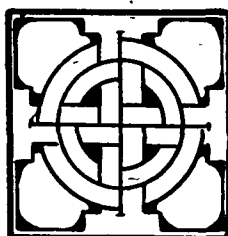


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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 15, 1920.

No. 28.

To Our Lady.

BY J. H. MOYNIHAN, '23.

IF I had within my hands,
The substance of the universe,
Dominion over seas and lands,
The power to gather and disperse,—
I'd take the brightest stars of night
And weave them in my Lady's gown,
I'd make the sun an acolyte
To bow before my Lady's throne;
I'd find the sweetest flowers afield,
To strew my Lady's path along,
The gentlest breezes of the weald
To sing my Lady's even-song.

But being only as I am,
A youth of fancy riotous,
I'll offer only what I can,
And ask you, Mary, pray for us.

Christian Reid and Her Work.

BY BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

ON the 26th of March, 1920, Christian Reid, the well-known Catholic novelist, passed to her reward. And great must the reward be, for truly was she an apostle of the pen. During the fifty years, from 1870 to 1920, her pen was never idle, and volume after volume of Catholic fiction delighted a host of admiring readers. One magazine in particular, the *Ave Maria*, was privileged to publish most of her stories as serials; and the readers of *Our Lady's Magazine* always looked forward to a new novel from Christian Reid as the "treat" of the year. Indeed it is not too much to say, that this favorite author has held a unique place in American Catholic literature.

The following is a list of the more important of Christian Reid's novels: "A Child of Mary," "Philip's Restitution," "Vera's Charge," "The Wargrave Trust," "A Daughter of the Sierra," "The Man of the Family," "A Far Away Princess," "The Secret Bequest," "The Light of the Vision," "The Coin of Sacrifice," "The

Chase of an Heiress," "Princess Nadine," "A Question of Honor," "Heart of Steel," "A Woman of Fortune," "Weighed in the Balance," "Carmela," "Fairy Gold," "A Little Maid of Arcady," "The Daughter of a Star."

These stories are of two general types: those that are dominantly Catholic in tone, and those that appeal more to the average non-Catholic reader by being less frankly Catholic in their atmosphere, but still truly Christian in every way. As an example of the first type, "A Child of Mary" may be selected. This was one of the author's earlier productions, and is also one of her most popular stories. Another one similar in tone to "A Child of Mary," and written about thirty years later, is "The Light of the Vision." In these two novels the Catholic spirit of the writer is at its best, and the reader will be quite at loss to know which to admire the more.

Among the novels of this author which have been published by secular firms are "The Man of the Family," "The Chase of an Heiress," and "Princess Nadine." Of these the first-named is the best. It is a story of Southern life, with which the author was most familiar, and within its pages the reader finds some of the most beautiful pictures in modern literature. The glow of idealism is found here in its most genuine form, and the characters and situations of the story are in every way admirable.

In the matter of plot Christian Reid may not satisfy the reader of the "best-sellers." But while her plots do not grip the reader so intensely, still the delineation of her characters and the ideal pictures she paints for us more than atone for any lack of strangeness in the complications of her novels. After all, the most essential thing in a novel is not necessarily the plot, but rather the truthful portrayal of human life, either realistically or ideally.

"The Coin of Sacrifice" is probably Christian Reid's best short-story. Her theme is divorce. The teaching of the Catholic Church on this

all-important subject is presented in the most forcible way through the dialogue and action of this truly artistic story. "The Coin of Sacrifice" is an example of the possibilities that lie before a gifted author who chooses a religious theme. It is very regrettable that the masters of the short-story have not discovered the artistic value of the spiritual element in the setting and construction of brief fiction. The novelists have been more conscious of the advantages of a religious atmosphere. Such classics as "Ben-Hur," by Wallace, and "Quo Vadis," by Sienkiewicz, are deeply spiritual in their setting and development.

Within her long literary career, Christian Reid published in all thirty-nine novels. It is interesting to note that most of these stories are now no longer obtainable from various publishers. This fact leads us to inquire into the longevity of her productions. Are their literary merits sufficient to guarantee them a permanent place as classics in our language? As to the majority of Christian Reid's novels it is very probable that they will soon be forgotten, even by Catholic readers. One reason why they will be forgotten is that Catholics as a body do not appreciate their own writers. How many educated Catholics have read the works of John Ayscough or Cardinal Newman? Such classics as "San Celestine," "The Idea of a University" and "Apologia" are not read even by the graduates of our Catholic universities. And there is no reason to hope that the work of Christian Reid will fare any better. Of course the literary quality of her novels is not equal to that of Jane Austen or George Eliot. But there are many lesser lights than those two great novelists, whose works are preserved as classics. It is to be hoped that some day Catholics will awaken to the beauty and value of Catholic literature.

