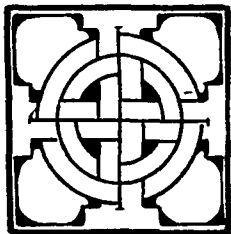




The Notre Dame Scholastic



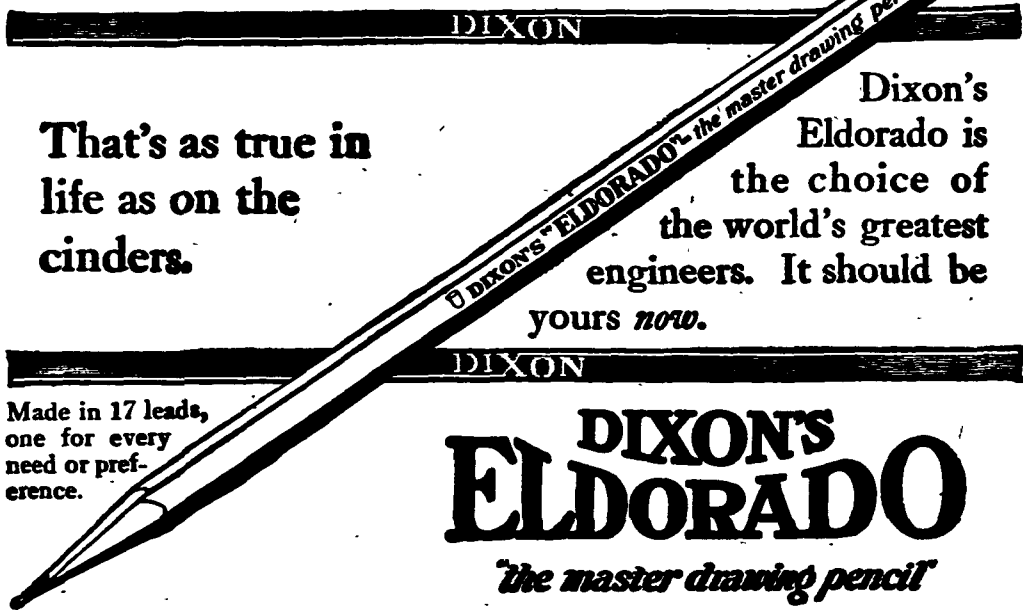
Vol. LIII.

November 1, 1919

No. 6

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 1, 1919.

No. 6.

Return.

BY E. R. MCBRIDE, '16.

(In memory of Gerald Clements, '15, who died in the service of his country.)

ALONE I trudged the old familiar way
That claimed us in glad days, still unforget;
Seeking the dream-keyed gate to yesterday
That opens not.

I glimpsed the ancient aureole of gold
Across the October fields; oh, vision fair!
I turned, to speak its praises as of old;—
You were not there.

I saw our loved spring leaves, all sere and brown;
I thought of you, my lonely heart beat low;
I prayed our tender Mother, smiling down,
To tell you so.

The Mystic Element in Catholic Poetry.

BY BROTHER EDMUND, C. S. C., '19.

HERE is in modern poetry a growing tendency towards mysticism, which tendency is especially noticeable in the work of our Catholic poets. The mystic element in song has, it is true, always existed, but has not always been fully appreciated. At the present time, however, writers have come to discern the exalted spirituality and beauty of Catholic thought that comes only to one who is in sympathy with the Faith.

The term "Catholic" as used in this essay applies to poetry rather than to poets. Artists of poetic expression do not necessarily strike any strong Catholic note in their verses. The beautiful lyrics of Thomas Moore, for example, are patriotic rather than religious, though of course, they are by no means un-Catholic in tone. On the other hand, the products of Miss Letts' gifted pen are decidedly Catholic, and many of her poems mystically so, though the author is a Protestant and the daughter of a minister. We

must not then always judge of a work by its author. We must say that only that poetry is truly Catholic which is in full harmony with the teachings of the Church.

It would, perhaps, be unwise to attempt any exact definition of mysticism. Mystical poetry is like electricity. Of both we have a practical knowledge, but what the real essence of each is we do not precisely know. Mysticism is, however, no real synonym for mystification. In a general way mystic poetry may be defined as that which appeals to the higher spiritual emotion of the soul and tends to raise the heart directly towards God. Such poetry, then, excludes all that appeals to the senses merely, to the common emotions of pity or anger, to human love or even to that still nobler passion, patriotism. Verse that appeals directly or indirectly to those or like passions and emotions, while it may have much spiritual value, is not mystical. All mystical poetry is spiritual, but not all spiritual poetry is mystical. The latter aims at something much higher, and by its very nature helps to draw the soul upward beyond the earth and things earthly to God and the things of God.

Alice Meynell, one of the greatest mystic poets of our day, embodies this definition in the following lines taken from "I am the Way":

Thou art the Way;
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
That Thou hadst ever met my soul.

Here there is noticeable a direct communication of the soul with its God. Being at last in the secure possession of its end, the soul, as it were, looks back afraid of what might have been.

The definition is, perhaps, better illustrated by the opening verse of the Magnificat of the Blessed Virgin:

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

It is this high spirituality, this aspiration towards God that gives to this simple canticle its sublimity. Other songs of Scripture, especially the

Canticle of Canticles, are much richer in Eastern imagery, but none surpasses the sublime appeal of this one. Indeed, were it not for the intense mystic element in Hebrew versification, despite the abundance of its wealth in figure, and its imposing solemnity of style, half the grandeur with which it is endowed would be lacking.

As Catholic atmosphere is of course the most favorable to mysticism, it is not surprising to find that the great bulk of Spanish poetry is devotional. Fray Luis de Leon, an Augustinian monk, excelled in this kind of writing and founded the classic school of Spanish poetry. His poems possess a beauty ethereal and inspiring. His predecessor, Juan de Mean, is the author of "El Laberinto," an allegory of human life. One of the most illustrious figures of her time, St. Teresa, is less known to us as a poet than as a mystic prose writer. Yet that she could also write wondrously beautiful verses is testified by at least thirty-six poems authenticated as having come from her pen. Of these, one of the most sublime is the "Canticle of St. Teresa After Communion." Father Caswell has given us an English translation of this famous canticle or "Glossa." The Spaniards so call it because it is an explanation or gloss of the opening verses, known as the Text. One of the finest stanzas of the song is the twelfth:

Ah, Lord! my light and living breath!
Take me, oh take me from this death!
And burst the bars that sever me
From my true life above;
Think how I die Thy face to see,
And cannot live away from Thee,
O my eternal Love!
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

"A Carmelite Nun," writing of St. Teresa's gift, says: "She sings through her tears. But above all things she sings of the incomprehensible goodness and tenderness of the King, the Master, the Friend, of her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

How like Mary's spirit is that of St. Teresa we can gather from the following extract of the revealed life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "The Mystical City of God." The angel Gabriel has announced to her that the end of her exile is at hand, and Mary, unable to contain the springs of love and joy welling in her heart, gives vent to them in the words: "My sweet Love, my only Good, Treasure of my soul, draw me to Thee by the odor of Thy perfumes; burst these mortal bonds which still detain me. I cannot live in myself, but in God alone; if then He wishes me

to live, how can I exist separated from Him who is my life? On one side He gives me life; on the other, He deprives me of it, because there is no life without love; how then can I exist without the life, which is He whom I love alone? In this sweet violence I languish." Now we can understand Teresa's "Dying because I do not die."

Spain has produced at least two religious epics of note which at times are highly devotional—"La Cristiada," a poem on the Passion, written by Fray Diege de Hojeda, and "El Mmonserate," a work on the Crusades, by Cristobal de Virtués.

France too is a spiritual garden from which we may gather the lilies of mystic poetry. Looking through the verses of one of her humbler writers, another Teresa, she of Lisieux, better known as the "Little Flower," we find the lines:

Vivre d'amour, ce n'est pas sur la terre
Fixer sa tente au sommet du Thabor;
Avec Jesus, c'est gravir le Calvaire,
C'est regarder la croix comme un tresor!
Au ceil, je dois vivre de jouissance
Alors l'épreuve aura fui sans retour:
Mais, ici bas, je veux dans la souffrance
Vivre d'amour.

