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All in Due Season.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

DO you remember, little miss,
Not long ago I begged a kiss,
And you with saucy twinkling eye
And roguish dimple, made reply:
" 'Tis not in season? "

I pleaded for one little sign,
That in my heart I might enshrine
The hope of you,—and hoping live.
This answer only would you give,—
" 'Tis not in season. "

But I withheld my fond design
Until this day of Valentine,
For he will force you to declare
That of your heart I have a share,
For now 'tis season.

The Making of an Airman.

HIS STATUS, SALARY, MEDICAL
EXAMINATION, ETC.

ALL the details of the status of an airman in the making have never been fully told in sequence. Let us, therefore, follow a young man who has decided he will endeavor to qualify for the Air Service. First, of course, comes the routine of application.

The lowest age at which applicants may be accepted is 18 years and 8 months, on the theory that at the end of their training they will have reached the age of 19, which is the lowest age at which commissions may be granted in the American army. Applicants under 19, however, must present letters of approval of their enlistment from their parents or guardian, as is required throughout the military and naval

establishments of the country. All applicants may enlist at any aviation examining board.

If an applicant passed his 21st birthday before June 5, 1917, and is consequently subject to the draft, a special arrangement has been made whereby the rule prohibiting voluntary enlistment by draft men is waived and he is permitted to enlist directly at an aviation examining board without reference to the draft or his draft board. All that is attended to for him by the Aviation authorities. Even if he is in the present quota, he may be so enlisted; but if he has been actually ordered into service by the draft board, he must report to his mobilization camp as ordered, and there apply to his company commander for transfer to the Air Service.

The candidate's first step is to write to, or visit personally, one of the twenty-four Aviation Examining Boards located in the larger cities, or the Recruiting Bureau, Aviation Section, Washington, D. C., to secure an application blank for entering the service. The candidate fills this out as indicated, with details of his life and his athletic and educational qualifications, in order to provide both a first estimate of his desirability and as complete a record as possible in case of his acceptance.

Then comes his physical examination. Naturally this must be strict for the good of both the service and the applicant. Also it appears formidable to those who do not understand it, so formidable indeed that the following explanation is given to rob it of its mysteries.

Of course the usual tests of lung and heart are given, for no man can be accepted who is not strong enough to withstand the pressure of high altitude. The stethoscope, the tapping of the chest, and the broad rubber band about the arm are familiar enough in testing lungs and blood pressure.

When the candidate is set to picking different colored papers out of a box he may be a little mystified. Let him remember, however, that

color blindness would be a source of weakness to one upon whose preciseness of vision depend the lives and fortunes of thousands of men below. It is often a slight change of color, a suggestion of a deeper brown, that first reveals the new-cut trench to the ever-watchful eye in the sky.

But it is the balance test which causes the most perplexity, largely because it is not understood. Testing balance is a new science, and a complicated one requiring ingenious methods. But it is of vital importance to him who later may be unwinding from a spiral miles above the ground or rushing along at twice express train speed in a solid bank of clouds.

One's balance is regulated entirely by a tiny fluid in the canals of the inner ear. It is as delicate and as accurate as the fluid in the finest spirit level. It is necessary to set it in motion in order to see how quickly it recovers equilibrium, and consequently how strong the candidate is in this respect. One should not be the least surprised therefore when he is placed in a revolving chair and spun rapidly around, now sitting forward, now back, and asked upon stopping to point in a certain direction or execute some other motions. Nor should he be surprised if everything he does appears to him to be done wrong.

But the medical test is soon over, and if the candidate passes, he may be pretty sure that he is physically perfect. He then goes on to a mental examination which also sounds formidable, but which is in reality and of necessity brief. A few questions are asked as to the candidate's career perhaps, but if he has had college training he need not fear the outcome.

If the candidate is one of the three who pass both tests, as he should be with his advantages, he is notified that he is accepted for training for the Air Service as a member of the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps. Then, just as soon as the preceding classes move up, he is ordered into active service.

From that moment until he receives his commission as an aviator or is discharged, he is known as an Aviation Cadet, with the rank of Private First Class, a salary of \$100.00 a month, 60 cents food allowance daily, living quarters, uniform and all travelling expenses, including the trip to the place where he is ordered to report provided by the Government.

In that status he goes through the ground school and the flying school until he has qualified

as a Reserve Military Aviator. Thereupon he is given his first commission, a 2nd lieutenancy, with a salary of \$1700, quarters provided by the Government, but food at about \$1.00 per day and uniform provided by himself. While on flying duty he receives 25 per cent increase, and while on foreign duty an additional 10 per cent increase.

Then after passing his final tests and becoming a Junior Military Aviator, he automatically advances one grade in rank, in salary, and in allowance. A 2nd lieutenant, therefore, by the time he is fully trained, becomes a 1st lieutenant, with a base salary of \$2000. Further, however, as a Junior Military Aviator he now receives 50 per cent increase on his base pay while on flying duty, and another 10 per cent while on duty abroad.

The Rise of Silas Lapham, '16.

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN CARR

"The Rise of Silas Lapham" is the story of the rise—or the fall—of a New England manufacturer from a million dollars to poverty. If one is materialistic, he will smile at Mr. Howell's title, for Silas Lapham at the beginning of the book is the wealthy, energetic king of the mineral-paint world; at the end, he is a broken-down old man, living on the farm whence once he departed to deluge the globe with paint. This is the plot of "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Possibly plot connotes too much complexity for the amount really present; it is better to call the book an elongated character study.

Silas Lapham, practically sole manager of his great paint business, mildly egotistic, industrious and passionately self-seeking, has buried his conscience under the weight of a million dollars, and his conscience, struggling against and finally throwing off the burden, brings him to perform the supremely virtuous act of material self-ruination for the sake of right.

The opening pages of the book betray a certain intangible air of mystery. Lapham's wife seems to be the keeper of his conscience, reminding him now and then of some fault yet veiled to the reader's eye. They meet a man on the wharf; Lapham is ill at ease, and his wife profoundly moved. To right the wrong done to that man is the duty insisted upon by the wife, and in the righting of it Lapham

becomes again a poverty-stricken New England farmer. As the Silas Lapham of mineral paint fame, he refuses obstinately to help the man into his own; as the Silas Lapham with a conscience, he permits himself to be ruined rather than, by saving himself, possibly to ruin an unknown group of business men thousands of miles away.

One notes that the steps of character development, when sought, are well marked. But to the reader who passes from page to page without reflection, the action seems to flow along almost as in real human life. In the introduction, Mr. Howells gives the reader an opportunity to know the physical characteristics and past life of Silas Lapham from an interview of him gained for "The Events" by the indefatigable journalist Bartley Hubbard. Then the conscience of the prosaic business man begins to prick him, because he expelled Rogers, the man on the wharf, from the paint firm just as it was beginning to grow large and profitable. On that account, he lends money to his business partner upon one pretext after another. He has the opportunity to recover all his loans, if he will only sell his disabled mill in the West to two dishonest brokers, who will foist it upon their trusting employers in England. He refuses—he is now the new Silas Lapham—and without a cent in the world, returns to the farm of his early days.

