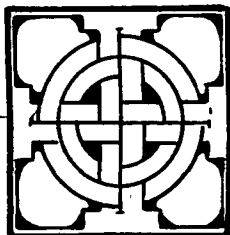
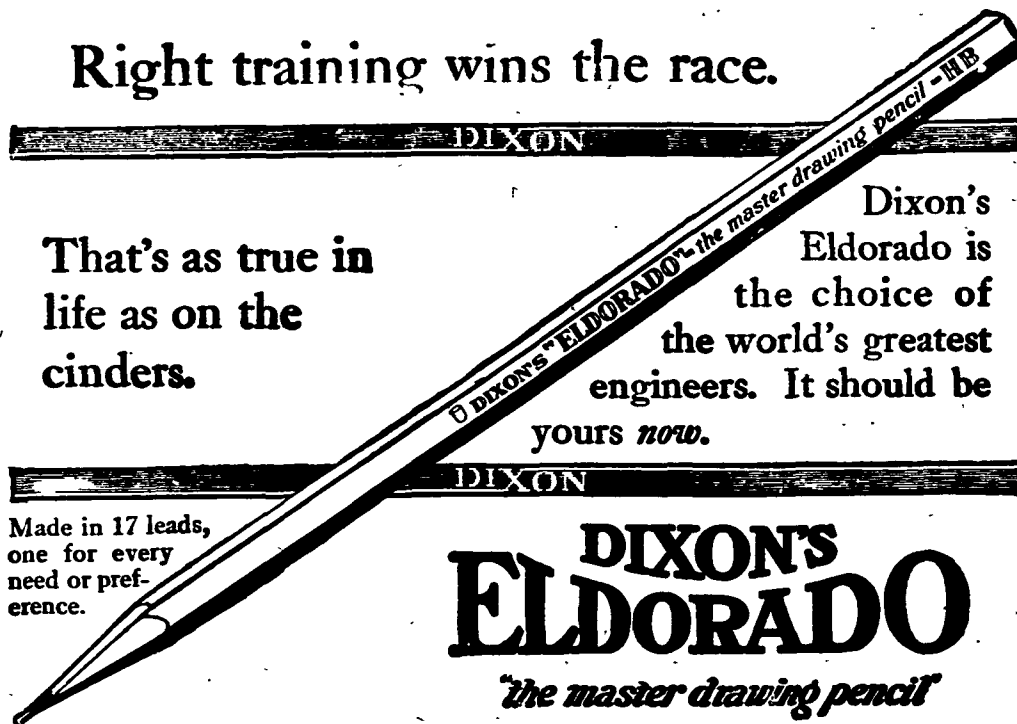


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# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA; FEBRUARY 28, 1920.

No. 20.

## To Washington, 1920: An Ode.

A BRIEF, full year, a blessed year of peace  
Has stilled the clamor, hushed the war tide's roar  
Where waves of men at last had quenched that burning  
shore.

The arms are stacked; the bivouac and exile cease.  
Captains and kings are busy with the spoil  
While the honest men of battle are remustered to their  
toil.

A year, and our unselfish ships returning bore  
What we had bid them bring,—our own, and nothing  
more.

The legions scatter to the sunset coast,  
The welcomes and the honors all bestowed.  
The last faint echo of our pilgrim host  
Some homeward wending trooper treads the valley  
road.

This was our Second Revolution; these our Minute  
Men;

A new Old Glory to farther skies unfurled;  
The Continentals saved a continent, as then  
And fired once more the shot heard round the world.

And even as our Fathers, Washington,  
The nations sought the genius of thy hand,  
Thy sword their freedom and our own rewon  
And left thy name for Brotherhood in every land.  
What other sword than thine has led us on:  
A blade that sought but peace for liberty,  
That only righteous need brought blood upon  
And thoughtless of itself was sheathed in victory?

Proud in his footsteps to have trod,  
Unselfishness has made him more our own.  
Had this been Rome, he would have been a god,  
And were this Europe, he had built a throne.  
Unselfishness! What nobler monument  
Has graced the crowded halls of time!  
Our words are only faded flowers spent,  
His deeds alone sublime.

Unselfishness! Where are the statesmen of that name,  
The prayer-blessed Fathers of the statelier mould  
Who scorned to court a mirrored fame  
And spurned to pick the crumbs of gold.  
Be with us yet to guide us, Washington,  
And lend the far-spied vision of our sires.  
The testing of thy heritage is scarce begun:  
The ashes speak; we tread on hidden fires.  
The rainbowed flags of war have spoken: "Nevermore,"  
Yet we hear the echoes broken on a not far distant  
shore.

But we have faith in this, thy heritage  
And in the sanctuary of thy memory we pledge  
A watchful loyalty to country's cause,  
Alert to stay the traitor tongue and hand,  
To vindicate the Constitution and the laws  
And preach a firmer faith in our own land.  
Let us herald forth the virtues of it,  
Let us bring our truant own to love it,  
While the flag that waves above it  
Recalls the voice of Washington:  
"Ye sons of free-born fathers! Keep Old Glory in the  
sun!"—FRANCIS JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '20.

## The Silver Lining.

BY REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C., D. D.

(Reprinted from the Catholic World, for January, 1920)

EVERY cloud in the proverb has a silver lining, and it is fair to suppose that the great war cloud that for years lowered over the world, shutting off its sunshine, has its own bright and inspiring side. More beautiful than any courage displayed by men on the battlefield, for example, have been the noble strength and patience of mothers and sisters left at home to suffer the sorrows of fear and constant worry. In the late War, more than ever before, the part borne by women has been duly recognized and no doubt will have its proper appreciation in history. Someone has asked why the world has never erected a monument to the memory of a woman. Of course the world has erected monuments to women—to the immortal Joan of Arc in France, for example, and at the other end of the scale to that noble Irish woman in New Orleans who spent her life befriending the newsboys of that city. But if it were true that the world had erected no monuments to women, the explanation probably would be that every good man who ever lived was himself a monument to some noble woman who, as mother, sister, wife or sweetheart encouraged him to be his best and to do his best. All the same it is lawful to hope that in the new day of enlarged activities for women they may have their share of the monuments, and that there may yet be lifted up to the clouds a symbol so strong and beautiful and eloquent as to be a fit interpreter of womanly courage and virtue in the war.

We have in mind here, however, another sort of silver lining to the war cloud. Probably no one who has talked with chaplains or soldiers, has failed to express the hope that stories of heroism or piety may

be gathered into book form for the edification of posterity and to commemorate the spiritual qualities of the men who made up the fighting forces of America. It is to be hoped that every chaplain will contribute his quota of beautiful incidents to the record, and it is much to be desired, though too much to hope for, that the officers and the soldiers and sailors themselves, as well as the zealous and efficient men who carried on the work of the Knights of Columbus, may contribute according to their knowledge to the fund of that "storial thyng that toucheth gentlenessse." Perhaps it may be worth while to open the campaign of edification with a few examples.

To begin with, we have the beautiful story of the good chaplain—for the present he shall be nameless—whose piety in death led to several conversions and the end is not yet. He was one of those cheery, wholesome, self-forgetting men who so easily win their way into the hearts of the soldiers. With him courage, which had been instinctive as regards nature, had been refined and strengthened by years of meditation, by lifelong habit of faith, by heeding all the holy voices and lifting his eyes to all the sacred visions that had come to him in youth and afterwards. The roughest men in the army felt for him the chivalrous admiration that coarse miners in the old days of the Wild West used to feel for a beautiful, innocent girl who happened to flutter by their camp on a sightseeing expedition. But while they worshipped him like a star apart and above them, they had for him all of a child's confidence in its mother. They went to confession to him in the trenches, a few steps from a group of smoking and chatting companions, or they stood at his side, when better arrangements could not be made, with companions touching elbows all around, utterly regardless whether their sacred confidences were overheard or not. Naturally the men loved him in their rough frank way and the officers were his devoted, admiring friends.

Well, one day they carried in this good priest, and the doctors at once recognized that the shrapnel had done its work and he could not live. The oldest of the surgeons, with tears in his eyes, bent over the young chaplain and said:

"Father, you cannot possibly live. Is there anything we can do for you? Is there anything that will make your last moments happier?"

