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Sunshine.

THE crimson petals of a rose
Are streaked with dewy tears;
The welcome sun absorbs them fast
And drives away their fears.

Oft-times our cheeks are stained with tears,
Our hearts are steeped in grief;
But soothing words of fav'rite friends,
Bring to our souls relief.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C.

Agnes Repplier and Her Work.

BY LEO R. WARD, '22.

OF the different forms of literature none is so little at home in America as the essay. Emerson and Lowell we cling to as our greatest exponents of that which the English have used so pleasurably and withal profitably. But Emerson was limited, or perhaps he limited himself, in his appeal, and not even Lowell is to everybody's taste. The reason for our rather general neglect of the essay is not far to seek: it is too leisurely a creation. American life and thought and, hence, American letters demand something possessed of more vigor, more snap, more precipitancy. Into this neglected field a writer has, within the last quarter century, found a way and bids fair to remain. That writer is a woman, Miss Agnes Repplier of Philadelphia.

Miss Repplier stands quite alone in American letters. Since the publication of her first book, about thirty years ago, there have appeared a dozen small and almost companion volumes, all in essay form. Not without hesitation, however, did she enter the profession of writing; and the essay, she stoutly maintains, is the only vehicle of expression at her disposal. Her first writing she did for newspapers, but through the kindly encouragement of Thomas Bailey Aldrich she soon began to contribute to magazines. A

perusal of her essays in the order of their appearance shows a steady development; yet it was not until 1916 that our people in general began to take account of the power of this industrious and gifted woman. In that year appeared her latest, and what many will consider her greatest work, *Counter Currents*. Somewhat of the same character is stamped on all her writing, but characteristics which seemed mere tendencies in her earlier works culminated in *Counter Currents*. In this book her gentle ironies, or at least her frank way of putting not always welcome truths (to quote her own words, "There are few nudities so objectionable as the naked truth"), and her tendency toward what she styles "preaching" are more marked, more daring. "I always hated round-about approaches," she had said in an earlier work; and certainly in *Counter Currents* she did not employ them. Altogether this is a remarkable group of nine essays in which Miss Repplier spoke ex cathedra and in no timid terms; and it is not an exaggeration to say that of their kind they constitute the greatest production which, during the war, America contributed to letters. In them, Miss Repplier especially lamented the attitude of Americans toward the war, which we had not then entered; unable to reconcile with her sense of justice the reluctance of America to take up the torch, she voiced in daring phrases her own opinions. It is remarkable, too, how nearly her viewpoint of that day coincided with that of all of us after we had joined the forces against Germany. "If ever," she concluded prophetically, "our temper snaps beneath the strain, the anger so slow to ignite will be equally slow to extinguish." Whether these enlightening and supremely interesting essays are her best work is a point for posterity to decide; at all events they are different from the others, in degree, if not in essence, and one reader I know who, beginning with them, was greatly delighted, but could not find entertainment or profit in her other books.

The world of war and political turmoil, however, is not Miss Replier's chosen or native field. The charm of the essay, she assures us, "is born of leisure and reflection"; its place is "in the back-water where personality finds time to intrude itself delicately upon observation." Accordingly, most characteristic of Miss Replier's work is the spirit of study and of leisurely reflection. Her "base of supplies" is her library—she tells us so—and though she has spent five years in travelling abroad, to fancy her for a long time away from her books is incongruous. Her formal education, at the the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Torresdale, Pennsylvania, and later at the university of that state, was not exhaustive, but extremely intensive. In her home this same manner of intensive reading prevailed. "The few volumes we possessed," she says, "were read and re-read until we knew them by heart." Somewhere she tells us that "it is the hour of rapturous reading and of secret thinking which make for personal distinction." Early reading, so thorough, so rapturous, could hardly fail of its fruit. Yet not all her studies nor all the books she had to read were pleasing to her; as to so many other school children, the science of figures was to Agnes Replier a stumbling-block, and whatever savored of music was beyond her. A few inconsequential familiarities, like the two just mentioned, are characteristic of what Miss Replier is willing to tell of her own disposition and of the story of her own life; yet she nowhere poses, and since essayists give us nothing if not their original thought, she occasionally reveals herself.

Miss Replier's love for reading is so genuine, and both in and out of school the scope of her reading has been so encompassing that the securing of abundant material for her essays occasions little trouble. She has from her youth been a consistent reader of the classics. Not the English and the French authors alone, but likewise the old Latin and the Greek have claimed her time, and in shaping her thought and in giving life and color to all that she has written, have had a profound influence, for Homer and Horace are quoted quite as extensively as even the moderns of our own tongue. Her favorite authors are Lamb and Montaigne and Scott. In her earlier essays she wrote scarce anything in which these did not figure; in fact, her frequent citations from widely varied sources seemed her greatest fault; she herself termed it "a vicious habit." She excused herself

on the ground that so much of what she would say, she remembered some one else had said aptly before her; hence she proceeded to give us that other's way of it. Not only literary men are quoted, but also statesmen, philosophers, theologians, and economists. Despite her prodigious facility for recalling what she has read and wherein, she emphatically denies that her memory is exceptional, only that what she read in youth has enduringly impressed her.

Probably Miss Replier has written more on literary subjects than on all others; yet sympathetic readers will, I think, attach less significance to her literary criticisms than to her historical exploits. Her presentation of the latter is more easy, more natural; her subjects more engrossing and of a wider appeal; and there is in her recording of events an almost evident eagerness which manifests the delight which the years of preparation have occasioned her. Yet the literary and the historical are often fused inextricably, for she agrees with Carlyle that to study the great men of all professions is truly to study the history of the world. Hence her sources for history are widely divergent, and she has a special partiality for what others have overlooked. As the best elucidation of these statements, I quote the titles of several of her historical endeavors. "The Cavalier" many readers consider her greatest essay; it is, nevertheless, no better than several others, such as: "The Headsman," "A Quaker Diary," "The Deathless Diary," "The Beggar's Pouch," and "Consecrated to Crime." For the older essay and poem and romantic novel she has a deep-seated fondness; but as decided and undisguised an aversion for oratory and the character novel. Whatever in literature betokens sentimentality or too clearly evinces its own purpose will find no place in Miss Replier's library.

"Ignorance," Miss Replier naïvely says, "is the one common possession of mankind." This ignorance, she is convinced, would assert itself less, if we were willing to spend more time in reflection and in the study of history and less in altercations over matters which concern us not, or of which we know too little. An appreciation of the ridiculous, which Father Faber recommends as helpful in the spiritual life, she finds indispensable in the social order: "Courage and gayety, a pure mind and a kind heart, still give us the assurance of a man." She stands counter to "the carefully fostered theory that school-work can be made easy and enjoyable,"

for it "breaks down as soon as anything, however trivial, has to be learned." What should be taught to children, she asserts, is "a capacity for doing what they do not want to do, if it be a thing which needs to be done." It is in books that she finds much of her own pleasure. In "Our Friends, the Books," she states: "If there be people who can take their pleasures medicinally, let them read by prescription and grow fat! But let me rather keep for my friends those dear and familiar volumes which have given me a large share of my life's happiness."