Here is revealed the beauty of a soul filled with the love of Christ. To love Him she does not wish to share in the glory of Tabor, but all her desire is rather to share in the ignominy of the Cross of Calvary. To live by love is to "look upon the Cross as a treasure," and to find her happiness there with Christ, her Spouse.

Sister Teresa has written too few poems to be acclaimed a great poet, but what she has written is written well. Neither in the writings of Corneille and Racine, both saintly men, can we find anything that surpasses her verses in simplicity and spiritual charm.

One can get an idea of the French leaning towards mysticism from the very titles of many French poems. Saint-Beuve, for instance, likes to write on such subjects as: "La Vie," "La Gloire," "Un Ami." Some of Boileau's lyrics are: "A son Esprit," "Rien n'est Beau que le Vrai," "L'Utilité des Ennemis." One guesses readily that Boileau was at once a poet and a philosopher.

St. Francis of Assisi may rightfully be called the "Father of Italian Poetry," as it was he who composed the first great poem in the Italian vernacular. His "Sun Song" in its heavenly inspiration is comparable to the Canticle of the Children in the Fiery Furnace. Francis was a

great lover of Nature, because everything in Nature tended to raise his soul towards the great Creator. He sings:

Praised be Thou, my Lord, with all Thy Creatures,
Especially the honored Brother Sun,
Who makes the day and illumines us through Thee,
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor
Bears the signification of Thee, most High One.

The saint praises the sun because it represents Him who is the Sun of Justice; the moon and stars, because God formed them in the heavens "clear and precious and beautiful;" the weather by which He gives sustenance to creatures; the water, because it is "very useful and precious and chaste." Thus does he laud all God's natural gifts, not on their own account, but because all the good found in them are from the Creator.

Dante, a son of St. Francis, has written the greatest mystic poem in all literature. His *Divine Comedy* is unsurpassed even by Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and is likely to remain for all time the paragon of mystic art. Unlike Milton, Dante has given us a work thoroughly Catholic in spirit and expression. The revulsion of feeling that one experiences at several places in the perusal of Milton's great epic is nowhere felt in the reading of Dante's masterpiece.

One of the few spiritual epics of modern times that can approach the mystic beauty of *The Comedy* is Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. If ever Lazarus would have spoken of his experiences in the other world, we should expect him to speak in the terms of the central figure of the poem of the great churchman. But we doubt that Lazarus would be inclined to speak at all, for the one glimpse of the Divinity given Gerontius at God's judgment seat would be more than sufficient to seal his lips. Though he were gifted with the tongues of angels he would not be able to find suitable words to picture the awfulness of God's overpowering majesty. Newman, himself, very cleverly suggests, rather than expresses, the thought of the vision and dramatically closes in a climax powerful, if not grand.

Francis Thompson's gift was greater than Newman's, though in the wide expanse of thought, of power, of imagery and of grandeur it seems to fall below that of Dante. In his *Hound of Heaven* the London poet writes:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days,
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Here Thompson describes the flight of a soul

from God. Ungratefully she rejects his grace and vainly endeavors to find peace in the world and its pleasures. But even the best things of earth are earthly, and though they may satisfy for the moment they leave the heart more empty, and often as not are followed by misery and remorse.

Thompson gave a new impetus to mystic poetry, and a galaxy of luminaries, less bright, however, followed in his path. The brightest of these is, no doubt, the late Joyce Kilmer. His poems are known all over the English-speaking world and all lovers of the beautiful are loud in his praise. The chief charm of his verses lies in their fascinating simplicity of style and in their deep spiritual appeal. Kilmer has a rather remarkable way of closing some of his poems. He seems to begin and continue his compositions in a prosaic manner, but by a sudden turn of the thought in the last few lines throws a resplendent radiance on the preceding verses, much in the same way that the setting sun reflects his beauty in the eastern heavens. Examples of such writing are "Main Street," "The Big Top," "The Proud Poet," and his "Hymn of Thanksgiving." Among his best poems are "Roses" and "The Thorn." The following lines taken from the latter are among the most beautiful Kilmer has written.

David is the song upon God's lips,
And Our Lady is the goblet that He sips;
And Gabriel's breath is his command,
But Saint Michael is the sword in God's right hand.

There is much matter for meditation in these few words, but the chief lesson the poet wishes to convey to us is that God executes His will usually through human or angelic instruments.

That Joyce Kilmer was a true soldier and the friend of soldiers is proved by the dedication of some of his best verses to other poets, who like him died on the altar of Liberty. Among these none shared more intimately in his talent of spiritual song than Joseph Mary Plunkett, the Irish martyr of 1916. Plunkett's poem beginning,

I see His blood on every rose,

is heart-touching in its tender piety, but more mystic in meaning is "The Stars Sang in God's Garden." This poem lends itself to a variety of interpretations, but however it may be understood, it remains dazzling in its splendor.

Almost prophetic of his own death is the last stanza:

For many live that one may die
And one must die that many live—

The stars are silent in the sky
Lest my poor song be fugitive.

Of another Irish writer Joyce Kilmer said, 'I consider Ethna Carbery one of the few great poets of the last hundred years.' The author of "Mea Culpa," "My Prayer," "The Wayfarer," "The Other," and similar lyrics well deserve the eulogy. "My Prayer," from which we take the following lines, is perhaps the greatest of these.

Set your love before me as a light!
A candle tall; so shall I, weak, prevail
O'er Darkness; pass beyond all venom'd things
Into the endless Dawn, gold-starred, rose-pale,
And murmurous with whirring silver wings—
Set your love before me as a light.

Ethna Carbery's verses are nearly all tinged with a sweet sadness, which through long centuries of oppression has engrafted itself on the Irish mind.

The deaths of Joyce Kilmer, Ethna Carbery and Joseph Mary Plunkett meant a great loss to poetry, but the example of their lives spent in the service of God and country remains an ennobling inspiration to those who follow the light which led these to the heights of mystic art.

What is the status of this poetry, ancient yet ever new? It is, there can be no doubt, the purest and best in literature. But because the appreciation of it requires a strong spiritual sense and a fine perception of the beautiful, it will never possess any great popularity with the masses. Yet it must ever live, for to poets themselves and to true lovers of poetry it cannot but always make an irresistible appeal. It will keep the standard of their poetry high so long as the art of poetry endures and for that length of time will its value be immeasurable.

Thoughts.

Pity the poor profiteer!

Never let the "knocker" in.

Seek trouble and it will find you.

Keep to the right!—there are traffic officers on the road to success.

The chains of habit are not noticeable until we try to break them.

How many of us are forever blowing—not even bubbles, but just blowing.

Humility and sincerity in presidential candidates—then the millennium.

Varsity Verse.

CONTENTMENT.

When in the twilight hours
I hear the voice of song,
My soul forgets its journey
O'er pathways steep and long;
And from the world of worries
To a land that knows no wrong,
My soul speeds in the evening
When I hear the voice of song.—D. J. P.

AH KNOWS YO', AUNTY!

Dey's de cutes' little fellah—
Loahd! He's white as yo' is, chile—
But ah's cae'd foah him—he loves me—
An' ah loves him, too, a pile.
An' when ah tries t' sca'e him
Frum behin' mah kitchen doah
He jes' says, "Ah knows yo', Aunty
Whut yo' tryin' t' sca'e me foah?"

But de Bible says, in Heaven
We'll jes' all be white as snow;
An' it kin' o' gets me worried—
How's dat chile a-goin' to know
Wheah he's goin' t' fin' his Aunty
If she's white as she can be?
Loahd! Make me black in Heaven
So he'll know foah shuah it's me.