This plot, because of its simplicity, seems to require something to round it out, something to divert the attention momentarily, and to add to the suspense. This is supplied in the peculiar love affair of Lapham's elder daughter, Penelope, who entertains her sister Irene's caller, not knowing that she herself is the object of his attention. Penelope is a clever girl whom her creator grossly abuses by calling her homely, black and ugly. He mistreated her sadly before the story opened by taking her out of school when she graduated from the eighth grade, and possibly wished to atone for the deprivation by giving her a splendid husband in the person of Tom Corey. She is unable for a long time to yield her consent to the marriage with Tom, thinking that she is guilty of some offense in taking away her sister's choice. Yet her sister, seemingly gay and thoughtless, becomes suddenly able to bear the heavy burden of rejected love. In Irene's character there is almost as much development as in her father's. She grows during the course

of the story from a frivolous, pretty girl, to the highest point of womanly patience and sacrifice.

Such is in outline the plot of "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It calls to mind the dictum of Quintillian: "The perfection of art is to conceal art." Yet one cannot give it unqualified praise, for in one point it tends toward failure. That point is its use of accident. Lapham is building a new house, and having lighted a fire one night in its newly constructed grate, sets fire to it accidentally, and burns it to the ground. Thus he loses the only source from which he might have saved a little from the wreck about to come. Having done more than what was required of him to make restitution to Rogers, his ex-partner, he loses through no fault of his own, the few thousand dollars which would have saved him from the necessity of starting life over again. Thus, Lapham is reduced to poverty by accident. Having fought the good fight, he was punished for it—at least punished in a material sense. It may be that Mr. Howells wished to show that material loss is as nothing if accompanied by spiritual gain. Even so, the loss is brought about by accident. This is parallel to the denouement of "Hamlet"—if one assumes Hamlet to be insane—in which the accomplishment of the hero's purpose is caused by the irresponsible thrust of a madman. The cruel, wretched John of England died in terrible pain; but we do not regard this as a direct punishment of his sinful life. He died because of an accident—he indulged too heavily in peaches and cream!

To return to the house, the author had to do something to get it out of the way, so that he could throw his character to the very bottom of the ladder of life. Hence it would seem better to have omitted altogether the building of the new house. It is not at all necessary to the plot, and might have given place to something more easily removed from the downward path of the main character. This is not by any means a great drawback, although it does seem that here the author wavered a little in his power of plot structure.

This slight defect becomes even smaller when one reflects that the purpose of the book is to portray inward complications and solutions, not outward ones. The loss of the house is but a means toward showing a new side of the new Silas Lapham. He accepts it with a word to the effect that he supposes that it's his fault.

He is no longer concerned with the money lost; he knows only that he has satisfied the demands of his conscience, that he has obtained real happiness. He knew too well the illusory happiness of the fine house in Boston, and longed often to be freed of it. His real happiness, to his surprise and delight, does not consist in domination of the paint market and a million dollars. It is rather a consciousness of having followed the truth, of having done the right. To indicate this change is the task Mr. Howells has set himself. This he has done, and done well. Incidentally—it must be always incidentally to those who like the new Silas better than the old—he has won for himself a high place among the exponents of true literary Realism.

Mail-Order Johnson.

BY JOHN M. RAAB, '18.

"Mail Order" Johnson, they called him and you know him. If you don't know Ernest, you know Harry, or John or Joe: they belong to the same club and wear the same size of hats!

The cardinal conviction that governed this Johnson was that the home merchant is a robber. He believed with an invincible faith that no matter how cheap you could buy anything at the store downtown, you could buy it cheaper from the pages of his catalogue. The soup he ate, the clothes he wore, the bed he slept on all came into Johnson's home via Adams' Express from companies somewhere off in the big cities of the country, from people whom Johnson knew but by name and who knew Johnson only by his order number and credit rating.

Satisfied himself, Johnson ignored the jokes and jibes of his friends. It was his money, he was satisfied, and why should he care what anybody thought about his shopping. For a number of years Johnson lived his quiet, uneventful life in the little town in his own way, keeping efficiently the books of the furniture factory and finding seclusion from taunting friends amid the many volumes in his room, upon many of which he was still paying faithfully the sum of fifty-cents each month. But at length he grew lonesome, as nearly all men do in such circumstances, and he cast about for companionship.

Where could one expect Johnson to look?

where alone would all the instincts of his soul turn him but to the matrimonial agencies which extend their welcome in the classified pages of the monthly magazines. Johnson answered each "ad," and in reply came photographs and letters by the score. It was a long and weary task of selection. Then the letters gradually came from fewer cities but in greater volume. Finally they all came from Nebraska, and then more definitely still, from Omaha. It was for Johnson a perfectly prepossessing photograph, and her letters were, if possible, even more satisfactory. A trip to the western city confirmed all Johnson's dreams, and the good news was spread among his friends.

Upon his return Johnson immediately ordered a small but comfortable-looking Read-Cut house, selected a lot in the outskirts of the city and watched his future home grow into reality almost overnight. His friends looked on in amusement, but Johnson, happily in love, was more fortified than ever against their taunts.

The day of the wedding was just one week away. Johnson was going to Omaha: they would be married there, do one of the best Cook tours to the Grand Canyon as their honeymoon, then return to the little town in Ohio to live out their days in domestic bliss.

It was that day, just a week before the wedding, that Johnson's friends met in the one club of the town and discussed ways and means. It was Harrison who suggested it, but the motion was adopted unanimously. A collection was taken up to get the few dollars needed, and then the friends sat down and addressed numerous letters to various mail-order firms for mail-order stoves, mail-order dry-goods, and all the other articles in every line in the big catalogues. Johnson's room furnished them a whole library of such catalogues, and they soon found that handsome suites of furniture could be secured upon the payment of one dollar down with a promise to pay an addition every month in perpetuity. The one dollar was sent to each, and a contract in Johnson's name for the remainder. The goods came two days after Johnson's wedding. Johnson, entirely innocent of the joke his friends were playing, quietly sat with his mail-order bride on the observation porch of the "Special," *en route* to see the wonders of Arizona.

The club turned out for the unpacking. Entrance was gained to the Read-Cut house and the furniture installed. Every room was

furnished in royal style: dishes enough to last generations were placed in the cupboards, rugs were strewn in profusion over the floors, a clock in every room, books galore in the library,—the house was a furnished palace when they finished. After completing their task they returned to their work and awaited the coming of the groom.

After the wedding in Omaha the bride's father had called Johnson into the library of the house and held him for a time in earnest conversation. The old man, who was a manufacturer of the western city, disclosed to his son-in-law that he had just purchased the furniture factory in Johnson's home town, and that he was sending a Mr. Reading to manage it. He dreaded to have his daughter live so far from the parental roof. Yes, he knew Johnson had bought a home and all that, but Reading would need a home in the Ohio town, and would Mr. Johnson accept a position in the office of his factory in Omaha and dispose of his home to Mr. Reading. The offer was attractive and Johnson accepted.

Hence the bride did not come as had been planned, but only the groom on a quick business trip with Reading. The two arrived in the town shortly after dark just two weeks after the wedding. Unnoticed they went directly to the little house in the suburbs. Johnson unlocked the door and the two entered. The lights were turned on, and Johnson stood for a moment in dumb amazement at the sight. He could not believe his eyes. The two went through the house, and then Johnson fell into one of the large Turkish chairs weeping. Between gasps he was able to sob out to his companion:

"Mr Reading, isn't this wonderful? It's my friends! They've given me this,—look at it,—isn't it wonderful! I knew I had friends—but all this,—it's too wonderful,—it's too wonderful.