It will be apposite to close this brief appreciation of the stories of Christian Reid by some reference to the personality of the author. Mrs. Frances Tiernan, which was Christian Reid's real name, was the eldest daughter of Colonel Charles F. Fisher, a Confederate officer. She was born in 1846 at Salisbury, North Carolina, where she always lived. Becoming a convert to the Catholic Church in early womanhood, she devoted her literary gifts to the congenial task of describing Catholic life. In recognition of her services to Catholic literature the University of Notre Dame con-

ferred on her the Laetare Medal in the year 1909.

The character of Mrs. Tiernan was a truly lovable one. Extremely modest and gracious, she always tried to keep herself in the background, content to do good without ostentation. She valued duly the best things in life—art, morality and religion—and she strove by voice and pen to inculcate right principles into the lives of others. Such a life cannot be soon forgotten. Beautiful though her books are, her own character was more charming than any of those her pen has created. It is to be hoped that some one well qualified for the task may provide us with an adequate biography of this noble Christian woman.

Mariechen.

BY FRANK P. GOODALL, '20.

"Will it never grow dark?" thought little Marie as she waited that eventful October day in 1914. Four days the German imperial troops had been marching through the Belgian town of Hausbeke on their way to Paris. For four days Marie had huddled in the little house with her mother and little Jean, scarcely daring to breathe. Terrible indeed were the reports that preceded the entrance of the Germans, and Mitcha Ver Beke had cautioned Jean and Marie that they must be very careful and silent, so that the Germans would have no cause to stop. And for four days they had not moved from the house. They had had no fire and no food save bread and a few raw vegetables. They ate sparingly of their scanty store, for they knew not how long it would last. Then, too, Camille must have food and the best they could afford.

As twilight descended Marie grew more restless and nervous. Jean, who was but four years old, could not understand her attitude but clung in fear to his mother, lisping in his baby voice, "What is the matter with Mariechen?"

"Hush, Baby!" was all that the mother would say, but her voice, showing her own mental fears, quavered as she spoke.

As it grew dark Marie prepared for the ordeal. Mother's shawl was wrapped tightly around the small eight-year-old body, so that all one could see was the sweet, holy face of the child and the outlines of an object carried at her side.

How much care had been used in the making of the package and how much had they gone without in order to put something extra into the little bundle! Mother strapped the wooden sabots on so that they would not easily come off in the mud, and then repeated for the last time her instructions to Marie. "Now, Mariechen, listen well. Go down the lane to Mitcha Pappa's fence, follow this fence closely till you come to the wood, and be careful you do not miss your footing in the stream. When you reach the wood be sure that there is nothing moving nor any light shining, before you go near the barn. Get carefully inside the barn and wait to see if there is any movement near. If there is no sound say in a low voice "Hail Mary," and all will be well if our dear boy is still there. Walk slowly, so that no suspicion may arise. And now, my dearie, go. Jean and I will wait for you and pray for you. God guard you, my baby."

Very noiselessly for one in wooden shoes Marie made her way to the fence, along the fence, across the stream, and into the wood. Her hearing, sharpened by the warning, intensified and multiplied every sound. The very trees seemed to breathe and move. Gradually, however, she bravely overcame her fear and advanced to the barn and entered. It was not very large and was half-filled with hay and cornstalks. By this time her heart was beating so fast she thought surely someone would hear. But no, save only for the slight rustle of straw under the cattle as they moved about, all was still, and with a clear voice and a prayerful, thankful tone she said "Hail Mary." A moment passed and then another, and Marie became frightened at the thought that perhaps Camille had been captured again. Her fear lasted only a moment, for the strong arms of her brother suddenly clasped her to his breast and he covered her sweet face with the kisses that only a brother can give. "Ah, my little Marie! And how are Mamma and Jean?" he asked.

"Oh, they are well, and unhappy only because Papa and you are not home. The Germans are marching through town, so I couldn't come before; but Mamma says she hopes you will be better soon, so that you can go back in line again and make the Germans pay the debt they owe us."