When ah's daid an' long foahgotten
Ah'll be waitin' foah him deah
Though Ah may be black as coal-dus'
Ah'll nevvah give a ca'e:
When he comes, dat little angel,
Ah'll be waitin' hin' de doah
An' he'll say, "Ah knows yo', Aunty—
Whut yo' tryin' t' sca'e me foah?"—R. E. O'H.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The Man-in-the-Moon is the best-natured man,
Just look at his three fat chins,
And his great round face with its funny mouth
That always is wreathed in grins.

And oh, how I love when the night is bright
To sit on daddy's knee,
And to make a face at the Man-in-the-Moon
So he'll make one back at me.

And after I'm tucked in my little blue bed
And daddy hums a lullaby tune,
Fore I skip past the stars to Dreamland
I smile at the Man-in-the-Moon.—L. L. W.

CHARMS.

We met for just a moment,
Ye gods, but she was fair!
I cannot but remember,
She had such glorious hair.

Her manner it was simple,
And yet there was a grace
That made her more than queenly,
And besides, she had a face.—L. J. G. F.

Cardinal Mercier, World-Hero.

BY THOMAS H. BEACOM, '20.

When the beautiful Cathedral of Rheims was destroyed early in the war by Boche gunners, it was regarded a miracle that the wonderful equestrian statue of Jeanne D'Arc which stood just in front of the ruins had remained unharmed. Throughout the war the Maid of Orleans, symbol of the triumph of righteousness, stood guard over the sorely-tried faith and hope of the Belgian people. As a writer, who viewed the scene, remarked, "That scene is somehow coupled in fancy with the princely figure of Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, erect, victorious after years of peril, with forward-looking eyes serene and hopeful, though around him, as around Joan at the door of the Cathedral, lie the ruins of the beauty that he loved."

No greater spiritual figure lives in the world today, no man is there who, by sheer force of personality, holds in thralldom the hearts of so many millions of people as the eminent prelate, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. Hailed by the large cities of America as the great conqueror of the war and by all mankind as the shepherd and savior of a nation, Cardinal Mercier is eminently worthy of any tributes that may be paid him. Lips falter and pens are impotent when they seek to express the admiration and love which our hearts hold for him.

Ever since his first memorable allocution, "Patriotism and Endurance," delivered on Christmas Day, 1914, Cardinal Mercier has typified to the world the unconquerable spirit of right and justice which fought in desperation against the hordes of German might. Ever memorable in history will be the 21st day of July, 1916, for then within the sacred confines of St. Gudule's Church his inspired voice carried to the wearied souls of his parishioners, the words of encouragement and hope which marked the Belgians as the invincible guardians of liberty. Aged though he was, and worn with the responsibilities of his office, he never for a moment hesitated in the performance of his duty but spoke at all times with the passionate earnestness and fervor which won for him the unswerving fealty of his countrymen and the fear and respect of the invading Teutons. Not for an instant was he deaf to the appeal of righteousness; and although at times it meant humiliation, hardships, and indignities, he stood forever firm in

his adherence to the cause of honor and justice. How easy it would have been, how human indeed, it might have seemed for the great dignitary of the Church to compromise with the victorious Huns and gain for himself thereby the ease and freedom to which his years and calling would have entitled him. But Cardinal Mercier never wavered. His fight against the Germans was open, his attitude defiant, and his aggressiveness caused all the world to wonder. The Protestant Bishop Fallows correctly gauged his power when he said, "His arm has never lifted a sword—has carried nothing heavier than a book or a crozier, in fact—yet it wields more power over countrymen and foe alike than any other in Belgium."

Cardinal Desiré Mercier was not only a crusader, not merely a champion of the right; he was more than that—the personification of idealism, the figure of spirituality who "separated the higher nature from the dross" and made us, three thousand miles across the sea, realize "the austere beauty" of our duty to our fellowmen who were allied in the struggle against militarism. He was first of all a saintly religious, a philosopher and an educator, and last of all a conqueror, and yet he was in his spiritual battles against wavering hearts as truly a conqueror as any general in the field.

It is hardly necessary to ask the purpose of his visit to America. He needs no purpose; it is enough that he comes, as Archbishop Hayes truly said, "beloved by all creeds—by Protestants, by Jews, by all." "We owe him," in the words of Rt. Rev. C. S. Burch of the Episcopal Church, "a debt of gratitude which we can never hope to repay." Nevertheless there is a characteristic revelation of the great priest's simplicity, warm-hearted gratitude, and sincerity in these words uttered by him upon his arrival in New York, "I want to see your people. I want to see the people of America because I love them. You are a people whose diplomacy is that of the open heart and fearless mind, and it is the greatest privilege of my life to meet you in your own homes." Great universities, non-sectarian and denominational, have vied with one another to do honor to Cardinal Mercier. That in itself speaks volumes for the esteem in which he is held by all classes and all creeds in America. He is indeed an international idol, loved by all mankind for his incomparable Christian altruism, his heroic fidelity to righteousness, his sublime courage, and his never-failing humility.

On the "Directissimo."

BY LAURENS C. COOK, '21.

The "Directissimo" express from Rome to Trieste was with much creaking carrying its polygot load of war-weary passengers through an Italian night. The train was riotously crowded. In the aisles testy Italian officers rested shoulders with those of their allies, French, Jugo-Slovaks, Poles, in a vain attempt to get a little rest. An Italian Major lay stretched full length on the narrow floor, usurping the little extra space by virtue of his rank, which could not, however, prevent the restless from walking over him. In one first class compartment two American privates slept blissfully, while a third waited expectantly, staring straight ahead. They were returning from "leave." After eleven days of seeing Italy from the windows of "Vino" shops, and having dutifully dispatched post-cards of every statue with the remark, "Sorry I couldn't send you a front view," the three were returning to their command, rather dazed in their conceptions, and very glad to be getting back to "the outfit."

Ken was homesick, pathetically homesick. He did not know exactly what he could do about it; a sense of oppression made him feel that nothing could be done. The utter futility of trying left him hopeless. A tear came to his eye. As he winked it out Vision came into line with the Girl, asleep opposite.

She was beautiful, in that wild, exotic way of the younger peasant, but her appeal was purely physical, as indeed, she, herself was intensely physical. Ken settled himself and watched her face as she slept—gently, the untroubled sleep of childhood. They are always children, these peasants.

With a start Ken aroused himself and realized that unconsciously he had substituted for this peasant child his own dear Ruth and had attributed Ruth's self in his dream. The game fascinated. He was very, very homesick.

He thought of that last evening when she had cried against his shoulder: "Ken, dear, I am heart-broken but proud—oh, so proud of you, boy!" And how in her agitation she had twisted loose one of his over-coat buttons and both had laughed awkwardly as he predicted court-martial for himself. Lost in memory, Ken unconsciously voiced his thoughts aloud, pleading with Ruth.

"Dear little girl, I love you—will always love you and will always be true. It is not for mortals always to know the thoughts of men, but God does know and he will tell you, Angel, that I am sincere. A cool forest after a spring rain, the trees lifting their leafed boughs in thanksgiving—dusk along a deserted country road in the harvest-moon-time—girl of my heart you are all the beauty and truth of these to me. Girl, I love you."

Unconsciously Ken moved forward as he continued, "You are all in all the world to me—an intrinsic part—that of which the Egyptians knew and understood, and we—have lost. Life without you would not be life; the wee bees humming in the glad May-time speak of my love. When the flowers wither, they die of sadness. Dear girl, won't you, can't you understand—?"

The "Vision" spoke, garlic flavor, "Dam—a yes I onderstand. I leeva in Philadelph-two years. I speeka Eenglish. You crazee. You seek. O. U. Keedo. Gooda bye, Beel."

The "Directissimo" express from Rome to Trieste was with much creaking carrying its polygot load of war-weary passengers through an Italian night.

"Half a Chanct."

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

"If he only had half a chanct," sobbed the little woman in black. The tall jailor jingled his big keys and looked back through the dark passage way.

"He was a good little fellow when his Pa died," she continued brokenly, putting her head into her hand. She sniffled as she looked into the corridor. The jailor, ill at ease scraped his feet, as the little woman looked up into his blank face.

