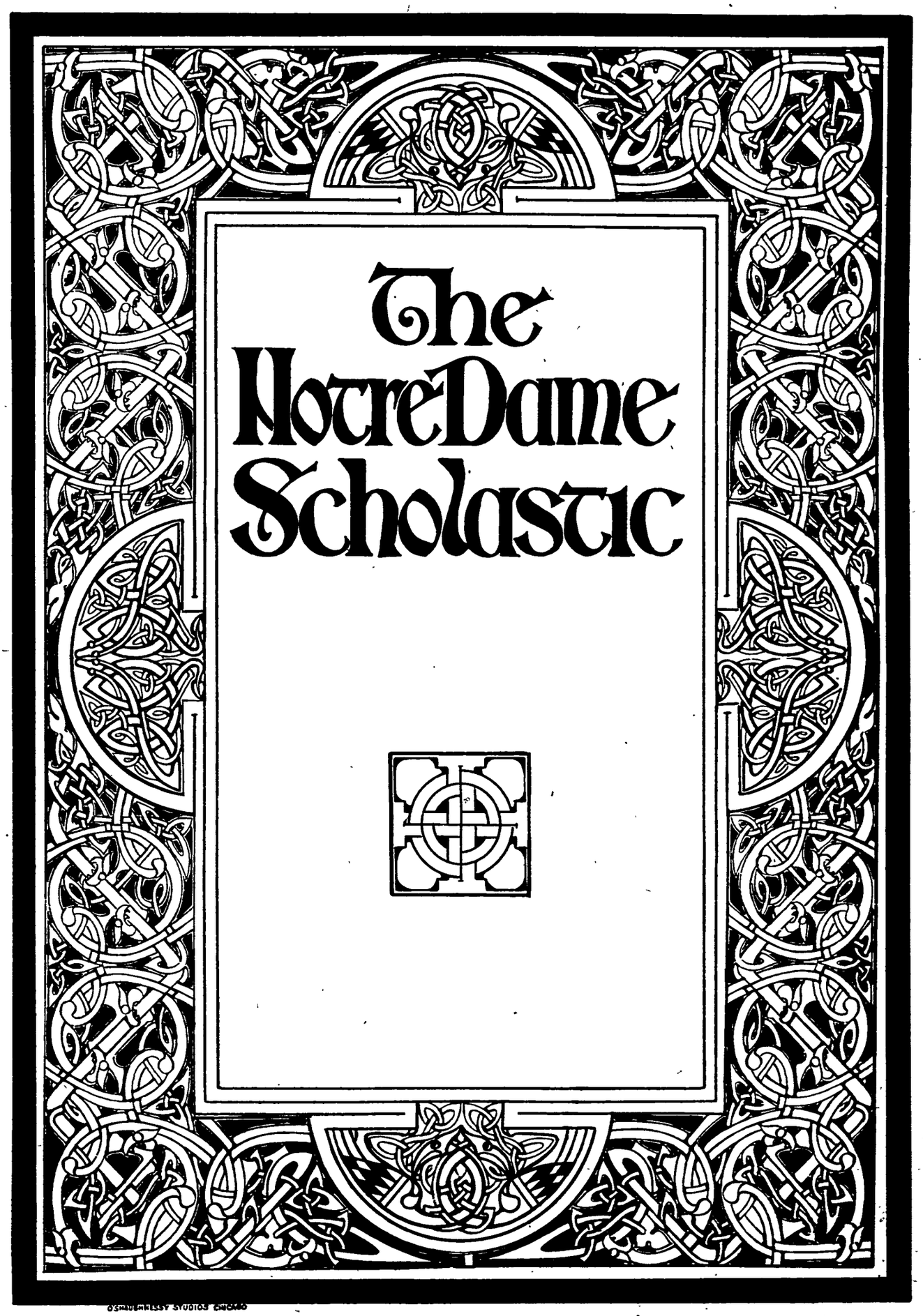

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The Call.

BY JOHN T. BALFE, '20.

IT seems as though but yesterday
You answered to my call,
And said, "I'm coming right away,
A minute, that is all."

But in the eve of yesterday,
My call, it was a sigh;
You heard it, smiled and simply said,
"Just time to bid good-bye."

For you had heard a greater call,
A summons God had sent;
'Twas not the journey we had planned,
But like a man you went.

Settlement and Education in Indiana.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

THE first settlers of Indiana were a part of that brave band of frontiersmen and hunters who after the revolution left the Carolinas and Virginia to build their cabins on the edges of the Northwest Territory. Later there came to the West a stream of Irish colonists, which continued steady until the Civil War. The North-Irish element was from the very first most powerful in politics, society, and religion, and, to a large degree supplanting the French, played a principal part in the history of Indiana. Germans from Pennsylvania, and English, Dutch, and Swiss from the seaboard joined the westward movement which as it swept into the Ohio valley left many settlers in this territory. Many of these immigrants, keen with a zest for adventure, were of the same stock as those bluff argonauts of the late forties, celebrated in the tales of Bret Harte. Frontier life afforded an outlet for the exuberant spirits of these fearless folk for whom hazard and hardship were commonplace.

Southern Indiana was settled much more quickly than the Northern part. Among the chief reasons for this were, first, the fierce opposition shown by the Indians to the pioneers who dared to use the paths and portages under the dominion of the Miami Confederacy, and, second, the transformation wrought in modes of transportation by the development of the great transcontinental railroads. The Ohio river was at one time the main highway leading to the Northwest Territory and nearly all important settlements were made along its banks. Today one of the charms of Indiana is the number of old towns which because of changed commercial conditions have lost their onetime prestige but still keep about them a quaint air of their former importance. Before the railways drew the traffic of the Middle West from the river, particularly about the time of the Crimean War, Madison was the greatest pork-packing center of the world and one of the chief shipping points of the country.

In the far-flung outposts of civilization the Indiana pioneer developed the saving sense of humor which all along has enabled him to meet easily difficulties which would have been too much for a serious nature. A quick appreciation of the ridiculous kept him from succumbing to the sinister spirit of the forest with its hosts of prowling animals and relentless savages. One cannot help thinking that if the first settlers of New England had possessed some of this Hoosier humor, a more hopeful religion and a less cheerless view of life might have emanated from the bleak hamlets in which Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth brooded.

"Hoosier," the appellation humorously applied to the inhabitants of Indiana, is of uncertain origin and at one time had a decidedly disparaging connotation. Many authorities in matters of local history are of the opinion that the word was a corruption of "Who's yher?" the usual query which the occupant of a log-cabin put to a caller before the latch was lifted.

One historian suggests in all seriousness the explanation that a certain Colonel Lehmanowski, a Polish officer, who lectured in the West on the Napoleonic wars, pronounced Hussar in such a way that some waggish fellow applied it to himself in a mood of braggadocio, making it sound like "Hoosier." This explanation is plainly far-fetched, and that which regards the name as having originated from the common answer to a night-hail seems more plausible.

The Hoosier dialect, or more properly the vestige of the speech of the first settlers in Indiana, keeps even now in colloquial address the peculiar phonetic characteristics employed by the early residents. Despite the fate of the forty-two thousand Ephraimites at the ford of the Jordan, the native of Indiana is careless about the matter of pronunciation, and today, as yesterday, lengthens his r's, syncopates his syllables, and telescopes his phrases. So addicted is he to his conversational conveniences that he seems to use standard speech only on the most formal occasions. This is so marked that a stranger listening to the casual talk of a typical Hoosier crowd will overhear pungent, pictorial words and odd phrases flung forth in the heat of argument or the glow of fellowship, expressions which have come down directly from the fearless folk of the forest.

During the first years of occupancy the settlers were too busy beating back the barriers of nature and struggling for a livelihood to attend to affairs of education. Later when the struggle grew less strenuous they consciously began to incline towards the ideal and the intellectual. The uniform trend of early educational effort in Indiana was succinctly stated some two decades ago by a prominent Indiana man of letters: "It is not," he wrote, "of so great importance that a few individuals within a State shall, from time to time, show talent or genius, as that the general level of cultivation in the community shall be continually raised." That has been the purpose of Indiana people since they first busied themselves with things of the mind.