There is good reason for the belief that Miss Repplier's works will not soon perish. Her style is direct, never too ornate, or labored; her theories of life and education, of history and economics are always well balanced, sane, practicable; and although she is past sixty years of age, there is still a telling vigor and earnestness in all that she sets her hand to. She has plied her way to the front rank of all American essayists, and, indeed, many critics think she is the foremost of them. Certainly she is to-day the leading American writer of essays, and in English she is the most prolific and successful woman essayist of all time.

The Golden Rose.

BY RAYMOND M. MURCH, '22.

In the middle of the penitential season preceding the joyful Paschal time, the Church loosens the reins of self-denial and rejoices for a day with the whole Christian world. She places aside the purple of sorrow and puts on the red garments of joy. Her "Laetare" rings through the spring air and men rejoice before entering the solemn season of the Passion.

Such a day of overflowing good-will has been selected as the most proper on which to perpetuate a time-honored institution of the Catholic Church. Hence, on that day the Holy Father in the seclusion of his chapel blesses the cherished prize of Christian virtue, the Golden Rose. After the blessing, the Rose may be given to any Catholic layman, but one of noble birth is usually selected. This is not necessary, however, for the Golden Rose is a free gift of the Pope and may be awarded to any worthy layman so that nobility is not one of the requisites of worthiness.

The exact date of the institution of the Golden Rose, like that of many of the ancient customs

of the Church, is clouded by a mist of confusing statements. Some historians, basing their belief on an extant sermon of Pope Honorius III, say that it was established in the latter part of the sixth century by a Pope Gregory, most probably Pope Gregory the Great. Another attributes the institution to the ninth century, and yet another says that it was founded by Pope Leo X in 1051. The latest date given is that by the Calvinist, Mournay, who declares that Pope Urban V was the originator during his pontificate from 1362 to 1370. Probably the true date of its founding will never be known, but it is safe to say that it existed long before the eleventh century, because in a sermon of Pope Leo X (1048-54) he speaks of it as an "ancient custom."

Originally the Rose was a single, large flower of pure gold. But by the twelfth century it had a large ruby in the center. About two centuries later, during the pontificate of Pope Sixtus IV, the prize was a thorny branch with a number of jeweled roses upon it. The topmost flower which was the largest had a tiny cup in the center. At the time of the blessing, this small receptacle was filled with balsam and musk. The sizes of the different Roses have varied considerably, but the largest one ever blessed, weighed seventy-two pounds. Marysienka, the Queen of John Sobieski, received it in honor of the deliverance of Vienna by the troops of her victorious husband.

The ceremonials of the blessing and presentation have been changed a little from the original because of the different events which have influenced Papal life. Before the middle of the thirteenth century the Golden Rose was merely presented. At that time, however, Pope Innocent IV introduced the ceremonial which lasted until the removal of the Popes to Avignon. On every Laetare Sunday the Golden Rose was blessed in the Church of the Holy Cross. After the Pontifical High Mass, during which the Pope held the Rose except at the Gradual and the Elevation, there was a solemn procession to the Lateran Palace. While riding through the streets of the city, the Pope held the Rose in his left hand and blessed the people with his right. After the arrival at the Palace, the Rose was usually given to the prefect of Rome as a reward for his acts of homage and respect. But after the removal of the Popes to Avignon, this custom had to be discontinued. Here the Rose was blessed in the Pope's private chapel.

Later on, when the Papal residence was again resumed in Rome, the former ceremonies were not continued. With one exception the Rose had been blessed ever since that time in a private chapel. In our own day it is annually blessed in the Hall of Vestments and this is immediately followed by a Solemn High Mass in the Papal Chapel. The prayer of the blessing which expresses well the meaning and purposes of the Golden Rose is as follows:

"O. God! By Whose word and power all things have been created, by Whose will all things have been directed, we humbly beseech Thy Majesty, Who art the joy and gladness of all the faithful, that Thou wouldst deign in Thy Fatherly love to bless and sanctify this rose, most delightful in odor and appearance, which we this day carry in sign of spiritual joy, in order that the people consecrated to Thee and delivered from the yoke of Babylonian slavery through the favor of Thine only begotten Son, Who is the glory and exaltation of the people of Israel and of that Jerusalem which is our Heavenly Mother, may with sincere hearts show forth their joy. Wherefore, O Lord, on this day, when the Church exults in Thy name and manifests her joy in this sign (the rose), confer upon us through her true and perfect joy, and accepting her devotion of to-day, do Thou remit sin, strengthen faith, increase piety, protect her in Thy mercy, drive away all things adverse to her and make her ways safe and prosperous, so that Thy Church, as the fruit of good works, may unite in giving forth the perfume of the ointment of that flower sprung from the root of Jesse and which is the mystical flower of the field and lily of the valley, and remain happy without end in eternal glory with all the saints."

The symbolism of the Golden Rose is of great importance. From the prayer it may be inferred that as the "Rose of Sharon" symbolizes the "rose sprung from the root of Jesse" to blossom in a new Garden of Eden. When it was presented to emperors and kings with the cap and sword, it typified the Supreme Kingship of Christ and our subservience to Him. And again the Golden Rose with the thorns symbolizes the close connection of the spirit of suffering with the joys of life. Pope Innocent III said that the gold, balsam and musk were respectively figures of the Divinity, Soul, and Body of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Many persons of rank and historical impor-

tance have received the Golden Rose as a reward for their Christian example. Henry VIII, King of England, had received three roses before he apostatized. They were presented by Pope Julius II in 1510, by Pope Leo X in 1514, and by Pope Clement VII in 1524. Sigismund, the Emperor of Germany, received one from Pope John XXIII and another from Pope Eugenius IV. The first woman to receive the Golden Rose was Joanna I, Queen of Naples. Pope Urban V presented it to her in 1368. Many famous women whose names are very closely associated with the history of Western Europe have also received this prize. The most important of these are Catherine de Medici who received it from Pope Paul III in 1548; Maria Theresa, from Pope Clement XII in 1668; and Queen Isabella of Spain, from Pope Alexander VI in 1493. The Golden Rose has thrice found recipients in the new world. Pope Pius IX sent it to the Empress Charlotte of Mexico in 1856. Twenty-four years later Pope Leo XIII presented it to Isabella, the Princess Imperial of Brazil. In 1891 Miss Caldwell of Philadelphia, whose philanthropic generosity permitted the founding of the Catholic University at Washington, was the first citizen of the United States to receive the coveted award. The last Golden Rose was sent to Queen Henrietta of Belgium by Pope Leo XIII in 1893.

Although the Rose is usually presented personally by the Pope in Rome, it may, nevertheless, be sent by a special nuncio of episcopal rank to the recipient. A plenary indulgence is given with it to one receiving it with the proper dispositions. The Rose need not be given every year and in such cases it is blessed again and again until a worthy recipient is found.

All Catholics appreciate this institution. They look upon each person who has received the Golden Rose as one favored by God with the graces to advance in Christian virtue; they esteem them as the recognized princes of Catholicism, and honor them as the most worthy of the followers of Christ's command to His Apostles: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

My Friend.

I've sought all my life for happiness
And now at the rainbow's end
I find that my golden treasure
Is all in the heart of my friend.

Marse Henry Watterson.

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

"Marse Henry, we greet you!"

A cartoonist in the recent Marse Henry edition made one of his characters speak thus to that grand old man of American journalism,—Watterson of the *Courier-Journal*. Similar greetings, real greetings, came from a thousand hearts the nation over, tributes of esteem from the mightiest and the humblest in the land.

