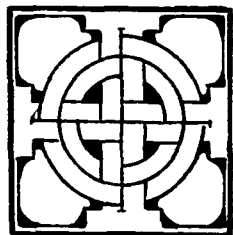


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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 1, 1920.

No. 26.

Bonnie Laddies.

BY CYRIL F. GAFFNEY, '22.

FRAE Firth o' Forth an' Firth o' Clyde
Ye bonnie laddies sprang,
The bloomin' flower o' Scottish pride,
Awa' a war ye gang.

I' Flanders fields o' murky mud,
Ye stood as stonéd men,
For Freedom flowed ye're crimson blood,
An' fear o' God ye ken.

Aye, Scotland e'er will cherish dear
The lads wha fought and died,—
The lads wha gang frae Firth o' Forth,
The lads wha gang frae Clyde.

Soldiers of France.*

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER, '15.

THIS article shall be dedicated to the point of view of that average, every-day American soldier whose comrade I have been. Despite necessary limitations, the motto stands with Montaigne's: "*C'est icy un livre de bonne foy.*" For the soldier has become the hour's man throughout the world. The people are made up of him, and it is clear finally that no government, no social philosophy, can prove stable or successful if it leaves out of account the sovereignty of democratic opinion. We may have recall of judges, but we shall never again consider recalling the jury.

Now men coming home from war bring with them memories of many important things. There are personal experiences, likes and dislikes—the myriad details that shaped heart and brain during that raging period in the crucible of fire. Much has been written, too, of the soldier's morals, his religion, his sense of patriotic

loyalty. But after all these things are his individual American business, his contribution to the citizenship of his country. If our hard victory is to usher in, some day, the era we have so fervently dreamed of—a new co-operative world—is it not *most* vital to form an idea of what we now think of our brethren of the world? Hands across the sea will never mean anything if arm and heart go not with them. Have the men of America come out of the trenches and the muddy billet-towns of Lorraine and the Argonne with some definite appreciation of the common ground upon which two peoples can unite—with others—in the creation of a lofty-souled and harmonious peace? Or is such union at all possible?

No citizen and no soldier can avoid these momentous questions upon which the fate of world-friendship so largely hangs. For Catholics the duty of co-operating with the Church of France has been extended to fields scarcely thought of before. Not only must we try to influence the social trend of particular peoples, but we must succeed or fail in the supreme attempt to bring the Gospel to all nations. Now the Versailles Treaty has not been idealistically successful; there seems to have persisted a mutual distrust in diplomatic circles; men in numbers have returned with nothing but resentment for bad treatment, for petty mercantile robbery, for the general squalor of their army life. To thousands idealism appears to have been a bad mistake. There is much of the genuine in all of this, but it is only the picture's evil side. I believe that most of us have caught glimpses of the fiery vision which sent two million men to death for a thing that was France and much more: a spirit that ran like lightning in countless souls after four years of unutterable war, and which even then had no thought of laying down its arms.

Naturally there are individuals who see no hope whatever in the situation. Thus an article

* Reprinted by permission from the *Catholic World* for April, 1920.

from a paper, which reads as follows: "Your ape-like love for France has stricken you with total blindness. The Catholics of France have opposed the persecution (of the Government) with many words but no deeds. For this reason the enemies of the Church have succeeded in uprooting the faith from the hearts of the French people. The schools are entirely Masonic, godless and unmoral, and a generation is growing up which no longer knows anything of God or ethics. In order to verify this statement of the sad condition of France you have only to read the accounts of eyewitnesses. Thus Rev. William J. Munster, chaplain of the American 310th Field Artillery, reports in a letter to a friend in America that the irreligious and God-hating spirit is spread all over France.

"One may paint for one's self ever so glowing hopes for the religious future of France and spread the most roseate articles about the religious revival in France, the fact remains undeniable that very little faith exists in France," writes Rev. W. J. Munster. "I have lived for long months here in villages and cities, and have conversed with the population ever since we landed on French soil . . . there exists everywhere a boundless indifference among men and women." Before Rev. Munster entered the German occupied zone with his regiment, he visited Domrémy, the birthplace of St. Jeanne D'Arc. The village, according to him, "is a mud-hole like the majority of French villages." And much more in the same vein.

Obviously the Rev. Chaplain's account contains much truth, even as it would had it been written about any other country. But sweeping assertions like these about universal religious apathy and social putridness are quite thoroughly overdone. One must approach this matter broadly and realistically; it is too vital a question to be answered by chronic bias and narrowness. We have hopes for religion in the harrowing wilds of Senegambia: shall we shrug our shoulders in a land whose very soil is blessed by the footsteps of a thousand saints? The value of judgment rests upon observation, and, unfortunately, most of us saw but a very little. But in all truth, out of a patient synthesis of impressions from the hearts of men that strove to understand, one may build a picture worthy of the splendor of our hope.

The American going to France had little idea of his journey's end: it was simply "Over There." The voyage was a great adventure

unfulfilled, a storm brewing, a menace and a mighty hope. Land—France! The hasty landing, romantic with the spices of an alien tongue, novel costumes, and an everlasting difference. The soldier went his way through the virginal aroma of a film-clad spring whose robes were woven of blossom and fine grass. Dales and slopes, sun-colored and absorbingly vital despite their peacefulness, ever-recurrent spires and the hand-made poetry of each individual vista! It was beauty, indeed, and few have ever forgotten it. Except for the rude military train, there was no sign of war. And yet—

A busy town—modernity on the background of mediævalism—halts the train. A French soldier, who talks English well, comes up to say: "*Bonjour.*"

"You also are going to the front?" he asks sadly.

"Yes . . . As fast as we can get there."

"*Messieurs* must realize," he says slowly, "that it is no picnic one goes to."

Down at the age-worn Cathedral, a gray-haired Bishop reads the prayers for the dead. In his voice, too, there is no hesitation, but a yearning sadness which sways like a mantle of hope over the heads of widows and orphans. Already, then, the inevitable feet of pain tread on the heels of inevitable sacrifice. On every street there are living signs of a crumbled social order. The plainest necessities of life are doled out by the State; woman is omnipresent for work and lust; the children even have put on a weird, impish boldness which even more than their dirtiness makes them seem young savages. War sits in the churches, on the marketplaces, at the hearths. He sits close to sleep and awakening, a terrible, grinding king.

Under the sceptre of this despot the American himself was forced to bend the knee. Drop by drop the magic phial of his idealism began to dissipate. Nothing mattered beyond the mud and the everlasting fury of the guns. He had ridden out of a cloistered past into the terrible kingdom of hell, retracing every step of the world's history from Christ to chaos. In its depths he floundered, but it was far stronger than he. Against the dimming of his lamp of vision there was no succor in the environment. The bloody business of those unutterable years had ground the sanctities of existence into the slime. There was an excuse for the army perhaps; but the fringe of civilian population that had hung on doggedly was unendurably

smudgy. In some fearful way it had gone *là bas*, believing in little, stolid and greedy as a beast. And yet it was not, in many ways, a bad population but only a starved and desolate one. I like to hope that strains of that *De Profundis* beat upon our hearts in their hungry way to God.