A school was successfully conducted as early as 1793 in Vincennes by a missionary refugee of the French revolution named Rivet. The early teachers were commonly French Catholic missionaries. Meredith Nicholson, in his brilliant essay, "Bringers of the Light," says of them: "The first priests were of the heroic type that had its highest expression in Marquette and Joliet, and hardly less notable in Father Sorin, of the Order of the Holy Cross, who founded in Northern Indiana Notre Dame University, and lived to see it one of the great Catholic schools of the continent." In the second quarter of the nineteenth century seventy-three schools were opened, most of them as private enterprises. The notion that neither higher nor secondary education should be provided by the State but properly should be taken care of by religious bodies, found early acceptance. The result was a group of colleges and academies established to foster and propagate the doctrines of the various churches represented at the frontier. Hanover College and Wabash were established under Presbyterian auspices, DePauw under Methodist, Franklin under Baptist, Earlham under the Society of Friends, and Notre Dame under Catholic.

It seems somewhat strange that a commonwealth which now prides itself on its system of public education should have been in the beginning a most bitter foe of the free school. In the early years the prejudice against the free schools as being undemocratic prevailed throughout the State, and the growth of this prejudice gave rise to stern struggles which lasted many years. "The principle that enlightenment must be a condition precedent to the intelligent exercise of citizenship" was not understood by the populace generally, and only after many discouragements and much unremitting strife were the promoters of learning in Indiana triumphant. In 1842 Caleb Mills, the champion of free public education, depressed by the sorry state of intellectual and social life in the Southwest, began the fight for free schools which he formally won in 1848 when the voters of the State declared themselves in favor of supporting common school education by direct taxes. The most stubborn opposition to the movement had come from the very class for whom Mills and his colleagues especially labored, the poverty-stricken and the densely ignorant. The constitutional convention of 1850 prescribed in the fundamental law of Indiana a foundation which subsequent legislative bodies have built upon until there is now in operation a public school system of which the State may well be proud. Not taking into account the large number of private and sectarian colleges and academies, there are more than eight thousand school buildings, twenty thousand teachers and nine hundred high schools in

Indiana. Forty years ago the high school was an insignificant element in the educational scheme of the State, but of late a notable effort has been made to enlarge it, with the result that today a preparatory institution is established in every community numerous enough to deserve one. That it has furnished a great impetus to college and university attendance is obvious, and that it is exerting upon the life and activities of the commonwealth an invigorating influence cannot be questioned. The public school system in Indiana is perfected by the State universities at Bloomington and Lafayette, and their high rank among educational institutions of the country makes the triumph of the free school party of 1850 one of the most important steps ever taken by popular vote in Indiana.

Among the more notable improvements of recent years has been the consolidation of weak rural schools into strong central ones by the removal of the cross-roads schoolhouse with its slight advantages and the setting up in its stead of rural schools in which full urban advantages may be enjoyed. The object of those working for the completion of the consolidation plan is the erection of a central school in every township of the State.

How great have been the advancements in the system of education in Indiana is brought out by contrasting the methods of a century ago with those of the present. In the pioneer period "loud schools" were common. Like M. Hamel in *La Derniere Classe*, the early teacher acted on the theory that noise intensified the memory, that scholars who were compelled to study amid a bedlam would become deep thinkers and good citizens. Julia Levering in her excellent "Historic Indiana" cites an amusing anecdote from the reminiscences of one Judge Banta: "Owen Davis, a Spencer County teacher, took to the fiddle. He taught what was known as a loud school, and while his scholars roared at the top of their voices the gentle pedagogue drew forth his trusty fiddle and played *Old Zipp Coon*, the *Devil's Dream*, and other inspiring profane airs, with all the might and main that was in him." That the teacher was not in the early days held in high repute is suggested by this passage: "Whenever a man was rendered unfit for making his living in any other way, he took to teaching." A few other genre pictures of the men who birched their pupils along the path of knowledge are painted in warm colors: "There was the teacher who had been educated for the ministry, but, owing to his habits of hard drink, had turned pedagogue, and the teacher who got drunk on Sunday and whipped the whole school on Monday.... Wesley Hopkins, a Warrick County teacher, carried his whiskey to school in a jug. Thomas Ayres, a Revolutionary veteran, regularly took his afternoon nap during school hours, while his pupils ... were supposed to be preparing their lessons, but in reality were amusing themselves by catching flies. One of Orange County's early schoolmasters was an old sailor who had wandered out to the Indiana woods. Under his encouragement his pupils 'spent a large part of their time roasting potatoes.'

Though the learning acquired by those under the care of such teachers as a tippling pedagogue, a funny fiddler, a lame soldier, and a vagabond sailor might be scant and haphazard, yet that informal system of instruction had about it an attractiveness for the children of the settlers—just as the modern necessity of knowledge brings thousands together at great universities.

The present system of public instruction is the reward of the labors of men who strove not for personal gain or self-advertisement but for the common welfare and the creation of greater opportunities for the educable. The story of education in Indiana is filled with the names of self-sacrificing men who spent themselves unselfishly for the promotion of popular education, and who brought to their task a splendid scholarship and a dogged determination to give to posterity a system of public instruction in which the poor man's son and the rich man's son might have equal chances for an education. Although their compensation in material reward was, as it still is, woefully inadequate, yet they have in a large degree "obtained it in the gratitude and affection of the Hoosier folk, whose common appreciation can never be questioned."

THE safest throw of the dice is to throw them into the lake.

WE took up the sword for self-determination but that doesn't mean that "John Bull" is to be the interpreter.

SMALL ideas in loud speech make a painful concoction. We are all made to God's image, so help bring out the good.

Varsity Verse.

THE JUDICIAL MIND.

I used to hate a meal of sloppy hash,
  At home I'd cast the stuff aside and frown;
But eats I chose to spurn and term as trash
  I long to find again and gobble down.

The Greeks with countless scraps produce a stew,
  The price they ask just makes a fellow swear,
And causes me and others not a few,
  To end the troubles we were prone to bear.

Some day I hope a judge to be, and woe
  To any Greek that's ever brought to me:
I'll clutch my gavel firm and swiftly throw
  Andpray to heaven my aim will steady be.—G. A. A.

TO N. D.

How fair the hours I've spent within your walls,
  What cherished dreams and visions floated by;
While day by day I wandered through your halls,
  Or strolled without, to where the woodlands sigh.

Whate'er my lot, whate'er the future brings,
  My thoughts of you shall always be endeared;
No power on earth can e'er unloose the strings
  Which hold me fast to that my heart revered.

When memory's gaze shall look into the skies
  And see the gilded image of my Queen,
My heart will glow with love that never dies
  And give my soul the joy of faith serene.—B. S.

LIMERICKS.

A fellow from Pittsburgh, named Reid,
Thought eating a glorious deed;
  He stored oodles away
  Three times every day,—
At the table he sure showed some speed.—F. W.

Oh, a wonderful fellow is Riley,
He always was known to act shyly;
  But a girl passing by
  Got him square in the eye,
And now they are living quite highly.—G. S.

When Berra, I mean to say, "Wop,"
Started talking he never could stop;
  He would talk on all matters
  From pipe-stems to platters
Till your head would go round like a top.—E. R.

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh! Mother, I have missed you much,
  Since you have gone away,
You helped me with your loving touch
  When I'd have gone astray.

The kind of love I have for you,
  Is likened to no other,
And nothing is too hard to do
  For you, my little mother.—J. E. H.

Harper Gives Me the Slip.

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

The afternoon sun was falling through the windows in Crossman Abbey, throwing splashes of purple, crimson, and golden light across the long aisles. The vesper service was late and many of the congregation were getting somewhat impatient of the delay. A few seats ahead of me two old women with black veils over their heads knelt in prayer. A party of travellers, evidently Americans, came through the open door at the other end of the nave. I heard behind me the suppressed titter of a group of young girls, and somewhere a rosary drop to the floor.

