorer by the many who talk without thinking and the few who think without talking.

The greatest consolation for the inequality around us is that all must go "the dusty way to death."

Offerings.

Could I distill the fragrance of the flowers,

Catch their perfumes and sweet radiance;

Or steal the light that plays at dawn

At the glowing borders of the sky:

I would bring and offer them

To make my love more lovely.

But I being poor have none such.

I have only dreams of youth;

Dreams that shuttle all the night

To weave soft folds of unrealities:

I have clothed her in these dreams,—

None else can be so lovely. *F. S. Farrington, '18.*

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—In a sermon delivered in the University Church on Founder's Day last fall, the Rev. John Cavanaugh said, "At the very foundation of this University lies the

Help the Bengal Mission. missionary spirit. It will deserve to die the moment that spirit is lost." Recognition of this inspiring truth is no doubt largely responsible for the interest which Notre Dame, faculty and student body, is taking in the Bengal Mission, East India, which is cared for by the priests and brothers of Holy Cross. Addressing the student body at the beginning of Lent, Father French, the procurator for the Bengal Mission in America, appealed to the students in behalf of Bengal. Pointing out the needs of the mission, and urging every student to contribute something, especially during Lent as a little Lenten penance, he pleaded especially for the Notre Dame men in India. "The Notre Dame men in Bengal appeal to the Notre Dame men of America" was his theme. The SCHOLASTIC cannot endorse this appeal too strongly. Bengal has a population of millions, but of this number only 25,000 are Catholics. The gigantic task of conquering this kingdom for Christ, of saving millions from hell, is entrusted to a small band of Holy Cross priests and brothers. Scarcely a single parish or mission is self-supporting. The missionaries have to depend upon charity even for the necessities of life. Before the war, Europe aided them generously, but this help is a thing of the past, and they must now depend upon the generosity of their friends

in America. To whom can they appeal with more reason than to the men of Notre Dame?

Even before the war, Catholic America had its attention called to the needs of the foreign missions. Members of the hierarchy repeatedly urged that the time had come for the Catholics of America to help in the glorious work of spreading Christ's kingdom. The fact that the missions have been deprived almost entirely of aid from Europe as a consequence of the great war has emphasized the truth of their contention and has aroused Catholic America to its duty. Already there has been a generous response in financial aid, and vocations for the work are also appearing. To make them realize more clearly their duty in this matter, Notre Dame directs the attention of her sons to Bengal, that particular part of the Church's far-flung battle line which is entrusted to the priests and brothers of Holy Cross. There Notre Dame men are doing heroic service. They are fighting against tremendous odds, but, imbued with the Notre Dame fighting spirit, they do not know the meaning of the word "quit."

Suffering from lack of recruits, from lack of funds, from depressing climatic conditions, they are a spectacle for angels and men, and deserving of the enthusiastic support of every Notre Dame man. Let the words of Father French be heeded. Let every Notre Dame man make some contribution at regular intervals to the Bengal mission fund. Let him make it out of loyalty to the Notre Dame men on the firing line in Bengal. Let him make it out of love for Christ and the souls in Bengal for whom He died, remembering His promise; "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren you did it to Me."

—Some years ago the Lackawanna Steel Company of Buffalo addressed a petition to the New York State Industrial Board asking

A Case of the permission to have their employees work seven days in the week, because "the work of the plant is necessarily continuous; because great hardship would be entailed to require the Company to observe the strict letter of the statute (which forbids factory owners to work their employees more than six days in the week); because none of the Company's competitors observe the one-day's-rest-in-seven plan," and so on. In other words, the Company finds it a bit difficult to compete

with others and do the right thing, and so it sees no reason why it should not do the wrong thing, and asks the New York Industrial Board to approve the stand it has taken.

We are inclined to think that the managers of the Lackawanna Company who are responsible for this move have been keeping their minds so riveted on the profit-making side of life that they are becoming victims of the "insistent idea." In their blind devotion to a commercial god they cannot understand why the Creator, from whom we come and to whom we go, demands one day in the week for Himself; they cannot understand that there is something in this world higher than business interests even; they cannot understand that the human frame naturally calls for a period of rest in the midst of its toils, and is not, after all, an ordinary machine to grind out silver and gold. We would suggest, even from a purely business motive, that these gentlemen try the old-fashioned, Christian way of observing the Lord's Day and give others a chance to observe it also, and see if, after all, they will be losers in the long run. Remember One who has more business ability than the best of us has said: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you."