Pale and faint and barely conscious the priest turned his face towards the kindly surgeon and said:

"I do wish I could make another visit to the Blessed Sacrament before I die." As it chanced there was not a Catholic in the group and they had only a dim notion of what the noble priest meant by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. They asked questions, however, and learned that the nearest chapel was two hundred miles away. Depressed and silent they were about to turn to their work again when a young lieutenant of the aviation service said:

"Doc, if you can bandage up the Father's wounds so that he will live for two hours, I will bring him to the chapel."

And in a few minutes the dying priest was flying through the air almost literally on the wings of love at the rate of one hundred miles an hour to meet his God. The amazing thing is that the priest actually made the journey of two hundred miles through the

air, received the holy Viaticum and had his visit with the Royal Host. I never heard what happened to the doctors. Perhaps some reader of this story may be able to tell me, but the young aviator has since become a Catholic and is now arranging for his reception into a religious community. His three sisters, as a result of hearing this story, have also been received into the Church and are now novices in a community of nuns.

Almost as beautiful in its way is the story of poor Pat Conway—that was almost his name—the terrible recidive. He was a recidive only in the sense that he was powerless to resist the temptation to go to confession at every opportunity. His own chaplain was a Protestant clergyman, but Pat managed to see Father Davis of the adjacent regiment every day to get absolution, and sometimes showed more than a willingness to confess oftener than once a day. The result was that the confessor soon began to shun the penitent with as much adroitness as often the penitent shuns the confessor.

The Protestant chaplain in Pat's regiment was a noble fellow with all the beautiful qualities of an ideal chaplain. Among other things this refined and scholarly man was so Christlike in spirit that he never hesitated to run after Father Davis to attend to a dying Catholic boy in the regiment. "But there will be times," he said to the good priest, "when I won't be able to go for you or perhaps can't find you. What shall I do then?" Father Davis told him that the most he could be expected to do under such circumstances would be to suggest pious dispositions to the dying man and perhaps help him to remember the old Catholic prayers. This noble preacher went dutifully to work like a child at its catechism, learning the Our Father without the heretical appendix, the Hail Mary, the Confiteor, the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition and the Hail Holy Queen. He had them letter perfect in a short time, and more than once he helped a poor Catholic boy to remember the faith and the prayers of his childhood in the Supreme Hour.

Next after Pat's passion for going to confession was his uncontrollable desire to "go over the top," and as nearly always happened in such cases, he went over the top once too often. Pat was hovering on the borderland of consciousness with only a short time to live. The poor fellow searched the hospital with his eyes for the priest, and seemed worried when the familiar features did not appear. The Protestant chaplain suggested holy thoughts, however, and helped with the recitation of the prayers. They were all said with unction, but, somehow, Pat was not quite at ease. Something seemed to be lacking even to his poor cloudy brain.

"Father," said he to the minister—remember Pat was half delirious—"Father, say a Latin prayer over me, won't you?"

In going over the matter with Father Davis afterwards the minister said:

"It was a dreadful moment, Father. You had taught me English prayers, but never a Latin one, and I am ashamed to say that I knew no Latin prayers whatever. But somewhere from the dim caverns of memory I seemed to recall just two Latin words and bending over the dying boy in sheer desperation I said: '*Dominus vobiscum*,' and Pat, who had been an altar

boy in his youth, answered '*Et cum spiritu tuo*' and died with the old familiar words actually trembling on his lips."

None of us will doubt but that the good preacher's prayer for Pat was heard in heaven, and surely none of us but will hope that some day Pat's prayer also may be answered, and that so good a man as this noble chaplain—of whom, thank God, there were many in the War—may share Pat's faith and learn all the Latin prayers.

That the War had awakened the slumbering piety in many an easy-going man, will, of course, not be doubted, but that does not render less interesting the zeal and ingenuity with which our men, young and old, sought the sacraments in the hour of danger. Father M. J. Walsh, C. S. C., Vice-President of Notre Dame University, was for a time condemned to suffer the experiences of the school for chaplains at Fortress Monroe before going over to begin his distinguished labors on the fields of France. One morning he was awakened at two o'clock by a vigorous rapping on the window-pane beside his bed—the chaplains there were quartered in little huts. Startled and puzzled, Father Walsh asked:

"What's up?"

"You are for one thing, Father," came the answer, "we've just got to see you."

In a few moments Father Walsh opened the door and admitted two flushed, panting boys, sixteen or seventeen years of age. They had stolen past their own sentries and had run, with hardly a moment's intermission, a journey of fourteen miles to make this midnight confession, and must hurry back the same distance under penalty of severe punishment, make their way once more past the sentries so as to be ready to start, at five o'clock, for the boat that was to take them overseas. Surely, these boys were running in the way of the Commandments. Let us hope they went through the War without misadventure and that, all the rest of their lives, they may be as anxious to confess under easier circumstances.

Of deeds of heroism done by the soldiers themselves there will probably be no end of stories. One hears of men who captured single-handed large numbers of the enemy, and the first impulse is to recall that Irishman who brought a dozen prisoners into camp and who, when asked how he had managed this seemingly impossible feat, replied:

"Be gorra, I surrounded them."

Nevertheless very wonderful feats of personal courage will probably be fully authenticated as regards both contending sides when the smoke of battle is completely blown away.

Three stories of Notre Dame boys are perhaps interesting enough to be recited here. There was Arnold McInerny, with the good nature and kindness of the giant as well as the bulk, the captain of the football team in his graduation year, and acclaimed by the fans as a heady and nerry player. He ran the usual gamut of the college man suddenly made over into a lieutenant. One day he set out at the head of five soldiers to capture a machine gun that was doing deadly work from a peculiarly favorable point of vantage. One after another the five men fell stark, though they advanced as cautiously as possible and

under the best available cover; and "Big Mack" was alone when he reached the nest of the machine gun. I never learned in detail how he performed the miracle, but he did actually capture the gun, marching the four soldiers operating it before him with their hands held high as he made his way back to our lines. He thought he had completely disarmed them and probably relaxed his caution too much in consequence. One of the prisoners managed to get behind him and, snatching a magazine revolver which he had concealed in his sleeve, he shot McInerny in the back, the bullet passing completely through the body. The wound was obviously fatal and most men would have considered the war over, so far as they were concerned. While staggering under the shock and indeed almost in the very act of falling, McInerny fired four shots in quick succession and the unfortunate men fell in their tracks. It is not perhaps a pretty story to tell, and one wishes that the prisoners might have arrived in safety within the American lines, but they had renewed the War by breaking faith with "Big Mack" and, as a feat of alertness and nerve, his deed is worthy of remembrance.

On the other hand, the story of Lieutenant Harry Kelly, who took the honors in the law school on his graduation a year before, is the record of an American boy who fared badly, but gave an inspiring example of courage in seemingly hopeless circumstances. Kelly and his men were surprised by a cleverly planned and courageously executed night attack by the Germans, involving the front and two flanks of the particular bit of trench in which they were located. It was in the dead of night and the men bounded out of their trench to grapple at close range with the foe. Kelly, in advance of his men, was seriously wounded and fell to the ground unconscious. When he recovered his senses, he heard soldiers talking confusedly near him and believing they were his own men, he made his whereabouts known. They proved to be Germans, however, and he was made prisoner.

An enemy soldier took hold of his right arm, another of his left, a third walked before him with bayonet drawn and two others, carrying gun and bayonet, marched behind him. The darkness was impenetrable and the prisoner limped along with difficulty for he had been shot through the leg. It would seem that any thought of escape was out of question, but to the prisoner the prospect of capture and detention was less endurable than death. With a sudden swiping motion of the arm he released himself of the soldier on his right side and, at the same time, threw the soldier in front of him out of his path and jerked himself loose from the captor who held his left arm. The darkness now was rather in his favor and he had stumbled along a distance of twelve paces, when one of the enemy soldiers threw a hand grenade with faultless aim. There was a crash and a blinding flash and Kelly fell to the ground again unconscious. He afterwards learned that the miniature battle was renewed over his prostrate body, and his own soldiers succeeded in carrying him back to their trench. He will walk through the world henceforth with an artificial leg as a melancholy souvenir of a deed of decision and courage such as the world loves.

The death of Melville Sullivan makes another kind



of story. He was a Virginia boy, the only son of refined and wealthy parents. He had the soft Southern face, the soft Southern manners, the soft Southern voice, and inevitably everybody loved him. With the sure instinct of their tribe the boys called him "Dixie." One day he came to ask me for a letter that would admit him into the aviation service, and I had no idea that I was signing his death warrant when I granted his request. He soon became a brilliant aviator with all the daring of youth and skill and courage.