Behind all of this lay something equally malign, equally powerful, which the soldier did not understand. But there were times when he *knew* that war had nothing to do with the individual, it was the work of titanic forces that had set one against the other unto destruction. In a large sense he was correct. Although the great motive power behind the War was German lust for conquest, still that was only a colossal manifestation of something deep and bitter that had descended on the world. In French politics the word "*Liberté*" has been omnipresent for almost fifty years, and yet one came away convinced that in no sense of the term had popular government been achieved by the third Republic. Indeed, rarely in history has the idea of freedom, though native in France, been so ruthlessly antagonized as by this régime. Its great achievements were not universal education or the unhampered development of labor—for in both these respects it was far surpassed by the kingdom of St. Louis—but the expansion of capitalistic schemes, the gain of colonial empire, and the erection of a great military ideal. Modern French schoolbooks, edited by men like Gabriel Hanotaux, removed every trace of religious teaching and implanted instead an ethic whose basis was a France of wealth and power. The leadership of the Government was frankly materialistic, openly lustful of gain, and as crassly capitalistic as ever was the Prussian oligarchy. Owing to the fatal plural party system and the ballot law, this party held a firm seat until the War.

The spirit of domination had crept in from the world. Born out of an egoistic philosophy of force, built on the fundament of successful commerce, it preached democracy but practised the most insidiously selfish programme in existence since pagan Rome. Was it not Clémentineau who wrote some five years before the War that "God is always on the side of the strongest battalions?" On account of this, class-hatred has been fostered and the spiritual influences of religion scorned. French tradition succumbed apparently to the philosophy of finance. If anyone doubt what I say let him read René

Doumic's recent addresses on the "Liberation of the French Spirit," or better still, the incomparable *Pages Catholiques* of J. K. Huysmans.

Out of these twin forces—a leaden philosophy and an iron War—was created the moral squalor which so largely surrounded the American soldier. In harrowing and acrid misery, France reaped what the "gospel of enlightenment" had sown: not only the losses on the battlefield, but treason in the high places, decay of vision and universal sackcloth and ashes. There were, however, two opponents, a traditional Catholicism and the newer Socialism. We are not concerned here with the vagaries of Juarès' doctrine. What has the Church accomplished during the War? Can it be asserted with reasonable confidence that she can reconquer the spiritual leadership of French society? Would that all of us had seen the back-areas where the candles of faith burned so steadfastly at the myriad shrines of God; that we had heard the prayer that gleamed like holy fire in millions of stricken hearts. But truly we shall do better to search for the spirit of Catholic France on the battlefield, close to the enemy and scarred with glorious wounds.

There is a great human truth in the mediæval idea of trial by fire. Only the pure and holy could survive it unscathed: it was the proving ground of saints. Now men who have withstood with superhuman idealism the torture of this War, have something in them worthy of the traditional heroes. Mr. Louis Barthou of the Academy declared in his address on Guynemer, that the secret of the latter's prowess was that "he knew how to behave in battle and how to say his prayers." The universality of this knowledge among a type of French soldier is well illustrated by a page in the annals of the Territorials, those brave old fellows who have done such a difficult bit just behind the lime-light of the War.

In an exchange of prisoners there was returned to France a fine old greybeard, who had been with the garrison of Maubeuge when that fortress was captured with its defenders. The first thing he did upon arrival was to present himself at the Ministry of War, and, having been admitted, to offer a bit of cloth singed and dirty, with the simple words: "Monsieur, I have the honor to return the flag." It was learned that before the garrison had capitulated the flag had been burned, but that, when leaving,

this soldier had detected the frayed bit and hastily concealed it upon his person. Despite four years of shifting misery and hardship, he kept the sacred remnant close to his heart and, at length, brought it out of captivity to the Invalides, where the ages will consider it holy, though it is very small and shabby. A glorious deed and typical of France! I have thought of how symbolic it is of the simple soldier, how like to him in sacrifice and glory and sacredness, with what equal right the old Territorial might have presented himself.

"To know how to behave in battle and how to say one's prayers!" How many vivid examples of that glowing art presented themselves to the American. In the eddy of life at the front, amid the passing of endless columns, we have met many who are dear to us. There have been gayety and oblivion in tumble-down cafés over a bottle of crude wine; there have been twilight Masses said by soldier-priests in dusty uniform when enchanted strains of the *Kyrie* and the *Gloria* rolled over a shell-packed field. We have sat in dug-outs with elegant men and those who cut stone in ancient Vendée or fetched wood from the monotonous wastes of the Landes. There were artists who toiled at little things for the Paris Exposition, and an author who had written a book under fire, in which a cathedral awakens to life and the saints go out from their pedestals to work for the glory of God. And I do not understand how there could have remained so much of humanity and fervent idealism after four years in the ghastly treadmill. These men were thoroughbreds of the traditional, Catholic France. The rest of it, which many of us have read about in *Under Fire*, was natural enough, but the spirit of these others is a holy thing. In an humble way we have seen a cinema of the soul of France, and we have not come away sad.

Indeed, they were men of action and of thought; men of prayer and beautiful vision; men whose laughter could not be dimmed by the everlasting scream of shells. Coming as they did from every stratum of society, one's association with them furnished ideas of the aspirations of every class. Though afterward I lived intimately with French families and in the leisure of University life came to know many people, it is of the *poilu* that I like to think as the hope of his country. He has been her saviour and he will not be absent at the resurrection. In a sense we, too, have been

"Soldiers of France," and in an intimate way we can propose hopefully the question: What has been and what will be the influence of Catholicism in the battleground of the world?

First of all, the thinking Frenchman came to realize that he was fighting either for an ancient, Catholic civilization or for nothing at all. If the salvation of the Government had been the issue of the conflict, verily it would have been a sorry affair. But it became evident immediately that the contest lay between two incompatible civilizations, between a modern error and an ancient truth, between Force and Freedom. The individual beheld suddenly that there were social ultimates which if reached would make life intolerable. French liberty knew that its birthday had not been the Revolution but its mediæval emancipation: that its life had been blessed forever in the shadow of the Christian Church. And just as the greatest fortitude was found to spring from Christian virtue and the sweetest consolation from faith in God, so the most successful appeals for sacrifice and unity came from those who preached the value of Catholic civilization. This lesson will not be forgotten. When *Le Temps*, established organ of conservative plutocracy, warns against the "spirit of the steeple," it is because that steeple has changed from a monument into a sword. The ancient voice, so long overpowered, has spoken again and the echoes roll from the battlefields to the Pyrenees.