The edition was a remarkable tribute to a remarkable man. It was published by the *Courier-Journal* to commemorate the seventy-ninth birthday of Henry Watterson and the beginning of the sixth decade of his editorial labors on the *Courier-Journal*.

Judge Robert W. Bingham, publisher, and R. E. Hughes, general business manager of the *Courier-Journal*, planned long to commemorate the unmatched achievements of the dean of American newspaper men. The special edition until the time of its publication was an absolute secret in so far as Marse Henry was concerned. While he enjoyed his usual winter rest in Florida his friends at the home office were toiling day and night in a "work of love and affection." The special must be made the best of its kind, they said, and the product of their efforts fully measured up to the time and the occasion.

The edition contained expressions of good will from the most prominent Americans of all walks of life. Speaking of the tributes paid by the greatest in the land to Marse Henry, Judge Bingham asserted that the appreciations as printed will be "a basket of flowers which the years cannot wither."

Three sections and a supplement independent of the regular news, feature and comic sections of the *Sunday Courier-Journal* appeared in the Marse Henry edition. The first section of four 22-inch, 8-column pages contained the first five chapters of "Looking Backward" and a year-by-year chronological summary of the important events in the world's history during the seventy-nine years of Mr. Watterson's life. The supplement also contained pictures of Marse Henry taken fifty, thirty and fifteen years ago. The "Looking Backward" chapters, which appeared originally in the *Saturday Evening Post*, were

accompanied by three original drawings by James Preston.

Nineteen cartoons by nineteen of the foremost cartoonists in the country appeared in the second section, which also contained 262 tributes paid by men in all parts of the United States and of Europe. A majority of the cartoons and the illustrations in the "Looking Backward" section were most attractively blended in dark green over buff tint blocks.

Charles K. Berryman of the *Washington Evening Star* made a special trip to Florida to sketch Mr. Watterson. The production was used as a frontispiece for Section A of the special edition.

R. F. Outcault drew the Section B cover cartoon. He made Buster and Tige, the famous comic page characters, pay his tribute to Marse Henry. Cliff Sterritt, originator of Polly and Her Pals, had his characters saluting a portrait of Marse Henry. "Petey Dink," another cartoon character, wished Marse Henry "many happy returns of the day."

"Marse Henry and the might of his pen gave backgrounds for cartoons by Rollin Kirby of the *New York World* who showed him passing the seventy-ninth milestone astride the Democratic donkey; by R. S. Satterfield of the Newspaper Enterprise Association of Cleveland, who aptly worked in the phrase 'write is might'; by Frank M. Spangler of the *Montgomery Advertiser* who pictured Marse Henry's pen shattering the sword of demogogy and stabbing the self-seeker; by Jay N. Darling of the *Des Moines Register and Times* with Marse Henry astride his pen riding and writing 'Real Americanism' across the continent, and A. J. Van Leshout of the *Courier-Journal* picturing Marse Henry, the fighter, armored and armed with his pen, protecting blind 'Justice!'"

Other cartoonists characterized Mr. Watterson as the champion defender of liberty. Fitzpatrick of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* pictured him upholding the Goddess of Liberty "When the ruins of the Twentieth Century are unearthed." Rogers of the *New York Herald* and Paul Plaschke of the *Louisville Times* also played up the liberty ideas.

"Mt. Watterson" towered high above all other peaks in a range of mountains,— "Newspaper Range," portrayed by Nelson Harding of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Page of the *Nashville Tennessean* characterized Watterson as the

perpetual inspiration of cartoonists, and A. B. Chapin of the St. Louis *Republic* thought Marse Henry communed with Ponce de Leon at the Fountain of Youth.

Harry C. Temple of St. Louis contributed a drawing showing a butler bringing in a big bouquet of flowers,—the Marse Henry edition. Louis Richard, also of St. Louis, pictured Uncle Sam thanking Marse Henry for the many volumes his genius had filled.

Notable among the features of the edition was a group of letters, telegrams and cablegrams from General Pershing, Admiral Sims, Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, and M. Tardieu. Secretary of the Navy Daniels and other cabinet officers presented glowing compliments. "Uncle Joe" Cannon who served in Congress with Marse Henry during the famous Tilden-Hayes controversy of 1876, sent his expression of high esteem. Politics played no part in the tributes. They came from men of all creeds. The press of the nation poured forth its praise in generous measure.

As a special supplement a reproduction of Mr. Watterson's latest portrait accompanied each copy of the paper. The portrait was painted by Louis Mark of New York and now hangs in the Manhattan Club of New York City.

Marse Henry's own edition reached Mr. Watterson on Monday morning, the day after publication. It was a complete and great surprise.

Besides the pictures, cartoons and national tributes there were contributions by Cabinet members, senators, representatives, governors, authors, clergymen, educators, poets, labor leaders, editors and publishers and prominent newspaper men. Fifty editors of leading daily newspapers contributed special articles. Their united efforts produced what proved to be the greatest tribute ever paid to a newspaper man in this or in any country.

The name of Watterson and the *Courier-Journal* will forever remain inseparably linked. Watterson made the *Courier-Journal* and his publication in turn did a lot toward establishing its editor's fame.

Marse Henry was born in Washington, February 16, 1840. His father, a representative, had succeeded James K. Polk as a congressman from a Tennessee district. In the first chapters of his memoirs, "Looking Backward," Marse Henry recalls the great political figures of the

period that immediately preceded the Civil War. Watterson prefers to call the uprising the War of the Sections. He insists that, save in parts of Kentucky and Maryland, the struggle was most certainly not a civil war.

During the most exciting days of American history, those just previous to the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, Watterson was a reporter in the press galleries at Washington. Shortly after Sumter was fired on he immediately gave to the cause of the South "all that he was and all that he had."

His memoirs contain tales of several thrilling war experiences. Once he broke through the Union lines and started to Europe on a mission for the Confederacy. Towards the latter days of the war he went into journalism in Tennessee as a writer of Confederate propaganda.

In 1868 Marse Henry associated himself with Walter N. Haldeman of the *Louisville Journal*. They formed a partnership which lasted till the death of the latter, and consolidated the *Journal* with the *Courier*. That marked the beginning of a career that has constantly cast glory on both the editor and the paper for over half a century.

Watterson's sane counsel and his uncompromising opposition to public policies intended to perpetuate sectionalism and race hatred, gained for him a name that made him a national figure. His courage and his vision brought the Democratic party out of the rut, and he is generally conceded to have brought Samuel J. Tilden to the fore as a presidential possibility.

No man in the country has done more to give the public a nation-wide understanding of Abraham Lincoln than has Henry Watterson. His Lincoln lectures appealed strongly not only to Northerners but to Southerners as well. Watterson showed Lincoln the man to the South and the Southerners have come gradually to attach to the name of Lincoln fully as much reverence as do Northerners.

Marse Henry has interpreted changing conditions throughout the nation for half a century. His service to humanity has been kindly and great. At the end of fifty years he sought to forsake forever the field of journalistic endeavor, he intended to retire,—but the public still insisted that the nation wanted Marse Henry's editorials. As editor-emeritus of the *Courier-Journal* his occasional editorials meet the demands of the people he loves.

Roof-Garden Episodes.

ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

I call it a roof garden out of courtesy. Its only claim to such a title lay in the fact that it possessed a few potted plants. At any rate, it was a roof. It covered the central portion of the house, and was bounded on one side by a high wall, on the other side by a low one; in the rear the wall of the little store-room wherein reposed all the bound volumes of the *Literary Digest*, and the glass rain-cover of the back *patio* cut it away from the four-storied and aristocratic abode of the widow Crocker. Along the side of the low wall there ran a long, greenhouse-like structure which kept the rain off the front *patio* and, incidentally, let the light in.

This area of tiles and sunshine was certainly a delightful playground, as I found out during the days of my first summer vacation in Montevideo. During my months at the Kindergarten. I had sadly missed Joe, who was naturally the most obliging of brothers; but the most obliging of brothers could be of little help to me when I never saw him. Hence it was a happy day for me late in November when I had been out of Kindergarten for a week and Joe brought home his medals and his books from the Jesuit college. Then began the days of real sport. Besides Joe and me, Helen and Pat would occasionally consent to play with us. Joe and Pat were certainly masters at the art of inventing new pastimes and adapting old ones to the roof garden; and they were nothing short of geniuses when it came to manufacturing the necessary paraphernalia.

Thanks to Joe and Pat, the roof-garden soon became a varied stage, the scene of many a wreck, many an Indian fight, and many a daring raid. Nor did we by any means confine our activities to our own roof, but went far afield in search of adventure. The high wall on the one side and the low wall on the other were continuations of the walls which separated our house from the houses adjoining. The difference in height of the walls was due to the fact that the houses were on a gentle slope which led up from the bay, the houses along the street forming a sort of giant's stairway.

The high wall of course challenged exploration first. Many of our early raids had the roof

beyond as their objective. It was very exciting in one place especially where we crawled along a narrow coping, with our own roof seven feet below on one side and the kitchen court of our Spanish neighbors twenty-five feet below on the other side. The first time, we climbed to the quarter-deck—the roof of the little storeroom—with strong purpose and with never a thought of mishap, we climbed over. Once we were on the foreign soil, a single footstep on the stair which led to the roof caused us to retreat in disorder,—in which I was left alone on the roof, the only one who could not get back. Senor Garcia proved to be very pleasant, however, and told me that we were free to use his roof as a playground whenever we felt disposed.

Our success with the Spaniard gave us confidence, and we promptly decided that at the very first opportunity we should drop over into the flower-gardens of Mr. Carter, who lived just over the low wall. The next day Joe and Pat had gone out to the bathing beach, and Helen, mother and I were the only ones at home. Helen and I were up on the roof, and mother was below decks; so we decided that the time was ripe for a swift, stealthy invasion of Mr. Carter's dominions.

Carter's roof was some seven feet below the top of the wall, but there was little difficulty in reaching it, as a soft flower bed lay conveniently below our jumping-off place. Helen jumped first and I followed, let down by her, so as to spare me the effort and especially the courage necessary to make the jump. We explored the roof thoroughly and found it most satisfactory, especially because of its extent. We could walk to the very front of the building and look over a low wall into the street. It was absolutely unbroken except by one small skylight in the center.

It was a most accommodating roof too. When we decided to go home we found a chair and a cracker box by the skylight, as if placed there especially for our convenience. We took them and carefully placed them amid Mr. Carter's flowers. Then came Mr. Carter. I had just been hoisted to our roof when he appeared at the opening of the stairway which connected his beloved roof garden with his bachelor apartments below. Helen was a very chastened little girl when she emerged from Carter's street door a few minutes later. She had learned something about the difficulty of raising English pansies upon a roof in South America. None of

us ever ventured to visit that flower garden again.

Still, there was enough fun to be had on our own roof and on Garcia's, where there were no imported flowers. Often our roof was a pirate hulk manned by Joe and Pat while Garcia's was a heavy-laden Indiaman, whose crew was composed of Helen and me. Joe and Pat would scramble out of the window of their bedroom, or over the quarter-deck by way of the coping, board our craft, sink her, and carry us back as captives to their ship. We were, of course held for ransom, which generally consisted of chocolate and cakes with the Garcia's. The prisoners were always given a share of the ransom, and altogether we enjoyed very much being "pirated."

What a life we lived those days; what stories we invented; what noble dramas we enacted, and what glorious times we had in the golden November sun, with nothing to do but play! That was a life worth living! I wonder if many men could find so much unalloyed delight in the most thrilling romance as we found in the treasure chests of our imaginings as we sailed the seas of fancy in our good ship. Those were certainly red-letter days of my childhood, those days of the roof-garden during my first summer in Montevideo.

Freshman Thoughts.

Mistakes are assets when not repeated.

He who laughs last delays the next story.

Short accounts make long friends.

Work for a reputation and it will work for you.

Steel is weakened by losing its temper; so is man.

It is not what you read that counts, but what you heed.

It is often harder work to escape work than to do it.

The present is the time to make the future a happy past.

A blank cartridge never hit the bull's eye; study, learn.

It is all right to say what you think, if you know how to think.

It is not what we are going to do, but what we have done that counts.

I regret that I have but one life to give for my country—but who wants to be a cat?

Englishmen on Ireland.

The Irish peasant is a natural gentleman.—*George W. Steevens.*

Lord, how quickly doth that country alter men's natures!—*Spenser.*

I have always maintained that in every relevant sense of the term Ireland is a nation.—*ex-Premier Asquith.*

By the laws of God, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England.—*Dean Swift.*

There dwell sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor and mild modesty.—*Spenser.*

In every colony of the Empire, and among the motley multitudes of the United States, the Irish are distinguished by their energy, their industry, and their success.—*Joseph Kay.*

A vast proportion of real Americans are among the most courageous, intelligent, and self-respecting people in the world. Some attribute this to the fact that a vast portion of the real Americans are Irishmen.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, to common prudence, and to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

I am quite certain that Ireland is a nation. I am quite certain that nationality is the key of Ireland; I am quite certain that all our failure in Ireland arose from the fact that we could not in spirit treat it as a nation.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

I believe it would be far better if there were no representation at all [in the British House of Commons], because the Irish people would not then be deluded by the idea that they had a representative government to protect their interests.—*John Bright, 1848.*

Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all countries; find if you can, a single book in which the conduct of England towards Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

I have been informed by many of those that had judicial places in Ireland, and know partly of my own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world that are greater lovers of Justice than the Irish; which virtue must needs be accompanied by many others.—*Lord Coke.*

Train Time:

BY J. WILLIAM BURKE, '22.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the red platform of the town railway station, and little blots of golden resin shone like jewels under the white light. The rays of the sun were blindingly bright upon the rails which flow along like two streams of molten silver. Beyond the track, stretching away in billows, the creamy bloom of the sweet clover seemed too drowsy to stir under the steady downpour of the white sunlight. In the shadow cast by the projection of the telegrapher's office, a long, lanky young fellow in overalls, his straw hat covering his face, slept upon a baggage truck. There was no sound except the spasmodic chatter of the telegraph key, and the buzz of an occasional fly pirouetting above the head of the sleeping villager. Even the buzz of the flies melted after a little into the monotonous hum of the bees bustling among the clover.

