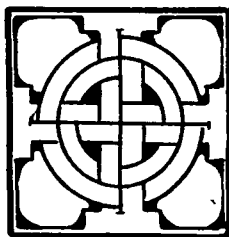




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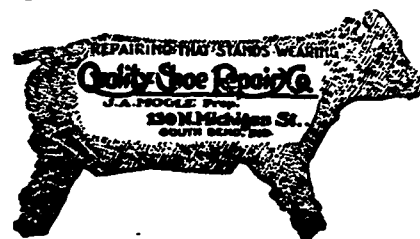
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VOL. LIII.

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No. 22.

Via Crucis.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

DOWN the golden aisle of Evening
Goes repentant Day
And prays beneath the station-clouds
That cluster round the way;
And when the stations all are said
Before the lamp afar
Of Heaven's sanctuary, kneels
Beneath the evening star.

Lawrence Francis Flick, Laetare Medalist for 1920.

THE LAETARE MEDAL, awarded annually on Laetare Sunday by the University of Notre Dame to some Catholic layman, eminent by his service to religion, to country, or to humanity, is this year conferred upon Lawrence Francis Flick, of Philadelphia, physician, philanthropist, and historian. Dr. Flick, a specialist in the pathology and treatment of tuberculosis, has made the fight against the white plague his life's work. He is the founder of the White Haven Sanatorium, president of the White Haven Sanatorium Association, president of the Free Hospital for Poor Consumptives, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, co-founder of the Rush Hospital for Consumption and Allied Diseases, co-founder and ex-medical director of the Henry Phipps Institute, chairman of the Committee on Tuberculosis, in the International Congress held in Washington, D. C., in 1908, member of the College of Physicians, of Philadelphia, of the American Medical Association, of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and of numerous other medical societies. He

is the author of "Consumption a Curable and Preventable Disease," and of numerous pamphlets and articles on tuberculosis and pulmonary diseases.



DR. LAWRENCE FRANCIS FLICK

A native of Carrolltown, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, Dr. Flick attended the public schools of that place and then entered St. Vincent's College, Beatty, Pennsylvania. After being graduated from St. Vincent's, he prepared himself for his chosen profession at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia and received his M. D. in 1879. In 1885 he married Miss Ella Stone, of Philadelphia. Since 1879 he has been engaged in the practice of medicine in Philadelphia, and has won for himself fame as one of the first physicians of America. By way of avocation, Dr. Flick has achieved notable distinction in the field of American

Catholic history. He was for many years president of the American Catholic Historical Society, to the "Records" of which he has contributed many valuable research articles. In recognition of the value of his historical work he was at the recent organization of the American Catholic Historical Association elected its first president.

Each year Notre Dame bestows the Laetare Medal upon a Catholic layman who "by distinguished service to religion, science, or humanity" has enrolled himself in the aristocracy of merit. The conferring of this medal recalls the ancient and solemn custom of the popes to bless each year on Laetare Sunday a golden rose, and occasionally to confer it upon illustrious persons or places as a mark of esteem and paternal affection. The institution of the Golden Rose dates back, according to the most authoritative opinion, to the time of Charlemagne. It is surely fitting that in a school whose aims are the aims of the Church its greatest honor should find expression in this time-honored form.

The distinguished persons who have received the medal since its foundation in 1883 are:

- 1883, John Gilmary Shea, historian of the Catholic Church in America.
- 1884, Patrick J. Keeley, architect.
- 1885, Elizabeth Allen Starr, author.
- 1886, General John Newton, noted military engineer of the civil War.
- 1887, (Medal not conferred this year)
- 1888, Patrick V. Hickey, founder of the *Catholic Review*.
- 1889, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist.
- 1890, William J. Onahan, organizer of the first American Catholic Congress.
- 1891, Daniel Dougherty, the greatest orator of his time.
- 1892, Henry F. Brownson, author and philosopher, and editor of the works of his distinguished father.
- 1893, Patrick Donahue, the founder of the *Boston Pilot*.
- 1894, Augustin Daly, theatrical manager and promoter of high ideals in the drama.
- 1895, Mrs. James Sadlier, writer of beautiful Catholic fiction.
- 1896, General William S. Rosecrans, the leader of the Army of the Cumberland.
- 1897, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, distinguished surgeon and author of important medical studies, grand-nephew of Robert Emmett.
- 1898, Timothy E. Howard, noted jurist, and member of the Supreme Court of Indiana.
- 1899, Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose benefactions made possible the beginning of the Catholic University.

- 1900, John A. Creighton, philanthropist and founder of Creighton University.
- 1901, William Bourke Cochran, the stirring orator.
- 1902, Dr. John B. Murphy, America's greatest surgeon.
- 1903, Charles J. Bonaparte, noted lawyer and Attorney-General under President Roosevelt.
- 1904, Richard C. Kerens, a kindly philanthropist and former Ambassador to Austria.
- 1905, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, prominent business man of Boston, known as the friend of the poor.
- 1906, Dr. Francis Quinlan, a medical specialist of international fame.
- 1907, Katherine E. Conway, author, the disciple of John Boyle O'Reilly and one of the makers of the *Pilot* and the *Republic*.
- 1908, James C. Monaghan, noted lecturer and leader in the consular service of the United States.
- 1909, Frances Tiernan (Christian Reid), a leader in Catholic literary circles.
- 1910, Maurice Francis Egan, noted teacher and writer, and American Minister to Denmark.
- 1911, Agnes Repplier, distinguished essayist.
- 1912, Thomas B. Mulry, prominent charity worker, at the time of his decoration head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.
- 1913, Charles B. Herberman, the blind scholar, editor-in-chief of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.
- 1914, Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the United States.
- 1915, Miss Mary V. Merrick, who, though heavily burdened with bodily afflictions, founded and still supervises the work of Christ Child Society.
- 1916, Dr. James J. Walsh, the distinguished physician and author.
- 1917, William Shepherd Benson, chief of naval operations, United States Navy.
- 1918, Joseph Scott, distinguished lawyer.
- 1919, George L. Duval, business man and philanthropist.

The recipient of the medal for this year is most worthy of his place among the Catholic Americans who have received the Laetare Medal in past years. A learned friend of Doctor Flick has paid him this tribute: "I know of no finer type of Catholic professional man, judged by every standard. He is conscientious and learned; is actively identified with the Catholic movements of his district and of the nation. He is never too busy to advise and cooperate in any and every good undertaking. He has done constructive work of an unusual character in his own profession. For thirty years and more he has been the very soul of the American Catholic Historical Society. Five years ago he began a movement to start a Catholic daily newspaper. The seed he has planted will, likely, fructify later on."

—THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20.

War-Time and a Kiddie.

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

Doughboys, stationed at departmental headquarters in Texas, tramping back and forth across the parade ground, stopped for their customary fifteen-minute rest. These lucky youths lived in brick barracks, drilled on a site that had been for years the scenic pride of all departmental commanders, while less fortunate brethren two miles away at a National Army Cantonment ate sand, hiked through cactus, and slept in wind-ridden wooden shelters. They were "regulars"—so they said—and to their way of thinking they were heroes; they had not waited to be drafted. It mattered not to them, that "Funston's pets"—as they had been dubbed when they landed at Vera Cruz three years before and with the Marines policed the city—were doomed to spend their "duration of the war" right in Texas. Funston had requested that they always be stationed in the Lone Star State, and after Pershing had led them into Mexico he had thought wisely and favorably, it is said, of Funston's request.