"Don't you think they could make a man of him?" The jailor shifted his tobacco to the other side of his mouth, put his hands behind his back, and tossed the keys up and down.

"Well," he answered in a not unkind voice, looking straight ahead at the platform across the court, "I guess they ain't a-goin' to try—to make a man o' him."

Far back in the dark passage way some one was walking. Then there sounded very clearly the click of a lock, and the bang of a cage door.

"No, I guess they aint," she agreed, as she

wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. "It don't look like it anyhow."

The jailor glanced at her from the corner of his eye. He hated to see women cry; and why should any woman cry over "Blackbeard" Hennessy—"as if the scoundrel didn't deserve hanging and worse than that, maybe," he thought to himself.

The little woman shivered as the steps of scraping feet came closer. She put her hand over her eyes and looked into the corridor. She could see them now—two guards, and behind them a prisoner, whose face lighted up every time they passed a gas jet. She could see his shirt open at the neck, and his red hair, too, she thought—just like his father's. Behind him marched two more guards.

"This is them, I guess," she said, looking up at the jailor's face and back into the corridor again; "yes, that's them." And she began to sob, tired little sobs.

"I guess you hadn't better wait," the guard said to her.

She stopped crying and looked up startled. "Oh, yes, I better—I want to see him onct more anyhow. I hain't said good-bye yet," she protested as the guard took her two hands in his and started with her toward a near-by door. "Please," she pleaded, "let me see him onct more!"

The guard dropped her hands; his mouth twitched nervously, and his eyes lost their calmness. The woman became quiet, and peered down the corridor again. Here they were now, close upon her. She tucked her wet handkerchief under her belt, and tried to smile. "Hello, Jimmy," she said, as bravely as she could as the two guards and their prisoner came from the corridor.

The face of the red-haired boy showed an expression of mingled pain and gladness at the sight of his mother. He threw out both arms and clasped her tightly to him. "Oh, Ma," he said, "it's pretty near all over." She hung to his big strong neck, buried her face in his shoulder, and sobbed. "Oh, Jimmy, if they would only give you half a chanct, you'd be a man, wouldn't you, Jimmy?" One of the guards sniffled, and the jailor cleared his throat. A weazened man in black, carrying a surgeon's case, came out of the corridor.

"Yes, Ma," answered the boy: "I'd try anyway."

There was a brief pause, in which only the

quick breath of the little mother could be heard. "Jimmy," anxiously asked the mother, as she leaned back and looked up into his face, "did you go to confession?"

"Yes, it's all fixed up, Ma. I received, too."

There was another pause. The jailor motioned to the guards. "You better say goodbye, now," he said, turning to the sobbing mother and son.

"Yes," said the mother, crying softly, and her thin arms went around Jimmy's shoulders in a last embrace. Jimmy picked her up in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Oh, Ma, don't cry. I can't bear to see you cry. You hadn't ought to feel bad, anyways; I don't amount to nothin'"—and he broke into sobs again.

"Better come, now," said the jailor, with tears running down his own cheeks.

"Oh, no," the little woman shrieked: "I can't let you go, Jimmy!"

"Ma," said the son sternly, brushing the tears from his face with his big hairy hand, "I got to go!" He stooped over to kiss her for the last time. The mother's face was very white and she clung to his arm almost in a faint. The jailor put his arm about her waist lest she should fall, and motioned again to the guards. The mother loosened her grip, and watched a minute, as, surrounded by the guards, her boy walked briskly to the platform.

Leading the woman into a room directly off the court yard, the jailor brought her to a straight-back chair, and then closed the door. It was very quiet. The sun was just beginning to shine into the prison, and the little room was brightened as if in mockery by the morning light streaming in through the high, grated window.

Then was heard some one going up the steps of the scaffold. "Is that him?", the mother asked anxiously of the jailor who was nervously pacing the room.

"No, I guess not," he tried to reassure her.

She listened again, and heard some one praying. She could hear Jimmy say, "Amen", once very clearly. Then there was a thud. The jailor came over and put his arms around the trembling woman.

"Lady," he said, in broken voice, "I guess it's done now."

"Yes. I heard it," she answered, as she pressed her knuckles against her cheek and looked wistfully at the floor, her face distorted

in her agony of grief, her eyes red and swollen from weeping.

"I am sorry for ye, lady," said the man, in his clumsy efforts to console her; "but I can't see how anybody can feel bad for Black-bead Hennessy. He certainly got what was com—." He stopped short as the little woman looked at him sharply. Then her face relaxed, and the tears flowed as her head dropped on her breast.

"Yes, maybe. I suppose he got what he deserved. But," she cried softly, "he ain't never had half a chanct." The jailor looked sheepishly aside and put his hands into his pockets. "I guess," added the bereaved mother, "he'll have a chanct now, though."

Perseverance.*

BY T. E. BURKE, C. S. C.

LORD, I have tried to walk the narrow way
That leads up Calvary's hill to Thy abode;
Oft have my wandering footsteps gone astray,
Oft has my heart grown faint along the road;
Still have I struggled through the dismal night,
Hoping the dawn might find me at Thy side;
Though my poor soul is scarlet in Thy sight,
Lord, I have tried.

Lord, I have trod where thorns and briars grew;
Along each stony road my feet have bled;
And when the wasting winds of passion blew
I sought to follow where Thy footsteps led.
What though I still am plodding in the gloam,
Far from the mountain peak where saints abide,
Take Thou my hand; for, though I'm far from home,
Lord, I have tried.

Constantia.

Arctæ semitæ iter carpere sum, Deus,
Nisus, Calvarium quo petitur iugum;
Erravi pedibus tramite saepius,
Saepe et cor mihi corrui.

Noctis per tenebras nisus ego tamen,
Sperans mane novo me prope Te fore;
Tot quamvis maculæ pectora purpurent,
Nitebar tamen, O Deus!

Spinis et vepribus, mi Deus, intuli
Callis per lapides sanguineum pedem;
Strident dumque malæ flabra cupidinis,
Insisto pedibus Tuis.

Quamquam progredior per tenebras adhuc,
Sanctorum procul a culmine fulgido,
Me Tu prende manu!—sic procul a domo
Nitebar tamen, O Deus!

CAMPION COLLEGE, Oct. 12, 1919. A. F. GEYSER, S. J.

* We take pleasure in reprinting from *The Ave Maria* of October 11, Father Burke's poem, together with an interesting translation of it by Father Geyser, S. J.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Passing of Joyce Kilmer.

The anticipated visit of Mrs. Joyce Kilmer to Notre Dame vividly recalls to mind the sad fact that her husband's voice will never again be heard in the halls of Notre Dame. We knew of the brave death of that soldier-poet but during those fatal days of 1918 when death was so common we accepted his passing somewhat as a matter of course. But now we are almost overcome by the ever-growing realization that his laughing heart is forever stilled. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Kilmer but mingled with our sorrow is another sentiment, which the Apostle of Belgium has so tenderly expressed: "Suffer us to offer not only our condolence but our congratulation. For if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in the defence of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatsoever Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul."

Joyce Kilmer possessed that "rare combination, so alien to most of us, of romance and common sense," and he never forgot that no matter how unpleasant life may be it is much too good for us. "Thank God for God," he religiously exclaimed, and then joyously undertook the tasks that Life had assigned to him. But we who knew him only through the medium of his poetry realize how applicable to himself are the concluding lines of "Rouge Bouquet,"

Comrads true, born anew, peace to you.
Your souls shall be where the hero's are
And your memory shine like the morning star.

Kilmer has been described as "a very keen, a glittering young sword," a man in whom one sensed a spirit of finely tempered steel, and that spirit is reflected in his poems. He never dabbled in the mire of sensuality nor ever forgot to be a man first and a poet afterwards. Joyce Kilmer was essentially a man. When duty called he answered gladly and made the supreme sacrifice. "Greater love than this hath no man," said our Saviour, "that he should lay down his life for his friends." And now in France there is "in that rich earth a richer dust concealed," the dust of a soldier "newly strong in God's white company," the dust of an unconquerable spirit whose immortal songs shall never die.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Board of Editors.