One day something went wrong with the engine and Dixie fell a thousand feet to the earth. The first to run to his assistance was another Notre Dame boy, Captain Mulcahy, who had known and loved him at school. Dixie was not dead, but attempts to bring him back to consciousness proved useless. Mulcahy took from his pocket a little cross blessed with the indulgence for a happy death, and shouted into Dixie's ears, now closed forever to the sounds of the earth, the words of the Act of Contrition. Dixie never heard them, but he was an innocent soul, and I like to believe that somewhere they were heard and somehow they counted for Dixie.

There must be thousands of beautiful stories of priestly courage and virtue and of lay piety and prowess. They are in some degree a spiritual compensation for the shocking experiences of the world's most dreadful War. They ought not to be lightly passed over or forgotten or permitted to remain the treasured memories of a little group. While merchants and manufacturers are fighting another war, less bloody but hardly less desperate, to make use of the economic resources opened by the great catastrophe, while great statesmen scramble for the lion's share of the spoils of war and dole out the scraps of liberty to the little nations, the spiritual heritage of a War that touched the heights of heroism, as well as the depths of degradation, ought not to pass completely out of the memory of mankind.

### "Slick"

BY JOHN P. LONG, (PREPARATORY.)

"Pink" White was "slick." He admitted it himself as he stood outside the swinging doors of the "Painted Vest" saloon, vaguely wondering if it would be safe to venture in and try the wheel once—only once. For four long, lonely years "Pink" had been a wary fugitive from the "clutches of the law." Wandering along the Rio Grande, now a soldier, now a puncher, now a bandit, again a gentleman, he had thus far eluded his most crafty pursuers. He might well consider himself "slick." A heavy beard had helped, dope and dissipated living had added the finishing touches, and instead of the pleasant-featured, smiling gallant of old, "Pink" now appeared as a most un-

inviting human derelict. "Pink" was wanted for murder.

Finally, as he stood gazing, desire overcame precaution, "Pink" entered the saloon, and slowly strode to the bar. He called for a drink, drained the hot stuff, and carelessly flipped out a coin. Then turning he surveyed the inviting scene. The merry dancers, the wheel—his passion—and the card players. But the idle drunkards—fools!

"Howdy, stranger," the man by his side spoke.

"Oh—Howdy."

"How's tricks?"

"Huh?"

"I say—how you comin'?"

"Oh—I'm all right."

"That's the way to be."

"Yep!"

"Been around these 'ere parts long?"

"Oh—on and off."

"What 'a you doin'?"

"Huh?" "Pink" felt uncomfortable.

"Punchin'?"

"Why, a—no. I—I—I'm all right."

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, how you all a-comin'?" "Pink's" turn now.

"Not very well, pard."

"No?"

"Nope, been looking fer a man fer five years now."

"A man?"

"Yep. Murder."

"Yah! handsome fellow. Scar on left wrist."

Pink quickly slid his left hand into his pocket. "Uh-huh. Well, guess I'll be going. *Buenos dias*. A minute pard. Show you his picture."

"Pink" gazed upon his own face in the picture.

"Don't look like a murderer, does he? Well, again, I'll say—*buenos dias*. *Buenos*—well, a minute pard. We'll go together."

"Huh?"

"I said—we'll go together—"Pink!"

"Pink's" hand stretched toward his hip. It was too late. The stranger's gun pressed against him. He smiled. It was all over now—a noose awaited him. He sighed. Well, after all—he wasn't so very "slick."

"The scar you know—and suspicion from the first," the stranger spoke.

"Uh huh! Well let's go," "Pink" replied.

"Adios," "Pink" smiled to the crowd.

"Adios," someone smiled in return.



Varsity Verse.

MOTHER OF THE DOME.

O stately Mother of the Dome,  
Triumphant in magnificence,  
Where could my wandering footsteps roam  
Receiving your beneficence?

I've lived a life of misery  
In this vast universe of ours,  
My soul is crying to be free,  
To dwell among celestial bowers.

Oh heavenly Mother, holy, bright,  
So peaceful in the moonbeams' glow,  
Take thou my yearning heart tonight  
That I may learn to love, and know.—K. W. K.

OUR LAKE.

In summer when the air is parched and dry  
And nature glows within a hot, seared frame,  
A flaming sun within a melting sky  
Dyes deep with fire the lake at Notre Dame.

In spring when calmness shadows over all  
And the whole world assumes its life anew  
The flowers bloom to hear the wild birds call,  
And each beholds a lake of placid blue.

But now 'tis winter, and the frigid might  
Of wind and frost has bound in crystal skeins  
That wealth of water, and a field of white  
The hidden glory of our lake enchains.—W. C.

TO A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

You tiny, dancing, coy, entrancing  
Maiden full of glee,  
Hearts enraptured you have captured  
Though you're only three.

Joy and gladness mixed with sadness,  
Bringing me to-day,  
For what sorrow comes to-morrow  
When you've gone away!

How 'twill grieve me when you leave me,  
Maiden full of glee,  
My heart's captured, I'm enraptured,  
Though you're only three!—R. E. O'H.

CONCENTRATION.

I sit alone and try to fix my thought  
Upon the thing that duty says I should,  
But all my trials seem to come to naught,  
My mind won't do the things I know it could.

Within its sphere there come so many things,  
That when I try at all to concentrate  
And use my head, it only rings and rings  
With various things I really can't relate.

This only worries me the more because  
I know not why I am in such a state.  
Although I try to follow nature's laws—  
It can't be done, I cannot concentrate.—F. C. B.

The Affair of Jimmy Wilcox.

BY AARON H. HUGUENARD, '23.

Whenever I think of my army days, my thoughts go back to the affair of Jimmy Wilcox at Camp Steuben. Of course, most of you read something about it in the newspapers, but the editors printed only the worst part of the story, and even that partly exaggerated. The newspapers omitted the best part of the story and, if I haven't forgotten it myself, I'll try to tell it to you as it really was.

Jimmy was secretary of a Y. M. C. A. "hut" down at Camp Steuben and I don't believe there was a more popular fellow around the camp. Small in stature, dark in complexion, features finely chiseled, an ever-present smile, and a cheerful demeanor—there you have Jimmy's picture. You could always find him ready and willing to do anything to make you forget your troubles. Whenever you wanted any information, all you had to do was to ask Jimmy and he would spare no efforts to accommodate you. I'll never forget him. He was ever "on the job." I never entered the "hut" when he wasn't there. He would be always in the same posture behind the little show-case which contained tobacco and other knick-knacks. His permanent smile, sometimes a little grim, was like a magnet to the fellows. He had a present wit and it was a real pleasure to hear him as he quibbled mirthfully with us.

We had been at Steuben three months when the heavy rains of the latter part of September set in. It was real hell drilling out in the rain and sleet all day and many of us bewailed our plight. Whenever we broke formation and had some time to spare we would rush over to Jimmy's "hut." He always had hot chocolate ready and a cheery word. It was heaven in there compared to the chilling, damp weather outside. It had rained about a week steady when the fellows began to lose their good spirits. All day long while we drilled in this wretched weather our thoughts ran to the short time we could spend in Jimmy's warm, dry "hut" during hours off duty.

Then that day came. I remember it well because during the drill I had accidentally turned my ankle and was barely able to drag myself to the "Y." When I entered, I noticed the fellows sitting around, looking glum and sullen. Jimmy was doing his best to cheer them up, but

even he in his indomitable way could not pierce their invulnerable gloom. A lanky private from the Cumberlands started the trouble.

"Yes, it's easy for you," he drawled, "to lean around on the counter and make funny remarks. Why aren't you out here with the rest of the crowd, knuckling to the orders of a pie-faced lieutenant?"

These words went home with awful force. I could see the hurt look on Jimmy's face. But, hadn't the mountaineer spoken the truth? I, too, was not able to see why Jimmy was any better than the rest of us.

"Yes," chimed in another, "you ain't no better than the rest of us. Anybody can laugh when he spends all day in a dry 'hut' with nothing to do but change records on a phonograph."

"Let's give him the blanket," suggested a third.

Before I really knew what happened some one had produced a blanket, the fellows jerked Jimmy out from behind the case and tossed him in the air. But the tossing-sport was short-lived. Jimmy came down with a dull thud and fainted dead away.

"The poor Percy," muttered someone. "No wonder he wasn't in the army. He ain't strong enough to be touched even."

Some of the fellows threw water on him but he didn't recover consciousness. After that, they carried him over to the hospital. Then the call came for retreat and for the instant Jimmy was forgotten.