And so, the —th Infantry remained in Texas. Their commander was the ranking colonel of the Army. Texas was not so dull a place after all. Villa's raids in the Big Bend were seasonal, and Waco and Houston riots were not uncommon. Even routine guard duty was exciting, for the fort was well within the city, a city that was said to be swarming with German agents.

During the halt two companies rested across from the guard-house. "Who is that 'buzzard' over there?" asked Corporal Jackson as he stacked his rifle.

Across the road a tall, straight, blond, civilian, bare headed marched back and forth the length of the company street followed closely by a heavily armed guard. The civilian could turn neither to left nor to right. The guard with rifle loaded had orders to shoot upon the slightest reason for suspicion, and the civilian knew it. His step was brisk.

"Aw, that guy!" responded Sergeant Pace, "he's the German spy I landed. He's taking his half-hour exercise." Sergeant Pace ornamented his speech with many expressions characteristic of the raw-boned Texan who has done a "hitch" with the regulars.

"Remember him now, eh Jackson?" Jackson shrugged his shoulders.

"I landed him down at the Plaza Bar. He's a spy surer 'nell, but they can't get any papers on him, and they're keeping him here until they get ready to send a shipment of his kind to Fort Douglas."

"Have much trouble landing him?" asked Jackson. Spies might have been numerous in the city, but they were not common in or about the guardhouse, only three others being lodged there at this time. All four were kept in solitary confinement.

"Not much," replied Pace. "Me and a newspaper fellow called Bastel landed him. We got drinking down at the Plaza Bar and pretty soon our 'spicions got roused. I knew Meyer—that's the bird over there now; he was so damned mean he wouldn't buy any of us a drink. I knew he was a German and pretty soon I heard him say something about the English. That Bastel fellow was English and we both hopped him. We handed him over to the M. P's and they brought him up here. First thing I knows the intelligence officer over to department headquarters has me up, me and Bastel, and we soon swears he's a spy. Now look at him."

Jackson looked and his squad looked. Secretly they envied Pace, the first man in the regiment to land a German, and a dangerous German, too.

Pace strutted off. He had landed his Meyer in the days before Secretary Baker, in May, 1917, put the lid on any beverage more spirited than Bevo. Pace was on the "U. S. A. retired list." He had done three years of active service and had been on reserve at the outbreak of the war. Summoned to report immediately he had left his little Texas hovel, thirty miles away, and had resumed the khaki. His previous service won him instant recognition and, placed with recruits who were replacing veterans who had been commissioned, he easily made his stripes. He was truly a regular, a "hard-boiled" sergeant. And sergeants in those early days commanded more respect from rookies than did later a lieutenant-general at Chateau-Thierry. Little wonder then that Jackson and his rookie squad admired Pace, after a fashion.

A blast of the whistle sent the doughboys scurrying to their stacks. As they assembled, a gray-haired, somewhat robust woman strode slowly by towards the guardhouse. Halfway up the walk she hesitated. With her neat black skirt, white waist, and trim hat, it was plain that she was not of the ordinary hangers-on

about the guard-house. She had come early. She stopped. Otto must not see her. It would pain him to know that she had seen him pacing back and forth with a guard behind him. Bad enough it was for her to know that he was in prison.

Presently his exercise was over, and the woman hastened to the prison office. "Can I see Otto—that boy there?" she asked eagerly of the sergeant of the guard.

"Got your pass?"

In reply she promptly produced her card. Every Friday for four months she had been allowed to see Meyer for twenty minutes. Clean clothes, papers, tobacco, and fruit she brought every week. It hurt her to see the guards search carefully, even to the bottom of the tobacco tins, everything she brought. An arch-criminal could not have been more closely scrutinized.

"Mother!" Meyer greeted her. Two guards watched attentively every move of the prisoner and the visitor.

"Otto, my boy," she wailed in broken English, "how much longer are they going to keep you here?"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulder. "I have heard nothing, mother, about my release. Pretty soon I think they will send me to the internment camp."

"Where is that, Otto?"

"Fort Douglas, Utah!" The woman turned her head.

"Have you heard anything more, Mother?"

"I have been up to see the general, Otto, and—and he gives me no encouragement. He says the intelligence captain has positive proof that you are a spy."

"It's a lie, a lie—" but the guards interrupted.

"You know, mother, that I'm an American, as much American as any naturalized man in Texas," he was allowed to say. He would have vented his opinion of Sergeant Pace and the Englishman, but discretion stood on the better side of guards and rifles. "Some day, mother," he did say, "justice will come."

"Ah, yes, Otto; but then our business will be ruined, if it is too long coming. Already I have lost three bakers, and I can not run the business myself. I need you, Otto."

The prisoner hesitated. "Mother!" he said slowly, "mother, I do not like to tell you, but I'm going away. This is our last visit for a long, long time. No, the war will not last long. For a short time I will say. Maybe you will lose

everything. But you are brave. By and by, maybe soon, I'll come back. It will not matter about the business."

Few were the words that followed. Hot were the tears that dampened the woman's kerchief.

"Otto, Otto, I shall never be satisfied until I get you out of Fort—"

"Douglas."

"And you come back home with me. You are innocent, my boy, you are innocent. Pray to the good God that he will let you come home to me soon."

The son could merely kiss his mother, as army discipline forbade a farewell caress, and then the guards marched their prisoner upstairs.

Slowly the woman found her way down the long cement walk. Frequently she turned and lingered by. She had seen her boy the last time, for ages, she thought it would be, perhaps forever. Once she waved at a figure she mistook for Otto behind the grated windows. Of course the guard could not return the wave.

Dreary, anxious months followed. Week after week a stereotyped letter with a Fort Douglas post mark made its way to the Texas mother. Week after week the mother made her way to the department headquarters there to inquire about the release of her son. Steadfastly did she contend that he was innocent, absolutely guiltless of the charges that had been preferred against him. Without "pull," however, it was next to impossible for her to gain the ear of the commanding general. The nation was at war. He was too busy with other things of more import. Troops had to be trained, and there was no time for hearing "sob" stories.

Once, however, in late summer, while waiting in his office, she chanced to meet Colonel O'Donnell, departmental judge-advocate general. Yes, he remembered the Meyer case. It had puzzled him, and still the evidence submitted had convinced him that Meyer was really a spy. The testimony of a Sergeant Pace and of Bastel, the Englishman, had been convincing. But—and the mother watched the colonel's every move—Bastel, the Englishman, the colonel recalled, had been mixed up in a little difficulty himself some weeks before, and he recalled also that the newspaperman's veracity had been questioned. Bastel was a propagandist. His late dealings had shown him to be in the employ of the English. In his recent difficulty he had admitted that "changing the complexion of things generally" was not

against his principles, if Germany or the Germans could be harmed thereby. Further the Colonel recollected that he had reviewed only a few days before a case preferred against Sergeant Pace, who had been charged with false testimony. Pace had lied, according to the charges read in a summary court case. Perhaps, after all, Meyer had been convicted on mere circumstantial evidence. He had had no trial. Alleged spies were not accorded a trial during the war; indictments were sufficient to jail them. "Come back in two weeks," the colonel told the mother; "I may have something definite on the case then."