The ticker speaks with more regularity and determination now. A buggy, gray with dust, rattles up the white road, swings around the corner and draws up to the platform. A shrill whistle rends the silence like a sharp knife. The lad on the baggage truck sits up, yawns, and stretches his arms. The engine rounds the corner, trailing after it waving pennants of black smoke. A low thunder which runs along the rails, vibrates through the platform and rattles the windows of the little ticket office, grows louder as the monster comes on like Fate, swift and inevitable. In a moment the great beast rushes alongside the platform with a grinding and scraping of breaks, and stands impatiently snorting and hissing. A young girl alights from the coach and is driven away in the waiting buggy. A crate of chickens is carried from a freight room and lifted onto the express car; the conductor waves his hand to the engineer; the bell clangs riotously; great balls of black smoke belch from the smoke-stack, and the train with gathering speed moves out of sight. Solitude and silence roused from their slumber drop back on their pillows again. The long, lanky lad in overalls stretches himself again in the shadow, the hum of the bees suddenly drifts into your ear, and the white sun beats fiercely upon the platform and the shining rails and the unmelting snow of the clover. And so the little town has relapsed into the dozy quiet which prevails at all hours except train time.

Twentieth Century Limited.

HARRY J. HOFFMAN, '22.

The lobby of the hotel was crowded. Men lounged in large black leather chairs, smoking cigars and reading the papers; others stood in groups discussing prices, the peace treaty and the probable winner of the baseball pennant. The elevator darted up and down exchanging a couple of travelling salesmen with their trim leather sample cases for a gold braided bell-boy, both hands gripping satchels, followed by a patron with a bag of golf sticks flung over his shoulder.

I walked around the lobby looking for an empty chair and I was lucky enough to find one near the door of a small parlor. I sat down and was beginning to doze when my attention was arrested by a conversation that took place in the parlor at my left.

"Now you be real good and behave yourself like you should, you little dear, and don't crawl around on the floor like that or you will get yourself all dirty. I am going to take you to the banquet to-night, and I can't take you unless you look your best."

"Get out from under that chair; I told you not to crawl around on the floor. Do you hear me?"

"Now don't step on your ribbon and tear it. I think it makes you look real becoming and I won't stand for your spoiling it."

"Don't pull my dress like that, you dear; you might tear it, and then we could not go to the banquet. Go over and sit down on that chair. Now you mind me or I will have to spank you! That's a good dear."

"Keep your feet off of the furniture or you will scratch it. Can't you understand what I am telling you? Now you get right down and come over here to me. You have the bow all out of your ribbon and I will have to fix it for you. Mother hates to scold her little darling but she wants to teach him how to behave."

"Now let go my dress; I told you once before not to pull it for fear it would tear. That's a dear."

"Your mother loves her little sweetie better than all the world and she would not leave you or give you up for anything."

"Do you love me dear as much as I do you?"

"Bow wow, bow wow!"

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Individual men are allowed liberty and self-determination if they are possessed of right reason and self-control. The more reasonable

Are the Irish Fit for Self-Government?

and self-controlled, an individual is the more liberty is he fitted to enjoy. The fitness or unfitness of a nation for self-government should be judged by the same standard. If the leaders of a people clearly perceive justice and make it evident that they do so by their writings, speeches, and conduct, we may conclude that a nation governed by such men is reasonable and self-controlled and therefore fit for independence. The Irish people have as intellectual leaders such men as Reverend Michael Cronin, the author of the splendid work, "The Science of Ethics," and Dr. Coffey, the brilliant disciple of Cardinal Mercier. They have had for political and social leaders such scholarly and pious men as Padraic Pearse and Thomas MacDonagh; they have still, after the English Phillistines have slaughtered their bravest and best, such guiding minds as Griffith, De Valera, and Count Plunkett. It is necessary merely to read the writings of the men who are directing the movements of the rejuvenated Gael to realize that Ireland is now reaping the harvest of her long fidelity to the principles of Christianity. The minds and hearts of the Irish leaders are in thorough accord with the spirit and teaching of Christianity. If such a people is not fit for self-determination, then what mysterious and subtle gifts are required? "You shall know the truth and the truth will make you free." Having

held steadfastly to the truth of Christ, Ireland today walks in the light of vision. If England were wise she would fall at Ireland's feet and beg Christian Ireland to guide blind, pagan England back to Christ and to light. Then gloomy England might become the "merrie England" Shakespeare made us love.

It will take a generation or so to eradicate the evil effects of the American saloon. So far reaching has been its influence that it has touched

all parts of the body social. Hence the closing of the saloon will not at once reveal all the advantages of prohibition. It is not possible to pass a law that will eradicate such old, wide-spread, and deeply grafted evils in a trice. But as the years pass the beneficial effects of temperance will be increasingly manifest. The next generation will no doubt wonder what sort of people we were to tolerate so long such a monstrous institution as the saloon. Meanwhile we must make such blessings doubly sure by a strict enforcement of the law.—E. W. H.

In a recent number of one of our popular magazines there appeared a cartoon showing a consumptive soldier with the hand of a nurse upon his shoulder directing him. He was gazing upward, and his blank eyes and sunken cheeks bespoke plainly the malady from which he was suffering. He was one of the many American soldiers who have returned from overseas with the seal of consumption upon them, having contracted the fell disease in the service of their country. What will be done with these men? In the truest sense may it be said that they have given us their all. Shall we allow them to pay any the slightest unnecessary penalty for their patriotism in our behalf? Shall we, after helping nearly every country of the world with our charity, allow these heroes of ours to waste away in a slow death worse than that of the battlefield, if we can do anything to prevent it? Every true American will answer with a prompt and practical negative. These stricken heroes deserve all we can give them and more. Let the American people build proper homes for them and provide them the best attendance that can be given. Thus we may show appreciation of the service of the American Army.—T. C. D.

Work of the Local F. O. I. F.

The executive committee of the local branch of the "Friends of Irish Freedom" believes that the slow progress made in recruiting active members is caused by a desire on the part of the pledged members and other potential members to know first what the local organization has already accomplished and what has been done with the funds so far collected. For their information on these points the committee publishes this report.

Two hundred and twenty-five written pledges to join the branch are in the hands of the officers. One hundred and four of the pledges have been redeemed. The accounts of the Society show the following:

\$208.00 received in dues;
 \$174.20 expenses to date;
 \$ 34.80 amount in treasury.
 \$ 85.00 sent to national secretary for membership fees;
 \$ 21.00 expended in buying literature;
 \$ 5.00 for branch affiliation fee;
 \$ 60.00 for sending delegate to National Convention;
 \$ 2.65 for printing of pledge cards;
 \$ 00.55 for telegram to National Secretary.

The majority of the membership cards of those who have paid up have been already distributed. With each card delivered there has also been given one copy of "Ireland" by Katherine Hughes, and one copy of "The Irish Issue" by Captain Moloney, of which books one hundred copies of each kind were purchased. The expenses of the delegate to the National Convention of the United Irish Societies held in Philadelphia under the auspices of the "Friends of Irish Freedom", were held to be entirely justified and well-spent by the wide advertising it gave to the fact that there was a live energetic branch of the F. O. I. F. at Notre Dame. There remain nineteen names to be sent in to the National Secretary, each accompanied by one dollar national membership fee, which will leave in the treasury a residuum of \$15.80.