"To be sure, Mariechen. Tell mother I am going back to-morrow. I will go part of the

way back with you to-night and then make my way to the lines travelling by night and resting during the day. If I can get a night's start I am safe."

To the child mind of Marie this seemed an enormous task. Her father and brother had gone at the first call. Her father fell in the first battle and Camille her brother was badly wounded and captured. He escaped and made his way home before the Germans got that far. When news of their approach came he hastened to this barn for a hiding-place until he could stand the march and trench life again. The Belgian lines seemed far away to the mind of Marie, but she uttered no word of complaint.

When Camille had eaten enough and filled his pockets with the remainder, they set out together for the edge of the wood. The moon shone brightly through the trees, making it a very bad night to travel, if one wished to be unseen. At the edge of the wood, Camille, with a smothered sob, kissed Marie and then set her on her way. As she reached a turn in the path she heard low voices and slipping behind a tree waited until two soldiers, arguing the merits of their respective children, had passed. Fearful lest they find her brother, she searched for an excuse to call them back. The stream was very close and remembering her mother's words she did not hesitate. After successfully crossing two of the stepping stones, she stepped off into the water. It was cold and rather swift, but she was safe. Nevertheless she screamed for help. The soldiers came quickly, rescued her, and took her to headquarters to dry her clothes. There she was treated kindly. Next morning she went home to mother and Jean, proud in the fact that she had saved Camille, but also wiser in having learned that all Germans are not dogs. One of the rescuers told her that they had been on their way to search the barn and the woods and that after rescuing her they had done so, but had found nothing. Camille was safe. Jean and mother were safe, and she had helped to save them.

THE demand of the human understanding for causation requires but the one old and only answer, God.—*Dexter*.

God should be the object of all our desires, the end of all our actions, the principle of all our affections, and the governing power of our whole souls.—*Massillon*

Varsity Verse.

THEN AND NOW.

*Her little feet
Like snails did creep,
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.—Herrick.*

In Herrick's day, or so they say,
Maidens were modest and neat,
With downcast eyes, and softest sighs,
And skirts that hid the feet.

The modern Eve, we may believe,
Has quite a different manner,
She does surprise, and advertise
Her charms, though all should bann her.

With fine array, she is so gay,
Her eyes so cool and smiling,
Though fashions pass, the selfsame lass,
Herrick found so beguiling.—F. S. F.

PICTURES.

The sombre orange of the winter sky
Before my eyes took on a tint of red;
Parted the clouds, burst out the blood-stained orb,
And rapidly the ruby color spread.

The heavy clouds were shores of indigo,
And in the rift the small clouds, floating free—
In vivid portrait of the promised land,—
Like purple islands in an amber sea.—v. E.

ROBIN RETROSPECT.

The Robin's in from Florida
And weary are his wings;
But, just to get his voice in tune
He ruffles up and sings
A little—not too much, enough
To let us know that things
Are coming nearer round the time
When 'tis spring.

And since the snow's not on the ground
You're not a-feelin' booky.
The sucker's feedin' in the stream,
You wish you were a rooky,
A rustic like you used to be
When after playin' hooky
You'd sit and sucker-fish all day
In the spring.

Oh! what would we not give if now
We might recall those days
We used to live in Nature's world
And learned to know her ways,
Her signs, her chants and murmurings,
But best of all those lays
The homage of her woodland folk
To the spring.—J. V.

Character in the Novel.

BY JOHN T. DEMPSEY, '21.

If in the progress of early fiction there is one development more striking than the slow advance of the ages toward unity of plot, it is the equally slow but persistent growth of character-study. This art was wholly unconceived among the ancient tale-tellers; interest in the individual as dissociated from his fellows came with the novel. In the early short stories and in the scenes of the picaresque romances a thousand figures were presented to the reader, but the character types were viewed externally and with the emphasis upon the external difference of one from another, and not the subjective personal difference. In the later stage of development writers have sought to look beneath the surface and depict not only the character's individual difference, but also those common laws which underlie this and create it, those motives which incite mankind in general and this individual in particular.

Perhaps this character depiction has found its development in the psychological novel. The introduction of scientific psychology into fiction came with the later works of George Eliot. These are done only as character studies. They display human beings developing before our eyes through life's experiences. This development seems to be insistently the author's theme and the only reason for writing the books, but it is not only the development itself but the causes of it, the method, the "mechanics of the human mind." In these later works it seems to be the mind that interests George Eliot and not the heart, the intellect and not the feelings. Her characters develop by thinking. Both she and they discuss this thinking, telling why and how they think they think.