Before dismissal, Captain Migus, hearing of the event, addressed us.

"Men," he said, "I've just heard about this affair over at Jimmy's 'hut.' Perhaps, since you are taking things into your own hands, you would like some further information. I have some. I am told that you wished to know why Jimmy Wilcox wasn't out there with the rest of you. He had a very good reason, in fact, the best of reasons. He was in the Lafayette Escadrille from early 1915 until he was wounded at Verdun in the fall of 1916. He was in the act of bringing down his seventh plane when a stray bullet seared his left arm and caused him serious skin trouble. New skin had to be grafted along the entire arm. He was rendered unfit for further active service, but his indomitable spirit made him offer his services as a lowly 'Y' secretary before his arm was fully healed. You, perhaps, did not notice his left

arm was useless as he stood behind the counter, but, men, it made him grit his teeth every time he used it. Then, to think that you should be so lily-livered, so cowardly, as to dare touch him."

The newspapers told this much of the story after they had added a little local coloring to the affair but they omitted the rest.

"I've just received word that unless Jimmy Wilcox is given some skin, he stands very good chances of losing his arm. Will any of you fellows who don't know what the whistle of a bullet sounds like be willing to give an inch of your worthless hides?"

There was a shuffle of feet as the entire company stepped forward.

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### The Theatre Today.

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BY WILLIAM F. FOX, JR., '20.

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Of all the people concerned with the theatre today the critic, furnishes the only real hope of improvement. He is the one important person of any power who stands for a better type of play. The fertile pens of our present-day dramatists are following the path of least resistance, and the results are those to be expected. The producer and the director are "hashing" things together in "short-order" style, their one object being to get plays before the public in the shortest possible time. The public, gullible to the *nth* power, swallows these dreary, stupid concoctions in a manner which forces us to stamp it as a party of the third part. All the while the critic has been hammering away to no avail. We may conclude then that the playwright, the producer, the public and lastly, and in this case the least, the actor, are the four guilty parties.

Obviously there must be reasons for the decline of the stage. We would never be so incriminating as to accuse any one of these parties of deliberately striving to suppress all intellectual pleasure. First let us take the playwright. The men who are giving us this 'sixth commandment' drama know better. When our religious plays of the Middle Ages were put on the shelf to make way for the secular drama the same evils crept into play-making. Dramatists, instead of producing something worthwhile were content to wrap up in the form of a play large bundles of temptation. The public at that time was eager to loosen the bonds of

conscience and wander about in order to feel quite separated from the religious atmosphere of the church plays. The dramatists of the time took advantage of this fact, and, as the public is always catered to in any enterprise which has for its aim mercenary achievement, the drama was made to suit its taste. Today we are recovering from a war. During this war some restrictions were placed on all of us. We had grown accustomed to some sacrifice. Now our friends are home, all restrictions are off, unqualified liberty is ours. We feel that we must make up for lost time. We go just to be going and we don't care a great deal what we see or hear when we get there. Dramatists know the national feeling; they are forever sensing the public mind. They appreciate this lack of restriction, this freeness of sensual appetites and and they are catering to it. Besides, this type of play is certainly easy to write.

The producer has almost the same argument for us. He is sure of one thing, that a bedroom scene is necessary and he feels that he can use it in most anything that is being written today. In short "the stuff" is easy to produce. All you need is a vampire, male or female, for they are producing them in both genders now, a victim capable of inciting sympathy, a few minors who can memorize, and a theatre. The expense is trifling and the returns are enormous. You get three short acts, flimsy scenes, a vivid portrayal of one of the seven deadly sins, a spasm or two from the orchestra, a pretty program and a glass of ice water, all for two and one-half dollars. The producers decorate this bundle of temptation with pretty pink pajamas, sweetly scented soaps and beautiful brass beds. And, alas, it's a success.

The actors, on account of their numbers we are forced to term them such, are helpless. At least that is their plea. They have no alternative, for they are the servants of the producers and the playwrights. They desire to make a living and they are not too anxious for work. As with the authors, the line of least resistance is to them most appealing, and in the plays of today artistic interpretation of real character is conspicuous by its absence. Clothes, or the lack of them, do not make the man, but they do make the actor of today.

When we say that the public is the greatest offender in the matter we do part of our theatre-going public an injustice. It is not the whole of our play lovers that makes the fortune for

the Tenderloin dramatist. Strangely enough the sins of the "four hundred" in every city are the most enviable, and yet, however great may be the ungodliness of the aristocrats, they are not the culprits of theatrical disgrace. The almighty, angelic, heavenly middle class is the guilty group. Out of this virgin population comes the vast majority of that caste which would like to be but just isn't, that branch of society which goes to the theatre to be seen, to plan hats and gowns and to get that bit of tainted excitement which it inevitably encourages, manifesting its approval by wan smiles of toleration. The actors know this class and they hate it, but it is in the majority and must be pleased. Plainly it is lack of courage on the part of these people. They must have some place to go when they have money and there are only two or three real dramas in New York, the center of theatrical life, at the present time. This is the awful plight of a city that boasts forty-five first-class theatres. Seats for the "Jest," one of the leading productions of the past two seasons, have been sold out sixteen weeks in advance and this sale is from the box office. Shakespeare is today drawing greater crowds than ever before. "Clarence," a clean type of light comedy, is one of the biggest hits of the present season. These are facts in the face of which we can see a weak minded public sitting back and taking what for the dramatist is easy to write, for the producer a laborless production and for the actor a matter of clothes and memory. For the playgoer it is no more than the artificial satisfaction of sense appetites. Of course there must be some appeal and with the aid of our many able critics it is better that we make our plea to the Dramatist.

The foundation of the theatre rested upon the teaching of religious doctrines that could not otherwise have been understood. We will grant that as an instrument of pure dogmatic instruction the stage is a thing of the past, but that is in no sense a license to wholesale sin. If these men who are guiding the destinies of theatrical presentations are to preserve any of the original ideas of their first teachers they will at once and for all time side-track these poisonous plays. I believe that the dramatists are failing to give the public what they want. They are handing out rot that the public lacks the courage to condemn. Because the artists clothe it attractively and call it the *derniere* creation the people take it. Let the intellect

take some part in the enjoyment of the play. Let this so-called high-minded morality be relegated to the ash pile. Let this realization of self drama accompany the preceding article. Let us have something we can read over and over again. Let us have art, the drama, the public wants it.

### Mrs. O'Flaherty anent the "Ipidimic."

BY JAMES W. CONNERTON, '20.

Mrs. O'Flaherty, having finished hanging out her washing, notices her neighbor, Mrs. Riley, busy at the same task; throwing her apron over her broad shoulders, she says, as she swings up to the fence:

"Good mornin', Mrs. Riley! Ain't this the grand wither we're havin' for the toime of the year? An' a blessin' it is too, for they say that it's the only cure for that miserable flu. Johnny Murphy, they tell me, is bad off; an' oh, wasn't it a pity about poor Mrs. Brogan—Lord have mercy on her soul! How in the world will poor Jerry iver take care of those siven childer?"

"Yis, Mrs. O'Flaherty, 'tis a turrible thing—but the good Lord will guard that foine family."

"An' did ye know, Mrs. Riley, that they think her oldest bye, Pat, has got it?"

"Glory be to God—don't tell me that, Mrs. O'Flaherty! Who was tellin' yez?"

"Will, that's the ginerall repoort, an' besides, my Michael saw the doctor goin' into the house jist yisterday. Oh, now, I wouldn't cry Mrs. Riley; she's far better off than us, ye know!"

"Yis, I know, but I can't help it. I knew her so well. Shure, she'd give me the last cint she owned."

"Right ye are, Mrs. Riley; an' 'twill be miny a day before iny of us will forgit the big heart of her. (Here Mrs. O'Flaherty receives a heavy jolt from behind.) Oh, my soul an' body! These young ones will be the death of me yet. Git into that house, ivery last wan of yez an' kape out from in under me feet." (She collars Michael, who is walking the top of the fence, just as he is about to fall headlong on Mrs. Riley.) 'Tis ye that's got the foine, quiet young ones. Shure, mine don't give me a minit's pace; they all take right after their poor father—Lord have mercy on him! But I'd be blessed noine toimes if they'd only grow up to be like him."

"Oh, now, Mrs. O'Flaherty, ye musn't give

up hopes that Dinnis is still alive somewheres. Remimber he left here in the best of health."