The good that was in France has survived remarkably well this ordeal by fire. Despite the power of an autocratic and materialistic body in the shaping of French institutions; despite the fatal brutalizing in education of the spirit of intellectual freedom whereby license was held above liberty: there remains enough manhood to build up, in the words of Milton, "a noble, puissant nation." The Church will not be relegated to her position of shame when the reconstruction of the martyred country shall have begun. The majority of French citizens are Catholics; from the hill of Montmartre to the sacred shrine of Lourdes, through a thousand cities of the saints, there winds a procession of faith which no banded interests can halt. Nor can the deep and gentle life of the provinces be severed from its ancient hopes.

French labor is restless, as it ought very well to be, but seated in his dingy *boutique* the worker remains master of the gentle art of getting romance from the winning of daily bread. More-

over, the ancient attachment to the soil still heartens the countryside. On the very last day of the War we came upon an old fellow sitting in his field and pulling up the grass in his agony. The peasant *patois* was difficult to master, but we understood that his only son had just been killed, and that he had come for consolation to the soil upon which his boy had fallen. There is nothing deeper or more appealing in all the world than the simplicity of this love for the homely sanctity of nature, this earnest and patient tenacity, bearing its pain as it bears the burden of the harvest. For the genuine beauty of France is not Paris or Nice, but the countryside and the toil expended there, the humility and prayer of the gleaner in the fields.

Such a country needs only the right sort of leadership to attain the fulfillment of its dreams; and rarely has the way been so open to Catholic direction. I am ignorant of what methods will be employed by the hierarchy to regain political freedom, but I have heard the Victory sermon of the Cardinal of Paris and the message of the Bishop of Toulouse in behalf of united action for the laboring classes; I have seen the rise of a powerful Catholic-spirited press—*La Libre Parole*, *L'Echo de Paris*, *L'Action Française*—and I know that French Catholicism has never stood closer to the heart of the people or been so free of separatist tendencies. Aside from Socialism, it is the only constructive organization that is really alive. From one or the other must come the forces that will dispel the moral gloom of France. The infinite troop of mean-souled venders of merchandise and virtue, have reared upon the soil of St. Louis and St. Jeanne a degeneration of which every thinking man is aware. One hears on every hand the speech of deliberation: "*La France sera Catholique ou elle ne sera plus.*"

The significant strengthening of Catholic leadership is nowhere more evident than in literature. To some extent French art has always drawn its inspiration from religion, despite the peculiar American impression that is formed from Zola and Eugene Sue. Perhaps no two authors are more disregarded in their own country. Why have we never realized that France's most renowned prose writer is Bishop Bossuet and her most illustrious poet the spiritual Lamartine? No intelligent Catholic can afford to be ignorant of the marvellous contemporary renaissance in French literature. Led in journalism by such powerful men as

Maurice Barrès, Leon Daudet and René Doumic, and in social effort by Charles Maurras, Alfred de Mun and Henry Cochin, Catholics have come to the foreground in every domain of thought. In history there are names to conjure with: Frédéric Masson, Pierre de La Gorce, and Thureau-Dangin. The novel is in the hands of masters like René Bazin, Louis Bertrand, and Henri Bordeaux; poetry has produced marvellous singers, such as Paul Claudel, Frédéric Mistral and François Jammes, while the theatre belongs in large measure to Brioux, François de Curel and Sacha Guitry. There is no need for more names. The fact that almost every recently elected member of the Academy is a Catholic is, in itself, sufficient indication of the return of Catholic thought.

Plainly, then, the religious and democratic effort of a new Catholic France will provide ample ground for our co-operation. There exist unfortunately certain prejudices which must be overcome. We need to forget the insinuation that the country is populated largely by the *demi monde*. Long ago Montaigne described his countrymen as essentially a people of good common sense, and there is nothing of importance to append to the analysis. Perhaps their social customs, their ways of doing things are different from ours, but have we demonstrated our superiority? In all charity let us realize that an enormous burden rests on them whose fathers have fallen: the duty not only of rebuilding the national framework but also of realizing the ideal for which the dead have laid them down. Shall we not believe that out of the bounty of Providence has come this opportunity to aid in the resurrection? We who have seen so much of the beauty of a new idealism, cannot afford to ease our standards now.

It is difficult to arouse concerted action among individualistic peoples. The soldiers of both countries have, however, stood together long enough to make us hope that through them will come the inspiration to united effort which we now so sorely need. They cannot drop the banner which has been carried ahead at such cost and be true either to themselves or to the dead. Americans must believe in world-friendship—whatever the present plans may be—or brand this war a hideous mistake. As Catholics we know that if the Church can gather its forces in this period of sweat and chaos, its influence in shaping the destinies of humanity will never have been larger. When Peter the Hermit

preached the first Crusade a cry rang out over the Christian world: "God wills it!"

Now that so many of the old millstones of prejudice have been drowned in the sea, that the kingdom of brotherhood has become an actual aim in social life, dare we stand back supinely and hearken to no less ringing a cry? Verily, if we do, we shall not be worthy of our Christian title. We shall have failed in a mission no less sacred than was the dream of Pope Urban, and forevermore we shall have doomed the world to the chains of intolerable and ghastly war.

Varsity Verse.

THE JANITOR.

I am what you call'm, janitor,
In Corby Hall, in secun' floor.
I lika lots, this job of mine,—
I hav'm key for every door.

I mak'm bed an' sweep'm room,
I sweep'm lots and then some more.
I clean'm stairs and mak'm nice—
I hav'm key for every door.

Bacca', I hav'm always lots.
Pipes, I have what you call, galore.
I never have to buy'm none—
'I hav'm key for every door.

My pay, it donta make me much,
But I'm not what you call'm poor,
For in this job of mine, you see,
I hav'm key for every door.

Shirts, and every ting' I hav'm all,
Some day I tink I'll start'm store.
I lik'm lots this job of mine—
I hav'm key for every door.—H. MCK.

I WONDER

Now after I am married
And settled down for life,
I wonder what would happen
To my darling little wife
If she would just at day-break
Come in my room and say,
"I'll give you ten demerits,
Missed morning prayer today."—K. W. K.

AGONY

One time I spent the evening,
With the little one I love;
Upon the chin I kissed her,
And she cried, "Oh, Heavens above!"—H. M.

"LIFE IS REAL."

We loaf a while and rest a while,
Then bum around the campus;
We hang around and watch work pile
And let the spring days vamp us.—J. H.

The Greater Love.

BY LEO. V. KEAN, '21.

"But, Jack, you'll be home in June, won't you?" hopefully inquired Irene, gradually recovering from her pout.

"Yes, home for good, perhaps," replied the youth. "I am afraid I can't stay away that long."

Jack Ahern and Irene O'Malley were childhood sweethearts. Growing up on adjoining farms, each had been the other's sole playmate and when school days came they were not to be separated. Each morning Jack had stopped at Irene's gate, and the two, with dinner pails swinging, had slowly wound their way down that long, narrow lane that led to the little school-house at the cross-roads. Friendship grew, and ever since that memorable day when Jack had received a swollen eye in protecting her from the taunts of "Puggy" Malone they had been even more inseparable.