The house delighted Reading. It was every bit as good and well-furnished as his home in Omaha. After some further inspection of the place, the two men sat down to talk.

"Well, Johnson, what do you say? It's kinda tough to sell your wedding presents,—but if you're going to live with the Briggs you won't have any use for furniture. What do you say?"

An hour later they had agreed. Reading gave Johnson a check for five thousand. The house had cost him but twelve hundred, thus netting him a clear profit of three thousand and eight hundred dollars. A bill of sale was made out.

Reading took the key and Johnson left, intent on returning without delay to his bride in Nebraska.

At the first of the month some hundred statements were forwarded to Johnson in Omaha. He was dumfounded, but slowly the truth dawned upon him. Kindly feelings toward his friends turned to bitter wrath. He went in to see the counsel for the Briggs' company. The learned lawyer smiled:

"What's the matter, Johnson? Don't worry! The joke's on them. Reading is an innocent purchaser for value; they can't take the goods from him and they can't stick you because you were in Omaha when the goods were ordered, and plainly you didn't order them. Tell the companies to go hang!"

It was six months before the lawyers for the various mail-order concerns realized the bitter truth of this contention; but eventually they did and then went after the men who had forged the orders. With \$3800 in the Omaha National Bank, a good salary and a wife who proved to be more than Webster says the word means, Mr. and Mrs. "Mail-Order" Johnson lived happily ever after."

Class Talks on War Topics.

AMERICA'S WAR AIM.

At an outdoor social which I attended last summer, given in honor of a detachment of sailors who were stationed on a little resort island on the Canadian border, a United States circuit judge took occasion to deliver a speech on the aims of America in this war. From this little wilderness island to the pages of the great metropolitan daily seems a far cry; yet there too we find vehement discussion of this same question. In the varied discussion of the subject it has been a serious endeavor with pro-Germans among us to becloud America's war aim, to change and befuddle them, in an effort to destroy that unity of sentiment which is so essential to effective patriotism. The fact is that such a variety of opinion exists, such a hodge-podge of misinformation is being bandied about, so much prejudice colors the reason of many people, that any serious endeavor to clarify existing views is justified by its inherent sincerity.

Germany broke down the system of international good faith when she invaded Belgium.

America might then have entered the conflict in defense of violated Belgium, in the cause of the sanctity of international law, in self-defense, perceiving the ultimate meaning of the German move. The doctrine of ruthlessness and of terrorism which Germany illustrated so thoroughly in France and Belgium, striking as it did at all the considerations of humanity and of civilization and holding a future menace to the safety of these United States, would have justified our intervention.

But the *Lusitania* outrage and the avowed determination of Germany to disregard the rights of America on the high seas was the final outrage that led to our participation. Still, all these things, the invasion of Belgium, the violation of France, the crimes of Louvain, of Rheims, of Arras, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the ruthless submarine, are but mere details, but expressions of a policy. We do not fight for any one or more of these causes, but we fight because of the idea of which they are the manifestations. That idea or policy is based upon world domination and is carried forward by the application of certain methods, of ruthlessness, terrorism, treachery, barbarism, by the total disregard of international law, persistent violations of the conventions of humanity and the codes of civilization.

We have but one war aim, and that is to destroy Germany's doctrine that might makes right, and when Germany renounces the policy of force America will have achieved the purpose for which she has taken up arms. It is a fact that such renunciation would mean the evacuation of Belgium and Serbia and their restoration, as also abandonment of the submarine policy. We have no territorial ambitions, no commercial appetite, but it is Germany's loss that she has forced us to take sides with those who have such aims. We are not concerned directly with Alsace-Lorraine, with the Trentino, with the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, and Russia, but we have added our wealth, our manhood, all our vast resources, to the nations who are therein concerned.

Our soldiers are not to be sacrificed to remake the map of Europe. The war as far as we are concerned is a question of principle, not of provinces. The question of provinces, however, has bound itself up with the question of principle, and Germany cannot grant us the principle for which we fight without the readjustment of provinces upon the grounds of international

law and the conventions of humanity, and the dictates of international justice.

In fine, we are fighting a policy which endangers our rights and even our existence as a nation. The abandonment of this policy will involve the realization of the fourteen war aims of the United States as defined by President Wilson. They are the details or expressions of the principle for which we fight, as are the crimes of Germany the details or concrete manifestations of the policy for which she is waging relentless, ruthless war upon the world.

G. D. HALLER, '19.

THE CRY FOR DEMOCRACY.

This war may well be called "The War for Democracy." President Wilson in his message on the eve of America's entrance into the great conflict declared that we were taking up arms in defense of democracy and for the rights of those peoples who must submit to a government in which they have no voice. Today there is a message being conveyed to the world, a message written by the sword dipped deep in blood, which says that this war is the result of autocracy, of a system which should be forever annihilated.

The czars, the kaisers, and emperors of the old world clearly place little or no value on the destinies of their subjects. They use their subjects simply as tools to serve their fierce ambitions. All history testifies that the man who holds extensive power over a people will in time come to rule oppressively and tyrannize over his people. So in this present war, which is a war of rulers, Germany, Austria, Russia have paid no attention to the popular opinion regarding peace or war, but after the influential few had been consulted the rulers commanded their subjects to go forth and fight. Now we are struggling to break down the barrier that exists between autocracy and democracy. The events that have already taken place in Russia strengthen our hope of victory. Every part of the political organization of that country was bound in the chains of autocracy till the people with united strength broke them asunder and raised their cry for liberty and freedom. The peoples of the other autocratic nations are war-worn and weary of the struggle. They too are yearning to be released from the despotic power of their overbearing rulers. Let us hope that we shall be able to root out from these countries of Europe the system of autocracy and plant in its place

the seeds of democracy, which, watered by the blood of the thousands who have been sacrificed as victims to this intolerable menace of humanity, will rise up a mighty and powerful institution which will give to the people that freedom for which their souls are crying and the liberty for which they long.

BROTHER OWEN, '19.

THE SWEETNESS OF SACRIFICE.

The greatest sweetness of sacrifice is sacrifice. It entails sorrow, the sorrow that chastens human hearts and lifts them up to God; it is the noblest thing among men, for Christ has made it forever sacred by that supreme sacrifice of Himself on the Cross.

To-day there is sacrifice such as has never been known before among the peoples of the earth. To-day Europe is drinking deep of the cup of sorrow and of suffering. We of America have not yet done so; we have but tasted, but sipped of the cup of sacrifice. And it is now before us; we may yet drain it to its very dregs.

In France to-day there is suffering and sacrifice. There the winds that madly rush to the sea play over fields of the dead; there on every side are cold hearths and broken homes; no children's voices sing out merrily and the peasant's song has gone from the plains of Normandy; for there is nothing beneath the hand of the Hun but terror and desolation.

And Belgium, treading paths of blood and tears, stands forth as the paragon of sacrifice, the epitome of suffering. Stabbed in a moment, her sunny soil stained with the shameless hand of a ruthless foe, her temples of God razed to the ground, her art destroyed, we must call her the martyr nation.