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In September there was initiated by Athletic Director Rockne a campaign to sell in South Bend season tickets to the football games at Notre Dame. Not

Need of a Home-Coming.

a few people of the city manifested their interest in our athletics by readily taking the tickets. If Notre Dame could have some of the best games of her schedule played at home, the number of South Benders who would buy season tickets would be much greater still. If, however, we are to have such games on Cartier Field the students of the University must co-operate in a more active way than they have done heretofore. The reason why we do not have good contests at home, as do other schools, is easily seen when one looks at the half-filled bleachers at one of the games. It is true that we have not nearly so many students as some other schools which rank no higher in athletics, but this fact by no means accounts for our pitifully small crowds. The chief reason is that our Alumni do not attend in numbers. Within a radius of a few hundred miles Notre Dame has an army of loyal old students; but there has never been on the part of present students a concerted effort to meet the "old boys" half way. If every man at Notre Dame would write to every alumnus he knows an urgent invitation to a particular game, every alumnus who could would come, and many of them would bring with them their families

and friends. Let us quit our criticism of the case and ourselves begin for once to work for the good of the cause. Next year there will be a game here with an old rival, Purdue University, and if every student of us will set his heart upon it, we can have on that occasion a crowd of ten thousand. South Bend has shown in practical way that she is with us. It is now up to us to show that we are at least as ready as the city to help bring some of the best football games to Notre Dame. If everyone will do his part we can have every fall on the occasion of a big football game a Notre Dame home-coming which will in a few years grow into an event second to none of its kind.—R. E. O'H.

A good step forward was taken in student organization at Notre Dame in the President's recent appointment of the Students' Activities Committee. In order that this body may function to the best advantage it is necessary that there be from the start on the part of all students a correct understanding of its purposes. It was thought that a committee composed of three members of the faculty, the presidents of the several classes, and seven students would be capable of giving the best expression to student opinion and of unifying to the best effect student activities, which heretofore have been haphazard and irresponsible. In this Committee there is provided a body in which responsibility can be fixed and in which the ideas of students in regard to matters of general concern may find impulse and due expression. It is not proposed at all to take away from the students of the University the right of initiative or to formulate a plan of conduct for the school, but merely to make this body the means of managing in the best manner all student affairs of common interest. The members of the Committee will try to know the needs of the day and will endeavor, by announcements and the appointment of sub-committees, to give sanction, definiteness, and efficiency to all projects that deserve promotion. This will surely be a source of satisfaction to the many who hitherto have never known just what was to be done or by whom or on what authority. There are possibilities of greater scope and freedom in this method of student management if every student of Notre Dame will give his earnest cooperation to the first efforts of the Committee.

—T. H. B.

Faculty Appointments.

In consequence of the remarkable growth of Notre Dame the general faculty of the University has been more definitely divided into four college faculties with a dean, appointed for a term of two years, at the head of each. Reverend J. Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., Ph. D., has been assigned as Dean in the Faculty of Arts and Letters; Reverend Julius A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., Ph. D., Dean of the Faculty of Science; Martin McCue, C. E., M. S., Dean of the Faculty of Engineering, and Francis J. Vurpillat, LL. B., Litt. B., Dean of the Faculty of Law.

Each of the four faculties will hold a meeting at least once a month and is to have jurisdiction and authority over the students, classes, and examinations pertaining to it. The several faculties are subdivided into departments, each under the direction of a head professor, with associate professors, assistant professors, and instructors, assigned to the particular classes. The following professors have been appointed as heads of their departments: Rev. Dr. Carrico for English, Rev. Dr. Carey for Classics, Rev. Dr. Walsh for History; Rev. William Bolger for Economics; Rev. Bernard Ill, Modern Languages; Rev. John O'Hara, Commerce; Dr. John M. Cooney, Journalism; Rev. Dr. Miltner, Philosophy; Rev. Joseph Maguire, Chemistry; Rev. Joseph Donahue, Physics; Rev. Dr. Nieuwland, Botany; Rev. Alexander Kirsch, Biology; Professor Robert Greene, Pharmacy; Professor Scheib, Agriculture; Judge Francis J. Vurpillat, Law.

The four deans of the faculties are men exceptionally well fitted for the duties of their positions, all having for years taken part in the work which has secured for Notre Dame high recognition in the educational world.

Father Carrico, born December 27, 1881, at Raywick, Kentucky, received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at St. Mary's College, Kentucky, in 1902, the degree of Bachelor of Letters from Notre Dame in 1903, and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Catholic University in 1903. He has been professor of English at Notre Dame and professor of ethics at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, during the last several years.

Rev. Dr. Nieuwland was born in Ghent, Belgium, February 14, 1878. He received his Bachelor of Arts from Notre Dame in 1899, his degree of Doctor in Philosophy from the Catholic University in 1904, and the Doctor's degree in

Science from Notre Dame in 1912. He is the author of an important scientific treatise and has done other distinguished work in establishing certain botanical facts previously unknown to the science. He was the founder and is still the editor of the *American Midland Naturalist*, and has taught botany and organic chemistry at the University for nearly two decades.

Professor McCue, Dean of the Faculty of Engineering, is in point of service one of the oldest members of the teaching staff. Born November 13, 1863 in Poughkeepsie, New York, he became a Bachelor of Science at Notre Dame in his sixteenth year. He received also from Notre Dame the degree of Master of Science in 1879, and his degree in Civil Engineering in 1881. As teacher at Notre Dame he has conducted the classes in astronomy and civil engineering.

Professor Vurpillat, for several years a prominent circuit judge in Indiana, is highly distinguished by his sound theoretical knowledge in the Law, to which is added his valuable experience as practicing attorney and as judge. He was born forty-six years ago at Winnamac, Indiana, and made his college course at Notre Dame, taking the Bachelor's degree in Law in 1891, and the Bachelor in Letters, in 1892. All of the Law Alumni of Notre Dame will be joyous to learn that Professor William Hoynes, LL. D., K. S. G., has been re-appointed Dean Emeritus of the College of Law, of which he was the founder and in which he has reared generations of lawyers.

There is every reason to believe that the new arrangement of faculty will be productive of the greatest efficiency in the academic activities of the University.—T. H. BEACOM.

Obituaries.

MR. JOHN HEBERT.

The many friends of Father Peter Hebert, C. S. C., of the University faculty, were grieved to hear that his father, Mr. John Hebert, had succumbed to a serious operation on October 18th, at Pinnebog, Michigan. The deceased was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1844, and in 1875 moved to Chandler, Michigan, where he resided until his death. Father Hebert officiated as celebrant at the solemn Mass of requiem said on the day of burial. Among the many clergymen present in the sanctuary was Father Cunningham, of Notre Dame. The Chandler paper pays to Mr. Hebert this beautiful tribute:

"He was a man of sterling character, industrious and just. . . . The remembrance of his high civic virtues and noble Christian ideals will always be an incentive to nobler and better things to those who knew him." To Father Hebert, to his bereaved mother, brothers, and sisters, Notre Dame proffers her prayerful sympathy in their sorrow.

CASPER B. KUHN.

News of the death of Casper B. Kuhn at Nashville, Tennessee, was received at the University recently. Mr. Kuhn was a student of Notre Dame in the late 70's, and for many years in later life auditor for the city of Nashville. To the sister, brother, and other relatives of the deceased the sympathy of Notre Dame is offered.

University Bulletin.

All students who have received Knights of Columbus scholarships are requested to see the Director of Studies as soon as possible.

It is urged that students use the opportunity of going to confession in the evening, because of the great difficulty of hearing all the confessions during the Masses in the morning. Father Irving will be in the confessional to the right of the main altar in the basement chapel every evening.