After eight happy years the time came when they must forsake the little country school-house for the big brick schoolhouse in the village. Jack's father provided him with a big brown horse and the old country sleigh; and it was his pleasant duty, each morning, to convey Irene to school. Amidst the environments of the town their friendship did not waver, but, as the days went by, it took a deeper meaning.

Four years passed and the time had at last come when they must enter upon the greater fields of life. Jack expected to remain at home and relieve his father of the heavier duties of the farm.

But soon after the close of the school year a priest from one of the great universities of the East visited Jack's father and persuaded him to send his son to college. Jack was at first delighted with the prospect of going to the great school. Then the thought of leaving Irene dampened his joyous spirits. Wisely his parents pointed out to him the joys of college life and the value of a college education; and after a long talk with his sweetheart both decided that it would be the better course to take.

The night before the fateful day Jack eluded his fond mother, and, slipping quietly out of the house, went over to bid farewell to Irene. And such a farewell. She met him at the door and arm in arm they made their way to their favorite spot beneath the great elm tree. There

in tones so hopeful, yet so sad, he told her all his plans—how he would complete his four years of college and would then return to the old town to spend the remainder of his days in peace and contentment. His father had promised to build them a house on that beautiful little knoll which they had, in their dreams of long ago, selected as the one fitting spot for their future home. They reviewed the scenes of their childhood and pictured what the future might bring. What joy! What bliss! All too soon the time for parting came. They returned to the house and when he departed he carried with him her latest photograph.

The days dragged slowly by for the girl, deprived of him who had been her sole companion from childhood, but they were made more pleasant by the thought that Jack would be home to spend his summer vacation and that in a few years he would be home to stay. Would he be changed? Would he still be the same old Jack? Spring at last, and Jack came home. The summer was but one great joyous day for those two hearts already joined as one. Thus the years passed by.

The two lovers are again seated beneath the same old elm. He is telling of his school life, and she tells him of the four lonesome years of his absence.

"But why are you so quiet, Jack?" she asks; "I never saw you that way before."

"I can't tell you, Irene," he burst out in tears.

But she implored him to tell her his troubles. And then he shattered all their dreams. He told her of his future hopes. He had attended a mission and listened to a sermon on the need of missionaries to carry the gospel to the pagans of foreign lands. He had thoroughly considered the matter and discussed it with his pastor, and had finally decided that he was called to the service of God. He had come to ask her consent to leave all that was dear to him and to spend the rest of his life in the holy work of saving souls.

They sat for a long time in silence, broken only by an occasional sob from the girl. She recalled their happy childhood, the days when they had gone, arm in arm, to the little white schoolhouse at the cross-roads, the days when they had gone to the big brick schoolhouse in the village, and the four happy summers which they had spent together. She saw their pictured happy home, a home which would never be. She saw the little green knoll over which the buttercups would bloom and cattle roam in peace.

She pictured their dreams of a lifetime, which would never come true. But bravely she faced the task.

"Jack, go—go. It is God's will. I am happy for your sake."

In a little, humble hut in far-off India a gray-haired priest was administering the last sacraments to a fever-stricken native. A black-garbed Sister of Mercy knelt by the bedside. The dying man received the last rites of the Church and with a faint gasp passed into the world beyond.

Long they knelt by the bedside of one whom God had called to His Church but a few short months before. Finally, they arose and the Sister spoke:

"Father, we are very grateful to you for coming such a long distance to help us. But whom do I thank?"

"I am Father Ahern," answered the priest, simply. The rosary fell unnoticed from the hand of the nun.

"God is so good," she exclaimed; "Jack, don't you know me?"

"Irene!"

And these two souls whose paths had once seemed so far separated had found their great happiness in the service of God and in the meriting of a great reward beyond the grave.

The Home-Coming of Susan.

BY W. ALLEN PAGE, '23.

Chad sat forlornly on the low rail fence and reviewed the tragedy of the last few minutes.

It was Indian Summer. As far as one could see, trees were ablaze with crimson and everywhere the richness of autumn had been lavishly scattered. Through the hushed air of the late afternoon came the drowsy drone of a bee, awake to the possibilities of a second June. Somewhere overhead a vesper-sparrow was melodiously singing his twilight song. Chad felt the subtle spell, felt the dreamy, unspeakable peace of this autumnal season, but it served only to make him the more disconsolate.

He had been invited to a party that afternoon in honor of the home-coming of Susan Parker. She had been gone a year—it seemed like an age to Chad—visiting her aunt in distant Philadelphia. Her return, which he had anticipated so eagerly, had marked the happiest mo-

ment he had ever known. Everything had gone well at the party until all were assembled at dinner, when he had glanced up to see Susan's eyes watching him eat left-handed. In his embarrassment and confused attempt to change the fork to the other hand he had tipped over his glass of water. Making a hurried plunge to rescue the glass, he had knocked his plate into his lap, spilling the food over his clothes.

Then Bobby Brown, who prided himself on his good manners, looking straight into Susan's dark blue eyes, had made some remark about clumsiness that had caused her to burst forth into a peal of laughter. This was more than Chad could stand. He did not mind the remark so much, but the thought that *she* had laughed, hurt and cut deep into his sensitive nature. Leaping from his chair, he had made a humiliating retreat through the door, out across the fields, never halting until he had reached the rail fence that separated his father's land from the adjoining Parker farm. He had perched himself on the top rail and now sat in gloomy meditation.

She was eleven, he was one year older. They had been playmates, friends, chums, ever since he could remember, and to him it seemed that it must always be so. But her visit to her aunt had made a change in their lives. They would go berrying together no more in Logan's Patch on distant Chipmunk Ridge. He knew that her stay in the city had made her realize—what she had not noticed before—how really awkward, bashful, and dull he was.

"Aw, shucks!" he complained sorrowfully; "she don't care nothin' for me now. I'm too awkward and ignorant an' ever'thing." The shadows of evening were slowly weaving the nightly shroud for the quiet country-side. The vesper-sparrow had finished his final evening chirp and departed to his rest. Chad sat on in dejected silence.

He would go away; that was it! He could get work in some far-off town where they would never hear of him again—at least until he had become famous. Then he would return and everyone would look at him with admiration, and envy him his great success. Even his teachers would look at him with deep respect, and everybody he used to know would crowd about him and try to shake his hand. But he would only nod pleasantly to some of his old classmates, and perhaps talk with them a little and encourage them with some valuable

advice. And, yes—there was old Mrs. Canby who kept the bakery shop; he would call on her and surprise her by taking out a roll of bills and buying everyone of those little cakes he had always liked so well. Then when Susan heard of all this, she would come to him and— Out of the darkness a voice was softly calling his name. He sat motionless, with fast-beating heart, staring straight before him. She was looking for him. His name was repeated, and then he was conscious of a sweetness of perfume near him and felt her hand laid lightly on his own.

"I'm sorry I laughed," she said.