"Oh—I know it" (as she wipes away the tears with the corner of her apron), "but it 'tisn't a Dinnis O'Flaherty that would be gone away from his family a whole year widout a wurrd or a sign of his goin.' There goes that blem telephone agin, an' there ain't wan in the house that kin answer it. I suppose it's that Timothy Kelly agin, an if it 'tis, Mrs. Riley, he's goin' to git wan awful settin' out. Good mornin'."

### Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

BE a leader, not a leaner.

A CHRONIC "Crab" is a ready speaker.

THE surest cure for Bolshevism is work.

AN ardent lover must have a good imagination.

THE fellow who shows off is eventually shown up.

DRESS often betrays the fickleness of the mind.

ENGLAND is getting a monopoly on real estate since the war.

THE elevator to success is usually stuck; try the stairs.

PHILANTHROPY is charity without supernatural motive.

THE Americanization of the alien should begin in the Senate.

OUR knowledge of God is limited by our knowledge of things.

THE poet who wrote of light and sweetness lived before the war.

THE mother of the professional gambler played bridge for prizes.

You cannot woo a woman and professional success at the same time.

THE latest dispatches tell us that conditions in Mexico are intolerable.

KING COAL and Jack Frost are allies, who believe in striking at the same time.

To show gratitude in anticipation of favors is like fattening a hog for the market.

Do any of the "anti-prohis" still doubt that the Thirteenth was the greatest of centuries?

WHY does it take a woman so long to make up her mind when she can change it so quickly?

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The Washington's Day exercises held Monday in Washington Hall were a dishonor to the senior class and to the University. Where were the seniors? Of those **Where Were You?** eligible for graduation more than 70 per cent in the College of Law and more than 40 per cent in the College of Arts and Letters were absent. Where was the faculty? Not more than ten members were present, and among the absentees were the deans of several of the departments. Where were the students? The many vacant seats showed that not more than 25 per cent of the student body was present. Perhaps many were justified in their absence—though the overflowing crowd at the concert in the afternoon did not indicate so much. College life consists of something more than eating, sleeping, and attending classes; it should also present the occasion for those social activities which develop in the hearts of students a love for their school and a fervent devotion to their country. Surely there could be no more inspiring or patriotic occasion than the celebration of Washington's birthday and the presentation of the American flag to the University. What is wrong with the spirit at Notre Dame? Is it indifferent, narrow, and selfish? Far be it from us to answer that it is, but there should never again be a repetition of the insult offered last

Monday to the sacred tradition of patriotism which Notre Dame rightfully enjoys, else there will be reason to doubt the quality of the Notre Dame spirit.—P. R. C.

## Washington Day Program.

The observance of Washington's birthday at Notre Dame is a custom as old as the school. The founder of the University, Father Edward Sorin, C. S. C., though a Frenchman by birth and rearing, was a true and ardent American by adoption, who devoted his life to making Notre Dame an archtype among American institutions. In keeping with the tradition the University commemorated last Monday morning for the seventy-sixth time the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the father of our country. Since February 22, 1897, it has been customary for the Senior Class to present to the University on this day an American flag, which is solemnly blessed at commencement time and then raised above the campus. The speech of presentation this year was made by Thomas H. Beacom, the president of the class. He said:

Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen of the University:

It is in keeping with a very old and very beautiful tradition that we seniors of this year assemble here today to give token of our fidelity to Notre Dame and of our loyalty to this great nation in which we live. Decades ago the anniversary of Washington's birth was set aside for the observance, in a particular way, of the virtue of patriotism. Through these simple annual exercises the students of years past have had recalled vividly to their minds the sacredness of Americanism. They have dwelt upon the sterling merits of our first president and have paid fitting honor to his name. The link that binds together these days of commemoration is the flag, sacred emblem of purity, bravery, and freedom, which we present this day to the University.

The presentation of this symbol of American ideals has an added significance and a poignant sorrow for the Class of Nineteen-twenty. Upon us, surviving classmates of many heroes who have given their lives for the cause of liberty, devolves the sad duty of testifying in simple, though solemn exercises the patriotism for which those men suffered martyrdom on the fields of battle. How futile, how impotent seem the empty words spoken in pledge of our fidelity when compared with their supreme sacrifice. Others amongst us stood prepared to meet the test of patriotism; still others emerged, by the grace of God, uninjured from the conflict in which our comrades died, but no member of this class dissents from the opinion that only to the fallen is this ceremony of today fittingly dedicated. To the living, consciousness of duty performed is sufficient reward; for the dead, the consecration of their memory is our all too meagre tribute to their honor.

If I were endowed with the gift of fluent speech, I would extol in appropriate terms those brave members of our class who have given the last full measure of devotion to our country. I would place in the diadem of high heaven the jewelled phrases that bespeak friendship and blaze in flaming words upon the cerulean arches of the sky the undying record of their achievements, that all the world might know the true Notre Dame ideal of service. With tender care I would draw the picture that memory's eye perceives as we gaze in fancy back over the recent years. We would catch the pathos of each parting handclasp as we lived again the stormy days when war began, and we would see those classmates of ours as they marched away to battle—undaunted, unafraid, with spirit high, and with nobility of purpose gleaming from their shining eyes. We would see them going proudly away, not in the manner of olden gladiators, but as crusaders on a holy mission. Theirs was not the tread of militant power bent upon savage destruction; their firm, unhesitant steps to the martial beat of drums but led them on to duty.

Were they here today to participate in these exercises they could give to this occasion the beauty, the significance which we can only distantly approximate in our humble tribute to them. But they answer not to the roll call of our class; they have heeded the higher summons.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

In fond memory of these fallen men, we present to you, Reverend Father, this flag. We see in it not merely the beautiful symbol of which the poet sang:

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light—

but, standing out against this beautiful background we see too the transcendent grandeur of a pledge fulfilled; we see imprinted upon this holy emblem the glory of a promise made and kept, and we are inspired to renew within ourselves similar pledges of devotion to God and Country. May the kind breezes of Heaven breathe softly on this sacred banner for which our classmates died. May it wave through the year to

come, a silent tribute to their splendid love for Notre Dame and their allegiance to America.

Rev. Dr. McGinn, C. S. C., representing the President and Faculty, formally accepted the flag, in the following address:

As a representative of the President and Faculty on this occasion, gentlemen of the Senior Class, I accept, on behalf of the University, this beautiful flag, so eloquently presented by your President. One of the finest traditions of this school is the annual presentation of our country's flag on the day that commemorates the birth of the father of our country, and the renewal of a pledge first taken by the Seniors of this University many years ago. With scarcely less ceremony and no less fervor than that with which the neophyte pledges his life to God, the senior class each year, speaking through its president, solemnly bind themselves to serve this flag faithfully and to defend it bravely whenever there may be need. I accept, then, this flag for the University and your renewal of this pledge in the touching words of your spokesman, as a token of your patriotism and a mark of your loyalty to this school and our country. Only the coming years can test your promise and bring it to full realization, and with its realization the fulfillment of fond hopes your school places in you today.

Our belief in your sincerity and your ability to redeem this pledge whenever your country calls upon you is akin to faith, an unalterable conviction that you will serve this flag faithfully and defend it nobly whenever there may be need. You have witnessed this presentation ceremony before and you have seen other Notre Dame men bind themselves to the service of this flag, and it has been your privilege to see these same men seal their promise with their life's blood upon the field of battle. And, so, gentlemen of the Senior Class, we know you utter no idle boast this morning, but that you will be ready in the future, as many of you have been ready in the recent past, to leave your classes, your friends, and everything you hold dearest in life, even life itself, to defend this flag and to vindicate the principles for which it stands.

Because this year's flag has been singularly dedicated by your own services to it, because it has been especially consecrated by the chastened blood of your own schoolmates, we shall cherish it even more tenderly than the flags of our past years. The sacrifice of Notre Dame boys whom we knew and loved and whose memory we now revere, will long live in this flag as a precious heritage to those who come after you. Before your graduation, this sublime emblem made holy by the hand of the Church, will be lifted over this campus to proclaim to the world your loyalty and devotion to country. From its folds will breathe the pure, white spirit of your schoolmates who died that it might wave triumphantly in the free breezes of heaven, a spirit that will inspire and perpetuate the courage and heroism which will make future Notre Dame men not only lovers of their country but defenders of it as well.