Two more letters came from the Utah camp. Each said nothing more than "I am well; hope you are the same." As to the much left unsaid the mother used her imagination. Squalid conditions and unfit companions! It would be a comfort at least to have her son back at the local fort. She had become weary and careworn during the hard months. Finally the day for her return to see the Colonel came. She had to wait an hour before gaining an audience. "Have—have you any good word for my boy and for me, Mr. Colonel?"

The colonel recalled the case. He pulled a stack of documents from a drawer and deliberately turned over page after page. To the mother it seemed an agonizing eternity of suspense.

"Yes," the colonel finally drolled in a happy tone; "yes, we have been able to ascertain that much of the evidence against him was pure hearsay. We have looked up the case and a recommendation for your son's release is now in Washington."

"Thank God," said the woman fervently.

"It will be several weeks though before any release can be effected; army red tape, you know."

At this there was a slight disappointment in the mother's face. She wished her son could be here now, but waiting four weeks would not be bad. That would mean he could come about the middle of November.

Armistice Day was a happy one in the home of this Texas widow. More than a year before the son had said simply, "mother!" In bidding good-bye he had merely kissed her. Now there were no guards about to forbid a caress. Army discipline was a thing of the past. Happy indeed were the hours of that day between mother and the son. "Now," finally said the mother, "we are nearly bankrupt. I could not keep up the

business, but I could not tell you that in my letters, Otto. But anyway God has been good to us.

"Yes."

"Where is Sergeant Pace?"

"Ah," replied the mother, "I heard a few weeks ago he was discharged for the good of the service, or something like that,—to support his wife and family. He lives on a farm at San Pedro. I hope you have forgiven him. He was a fool and a liar," she averred bitterly,—“and he ruined us, but we'll let bygones be bygones, won't we, Otto?"

For a moment the son said nothing. "In three days, mother," he said, "we will leave here forever. We must. I can not stay in this town."

"Well, Otto, I hate to go and we have only a little money, but we'll do whatever you think best."

Two days later Meyer, breathing the air of a free man, walked toward the S. A. and P. station. San Pedro was three hours out. In the early afternoon he was hunting a hovel in the Texas hills. His face was markedly serious; he fingered nervously something in his coat pocket, and cast constantly about to see if anyone was observing him. Stealthily he went to what he thought would be an echo-proof spot in the bushes on the hillside, within four hundred yards of Pace's shack. He could easily lure his man forth and no one would ever hear the report of the pistol. Days later when the body should be recovered Meyer would be far away. Revenge would be his and no one would ever suspect him of the murder. At any rate they would never find him. Twenty months of hell at the city fort and at Douglas—they were too much to pay even for the life of a liar!

"Oooh, — daddy, daddy, — ooooooh," unexpectedly rang a childish voice.

Meyer turned nervously. "What the h—?"

"Oooooh."

"It's a kid's voice, but where is he?" Meyer muttered to himself.

"Ooh, daddy, daddy, daddy, I dot a burr in my finger—Oooh!"

Meyer then discovered a curly head of some four years limping towards him. The child had heard the rustle in the woods and mistaken the stranger for his father. Meyer was tempted to curse, but the better man in him went out to the child. "What's the matter, kiddie?" he asked.

"Oooh, oooh!"

"What's the matter?" asked Meyer again in a still more kindly voice.

"I dot sumpin in my finger, oo-hoo!"

"Let me see it."

The youngster showed him the trouble, and in jigtime Meyer removed the splinter. "Now is that better?"

"Anhnnh."

"What's your name, buddy?"

"Sonny—Sonny Pace. My daddy lives over there."

The man just now set upon murderous revenge was then and there nobler than he had ever thought himself capable of being. The hard look was gone from his face. He dipped into his pockets and pulled out a dime. "Go home," he said, to the child, "and—and tell your daddy a man who used to hate him likes you."

"An Betty too?"

"Who's Betty?"

"Oo, she my litle sister."

"All right, and Betty too."

"Good-bye, mister."

"Good-bye, sonny." Meyer turned and walked towards the station. "Chicken-hearted," he muttered, and then, "the d—d kid!—Aw well, I hope anyway that Daddy's sonny will be a much better man than Sonny's Dad."

At home that night Meyer remarked: "Well, mother, we won't have to leave San Antonio after all."

"Whatever you say or do is all right with me, Otto. You always know best."

Varsity Verse.

COMING

The snow is melting fast away,
And thoughts are turned to spring,
The sun is shining bright today,
The birds are on the wing.
The slumbering flowers will soon awake,
Their sleeping days are o'er,
The stalwart trees their heads will shake,
And winter be no more.
The grass takes on its greenish hue,
The ice-bound brooks break free,
The skies once more are turned to blue,
And spring looks good to me.—P. S. D.

SIGNS OF SPRING

The winter days will soon have passed away,
The 'Bos will get their pay from Brother Hugh.
But when he asks them why they can not stay,
They'll say the spring has come and we are through.

—T. C. K.

TO A PAL.

I had a pal. He lived across the way.
His joy and cheerful word made cares seem light.
His honest smile made brighter every day,
Until death came and took him in the night.
I wonder if you found a pal as true
And blue as mine, where your soul found repose?
Old Pal, there's no one left as square as you;
It's empty since your life came to a close.
I'm going to join you, pal, some day. We'll wend
Our way together through a land of light.
So make my soul more worthy now, and lend
A hand, old pal, to guide me through the night.

—P. F. G.

SOUVENIR

She wept and said, "When I am dead,
You'll think of me no more."
He merely sighed and then replied,
"You grieve me to the core."
I can't forget my little pet,
For all the doctors say
My indigestion will remain
Until I'm turned to clay."—J. J. W.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

I love that month when I can say
Here soon will be your natal day.
A day set by to let you measure,
The true greatness of life's treasure.
May it bring music, joy and mirth,
Just to celebrate your birth.
And as harvest time draws near,
May you reap a worthy year.—J. T. B.

THE ROVER.

I got a letter from a friend to-day—
The first I've had from him in many years;
It took me back to places far away,
And sort o' caused my eyes to fill with tears.
He spoke of places very dear to me,
And told me of the playmates of my youth;
And wondered why I didn't come to see
The folks, and make their fondest dream a truth.
I guess I've knocked around the world enough,
I've gathered in my share of earthly goods;
I think I'll quit this roving, stern and rough—
And take a trip to the old home in the woods.

—C. J. H.

LIMERICKS.

There was an old goof named Polonius
Whose speech was considered euphonious:
Behind curtains he hid,
And got stabbed, so he did,
And his last words were hardly harmonious.
—J. MCC.

There was a young fellow named Schils,
Who thought that he had many ills;
And wherever he went
He always was bent
From carrying a bottle of pills.—R. D.

It Was Worth It.

BY GERALD J. HAGAN, '23.

"So you-all is lost yoah wife, Brudder Jones? Dat am hard lines. She was pow'ful good to look at."

"Yep, Ah's lost her, Brudder Pinkly. It am a cruel world and, as Cicero said, 'It am a long worm an' ain't got no turnin.'"

"Cheer up, Brudder Jones. You-all kin get another wife. There am plenty."

"Yep, but listen, Marcus; Ah hates to tell you this, but Ah caint keep it forebber."

"What am it, Alamanzer? Speak it bold. Ah is ready for the shock."

"Well, it am this, Marcus: we ain't gwine to get into the movies."

"We—we what? How come we ain't gwine to get into the movies? Ah thought it was all arranged."