Finally, as if by premonition, the crowd became quiet. To the left, I could not tell very well just where, a voice was singing. It must have been behind the closed doors, for suddenly, it fell upon us with greater fullness and other voices joined it. After a few bars the music stopped, and the far-away tremulo of an organ re-echoed the song. A procession was coming out of the west transept, first the surpliced candle-bearers, and then the white-robed choir. They began to sing again as they came slowly down the steps towards the sanctuary.

Suddenly there was a confusion in their midst and a thud resounded down the long aisle. One of the number had evidently tripped on the steps and fallen. Some of the chanters stopped singing, stooped down and helped the fallen one to his feet. He was unhurt, but was blushing profusely as he tried to hide his embarrassment by following the leaf of music in his hand. The long procession of monks passed by. The celebrant intoned the "Deus in Adjutorium" and the choir responded softly.

The service, it seemed, lasted for hours. But when it was finished, and the choir began the recessional, I longed for another such service to begin. I know not where I spent that hour, but I know that I was happy. As the procession went back into the vestry, I noticed the young fellow who had tripped on the steps. He was quite fair, of light hair, and very tall. It seemed to me that there was something familiar about him. I had seen him, I felt sure, had perhaps, even talked to him, but under what circumstances, I could not then remember.

I passed out with the others and walked slowly down the shady avenue. I had gone but

a few blocks when I was overtaken by one of my old companions, Lieutenant Boyle, of the English Secret Service. I had not seen him for sometime and the meeting was cordial. We walked along together, discussing old times and old acquaintances.

"Ay, and we had some rough people to deal with," he laughed. "Do you remember the young fellow that eluded us for so many years and who did actually escape after we had him in prison?"

"Who was that?" I asked.

Boyle looked surprised. "Why you haven't forgotten young Harper!"

As if struck dumb, I remembered the young fellow who had tripped on the steps. Recollecting myself, I answered, "Oh, surely not; I just didn't recall him at first. Since my retirement I have lost most of the interest in my old cases. Indeed, I remember Harper well." And after a pause, I asked. "But do you think the chap was guilty? "

Boyle cleared his throat. "Well, personally, no. All the evidence was against him; but that was not a matter for us to decide. He was wanted. It was our duty to get him."

During the rest of the conversation, I was little interested and felt relieved when Boyle remembered an engagement which he must keep.

I immediately retraced my way to the Abbey. Harper a monk! I could have believed that he would do anything but wear a cowl. And yet surprises like these are the rewards of a detective's life. Here was a young man whom Boyle and I had sought diligently five years before, whom we had captured once, but who had slipped away from us. Certainly, the evidence was strong for his guilt. If he was innocent, it was strange that he did not defend himself. Should I give him over to the police? I decided that I should first have a talk with him.

I walked up the hedge row that led to the Abbey with considerably more briskness than I had exercised since leaving the service of Her Majesty, and knocked at the door. A portly brother answered my call and invited me in. I asked if I might see the young brother who had tripped on the steps at Vespers.

The brother smiled. "You must mean Brother Robert," he said; "I will tell him."

I sat in a straight-backed chair and gazed at my surroundings. As my position was not the most comfortable I moved presently over to a large rocker. But as my large bulk sank into it, the seat dropped through. Confusedly I extricated myself from the wreckage, and was kneeling on the floor trying to put the seat in place again, when I heard the door open and close softly. As I looked up, the expression on my face must have apologized for what words failed to do. In front of me stood Harper in the garb of a monk, crimson and trying to smile at my embarrassment.

"That is all right, sir; that chair plays those tricks once in a while. I will fix it later." He spoke rather calmly, I thought.

"You sent for me, sir?" he continued.

"Yes, Mr. Harper,—that is, Brother Robert—I wished to speak to you about a matter that is of importance to us both."

"Indeed," he answered disinterestedly. I was quite taken back at his equanimity. I had expected him to show signs of quavering the minute he recognized me, but my accident had, no doubt, given him leisure to recover. How was I to begin? I thought perhaps it was his cassock that made me so backward. In my prime, I thought, I would not have hesitated to give him a good grilling, but there was something about him that made me hold my peace for the moment. "Very well," he said again.

"Well, Mr. Harper, you—"

"I beg your pardon, my name is not Harper, sir." His lip quivered as he spoke.

"It used to be!" I retorted decisively.

"No, it never was," he came back, as his face flushed red.

"Now, look here, Harper—I came here with the intention of just having a talk with you and to see if we could have an understanding. It may be that you have reformed. If so, I will leave you here peacefully. But you must give me proof of this. Don't misunderstand me. I am not looking for money. If I was, all I would have to do would be to hand you over to the police." I saw he was getting nervous, so I continued, "My, motive, however, is curiosity. Tell me, how did you escape?"

"Pardon me, Mr.—er?" he stammered.

"A bum stall, Harper. You know me."

"I never saw you before and you would oblige me greatly by stating just what you wish and then go. So far I have not the slightest idea of what you are driving at." He said this with remarkable semblance of honesty.

"You certainly are a son of the father of lies," I replied coldly. The muscles in his face were tense in alarm and his eyes were nearly

popping from his head. I saw him look toward the door; so stepped between it and him to prevent his escape.

"Now, come Harper; this is a matter between just you and me. As an old detective, I am curious to know how you escaped after we had you bagged." I was sure that he was weakening. His face relaxed and he drew a deep sigh.

If you will sit down," he said hoarsely, "I'll tell you everything."

"That's sensible now," I consented, and backed into the rocker. Before I knew it, I was on the floor and Brother Robert was on top of me. All I could think of was the dead Wallace, whom Harper was accused of having murdered cruelly. To save myself from such a fate I struggled valiantly. We rolled and tossed all over the room, first one on top, then the other, but finally he pinioned me to the floor and with what breath he had left shouted for help. Two or three brothers rushed in. "What is it?" they called excitedly.

"For God's sake, Brothers, quick," said Harper; "hold this man and don't let him get away." His hands relaxed as the others laid good hold on me.

"Gentlemen," I gasped hoarsely, "you don't know who I am."

"Perhaps they don't. You'll be all right in a few minutes, Mr. Detective," as he started from the room.

"Look here, Harper," I called after him, "I never did anything to you, and furthermore, I came here solely to do you a favor."

"Of course, you did: you just wanted to put me in jail." And he was gone. The sweat was standing out on my forehead. These monks were certainly not the angels I had thought them when I had heard them singing so sublimely at vespers only that afternoon. I thought that it would be best to keep silence. As I knew not how many of these men might be in conspiracy to protect—might even be his accomplices in crime. I was wondering just what they were going to do to me. Would they confine me safely until they had made their escape, or—I tried not to think of it—would they even do to me as they had done to old Wallace?

At this point in my meditation, Harper re-entered the room with a heavy rope and some towels.

"Tie his hands and feet with this," he said. "I guess that will hold him until we can dispose of him better."

It was useless to argue with them. They bound me hand and foot, stuffed a towel in my mouth, and tied another around my eyes.

"Here's the wagon, now," exclaimed one of the brothers.

"Hustle him out!" I heard Harper order.

"Good Heavens!" I thought, "where will they take me?" I tried to speak, forgetting that I was gagged. I tried to break the cord, but they seized my arms and lifted me into the air. I tried to tell just in what direction they were carrying me. They bore me up steps and down steps, around in circles as it seemed, through halls, and out into the open. Finally, I was lifted into some kind of wagon. At last, after what seemed a long ride, the wagon came to a stop. They carried me up some steps, and from the echo of their voices, I judged that we were in a marble-floored corridor. Finally they set me in a chair, and I heard Harper say, "Better examine him, Judge!"

I jumped to my feet, forgetting that I was bound, blinded, and gagged. Several hands seized me and pushed me back into the seat. They then took the towel from my eyes. I recognized the familiar room. There was the old bench, with the be-wigged judge staring at me. But he was a new judge, not the old one I had known. I looked around for a familiar face, but among the many I saw not one that I knew.

"What is the prisoner's name?" the judge inquired gravely.

I saw it all now. It was a frame-up. This Harper wanted to put some charge against me and get me into jail long enough at least for him and his companions to get away. It was useless to argue. I had seen many a man in just the position I was in, try to argue with the judge with the one result that the judge lost his judgment.