Gentlemen of the Senior Class, we are proud of the services you rendered your country in the troublesome days of war; your love of liberty could prompt you to no less. But we rest not content in that pride; rather are we solicitous about the part you are to play in the



immediate future. We feel the futility of war service which does not become the basis of peace service. The ideals for which men fought in war must not be forgotten with the first advent of peace.

That our country's ideals are not yet established is quite evident from the strife and discontent and conflict that endure among us to the present day and threaten us with a catastrophe no less to be feared than the cataclysm of war. The establishment of peace is still to be accomplished and your great work in the immediate future will be to render such service to your country as will make peace possible and as nearly permanent as human agencies can make it.

We sometimes delude ourselves with the smug belief that the smouldering embers of discord and strife will soon be extinguished, that the unrest of today is the natural aftermath of war and will soon pass away. War, of course, is destructive and must be followed by long periods of reconstruction and rehabilitation. But we are prone to overlook the evils of pre-war periods and in our haste to establish order are apt to include in its program the very evils that made pre-war periods troublesome and dangerous. The discontent and strife that harass our national life today are not the natural aftermath of war: they are the inevitable outgrowth of a movement centuries old, the culmination of centuries of disregard for authority.

Our social order is rapidly becoming chaotic by reason of this decline of authority, which has already brought about a disintegration of family life and polluted the very source of authority, the home. It has thrust upon us a peurile, anemic politics, whose authority has but little effect. In industry it has robbed justice of its force and charity of its effectiveness; in morals it has made expediency the rule of right and individual opinion the voice of authority. Small wonder, then, that movements whose aim is to subvert the power of the people and usurp the reigns of government, should multiply and menace our national life.

The soulless parasite whose hands and money alike are stained with the sacrificial blood of America's best youth, and the scheming, ambitious and unprincipled politician, whose interests in life are selfish or at best for party, are now despised, and when revealed in all their vileness by the full glare of publicity will be loathed by every true American. But they are by no means the dangerous elements in our national life. The unscrupulous, clever, plotting man who contemns authority and disregards the power established to guide and control government strikes at the very foundation upon which society rests and makes impossible either government, prosperity, peace or safety. While clamoring most loudly in the name of liberty, he subverts the basis of it, for unity of government, prosperity, peace, progress, safety and liberty depend upon the respect for authority. He is the arch-enemy, not only of the state, but of the Church, the home and the individual as well. For him nothing is sacred. His one aim is to reduce society to a state of anarchy. The heart of society and government is authority. Little wonder, then, that our political life is chaotic, our industrial life full of discord and discontent, our family life disintegrating, and our moral life at low ebb, for there is less authority in the world today than at any previous time in the history of Western civilization.

Your opportunity in the immediate future, gentlemen of the Senior Class, is, first of all, to stand solidly for the supremacy of authority, and, secondly, to fight valiantly as a corrective force against the abuse of authority. The abuse of authority,—and we have had notable instances of it recently—calls for every legitimate effort on the part of true citizens to curb and remedy the abuse, but can never justify the repudiation of authority. You have spent four years in a school whose life and teachings are made void unless you have learned not only in a theoretical but in a practical way that the basis and condition of all order and progress is authority. In no better way can you reflect honor upon yourselves and glory upon Notre Dame than by bringing into your life's work, in a practical manner, the great power that comes from a wholesome respect for authority. True liberty, for which many of you fought on the field of battle, enjoins this duty upon you as citizens of this country. The Father of our Country, whose memory we revere today, more than ever expressed this same truth in a forcible manner when in speaking of our government he said: "Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their constitution of government. But the constitution which at any time exists till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government." "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity," said Washington, "religion and morality are indispensable supports." Because you, gentlemen of the Senior Class, have been blessed by grace and education, far more than many others, with these indispensable requirements for good citizenship, we have every reason to believe that our hopes in you will be realized, that our country will find in you not only loyal defenders of the flag in time of war but staunch supporters of authority in times of peace.

Preceding the presentation of the flag, Edwin A. Fredrickson, a senior in Law, spoke on "Washington, Leader of Men." In a clear and straight-forward manner Mr. Fredrickson discoursed eloquently upon Washington's genius as a leader and the secrets of his leadership. Following this, Michael Edward Doran delivered selections from Washington's Farewell Address. Francis Jennings Vurpillat read the Washington Day ode, printed on the first page of this issue. Music by the University Orchestra, and the singing of "Notre Dame" by the audience completed the program. Thus the exercises were well in keeping with the Notre Dame tradition in regard to the celebration of Washington Day and well worthy indeed of the presence of the many members of the University who were not there.—T. J. T.



### Obituary.

One of the students in the Notre Dame summer session of last year, Sister Mary Evangelita, teacher of English at Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa, and one of the best loved members of the faculty there, died as a result of a brief illness on Saturday, February 7th, just as the bells were sounding the mid-day angelus. She had been ill but a day and a half, and her sudden death brought deep sorrow to the Sisters and students of the college. Sister Evangelita, besides being exemplary in religious piety, and fervent and indefatigable in her academic and other duties, was a woman blessed with rare intellectual gifts. She was editor-in-chief of the college journal, the *Labarum*, and the author of many poems as exquisite as her beautiful life. She was enthusiastically planning the completion of her work here for the master's degree in Letters when God called her to Himself.

### Concert of the Detroit Orchestra.

The lovers of music at Notre Dame had last Monday afternoon the privilege of a concert by one of the greatest musical organizations in the country, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. The outstanding feature of the concert was the direction of Mr. Victor Kolar, the assistant conductor of the company. The qualities of a great music leader, personality and broad musicianship, were predominant in his work. Every number was presented with high musical judgment and an interpretative understanding which reflected the artistic personality of the director. Without question Mr. Kolar is one of the ablest young conductors in the country.

The program opened with the overture from the "Bartered Bride," by Smetana. This piece is typical of the style of this master and interesting in its colorful instrumentation and originality of theme. The second group, the ballet "Sylvia," by Delibes, in which we have the famous Pizzicato movement, was interpreted with an unusual finesse. This number was followed by the very popular "Nutcracker" suite of the great Tschaikowski, the Russian master. These sketches were written with the idea of showing the solo possibilities of various instruments. The last number of the suite, "Valse des Fleurs," made perhaps the strongest appeal to the audience, and it was interpreted

by Mr. Kolar with a rare refinement and beauty. The closing number the overture from Wagner's "Tannhauser" was so interpreted as to show to further advantage the ability of the director. The concert was most successful in every way, and we sincerely hope that we may have again the privilege of hearing the Detroit Symphony Orchestra at Notre Dame.—R. E. O'H.

### Lenten Regulations.

DAY STUDENTS are not affected by the special dispensation granted the students living at the University, and are bound to observe the regulations of the Fort Wayne diocese regarding fast and abstinence.

Those over twenty-one years of age are bound to *fast* unless legitimately *dispensed* by their pastors or confessors.

All Catholic day students are bound to abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays during Lent, and on the second and the last Saturday of Lent. The use of flesh meat is allowed at only *one meal* on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

STUDENTS LIVING AT THE UNIVERSITY may eat meat three times every day except Friday, at the meals taken on the University grounds. At meals taken in town they are allowed meat once a day except on Wednesdays and the Saturdays noted above in the regulations for day students.

This is the interpretation of the Right Reverend Bishop of Fort Wayne.

John F. O'Hara, C. S. C.,  
Prefect of Religion.

### Personals.

—James Emil Costello (L. L. B., '19) is now practicing law with the Standard Oil Company in Texas.

—A New Year's greeting to the SCHOLASTIC has been received from Dr. José F. Munecas, former student, now in Santa Cruz del Sur, Cuba.

—Edward P. Cleary (Litt. B., '09; L. L. B., '13) was recently elected a director in the First National Bank of Moline, Ill. Our "little round man" has started the year well.

—Thomas Hanifin (student at Notre Dame in recent years) sends to Joe Heiman this compendium of interesting news: "Bernard

McGarry (B. S. in Arch., '19) is now working for the Cleveland firm of Christian, Schwartzberg, and Gaede. I meet him occasionally. 'Chet' Grant and Matt Trudelle are in Akron now, working at the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. Larry Dubois, who just before Thanksgiving Day was married to Dorothy Haney, of South Bend, has a responsible position in the legal department of the same firm. Tom O'Neil, Class Poet in '13, is affiliated with his father in the management of the General Tire and Rubber Co., at Akron. There is another N. D. man who is a classmate of mine in first theology at St. Mary's Seminary. His name is L. Virant, better known to the Carrollites of '11 and '12 as 'Skinny' Virant."—W. A. PAGE.