From the Parker farm there came the noise of children laughing merrily around a heaping bon-fire, and through the cool night air was blown a faint and not unpleasant smell of burning leaves. In front stretched the shadowy forms of the corn-shocks and the harvest fields swimming in the moonlight, and overhead the sympathetic moon smiled down upon the old, old scene that is ever young.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS.

A GOOD student is made, not born.

WHAT now so rare as the sign "For Rent"?

THE only way to have friends is to be one.

PROCRASTINATION is a thief of academic grades.

ONE enemy makes more noise than many friends.

HE 'who laughs last is slowest at getting the joke.

AN ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

A WOMAN who can't have the last say is dumb indeed.

BE careful to keep on speaking terms with yourself.

THE moon must get lonesome these prohibition nights.

NOR everything couched in clever terms is food for thought.

TRUE piety is much more a habit than an inspiration.

WE would know how to fight a high price of shaving soap.

IN spring a young man's fancy turns to soft-collar shirts.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LIII.

MAY 1, 1920.

NO. 26.

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American politics are, on the whole, so scandalous as to render questionable the character of anyone who participates in them.

It must, therefore, have been **Roger Sullivan.** a consolation to many politicians to witness the high and sincere tribute which the country at large paid to Roger Sullivan on the occasion of his death. As a rule, with few exceptions, death clips off the memory of the politician. No one thinks of him after he has gone. His enemies cease to fear him, and his friends promptly find another to lead them. It is different, however, in the case of Roger Sullivan. In addition to leaving a lamented void in the ranks of the Democratic Party, his political enemies are everywhere eulogizing him as a man of great merit. And his memory is of the kind which endures in the hearts of men for more than a generation. His private life was as virtuous and peaceful as his official life was intense. His benefactions were numerous and liberal, but altogether unadvertised; and hence it is only now, after his death, that many hearts are paying public homage to his hidden unselfishness. Certainly, the life of this great politician is a lesson to Americans. To so many of us politics and good morals have seemed contradictory. We have, as it were, ceased to blame men, laying their crimes rather to the conditions in their profession. To witness, then,

a life full at once of political activity and of uprightness ought to make plain to us that the fault is not with our politics, but with the class of men who play them.—A. B. H.

The Notre Dame Service Club is endeavoring to raise two thousand dollars for the erection of a memorial to the honor of the Notre Dame men who gave their lives in the recent war. To date the Club has received eight hundred dollars toward this memorial, and it is hoped that it may be able to achieve quickly the full sum needed. The students and alumni who left their callings in 1917 to take up arms that liberty might be preserved, gave up much more than we are called upon to give. The Notre Dame spirit—the spirit of loyalty to God, country, and school—was in the hearts of these men. Many of them fell on the field of honor that the world might be safe for the rest of us. Yet there are not a few students and alumni who are hesitating to contribute a few dollars to this noble cause. Let us, who have been spared through the supreme sacrifice of our brave brothers, get together and help effectively to the erection of this monument, which will be a suitable memorial to the deeds and valor of the Notre Dame men who laid down their lives.—E. J. M.

There appeared some time ago in the *Extension Magazine* a symposium of criticisms on the short-stories published in Catholic periodicals.

The tenor of these criticisms was wholly unfavorable, a circumstance which would in itself condemn them as either mistaken or biased, as ignorant or as disloyal. If the opinions of these critics are correct, then the stories which they criticised are not literature at all. But the fact is that their general and indiscriminate depreciation of Catholic short-stories is entirely inapposite. In the first place, they include all Catholic story-writers, good, bad, and indifferent, in their castigation. This is unfair to the cause of Catholic literature. Why did they not mention the specific authors and magazines whose publications merited such caustic criticism? Do they include the *Ave Maria*, the *Catholic World*, or the *Month* as among the periodicals that publish such inferior stories? Are the authors of these stories Christian Reid, John Talbot

Smith, Maurice Francis Egan, Olive Katherine Parr, Robert Hugh Benson, or John Ayscough? These are representative Catholic authors whose short-stories will compare not unfavorably with the best that the secular magazines publish. Secondly, the men and women who wrote these criticisms were guilty of discouraging the reading of good Catholic literature. Indeed the only justification these critics could offer for such disparaging criticisms is their total ignorance of the short-stories of our standard Catholic authors.—B. A.

University Bulletin.

CONDITION EXAMINATIONS

By enactment of the University Council, the class-standing of conditioned students will hereafter be rated according to their lowest condition. A student, for example, who is carrying sophomore or junior classes but has respectively a freshman or a sophomore condition will be rated as a freshman or as a sophomore, as the case may be.

Examinations for the removal of conditions incurred in the first three quarters of the school-year will be given in May. Conditions incurred in the fourth quarter are to be removed by examinations in October.

No student who has a condition in any subject required in his course can begin his senior year of resident study until such condition is cleared. Examinations for the removal of conditions incurred in the last quarter of junior year will be given on the registration days in September.

A conditioned student may be granted permission to take senior subjects as an unclassified student, but his required year of senior residence cannot begin until all conditions are removed. If a conditioned student carries all his senior subjects and does not remove his conditions until the end of the first semester, he must then complete the second semester of that year and in the first semester of the following year must carry twenty hours of classwork a week in courses selected with the approval of the dean of the school and the head of the department in which he expects to take his degree.

Beginning in the Catalogue of 1920-21, students will be ranked in the registration list according to their class-standing. Their membership in class organizations and participation in class activities will be governed by their rating in this classification.

Examination of conditioned students will be held as follows:

Latin, Greek, and Spanish,	May 8th, 1 o'clock,	Room 117
English.....	May 15th, 1 o'clock,	Room 117
Philosophy.....	May 22nd, 1 o'clock,	Room 117
History.....	May 29th, 1 o'clock,	Room 117
Economics and Politics,	June 5th, 1 o'clock,	Room 117
Mathematics.....	May 15th, 1 o'clock,	Room 123
Zoology.....	May 8th, 1 o'clock,	Chemistry Hall
Chemistry.....	May 22nd, 1 o'clock,	Chemistry Hall
Botany, Biology, and Physiology,	May 29th, 1 o'clock,	Chemistry Hall
Physics.....	June 5th, 1 o'clock,	Science Hall

Students who have conditions in classes not provided for in the foregoing schedule may make arrangements with the professor for examinations in such subjects, to be taken sometime within the month of May.

Students who wish to take any of these condition examinations must report to the office of the Director of Studies at least one week before the time of the examinations and fill out application blanks for the particular examinations to be taken.

—THE DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.

Address by Old Student.

Francis Joseph Kilkenny, Notre Dame alumnus, now investment banker in Chicago, who addressed the Chamber of Commerce Sunday night on "Money and Banking," has donated to the School of Commerce a purse of fifty dollars for the use of some needy student next year. In the World War Mr. Kilkenny served two years in France with the A. E. F. as an assistant on the staff of the general purchasing agent and received from the French government in recognition of his work the Order of University Palms, with grade of *Officier d'Academie*. Previous to his service abroad he served as confidential secretary to three former comptrollers of the currency at Washington. Mr. Kilkenny's address will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC. By way of introduction to his address the lecturer said:

It is a distinct pleasure for me to visit this institution, for as a former student of this celebrated University, Notre Dame to me as an alumnus brings to mind many pleasant and treasured memories of the time spent within its hallowed walls.