"Harper," I whispered hoarsely. "I am an old man now, and have not many years left here. Be so kind as to enter a charge that will hang me.

"Your honor," interrupted Harper, paying no attention to me, "this man came to the Abbey and talked some nonsense about murder. He threatened me, so I overpowered him and brought him here. I thought he might have escaped from the insane hospital."

Insane! Jail and hanging were bad enough,

but insanity was unthinkable. My head dropped on my breast. If I ever hated one of my race, it was when the voice of a policeman behind me volunteered, "Oi don't belave ther's iny need of examinin' him, yer honor. Take a look at his eyes!"

"What is your name?" continued the judge.

"Edwin Matthews, your honor," I responded.

The judge looked up quickly. "Are you any relative of the great Edwin Matthews?" he inquired.

"I am the great Edwin," I smiled. Opportunity had came at last. I was recognized. I waited eagerly for his reply.

The judge stared at me. "Take him away; lock him up! He's a dangerous type." I felt myself growing weak. I tried to stand up, but fell back in the chair.

The room was very small, but the ceiling was high. I was lying on something hard. Above my head was a small grate window. As I turned to the side, I saw a barred door, out of which, with his back towards me, a large man was looking. As I moved restlessly, the man turned and faced me.

"How do you feel now?" he asked, coming towards me. He looked familiar.

After gazing at his face for a moment, I asked, "Is that you Boyle?"

He smiled. "Yes, it's Boyle."

And as I recalled vaguely something of the past: "What are they going to do to me, Boyle?"

"Well, nothing now." And as I began to toss about restlessly, he said sympathetically: "Be quiet, you old fool. You certainly would have been in a fine fix had I not come along and straightened things out with Judge Kelsey."

I began to remember now more distinctly,—the court room, the judge, Harper.

Then, very suddenly, I spoke. "That was not Judge Kelsey!",

"This is old Kelsey's son!" explained Boyle.

"The young whelp," I said bitterly, "Sending *me* to an insane asylum!"

Boyle looked at me contemptuously. "Well, you look fit for it, I want you to know. Hurry now, and we will go out and have dinner with Mrs. Boyle and the seven little Boyles."

"No, I won't!" I said very decisively, as I put my feet to the floor and sat up. "I am going to put that Harper behind the bars before I take another bite to eat. I suppose he has a long start by this time!" I observed, reaching for my shoes.

Boyle turned, put his hands into his back pockets, and stared at me pityingly. Then he laughed.

"Harper!" he mused softly. Then, coming close to me: "Say, Matthews, I don't know that I blame you so much for the bum steer you got. But that young chap that you took for Harper is the nephew of the Archbishop, and has never been outside the Abbey yard."

I stared straight ahead. "What!" I gasped "Don't tell me that young scamp wasn't Harper!"

"That's exactly what I mean. "Kelsey just told me that Harper jumped off London Bridge last week and was drowned in the Thames!"

Brains—Nihil and Non Est.

BY H. W. FLANNERY, '23.

It was an odd office. There was a door, of course, and on it was my name and under the name, the magic words: "Editor and Author."

I was reclining on a lounge with cushions so soft and yieldingly deep that I felt each time I rested on them like I do when an elevator makes its plunge with me from the sixth floor to the basement. My head was raised a little higher than the rest of my body and I was smoking a cigar, a "Girard Marine," my favorite—perhaps because it costs more and I smoke it less. At regular intervals a revolving fan blew away the ashes of the cigar, and, the draft being well regulated, the ashes were blown into a silver ash container. Beside my lounge was a stand upon which was all manner of eatables and a box of cigars.

By turning my eyes I saw that the furniture was white. I was too comfortable to get up and learn what kind of wood it was. The furniture—a desk, a writing table, a book-case, several chairs, my table and my lounge—and the wainscoting, too, all white, was very pleasing with the gold wall paper. Here and there was a pennant—Notre Dame's was the largest and most prominent—hanging opposite the door and over the desk. Pictures with purple frames, oils, water-colors and line drawings, caricatures and serious sketches, added life and vivacity to the room's appearance.

There was another thing in the room, too. I almost forgot it. It was a queer something

with ivory wheels in complex arrangement on its sides. Near the top was a pretty handle of gold. Almost halfway down was a golden chute.

My cigar was almost finished when I noticed that one of my stenographers—a pretty blonde—had her head in the doorway:

"The foreman says he would like to have your editorials for today's paper. The linotyper on machine 643 is ready for your next chapter on 'Brains and How to be Happy Without Them.' Whenever you have the articles let us know, please."

In a half hour or so, having finished two gallons of ice-cream and six chocolate iced sponge cakes, my feet sank into the luxuriant, Persian rugs and advanced to the machine of the ivory wheels.

One turn of the golden crank and the wheels were whirling, whirling, singing out the song, "Oh Solo Mio," as sung by Geraldine Farrar. As I listened I leisurely gathered up the typewritten sheets that were falling on the golden-chute.

A few moments later I rang the bell at the side of my lounge and one of my brunette stenographers came in.

"You will find the editorials and chapter ten of my last book on my desk," I told her between puffs of my "Girard."

Then I lay back and went to sleep.

I was awakened most rudely by shaking.

"If you did not snore so I might let you sleep," Brother Alphonsus was saying.

A Winter's Tale.

"We be a-goin' ter git a vicious storm ter-night," predicted old Ned Larson, the biggest liar in Sutter's County, as he drew still nearer the red-hot stove that burned cheerily in the center of Ged Mullin's grocery on the corner.

"We ain't a-goin' ter git no storm ter-night," gainsaid Peter Weller, the second best Ananias in the county.

"But it can't be a bit worser than that'n in the winter of '49," continued Ned, ignoring the contradiction; "I'll never fergit it."

"I guess you wont!" said the sarcastic Seth Marlow in an undertone; "not if you live to be a hundred, you won't."

"It wus the time o' the big snow back in '49, wa'n't it Pete?" spoke Ned Larson as he reached toward the cracker barrel.

"'49," insisted Peter Weller.

"'56, you said the other day," sneered Seth Marlow.

"'49," replied old Ned, undisturbed. "It wus back in '49 when me an' Pete wus only eight years old."

"Ten years old," corrected Pete.

"Ten years old," agreed Ned. "Well, anyhow, we wus goin' wolf-huntin' that day, an' we started out early, right after breakfast, didn't we Pete?"

"We wus goin' coon-huntin', an' we started out right after supper," said Peter, ready for an argument at any time.

"So we wus," agreed Ned again. "An' a bitter cold night it wus, too. Well, we hadn't perceded very far when my ole houn' treed a coon."

"My ole houn'," objected Pete.

"Our ole houn's," Ned compromised. "They treed the coon and it wa'n't long after afore we had the critter lyin' on the ground. He wus a han'some lookin' animal, as fat as butter or fatter. But durin' this time a blindin' snow storm had come up, an' we lost our way when we started to go hum. All night long we wandered about not knowin' where we wus. The follerin' day the storm wus ragin' fiercer than ever. So we made a cave out uv the snow-drifts, an' there we stayed fer seven nights an' days while the snow still kep' a comin' down faster than ever."

"Five nights an' days," averred Pete.

"Five nights an' seven days," repeated old Ned under correction. "An' finally those houn's got so blamed hungry they eat that coon one night while we wus asleep—hopin' may die if they didn't."

"It wus your houn' what eat it," declared Pete argumentatively.

"So in order fer us to eat the coon we had to eat the houn's," continued Ned Larson.

"It was your houn' what eat it," persisted Pete; "I never owned a dog in my life."

"Wal, I never did nuther," said old Ned; "so it couldn't a been my houn'."

"I never slep' out in no ole storm nuther," said Pete.

"Wal nuther did I," returned Ned.

"An' I never—"

"Wal nuther did—" anticipated old Ned.

"Closin' time!" said Ged Mullins; "git your hands out a that cracker barrel, an' finish your argyment outside."—W. ALLEN PAGE '23.

Miscalculation.