The New Library.

It is very appropriate indeed that the University's new library is being completed this year when Notre Dame is celebrating her diamond jubilee. This magnificent new building is a worthy monument to the achievement of these seventy-five years.

The building is a stately piece of architecture situated a short distance to the west of the entrance to the main campus. Near the new building is the beautiful St. Joseph's Lake, on the bank of which, within the shadow of the library, stands the old log chapel of the Indian days and the first college building, relics of the beginnings of Notre Dame. The library is to be the central figure of a new quadrangle similar to the one now formed by the administration building and the students' halls. This first building of the new group is of white Bedford stone, with a roof of green tiles. It consists of three stories and a basement, and has been erected at a cost of \$200,000. The structure has been designed by Mr. Edward

L. Tilton of New York, who has for many years made a specialty of library architecture, and who has to his credit several of the finest library buildings in the East.

The entrance opens into an elegantly furnished delivery hall. The floor is of marble, and the wood finishings of quartered oak harmonize admirably with the furniture. Directly in the rear of the delivery hall is the card catalogue room. The book stacks located in the center of the building offer space for six hundred thousand volumes. An elevator, placed between these stacks on the one side and the administration rooms on the other, will greatly facilitate the work of the librarians. On the extreme north and south of the building are two commodious reading rooms. The first is to be used for periodicals while the other is to serve for reference reading. Large arched windows not only add to the appearance of these rooms but also furnish an abundance of natural light.

On the mezzanine floor the faculty is to have a large reading room, and directly opposite this room the University publications will have their offices. The third floor is divided into several small rooms which will contain the University's treasures. On this floor also is a seminar room and several study rooms for debaters and orators. Special quarters have been reserved for the Dr. Green Botanical Library and for the invaluable Dante collection. On this floor, also, are three large museum rooms.

The basement of the building has on the north and south sides two large rooms corresponding to those on the main floor. The school of journalism will occupy one of these, while the junior and senior classes in English will have the use of the other. As on the main floor, book stacks occupy the central part of the basement. The archive room will contain the important documents and the historical treasures of the University.

The interior of the building will be completed within two months or so, but the dedication will not occur until the jubilee celebration in June.

The need of this large library building has been felt for a long time, because of the congested condition of the library in its present quarters, and because of the inconvenience of working there. The new library is a splendid answer to a long-felt want, and it cannot but serve as an impetus to higher scholarship. W. F. F.

Varsity News.

—Paul J. Fogarty, member of the University Glee Club, went to Detroit Sunday to arrange for a concert there. On April 10th the club will sing at Elgin, Illinois.

—Rev. William Bolger, dean of the department of economics, attended the meeting of the Civil Service committee of the National Catholic Federation, held in Chicago recently.

—Charles Grimes won first prize and George Haller second in the *News-Times* Revival Contest. The Junior and Sophomore journalists 'covered' the services at the numerous churches, working every night except Saturday for three weeks. Both of the prize winners are sophomores.

—Mr. Charles Parreant, music teacher and director of the Oliver Theatre Orchestra, has accepted the position of leader of the cadet band at Notre Dame. Mr. Parreant is well known as a musician in this part of the State and under his guidance our band should have another splendid year.

—Assistant Coach Rockne has invited the students to attend the blackboard drills which will be given daily after dinner. The work will include a study of the science of football, beginning with the rudimentary plays and formations and leading up to the more complex tactics as they are employed nowadays in the modern game.

—Professor Jerome Greene, dean of the pharmacy department, has completed an addition to his invention, the Ideal Water Still. The method of distilling water, which was patented by Professor Greene some time ago is now in use in many of the large supply companies throughout the country. The contrivance will distil one gallon of water an hour.

—From the camp of our contemporary, the *Midland Naturalist*, come tales of robins and bluebirds which Brother Alphonsus observed Monday last. Other signs of spring at Notre Dame are seen in the gymnasium where the baseball candidates are cavorting through their early training. Still another harbinger is the longer "dinky" list, unfailing herald of the vernal fever.