Training at Notre Dame means character-building. Hand in hand with her academic teachings the University gives special attention to the upbuilding of character. When her students have completed their course of studies they are equipped, second to none, to fight the battle of life and to walk uprightly before their fellowmen. In speaking of this subject, I may

say that this battle is becoming a harder battle with each succeeding year, and the men best fitted for this struggle are those who are best equipped physically, mentally, and morally. We are well aware of the fact that Notre Dame stands out pre-eminently in this threefold duty, and it is qualities such as these that Notre Dame possesses in a marked degree. Those who are taken under her teaching and guidance are sure of success. Her numerous scholars, who have gone forth to every part of this country, continually testify their worthiness to be identified with her. They occupy exalted positions in the Church; many of them hold



FRANCIS JOSEPH KILKENNY.

places of honor in our national and state legislatures, in the diplomatic service, in the federal service at Washington, on the bench, and at the bar. In literature, in the arts and sciences, and in other fields which make up our complex national life, Notre Dame students excel.

Christian education is the one great thing which can save our civilization and our governments from chaos and ruin. Whether we be Catholic or Protestant, unless we hold fast to the Christian Faith in sufficient numbers to overwhelm the approaching wave of infidelity and materialism, our Christian civilization and republican form of government will suffer the fate of Greece and Rome.

May Notre Dame forever remain in the pre-eminent place she holds as the apostle of Christian education and training, and continue to send out into the world her devoted sons ready to hold aloft and to carry forward the banner of the cross.

In conclusion, let me say that I know that each and every one present feels confident that the destinies of our school are secure while it has at its head our esteemed President, the Rev. Dr. James Burns, with his strong and able faculty co-operating with him in his great work.

Personals.

—Charles P. J. Mooney, editor of the *Commercial-Advertiser*, Memphis, Tenn., spent last week-end at Notre Dame with his son, Charles P. J. Mooney, Jr., who is a student in the law department.

✓—"Bill" Bradbury (LL. B., '16) is still trying to recover from a wound received during service. He is, however, the same energetic and talkative barrister as of old, and we sincerely hope that his affliction will soon be remedied.

✓—Announcement has been received of the wedding of Miss Marguerite Farrelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Joseph Farrelly, to Thomas J. Shaughnessy (LL. B., '06), which took place on April 14th in Chicago. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations on the part of Tom's many friends at Notre Dame.

—Thomas J. Tobin, President of the F. I. O. F. of Notre Dame, received Easter greetings from the following members of the A. O. H. of the State of Arkansas: State Vice-President William Doyle O'Shea (student 1909-10-11); State Secretary Robert E. Frizzell (student 1890-91-92), and A. L. Hendricks (student 1917-18).

✓—Robert E. Hannon (M. E., '17) of Alliance, Ohio, was married to Miss Mary E. Lucky, daughter of Mr. Anthony Lucky, last Tuesday at St. Patrick's Church in South Bend, Ind. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John F. Degroote, C. S. C. The many friends of "Bob" at the University extend hearty congratulations.

—The Notre Dame Club of Akron, Ohio, is very anxious to be of service to Varsity men who contemplate working in the "Rubber City" during the summer or who intend to settle there permanently. The secretary, Mr. Thomas O'Neill, '14, will consider it a favor to hear from any men interested. His address is, In Care of the General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

—Jerry ("Bud") Sheehan, engineering student in '06, recently paid a visit to the University. "Bud" was a baseball star of the first magnitude while at Notre Dame. Old students will remember the time when he threw a visiting team into panic by knocking three home-runs in one game. After leaving the University he played for a time on the Pacific Coast and in Eastern leagues.

—The following interesting letter has been received from Eustace Cullinan (A. B., '95). It bespeaks an active interest in Notre Dame affairs which neither distance nor time can lessen.

San Francisco, Cal.,
March 24, 1920.

Very Reverend James Burns, C. S. C.,
President Notre Dame University,
Dear Father Burns,

I attended the installation of President David Prescott Barrows, of the University of California, yesterday, in accordance with your request, as the representative of the University of Notre Dame. Enclosed you will find clippings from some of the San Francisco papers giving accounts of the ceremonies.

I was delighted to receive your recent letter. While I have been East quite a number of times in the last few years, my journeyings have always been on business and in haste, and have never afforded me leisure to stay over at Notre Dame. In consequence, I have not visited the University since 1905, when I went there with Mrs. Cullinan on a visit for a day or two. I keep in close touch, however, with quite a number of the fellows of the class of 1895. I saw much of Dan Murphy and Dan Casey in New York during January, and had several visits with Maurice Francis Egan. On the Pacific Coast the men whom I see most often (but these not very often) are Fred O'Brien and Jack Mott, who live in Los Angeles, and Jack Dempsey, who lives in Tacoma. Sam Walker, who is now a prominent citizen of Portland, sent me his regards the other day by a friend of mine who had been in touch with him there. Dan Casey told me that Joe Marmon, who is still in the Army, is stationed somewhere in New Jersey, and I intended to look up Joe but did not have time.

With kindest regards to all at Notre Dame, I am,
Very truly yours,

Eustace Cullinan.

—Joseph V. Sullivan (A. B., '97) has been appointed assistant to the president of the Chicago Surface Lines. In his new capacity Mr. Sullivan will make an extended study to improve the traffic conditions, equipment, and organization of the surface lines in Chicago. His railway experience began in 1904 when he was appointed general passenger-agent for the traction companies operating on the north and west sides of Chicago. After serving in this capacity for one year, he was appointed as general supervisor and in 1914 to the position of statistician. For the past several years Mr. Sullivan has also been a member of the executive committee of the American Electric Railway Transportation and Traffic Association. The SCHOLASTIC extends hearty congratulations to Mr. Sullivan and wishes him the fullest success in his new position.—P. R. CONAGHAN.

Local News.

—Father Lange, director of gymnastics, wishes it announced that the apparatus room is now closed to all students, excepting track men doing special work.

—Reverend James McElhone, C. S. C., who underwent an operation for appendicitis just before Easter, has fully recovered and has resumed his teaching in Holy Cross Seminary.

—Plans for a dance and frolic, to be held at the Oliver Hotel in the latter part of May, was the main topic of discussion at a meeting of the Service Club on Monday last. A favorable report on the memorial fund was read.

—On Saturday, May 8th, the renovated church of St. Patrick's Parish in South Bend will be consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Allerding, of Fort Wayne. Ten members of the Seminary choir will sing the difficult music of the long service.