The cold winter was beating wildly against the windowpane, driving the falling snow into a triangular drift in one corner of the sill. "Shep" Collins, wrapped in a heavy lounging robe, was huddled over his desk trying to "follow up" some very elusive figures. But distraction came to him in thoughts of the morrow and what it held in store for him. Tomorrow was Sunday, and on that day he would be resting comfortably in Chicago, for his father had telegraphed him to run up from school for the week-end, and "Shep" knew what it meant.

"Telephone—Shep Collins—Long distance," echoed through the long hallway, and Collins hurried down to answer the call.

"Perhaps Dad wants me to leave on an earlier train," he conjectured to himself as he went; "probably has something on for this afternoon, and wants me to come up without waiting for the last class." At this point in his musings, Shep entered the telephone booth and eagerly seized the receiver.

"Hello! Hello!—Say, Central, have you a call for Stanley Collins from—I say, is there a call for Collins at Notre Dame from—I'm here now at the University—Yes, I think it's from Chicago—You'll what?—Oh, shall I hold the wire?—All right, thank you!"

A brief silence ensued, broken at intervals by the thumping of Shep's fingers on the top of the telephone box, and an occasional whistle.

"Hello! He—yes, this is Stanley. That you, Dad?—How are you?—Oh, I feel fine; never better. It's mighty cold here today tho—Yes, I suppose it is; 'sbeen cold everyplace, last few days—I expected a letter from you after your telegram came but—What did you say?—Oh, you won't be—You are? Gee, that's a shame. I thot—Yeah, sure!—No, I don't mind not getting away from here, but I'm sorry I won't get to see you this time. When did you decide to go there?—Uh-huh.—Yes, *sir!*—Well, that's all right—I really don't care much; I gotta lotta work to do anyhow. Lemme know the next time though, so I can get up.—All right—Yes, surely. Good-b—Say! Hello! Hello!—Say, Dad, I almost forgot to tell you my check hasn't come yet—Well, not so very hard up, but I'm getting—Oh, I can use it all right. Thanks!—Goodbye, Dad."

The winter was beating wildly against the window pane, driving the falling snow into a triangular drift in one corner of the sill. "Shep" Collins, wrapped in a heavy lounging robe, was huddled over his desk trying to "follow up" some very elusive figures. But distraction came to him in thoughts of the morrow and what it held in store for him. Tomorrow was Monday, and on that day he would be exposed to a calculus "exam," and "Shep" knew what that meant.

—T. H. BEACOM, '20.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

A GOOD loser is a "being apart."

WHERE there is a will there is a lawsuit.

TRIFLES, not trifling, make for perfection.

ATHLETIC prowess covers a multitude of sins.

THE brain should be a factory, not a mere warehouse.

AND still we wonder why England has the largest navy.

NOT everyone who wants to be a dog would make a good one.

A PESSIMIST is a man who wears a belt and suspenders.

SHERMAN should have tried to work his way through college.

SOME people never had the experience of running out of "gas."

WIND does not move a rock nor does flattery move a sound mind.

A "GOOD FELLOW" seldom brings his good-fellowship into his home.

SINFUL pleasure is a mirage concealing the burning sands of regret.

ABOUT the only wages that some people can earn are the wages of sin.

THE League of Nations box score shows Bryan and Lansing struck out.

IT is unlucky to postpone your wedding day—unless you keep on delaying it.

A REPUTATION is sometimes to a man what a heavy jockey is to a fast horse.

IF the girls of today were only as much concerned about good works as about good looks.

LIFE is a school in which the lesson is never finished, for we make one blunder after another unto the end.

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Why Dry?

The bitterness of the attack made on prohibition since the constitutional amendment was approved is exceeded only by the indifference manifested before the mortuary announcement of John Barleycorn was entered in the Congressional Record. Persons who thought they would never live to read the obituary of the Brewers are now weeping copious tears around the bier. The amazing thing is that this vain regret was not preceded by some sort of preventive action. Men declaim that they were caught unawares, that prohibition was foisted upon them overnight, that it robbed life of all the liquid joys before the "wets" had sobered sufficiently to the seriousness of the situation. But that argument avails nothing. The fact is that the very persons who are now most vociferous in their denunciation of the prohibition law are the ones who voted for dry territory in their own home towns. So long as Podunk, ten or twelve miles away, remained wet, they could afford to make their "town a better town to live in." And great numbers of men who are at present imbibing most freely in anticipation of the inevitable drought and who are loudly lamenting the injustice of prohibition are the very ones who in the cold dawn of reason and the privacy of the polls registered the first sentiment against liquor. Down in their hearts they believed that the prohibition town and the dry state were better places for their children, and that belief kept them in a perpetual stupor. Now they like to be considered "broad-minded," and they are not averse to taking a last fling at the flowing bowl. The combination of these motives has created the sudden, country-wide wail of woe. Instead of crying over spilt corn-juice, it might be well to give some thought to the cause of the spilling, so that, in the future, there will be no occasion for similar vain regrets.—T. H. B.

Fritz Kreisler.

Fritz Kreisler's manager has received within the last months of 1919 and the first ones of this year requests to cancel the great violinist's engagements in a number of cities. These petitions insinuated that Americans wish to have nothing to do with Prussians or with anyone connected with Germany in the World War. Kreisler, who was an officer in the Austrian Army, is, according to the views of the petitioners, no exception to this rule. They grant that his return to music is proper, for he is a master, but they ask why he should return to America, the country he fought to destroy, to make his money. It seems that these petitions do not by any means express the general sentiment of the people. The sale of tickets in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, proves that there are 1800 people who are anxious to hear the great Austrian musician. Their tickets were of no use, however, for their mayor sent a demand for the cancellation of the violinist's engagement in that city. Kreisler is the world's greatest violinist, and as an Austrian he merely did what he believed to be his duty toward his native land. He was wounded fighting the Czar's troops. Is this any reason why his music is not fit for Americans? Austria was never a nation that sought conquest, and the United States declared war upon her only because she was in the hands of Germany. The Austrian Peace Treaty has few supporters in America and is considered by many as being in the class with the partition of Poland in the eighteenth century. At any rate, why drag the art of music into the mire of politics? The whole difficulty seems to be the creation of a few persons who care nothing for music and are looking for a little publicity as patriots. It is a particular example of a prevailing narrow-mindedness which is keeping the United States officially at war with Austria.

These same patriots who object to Kreisler's appearance on the American concert stage would support the proposed sale or sacrifice of the ships that were America's share in the spoils taken from Germany. Art—whether it be American, German, Austrian, or French,—is art, and it is to be encouraged, without prejudice. Why not allow an Austrian who is capable of producing the best to make up in some degree for the masterpieces which his allies, through no fault of his, destroyed at Rheims and elsewhere during the recent conflict?—P. V. C.

A Colored Clergy.

A native clergy is a necessary condition of permanent success in any missionary field. Especially does this seem true in the case of the negroes. Anyone acquainted with the race will bear evidence to this statement. Our people have accomplished much by supplying funds and men to the cause of the missions among the Negroes, but now comes the demand for redoubled effort, the object of which is to be the development and support of a band of colored priests for the service of the colored people. Our Holy Father has observed that "whenever a sufficient native clergy, well instructed and worthy of their vocation, is found, there, we may safely affirm, the work of the missionary is gloriously crowned and the Church itself solidly established." With this in mind the Society of the Divine Word appeals to every American Catholic to become more interested in creating a negro clergy for the South. The achievement must be accomplished. It is the best way to a most important end. Hence our duty is to bring to a splendid realization what is now but a dream. The working out of this scheme will solve many difficulties for the negroes and will make for a better South, not only spiritually but politically as well. There is, indeed, very good reason for our believing that the conversion of at least a large number of the negroes to the Catholic Church will go further than anything else towards the solution of a problem which otherwise seems insoluble. Every Catholic with anything of the true Catholic spirit will help, in whatever way he can, this worthy cause, and will thus be doing a great good for the Church in America by placing more colored men in the field and so bringing about a greater harvest.

—T. C. D.

Obituary.

BROTHER PAUL, C. S. C.