—Francis J. Boland was installed as president of the Holy Cross Literary Society at the regular Sunday meeting. Other officers who will serve for the remainder of the year are: Donald P.

McGregor, vice-president; Francis P. Goodall, secretary; Thomas Healy, critic; James Brennan, treasurer; Thomas C. Duffy, reporter. The men on the executive committee are William H. Robinson, William Havey and Arthur Hope.

—Our rifle club won second place in the third match among the teams in Class A of the college rifle shoots. The team of the Michigan Agricultural College scored 2860 points, and our boys shot 2765. Cornell was third with a total of 2728, and the team from the Naval Academy at Annapolis finished with a mark of 2645. The Gold and Blue squad shot as follows: Jack Young, 187; Leo Vogel, 187; Wolfgang Heinrich, 186; R. Cullen, 185; H. Rivas, 185.

—Father Cavanaugh's sermon at the funeral of the late Judge John Gibbons, which appears in the front pages of this issue, has been printed by the *National Corporation Reporter* in an edition of fifty thousand. The sermon has been the subject of much comment and high compliment among the many distinguished men who gathered to pay their last respects to the eminent judge. We call the attention of the law students especially to the paragraphs that deal with the qualifications of a judge.

—In the art exhibition at Washington Hall Tuesday afternoon Notre Dame was tendered a real treat by Mr. Ross Crane of the Chicago Art Institute,—and we use that stock phrase, not because it is the line of least resistance, but because this time it expresses the real fact. As opportunities to view masterpieces of contemporary American art are not numerous, they should be seized eagerly. The collection shown here contained works by such men as Coin Campbell Cooper, Herman Dudley Murphy, Robert Henri, Carl Krafft, and others of equal renown. The lecturer is charmingly insouciant, and his talk was witty and engrossing to such a degree that, for the nonce, our rather prosaic students were actually interested in art.

—With each succeeding visit Mr. Joseph Scott's popularity at Notre Dame increases. When this speaker holds forth in Washington Hall, one is apt to be greeted by the S. R. O. sign if he be a bit late. Undoubtedly Mr. Scott is the only person who is able to hold the students in their seats for a full minute of applause after he has finished. On Sunday night the noted Los Angeles barrister discussed

"The American Ideal," supplementing this subject with relevant asides on such matters as the Japanese situation in California, the cause of Mother Church, and the like. Behind every sentence, every word, Mr. Scott puts the full force of his magnetic personality. He is the very incarnation of the vigor of his western country. That he means what he says his hearer cannot doubt; he knows that this is a man who is not only able to reason clearly, but who dares voice his convictions as to what is true and right, be his audience ever so irrational or hostile. Mr. Scott is a speaker of whom it may be truly said, he stirs the heart's blood. He so affects his audience that each member of it goes forth firmer in determination, more keenly patriotic, and very much more of a man.

—Monday evening, February 26th, there was organized at the University a society which as yet lacks a name. It has, however, a very definite purpose. To be frequent communicants and to promote frequent Communion is the principal aim of its members. Those entering the society pledge themselves to receive Holy Communion at least once a week while in school. There are other objects, too, which the society expects in time to realize; it will make organized efforts, for example, to perform the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. The society is purely religious and simply Catholic. At the first meeting there were present forty men, representing every hall. The object of the society was briefly explained by Father O'Donnell, who has been given charge of it, and there was discussion of ways and means of organizing. The following committee on organization was appointed: Messrs. Frank Monighan (Sorin); Sylvestre Mersch (St. Joseph); James Connerton (Brownson); J. Kline (Corby); Austin McNichols (Walsh); and R. H. Tyner (Washington Hall). The Lilacs and the Day Students are also to have representation on this committee. The next meeting of the society will be held on Monday, March 5th, at 7:30 P. M., in room 222, Main Building. S. H. C.

The Club Column.

Hearty co-operation of the Rotary Club of South Bend with the University officials in making the diamond jubilee observance a complete success was volunteered by the club, and a committee was appointed by President Hering to place itself at the disposal of

President Cavanaugh last Wednesday evening when Notre Dame and Ladies' Night was observed by the progressive downtown organization in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel.