—At the last meeting of the Lawyers' Club, Sunday, May 16th, was agreed upon as the date for the lawyers' banquet. It is expected that several distinguished jurists from Chicago and other cities will attend, among them Judge Denis W. Sullivan, of Chicago, and Attorney Martin, of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

—At the meeting of Section II of the Chamber of Commerce on Monday night, Mr. Larson, of Calumet, Michigan, pleased the members by showing them samples of copper ore in connection with his excellent talk on that subject. Harry Cullen described the "New York Curb" with accuracy and enthusiasm.

—Rev. Dr. John Cavannaugh, C. S. C., of Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., former president of Notre Dame, addressed the Fellowship Club of Mishawaka last Thursday evening, on "Morals and Morale in the Building of a City." The University is delighted in having Father Cavannaugh for a visit of some days before his return to Washington.

—At a recent meeting of the Press Club it was decided to hold a smoker next Monday evening in the K. C. club-room. President Grimes appointed a committee on arrangements, consisting of Frank Farrington, J. Murray Powers, and Harry Flannery. On May 18th the journalists will hike along the St. Joseph River to the ancient village of Bertrand, Michigan, where they will forget their journalistic cares in a picnic.

—A class of seventy-five candidates will take the first degree in the Knights of Columbus on the 21st of May. On the 23rd the second and the third degree will be conferred at W. O. W. Hall, South Bend. Grand-Knight Tobin has announced that no more applications can be accepted for the coming initiation. In celebration of the tenth anniversary of the chartering of the Notre Dame Council, a dance is to be given during commencement week, the exact day to be fixed upon later.

—Announcement has been made by the Republican National Committee that a Republican club is to be organized under its auspices at Notre Dame. This club will be affiliated with the regular organization of university Republican clubs. Clubs of this kind have been recently organized at the University of Michigan and the University of Illinois. The Hon. Will H. Hays, chairman of the National Committee, has appointed his representatives here and has promised that speakers of national reputation shall be sent to address the members.

—Archbishop John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, will be the guest of South Bend Catholics next Saturday and Sunday, on occasion of the consecration of St. Patrick's church. The Catholic men of the city will meet the Delegate at the city limits. The Notre Dame Knights of Columbus have been asked to participate. Full details regarding the line of march and the time will be posted on the bulletin boards. Every Knight should feel it a duty to help in making this event notable. His excellency will pay a visit to the University at some time within his stay in South Bend.

—Rev. Dr. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., in an address before the local Knights of Columbus, last Monday evening, denounced in strong terms the Smith-Towner bill, now pending in Congress. By a thorough analysis of the measure he showed that it would not improve the salaries of teachers nor in any way better the conditions in education. He compared the project to the Prussian system of schools, as destructive of private initiative in education and as reducing our schools to a position of subjection to the Federal Government. All evils of political patronage would by the passage of this bill be added to our present educational difficulties.

—Seven Notre Dame men worked in the Chicago post office, during the Easter vacation: Richard Reynolds, Henry Lockwood, Richard Gibbons, Edwin Murphy, Eugene Dore, Frank Rooney, and Vincent Cavanaugh. Owing to the Express strike and the switchmen's walkout the postal service was severely taxed, and hence all the collegians were engaged as soon as they applied. Reynolds, Lockwood, Cavanaugh, and Gibbons were given work at what is called the primary separation, in which the mail is assorted according to states. Dore, former first-lieutenant in the Navy, and Rooney, former ensign, were assigned to the work of handling sacks of mail on one of the big P. O. hand-trucks. The work of the others was not manual, but very tedious. Standing before a case and sorting letters into proper cubby-holes for eleven hours a day is no sinecure, and all of the men earned their pay, though the recompense was liberal enough to make within a few days a handsome bank account.

—E. W. MURPHY.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 18; WABASH, 2.

A home-run by "Benny" Connors and twelve clean hits, coupled with some mediocre fielding on the part of the opposition, gave Coach Dorais' charges an 18-to-2 victory over the Red and White at Wabash last Friday. The Wabash men were completely at the mercy of Lally, who was helped to the decisive victory by the consistently good support of the men behind him. Notre Dame opened up in the first inning with a fury of batting which forced the Wabash mentor to begin immediately warming up his reserve pitchers. Before the game was over three Wabash moundmen had been retired. The game was called in the sixth inning to enable the Notre Dame team to catch the train to Champaign for the games with the University of Illinois.

NOTRE DAME, 4; ILLINOIS, 7.

Costly misplays by the Varsity within the first few innings enabled Illinois to win from Notre Dame at Champaign last Saturday, 7 to 4. Murphy was Dorais' selection for the mound, and, although the big hurler pitched representative ball, erratic fielding on the part of the infield combination gave the Illini four tallies before taking the outs of the first inning.

Illinois on a single, a steal, and a double-bagger secured another run in the second inning. The Succors' squad were given two more runs in the fourth round by an incorrect ruling of the umpire, whose judgment was, to say the least, inferior. Murphy was retired and Foley went into the box. Determined to curb the scoring stride of the Illini, Notre Dame braced, made four runs, and was threatening to overtake the enemy when the game was called on account of darkness. Fitzgerald was the Notre Dame heavy with the bat, and Mohardt and Blivernecht played superior ball in the field.

**

NOTRE DAME, 3; ILLINOIS, 8.

Playing a loose defensive game and lacking their usual vim and aggressiveness, Dorais' diamond men went down to a second defeat before the Illinois nine on Monday, 8 to 3. The Succors outhit and outfielded the local squad, and deserved their victory. Heike, of Illinois, was invincible, allowing but five hits and retiring the heavy-hitters of Notre Dame with ease. To Fitzgerald went the honor of driving in the three tallies for Notre Dame, by hitting safely on every trip to the plate. Mohardt's serving was creditable, and had he been given due support the result would have been different. As a consequence of their loose exhibition in this game, the men are in for extra hours of field drill and batting practice.

**

N. D. THIRD IN DRAKE RELAY CARNIVAL.

In the annual Drake Relay Carnival held at Des Moines last Saturday each of the two Notre Dame teams took a third place. The team, composed of Sweeney, Burke, Kasper, and Meehan, finished a good third in the university two-mile relay. This event was won by the team of Ames University in 7:53 1-5, a fifth of a second slower than the world's record and nearly seven seconds faster than the relay carnival record. The Illinois team, which finished second, was twenty yards behind Ames and a scant yard ahead of Notre Dame. Because of the large number of entries in the university one-mile relay, the event had to be run in two sections. Times of the first three teams in each section were taken and upon them the judges made their decisions. Michigan won the first-section race in 3:24, with Minnesota second, and Missouri third. In the second-section race Illinois won in the record time of 3:21 3-5, with Ames second by fifteen yards, and

Notre Dame third, at a yard behind Ames. As the times of the first three teams in the second section were faster than those of the first section, the judges awarded, as final decision, first to Illinois, second to Ames, and third to Notre Dame. The Notre Dame team was composed of Hoar, Meredith, Kasper, and Meehan.

—E. J. M.