Considering that the officers and members of the branch are students with much less leisure and more confined scope of activities than members of other branches elsewhere, the large list of things already accomplished is very creditable. Speakers have been developed in the branch itself; these have advocated the Cause on many platforms in neighboring towns

and states. Progress is being made in the formation of other branches, the local members acting as a kind of 'walking delegates.' There are a number of speakers here who are ready at any time to respond to an invitation to address audiences within a reasonable distance. The local branch is taking the initiative in organizing a state convention for Indiana to take place before the close of the schoolyear if possible.

Through the courtesy of Father Carrico, the columns of the SCHOLASTIC are open to the writers of the branch who are specially capable of furthering the Cause by the use of the pen. The recent number of this paper which was entirely devoted to the Irish cause attracted practically nation-wide attention from both friends and enemies. Part of the issue was reprinted in the "Irish World," a paper with a long record of strong influence in American political life. Correspondence from various places from coast to coast has been received as a result of the publicity allowed us through the medium of the SCHOLASTIC—letters which varied from the warmest sympathy to the most abusive denunciation.

An endeavor has also been made to arouse and make permanent among the students of the University an interest in Irish life, history, folklore, civilization, customs, art, literature, and drama, and to this end Irish lecturers and entertainers have been secured to appear before the student body under the auspices of the local branch. One of the finest collections of Irish books in this country is contained in the University library; and with a donation from the Indiana Ancient Order of Hibernians as a nucleus, an effort is being made to make Notre Dame the Irish library center of America. Relics of Robert Emmet, Thomas Moore, of the famous Irish Brigade, of General Meagher, and other noted Irishmen, which are in the keeping of the University library, make Notre Dame peculiarly well fitted to be a leader in the revival of Irish culture. Among the most valued possessions of the University is the original office file of "The Nation," that organ of Young Ireland, in whose service so many of the most gifted pens of nineteenth century literature were employed.

The officers of the branch would greatly appreciate the co-operation of the pledged members in the redemption of their pledges, because the officers are as hard-pressed for time as any of the students, and are giving their time and services

generously without any recompense save the satisfaction of serving Ireland. If every student who signed a pledge to pay his membership fee and every other student who is generous enough to do something for an ideal, will make an effort to come at once to Rooms 231, 203, or to the Rector's office in Sorin Hall and leave his name and the two dollars for the yearly fee sometime before May 20th, the officers will procure for all who do so their membership cards and literature before the end of the schoolyear.

Local News.

—Mr. Arthur Freeze, general manager of the Phoenix Life Insurance Company, of Chicago, and an old Notre Dame football star, spoke before the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce Wednesday. Mr. Freeze gave the prospective commercial wizards a most instructive talk on salesmanship, outlining the manner of winning the attention of the prospect and getting the article sold.

—When Charles Davis' Novelty Orchestra strikes off the first strains of the instructive number "You Can't Shake that Shimmie Here" at the South Bend Country Club Wednesday evening, May 21, the 1919 junior 'Prom' will start in full swing. This year's event bids fair to break all former records.

—Positions for teachers in the high school of Union City, Tennessee, are open to Notre Dame graduates in the following subjects at the approximate salaries per month: languages, \$100.00; mathematics, \$90.00; junior high school English and mathematics, \$70.00; English and algebra, \$80.00; manual training, \$100.00; Anyone interested in these positions may address Mr. R. H. Baldwin, Principal, Ury and College Streets, Union City, Tennessee.

—Reverend Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., vice-president of the University and, till a few days ago, chaplain, with the rank of captain, in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, arrived at the University Wednesday evening amid the heartiest cheers of the student body. Father Walsh volunteered his services to the country at the outbreak of war, was commissioned first lieutenant, and went across in the spring of 1917. During the last several months Father Walsh was head of all army chaplains in the Paris district. He was raised to the rank of captain shortly before his discharge. Recently he was transferred and stationed with a casual

division at St. Aignon, France, to await his ship for return to this country.

—The Kentucky Club entertained Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, at their annual banquet, in the Wedgewood Room of the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening. Prof. Cooney, dean of the journalism department of the University and honorary member of the club, gave the Southerners a few "pointers" on the necessity of a college education. Father Cavanaugh in response to a toast by Edward O'Connor spoke on "Kentuckians I Have Known."

—Among the several entertainers at the Summer School session will be Mr. Rudolph Reuter, of New York City, a pianoist of national repute. Mr. Reuter received much of his musical education abroad, and in the beginning of his career there achieved very high success. The leading musical organizations of America have been urgent in their demands upon him. He has been engaged by such well-known companies as the Kneisel Quartet, the Minneapolis Orchestra, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. In the larger cities he has won enviable recognition, and critics everywhere label his technique and interpretations as brilliant.

—A bulletin has been received from the Government announcing a civil-service examination for a specialist in animal husbandry and dairying, at a salary of \$1800-\$2500, to be held on June 3, 1919. A vacancy in the States Relations Service, Department of Agriculture, for duty in Washington, D. C., and future vacancies of a similar nature are to be filled from this examination. Certification to fill higher salaried positions will be made from those attaining the highest average percentages. Competitors are rated, without reporting for examination at any place, on the following subjects: (a) General education and scientific training, 30 weights; (b) Special training and experience in animal husbandry and dairying, including qualifications in modern languages, 40 weights; (c) Abstracting of English articles (to be filed with application), 30 weights. Graduation from a college or university of recognized standing and, in addition, at least one year of graduate study or one year of experience in instruction or research work, is a prerequisite for consideration for this position. For further particulars inquire of Professor William Farrell. —J. S. MEYERS.

Attention, Chicago Alumni.

Fred L. Steers (LL. B., 1911), president of the Chicago Notre Dame Club, requests that the attention of the alumni and the other old students of Chicago be called to some coming events. The following paragraphs from his letter of May 13th to Father Moloney, secretary of the Alumni Association, will perhaps best serve the purpose:

"We are exerting our best efforts here to create spirit and enthusiasm for the Notre Dame Glee Club concert to be given in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on June 6th, and the annual Notre Dame commencement exercises. We had a luncheon in the Morrison Hotel yesterday, at which a committee was organized to reach all local alumni and old students and induce them, if possible, to take tickets to the concert. We have another luncheon scheduled for next Monday, at which time the committee is to report; and further plans will be made to communicate with our boys.

"The Notre Dame Club of Chicago will hold its belated annual meeting and election of officers on Thursday evening of May 22nd, at the Hotel Brevoort. A dinner will be served at 6:30 p. m. It is the intention of the officers to make the affair a reception to the returning soldiers, sailors, and marines who reside hereabouts and claim Notre Dame as their Alma Mater.

"At both of these affairs we shall do everything we can to have as large an attendance of our members as possible at commencement. If you have a program outlined already, I should be glad to have a copy of it. I suggest that you give these affairs of the Chicago alumni as much publicity as possible in the SCHOLASTIC. It is the only medium we have of reaching Notre Dame men in large numbers. As yet we have had very little news of the commencement I think that more publicity in the SCHOLASTIC would tend to bring back a large number of the alumni and former students from all parts of the country."

The Notre Dame commencement will be held on the Saturday evening, Sunday, and Monday of June 7th, 8th and 9th. The program for these days is almost completed and will be published if possible in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Personals.

—Daniel E. Kauffman, a former Preparatory student, is now a sergeant in the Army of Occupation.