And in England too, when the thunders of war broke upon her in 1914, she nestled in peace and ease, with the self-complacency of a Mr. Britling. Then she slowly awoke. She hurled her small army of 100,000 soldiers, the best blood of the nation, to stop the advance of 3,000,000 war-crazed men. And they stopped them on the road to Calais, but at what a cost! Little did England then realize the sacrifice she was to endure. Now she knows. To-day in that fair land there is hardly a home without its widowed mother or weeping sister.

And in Ireland—there within the circle of the hearth's ruddy glow is many an empty

chair. There are hearts full of tender longing, old hearts that grieve but do not forget young hearts whose every throb is a prayer for the near and dear ones, whom love could not restrain.

Such is the story of our allies. What sustains them in this hour of trial? It is that which renders sacrifice doubly sweet—a worthy cause and pure ideals. This is the motive that now sweetens their crucible of pain—so great the gain that they do not, cannot, grudge the cost. That is why the blood of Briton and of Celt is pouring out to-day along the bristling battle-lines of three continents. That is why such blood will continue to flow until victory and peace have come again.

America is now engaged in this world war. She also will suffer. Our land may not be invaded, our temples may not be ruined, but we shall feel the pangs of suspense, the pinch of hunger and, worst of all, our sons—we shudder to think how many—will be killed. We may hear cries of anguish, fear and discontent; but let us remember that the precious lives we now give for a worthy cause will not be given in vain. Is it not enough to have our principles made stronger, our motives purer, our ideals still more resplendent? Is it not enough to have the higher things of life brought into their own again? Already from the war-racked fields of Europe the tides of religion are rising, dyed red in the heart-blood of the nations. Religion will come to our country also, for we shall eat of the bread of sorrow. The bitter gall of war upon our tongues will be nothing more than the red wine of our youth, now flowing in a cause that cannot fail. This war will cleanse our hearts; it will give back to our land the soul she has lost. This war will show to America a newer life, a stronger faith, a higher love; it will show us God.

T. F. HEALY, '19.

THE PURGING POWER OF WAR.

War is the mystery of the day. Why it should exist, is the question which all are asking. Not many, however, venture an answer. It seems almost as if the providential hand of God has been withdrawn from the earth and that things are reverting to the primeval chaos. Bitterness and loss, destruction and ruin are become as commonplace as prosperity and happiness used to be. Well may we ask the

wherefore. Better yet if in true wisdom we can realize the truth that war is the purgatory of the nations. Individual crime needs no earthly retribution; there is a day fixed for the individual upon which the balance of justice will be levelled. But for nations this is not so. And yet nations sin, as individuals do; sin grievously against the moral law. And war is the crucible in which the demoralized ideals of the world are melted down and recast,—a fearful process, but a most necessary one.

As it is with man's character, so it is with that of a nation: suffering is the test of worth and nobility. How shall we bear our cross? The more willingly we carry it the sooner will it be lifted, the sooner will be removed this tribulation. This war is the cleansing of the nations, their rejuvenation through death and sorrow. When it is over the nations will rise young and ready for a new life. Meanwhile, "Grief should be," as Aubrey de Vere has written,

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, lasting to the end.

J. H. McDONALD, '19.

St. Valentine's Day.

BY WALTER O'KEEFE, '20.

The feast of St. Valentine dates back to the days of early Rome. As there were two St. Valentines contemporaneous, there is some doubt as to which of the two saints the traditions of the day are to be attributed. One of them was a priest at Rome, the other a bishop at Interamna. Both suffered martyrdom the fourteenth of February; and both were buried in a cemetery on the Flaminian Way. The belief most commonly accepted, however, is that it was the Bishop of Interamna. He was imprisoned on the charge of assisting martyrs during the persecution by Nero. In prison he was committed to the care of Asterius, and during his confinement he restored sight to the blind daughter of his keeper, which circumstance led to the conversion of the family of Asterius and brought about his own glorious death about the year 270 A. D.

The popular customs associated with the feast doubtless took their origin from the Lupercalia, a pagan celebration in the honor of Pan and Juno. On this day a lottery of hearts

was held,—each maiden putting her name on a slip of paper which was drawn from a box by one of the bachelors. Then there followed a period of gayety and celebration.

With the beginning of Christianity every effort was exerted to eradicate all the superstitious practices of the pagan. But popular customs often cannot be destroyed summarily, and the Lupercalia survived in a modified form as St. Valentine's Day. The saint himself seems to have had nothing to do with the matter: the mere fact that the holiday fell on his feast day seems to constitute the only connection.

In the second month of the year, the 'mating-time' of the birds, seemed to be a fitting time for lovers to exchange their tokens and love notes. In the mediaeval days the idea of the lottery still survived. We find the practice of each bachelor and maid writing the name of his or her valentine "But the man," says Pepys' Diary, a chronicle of the time, "stuck closer to the one who had picked him for a valentine than the one he himself had chosen." This pairing of the couples was supposed to mean a considerable likelihood that they might become associated in wedlock. The practice of 'relieving' grew up from this lottery. The Duke of York, once drawn as the valentine of the Duchess of Richmond, relieved himself of the obligation by presenting her with a jewel valued at \$40,000.

The literature of the times gives testimony to the feast of St. Valentine. Chaucer in his "Parliament of Fouls" writes:

For this was on Seynt Valentine's Day
Whan every foul cometh ther to choose his mate.
The poet Donne, of Shakespeare's time, wrote an epithalamium on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, on St. Valentine's Day, 1614.

Hail Bishop Valentine! whose day this is:
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishoners:
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove:
The sparrow that neglects his life for love
The Householh bird with the red stomacher:
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfish or the halcyon—
This day more cheerfully than ever shine
This day which might thyself inflame, Old Valentine!

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, one of the most human of the poets of the younger generation, has com-

(Continued on page 270.)

Varsity Valentines.

THE VALENTINE FROM FRANCE.

'Twas wrapped in a worn envelope
Without a stamp, though often stamped,—
No word of where he was encamped,
But, oh, so full of love and hope.

It bore a quaintness and a charm
Of other days, and foreign loves,
With strange-tongued verse and turtle-doves,
Ah, Saint of Love, guard him from harm.

V. F. F.

FOREVER.

The little girl though sweet and shy,
The little girl of years gone by,
Yet never failed to smile sunshine
Upon your Valentine.

You sent your love with manhood blessed;
That token to her lips she pressed,
And whispered softly: "Sweetheart mine!
My own dear Valentine!"

The passing years can bring no change,
For true affection has no range;
Though silver in your hair may shine
You'll be her Valentine!

J. G.

AN OLD VALENTINE.

A chest of boyhood treasures in the attic stored away,
The wear of time shone on it and dust of many a day.
I came by chance across it and these feverish hands of
mine

Drew from out its precious portals a faded valentine.

Fond memories woke within my mind of days long
since gone by,

A loving smile o'erspread my lips, a tear welled in mine
eye,

'Twas colored with red roses and old-fashioned in
design,

But it filled my heart with gladness, this faded
valentine.

It always shall be dear to me, this missive of true love,
Until my locks are silvered and I hear the call above;
And I ever will remember that treasured chest of mine
When I drew from out its portals—my Mother's
valentine.

D. C. R.

MY VALENTINE.

They say your cheeks are like the snow
With lips of reddest wine,
Remember me in days gone by,
Who called you Valentine.

It was a simple name, my dear,
But we were simple too,
And you were all the world to me
And I the world to you.

To-night with heavy heart I sit,
And for the old days pine;
O would that I could bring you back,
And call you Valentine!