A Committee to be known as "The Students' Activities Committee," composed of the following members, has been appointed by the President of the University:

Rev. Matthew Walsh, Rev. John C. McGinn, Mr. Knute Rockne, the President of the Senior Class, the President of the Junior Class, the President of the Sophomore Class, the President of the Freshmen Class, the President of the Senior Law Class, T. J. Tobin, J. Waters, V. Fagan, P. Barry, J. W. Connerton, P. Scofield, and L. F. Bahan.

The work of this Committee will be to organize, direct, and regulate student activities of a public nature, at home or abroad, for the purpose of promoting better college spirit through organized effort.

It will be the duty of this Committee to prevent imposition, such as unauthorized collections of money, unauthorized sale of tickets, and other money-making schemes. All such

matters in the future must be referred to this Committee on Students' Activities for authorization. The selection of cheer leaders, choice of yells, songs, stunts, and the like will be made by this Committee.

The Director of Studies announces that by enactment of the Faculty all graduates of the University will in future receive in graduation a rank in accordance with the following distinctions:

1. *Maxima cum Laude*, (with highest honor), the graduate whose bulletin average is between 95% and 100;
2. *Magna cum Laude* (with high honor), the graduate whose average is between 90% and 95;
3. *Cum Laude*, (with honor), the graduate whose average is between 85% and 90;
4. The graduate whose average is between 70% and 85.

In 1920 this average will be based on the senior year only; in 1921 on the junior and the senior years; in 1922, on the sophomore, the junior, and the senior years; in 1923 and thereafter on all four years of the college course.

The Quarterly Examinations will be held on November 17th and 19th, as follows:

NOVEMBER 17

Classes taught at	examined at
8:10	8:00
10:15	10:30
1:15	1:30
3:05	4:30

NOVEMBER 19

9:05	8:00
11:10	10:30
2:10	1:30

Christian Doctrine classes will be examined at 7:00 p. m. on Tuesday, November 18th.

By order of the Director of Studies the following rules are published concerning the matter of honesty in academic work:

When a student copies in an examination the fact is to be reported by the teacher to the Prefect of Discipline. For the first offense a letter concerning the matter will be sent to the parents of the student; for the second offense the student will be suspended for thirty days; for the third offense the student will be expelled from the University. These offenses are cumulative, and hence a student three times guilty of copying, even if the offenses occur in different years, will be expelled.

A student who does unfair work in examination will be given zero for the examination. When there is evidence of dishonesty in daily classwork, such as copying duties, the student will be penalized for each offense ten per cent on the next quarterly bulletin.

Personals.

—Frank M. Hogan (LL. B. '14) is now successfully practising law at Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Found: In the local post-office a pocket knife, lost from someone's parcel-post package. Apply to the post-master.

—James M. McNulty (E. E., '19) spent last week-end at the University. "Jim" is now associated with the General Electric Co. at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

—Hollis E. King (LL. B., '16) watched the Notre Dame eleven take Western Normal to defeat last Saturday. Hollis was a varsity football player in his day.

—Lieut. "Joe" Pliska, (former varsity man) who was discharged last week from the Aviation Corps, paid a short visit to Notre Dame while en route from Mineola, N. Y., to Chicago.

—Albert V. King (Ph. B., '14), guard on the 1913 varsity eleven, witnessed the Notre Dame-Western Normal game last Saturday. "Al" is now employed with the Northern Trust Co., Chicago.

—Clarence Bader, graduate in accounting last year, visited Notre Dame a few days ago. "Chick" was formerly a varsity baseball and basketball star. He is now associated with the Gary Lumber and Coal Co., Gary, Ind.

—A card has just been received announcing the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Breslin, of Summit Hill, Pa. Harry was graduated in Electrical Engineering in 1917 and announces that his son is already registered for Notre Dame.

—Evidence of the riotous betting at the time of the Notre Dame-Nebraska game has been received in the report submitted to Frank J. Petritz (M. E. in E. E. '03), now special examiner for the Bureau of Securities, Department of Trade and Commerce, for the State of Nebraska. The cherished document follows:

STATE OF NEBRASKA.

File No. 1. } In the matter of the Notre Dame-
Nebraska Football game, Oct. 18, 1919.

REPORT.

This game was played on the Nebraska field on Saturday, Oct. 18, 1919. Notre Dame came, saw, and conquered.

Enclosed is one dollar (\$1.00), due to one Frank J. Petritz, who is hereby given authority to spend same as he desires, subject to the following special conditions:

1. It shall not be spent in liquidation of gambling debts.

2. It shall not be spent for cigarettes.

3. Said Petritz shall render account to the Bureau of Securities within ten days from date, giving detailed statement showing just how this large sum was spent.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) Josephine Dougan, A Nebraska Fan.

—"Don" Kennedy, student in commerce 1917-18, is now a junior member of the firm of Kennedy and Mintz, real estate agents, Johnson City, N. Y. "Don" was recently discharged from the Navy, in which he was commissioned an ensign, and his many Notre Dame friends wish him success.

—O'HARA-CONAGHAN.

Book Reviews.

Our Own St. Rita, by the Reverend M. J. Corcoran, O. S. A. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.00 net.

Of the many people who have a special devotion to St. Rita as "the Saint of the Impossible" only a comparatively few perhaps know the story of the sorrowful, holy life which merited for her the grace of that title. It is observed that with every favor she obtains for a client she sends a cross of some kind. After learning in detail the story of her life one is better able to understand why this is so and to consider as a special honor and privilege a cross sent by one who bore so many crosses with such patience. Father Corcoran has done, under the title, "Our Own St. Rita," in most plausible manner the biography of this girl, wife, mother, nun, and saint. The account of her trials, sufferings, and motives is at once judicious and sympathetic, and so presents the life of this holy woman in a way to render it intelligent, interesting, and inspiring to the general reader.

Whose Name is Legion, and The Deep Heart, by Isabel C. Clarke. Benziger Brothers, New York. Prices net, \$1.35 and \$1.50.

To the many Catholic readers who are of the opinion that there are no really interesting, worth-while Catholic novels Isabel C. Clarke has furnished another refutation in the publication of her recent novels, "Whose Name is Legion" and "The Deep Heart." Miss Clarke is fast achieving for herself a high place among Catholic fictionists, and the present productions are well up to her standard. Perhaps the most noteworthy features of her work are originality of plot, art in characterization, a certain cunning of diction, and the easy, natural manner in which her stories breathe of Catholicity. She always has a story to tell and is never dull in the telling. "Whose Name is Legion" has as subject the very current and much-discussed topic of spiritism, and the author presents the matter ably from the Catholic position. These two stories, like the author's former ones, are marked by a delicacy of touch, a wealth of imagination, strength of thought, and a vigorous style. To those who wish good Catholic stories well told we would recommend the books of Isabel C. Clarke.—B. C.

Local News.

—At a recent meeting of the Notre Dame Electrical Engineers a branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers was established with the following men as officers: honorary president, Prof. J. A. Caparo; president, J. F. Miles; vice-president, G. L. Sullivan; secretary, W. Leo Wenzel; treasurer, O. L. Sidenfaden. A program of interesting meetings is being arranged and will be published in the *Scholastic* soon.

—Beginning at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, October 29th, Rev. George Marr, C. S. C., Rector of Sorin Hall, gave to the Minims a retreat of two days, ending on All Saint's Day, November 1st, with solemn Mass celebrated by the Reverend Prsident, at which twenty of the Minims received their First Communion. Farther Marr gave also the retreat for the students of Carroll Hall.

—Abandoning the plan in vogue last year, the Knights of Columbus will this year be organized for the building fund campaign according to the halls in which they reside. Thomas H. Beacom will have charge of the campaign in Sorin Hall, James W. Connerton in Corby, Alfred C. Ryan in Badin, A. Lyndon Bryce in Walsh, Emmett Sweeney in Brownson, and Alden J. Cusick among the day students.

—At the suggestion of President Burns, the Student Activities Committee has asked the Chamber of Commerce to take charge of the local drive for contributions to the Roosevelt Memorial Fund. In each hall have been organized teams which will be under the direction of an executive committee, composed of J. C. Powers, chairman, A. C. Ryan, J. P. Dower, and John Buckley. Every student at the University is expected to make at least a small contribution to the fund.