"Mah wife took all the money we had saved foah carfare. Ah ain't got only two-bits."

"Alamanzer, two bits ain't no good. You give me that money an' Ah'll hit a crap game. Ah's hot today—Ah knows it."

"Inside am a crap game an' here am the two-bits. Go in peace an' shake 'em hard. Ah'll wait here in the wheelbarrow."

Alamanzer drooped heavily into the wheelbarrow and gloomily watched his friend Marcus enter the pool hall where the "galloping dominoes" were rolling at all hours of the day and night.

"California am a long ways off," he mused, "an' money am scarce. Spirits, be wif Marcus. If Ah had only thought of goin' to California when Ah was affluence ah'd be in the movies now, but Ah nevah thought of goin' until that travelin' man said, 'You-all ought to be in the movies. You-all has such a face that no actor would be seen in the same film with you.' Ah guess he was right. Them actors is pecooliar. They won't be seen in the same film with nobody better lookin' than they is. Besides being pow'ful han'some, Ah kin say some ob Cicero's lines after hearin' that preacher. Moses an' Pharaoh, be with Marcus!"

Apparently Moses and Pharaoh were "with Marcus," for he appeared in the doorway chuckling loudly.

"Alamanzer, the bones was with me today. Six passes in a row Ah made, doublin' all the time. Then Ah goes a dollar at a time until

Ah makes ten. Then Ah falls to five an' comes back foah twenty more. Twenty-five bones, Alamanzer. Ah guess this niggah was hot today. S'matter, Brudder Jones?"

"Marcus, was this all the money in there? We cain't get to California on twenty-five dollars."

"Ghost ob Gwalior, niggah, what does you-all expect foah two-bits?"

"Now, you hab did well, but this ain't gwine to get us into no movies."

"Move over. Ah wants to set an' think an' you do the same."

Alamanzer moved and Marcus settled himself comfortably in the wheelbarrow, tightened his yellow necktie, placed a cigarette in his mouth and began to think. For a time the two blacks sat there, Alamanzer gazing thoughtfully at the ground while Marcus leaned back, lazily watching the smoke curling upward from his cigarette.

"Is you-all thinkin, Alamanzer?"

"Shet up! course Ah is."

Silence for a few moments, and Marcus again spoke up.

"Has you thought of anything, Alamanzer?"

"Mm—yep, Ah think Ah has. Yep, Ah has it."

"What am it, Brudder Jones?"

"We is desperate men, is we not?"

"Ah guess we is, but what am de plan?"

"As Ah said, we is desperate men. We is broke an'—"

"We is not. You got twenty-five dollars."

"We is almost broke. Twenty-five dollars ain't gwine to take us to our career. We got to swipe some money an' we might as well break into the bank."

"What am eatin' you, Alamanzer? Ah thought you-all got religion last month. We don't want to steal no money."

"Marcus we is desperate. After we get rich from the movies we will return the money. Is you jake?"

"Ah dunno. Guess so."

"Then we will meet befoah the bank at twelve o'clock. Ah'll have the tools foah opening the safe."

"What tools has you, Alamanzer?"

"Well, Ah has a chisel an' a hatchet an' a hammer."

"Ah guess that am enough. Ah'll be here at twelve o'clock."

Twelve o'clock came and Marcus and Ala-

manzer appeared before the bank, both highly excited and exceedingly nervous.

"How is we gwine to get in, Brudder Jones? The windows is barred."

"That am the easiest part ob it, Marcus. Ah wish they was two banks in this town so we could get a real haul. Wif this chisel Ah will remove the bars. Now you go an' look aroun' the corner an', if the policeman come, you tell me, an' we hide."

Marcus took up his post at the corner and Alamanzer began tapping and cutting at the bars. They were not fastened very securely, and in a few minutes the first one was removed.

"One am gone, Marcus. Am the policeman comin'?"

"Nope, him sleepin' down there in the wheelbarrow."

"Well, you watch him while Ah gets in. Here come the second bar an' in Ah goes. Hand me that sack there, Marcus. We need some-thin' to carry the money in."

"Here it am. How you-all gwine to open the safe?"

"Not so loud, niggah. We don't want to wake up the whole town. Ah's got a stick of dynamite an' a fuse an' a percussin' cap which mah paw gave me befoah he was hung. Ah don't know jest how it works, but it don't look very pow'ful; so Ah guess Ah'll use it all. Ah has a yard ob fuse, so we kin get a long ways off befoah de explosion."

"But won't the noise wake up the cop?"

"Ah don't think Ah got enough foah that. Now you git back to the corner."

"Back I goes, Alamanzer. Holy Moses! run, Alamanzer, run. Here comes the cop walkin' down here."

"Ah's comin'. Grab the tools an' run. That cop gwine to burn his necktie to catch me."

Marcus followed his instructions, picked up the tools and set off down the street at a terrific pace, with Alamanzer close behind.

"Turn down the alley here, Marcus, so we kin rest a minute. Ah is winded."

"Gee, Alamanzer, if we gets caught we will get exumcuted sure. Dynamitin' a bank am pretty bad."

"Yes, it am. What am dat, Marcus?"

"Where?"

"Over by the corner there. What am it?"

"Oh Moses, Alamanzer, it am the cop. Let's leave."

Alamanzer proceeded to follow this suggestion,

but a shot from the officer's ancient revolver induced him to halt, and in company with Marcus he started toward the city jail.

The steel doors were just closing on the two darkies when a blast shook the jail.

"There go the bank, Marcus. We'll get nine hundred years for this."

The weeks passed and the negroes were brought to trial. Alamanzer and his companion did not get nine hundred years, but they did receive sentences of twenty-five years in the state penitentiary. A week later the gates of the prison closed behind them and Marcus sorrowfully followed the guards to the barber shop, while Alamanzer walked briskly beside him, whistling cheerfully.

"What foah you-all so happy?" grumbled Marcus. "Here we is foah twenty-five years behind the bars."

"What difference do that make? We gets our living free an' there am something better than that."

"What am it, Alamanzer?"

"Is you-all blind? Didn't you-all see what was at the gate when we came in?"

"Nope, didn't see nothin'. What was at the gate?"

"There was a movie camera an' a man turnin' the crank. Think, niggah, we is in the movies at last an' we didn't have to go to California. Twenty-five years, Marcus, it was worth it."

Some Phases of Government Railroading.

Too often in discussions concerning the conflict between Capital and Labor the advocates of both sides resort to abuse. With their vision clouded by memories of past wrongs, the champions of labor are prone to dwell at length on the evils of capitalistic oppression. Similarly the champions of the employing classes try to minimize their own short-comings and to enlarge upon the greediness of labor. For us, as disinterested students of current economic problems, there is ample room for the exercise of impartial reasoning. The Plumb Plan, as advocated recently, is a concrete example of how men, only partially understanding its contents, will over-emphasize the features which are supposed to solve our railroad troubles and at the same time overlook some very patent weaknesses in the new plan. First of all, the two greatest evils of private ownership of railroads

consisted in the danger of over-capitalization, or stock-watering, and the inflation of rates to meet the dividends desired on the excess stock. Both of these evils have been corrected by the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is notoriously true that rates have been kept down by the Commission instead of being advanced, as the roads desired, and it is easily seen that unless rates can be pushed up the owners have no means of paying dividends on any over-issued stock.