T. F. F.

HIS VALENTINE.

She was a myth, this lady, sent
To gladden him, to bring content,
And she was with him when he went
To France.

On sentry duty through the night
She sought to keep his spirits bright,
And aided him through every fight.

In France.

H. N.

A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTHLAND.

'Neath sweet magnolia blossoms, whose perfume was
immense

There sat with me in Tennessee, a dame upon a fence.
That Jane, she was a wonder; her eyes were Paris
green,

And 'mongst her teeth were some in which the fillings
could be seen.

In this seductive setting, that dark, she sang to me
A song I'd never heard before, a soulful melody;
That song, it sure did get me, my heart, it went
ker-thud;

I gazed at her complexion, its hue was that of mud.

My arm, it slipped around her (her waist was forty-
two),

And in the effort I got lost and stepped upon her shoe.
I whispered sweet, endearing words; I think she liked
my line,

For when I'd finished she declared she'd be my
Valentine.

T. J. T.

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—Lent is upon us again with its ever-timely warning, "*Memento homo quia pulvis es*," and its stern injunction to do penance, lest we all likewise perish. To him who has at Lent. heart his highest welfare this period of penance is always a very serious one, and this year there are exceptional reasons for our entering upon it with more than usual earnestness. As the President of Notre Dame recently observed, 'The world is now suffering its greatest calamity since original sin.' The peoples of the Old World are suffering untold hardships, are being all but annihilated under the scourge of war. We have scarcely begun to feel the real pressure of the struggle. Hence, we who have suffered comparatively nothing as yet, should take up our lenten observances with a willing spirit. We should find the salutary penance the Church imposes upon us most mild, as little more than a mere formality. And when this religious duty coincides, as now happens, with our civic duty we should be doubly despicable in shirking it. Let us fulfill it faithfully, eagerly, thankful that we can by the same self-denial do something for our souls and for our country. In order that any mortification may serve the purpose of penance it is not necessary that it be self-imposed, but it suffices that the privation be endured in the spirit of penance. By bearing our meatless days and other inconveniences in this spirit we supernaturalize our patriotism, making it thereby more genuine and more efficient. Thus may we purify our love of country of any alloy, and make it, as it should be, second, but second only, to our love of God.

—A glance at the list of contributors to our Ambulance Fund published on another page of this issue will show that the enterprise is not

receiving from many students the material support which was most reasonably anticipated. Unless there is

presently manifested a more general and generous interest in the undertaking, we students of Notre Dame shall have to admit that we have failed flatly in a most patriotic cause, in which we certainly should not fail. The list is shamefully short, and in no way characteristic of the Notre Dame students and the Notre Dame spirit. Even the founders of the fund, the members of the senior class, have failed to support duly the movement which they so patriotically set on foot. It is hoped that the next report may show, first, the name of every senior with an exemplary contribution and then the name of every student in the school with whatever credit he can put after it. Let each do his best and do it at once. The proposed ambulance is needed now, during the war. Shall we get it into actual service on the field early this spring? It is up to us.

—Not long ago a young man who had applied for exemption from military service on the ground that he was studying for the ministry was dubbed

The Maliciously Blind. a "slacker." The secret of the accusation was that this young man was a postulant in a Catholic religious community. The same community, which was insulted through this applicant, was voluntarily sending to the front six of its best members, finished material. It had spent years and treasure in bringing these men up to a high standard of efficiency, and now they are gladly, proudly surrendered up to our government to do their "bit," just as several members of that community were given up to the service of the country in the Civil War. The six men that volunteered were past the military age. The one man that sought exemption was indeed within the years of conscription; but this community had given six of her finished and most serviceable men; was it too much to ask, in turn, the exemption of one? Was it, think the critics, a lack of patriotism that prompted the seeking of the exemption in the case of the one? If so, what prompted the voluntary sacrifice of the six?

Was it any hope of material gain? The army is, as a rule, a poor place in which to seek a fortune, especially in time of war. Perhaps the calumniators will reluctantly admit that this latter was a case of devotion to country. But in doing so they are accusing the same body of men of patriotism and lack of it at the same time. To hear these traducers of the innocent shouting patriotism and loyalty to the government, which, by the way, is only a cloak for their despicable bigotry, recalls to mind the old fable of the ass in the lion's skin. If they could remain judiciously silent, they might get by unsuspected, but as soon as they begin to bray they betray their hopeless asininity.

—For the first time since America's entrance into the great war, the government issued a short time ago a proclamation to the effect

that our theatres and
Amusements other places of amuse-
During the War. ment must be closed.

The reason for this drastic action is the serious and widespread shortage in coal, and under the circumstances the reason is good and the law is perfectly proper. From this proclamation, however, we may presume that similar and more stringent orders will be issued to curtail our amusements. Reasoning *a priori* one might readily conclude that our pastimes can be sacrificed better than anything else. But it would be well for us to look to the experience of France in this matter. The French people reasoned thus: why should we go to the theatres and laugh while our fathers and brothers are fighting and dying on the field of battle? Accordingly, a law was enacted in the fall of 1914 whereby all theatres were ordered to be closed. This left the people at home with a monotonous round of existence and too much time to brood upon the horrors of the war. They were entirely deprived of their much-needed distraction. French officials, analyzing the psychology of the situation, realized that military progress might be seriously hindered by this new law, and it was speedily repealed. Considering the tremendous impetus given our American affairs of late, it behooves us to consider the serious effects that will surely follow such a mistake. Our amusements should be continued, thereby aiding the government materially in this crisis. In these times we need to be anxious about the morale of the folks at home no less than about that of the troops afield.

Local News.

—A course in Radio-Telegraphy is to be given to the Juniors in Electrical Engineering. Those outside the course who wish to study this subject should consult Dr. J. H. Caparo.

—The members of the New England Club received Holy Communion in a body on Monday, Feb. 4, in the basement of the church for the repose of the soul of Dave Hayes' father, who died recently. Dave is one of the most popular members of the club.

—Professor John Worden announces that the physiography classes of the preparatory department have received, through the courtesy of Wisconsin University, a large collection of lantern slides to be used in illustrating the lectures during the second semester.

—Bernard Brady was elected captain and Raymond Girardin manager of the Carroll Hall basketball team at a recent meeting. Carroll has already defeated the first Noly Hame team of St. Patrick parish, South Bend, and were scheduled to meet the first Laurel school team last evening.

—John Kendrick Bangs, former associate editor of *Harper's Weekly*, delivered an amusing and brilliant lecture Saturday evening on "Salubrities I Have Known." It was a clever humorous commentary on public men, men like Richard Harding Davis, President Wilson, Andrew Carnegie and Winston Churchill.

—In a recent popularity test at the Minims' Story Hour for the best Catholic juveniles, "Billy Boy," by Mary Waggaman, ranked first, and the "Fortunes of a Little Emigrant," by Mary Mannix, second. Of the instructive books, the "Pictorial Lives of the Saints for Every Day" received first place, and the "Martyrs of the Coliseum," second place.

—In a nip-and-tuck game with the Junior Holy Name basketball team of St. Patrick's Church last Sunday, the "Teenie Weenie" team of Carroll lost by a single basket. With an almost imperceptible advantage of weight and familiarity with their own floor in favor of the South Bend quintet there was little else to choose between the two teams, either of which exhibited sufficient energy to furnish an entire basketball league with fight. It required almost a game and a half to determine the victors, two extra periods of five minutes each being necessary before a St. Patrick's

player caged a basket and broke the 15-15 tie. The two teams will make the fur fly again to-morrow afternoon in the big gym.