The action followed the suggestion, and motion to that effect, offered by Rev. C. A. Lippincott, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, during his address before the club and its guests. Rev. Lippincott's motion was enthusiastically and unanimously agreed to by the members of the organization, and the following committee was named by President Hering: Rev. C. A. Lippincott, chairman; Frank Hering, J. R. Haughton, D. L. Guilfoyle, Gale Davis, E. R. Erskine, Richard Elbel, Rome C. Stevenson, C. C. Herr, F. I. Hardy, E. F. Bonds, Eugene Miller, W. O. Davies, and Abe Frank.

The committee will make plans to assist the University in entertaining the many notable guests during the days of the celebration and will try to have the whole city co-operate in making the occasion a memorable one for South Bend as well as for Notre Dame.

Enthusiasm, good-fellowship and the spirit of co-operation marked the evening's session. A closer bond between the University and South Bend was the plea of several of the speakers. The evening was assigned to Father Cavanaugh, who is a member of the Rotary Club, and Father Schumacher and the members of the Glee and Mandolin clubs were the guests of honor. Stirring addresses, in which the humorous was cleverly mixed with the serious, were delivered by the two members of the faculty, by Rev. Lippincott and Bishop John H. White, of the Episcopalian Church. Between the courses of the dinner the Notre Dame chorus, mandolin club, and specialty men entertained with musical numbers, and their efforts were heartily appreciated.

A new tie, stronger than any that had existed previously, was established between the city and the University at this gathering. The Notre Dame representatives were royally entertained and the glee club members, under the direction of Howard R. Parker, responded with their heartiest efforts to please. With President Hering of the Rotary Club, a former Notre Dame professor and football coach, presiding in his inimitable way as toastmaster, the entertainment was full of spirit and action.

During the evening the Notre Dame guests were given the opportunity of watching the conduct of a regular Rotary Club meeting and

they were much impressed by the initiation of a class, of which our director of athletics, Jesse C. Harper, was a member. Members of the Rotary Club also contributed to the program with vocal solos and Scotch and Irish dances.

LATIN-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The Latin-American Association, composed of Notre Dame students from Central and South America, is the latest among the N. D. clubs. The organization meeting was held January 21st and the following were chosen as officers: president, Gonzalo Restrepo, of Medellin, Columbia, South America; vice-president, Calito Fabrega, of Panama City, Panama, Central America; secretary, Enrique Rosselot, of Santiago, Chile, South America; treasurer, Feliz Olivella, Jr., of San Salvador, Salvador, Central America. Members of the organization enjoyed a smoker and social evening in Walsh Hall Wednesday, February 21st. Twenty-five were present. Addresses were made by President Restrepo and Father Metallana. Dillon Patterson entertained with piano numbers and M. Fabrega with readings.

ENGINEER'S MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Electrical Engineers' Club was held Friday evening, February 16th. Following a short business session, George N. Halmes and Crim O'Brien gave reports on the work they have done on their theses. The idea of having reports on thesis work is a new one this year, and it has met with favor. Much good is derived by the under-classmen from this work of the seniors. The papers which will be entered in the contest for prizes offered by the club will soon be completed, and if one may judge from the earnest work that is being given them by the contestants, they will be of high grade.

FATHER BURKE ELECTED.

Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C., director of studies for the preparatory school, was elected honorary president of the Wisconsin Club at a recent meeting of the boys from the Badger State. Father Burke's home was originally at Watertown, Wisconsin.

MEETING OF THE INDIANAPOLIS CLUB.

The Notre Dame Club of Indianapolis meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month in luncheons at the Hotel English, according to information from Attorney Twomey Clifford,

president of the organization. From fifteen to thirty of the old boys get together at each of these meetings and keep alive the spirit of Notre Dame.

PRESS CLUB MEETINGS.

Several matters of importance are being discussed at the weekly business meetings of the Notre Dame Press Club, which is composed of correspondents for daily newspapers. The members get together every Saturday afternoon immediately after dinner.

Personals.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. Francis B. O'Brien (Ph. B., '02) and Margaret Lenore Golley of Lima, Ohio. The ceremony took place on February 15th. The bride is a former pupil of St. Mary's. Mr. O'Brien is a member of the well-known Catholic family of that name in South Bend.