**

Several changes in the Varsity baseball schedule have been necessitated by the recent cancellations of games due to inclement weather. Coach Rockne has announced the following as the revised schedule:

May 4th.—Purdue, at Lafayette.

May 8th.—M. A. C., at Notre Dame.

May 15th.—Valparaiso, at Notre Dame.

May 21st.—Iowa, at Notre Dame.

May 22nd.—Indiana, at Notre Dame.

May 25th.—M. A. C., at Lansing.

May 26th.—Michigan, at Ann Arbor.

May 28th.—Valparaiso, at Valparaiso.

May 29th.—Iowa, at Iowa City.

June 1st.—Indiana, at Bloomington.

June 5th.—Purdue, at Notre Dame.

**

Norman Barry took the "Preps" to Dowagiac, Michigan, last Saturday to meet the high-school team of that city in the opening game of the Preparatory season. The "Preps" had little trouble in winning the game, 13 to 1. They hit the ball hard and often, and kept the Dowagiac nine scoreless for seven innings. Dowagiac is due for a return game here today.

**

The Interhall baseball season will open tomorrow afternoon, when Badin and Corby are to meet on the west diamond of the Brownson field, and Walsh and Brownson on the east diamond. Sorin will contest with Brownson, and Walsh with Corby next Wednesday afternoon. Coach Dorais also announces a final series among the three leading teams of the league, to be played after the completion of the present schedule. The results of the final series will decide the Interhall title.

**

Arrangements are being made for an invitation track-and-field meet among high-school teams to be held at Notre Dame on May 8th, in which the Notre Dame "Preps" will be the host. The high schools of South Bend and Elkhart have already signified their intention of competing. Several other teams from neighboring towns may also be entered. The same date has been selected by Coach Rockne for

his first annual outdoor handicap meet between the Varsity and the Freshmen. In this meet the lovers of the track sport will have a chance to see Bill Hayes, Johnny Murphy, Gus Desch, and other of our track notables in action.

The baseball team of Holy Cross Hall captured the first game of its annual series with the nine of Dujarié Hall last Sunday afternoon, by the score of 5 to 2. The pitchers, Bielecki, for Holy Cross, and Brother Harold, for Dujarié, were well matched. The superior hitting of the Seminarians, especially in the pinches, won the game. Mike Mangan's three-bagger was the feature hit of the contest. The second game between these rival teams will be staged on the Dujarié diamond next Sunday afternoon.

—E. M. S.

Campus Comics.

CLOTHES AND THE HCL.

The Overall Craze starts just as we have finished paying for our spring suits.

A sign of the times—"Overalls Cleaned and Pressed."

N. D. students beat that old-clothes movement by years.

His coat is ripped, his pants are rent,
His neck is bare where his collar went,
His shoes are worn and his hat is bent—
He's sure a typical college gent.

IN ANSWER TO AN EXPENSIVELY EMPHATIC TELEGRAM

Dear Dad,—You seem to wonder why I don't write oftener. But you see, when there is anything doing I haven't got time to write, and when there is nothing doing I haven't got anything to write about. I am well.
Yours fondly,

Hamilton.

IN CATECHISM CLASS.

Query: "What is a curate?"

Answer: "One of those little things you put wine into."

A freshman took a stiff exam,
But his paper was marked phoney;
For he in absent mind forgot
And handed in his pony.

SO THAT IS THE REASON.

Youth: "Why is 'Fat' McCormick so good-natured?"

Wisdom: "He can't stoop to anything so low as crabbiness."

Walshite, at home for Easter: "Well, Dad, some lay-out, eh?"

Dad, horror-stricken: "Yes, oh, yes—just like a birthday cake, you idiot!"

Uncle, just entering: "Hello there, Jimmy boy! By George, you're looking fine—just like your father when he was in college."

Walshite: "So dad was just telling me."

Irate Professor: "A perfect vacuum!"

Ambitious but unprepared student: "But, Prof., I studied hard enough to get brain fever."

Professor: "Brain fever? Can an angle-worm get water-on-the-knee?"

These spring days, so the poets say,
Will make the world anew;
But these spring days, the wise "profs" say,
Will make a bum of you.

ONE DIFFERENCE.

"You know, Jack, I always speak as I think."
"Yes, dear,—only oftener."

Billy was a hearty eater—
He ate enough for four;
One day he ate saltpetre—
And now he eats no more.

Cold cash is often a warm friend.

SAFE SUBJECTIVISM.

It's mighty nice the "drys" don't know
What goes on in my mind;
My thoughts are charged with bitter woe,
And far from being kind.
And if the anti-wets surmised,
How much I think of ale;
They'd be so stunningly surprised,
They'd have me locked in jail.
And if I spoke what's 'neath my hair,
Or in public should confess
The things I've thought of them and their—
They'd have me hanged, I guess.—W. C. H.

"BUSTED."

I have been held up, held down, bagged, walked on, flattened out, and squeezed—first, by the Government, for war tax, excess-profits tax, capital-stock tax, liberty-loan bonds, license bonds, thrift stamps, excise duties; then by every society that mind of man can invent to extract what I may still have, for the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Double Cross, the Children's Home, the Dorcas Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Jewish Relief, and for every church and every old maids' home in town. The Government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, refected, examined, re-examined, informed, misinformed, commanded, remanded—so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of cash for every need, desire, and hope of the human race; and because I will not sell out, or go out and borrow, beg, or steal money to give away, I am talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, robbed, and ruined. The only reason I still hang on is that I am curious to see what the — is coming next.

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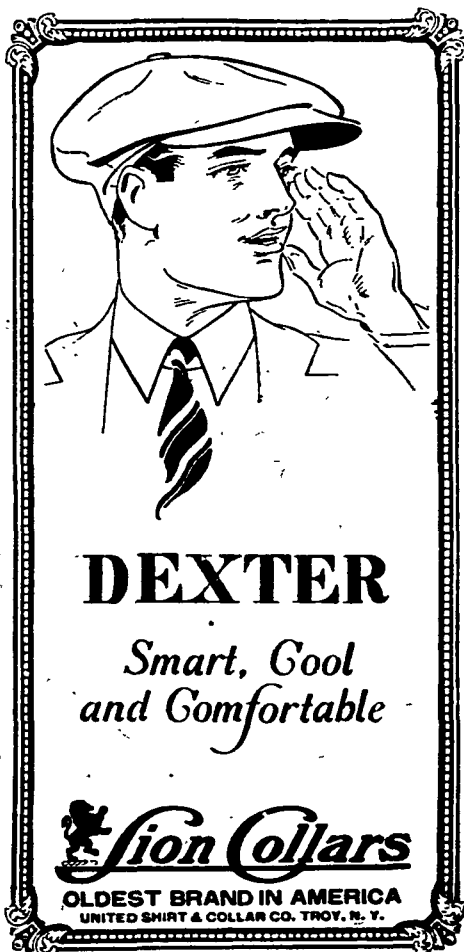
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