It is interesting to note that the first act of the Federal Railroad Administration was to increase rates—a step which had been prohibited to private owners but which the government found necessary as soon as it took control. Now comes Labor claiming what it calls its rightful share of production—comes with the Plumb Plan, after Labor has been granted wage increases amounting to a billion dollars, to get for the working man an equitable portion of his earnings and to insure the public against the evils of private ownership. It matters not that the great evils were already fairly corrected, nor does it matter particularly that private owners may have to sacrifice their holdings. Neither are the unions concerned with the matter of public welfare, for under their own plan, according to which they are to own, supervise, and dominate the roads, they refuse to relinquish their cherished right to strike. Plumb makes the point that from 1900 to 1910 there was an over-issue of stock that cost the travelling public fifteen million dollars annually in dividend charges. He ignores the fact that railroad costs, measured by the average freight rate, fell 9% while the prices which railroads had to pay for materials rose 50%. He omits too the fact that the Federal Railroad Administration granted wage increases, which the public paid, amounting to a cool billion, in order to avoid a union strike.

It is for us to consider which has the greater arbitrary power—the private owners under the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission or the great brotherhoods with their power to strike? Surely if organized labor wants to run the railroads, organized labor ought to be willing to trust itself for a square deal. The unions should not refuse compulsory arbitration and resort to the strike method when by their own admission, if they run the railroads, there will be no cause to strike. Their refusal to consent to binding arbitration makes their appeal seem very weak. The public wants

service. And the public wants to be free from the danger of a paralyzing strike as much as it wants to be insured against excessive rates. Organized laborers, whatever may have been their struggles in the past, are certainly in a position now to hold their own against the capitalists. Their lament that they are the victims of oppression loses force when they distrust themselves as much as the Plumb Plan proves they do.—THOMAS H. BEACON.

The Menagerie.

BY HARRY J. MCCORMICK, '23.

The one-time custom of the clothier of donating to his customer a pair of suspenders with a hand-me-down suit has gone the way of many good usages of the olden times. The free lunch has become but a memory of the past. "Three for a nickle, seven for a dime," is no longer the seductive cry of the street vendors. That feeling of commiseration once so palpable in American merchants and so alluring to the buying public is rapidly becoming an obsolete virtue.

The word "free" has become almost as useless as a nickle. It looks as unnecessary in the up-to-date modern lexicon as soda water at an Irish wake. Its re-appearance in the catalog of "Montgomery, Ward and Co." would now seem as absurd as a bartenders' union. But amid all these changes one old institution is still with us, and that is the menagerie. It seems that it is destined ever to be a free attraction. At any rate the menagerie is still thrown in gratuitously with commodities, thrown in as nonchalantly as in the easy, care-free old days of the "L. C. of L."

The most striking verification of this fact can be had in the purchasing of an opera ticket. Little does the average theatre-goer realize when the box-office blonde hands him his change that the blue ticket entitles him to a free attraction—a menagerie in addition to the regular show. It is not when the last notes of the overture have died away and the darkened house has been dimly flooded with the indirect glare of the footlights that one is treated to the extra. No, such stupidity is not to be found in the modern playhouse. There is a place and a time for everything. The customers are first allowed to enjoy that portion of the show for which they have payed in cold coin. The acts

go unmolested. It is between the acts that the patron is tormented by that numb feeling of remorse which does violence to his sense of honor, because he has unintentionally been given more than his money's worth. When the curtain is down and the house lights are again turned on, the menagerie is presented.

There he is in the very midst of it. Perhaps a Russian hound is chasing a frightened hare. This combination seems to be a favorite one. Or, for variety, it may be an animal scene in the garden of Eden, wherein the monkeys are most playful. These monkeys take great delight in romping around with lions, and teasing the cub bears. Again, the menagerie may consist of a collection of ferocious Bengal tigers, or it may even include a lone bison on a treeless prairie. But whatever the particular effect may be, we are prone to shake our heads at the close of the opera and wonder who is responsible for this renascent art of utilizing the hides of beasts to cover our own.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

HABIT is man's under-secretary.

GOD loves the perfume of a pure soul.

THE steel workers must have struck out.

ENGLAND'S love for other nations is incomparable.

THE man with the muddy mind sees only the sordid.

DEFEAT if taken aright is the best spiritual tonic.

LET those who talk for edification make more silence.

CHINA was the first struck out in the League of Nations.

IRELAND is a case of England's philanthropy unrestrained.

THE world judges you by what you are—not by what you were.

WHAT our country needs is less unwritten and more unbroken law.

Too much freedom of speech materializes in all kinds of nonsense.

ANON it will be the iceman's turn to squeeze the public pocketbook.

Do not use your razor to carve a roast nor your wit to stop a simpleton.

OUR most genuine joy comes from the careful performance of our daily duties.

OPPOSITION is as necessary to the real man as the sparring partner to the pugilist.

MOST novelty-seekers snatch at the "New Thought" because the old is so far above them.

HAVING become exhausted by watchful waiting, England is now becoming humbly apologetic.

THE successful man is often an expert hypocrite and the unsuccessful one an honest stumbler.

ANY social reform without the cauterizing rod of Christianity is merely decapitation of the hydra.

RED Russia's armies fight successfully over thousands of miles on nine fronts with "nary" a war loan.

SEEING is not always believing. We see a great deal of some people, but believe them not at all.

SOME women are friends because they know so much about each other that they have to remain friends.

THERE is only one excuse for telling our troubles: it may make other people better satisfied with theirs.

THE question is not "What has the Church done for Labor" but "What would Labor be without the Church?"

THE fistic champion of the world gets half a million for a single performance, and yet he is utterly innocent of Greek.

THOSE who think Alexander Hamilton the originator of Democracy ought to get acquainted with the thinkers of the "Dark Ages."

THE League of Nations gave Shantung to Japan, Ireland to England, the German coal-fields to France—and the double-cross to the United States.

IT would be as reasonable for you to abstain from food one day because you can partake of it another as to leave undone till tomorrow what you can do today.

OUR many robberies and murders are another argument for the League of Nations. We may need the assistance of European powers to preserve our "social integrity."

IF Mr. Wilson had taken as determined a stand on his fourteen points as he has on his Jackson-Day manifesto, there would be no occasion for the unyielding attitude of the Senate.

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Bobbing up every now and then from behind their cups of afternoon tea, American correspondents in London take a semi-occasional peek at current events.

That Irish Revolution. They give ear to Sir Edward Carson; ponder for a moment, put their journalistic imaginations to work, and cable to America horrible

"first-hand tales of sedition in Ireland." "Dublin is smouldering in revolution," they inform us. A British Tommy is stabbed; the Sinn Feiners are torturing Tories, 'treating them rough, far rougher than the Klu Klux ever treated the Southern negroes.' It is only a matter of weeks, these lords of the typewriter assure us, until "Vesuvius erupts." Grievances of seven centuries will soon be avenged. The South will storm Ulster, intolerance will run riot, brother will kill brother in civil strife, and then, as the storm of bloodshed abates, Erin will subside into the oblivion of lost nations. But, it seems to us, these word-wise newspaper men are short-sighted. They do not see that the new Ireland is not fighting a fight of men and metal. The fighting Irish today are not the much-maligned stage characters of a former generation. They are patriots who wage their battles with men and mentality. De Valera is using his brains and his heart. His army in Ireland is the army of moral support. His men will not resort to tanks, artillery, and battle-

planes. Every soldier of them knows a thing or two—he is thinking. Yet in a way the correspondents are correct. A revolution is brewing indeed, but not a bloody one, unless the bloody English make it such. When the Irish Vesuvius erupts, these American correspondents will cross the channel, see things for themselves, and then in their final honesty will tell us: 'The Irish have won complete independence by putting their just claim before the world. A world-wide sense of justice has prevailed. Public opinion and sentiment have so effectively bombarded the conscienceless British that they have wilted under the fire. The military caste has surrendered. Public opinion has proved stronger than 250,000 English troops, and now Ireland is free!'