### Local News.

—A local feature story in the *South Bend News-Times* of last Sunday was contributed by Charles A. Grimes and another by William A. Castellini, students in the school of journalism.

—Arthur W. Stace, old graduate and prominent journalist of Grand Rapids, is one of the newspaper men whom the Notre Dame Press Club has secured to speak at its banquet on St. Patrick's Day.

—Professor Vincent O'Connor lectured before the class in Advertising last Tuesday morning on "The Importance of Presentation in Advertising." Professor O'Connor's experience as a commercial artist in this country and in Europe made his lecture a valuable one.

—Mr. Thomas E. Wilson, President of the T. E. Wilson Company, of Chicago, and Edward Hines, of the Edward Hines Lumber Company, are among those on the excellent list of speakers scheduled to appear before the local Chamber of Commerce within the coming months.

—Notre Dame is grateful to the Y. M. C. A. for the donation of a scholarship fund of \$505.00. The scholarships are open to all students of the University who have been in the service and are residents of Indiana. Application blanks can be obtained at the office of the Director of Studies.

—The life and work of Francis Thompson, Catholic poet and essayist, were treated in a most interesting manner by Alfred N. Slaggert at a meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society last Thursday evening. This

was followed by a lively discussion of the advisability of the continued extension of credit by the United States to the governments of Europe.

—The Latin-American Association has recently undergone a complete reorganization. It is planning to install a new library and intends to put out an annual similar to the *Dome*, giving publication to the activities matter of interest to them.

—Fathers Wenninger, Maguire, and Foik, and Messrs. Goodall, Bryce, Beacom, Slaggert, Maag, Musmaker, and Tobin, fourth-degree members of the Knights of Columbus, attended the banquet of the South Bend Assembly of the Fourth Degree at the Oliver Hotel, last Sunday evening, the twenty-second. Rev. Dr. Thomas P. Irving, C. S. C., the speaker of the evening, delivered an address on "The Knights and Social Catholicism."

—The campaign for funds for the K. C. social center building was given a decided impetus when the sum of \$655.00 was pledged by members of the local council at the meeting held last Thursday evening. Father Carrico delighted the Knights with a talk on "Knighthood," in which he dwelt on the origin, development, and present need of the spirit of chivalry, a need which, he said, is admirably answered in the Knight of Columbus. The evening was rounded out with a bit of humor contributed by Mr. Thomas Howard.

—Rev. Doctor Burns, President of the University, attended a meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Catholic Educational Association held in Cleveland last Monday, at which he presided officially as chairman. The other members of the committee are the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John B. Peterson, rector of the Catholic seminary in Boston, the Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University, Rev. Francis W. Howard, secretary of the Association, Rev. Richard Tierney, S. J., editor of *America*, and Brother John Waldron, S. M.

—A few days ago Mr. C. W. Tidd, of the circulation department of the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, addressed the Notre Dame Press Club on methods of newspaper circulation. It is estimated, he said, that each steady newspaper subscriber is worth \$20.00 in amounts spent for circulation "boosts." During the war, he continued, newspapers found it very difficult to hire carriers for the reason that most

boys were able to fill men's jobs in other kinds of work. Hence the problem of circulation was a serious one. The *Dome* photograph of the Press Club was taken at the adjournment of the meeting.

—At a meeting of Section I of the Chamber of Commerce this week, C. A. McNamara gave some instructive facts on "Wintering Cattle in Montana." He spoke with the assurance of a native of that region and presented an excellent idea of modern methods of cattle-raising. M. P. Lord talked on the resources of the Philippines and advocated closer commercial relations with the Islands. Daniel Foley addressed the body on the latest advances in plumbing. Section III at its meeting on Tuesday afternoon listened to an interpretation of internal revenue statistics by Wm. Foley. This was followed by a talk on the economical advantages of the States of the Ohio valley by Mr. Bloomer.

—At a meeting of the Friends of Irish Freedom last Sunday morning the following men were selected as a committee to look after the students subscription to the Irish Bond issue: M. J. Dacey, for Badin Hall; W. O'Keefe, for Walsh; N. Barry, for Corby; J. Douglass, for Sorin; J. Balfe and J. Buckley, among the Day students. Strenuous efforts will be made during the next few weeks to bring the Notre Dame subscription up to the \$1000 quota assigned. Rev. Dr. Burns, President of the University, and Rev. Dr. Morrissey, Provincial of the United States Province of the Holy Cross Congregation, have each bought a hundred-dollar bond. At the meeting plans were discussed concerning the most appropriate manner of celebrating St. Patrick's Day.

—"The Catholic Church is right on the labor problem: justice to the laborer and to employer is the only solution of this question," declared Mr. W. J. Johnson, head of the Kokomo Brass Works, in his address before the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce Tuesday afternoon. "I am a firm believer," he said, "in the minimum wage. The working-man is entitled to a living wage and something more." Emphasis was laid on the fact that no agreement can be reached which is not based on a square deal for capital and for labor. "I do not like to hear labor spoken of as a commodity. The man who works for or works with you is made of the same clay as you, and

why should you look down on him because you hold a different position?" Mr. Johnson committed himself as favoring the bonus system, for he believes that cooperative schemes and profit-sharing will not work out in practice.

—M. J. TIERNEY.

### Athletic Notes.

TRACK: NOTRE DAME, 38; WISCONSIN, 48.

Notre Dame's traditional "fight" failed of victory over the Wisconsin track team in the dual meet last Saturday afternoon in the University gymnasium. The Gold and Blue had to bear the brunt of every serious break in luck, and finally lost by the score of 48 to 38. As was predicted, the meet was exceptionally fast, every track event being completed in time closely approaching the "gym" record. Good sportsmanship, over-eagerness, and dearth of entries cost Notre Dame many scores. Wisconsin presented several new track men of unusual quality, and Coach Jones had drilled them thoroughly in the fine points of the game, as was well evidenced in the distance events.

Rockne's dash men pleasantly surprised the crowd by qualifying three men of four for the finals in the dash, and then capturing two places. Mohardt shared first honors with Spetz of the Badgers. Bailey came third. Wynn won the high hurdles handily from Andrews, but was disqualified for tipping all the hurdles—thus giving Wisconsin the first two places. Sweeney and Burke met their match in the mile-run when Dayton, the midget Cardinal, surprised even himself by doing the distance in 4:28 1-5. Kasper in the quarter was unable to get clear of the "pocket" formed by Donaldson and Kayser, who kept the race just slow enough to prevent the Notre Dame runner from going around them. Frank Murphy's race in the two-mile will be long remembered at Notre Dame. Heuther and Baumer failed to measure up to the terrific pace set for the first mile, and Murphy was left to fight his way time and again through or around Wisconsin's three entries in order to keep in position. Brothers, the Badger veteran, and Myers finally passed Murphy in a brilliant finish for two places. Captain Meehan brought the spectators to their feet by his whirlwind finish in which he flashed by Wall, who had led for five laps. The Captain won by a good twenty yards, and Meredith ran a consistent half for third honors.

Anderson and Coughlin were forced to take second and third to Herzfield's shot-put of 37 feet, 6 inches. Jerry Hoar showed further improvement in his high jumping and won first place. Douglass, wearied by his vaulting, was not at his best. Johnnie Powers sailed over the bar at 11 feet, 6 inches, tying Wille of Wisconsin for first place. The relay race was the thriller of the meet, though victory did not depend upon the result. The first two Wisconsin runners achieved comfortable leads, but "Cy" Kasper swept by his opponent on the last half-lap of his quarter and gave Captain Meehan the lead for the final lap. Meehan forced his man to the limit for two laps and then finished with another of his half-lap sprints, which won the event by fifteen yards, in 3:34—just three-fifths of a second slower than the gymnasium record, set by Miller, McDonough, Kasper and Meehan, in 1917. Summary of events:

40-yard dash—Mohardt, Notre Dame, and Spetz, Wisconsin, tied for first; (3) Bailey, Notre Dame. Time, 4:3-5 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—(1) Andrews, Wisconsin; (2) Knollin, Wisconsin; (3) Starrett, Notre Dame. Time, 5:3-5 seconds.

One-mile run—(1) Dayton, Wisconsin; (2) Burke, Notre Dame; (3) Sweeney, Notre Dame. Time, 4 min., 28 1-5 seconds.

440-yard run—(1) Donaldson, Wisconsin; (2) Kayser, Wisconsin; (3) Kasper, Notre Dame. Time, 54 seconds.