—John "Stubey" Campbell (Arch., '17) is now working as an architect at Camp Knox, West Point, Kentucky.

—"Red" Byrnes and "Bill" Henry made a short visit to the University a week ago. "Bill" was a varsity debater.

—Lieut. John M. O'Mally (former Preparatory student) is in France with the 79th Division. John expects to be among the last to return to America.

—"Art" Lydon (E. E. Short Course, '16) is now an electrical engineer in a Wisconsin shipyard. Those who know "Art" have no doubt of his success.

—Ensign Francis Cork McGrain (LLB., '18), a member of the 1917 and 1918 basketball squad, expects to receive his discharge within the next few weeks.

—Harry Newning, of the 1914 and 1915 baseball squads, visited old friends recently. Harry carries three service stripes as evidence of his work abroad.

—Gerald Noonan (old student) writes from New York: "Just a hastily scribbled note to let you know I am back home again,—badly bent, but nevertheless home."

—Michael F. Scully writes that he will return next year to the University to finish his course in Journalism. At present "Mike" has a column in the Shreveport *Times*.

—Dr. Leo J. Kelly of Joliet writes that Edwin Tredell is a captain and his brother George a lieutenant in the Aviation Corps. The Tredell Brothers are both old students.

—James E. Sanford (Ph. B., '15) is the circulation manager of *Qu' Est-ce Que C'est*, the paper published by the American students of the University of Toulouse. "Jim" is a brother to "Joe" Sanford of Corby Hall.

—Captain Alfred "Dutch" Bergman recently became the father of a "Flying Dutchman," Alfred Bergman, Jr. It is reported that Coach Rockne has listed little "Dutch" as a possible member of the 1937 varsity.

—It has been reported that Daniel Quinlan (LLB., '17) was married recently. The newly married couple will take up their residence in

Rochester, New York, where "Dan" will practice law. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations in the name of numerous friends.

—Word has been received of the marriage of Morrison A. Conway (C. E. '14) to Miss Mary Caroline Manning at St. Andrew's Church, Portland, Oregon. The University extends felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Conway.

—The report comes that Raymond "Pat" Brennan, a Carrol Hall student in 1910 and 1911, was gassed while in France with the Canadian Army. It takes more than mere gas to down a Carrollite, however, and as a result "Pat" still lives.

—Mr. John F. Daly (Ph. B., '12), President of the Title and Trust Company, Portland, Oregon, has been added to the Board of Directors of the Hibernia Savings Bank itself. Mr. Daly is among the most successful financial men of the West.

—Mr. Seumas MacManus, LL. D., '17, writes: "I am putting before me the task of compiling in popular form *The Story of the Irish Race*," a book that will be both a history of Ireland and a history of the race. I want to try to make it attractive, as history is too often unattractive—to make it (what it really is), more readable, more interesting, more gripping, even to the average reader, than any novel." The SCHOLASTIC wishes the noted writer abundant success in his noble undertaking and hopes that his forthcoming book will be a "best-seller." It will not be published, we understand, before next fall.

—"Cy" Williams (B. S. Arch. '13), who has donned the Philadelphia National uniform for the season, is evoking considerable praise for his fielding ability. The following brief account from the New York *Times* features two Notre Dame men in one play, Williams and Jean Dubuc, of pitching fame: "There is a bucko on the Phillies' club who is all wool and several yards high. That is Cy Williams, the human beanpole, who gambols in center field. Williams played the entire outfield, making pretty catches in left, center and right. Simply because he is constructed along the same architectural ideas as the Bunker Hill Monument, Cy robbed Dubuc of a home run in the third inning. Johnny, with two out, crashed a long drive to right center, which was ticketed for a through trip to the fence. This Williams person stretched

himself out like a giraffe, leaped skyward, and caused the ball to stop momentarily in its flight. Instead of a home run, Dubuc got only a three bagger." When a Notre Dame batter and a Notre Dame fielder get together on the same field we would expect just such a play as that.

—In a recent letter to Father Cavanaugh, Mr. C. A. Reeve of Plymouth, Indiana, the father of Lieut. Charles B. Reeve (a student before the war), who gave his life for his country, expresses his regret at the resignation of our President. With the letter was a clipping from a current newspaper containing a letter from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington which stated that the distinguished service cross had been conferred posthumously upon his son "for extraordinary heroism in action near St. Etienne, France, October 3-9, 1918. After the battalion commander had become a casualty, he assumed command and showed exceptional dash and skill in attack. When his battalion had been halted by a heavy machine gun fire, he commanded and led a charge through an open field, gaining the objective." Mr. Reeve writes: "I can not speak too highly of the University during the three years that our son, Charles B. Reeve, attended there. . . . The environments of the school were such that they elevated him to the highest standards of manhood, both mentally and morally, as his short career after leaving school demonstrated."

—We quote the following article, entitled "War Journalists from Notre Dame," from a recent issue of *America*: "The School of Journalism at Notre Dame has evidently given an excellent account of itself during war time. The following have been some of the activities of its graduates: Graduates of the School of Journalism at Notre Dame were prominent in the publication of army newspapers during the war. According to facts recently established at least fifteen were connected with army publications in this country and in France. Four Notre Dame men were members of the staff of the *Stars and Stripes*, the official organ of the A. E. F. in France. The business manager is a former Notre Dame man. Newspapers in cantonments of the Southwest, and at Camp Grant, Camp Pike, Camp Taylor, Camp Devens, Dorr Field, Ellington Field, and Selfridge Field were published in whole or in part by former Notre Dame men. Since the signing of the

armistice many of the graduates have taken up newspaper work in New York and Chicago. This is but one of the many ways in which education has proved itself a power during the war. If Catholics have not had their due proportion of officers the fault lies primarily with their own neglect to secure a higher education for their children." The Notre Dame School of Journalism is yet in its youth, but it already has a glorious tradition to hand down to the students who are to come.

R. M. MURCH, '22.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 2; INDIANA, 1.

By winning from Indiana University at Bloomington last Saturday Notre Dame has established a good claim to the State championship in baseball. The Gold and Blue has scored decisive victories over Purdue, Wabash, and over Indiana in two contests. Purdue is to play here on May 24th, in the last game of the season at Notre Dame, and the varsity should win without difficulty, unless the unforeseen happens.

Saturday's contest was featured by the twirling of Murray, the stellar exhibition of Paul Miles at short, and by the fighting spirit of the whole team when the Hoosiers threatened. The contest was even to the last inning, when Dean made a wild throw in an attempt to complete a double play, and Mohardt scored the winning run. In the seventh inning Indiana had two men on bases when Miles picked up a hot grounder and relayed it to Bahan in time to catch the runner by a fraction of a second. Bahan had to leap into the air for the ball, but succeeded in touching the bag, thus preventing two runs at a critical moment of the game. Indiana entered the game with expectation of winning, as they claimed superiority over the Gold and Blue. The box score:

INDIANA				NOTRE DAME					
	R.	H.	P. A.		R.	H.	P. A.		
Rausenbach, c	0	2	11	2	Bader, cf	0	2	1	0
Driscoll, lf	0	1	0	0	Bahan, 1b	0	0	7	0
Dennis, ss	0	2	2	2	Sjoberg, 2b	0	2	2	0
DeSn, 2b	0	2	2	2	Connors, rf	0	0	3	0
Julius, 1b	0	1	7	1	Mohardt, 3b	2	0	1	1
Kunkle, p	0	0	2	1	Miles, ss	0	1	2	1
Teeters, cf	0	0	1	1	Scofield, lf	0	1	1	0
Faust, rf	0	1	1	0	Barry, c	0	0	9	1
Buttorf, 3b	1	0	2	1	Murray, p	0	0	1	3
Totals	1	7	27	8	Totals	2	6	27	6

Indiana	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Notre Dame	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2

Errors—Dennis, 2; Dean. Stolen bases—Sjoberg, Faust. Struck out—By Kunkel, 11; by Murray, 9. Sacrifice hits—Driscoll, Buttorf, Bahan. Bases on balls—Off Kunkel, 2; off Murray, 2. Two-base hit—Faust. Three-base hit—Dean. Umpire—Behrnt.