—The Sophomore Cotillion came and went as per schedule and the proceeds, gratifyingly large, are to be turned over to the N. D. Ambulance Fund. The entire affair is accounted a complete success. The energy shown by the sophomore workers in advertising the event before the student body was exceptional and merited the gratifying outcome which resulted. Fagan and McGlynn contributed a final touch to the affair in the artistic and attractive programs which everyone in attendance carried away to grace the pages of their scrap-books for the year 1917-18.

—"Beware Greeks bearing gifts!" But those who changed to the restaurant from the refectories took no heed of the ancient warning and accepted the extras that were available for the short time they were in evidence. Now some pampered patriots who never did more restricting on food than compelled to by wheatless and meatless days, or who never planned two days ahead about anything except the date for the next Saturday night, will soon be down with brain fever trying to pick menus that won't give them dyspepsia or gout and at the same time make their money last from one check to the next.

—For the second time (cf. SCHOLASTIC Jan. 19) the annual Glee Club concert was given at St. Mary's last Sunday evening. En route to "No Man's Land" one of the bobs catapulted its occupants into a drift, thus delaying the concert. This, however, but served to make the audience more appreciative. Every number of the program was enthusiastically applauded, Walter O'Keefe and Charles McCauley being repeatedly encored. Following the concert the club was seated before the latest feats of the Domestic science class and the consequent unbridled avidity evidenced both good appetites and apt pupils.

—Father William Bolger addressed an audience of two thousand people at Lansing, Michigan, Sunday, February 3rd, speaking on the subject the "Ethics and Economics of the Living Wage." The lecture was held under the auspices of the Open Forum, an organization which aims to educate and inform the people so as to make them better citizens. The lecture was well attended and aroused considerable

comment. Among other points, Father Bolger asserted that the law of supply and demand has no place in the field of labor; that a minimum wage was both just and necessary; that unregulated competition between laborer and employer was wrong. During the questioning that followed Father Bolger explained and answered all doubts put forward.

—Berthold Singer, Spanish Consul General, lectured before the Chamber of Commerce last week on "German Methods in Foreign Trade." Germany's success in South American trade fields previous to the war the speaker said, came about through the fact that she went to these countries as a buyer of raw material for her great manufacturing plants. The finished goods were dumped off on this market and bought with the money that had been paid for the materials, and a circle existed which was very profitable to the Germans. The German banks in South America were unlike the British, more than banks, they were also outposts of the manufactures. Mr. Singer is the author of several books on Commercial International Law, all of which he has presented to the library.

—The minims' are not suffering from the heatless days in Washington Hall. Tuesday of last week the University Band mobilized in the Minims' gym, and gave a stirring concert to the little fellows. All endeavored to show their appreciation by helping the director conduct the band. On the following Thursday they made it a double play by putting across a minstrel that pushed the New England Club for honors. Allan at the piano and Walters and Swan as end-men, brought down the house, figuratively speaking, time and again. The climax, however, was reached, if they have climaxes in minstrels, when a pudgy youngster, arrayed as Mother Hubbard, did the hula-hula. There is a lot of talent lying around loose over at St. Edward's, and some day it's going to make a stir at the University.

—It was "Crock" night at the meeting of the Knights of Columbus Tuesday evening. After the business of the meeting was over at which it was voted to pay the dues of all associate and insurance members of the local council in the service of the United States, the program arranged by Lecturer Tom Kelley was put on. The "Impromptu Jass Band," Patterson, Musmaker, Cusick and Overton, played several selections, then the "Worthy

Lecturer" sang a song. The Grand Knight followed with another and before the evening was over all the officers had made their opera debut. Weenie Dant gave a little scotch without music, and McCauley also sang, as also the present president of the Glee Club. Several speeches were made, Morier, Swift and Robey taking the honors. Flashlights for the DOME were made and the luncheon was fully enjoyed. It was voted to publish a paper containing council news and letters and news from members in the service to be circulated especially among the absent members who are still actively interested in the local council.

—Honoring the departure of Lieut. John McGinn, C. S. C., Chaplain, U. S. A., for service in Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, an enthusiastic reception was held Monday evening in Walsh Hall by the faculty and students of the University. Father Cavanaugh spoke in the name of the faculty, expressing their appreciation of the sterling worth of the man and telling of how, while feeling his loss, they would glory in the fact that yet another son of Notre Dame had answered his country's call. Colonel Hoynes, our own Civil War veteran, added, as only he can, a fitting end to the public farewell. Max Kazus, in the name of the student body, presented the departing chaplain with a check sufficient to cover the purchase of a chaplain's kit. Father McGinn then spoke, thanking the students for their gift and emphasizing the companionship and true loyalty of the faculty and boys of the University. While regretting the necessity of leaving the Notre Dame life, he expressed himself as preferring to spend one year of service with the boys at the front who are giving their all than linger on half a century at some less noble work. The University Glee Club, the Banjo-Mandolin Club and the College Band contributed to the success of this farewell to another of Notre Dame's chaplains.

—Eleven "Lifers" made a break for liberty last Saturday evening in a bob pulled by "two spirited horses," and after a hilarious journey might have made good their escape, but, lingering too long over the comforts of the Mishawaka Hotel, they were seen by one of the wardens of Rockerfeller Hall and brought back in the highest spirits. The "Lifers" are a select little organization made up of all that is left of the anarchistic Eucharistic League of Carroll, whence came the custom of daily

communion among the students. The requirements for admission are few and simple; all one needs is to have been all but born and raised at Notre Dame. Among the eleven present at the first meeting, the average "term" was eight years with some as high as twelve, and the total ninety-three years of residence at Notre Dame. After the banquet, speeches were in order with Father Cornelius Hagerty acting as toastmaster in the absence of Father Tom Burke, ex-officio toastmaster. George D. Haller read a burlesque prophecy of the "Lifer Twenty Years Hence." Andrew Moynihan, Everett Blackman, Norman Walter, Charles Smith and Norman Barry followed with speeches that were full of memories of bye-gone days,—of Sister Aloysius, of the Philopatrians, of football trips and banquets, of wrecked churches, of all the fights and feuds and friendships of early boyhood. Father O'Hara and Brother Alban also spoke, recalling the days when they were connected with Carroll. Among the others present were: Louis Hellert, Walton McConnell, Arthur Valles, John Bowles and Richard White. Those who were unable to be present are expected to turn out in full force at the next reunion in the spring.

—At the request of John A. McIlhenny, president of the United States Civil Service Commission, we print the following as being of possible interest to our readers:

Washington, D. C., Jan., 1918—The United States Government is in need of several hundred expert cost accountants to fill vacancies in the accounts section of the finance department of the equipment division of the signal Corps, War Department, and in other branches, for duty in Washington, D. C., or in the field, according to an announcement just issued by the United States Civil Service Commission. The salaries offered range from \$2400 to \$6000 a year. Men only are desired.

The duties of appointees to the Signal Corps will consist of the determination of production costs to airplanes and airplane motors, either as supervisors in charge at one or more of the several plants, or as assistants, or appointees may be assigned to duty in Washington, D. C.