In the death of Brother Paul the Hermit, at St. Joseph's Hospital last Thursday afternoon, the Congregation of the Holy Cross lost one of its most zealous members. For many years past the deceased was an assistant superior-general of the Community. He was born in Superior, Wisconsin, in 1858, and at the age of seventeen entered St. Joseph's Novitiate at Notre Dame. For the eighteen years subsequent to his profession he served most ably as secretary of the University, and thereafter in order as master of novices, head of the house of studies at Watertown, Wisconsin, as business manager of the *Ave Maria*, and for the last two years as superintendent of construction and accommodation work at Notre Dame. His work in all of these offices was marked by fidelity, zeal, and efficiency. Despite the handicap of ill health during many years, he labored untiringly in the service of religion and education and was often able to attend to his strenuous duties only by the wonderful strength of will for which he was so remarkable. An ideal religious with many great gifts of mind and heart, Brother Paul fulfilled his vocation in a manner worthy of the highest admiration. That he may receive quickly the rich reward for which he lived so consistently is the heartfelt prayer of everyone who knew him. A solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated in the Sacred Heart Church by the Reverend President of the University, assisted by Father Lennartz and Father McElhone as deacon and sub-deacon.

Personals.

—Albert Schlipf (LL. B., '16) is at present with the Public Utilities Commission of Springfield, Illinois.

—James McGrath, formerly of Walsh Hall, is now associated with the Louisville *Evening Post*, of Louisville, Ky.

—George R. San Pedro (B. S. in Ph., '16) is now a member of the firm "Sarra Drug Company," of Havana, Cuba.

—Ronald S. O'Neill (LL.B., '14) has accepted the position of real estate editor for the *Times*, Washington, D. C.

—James F. Ryan (LL. B., '00) is now successfully practising law at Peoria, Ill. "Jim"

was a prominent man in athletics while at Notre Dame, having won his letter in both football and track.

—Thomas D. Masters (LL. B., '96) is a member of the firm of Masters and Masters, attorneys-at-law, Springfield, Illinois.

—Francis Ott (student in philosophy, '15–'16) has been ordained to the priesthood in St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, California.

—Christopher Dockery (student here in '15-'16) is now assistant manager of the Association of Commerce in Green Bay, Wis. "Chris" is to be married in the near future.

—Daniel Quinland (L.L. B., '17) has recently announced the birth of a baby boy. Dan has forsaken the practice of law and is now with the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester.

—Mr. M. M. White (LL. D., '89), a prominent and successful lawyer of Ida Grove, Iowa, represented his district at the Iowa State Democratic Convention, which was held in Sioux City last month.

—Daniel L. Murphy (LL. B., '05) is now conducting a large firm in Odell, Illinois. "Socks" was a varsity tackle on the football team in '04 and '05, and also president of the law class in his senior year.

—John B. Campbell (B. S., in Arch., '17) is at present connected with Thos. Nolan & Co., prominent architects of Louisville, Ky. "Stubby," as he was known by his classmates, has made a success of his work.

—Thomas D. Lyons (Litt. B., '04), attorney in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was elected to a position on the board of directors of the First National Bank at the annual meeting of the shareholders on January 13th. Tom was winner of the Breen medal in 1904.

—Announcement has been received of the marriage of Thomas Mahoney (freshman, 1910) of Springfield, Illinois, to Miss Saris of Beloit, Wisconsin, sister of John Saris, late of Brownson Hall. Sincere congratulations are extended them by the SCHOLASTIC.

—The marriage of George Bryan (E. E., '17) to Miss Hazel M. Job was recently celebrated at St. Aloysius Catholic Church, in Cleveland, O. The bride and groom left for Chicago where Mr. Bryan is organizing a new electrical concern. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations.

—Joseph O'Sullivan (LL. B., '16) and his brother Albert (LL. B., '18) have formed a partnership and are now successfully practising law under the name of O'Sullivan and O'Sullivan, in Mound City, Illinois. The SCHOLASTIC wishes success to the new firm.

—The Rev. Francis W. Howard (LL. D., 1912), Secretary-General of the Catholic Educational Association, writes concerning our recent editorial entitled "Education on Credits": "The editorial in the SCHOLASTIC seems to me to be sound psychology. It states the ground of my constant opposition to the system of educational standardization borrowed from big business. It would be a very good thing if we could arrange to have a thorough study made of the whole problem on these lines. This would be true educational leadership."

—John Maltby, of Chicago, for several years a student of Notre Dame in St. Edward's, Carroll, and Brownson Halls, says in an enthusiastic letter: "The happiest years of my life were spent at Notre Dame, and I am certainly very proud to have been there. . . . What strikes me about the Notre Dame crowd is their ever-readiness to help another Notre Dame man. The fact that you have been at Notre Dame seems to give you a right to their help. I know this for sure, as I had occasion lately to ask an old Notre Dame man whom I had never met before to help me a little in a business matter. As soon as I told him I was a former Notre Dame student he was ready to do anything he could for me. That is certainly a glorious spirit."

—Louis Keifer (Ph. B., in Journ. '16) in a letter to Professor. John M. Cooney, says:

. . . I have been manager of the Sales Promotion Department ever since I started to work again after the European trip my uncle sent me on, and I am manager because I am the only one in the department. . . . Scotty (Harry Scott, Ph. B., in Journ. '17) is getting away big in Indianapolis on the *News*. He has charge of all automobile advertising and we work together on these accounts and line them up in both Indianapolis and Terre Haute. Scotty got back from France last year and decided the *News* needed him. The *News* didn't think so, but Scotty bothered them so much they fired a fellow that had been there four years to give him the job and keep him from bothering them. He made such a showing there that he was given the automobile advertising at the first opportunity, beating out men who had been there for years. I don't know what the other shining lights of the first school of Journalism graduates are doing, but we seem to have lost our publicity man at N. D., because every time the SCHOLASTIC mentions a member of the 1917 class they refer to him as of the first graduating class in Journalism. Don't let them forget there was

one in 1916, but maybe you are trying to forget it because of the trouble it caused you even if it wasn't very big.

—The University entertained a distinguished visitor last week in the person of Colonel Joseph Patrick O'Neill (B. S., '83). Colonel O'Neill was particularly happy in finding some of his old friends here, especially Father Maher. While a student here Colonel O'Neill was in charge of the "Hoynes' Light Guards," the local military company, and was known to the class of '83 as "Marshall O'Neill." After leaving school he served in the Philippines for some years, but was later transferred to Plattsburg and various other army camps in this country. In 1913 he was commissioned to study military strategy at the War College in Washington City. During the late war he served as brigadier-general in France, taking part in the Argonne offensive and doing distinguished work in the attack which swept away the St. Mihiel triangle. He subsequently had charge of an area of occupation in Germany. Colonel O'Neill is now commanding officer of the Tenth Infantry, at Camp Custer, Michigan. Accompanying Colonel O'Neill on his visit Wednesday, was Captain J. A. Steere, of the 13th Field Artillery, stationed at Fort Dodge, Iowa. The Captain has a nephew at Notre Dame and a niece at St. Mary's.

—The SCHOLASTIC has received a beautiful letter from Mr. A. J. Smith, of 128 Rugby Ave., Rochester, N. Y., father of Clovis Smith, whom the class of '15 worships as one of its heroes who fell fighting in France. Mr. Smith, commenting on the editorial, "Snap out of It!" congratulates the author upon "his splendid loyalty to Alma Mater and affectionate regard for an alumnus of sacred memory." He recalls very vividly the scene of the 1915 commencement, when he partook in the "sorrow of farewell" and became himself almost a Notre Dame man. The Service Club, says Mr. Smith, is doing a splendid work. "I am heartily in accord with the movement to erect a suitable permanent memorial to certain Notre Dame men who have sealed the American creed with their blood. The enclosed is my contribution for a ticket to the entertainment, and any further enterprises towards raising this fund will be cheerfully supported whenever I am so privileged." The SCHOLASTIC wishes to thank Mr. Smith very heartily for his support and interest, and assures him that Notre Dame has come with all her traditional spirit to stand squarely behind the project. It would be impossible to forget men who, like Mr. Smith's son, embodied our finest idealism in the trials of life and death.—W. A. PAGE.

Local News.

—The University Glee Club will give a program at the Elks' Temple in Fort Wayne on the eve of St. Patrick's Day.