FRESHMAN, 72; KALAMAZOO NORMAL, 26.

The Freshman track squad journeyed to Kalamazoo last Friday for a dual meet with the Western State Normal in which they won without any difficulty. The following account of the meet appeared in the Kalamazoo Gazette for May 10th:

Western State Normal's track athletes were completely outclassed by the Notre Dame track team in a dual meet held at Western Normal yesterday afternoon. In eleven events the Normal was able to take three firsts and also took other places in other events that netted them a total of 26 points to Notre Dame's 72.

No records were made by either team. The most interesting event of the meet was the 440-yard dash in which Anway of the Normal took first place in a pretty race with Ficks.

Griggs of Western Normal, who took first place in the pole-vault and discus and second in the 120-high hurdles, was individual point-maker for the teachers, while Wynn of Notre Dame was individual point-maker for the meet by taking three first and one third for a total of 16 points.

SUMMARIES.

120-yd high hurdles—Wynn, N. D., first; Griggs, Normal, second; Sugrue, N. D., third. Time—17.

100-yard dash—Kirk, N. D., first; Bailey, N. D., second; Shears, Normal, third. Time—10:2.

Shot-put—Trafton, N. D., first; Anderson, N. D., second; Crull, Normal, third. Distance, 36 feet, 10 1/4 inches.

220-yard dash—Kirk, N. D., first; Bailey, N. D., second; Cameron, Normal, third. Time—23:3.

220-yard low hurdles—Wynn, N. D., first; Anway, Normal, second; Sugrue, N. D., third. Time—26:4.

Mile-Run—Burke, N. D., first; Schuler, N. D., second; Huether, N. D., third. Time—5-12:4.

440-yard dash—Anway, Normal, first; Fick, N. D., second; Caldwell, Normal, third.

Broad jump—Wynn, N. D., first; Bailey, N. D., second; Shears, Normal, third. Distance—20 feet, 2 1/4 inches.

Pole-vault—Griggs, Normal, first; Mohn, N. D., second; Mehre, N. D., third. Distance—10 feet.

880-yard dash—Burke, N. D., first; Schuler, N. D., second; Huether, N. D., third. Time—2:11.

Discus—Griggs, Normal, first; Trafton, N. D., second; Wynn, N. D., third. Distance—111 feet, 3 inches.

HIGH SCHOOL MEET.

With a well-balanced team the "Preps" won against South Bend, Elkhart, and Goshen, last Saturday on Cartier Field. Keller was the ace of the N. D. men, taking first in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, and in the shot-put. The meet was held under the management of Director Rockne, and proved most satisfactory to all competing. The score of the meet was: N. D. 51; Elkhart, 45; South Bend, 25; Goshen, 11.

Father Joseph Burke, head of the preparatory department, who was instrumental in bringing these teams together at Notre Dame, is endeavoring to arrange a triangular meet among Mishawaka, Plymouth, and the Notre Dame team for some time this month.

"N. D. PREPS," 10; LAPORTE, 3.

In a return game the N. D. "Preps" defeated LaPorte High School in an interesting contest at LaPorte last Saturday by a score of 10 to 3. The losers maintained the lead up to the sixth inning, but in the seventh the future varsity stars by consistent hitting overcame the lead and held it to the end. Smith repeated his fine twirling by fanning thirteen batters. McGaveney relieved Smith in the sixth inning and held the opponents safe. A week from to-day the "Preps" will meet the South Bend High School on Cartier Field.

BROWNSON, 9; WALSH, 6.

The baseball men of Brownson Hall defeated Father Farley's "Gold Coasters" in a well-matched contest last Thursday morning. "Lefty" Steinle twirled good ball for the winners; Caffery of Walsh showed well in streaks. The large crowd that gathered for the game were treated to a number of spectacular plays. The final score stood 9 to 6.

Safety Valve.

SOMEHOW THEY NEVER DIE.

Oh, the frost has wrought its havoc and the farmers are disturbed

For the peach and cherry blossoms have been nipped,
And the young green wheat that dared to lift its head
out of the ground

In the heavy morning hoar frost has been dipped;
It has slowed up many budlets that were just about to
break.

Old folks shake their heads and say it is a shame
That the glory of the summer should have vanished in
the bud—

But the dandelions keep growing just the same.

Why should farmers fret and worry if their fruit trees
do not bear,

Why should folks be ill at ease to lose their wheat,
If they had the optimism to behold things as they are
They would find the bright gold lying at their feet.

Though the frost has worked its fury to turn summer
into fall,

And destroyed so many things for me and you,
Let us smile on and be joyful for its mighty good to
know

That the dandelions are growing where they grew.

AFTER RHUBARB TIME.

It's onion time at Notre Dame;
A fragrance fills the air,
That seems to tell the passer-by
There's onion everywhere.
It's in the soup and in the hash
And in the humble stew,
It's in the chap that lives next door
And likely it's in you.

It's sure the soporific time;
The students dream all day,
And feeling very oniony
At eve they hit the hay.
It's seldom now that any boy
Will skive off for a lark
Because he knows the "checker-up"
Can scent him in the dark.

* * *

THE ORIGINAL BOY.

Most people like a clean-cut lad
Who dresses smart and neat,
Who seems to be at ease and is
Quite quick upon his feet.
He's just the kind of boy men want
To fill a weighty job,
But he would never do for me—
Somehow I like a slob.

A man whose feet are out of place
No matter where he goes,
Who can't tell where to put his hands
Or how to fix his clothes,
Who gets on everybody's nerves
And makes the women sob,—
A neat boy may appeal to you
But I prefer a slob.

* * *

STUDENT:—Really, Mable, I am having a most delightful time at Notre Dame. I have a gorgeous suite of rooms in Walsh Hall and a valet who comes into my room every morning at ten o'clock and helps me dress.

SHE:—A valet who helps you dress?

STUDENT:—Well, practically that. The prefect comes into my room every morning and rolls me out of bed into the corridor and throws my clothes after me—it really is a help.

* * *

THE STANDARD.

Of course, I've flunked out in all my classes this year and my health is almost destroyed and my parents and professors and prefects have very little use for me, but I have a girl who smiles sweetly when I buy her candy and big dinners and presents with dad's money: so the year has all in all been a success.

* * *

A NAUGHTY NIGHT SKIVE.

No, Gladys, your little Hector is not afraid of prefects. He does just as he pleases regardless of rules and regulations and prohibitions. Why the other night, Gladys, I went deliberately out of my hall and sat on the Library steps till half-past eight.