Two-mile run—(1) Brothers, Wisconsin; (2) Meyers, Wisconsin; (3) Murphy, Notre Dame. Time, 10 min., 6 seconds.

880-yard run—(1) Meehan, Notre Dame; (2) Wall, Wisconsin; (3) Meredith, Notre Dame. Time, 2 min., 3-5 seconds.

Shot-put—(1) Herzfield, Wisconsin; (2) Anderson, Notre Dame. (3) Coughlin, Notre Dame. Distance, 37 ft., 6 1-2 inches.

High jump—(1) Hoar, Notre Dame; (2) Douglass, Notre Dame, and Rusham, Wisconsin, tied. Height, 5 ft., 10 inches.

Pole-vault—(1) Powers, Notre Dame and Wille, Wisconsin, tied; (3) Endres, Wisconsin. Height, 11 ft. 6 inches.

Relay race—Won by Notre Dame. (Burke, Hoar, Kasper and Meehan). Time, 2 min., 34 seconds.—E. M. S.

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NOTRE DAME, 29; DUBUQUE, 18.

Last Thursday Coach Dorais sent his courtmen against his former team at Dubuque College, where he coached during several recent years. The Dubuque quintet went down, 29 to 18. Notre Dame began scoring early in the first half, Mehre locating the basket in sensational manner. Kiley and Brandy between them garnered four clean ringers and at the end of the

period the Gold and Blue led the Iowans, 19 to 11. Mehre again leaped into the limelight in the early minutes of the second period, scoring two loopers at long range. Meyer, Noonan, and Long bore the brunt of the fight for Dubuque, but their efforts could not bring them closer than eleven points to Notre Dame.—A. N. S.

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NOTRE DAME, 25; NEBRASKA, 18.

With the score tied at 16 points five minutes before the final gun, the basketball team of the University of Nebraska staged a furious rally which defeated Coach Dorais' men last Friday by the score of 25 to 18. Picket, the star forward for the Cornhuskers scored three of the field goals in this sensational finish. In the first half both teams featured in close guarding, but both were very poor at shots, and the period ended with Notre Dame leading, 9 to 7. The Gold and Blue led off in the second half. Sensational shots by Mehre and Brandy for Notre Dame, and by Patty, Russel, and Bekins for Nebraska, tied the count. The game went evenly until Picket was injected into the Nebraska line-up for a rampage of basket-tossing. Mehre was guarded closely throughout the tussle. Brandy and Anderson worked exceptionally at the guard positions.

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NOTRE DAME, 15; NEBRASKA, 31.

Notre Dame lost to Nebraska in the second game, on Saturday evening, 31 to 15. The Gold and Blue got a bad start, and the Huskers had accumulated eight points before the N. D. courtmen could find the hoop. Nebraska led at the end of the first half, 16 to 2. During this period Captain Schellenberg, of the Huskers, played spectacular basketball, being particularly successful in long tosses to the hoop. Mehre, who had been so carefully guarded in the fray of Friday, was again covered on his every attempt to find the ring. The Gold and Blue braced notably during the second half, and Mehre registered two pretty baskets. For Nebraska, Russel and Newman were prominent during the second half.—A. N. S.

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DESCH EQUALS WORLD'S RECORD.

While the varsity track team was meeting defeat here last Saturday at the hands of Wisconsin, our freashmen athletes were gathering honors for Notre Dame in other parts. In the First Regiment games at Chicago, "Gus" Desch broke the Central A. A. U. record and equalled the world's indoor record of 4 4-5

seconds in the 40-yard low hurdles. In this race Joe Loomis and Waldo Ames went down before our sterling timber-topper. In the same meet "Al" Fick, with a handicap of ten yards, took second place in the final heat of the 440-yard. Ficks won his heat on Friday night in 52 1-5 seconds. Ted Radembacher, captain of the Notre Dame track team of last year competing for the Illinois Athletic Club, took fourth place in the pole-vault. In the invitation high jump of the annual indoor games of the New York Athletic Club, John Murphy took second place. Johnnie was somewhat handicapped by the fact that the rubber take-off mat was not secured to the floor. The event was won by Frickson, of the New York A. C. with a leap of 6 feet, 1 7-8 inches, Murphy's mark bring 6 feet, and 7-8 of an inch.

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#### BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Athletic director Rockne has announced Notre Dame's football schedule for 1920, which should furnish the "Fighting Irish" the keenest competition. One date, October 9th, is still to be filled in consequence of the cancellation of the game with Harvard, which has been called off because of the impossibility of playing two games in the East along with one in the far West. It is thought that some interesting opposition will be signed up for that date. Three time-honored rivals of the Gold and Blue appear again: Nebraska, for the sixth game with Notre Dame, the Army, for the seventh, and the Michigan Agricultural College, for the fourteenth. Three Conference elevens grace the schedule—Purdue, Indiana and Northwestern. Valparaiso offers for the first time gridiron opposition in competition for the Indiana State honors. The schedule:

Oct. 2—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame.  
Oct. 16—Nebraska at Lincoln.  
Oct. 23.—Valparaiso at Notre Dame.  
Oct. 30—Army at West Point.  
Nov. 6—Purdue at Notre Dame  
Nov. 13—Indiana at Bloomington.  
Nov. 20—Northwestern at Evanston.  
Nov. 25—Michigan A. C. at East Lansing.

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The undefeated "Minim" team in basketball won three more games last week, totalling nine straight victories. The St. Joseph Juniors were the first victims, 19 to 10. The Laurel School, of South Bend, took the second defeat, 17 to 6. The third and most thrilling contest was in Michigan City agaisnt the Marquette Juniors, in which

the Minims finished 16 to 14. The Michigan City team is scheduled to play a return game here tonight, the last game of the Minims' season.

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The first preliminary Interhall meet will take place at 4 p. m. on March 4th. Brownson, Badin, and Walsh are scheduled for this first event. The second preliminary to be held at 10 p. m., on March 14th, will bring together Corby, Sorin, and the Day Students. Winners of first, second, third and fourth places in the preliminaries will qualify for the final meet sceduled for March 18th, at 4 p. m. Many Interhall records are doubtless due for a smash by the numerous stars among the freshmen.—E. J. M.

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The *Varsity News* published by the students of the University of Detroit welcomes Arthur ("Dutch") Bergman's entrance to the law school of their University. Bergman is the second Notre Dame athlete of note to continue his work at Detroit, George Fitzpatrick having registered there some weeks ago. The following comment is made on Bergman's record at Notre Dame. "'Dutch' Bergman, who, according to Walter Eckersall, is one of the best halfbacks the West has ever seen, enrolled in the Law School of the University this week. Bergman is one of the best natural athletes who ever donned the moleskins. Playing with Notre Dame against West Point, he was the chief reason for the Cadets' defeat and his wonderful prowess with the oval created such favorable comment among the followers of the fall pastime that he was paired with 'Chick' Harley at the halfback position on Eckersall's all-Western eleven. He was also given a position on one of Camp's myth-elevens last fall." The same issue of the Detroit paper comments amusingly upon their recent defeat in basketball here in Notre Dame gymnasium: "The game was an extremely novel affair for the Detroiters, the contest being staged on a mud court and in the afternoon. A combination of these two causes and the wonderful shooting of one Mr. Ward, who sent seven baskets sailing through the middle of the hoop from the middle of the floor in the last half, proved the undoing of the Red and White athletes." The Detroiters claim the championship of Michigan, having won eight straight games before they met Coach Dorias' men and sucumbed, 29 to 26.—E. M. S.

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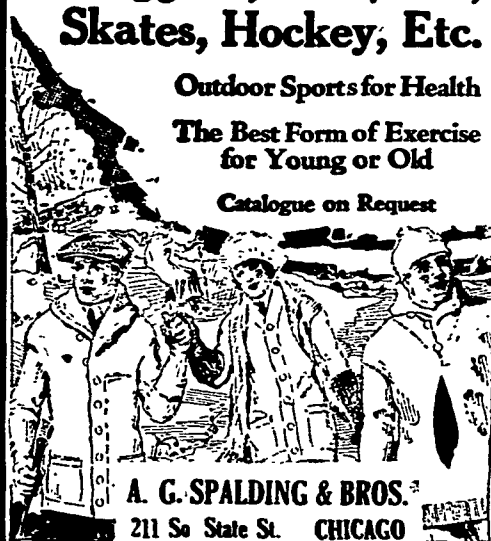
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