—On Monday evening, November 3rd, a meeting of the local branch of the Institute of Electrical Engineers will be held in the Engineering Building. Papers on "Trans-Atlantic Radio Communication" will be read by Messrs. W. Sullivan, Sidenfaden, and Trant. All men taking engineering courses and any other students interested in this subject are urged to be present at this meeting, to begin at 7:30. All students of electrical engineering by identifying themselves with the Notre Dame branch have a means of acquainting themselves with the latest

developments in their profession through the medium of the "Proceedings of the American Insitute," the official bulletin of the organization.

—In the election of officers, the only matter of business that was considered by the Senior Lawyers at their meeting, Friday, October 24th, M. Edward Doran was chosen as president, Clifford O'Sullivan as vice-president, Humphrey L. Leslie as secretary, Maurice Smith as treasurer, and George Murphy as sergeant-at-arms. The whole class will attend the Indiana game in a body, six of the number being on Coach Rockne's squad.

—*The Grail*, a monthly publication of the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad's, Indiana, contains in its October issue an excellent poem entitled "October," by Professor John M. Cooney, of the Journalism Department of the University. The piece is permeated with the sanctity of the month of the Holy Rosary. There is also in the same issue an article on "International Law" by Miss Mary E. Sullivan, summer school student of the last two years.

—"The Life and Work of Orestes A. Brownson" was the subject of a thorough and very interesting talk given by Emmet Sweeney at the meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society last Thursday evening. This was only one of a series of lectures upon standard Catholic authors being given at the society's meetings, at the suggestion of Brother Alphonsus and with the aid of his Apostolate Library. Sinnott Meyers was characteristically impressive in a talk upon labor unrest. Alfred N. Slaggert enlivened the program with some excellent stories, and Worth Clark very ably told the truth about the Japanese question. Professor Farrell, after a thorough criticism of each speaker, again congratulated the society upon its interest and earnestness.

—In his lecture in Washington Hall last Saturday evening Mr. Mark Sullivan, former editor of *Collier's Weekly* and reporter at the Peace Conference, gave in plain fashion first-hand information concerning the methods and doings of the Conference. Owing to the scarcity and unreliability of the news we have hitherto received, the address was full of enlightenment and interest. Although the speaker made no reference to the political dissension in the United States over the terms of the treaty and the form of the League of Nations, his statements clearly

indicated that our American representatives were no match for the wily European diplomats. His account of the "full plenary sessions," so impressive in appearance, revealed its unimportance and sham. The address was concluded with some statistics on the terrible cost of the war, showing the necessity of preventing another.

—TOBIN-BEACOM.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 53; WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 0.

Notre Dame walked over the widely-advertised team of the Western State Normal last Saturday in a very one-sided victory, 53 to 0. The Michigan team stepped on the Cartier gridiron with decisive victories over the formidable M. A. C. and Wabash elevens to their credit, but left with their championship aspirations blighted. Rockne's men were superior in every phase of the game, offensive and defensive. By smashing charges through the Normals' line, speedy end-runs for large gains, and clean forward passes, the Gold and Blue demons scored at will. But while the men from Kalamazoo fought against obviously overwhelming odds, they displayed a plucky and aggressive front to the very end of the final quarter. Realizing the impossibility of denting the Notre Dame line, they opened up an aerial attack with the hope of saving themselves from a zero defeat. Fifteen times did the backs hurl the pigskin to their ends, but only five times were the passes successful, for a total gain of some fifty yards.

Malone received the ball in the first kick-off and spilled several Kalamazoo tacklers in a good return. Again taking the ball the meteoric back slashed through on an off-tackle play, tricked the secondary defense, and was not stopped until he reached the enemy's ten-yard line. With the game but two minutes old, Gipp glided around end for the first touchdown and Bahan kicked goal. Gipp again carried the ball over when it had been placed within striking distance of the Normalite goal by the long gains of Malone, Slackford, and Bahan.

In the second quarter the Notre Dame backs took seven-league strides towards the Wolverine goal, and Brandy, who had been injected into quarter, took an arrow-like plunge through center, and scored the third marker. Before the whistle blew ending the first half "Norm" Barry had buried the ball behind the Kazoo posts, after a

beautiful dash through the whole Normal squad.

In the third quarter Rockne rushed substitute after substitute into the line-up. The vim of the reserves squelched any hope of scoring the Normals may have entertained. Line-bucks, ends-runs, and off-tackle plays again carried the ball close to the visitor's goal and Phelan went over. Kirk grabbed a pass that was intended for Westgate and raced away for another touchdown, but was stopped. Barry, Phelan and Walsh shared in pushing the ball along, and Barry again carried it over.

In the last quarter the Michiganders, after being stopped dead in their own territory, were forced to kick. Pearson ricocheted back with the oval for a thirty-five yard return and followed this stroll with an eight-yard gain around Kalzamazoo's right flank. He failed on a place-kick. With the quarter well advanced, Rockne put the lightning catapult, Bergman, into the fray. The "Dutchman" ran circles around the Kalamazoo defense on his first play and added another touchdown to the Notre Dame collection. The Gold and Blue backs rested on their arms for the remainder of the tilt, and shortly the dejected Teachers groped their way off the field with their championship ambitions blasted.

With the line much improved and the backfield men startling the West with their phenomenal work, Notre Dame should certainly give a good account of herself this afternoon at Indianapolis in the title fray with the University of Indiana. The line-up:

NOTRE DAME.		WESTERN NORMAL.
Trafton	C.	Meers
Smith	R. G.	Walters
H. Anderson	L. G.	Crull
Crowley	R. T.	Redmond
Coughlin	L. T.	French
Hayes	R. E.	Westgate
Kiley	L. E.	Huston
Bahan	O. B.	Olson
Malone	R. H.	Dunlap
Gipp	L. H.	Bennet
Slackford	F. B.	Shears

Substitutes: Notre Dame—E. Anderson for Hayes, Kirk for Kiley, Madigan for Trafton, Trafton for Madigan, Barry for Gipp, Shaw for Crowley, Brandy for Bahan, Phelan for Slackford, Walsh for Malone, Gooley for Anderson, Pearson for Brandy, Mohardt for Barry, Bergman for Walsh, Kasper for Phelan; Kalamazoo—Farr for Bennet, Bowerseaux for Walters, Smith for Crull. Touchdowns: Barry, 2; Gipp, 2; Brandy, Phelan, Mohardt, Bergman. Goals from touchdowns: Bahan, Kirk, 3; Pearson. Referee: Lipsky (Chicago); headlinesman: Cook (Indiana).

—A. M. SLAGGERT.

Today the interest of hundreds of Notre Dame men is centered on the eleven men whom Coach Rockne has chosen to battle at Indianapolis with the University of Indiana, our rival of a decade ago, for the state championship. The game has been called the "Hoosier gridiron classic", and elaborate plans have been made to make it such. Some four hundred students and scores of others from Notre Dame and the vicinity are making the trip to Indianapolis to witness the revival of the old contest. The special train under the management of Pearson and Brandy is especially decorated for the occasion. It is scheduled to leave Indianapolis on the return at 12:30 a. m. tomorrow. The Alumni and student organizations of Indianapolis are planning to celebrate the probable victory after the game. The University band will be augmented by an Indianapolis band of fifty pieces. A special section of seats is being reserved for the supporters of the Gold and Blue, who are swarming to the game from every state in the Mid-West. Mass meetings held during the week to rehearse old and new cheers for the occasion assure Indianapolis of the liveliest Saturday night she has had since the armistice celebration. Notre Dame has met Indiana in football nine times, in which she has won four times, lost four times, and tied once. Each team has held the other scoreless on three occasions. Six of the games have been decided by a margin of a single touchdown. Notre Dame has scored a total of sixty-seven points against a total of sixty-one for Indiana.

BADIN, 10; BROWNSON, 0.