Following this lead, the novel took a distinctly psychological turn, and the author's followers in their attempt to improve upon her work have given their larger share of discussion to the analysis of the emotions. In this field of work the authors declare that plot is no longer an important factor in the novel; but it is well to keep in mind the fact that George Eliot herself was very careful as to the plot. In her earlier works the plots were presented perfectly, though somewhat incompactly. Her later works are discursive, due no doubt to the interpolation of personal essays, but the plot is always existent,

consecutive, and cumulative. The analytic authors admit the wisdom of keeping the plot, for, whether for their own or the reading public's sake, they continue to seek, if they do not always find, interest from incident and story. Thus they are better able to complete their own psychological character studies.

If the author studies the mentality of the character dissociated from a particular situation, he uses psychological analysis; if, however, the author merely follows the specific mental processes of the character, without attempting to illustrate just how those thoughts or mental processes arise, he is using what Blanch Colton Williams calls "psychological narration." There can be no doubt that much use of the psychological turn will tend to the retardation of the narrative; it is, however, most necessary for the exhibition of the struggle that takes place in the mind of the character when confronted with the different vicissitudes of life and the demand made upon him in connection with the specific instance in the story's complication. Miss Williams puts forward the objection that too much "thinking" for characters means the infusion of the author's personality into the narrative. "It is comparatively easy to recount or describe an outward act, and every reader may reduce for himself the mental processes concealed or revealed by the author. Use analysis . . . for the most part to motivate or explain what might otherwise be ambiguous or without causation." Perhaps Miss Williams is right in respect to the too frequent use of the psychological description, but it was this very subjective aspect that was one of the reasons for the rapid rise of the novel; it was the delineation of human life under real stress of emotion.

The character plot became the favorite form of the serious literary novel. Most of the noted writers of the type of Turgenev and Tolstoi, of James and Meredith and Zola have dealt in character-studies and subtleties. They worked essentially from the "inside out" as Hamilton phrases it. But these authors have never had wholly to themselves the novel-writing field. There have been many who declare that introspection is beyond the power and province of the novel. Action has many advocates and the general favor of the public. Perhaps the general reader would be willing to take the middle stand which Charles Dudley Warner brings out in his essay on "Modern Fiction." The sacrifice to some extent of action to psychological evolu-

tion in modern fiction may be an advance in the art as an intellectual entertainment; provided the writer does not make that evolution his end, and does not forget that the indispensable thing in the novel is the story, all will be satisfied. "The novel of adventure or mere plot, it need not be urged, is of lower order than that in which the evolution of characters and their interaction make the story. The highest fiction is that which embodies both; that is, the story in which the action is the result of the mental and spiritual forces in play."

Books and their Covers.

BY H. W. FLANNERY, '23.

"John, look at those poor boys in front of us."
"It is pitiable, isn't it?"

"Just think how very distressing it must be to be poor, to have nothing but rough and worn clothes, to look miserable always. That poor boy has on the most tattered hat I ever saw. It is torn in several places. His coat has not been pressed in ages and it is loose and baggy. His shoes are heavy. They're army shoes, aren't they, John?"

"Yes, they are."

"And the other poor fellow. Perhaps he is in even worse condition than the first. His hat is good, however. Possibly someone gave it to him. His coat, his shoes, though—they are so worn and miserable looking. Both of them have on corduroy trousers; but corduroy trousers wear well, don't they, John?"

"They're the best for the poor working people."

"Just think, John, you have on a big fur overcoat. I have everything so comfortable, too. We have all we want—clothes, food, all the comforts of life. Why, we rarely even walk! We would not be walking, now, you know, on Michigan Street, if we did not have to leave our limousine to go into this book store."

"That's right."

"Now just to think—those poor boys doubtless live in some slum in a spare, dirty, crowded little house or tenement where they are always hungry, where they nearly starve every day, and have no idea as to what new misfortune will come with the morrow. Think of their poor mothers, dressed in rags and slaving all day. They do washing for other people, I suppose. It might be that the boys are going

to get a basket of clothes now. Think of their poor fathers, if they have any, who work in some mill all day long, and come home dirty and greasy and tired. It is a pitiable life. John, can't you go up and offer to help the poor fellows along? Give them some money for a meal, or whatever they need."