Applicants will not be assembled for a written examination, but will be rated upon the subjects of education and experience, as shown by their applications and corroborative evidence.

The Commission states that on account of the urgent needs of the service applications for these positions will be received until further notice and that papers will be rated promptly and certifications made as the needs of the service require.

Complete information and application blanks may be obtained by communicating with the secretary of

the local board of civil-service examiners at the post office in any of the larger cities or with the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D.C.

Personals.

—"Dick" Daley (Ph. B. in Jour. '17,) has been appointed advertising manager of the Safety Deposit store, at Dunkirk, N. Y. "Dick" will be remembered for his stellar work on the basket-ball team and especially his gritty playing during his last year as Captain after an early season injury.

—James E. Deery (LL.B. '11) has announced the opening of offices in the Law Building of Indianapolis, for the general practice of law. Mr. Deery has just finished a term as City Judge of Indianapolis; he was the first incumbent of the office and incidentally the youngest judge in the United States.

—The Notre Dame Club of Cincinnati, under the presidency of Charles A. Paquette (Litt. B. and C. E., '91; M. S., '95) has issued its program of meetings for the year. The club is in a flourishing condition despite the fact that twenty-five percent of its active members are now serving their country on land and sea.

—A charming letter from Miss Katherine E. Conway to the President contains this friendly message to the students:

The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC comes regularly, and is a joy to me. I follow up the boys, especially those in France and in the training camps, as if they were my brothers.

I love the boys' letters to you and their professors . . . but oh, to see them home again! How is it all going to end? Masfield, who has been here lately, says we'll wake up some fine morning to joy-bells and peace head-lines.

Miss Conway writes the wise and piquant editorials in the Boston *Republic* and never fails to proclaim her admiration for Notre Dame or to note University activities. Miss Conway deserves to be canonized as the patron saint of friendship.

List of Contributors to the Ambulance Fund.

J. J. McGraw, \$100; R. F. Brady, \$100; J. J. Reuss, \$100; Frank Purcell, \$100; E. Sattler, \$50; L. Sattler, \$50; E. F. Dunn, \$50; J. H. Hayes, \$50; J. F. Peschel, \$50; J. H. Ryan, \$50; M. P. Gooley, \$50; A. Rodriguez Castro, \$50; James Hoskins, \$50; Mrs. E. J. O'Brien, \$50; Senior Class, \$25; Hy. A. Vallez, \$25; Donald Fitzgibbons, \$25; W. N. Oehm, \$25; P. L. Bryce, \$25; James Wheeler, \$25; George

Slaine, \$10; John Birdsell, \$10; W. P. Hayes, \$10; James Donovan, \$10; Rosa C. de Arles, \$10; Jos. Berra, \$10; Jose Gonzalez, \$10; Mrs. J. L. Rogers, \$10; Dewey Rosenthal, \$10; Thomas Daley, \$5; B. Parker, \$5; C. E. Dean, \$5; Mrs. M. Balfe, \$5; G. J. Daley, \$5; Martin Kennedy, \$5; James Dooley, \$5; Dale Vohs, \$5; Ned F. Barrett, \$5; P. J. Conway, \$2; A. K. Bott, \$2; Clarence Wilhelmi, \$2. Total, \$1191.

(Concluded from page 264.)

memorated the custom of St. Valentine's Day by a beautiful tribute to his wife in his poem, "A Blue Valentine." The poet addresses a letter to the

Rt. Rev. Bishop Valentinus, sometime of Interamna,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,

and with delicate artistry he paints a picture of his wife attired in a "blue garment, made in the manner of the Japanese." Dwelling at length upon the color of her eyes, he writes:

Her eyes, Monsignore, are so blue
That they put lovely little blue reflections on
everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall,
Or the Moon,
Or my heart.
And her soul's light shines through.

Through the entire poem is a tender declaration of affection and love for "the blueness of her eyes, and her garment made in the manner of the Japanese."

Beautiful in its thought and imagery the conclusion states the poet's request of St. Valentine:

. . . Of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with
roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady
I beg you, say to her:
'Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants
yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is
especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown.'

Athletic Notes.

INTERHALL TRACK.

With Gilfillan scoring no less than 24 points Corby Hall had an easy time winning the first interhall track meet of the year last Friday afternoon. Father Hagerty's seventh day wonder from Joliet took first in the 40-yard high hurdles, 40-yard low hurdles, high jump and broad jump, and added a second in the shot

put. Corby scored 44 points; Brownson 34 1-2, Walsh 18, Sorin 8, Badin 4 1-2.

Patterson's 9 foot handicap in the 40-yard dash carried him across the tape ahead of Captain Mulligan, who found the going from scratch altogether too fast. Men with various handicaps smothered the team's leader in the 440-yard event. The half mile brought out a new sensation in "Pete" McDonough, brother of the immortal "Andy." The younger member of the family wheeled around the six laps in 2:04 from a 35 yard handicap, and just lost the race to Jones who had 90 yards start.

Call, Van Wonterghen, and Sweeney battled it out in the mile, all three showing good time. Call won, though the two Sophomores kept him in suspense throughout the race. With the development of another distance man Notre Dame will be able to organize a four mile relay team.

Philbin's shot putting, McGinnis' broad jumping, and the pole vaulting of Rademacher, Vohs, and Powers, were the outstanding features of the meet, though heavy handicaps made it impossible for these men to do any consistent winning.

The showing of the team was an encouragement to Coach Rockne, though it only serves to emphasize the fact that much remains to be done in the way of improvement before the varsity dual meets. Three weeks of hard work is ahead of the team before the coming of Illinois. The summary:

Points by halls—Corby 44, Brownson 34 1-2, Walsh 18, Sorin 8, Badin 4 1-2.

40-yard dash—Won by Patterson (B) 9 ft.; 2nd Sheehan (C) 9 ft.; 3rd, Mulligan (S) Scratch; 4th Kennedy (Badin) 12 ft. Time 4 3-5 sec.

Shot put—Won by Dooley (C) 3 ft.; 2nd Gilfillan (C) Scratch; 3rd Owens (B) 7 ft.; 4th Hoard (Badin) 6 ft. Distance 40 ft. 6 in.

High jump—Won by Gilfillan (C) Scratch; 2nd Suttner (W) 8 in.; 3rd Kennedy (Badin) 2 in.; 4th Walters (W) 2 in. Height 5 ft. 6 1-2 in.

440-yard dash—Won by Colgan (C) 25 yds.; 2nd McConnell (W) 20 yds.; 3rd Miller (S) 5 yds; 4th Meredith (B) 5 yds. Time 54 sec.

880-yard dash—Won by Jones (B) 90 yds.; 2nd McDonough (C) 35 yds.; 3rd Slack (B) 100 yds.; 4th Powers (C). Time 2 min. 4 sec.

One mile run—Won by Call (B) Scratch; 2nd Van Wonterghen (B) 35 yds.; 3rd Sweeney (B) Scratch; 4th Murphy (B) 100 yds. Time 4 min. 43 sec.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Gilfillan (C) Scratch; 2nd., Shugrue (W) 6 ft.; 3rd. Kennedy (Badin) 9 ft. Time 5 3-5 sec.