—C. A. G.

With the Republicans in the Senate refusing to yield any of the principles incorporated in the Lodge Reservations, and the Democrats,

No Compromise. in compliance with the order of the President to accept the treaty in its present form, quite as stoutly refusing to recognize these Reservations, it is almost certain that the question of the League of Nations will go before the people as the leading issue in the coming presidential campaign. The action of the forty or more Republican senators in pledging themselves to defeat the treaty in case any compromise be effected, serves towards the protection of the best interests of the people of the United States. The intent and phraseology of the Reservations adopted by the Senate would unquestionably protect the Monroe Doctrine and the sovereignty of the United States were it to enter the proposed League of Nations. There can be no compromise of these principles without jeopardy to the welfare of this country. The spirit of the Senate is to develop a genuine Americanism, and not to cater to the whims of any individual or to the selfish designs of any foreign nation. The Democratic Party of today is suffering national distrust in consequence of its leader's having several times in international diplomacy subordinated the interests of the United States to that of a foreign nation. Our country has never been subject to the opinion of any foreign power. Its influence in world affairs has always been in behalf of justice, and there can be no compromise in the principles of justice. The

Reservations adopted by the Senate should either be accepted in their entirety or the League of Nations document should be relegated to the wastebasket.—P. R. C.

Poland and Roumania have rejected the latest peace offers from Soviet Russia, and in consequence the Bolsheviki are concentrating their forces in the West

A New Bolshevik Menace.

with a view to overrunning these countries. Poland and Roumania must be supplied immediately with arms, munitions, and credits, or else they will not be able to hold the Bolsheviki at bay much longer. If these countries are abandoned to their fate by their allies, Bolshevism will soon put the rest of Europe into turmoil. For several months past Poland, the most successful of the opponents of Bolshevism, has pleaded with the Allied powers to supply her with arms and munitions, but only very recently have some of them given tardy ear to her pleas. France has sent enough war supplies to equip a Polish division and is about to send Generals Joffre and Petain to carry out the new Allied program against the Soviet government. The United States is shipping its vast stock of army uniforms from its warehouses in France. It is estimated that more than 300,000 Poles will soon don American uniforms and wear American helmets. And England—what is England doing for Poland? Prince Sapieha, Poland's minister to England, has sent word to his home government that England has decided not to help Poland. Not being able to take Poland into her "loving embrace," as she has taken Ireland, she refuses to give any material aid. Anyway, self-determination for little nations is a thorn in her side; she would rather "mother" a nation than see it thrive independently.—B. E.

Philosophers' Day.

In keeping with a tradition which dates back many years, the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, celebrated this year on March 8th, was set aside by the President of the University as a holiday for the students of the second and third years of philosophy. At 8:15 the philosophers attended Mass in the chapel of Holy Cross Seminary. Father Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., was the celebrant, and the sermon, an inspiring discourse on the duties of Catholic college men toward the

philosophy of the Scholastics, was preached by Father Miltner, C. S. C.

An important feature of the day was the formation of a society whose purpose is to discuss the popular and important philosophical questions of the day. Father Miltner, as chairman of the meeting, spoke of the value which would come to philosophical students from such discussion. William H. Robinson was elected president of the new organization and Elwyn Moore was chosen secretary. The society then elected Father Miltner its honorary president. Meetings are to be held once a month.

At 1:30 a very fine banquet was served in the Carroll refectory. After dinner, the toastmaster introduced William C. Havey, a senior philosopher, who delighted the banqueters with his usual good humor. Father Burns, the President of the University, spoke about the leadership which Catholic colleges in general and Notre Dame in particular should assume in the matter of philosophy. Father McGinn then spoke briefly on the most valuable of all philosophical acquirements, the point of view from which Catholic students must look at the problems with which they are confronted. Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C., closed the program with a few words on the activities of a Roman student of philosophy. The day was most enjoyable and the philosophers hope that each succeeding St. Thomas' Day will be celebrated as fitly and profitably as the one of 1920.

—A. B. H.

Personals.

—Robert McGuire (student '16, '17, '18) is now in the commission business with his father in Chicago.

—Mr. J. C. Hartigan (Law, '70) has recently retired from his profession and is now residing in Hastings, Nebraska.

—William Crosby, student in commerce here during the years 1915-'17, is now working with his father in Bolivia, South America.

—Frank "Frenchy" McGrain (LL. B., '18), preparatory to taking the bar examination, is working in a law office in his home town, Geneva, N. Y.

—Jean Dubuc, old Notre Dame "twirler," and for years one of the mainstays of the Detroit Tigers, has been sold by the New York Giants to Toledo.

—Edward J. Beckman (Ph. B. in Jour., 1916) has been given a place on the editorial staff of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. According to reports "Eddie" is going "big."

—Lawrence M. McNerney (LL. B., 1906), prominent member of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, is now practicing law at Elgin, Illinois. "Larry" was a monogram man in football and track in his years here.

—Rev. F. Griffin (A. B., '02) is now director of St. Philip's High School, Chicago. Old students will remember Father Griffin as a very studious lad, especially where history and Ireland were concerned.

—Mr. Orville T. Chamberlain, of Los Angeles, California, who was a student at Notre Dame before the Civil War, writes to Father Francis J. Jansen, of Elkhart, in connection with the article "The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC," recently reprinted in these columns from the *Notre Dame Class Day Book* of 1880:

I received the copy of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC which you so kindly sent me. Everything relating to the dear old place is interesting to me. You may be sure that the article about the old college paper, "The Progress," called up many pleasant memories to me. I knew, admired, and loved nearly all the persons mentioned. I notice that the article speaks of "J. J. Fleming"; it should be John H. Fleming, a good student, a splendid fellow, and a good soldier, in the 88th Regiment of the Indiana Volunteer Infantry. Nearly all those mentioned have gone the way of all on earth. Frank C. Bigelow, mentioned in the article, and I were chums. Many a good, long walk, and heart-to-heart talk he and I had. Every name mentioned called up a host of memories—and everyone that I recalled was a pleasant memory, whether of the faculty or of the student body. While all the priests were, as it seems to me, men far above the average, the names of Father Sorin, Father Gillespie, Father Corby, Father Lemonnier, and Father U. B. Brown are cherished by me as men with whom I am proud to have sustained personal friendship of the strongest kind. And there were some others of the same sort whose names do not appear in the article. It seems to me that none of the students sustained closer personal friendship with the venerable Father Sorin and the saintly Gillespie than this Frank C. Bigelow and myself. No man was ever a better, truer friend to me than was Father Gillespie. If you had known these men you would have loved them. And the more intimate you became with them the more you would have loved them. It seemed to me as if I almost knew every thought in Father Gillespie's mind; and his every thought was a noble thought—a constant study as to how much good he could do to or for someone. Father Sorin was one of the greatest men I ever knew, and as good as he was great. You gave me great pleasure in sending the SCHOLASTIC to me, for which I thank you.