"Well, I might."

"Wait a minute! Come back here with me. There's a young fellow talking to them. We'll stop back here and look in this window until the young man leaves. Perhaps they may say something that will tell us much about their pitiable condition. The poor boys!"

"Why, how are you, Jack—and Pete, too! Say, Jack, I've been looking all over for you. Your dad is hunting the whole of South Bend for you, too. He was out at Walsh Hall at N. D., and now he's at the Oliver with his cadillac."

"Is that so? And us in our campus rags—but let's go. Thanks, old man, for the info. Come on, Pete!"

"Say, Pete, did you notice the awful look on that woman looking in the library window? She nearly fainted. Wonder what ailed her?"

The White Lady.

The Fox Club rooms had a good attendance that night. Some of the members were playing cards, others engaged in a dispute over the Irish Question, a few were reading, while my three friends and I were wrangling through a game of bottle pool.

"What's good for a cold?" squeaked a shrill voice behind us. The speaker, Roy Sloat, was one of the bass singers in our glee club.

While the rest of the fellows were recommending things that "children cry for," an idea came to my mind. It was a good one in my own estimation; so I immediately made it known. "Say, lads," I suggested to the boys who were trying to convince Roy that ice-cream was good for a cold, "I have an idea."

"Wonderful," murmured one of them, who never did appreciate me.

"Yes," I went on, "and it's this. You have all heard of the White Lady?"

"Sure," they responded in a chorus.

"Well, Ralph Weiss says she is all a fake—that she doesn't walk the streets and frighten women and make the hearts of strong men quake, as the papers say. In fine, he maintains that she is a nonentity, is a joke, and the like.

So this is my plan. Let one of us play the White Lady tonight and meet Ralph when he is returning home from his work. The rest can hide near by and see the fun."

"Yes, but who is to do the Pale-Woman stunt?" asked a skeptic.

"Behold the heroine with the delicate voice," I replied dramatically pointing to Sloat.

It was agreed. Roy went home to pillage his mother's and sister's wardrobes. Ten o'clock saw us all at the trysting place, eager for the night's sport. The point of meeting was a house reputed to be haunted, which was on a street through which Ralph must pass on his way home.

Roy was the center of attraction. He was arrayed in a white party dress, a rakish hat, a veil, white gloves, and a bit of lace curtain in lieu of a shawl. All in all, he was a good representation of what the White Lady was said to be. I had a bundle with me which I managed to conceal from the crowd.

Ten-thirty came and with it a step that we knew to be Ralph's. Now the fun was to begin. As Weiss neared the haunted house his pace quickened and he began to whistle. Good! those were signs of fear. And soon the tune died on his lips. The White Lady had walked out before him and was regarding him intently.

"Wha-at do yo-u want?" Ralph blurted out between his shaking teeth.

"O dear! O dear! O dear!" moaned the White Lady. Then she burst into a hysterical laugh which made even the watchers behind the tree shiver.

Just then the actor felt a touch on his shoulder. He looked around and saw a man dressed in the uniform of a policeman. It was his turn to quake now. "Now what's the mainin' o' this?" demanded the officer.

"O! sir, I was only frightening my friend here," explained Roy, turning to the place where Ralph had been standing, but the latter was no longer there.

"Well, I'll lave you go this time," the policeman said; "so git and don't play such pranks agin."

The next day, when I returned the uniform to Uncle Bill, he had a good laugh at the account I gave of the doings of the previous night.—B. G.

THE Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "our Father."

A "Great Haul."

BY MICHAEL MANGAN, '20.

No one knew why he had chosen Mattawan as his abode. That he was a native Englishman there was no doubt; his name and accent betrayed him, even though he denied that he was a "product" of a land across the seas. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, is not an American name; neither is it German nor French; and a person who is endeavoring to cure himself of saying, "Bah Jove," and "chawming, don't you know—let me remind you," is not a son of the green Isle nor an Italian. Sometimes he even forgot himself and pulled out his monocle—but nevertheless he was not "an Englishman."

The people formed all sorts of opinions about him. They called him a "slacker" and a "yellow Englisher" behind his back, "because," they exclaimed, "didn't he come here a few weeks after the war between England and Germany was declared?" His few friends treated him in a respectful manner when he was present, and they put up a mild excuse for his presence when he was among them. He was surely "one of those English counts who for financial reasons had to sell his estate and seek a fairer climate."