—Santiago Aranibar (S. M. E., '15) in a recent message from Peru, S. A., makes announcement of his marriage with Miss Martha E. Castillo. The ceremony took place in the city of Cuzco, Peru, South America, on December 30th, 1916. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

—Robert Schindler (Student, Brownson Hall 1911-13) and his bride visited the University last week. Bob was on his honeymoon trip and dropped off at the University to see his old friends. He is with the Goodrich Rubber Co., and his address is 1344 Elm Street, Youngstown, Ohio. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

—A. E. Adelsperger, who attended Notre Dame during the early nineties, called at the University Monday, incident to a visit with his mother and sisters at their home just east of the campus. Mr. Adelsperger has extensive timber interests on the Pacific Coast, and he makes several trips east every year. He is now living in Oregon.

—"Walter Clements, Attorney-at-Law," is the way his new stationery reads. Walter was for a time associate editor of the *Dodge Idea*, a trade journal printed by the Mishawaka branch of the Dodge Co., after which he worked as political reporter for the South Bend *Tribune*. He was graduated from our law school last June and is now telling them the "rule in Kelley's Place" in Louisville, Ky.

—Francis C. Ott, a member of the present senior class until June, 1915, has received the cassock in St. Patrick's Seminary, at Menlo Park, California, where he is studying for the secular priesthood. He writes that his brother Lawrence will come from Los Angeles next September to study architecture.

—The Detroit *Free Press* announces, with an accompanying photograph, that Edward N. Marcus, (Ph. B., '16) has been added to the staff of Wallace C. Hood Service Bureau. Mr. Marcus' office experience with the Director of Studies of the University and his intelligent study of economics throughout his course here makes it safe to say that he will fill his new position with honor. In a letter to a friend he relates that when he was being examined as to his qualifications for the position he found the greatest help in being able to point to books on economics that were on the department book shelves and to say that he had become studiously familiar with them during his college course.

H. R. P.

Obituary.

THOMAS C. McINERNY.

Thomas C. McInerny, father of Arnold McInerny, a senior in the school of law, died at his home, 1725 S. Michigan St., South Bend, Wednesday evening after an illness of several years. He was 48 years old. Mr. McInerny is survived by his wife, Bertha, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McInerny, four children, Arnold, Marguerite, Robert and Babette, and by the brothers and sister: John, Robert, William A.; a former professor of law at Notre Dame, and Mary McInerny, all of South Bend. To the bereaved relatives, Notre Dame extends her sympathy. R. I. P.

The University extends its sympathy to William and Albert Barbour of Carroll Hall on the death of their father, who passed away at his home in Chicago on February 22nd. R. I. P.

Charles and William Foley, of Chicago, former students of the University, were bereaved of their father February 22nd. We offer our heartfelt condolence to the family and mingle our prayers with theirs for the soul of the departed. R. I. P.

On February 21st the mother of Joseph F.

Smith, graduate in law in 1916, died at the family home at Cygnet, Ohio. To Joe and the family we extend profound sympathy and the promise of fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of an excellent mother and most Christian lady.

The class of 1920 has presented to the SCHOLASTIC the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and power to remove from this life our well-beloved and esteemed classmate, JOSEPH LODESKY; in testimony of our sincerest sympathy for the bereaved family, be it

RESOLVED: That we, his classmates, tender our deepest sympathy in this, their hour of trouble, and be it further

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to his family, and also that they be printed in the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.

THE CLASS OF 1920.

Harry E. Denny, President;

Barry Holton, Vice-president,

John M. Ambrose, Secretary,

Raleigh Stine, Treasurer.

In the Old Days.

For the benefit of any one who may wonder whether they came back together after the holidays in '73, we reprint these lines from the Chimes Column of the SCHOLASTIC for December, 1872: "Christmas week at St. Mary's is made as cheerful as possible by the suspension of the afternoon classes and the introduction of any suitable diversions; but it is a mistake to imagine that there is a vacation at that time. Experience proves that the pupils lose much by absenting themselves from the Academy for even one week."

Brain bonbons for recreation periods at St. Mary's in 1872: "The circulating libraries afford the very best sort of intellectual food during free hours."