Local News.

—Lost: A pair of spectacles with gold frames. Finder please leave them with Brother Maurelius at the Candy Store.

—Business Manager Slaggert of the Glee Club announces that all is arranged for the concert to be given by the gleemen in Fort Wayne on St. Patrick's Day.

—Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, associate editor of the *Ave Maria* and well-known author, has walked since 1906 approximately 56,000 miles, which is equivalent to more than twice around the world.

—The Freshman Class met last Friday and discussed plans for a dance or a banquet to be given in April or May. President Castner appointed a committee of fifteen to arrange for the event.

—Charles Smith, of Chicago, was elected captain of the Walsh Hall track team, and Louis Kellar, of Coldwater, Michigan, was chosen as manager, at a meeting of the Walsh athletes last week.

—There is authoritative rumor about the campus that Will H. Hayes, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is to take measures to have a Republican Club organized at Notre Dame in the near future.

—Father Alexander Kirsch reported the first robin seen at Notre Dame this year, on March 10th, ten days later than the earliest record of last year. The unprecedented cold of the first week of March accounts for the later date of this season.

—Father Lange's class in calisthenics will be held in the apparatus room of the gymnasium on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 4:00 to 5:00 p. m. Those not enrolled in the class are requested not to enter the apparatus room during class time.

—Col. Joseph Patrick O'Neil, brigadier-general in the 90th Division during the war, lectured before all sections of the Chamber of Commerce last Friday afternoon on "The Value of Discipline to the Business Man." Col. O'Neil, who was a student here in 1882 and '83, related many interesting experiences of his own.

—The students in Pharmacy at the University have organized a Pharmaceutical Association. They met on Tuesday, March 9th, and

elected as officers: D. J. Carr, president; F. H. Gillis, vice-president; F. F. Clancy, secretary; L. C. Bustamente, treasurer, and Professor Robert L. Green was made honorary president of the society.

—The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 25 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York City, offers to technological students nominated by college officials twenty travelling fellowships, with a stipend of \$1000 each, for study in Sweden, Norway, or Denmark. Any Notre Dame student interested in this offer may see the Director of Studies for further information.

—Daily Communions since Ash Wednesday have averaged 577, according to Rev. John F. O'Hara, Prefect of Religion. There were 727 communicants on the first Saturday in lent. The basement chapel to date has had an average of 235. Among the halls, Corby leads with a daily average of 48; Badin comes next with 47; Walsh averages 41; Carroll, 34, and Sorin 31.

—Mr. Frederick Paulding, who is well known on the Washington Hall platform, will render Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* for the student audience next Thursday afternoon, March the 18th, and *The Rivals*, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, on the afternoon of the 19th. In the latter production Mr. Paulding played for a long time with Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. John Drew.

—Knights of Columbus Scholarship men at a recent meeting formed a permanent organization, of which J. L. Murphy was chosen president; Herman Bittner, vice-president; Edward Kramer, secretary; and R. Manus Gallagher, treasurer. The men passed a vote of thanks to the Knights of Columbus, announcement of which will be sent to the Supreme Council of the Knights.

—Rev. William A. Carey will preside as chairman of the Catholic Classical Conference to be held in Cleveland on the Tuesday of Easter week. This convention is under the auspices of the Catholic Educational Association, and will be composed of Catholic educators from all parts of the country. Its purpose is the revival of classical learning in academies, colleges, and universities. Notre Dame will be represented also by Rev. George Marr, of the College of Arts and Letters.

—Preparations for the St. Patrick's Day Banquet was the chief topic for discussion in the Press Club last Saturday morning. Dr.

Burns, President of Notre Dame, Mr. A. W. Stace, of the *Grand Rapids Press*, and Mr. W. Keifer of the *Terre Haute Tribune* are to be among the guests. The celebration will be held at the Hotel Jefferson. The speakers scheduled are: C. A. Grimes for the seniors, M. Sullivan for the juniors, A. Castellini for the sophomores, and M. J. Dacey for the freshmen.

—The following matters were subjects of treatment in the Chamber of Commerce within the past week: "Buying on the Margin," by R. J. Reynolds; "The National Chamber of Commerce," by William Fitzgerald; "Business Relations between Hammond and Chicago," by P. J. Swanson; "South American Cities," by Louis A. de Smet; "The Raw Hide Industry," by John Samuel Rahe; "Billboard Advertising," by Francis D. Watson; "Shortage of Homes," by Gerald A. Smith, and "Shipping Rates," by Armand O'Brien.

—The newly-organized Law Club met last Monday night to dispose of its business and enjoy an excellent program of entertainment. Mr. Hassenauer, chairman of the banquet committee, reported that April 15th had been decided upon for the festival and that tentative arrangements had been made to have several prominent attorneys and jurists from Chicago present. "Obie," of the *Juggler*, entertained the assembly with a chalk talk, which was followed by Flick in a humorous discussion of things in general. Galloway and Rohrback boxed three rounds, and the evening was closed with an exhibition of the pugilistic art by "Paddy" Granfield and Dave Hayes.

—E. W. GOULD.

Athletic Notes.

ILLINOIS INDOOR RELAYS.

The jinx which attached himself to the Notre Dame track team several weeks ago was much in evidence in the Illinois Indoor Relays at Urbana last Saturday night. He first made his appearance when Notre Dame went into the two-mile relay. Sweeney led off for Notre Dame; Kasper then took the baton and gamely tried to bring the Notre Dame team to the front, but his injured leg would not allow him to sprint. Coach Rockne, seeing that it was futile to try further in this event, withdrew Burke and Meehan. The next event for Notre Dame was the one-mile relay in which the ill

luck gave Notre Dame eighth position. This team, composed of Hoar, Meredith, Burke, and Meehan, finished in fifth place. In the distance medley the jinx relented a bit and the team managed to finish a good fourth. Hoar and Meredith, each running a quarter, Meehan running the half, and Burke, running the mile, made up the team. Wynne and Starrett placed in the heats of the 75-yard high hurdles, and finished well up in the final. The relay carnival gave Coach Rockne a chance to do a little experimenting, and he knows now that the two-mile relay is our "best bet." With Kasper in good condition, the two-mile team will be equal to the one of 1917, if not better.

The track men are in Lansing today to meet the Michigan "Aggies" in the final indoor meet of the Notre Dame schedule. Coach Rockne has been working the squad hard every day this week in an effort to end the indoor season with a victory over the Green and White. Captain Meehan's men will be somewhat handicapped by the smooth-surface board floor and the small running track at Lansing. The absence of "Cy" Kasper, whose injured leg will need several weeks of rest, will be felt in the middle-distance events.

Francis E. Coughlin, '21, will lead as captain Notre Dame gridiron warriors through the season of 1920. He succeeds George Gipp, who has withdrawn from the University. "Willie" Coughlin needs no introduction as captain of the varsity eleven, as he is one of the best-known and best-liked men on the campus. For two years he has rendered invaluable services at guard and at tackle on the Notre Dame team, enhancing the reputation achieved at the Englewood High School. During the 1919 season Captain Coughlin's line work established his reputation as one of the most capable men in the West, and his work on the receiving end of the forward-pass plays astonished even his teammates. Frank Coughlin has distinguished himself, as student, athlete, war-service, and all-around Notre Dame man, and there is every reason to believe that he will make a great leader on the gridiron next fall.