Badin, with three victories to its credit, is all set for the interhall-championship test with Corby tomorrow. Last Sunday Badin won over the battling Brownsonites, 10-0. The game was scoreless till Nixon, of Badin, blocked a kick on Brownson's fifteen-yard line and took the ball over for a touchdown. In the last period Shea executed one of his drop-kicks, which have become one of Badin's surest bets. The Brownson team was crippled in consequence of the "Prep" contest at Gary. Schmidt, Breen, Murphy, and Walsh featured in the Brownson play.

SORIN, 3; WALSH, 0.

Sorin's Miles-Murphy combination was too much for Walsh in the game of last Sunday. For three quarters Walsh fought successfully

on the defense against odds, till late in the third period when Miles from a difficult angle on the thirty-seven-yard line booted the ball held by Captain Murphy squarely between the goal posts. Sorin outweighed and outguessed the plucky Walshites, who lost Captain Thompson, star at guard, by injury in the first half of the game. Secret night drills under Coach Trafton have made the Sorinites a team to be reckoned with seriously in the interhall series.

N. D. PREPS, 0; GARY, 13.

The Notre Dame "Preps" journeyed to Gary, Indiana, last Saturday to put in a bid for the State Championship by a contest with the Emerson High School, of Gary, aspirants for the title, but were humbled, 13 to 0. Coach Klein says the Preps were not in the best of condition as a result of lack of practice and scrimmage work.

CORBY, 19; GOSHEN, 0.

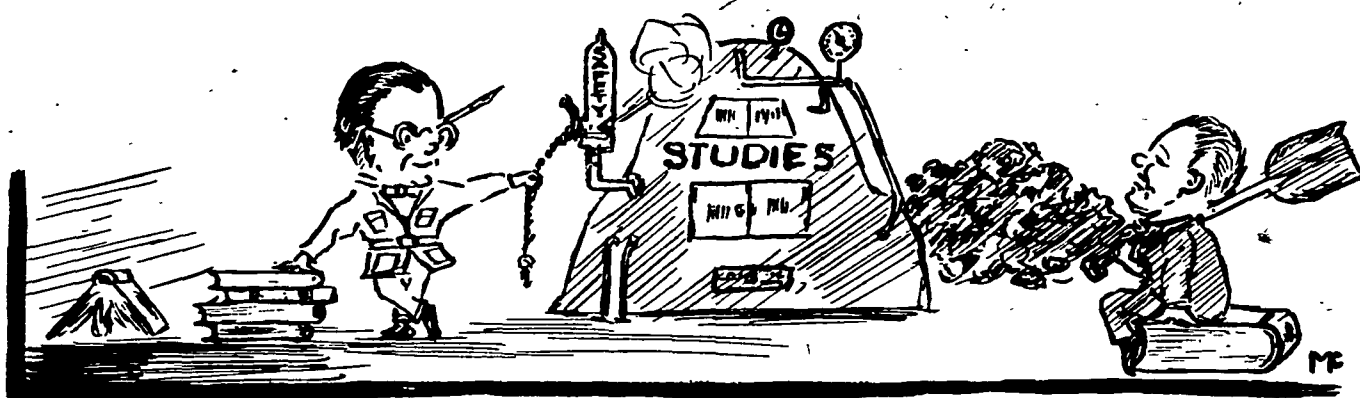
The Corby gridiron heroes played at Goshen last Sunday, vanquishing the "Shamrocks", a semi-pro eleven, by the comfortable score of 19-0. Father Haggerty's huskies had everything their own way from beginning to end.

CROSS COUNTRY STRONG.

Cross-country is booming at Notre Dame. This year's squad totals twenty-two men, who are working out daily to get into trim for the annual five-mile cross-country event due in two weeks. Meets with outside schools are under consideration as the turnouts have developed men that are the equal of any in the Mid-West. The squad includes Captain Meehan, Meridith, Sweeney, and Starrett, as monogram men, and Shanahan, Bowman, Heuther, Murphy, Colgan, Kennedy, Dwyer, Bardzel, Nagel, Wm. Burke, J. Burke, McIntyre, Weiss, Keefe, Hundenline, Colhané, Richert, Howden, and Myers. More candidates will be welcome if they will report at the gymnasium any day soon at three o'clock.

"Eddie" Meehan, of Philadelphia, was chosen captain for the coming year in the election held by the track men recently. "Eddie" has been for three years one of Notre Dame's hardest and most consistent workers, and for two years the middle-distance mainstay of the cinder-path athletes. The prospect for Captain Meehan's team this season is very bright.

—M. E. S.



We notice that Czysz was one of the Michigan men who got a touchdown for his team two weeks ago—he made a noise like a seidlitz powder and went through the entire field.

No matter by how large a score Rochester may win, their left tackle is always Loeser.

Iowa has only a few men for tackle, but she has Pyles for left end.

Speaking of the "fighting Irish," we thought someone might be interested in knowing that the Harrison High School team, of Chicago, is composed of Nickolas, Koska, Patstock, Sweiczicki, Dolezal, Ohde, Kofka, Saukup, Kuotovil, C. Litwak, and A. Skuller. In the fourth period the coach pulled A. Skuller and substituted Litwak.

LITTLE MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

Dick Swift has himself paged at the Oliver.

MY NEW ROOM.

They've packed me in the store room down in Sorin,
I guess the prefects thought I wouldn't keep,
Five other lads were planted right beside me,
The registrar made sure I wouldn't sleep.
My room is like a corridor or alley,
It's long and just as narrow as can be,
I have to back out doors to get my coat off,
The "Hall-Room Boys" have nothing much on me.

And yet the Secretary charged me room rent,
And told me with a growl it must be paid,
He thinks I have a *private* room—he's all wrong;
It's not as private as the board of trade.
Two of my room mates snore and one has asthma,
Another talks in sleep and so you see,
That in their most despondent, wretched moments,
The "Hall-Room Boys" have nothing much on me.

Have you had to pay the car fare yet for the stude who "closed the town house for the summer and Rolls-Royced through the East all summer."

IT MAKES 'EM GROWL.

Many of the Universities in this country are raising a million dollars so that the salaries of professors may be increased. "Feed the Professors," is the slogan of those leading the drive. While we believe professors should be fed we see no reason for giving them as much raw meat as they have had in the past.

"SAMBO BACK."

There was just one black spot in last Saturday's almost perfect game.

SUNG BY THE CHOIR.

Oft' my room mate speaks to me
Words that fill my heart with glee,
But each evening just at bedtime soft he bleats;
"In the interest of this school
I insist upon one rule
Cut your toe-nails, roomy, or you'll tear the sheets."

What has become of the old fashioned Freshman who used to attend dances in Dujarie Hall and buy bathing privileges for St. Marys' Lake? Probably he owns the controlling stock in the Delinquent List.

Or as Joe Thompson would say of the Sorin Team—"They withstood me to the teeth."

"The reason you don't pass in your classes," said the excited professor, "is because you don't study."

"Well," said the blue-eyed Carrollite, "what's the use of getting sore about it,—ain't that a mighty good reason?"

The clocks have been set back once more
Because the students raved
About the hook worm stealing all
The daylight that they saved.

He was by the players bench
Spilling adjectives of French
Could his friends such language quench?
Not at all.

He had watched the gold and blue
Hit the line and go right through
'Till the other thieving crew
Stole the ball.

Yes, mother, we're sleeping three in a bed at the University this year and there's a big fat fellow in the middle of our bed who turns around like a wind mill all night and snores like a thunder storm.

Chem. Student.—"Why did you quit chemistry?"
Ditto.—"I couldn't stand the 'acid test'."

Engineer.—"Did you pass surveying?"
Stupe.—"Sure I did."
Engineer.—"On the level?"

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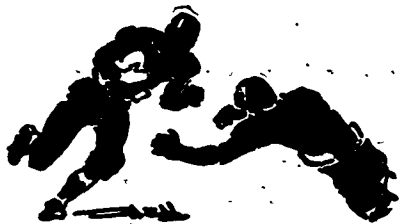
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