From the volume for 1873 we take the following:

"One clear evening last week Professor T. E. Howard, A. M., took his Astronomy Class out, and pointed out to them some of the most brilliant stars and planets and constellations *above the horizon.*" (The italics are ours.)

"We have received, too late for publication this week, from the Novitiate a communication in which the writer states that two umbrellas pertaining to the denizens of that secluded retreat have been taken feloniously, or at least

surreptitiously, by some person or persons in the college, much to the discomfort and injury of the lawful owners."

"The Brass Band blew in their horns in the most approved style. It is worthy of all eulogium." (The inhabitants of Washington Hall are not of that opinion in regard to the Carroll Hall Band of the present time).

"Boiled shirts, standing collars, tight boots, and mustaches are in great demand these times."

"Expectation is on tiptoe. The whole nation of Notre Dame is in agitation, surmising, conjecturing and straining their eyes peering into the distance for the appearance of the plum pudding."

"Our steward has been furnishing us with fine weather of late. We had some sleighing this week but it was only tolerable."

"The new lock on the Collegiate Study Hall is the terror to all. It is a lock that no one knows but one, and he, like St. Peter, carrieth the key thereof, but, unlike the Saint, isn't always on hand."

"Afternoon walks on recreation days are becoming popular again; the students continue to visit the farmers hereabouts, and generally have a good time."

"The Prefect of Discipline is but seldom called upon to exercise his authority in an unpleasant manner. We hope this office will yet be a sinecure." (That was when the theory of evolution was very much in vogue!)

"The Prefect of Discipline is very desirous that the students should not get *home-sick*. So he commenced to prescribe remedies on the 3rd inst."

"Students thinking it to their advantage to pass from one class to another must apply for the necessary permit *through the Professor of the class which they wish to leave*."

"The sanitary condition of Notre Dame is excellent. Some few, however, are suffering from homesickness. Prescription: hard study, class, and not too many letters to Mamma."

"It is carrying things a little too far when a man is so reticent that he won't even tell the professor what he knows about a lesson."

"As a rule young men who make their first appearance before the public as speakers or in the assumed garb of Thespis do not always reach the mark. Young boys have a very vague idea of how a part should be rendered. They are required to be taught that. In one or two instances in the play last evening

the players did not speak loud enough and seemed to lack spirit. Several serious faults are committed at nearly every play and Tuesday's was no exception. There are in St. Cecilia's Society some talented members and the Society will turn out before long a brilliant array of good speakers."

"The St. Cecilia's Exhibition a few days ago was a complete success. Owing to the roughness of the weather the audience was rather small."

"The panic has reached N. D. We speak of the pop corn panic. Bro. Thomas is the chief banker. Great excitement prevails among the 'bulls and bears.'"

"The weather deserves 'One' for conduct. The band is the only society that is making any noise at present."

"Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have a drum in your ear, nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye."

"The distance between Notre Dame post office and St. Mary's station on the M. C. R. R., is one mile and twenty-seven rods (around the road)."

The road from the Scholasticate to the college is to be improved.

"Bro. Basil and Bro. Leopold have their time fully occupied with the music pupils."

"Rev. Father P. Lauth is on his way back from Germany, with seventeen companions bound for Notre Dame."

"Recreation at table which is so much appreciated by the students, is to be given on Wednesdays and Sundays. The deafening shouts which were wont in former times to characterize the opening of these occasions!"

Athletic Notes.

DEPAUW 15	NOTRE DAME 17
WABASH 24	NOTRE DAME 17
FRANKLIN 16	NOTRE DAME 27

Three "one-night" stands in the southern part of the State ended the basketball season for Notre Dame last week. Two victories, one at DePauw and the other at Franklin, and a defeat sandwiched in at Wabash, was the record of the team on its final jaunt. DePauw put up a terrific battle at Greencastle on the first night of the trip, and Notre Dame had to

extend herself to win by a margin of two points.

Then came the "Little Giants" at Crawfordsville. With Stonebraker alone making twenty points, Wabash won handily, though the teams fought on nearly equal terms for the first half of the game. Franklin proved comparatively easy on the last night, and Notre Dame thus added a fitting conclusion to her successful season. There will be a review of the basketball season in this column next week.