But at length "the Englisher," as he came to be called, was admired by everybody. He was rich and possessed those generous qualities rarely found in foreigners. He acted like a real American. This was almost sufficient to endear him to the citizens. Except for his cockney twang we might have thought that his ancestors had come over in the Mayflower.

One day, prompted by curiosity, he sauntered into a ten-cent store. The sound of a piano playing the latest "rag" attracted his attention. At the far end of the store a girl was playing the aforesaid musical instrument noisily and a "clod-hopper" was talking earnestly to her. Arthur Augustus looked once, then he looked again, and took a third look at a miniature which he had brought forth from an inner pocket. These three looks were sufficient for him. He was no longer Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "the Englisher." He was now Dewey Allen, the shrewdest detective on the Chicago force.

Without attracting suspicion, he went to the counter and began examining the latest songs. Then he asked to have one played. Arthur Augustus was delighted with the song; it was "simply chawming, don't you know." The

"clod-hopper" paid no attention to them; he was deeply interested in one of the latest "hits." The Englisher bought the song; he laid a dollar bill on the counter and walked out. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy went directly home. He looked back once and seemed to be satisfied. The "clod-hopper" was following him.

The next day Dewey Allen left with his prisoner for Chicago. As they waited for the train the "clod-hopper" said to him:

"Say, but you acted the rich Englishman cleverly yesterday. I thought sure I'd make a great haul last night."

"Yes, Ed," muttered Dewey Allen, "I had my suspicions when I got the details of that last burglary here in Mattawan, and I suspected it was you. You look like a chawming clod-hopper now, don't you know? Instead of being a rich Englishman, I'll be a rich American this afternoon when I make the great haul—the twenty thousand reward."

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS

SELF-MASTERY is a lifetime job.

BLOCKHEADS present a solid front.

REAL living requires some practice.

THE baker kneads dough—as do we all.

LIFE is the strangest of all strange things.

THE Old Boy has no deficits in his accounts.

WOMEN vote in some places and rule in all places.

THE social lion often proves to be a white elephant.

THE life of the saint is the sum total of days well spent.

WHEN atheists come to use kneeling benches the world will be right.

THE quack doctor is not of the opinion that "Dead men tell no tales."

ON the theory of cause and effect, we should never wait for things to happen.

THE conservative person may be such because he is too lazy to think for himself.

THE hammer may be as useful as the horn, if it be used in the right way at the right time.

WHEN a corporation contributes to a political campaign it exacts compound interest on its investment.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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According to our new British ambassador, there is no quarrel between England and Ireland. The learned gentleman avers that it takes two to make a quarrel and that the **No Quarrel.** English refuse to quarrel with the Irish. This is a fair sample of British stupidity. The Irish have been inexpressibly wronged. They have for centuries suffered indescribable persecution. They have been enslaved. They have been plundered, maimed, and murdered. Yet, this diplomat would tell us that the Irish have no right to rebel, simply because the benevolent, protecting, paternal government of the Empire refuses to acknowledge that a wrong has been done. The gentleman surely has a poor opinion of the intelligence of the American public. The citizens of the United States can reason somewhat, without the help of the paid-supporters of the British Empire. We admit that Britain wants to have no quarrel with Ireland. But the reverse of this is not true. Ireland has a quarrel with England. Her struggle is a struggle based on justice. She has a right to everything that she demands. The British may be as blind to the rights of Ireland as an owl in the light of high-noon, but they should not try to convince the other nations of the world. Ireland has a just quarrel. She will have her rights in spite of diplomatic England. If the new ambassador continues to make such statements, it will not be long until he will find himself again in the

morally benighted England, where it is not necessary to see even the most obvious.—J. J. B.

While the Communist Party, the American organization of the Bolsheviki, is by means of "outlaw strikes" endeavoring to overthrow the American government and establish the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Russian Socialist Federated

Soviet Republic, the product of Russian Bolshevism, is seeking recognition by the United States. With an ambassador and consular agents in this country, each enjoying immunities and each a center of intrigue, how admirably can the American Communists co-ordinate their propaganda. Russian Soviets, whose only allegiance is to the red flag and whose national hymn is the "Internationale," wish to reproduce in the United States the regime they have set up in Russia. There they have for law substituted confiscation, requisition, and sequestration. They have abolished private property, disfranchised employers, merchants, and clergymen, and have made marriage a mere civil contract, dissoluble at the will of either party. Could there be a greater contrast than that shown between American democracy and Russian Bolshevism? Yet the Soviets would have us throw off the former to accept the latter. Recognition of their government would be the first step in the change.—T. J. T.