The end of the 1920 indoor track season brings the varsity squad to a period of nearly a full month of rest and preparation for a most

strenuous outdoor campaign. The Drake Relays, the Penn Relays, the State meet, and the Western Conference meet are fixed dates, with excellent prospects of dual competition with the Illinois Athletic Club, the Michigan Aggies, and Nebraska.

The second of the interhall preliminary and qualifying meets is scheduled for to-morrow morning, with Sorin, Corby, and the Day Students as rivals. Corby's seeming sureness of the interhall honors has been somewhat diminished by the barring of Murphy and Desch from interhall competition, and it is predicted that Father Haggerty's men may have rather hard going in the final meet. Coach Rockne is much pleased by the enthusiasm among the interhall tracksters, and he has already picked out several likely ones for varsity berths in the near future.

Spring football practice for the schedule of next fall was inaugurated last Tuesday in the first of Coach Rockne's series of lectures on the fundamentals of the game. The lectures will continue through two or three weeks, until the weather becomes fit for work outside. The Coach expects the largest squad of football men in recent years to take up the work, which will mean much towards the success or failure to the 1920 eleven.

THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Notre Dame, 22; Purdue, 40.
 Notre Dame, 12; Fort Wayne K. of C. 41.
 Notre Dame, 44; Kalamazoo College, 17.
 Notre Dame, 9; Y. M. C. A., 25.
 Notre Dame, 24; Wabash, 14.
 Notre Dame, 30; M. A. C., 23.
 Notre Dame, 22; Western Normal, 23.
 Notre Dame, 22; Western Normal, 40.
 Notre Dame, 20; M. A. C., 23.
 Notre Dame, 22; Marquette, 23.
 Notre Dame, 29; University of Detroit, 25.
 Notre Dame, 33; Depauw, 38.
 Notre Dame, 29; Dubuque, 18.
 Notre Dame, 18; University of Nebraska, 25.
 Notre Dame, 15; University of Nebraska, 31.
 Notre Dame, 21; Depauw, 31.
 Notre Dame, 26; Wabash, 28.

In her fourteenth season of inter-collegiate basketball Notre Dame faced a very formidable schedule. The prospects at the beginning of the season were poor enough, as none of last year's regulars responded to the call for candidates. Coach Dorais had to make a team out of new men, with the Freshmen of last year as a nucleus.

The men out for places included Kiley, Mehre, Granfield, Kennedy, Ward, and Anderson. Later in the season, Brandy, who held a guard position in 1917, reported.

On the 17th of December Notre Dame went to Lafayette and lost the first game to the Purdue huskies, 40 to 22. The Boilermakers were in mid-season form and, with Church, Smith, Wilson, and White starring, presented a successful scoring formation throughout the battle. On the next day Notre Dame met the Fort Wayne K. of C. team, in which were Stonebreaker and Zimmerman, stars of the first magnitude. Mehre was the only player on the local squad who could find the K. of C. hoop. The game ended 41 to 12 for the Knights.

In the first home game of the season the Gold and Blue buried Kalamazoo College, 44 to 17. The men from Michigan were completely overwhelmed by the speedy court manoeuvres and dazzling ring work of the local men. Mehre, Kiley, and Kennedy distinguished themselves in this game. In the next contest Notre Dame suffered a complete reversal of form and went down in a humiliating defeat before the fast Y. M. C. A. of South Bend, 25 to 9. Neither team had the advantage in the first half, but in the second the "Y" men walked away from the locals in a baffling assortment of long court passes and short-shot plays. Rhodes, Burnham, and Kenzler of the city team shared the scoring honors. Following this defeat, Dorais put his men through a grilling week of work on the rectangle with good results. In the next game, Wabash, whose team has taken the measure of the Gold and Blue squads so often within the last four years, fell an easy victim. Mehre slid through the Wabash barricade on their every attempt at scoring, and personally registered sixteen points in the first half.

The Michigan Agricultural College was the next to succumb to the whirlwind mid-season game of Dorais' men. With but a few minutes of play remaining the Farmers were leading by three points. Responding to the frantic pleas of the "fans," Mehre, Brandy, and Kennedy with three sensational shots from difficult angles saved the day. In this contest Kennedy shone brilliantly at the pivot position.

Notre Dame next dropped two games to Western Normal College, of Kalamazoo. The Normals nosed out a victory in the first game by a score of 23 to 22. Mehre again demon-

strated his ability at the basket by five ringers and nine free throws. The second game was a "walkaway," 40 to 22, for the Teachers.

In revenge for their early season humiliation at the hands of Dorais' men, the M. A. C. court warriors defeated Notre Dame in the next game of the schedule, 23 to 20. The game was hotly contested throughout, and it was not until the Aggies had boxed Mehre that they succeeded in gaining their meagre lead. In a smashing game a few days later the team of Marquette University by holding the Gold and Blue practically scoreless during the second half earned for themselves a victory, 23 to 22.

In the fastest game of the season Notre Dame defeated the clever quintet of the University of Detroit, 29 to 25. Smashing through an almost impregnable defense, Dorais' men pushed the ball through the Detroit hoop for tally after tally. The feature of the game and the reason for the N. D. victory was the sensational work of Leo Ward, who was substituted for Kiley at forward. The next opponent was the fast Depauw team. During the first period the men from Greencastle were held helpless, while Mehre scored seven baskets. Depauw concentrated her defensive formations on him during the second half with success and in a rally tied the score. The count stood 33 to 33 at the final gun. During the five minutes of extra play, Mendenhall and Carlisle added two baskets and a free throw. Dubuque College took a defeat in the next game, 29 to 18, in which the work of Mehre, Kiley, and Brandy was notable.

With the score tied five minutes before the end of the battle, the University of Nebraska rallied effectively and defeated the Gold and Blue in the first game of a double bill, 25 to 18. Nebraska won again on the following day 31 to 15. Depauw evened scores with Notre Dame in a second tournament by winning a well-contested game, 31 to 21.

Notre Dame closed the season's schedule in a scrappy tilt against the Wabash quintet at Crawfordsville. Knowing by experience the ability of Mehre, the down-State men were successful in cornering the big forward. Brandy tossed exceptionally well in this game. Wabash registered at the very end a lucky ringer which broke the tie and gave them victory, 28 to 26.

The following men have been awarded the basketball monogram: Captain-elect Mehre, Kiley, Anderson, Kennedy, Brandy, Ward, and Granfield.—A. N. SLAGGERT.

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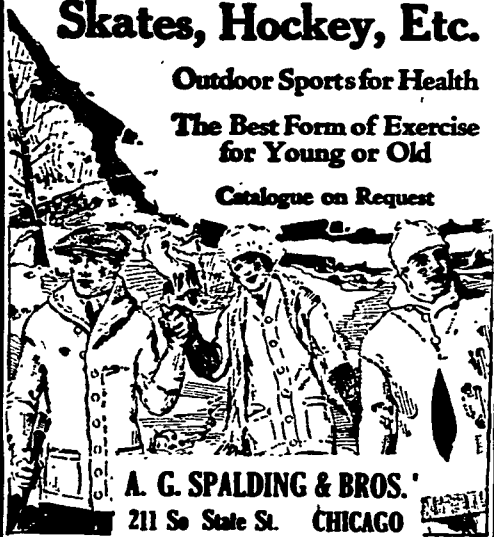
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