40 Low Hurdles—Won by Gilfillan (C); 2nd Tiffany (W); 3rd Shugrue (W); 4th Kennedy (Badin). Time 5 1-5 sec.

Broad jump—Won by Gilfillan (C) Scratch; 2nd, Woods (W) 3 ft.; 3rd., McGinnis (S) Scratch; 4th, Walters (W) 1 ft.; Distance 22 ft. 5 in.

Pole vault—Won by Woods (W) 2 ft.; Powers (C), Vohs (B) and Rademacher (S) tied for 2nd. 11 ft. 6 in.

M. A. C. defeated Notre Dame 25 to 12 at Lansing last Saturday night. Notre Dame was handicapped by the curtailed floor conditions and never had a chance to win. The varsity, however, turned the tables on their opponents Thursday evening. An account of the game will be given in next Saturday's issue.

Eight contests are on the 1918 Notre Dame football schedule as announced by Athletic Director Jesse C. Harper yesterday afternoon. The official list as follows:

Sept. 28.....	Case at Cleveland
Oct. 5.....	Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame
Oct. 19.....	Nebraska at Lincoln
Oct. 26.....	W. & J. at Notre Dame
Nov. 2.....	Army at West Point
Nov. 9.....	Great Lakes Training Station at N. D.
Nov. 16.....	M. A. C. at Lansing
Nov. 23.....	Purdue at Lafayette

INTERHALL ATHLETICS.

In one of the hardest fought games of the Interhall basketball season, Brownson defeated the fast Badin five Sunday morning, 33 to 25. Maher, the Badin star, met an able opponent in Brownson's guard, Foran, who prevented the expert cager of Badin from running up his usual quota of ringers. Duffy and Flick made their presence felt in favor of Badin, while Hoar, Martin, and Vohs ran up the majority of Brownson's counters.

Sorin and Corby were scheduled for Sunday afternoon, but due to the non-appearance of Sorin, Corby agreed to a delayed date. Sorin's ability is not yet known, but the subway chaps are almost certain to present some real opposition in the games to come.

PREPS. vs. PLYMOUTH.

Coach Andrews' Prep five traveled to Plymouth last Saturday and succeeded in holding the formidable scoring machine of that town, 30-22. It was a fast exhibition and brought out sensational playing on both sides. Brady and Ward starred for the Notre Dame Preps, while Piper, assisted by a consistent support, was the individual star for Plymouth. With a little weathering Andrews' quintet should develop into head liners. Games with Elkhart, South Bend and several other nearby high schools are being considered.

Safety Valve.

TIME: The night of the St. Mary-Notre Dame dance 1945.

PLACE: A room in Sorin Hall with the usual furniture: a bed, a table, a wash stand, a bucket, five or six tobacco cans, clothes scattered all over the floor, mostly socks.

HARRY (entering)—I sure will have to speed up if I want to be over the way by 8:30 (rubs his hand over his face) That barber should be interned, he didn't get 'em half off (grasps madly at the talcum powder and begins to grow pale).

REX (entering) What's all this about? Your face looks like the Klu Klux Klann.

HARRY—Well maybe I'll wish I belonged before the evening is over. This drawing your partner by lot and not knowing whom you'll get till just before the dance is pesky. Suppose I get a hundred-and-eighty pounder who will insist on spending the evening on my bunion (takes another big daub of powder) I may wish this talcum were dynamite before the evening is over.

REX—You certainly can't kick, Harry. You've had wonderful luck for the last two years. Last year you had that little sylph-like blonde with the electric complexion and the year before that you had the belle of the dance.

HARRY (disgusted looking) Yes, the cow-bell—Why that girl actually danced on her ankles.

REX—But, Harry, she looked like a dream.

HARRY—Not a dream, a nightmare, and she walked on everybody's feet but her own.

REX—Did you see what I had. I drew the only cross-eyed girl out of the three hundred. And the year before that—don't you remember her nose? It seemed to be on a continual scouting expedition and she had a hole in her neck big enough to hold a washtub.

HARRY—Yes, but at twelve o'clock you said good-bye to her and that was the end. That sylph-like blonde, as you call her, was just getting over the measles and yours truly had them the next week. I'd have liked to die being shut up in that pest house. The only compensation was the gin they gave me to drive the measles out. (He snatches his shirt and begins mumbling to himself because the buttons won't go in.)

REX—Harry, if you draw a queen to-night I will consider it my duty to tell her that you have the habit of cursing profoundly at your collar buttons when they give you trouble.

HARRY (suddenly) Great Guns! Rex, I hope I don't get that girl I saw in the library the other day when the prefect had them out for a walk.

REX—Who was she?

HARRY—I haven't even an idea, but she looked like a hunk out of eternity. I honestly believe that girl would have to take out her teeth to smile.

REX—But perhaps she's good to her mother and can tell you the plot of "Paradise Lost."

HARRY—"Paradise Lost"? Why a girl with a face like that ought to get real pleasure out of reading a time-table or a telephone directory. (He reaches for the trousers of his dress suit. Quick CURTAIN.)

SCENE II: A gorgeously furnished room in St. Mary's College. (Lenore is standing before a mirror in a party dress powdering her nose).

MILDRED (entering)—You look just lovely Lenny. You're as pretty as a rose in that dress.

LEN—Do you really like it, Milly?

MIL—It's actually stunning (goes over and sizes up the ribbons that go over either shoulder). Better put a thumb tack in them so they won't slip down.

LEN—Don't worry, Milly. I'll take care of that. But I do wish I knew who was to be my partner this evening.

MIL—Lenny, dear, I was just thinking about this drawing of partners. There you are, as pretty as a picture and a wonderful dancer and you're liable to draw some boob of a fellow for a partner who chews tobacco and cusses, and when the clown starts dancing he's liable to think he's working for the telephone company and climb you. Why some of those fellows in Walsh Hall are made up of three-fourths feet and one-fourth vacuum. Their parents are spoiling natural born motormen or ice-wagon drivers by educating them.

LEN—Gracious, Milly, I do hope I have luck. There's one fellow over there with an ingrown face, whose ears don't fit him and he looks as though he hasn't had a bath since the flood. I'd rather become chummy with small-pox than try to acclimatize myself to him.

MILLY—But he may have a good heart?

LENNY—Yes, and his lungs and his liver may be good, but—

MILLY—Maybe he's worth a million.

LENNY—Millionaires worry me to death. The last one I went with stole my purse. They usually Hooverize on soap and clean collars, etc. I know coal heavers who would put them to shame (bell rings).

MILLY—There's the bell. Let's see—what was it that Mark Anthony said to Desdemona? "Hear it not Hamlet for it is a knell, that summons thee" (Exit).

SCENE III: The dance hall in St. Mary's Academy.

TIME: Just after the drawing of partners.

HARRY (to prefect) I drew No. 4, will you kindly tell me who has that number?

PREFECT (Beckons to girl) This way Carolina, this gentleman is to be your partner for the evening.

HARRY—(Smiling) Well I surely am very pleased to meet you, I—

NO. 4.—Puede usted hablar espanol?

What?

Yo puedo entender el inglés,

(Harry drops dead).

LENORE (to prefect) I can't find no. 23, can you help me?

PREFECT—Here's your partner (points to gentleman).

LENORE—I'm very pleased to know you.

GENT.—What?

LENORE (talking louder)—I say, it's a pleasure to know you.

GENT.—Yes, my name is Hoskins, I'm tuff.

(Lenore drops dead. Quick CURTAIN.)