The Carroll Hall League has completed its season. The team captained by Whittle was the winner in the first division, and Bill Kenny's team finished first in the second division. Carroll Hall defeated St. Joseph's School of South Bend in basketball recently 26 to 10.

WISCONSIN 38 NOTRE DAME 48.

Notre Dame defeated the University of Wisconsin in the local gymnasium in the last dual meet of the indoor track season Saturday night, 48 to 38. After a meet marked with brilliant performances the grand finale came in the one-mile relay race in which the Notre Dame runners carried the baton around the oval in 3:33 2-5, breaking the "gym" record held for four years by the Chicago Athletic Association. Captain Miller, McDonough, Kasper, and Meehan comprised the record-breaking quartet. Their performance is all the more noteworthy in that each of the four had run a gruelling race before relay time.

Behind the ability of the Notre Dame athletes which won the meet was the fine headwork of Coach Rockne in manipulating his forces to the maximum number of points. When it was apparent that Notre Dame would need to win the relay race to capture the meet, Rockne kept McDonough out of the half-mile, the last running event, and sent Kasper to the starting mark as the lone Notre Dame runner. The scheme worked, and Kasper not only won the half-mile with ease, but was fresh enough to do a creditable quarter in the relay a few minutes later. McDonough, after a long rest from the quarter-mile race early in the evening, was in fine form for the closing event.

Notre Dame jumped into the lead in the opening number of the meet when Bachman, Ward Miller, and Franz took in order the counts in the shot-put. Little Frank Mulligan

found Carman Smith, the Wisconsin captain, just a step too fast for him in the forty-yard dash. Starrett's "throw" at the tape all but won for him first place in the forty-yard hurdles, but the judges gave that honor to Burke, a visitor, and Starrett received second.

Schardt set a dizzy pace in the one-mile run, covering the first half of the distance in 2:08. Meehan fought him desperately from start to finish, but was forced to accept defeat for the first time during his intercollegiate competition in 4:29 4-5. Captain Miller and McDonough repeated their performance of the Illinois meet by ranking one-two in the quarter-mile. Miller gained the lead in the first lap, but it was near the end of the race when McDonough passed the Wisconsin speedsters and drew up on almost even terms with his captain. Noonan tried hard to capture the two-mile event, but lost out by a few feet in the remarkable time of 9:58 3-5. Noonan is the first Notre Dame athlete to travel the two miles in less than ten minutes.

Our pole-vaulters and high-jumpers were in their best form for the first time this season. "Swede" Edgren tried valiantly to reach 12 feet in his specialty, but was forced to accept a tie with Endres, of Wisconsin, at 11 feet, 6 inches. "Red" Douglas jumped over the cross-bar at 5 feet, 9 inches, and Nelson, of Wisconsin, found that height his limit also. Donahue took third in this event for Notre Dame.

With every event except the relay race completed, the score stood 43 to 38 in favor of Notre Dame. Wisconsin could have tied the score by winning the relay, but after the first quarter, in which Captain Miller finished many yards ahead of his opponent, a Wisconsin defeat was inevitable.

Organized cheering, lively music, and the closeness of the competition, all contributed to make a victory over the 1916 Western Conference Champions a pleasant conclusion to a strenuous dual meet season.

To-night several members of the Notre Dame team are competing in the Illinois Relay Games at Urbana. Coach Rockne thought well of the chances for a victory in the one-mile event.

Summary of the Wisconsin meet:

40-yard dash—Won by Smith, Wisconsin; Mulligan, Notre Dame, second; Casey, Wisconsin, third. Time—4 3-5 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Burke, Wisconsin;

Starrett, Notre Dame, second; Heintzen, Wisconsin, third. Time—5 3-5 second.

Shot-put—Won by Bachman, Notre Dame; Ward Miller, Notre Dame, second; Frantz, Notre Dame, third. Distance—41 feet, 3 inches.

One-mile run—Won by Schardt, Wisconsin; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; Dayton, Wisconsin, third. Time—4:29 4-5.

440-yard dash—Won by J. Miller, Notre Dame; McDonough, Notre Dame, second; Casey, Wisconsin, third. Time—53 seconds.

Pole-vault—Edgren, Notre Dame, and Endres, Wisconsin, tied for first; Hill, Wisconsin, third. Height—11 feet, 6 inches.