—The Latin-American Association has selected the editors for their year book in Spanish, which is to make its first appearance this year: Alfonse Anaya, editor-in-chief; Raymond Restreppo, art-editor, and Henry Rosselot business manager.

—Last Thursday evening the students from Pennsylvania met to adopt plans for the organization of a state club. Father Patrick Haggerty, C. S. C., who presided at the meeting, appointed a committee, composed of James O'Toole and W. C. Miner, to draft a constitution.

—To Father William Cunningham, C. S. C., has been given charge of all the students of the University who live in South Bend. He will be in the office of the Prefect of Discipline every week day from 10:00 o'clock to 10:30 in the morning for the benefit of such of these students as may need to consult him.

—A meeting of all students taking courses in chemistry was called by Fr. Joseph Maguire, head of the Department of Chemistry, a few days ago for the purpose of organizing a Chemists' Club. Father Maguire was elected honorary president; James Bailey, president; Eugene O'Toole, vice-president; Edward Kremer, secretary, and George Ullmeyer, sergeant-at-arms.

—It is requested that all second and third year philosophy students assemble at Holy Cross Seminary Monday morning, March 8th, at eight o'clock. Only those who are to attend this meeting will be permitted to attend the banquet given annually in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron of philosophers, which for this year will be held next Monday at one o'clock. Students and invited guests will assemble in the University parlor at twelve o'clock.

—At the bi-weekly meeting of the Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers held on March 1st Oscar Ruzek, in a paper on "Impressions of the Inspection Tour," reviewed the important features of the recent trip of the Engineers

through the industrial plants of Chicago and Gary. "Some of the Applications of Electrothermi to the Chemistry of Nitrogen Compounds" was the subject of very good treatment by J. A. Bailey.

—An enthusiastic "pow-wow" of the "Braves" from Washington, Oregon, and California marked the successful re-organization of the Pacific Coast Club a few days ago. Eighteen warriors were admitted to tribal membership and chieftains for the year were selected. The "Tribunal War Council" ordered immediate preparations for a war-time "potlach" after Lent. Bernard Ward was made chief tyee; John Murphy, tenas tyee; Scott, sachem and keeper of the Wampum; Sharp, chief scout.

—At a meeting of Section I of the Chamber of Commerce last Sunday Cyril Foller addressed the body on "Sheet Iron and Tin Plate;" J. Gerald Cudahy read a paper on "Copper Mining," and William L. Voss gave an excellent talk on "Increasing Retail Trade." In Section III on Tuesday evening Leo Momsen read a paper on "Chain Hardware Stores," which evinced valuable experience in this field. In one of the most interesting talks of the year, Malachy Patrick Gooley treated from practical experience the subject of "Machinery Market."

—In the annual contest of the Indiana State Oratorical Association held at Franklin College last Friday evening Mr. Paul R. Conaghan, representing Notre Dame with his oration on "Democratic Representation in Industry," was given third place. In the contest were representatives of Wabash, Earlham, Butler, and Franklin Colleges. First rank and the right to represent Indiana in the interstate contest at Omaha, Nebraska, in May, was won by the orator from Wabash, Mr. Norman Littell, with an oration entitled "The Path to Peace."

—Members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society are contemplating revision of their constitutions which will make for radical changes in the policies of the society. Rigid regulations regarding membership requirements are to be enacted. Enthusiasm in the society is at high pitch and the society promises to attain shortly to a first rank among student organizations. At the meeting held on Thursday evening, February 26th, José Rivera talked on the present political and economic status of Mexico and J. Worth Clarke presented a very able exposition of the constitution of the German States. A discussion of the railway bill now before Congress evoked spirited impromptus from Paul Breen, Thomas Ward, and several others.

—"Better Publicity for Notre Dame" was the topic of discussion at the weekly meeting of the Round Table last Saturday. Frank S. Farrington gave a summary exposition of the methods now in vogue and an idea of the amount of space now given by the newspapers to Notre Dame news. Plans for the publicity to be undertaken next year were outlined by Charles A. Grimes, according to which the journalism students having the best records in their course are to be given charge of the work, and a systematic publicity bureau covering the entire country is to be established. Committees were appointed to arrange for the club's banquet on St. Patrick's Day, at which many of the graduates of the school of Journalism will be present.—W. O'KEEFE.

Government Helps Disabled Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (special)—Because discharged, sick, or disabled soldiers do not know the extent of Federal aid they are entitled to, a great many of them are buying their own artificial limbs, paying for medical attention, or neglecting themselves, in spite of the fact that they can get the very best of treatment from the Government.

Reports reaching the United States Public Health Service from stations where hospitals are in operation for the benefit of discharged soldiers, sailors, marines, and war nurses, show that a great number of men who served in the war and were injured have never fully understood the provisions of the legislation supplementing the war risk insurance act. Under the terms of this legislation the Public Health Service has established hospitals at convenient places throughout the United States for the free treatment of any member of the Military Establishment whose disability may be traced to service with the military or naval forces. These are civilian nospitals, not under Army discipline.

The bill provides that the men are entitled to a free medical examination to determine the extent of their disability. If found to be disabled the War Risk Bureau will pay them compensation according to the extent of the disability, and, if the case requires, it will direct that they be admitted to the most convenient public health hospital or sanatorium.

The hospital furnishes artificial limbs, glass eyes, braces for deformed limbs, etc., free. It also examines the eyes to see whether glasses are needed and looks after the teeth. In case of tuberculosis, or other diseases requiring like treatment, special sanatorium treatment is provided. Discharged sick or disabled soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses are urged to write to the United States Public Health Service. Washington, D. C., for further details.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 25⅔; ILLINOIS, 60⅓.

Adverse conditions in the "breaks" of Notre Dame's dual meet with Illinois last Saturday at Urbana prevented the "Rockmen" from showing their best quality, and Coach Gill's squad is certainly the most formidable that a Notre Dame team has met in years—formidable not only in its number of stars but also in wealth of new material fit for close competition in every event. Notre Dame's one or two entrants were not able to go to victory in events where five or six opponents continually forced the fight for position. Illinois took a decisive lead after the dash and hurdle events had been finished at a tie. Once in the lead, the "Suckers" were never pressed again for the honors. Mohardt and Bailey led the sprinters to the sixty yard mark where Prescott and Nagle rushed by and took the tape, with Bailey a third by inches. Wynne ran away from the field in the first half of the hurdle race and finished an easy winner, with Starrett second, in the time of ten seconds, two-fifths of a second slower than the record. Powers and Douglas shared second honors in the pole-vault with Howard of Illinois. In the mile race Sweeny set the fast pace of 2:04 for the first half in order to keep in first position, but in the second part was forced to relinquish the lead to Yates, who won the event. Burke made a brilliant finish on the final straightaway, passing four Illinois men for second place. The captains of the two teams met in the quarter-mile contest, which, as predicted, resulted in a new record for the Illini gymnasium. At the gun Captain Emery sprinted to the lead, and as Captain Meehan endeavored to pass him on the turn three Illinois runners edged our man to the outside of the track, thus forcing him to trail the field for half a lap. On the second straightaway Meehan passed the four contesting entries and took second place behind the Illinois captain, who had a twenty yard lead. Meehan cut the lead to ten yards in an effort to finish first. "Cy" Kasper failed to place when his injured leg disqualified him. "Grit" Murphy fought through a mile and three quarters of his race only to experience toward the end a cramp which eliminated him as he was working into the lead through four opponents for the final sprint. Shaw pushed Weiss to the limit in the shot-put and took second place with a heave of better than thirty-nine feet. Hoar and Douglas divided second honors in the high jump. The mile relay proved sensational. Although Rockne did not enter his best quartet, the Illinois men were forced to a new record. Captains Meehan and Emery again featured the race. The former, running third, made up a twelve-yard handicap and gave Wynne at anchor a ten-yard lead. The Illinois captain in turn made up the lead held by Wynne and passed him for an easy victory at the tape, in the time of 3.29, a second faster than the record set by Wisconsin in 1916. The results:—

Pole-vault—Won by Buchanan, Illinois; Howard, Illinois, and Powers and Douglas, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 11 feet, 4 inches.