Two-mile run—Won by Golden, Wisconsin; Noonan, Notre Dame, second; Burr, Wisconsin, third. Time—9:58 3-5.

880-yard run—Won by Kasper, Notre Dame; Casey, Wisconsin, second; Boardman, Wisconsin, third. Time—2:01 3-5.

High-jump—Douglas, Notre Dame, and Nelson, Wisconsin, tied for first; Donahue, Notre Dame, third. Height—3 feet, 9 inches.

One-mile relay—Won by Notre Dame (J. Miller, Kasper, McDonough, Meehan). Time—3:33 2-5.

C. W. C.

Book Review.

ENGLISH AND ENGINEERING. By Frank Aydelotte. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. pp. 390. \$1.50.

Most worthy of commendation is the idea and effort to show the close practical relation between art and science and the dependence of one on the other. Imagination and reason are important elements in both. Hence, an education in either of them alone is of necessity very one-sided. In the combination of the two we have interest, imagination, and human truth in the most desirable form. To broaden the life of the professional scientist by an association of literary art with science is the purpose of this volume of essays for English classes in Engineering schools, compiled and edited by Frank Aydelotte, Professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The logical arrangement of the essays on English and Engineering is effective. It emphasizes, first, the necessity of expression in any kind of life and especially in that of the professional engineer. A degree of perfection in expression is necessary even in practical engineering, and in order to attain any distinction in the profession a reasonable mastery of English is absolutely imperative. The various sections of the book treat successively of the dependence of thought on expression; of the relation of science and English, and of the dependence of each on a union of the two in their highest form—in life itself. Engineering, the editor would have us believe, is a profession closely allied with philosophy, psychology, and life. It is far from being merely mechanical. The engineer of even moderate extension of business deals with men even more than with machines. The essays selected are, as to matter and form, the best of the scientists and stylists of modern times. The collection

should be to the engineering student a truly inspirational selection.

In his introduction, Mr. Aydelotte explains the urgent need of his rational adventure,—the need "to furnish something of the liberal, humanizing and broadening element which is more and more felt to be a necessary part of an engineering education." An exclusively scientific education is narrower by far than an exclusively literary one; but where one calls for the employment of the other, the combination of the two cannot but be richer in consequence of their usefulness to one another.

Aside from its value to the profession of Engineering, the book has a marked value for a mere literary study. The book will naturally serve as a provocation to extended study along the lines it suggests. The volume is exceptionally well printed on a good quality of paper, and is tastefully bound in dark blue. To others than students of Engineering it is well worth the \$1.50 for which it sells.

B. B.

Percival's Letter.

The following was slipped under the door of our sanctum one day last week.

Scholastic Editor:

Dear Sir or Madam—

Will you please print the enclosed missive from the pen of our Beloved Percival? It will please him so much to see his name in print.

[Signed] Percival's Mother.

"THE MISSIVE."

Dear Pair Ants:

Many thanks for the box of goodies and the red tie and the juice harp. Please do send me at once, if not sooner, 2 pounds pig iron, 1 saw set, a left-handed screw-driver, a mouse tail file, 6 1-2 drill holes, size No. 2, as I have taken up me can nickle injun earing instead of farmacy. I never did want to be a farmer anyway. You just ought to hear our corpse of instructors, and see our shops and huz saws and things.

Yesterday our junior shop instructor told us that if the gate valves of the ejector pin got tangled up in the bushings of the loose seat rings the blow off valve might loose its lag screw and so fill up the grease cup that the tees in the rachet would lubricate the jetting drills and obviate the drill chips. Now wasn't that well worth knowing?

We nearly have shop every morning, except Monday afternoon.

My thesis subject for 1924 is: Gum As-A Lubricator in Theory And Practice.

Not long ago our junior instructor took us on a trip of inspection up into Michigan and we learned lots about drills and how they sow lectric light bulbs to grow lectric light plants. Then we went to the French Paper Mills at Niles, but I can't Francois so I didn't enjoy myself.

Love and kisses,

Your dearest

Percival.

P. S. Don't send the tools. The Perfect of Studies says I am too refined and delicate to spend eight years in a boiler factory. I've decided to take penmanship instead.

P.