75-yard dash—Won by Prescott, Illinois; Nagel, Illinois, second; Bailey, Notre Dame, third. Time, :08.

75-yard high hurdles—Won by Wynne, Notre Dame; Starrett, Notre Dame, second; Kenney, Illinois, third. Time, :10.

Mile-run—Won by Emery, Illinois; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; McGinnis, Illinois, third. Time, 4:30 3-5.

440-yard run—Won by Emery, Illinois; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; Meredith, Notre Dame, third. Time, :51.

Shotput—Won by Weiss, Illinois; Shaw, Notre Dame, second; Cannon, Illinois, third. Distance, 40 feet, 1 3-4 inches.

High jump—Won by Osborne, Illinois; Hoar, Notre Dame, second; Douglas, Notre Dame, third. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

880-yard run—Won by Spink, Illinois; E. D. Brown, Illinois, second; Schuh, Illinois, third. Time, 2:00 1-2.

Two-mile run—Won by Allman, Illinois; Dusenberry, Illinois, second; Naughton, Illinois, third. Time, 10:09 2-5.

Mile-relay—Won by Illinois (Schlaprizzi, Prescott, Donohue, Emery). Time 3:29.

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BASKETBALL: NOTRE DAME, 21; DEPAUW, 31.

Coach Dorais' basketball men yielded in defeat to the well-drilled DePauw team at Greencastle last Wednesday, 31 to 21. The Gold and Blue got a bad start, as Harry Mehre was carefully boxed up on every scoring formation during the greater part of the first period. Mendenhall, clever roving guard for DePauw, evaded Notre Dame's defensive during this period and succeeded in finding the hoop with brilliant consistency. At the end of the first half the score stood 13 to 4 in favor of DePauw.

Coach Dorais shifted Kiley to center, withdrawing "Gene" Kennedy, and put Leo Ward in Kiley's position at forward. This new combination worked well and Notre Dame took a decided brace. Ward immediately located the DePauw objective with three neat baskets. Cannon effected most of DePauw's scores during this period, counting five clean ringers. Mehre foiled at intervals the clique guarding him and found the ring twice. The game was well contested throughout, but DePauw, with the advantage of a substantial lead in the first half, was able to prevent the Gold and Blue from a victorious rally.

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BASKETBALL: NOTRE DAME, 26; WABASH, 28.

Notre Dame lost in basketball to Wabash last Thursday in a peppery contest which ended with the Crawfordsville quintet on the better side of the 28-to-26 score. The downstate men concentrated their defensive against the veteran Mehre, and held the big forward to two shots at the hoop. Brandy waged a strong Notre Dame attack and startled the enemy with three long tosses, but the Wabash men, with Burns leading, began a successful bombardment of the Notre Dame ring. At the end of the first half Wabash was in the lead, 17 to 15. Notre Dame opened the second period with spirit and went to the top with four easy points. The Crawfordsville aggregation again took up the challenge, with Burns starring. The game see-sawed back and forth during the balance of the half. Wabash finally put in a lucky toss and before the Gold and Blue could retaliate the fray ended.

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At a meeting of the basketball men last Wednesday, Harry Mehre, Notre Dame's star forward, was elected captain of the next year's team. The new pilot performed brilliantly at his position during the past season, being the only man of the squad who played in every game. He was also the high-point man of the year. His prowess became so well known among the schools on our schedule that in the last five or six games the defensive tactics of the opposing teams were invariably concentrated on him. He was the most reliable man on the team, and all are agreed that his election as captain is most proper. Before coming to Notre Dame, Mehre captained the team of the Huntington (Indiana) High School and in 1918 was named all-state guard of the Indiana high schools. A player of strength, cleverness, and exceptiona tossing ability, Mehre should in his two remaining years of varsity competition develop into one of the best basketball players the Notre Dame court has known.

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INTERHALL TRACK.

Walsh Hall walked away with the first of the Interhall triangular preliminaries Thursday afternoon. Father Farley's men totaled 59 1-2 points, Brownson 34, and Badin, 27 1-2. Walsh qualified eighteen men for the final meet, Brownson fifteen, and Badin ten. Coach Rockne declared the entry list for the eleven events the largest in the history of the Interhall meets. Time for the dashes, the quarter-mile, and the two-twenty was fast, indicating likelihood of new hall records in the final meet to be held March 18th. McGivern, of Brownson, was the high-point man of the meet, with fourteen to his credit, a first and three seconds. Smith, of Walsh, scored thirteen points, and Kellar, of the same hall, deserves mention for taking two firsts in fast time. Sorin, Corby, and the Day Students are due to clash in the second preliminary meet on Sunday the 14th. Summary:

40-yard dash—won by Kellar, Walsh; Smith, Walsh, second; McCarthy, Badin, third; McTiernan, Walsh, fourth. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—won by Carroll, Walsh; McGivern, Brownson, second; Connolly, Badin, third; Smith, Brownson, fourth. Time, 6 1-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—won by McGivern, Brownson; Smith, Walsh, second; Lesch, Brownson, third; Carroll, Walsh, fourth. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—won by, Kellar, Walsh; McCarthy, Badin, second; Smith, Brownson, third; Kastner, Badin, fourth. Time, 25 1-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—won by Montague, Badin; Aveles, Brownson, second; Smith, Brownson, third; Breen, Walsh, fourth. Time 56 2-5 seconds.

880-yard run—won by Heffernan, Walsh; Burke, Badin, second; Desmond, Badin, third; Long, Walsh, fourth. Time, 2:17.

Mile-run—won by Doran, Badin; Long, Walsh, second; Ward, Badin, third; Bardzel, Brownson, fourth. Time, 5:21 4-5.

Shot-Put—won by O'Connor, Walsh; Kellar, Walsh, second; Flynn, Badin, third; Gorman, Walsh, fourth. Distance, 35 feet, 3 inches.

Broad Jump—won by Wendland, Walsh; McGivern, Brownson, second; Smith, Walsh, third; Lesch, Brownson, fourth. Distance, 20 feet, 2 inches.

High Jump—won by Smith, Walsh; Lesch and Walsh, Brownson, tie for second; Kastner, Badin, fourth. Height 5 feet, 6 inches.

Pole-Vault—won by Wendland, Walsh; McGivern, Brownson, second; Smith, Brownson, third; Walsh, Brownson, fourth. Height 9 feet.—E. M. S.

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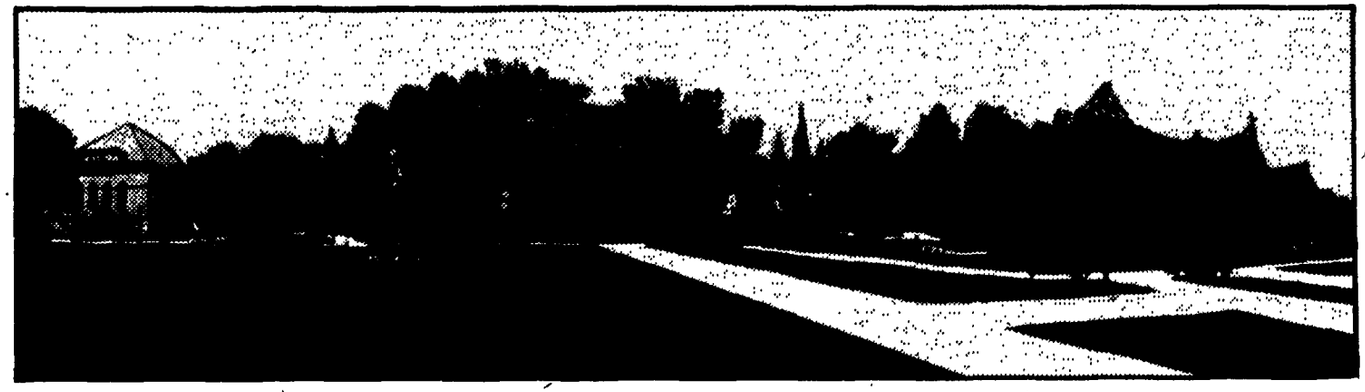

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