The student who generously devotes his spare moments to taking part in various activities for the benefit of his Alma Mater or to the promotion of better **A Real "Booster."** spirit in the student body, deserves great credit. He is a real "booster." In the first place he develops in himself a fine spirit of self-sacrifice, magnanimity, and thoughtfulness for the welfare of others; and instead of becoming a mere "bookish" man, a mere theorist, he broadens his practical knowledge, develops the spirit of service, and becomes a much fuller man. It may be that his chance of obtaining the coveted *maxima-cum-laude* rating in his classes is lessened thereby, but he feels amply rewarded for the loss by the esteem in which he is held by both his fellow-students and the faculty. When in later years he will look back upon his college days, he will rejoice in the thought that by his humble efforts he has helped to raise funds for

the Old Students Hall, for the K. C. Building, and the like. He will be attached to his alma mater by stronger bonds of interest and love than the student whose days at college were devoted exclusively to his own personal welfare. He will also prove an asset to the community in which he will live, for every noble cause, every project for the welfare of his fellowmen will strike a sympathetic chord in his generous nature.—B. E.

University Bulletin.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, 1920.

Saturday, June 12th

7:00 p. m.—Band Concert, on the University Quadrangle

8:00 p. m.—Entertainment, in Washington Hall

Sunday, June 13th

8:15 a. m.—Pontifical Mass, in Sacred Heart Church
Baccalaureate Sermon, by the Right Reverend Michael J. Curley, D. D., Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida

5:00 p. m.—Alumni Meeting, in Brownson Hall

7:00 p. m.—Alumni Banquet, in the Brownson Refectory

Monday, June 14th

9:00 a. m.—Solemn Requiem Mass, for the Deceased Alumni

10:00 a. m.—Bachelors' Orations, in Washington Hall

3:00 p. m.—The Varsity-Alumni Baseball Game, on Cartier Field

8:00 p. m.—Commencement Exercises, in Washington Hall

Address by the Honorable Morgan Joseph O'Brien, of New York City.

RULES REGARDING ABSENCE FROM CLASS.

By a decision of the University Council, a special committee of four faculty members has been appointed to supervise absences from class. The purpose of this committee will be to decide upon the validity of the excuses given for the absence and to determine whether the student is entitled to a cancellation of the penalty for the absence and to make up the classwork missed.

Hereafter a student who has been absent from class for a serious reason is to make a written statement of his excuse. This is to be left at the office of the Director of Studies and must be presented not later than two days after the absence. If presented later it will not be considered by the committee.

Ordinarily the only valid excuses for missing class are: (a) leave of absence from the Uni-

versity granted by the President or by the Prefect of Discipline for a necessary cause; (b) when the student is in the infirmary or hospital.

In case of absence from the University the written excuse presented to the committee must have the approval of the Prefect of Discipline. In all other cases the excuses must have the approval of the rector of the hall in which the student resides.

The committee will keep a complete record of absences, and all absences recorded for which a valid excuse has not been given will be considered inexcusable absences. When six inexcusable absences have been accumulated the student will be notified. At the next report of an absence without valid excuse parents or guardians will be notified. When the offender has accumulated twelve unexcused absences he will be suspended for thirty days.

The committee will report excusable absences to the professors, who will then notify the student. This will cancel the two-per-cent penalty for the absence and will authorize the professor to assign work for all credit lost by the absence.—*Committee on Absences.*

Book Review.

Memory Sketches, by the Reverend Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C. The School Plays Publishing Company, South Bend, Indiana. Price \$1.45.

Memory Sketches by Reverend Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C., is a book which will be heartily welcomed by those familiar with his "Round-About Home." The present offering is composed of brief story-sketches of Irish life, written in such a way as to make each of the little narratives an interesting vehicle for a great deal of delightful description.

One of the virtues of the book is that it is written for its own class of readers rather than for the critics or for the crowd. The author does not intellectualize his dialogue nor does he adapt it to the universal mind, but keeps it attuned to the characters and surroundings. The chief charm of the volume is that it does not say nearly so much as it suggests, and even what it suggests has all the elusiveness of the Irish character. Only a heart that has lain close to the Irish people or that has taken its beat from the heart of an Irish mother—only such a heart can respond fully to the suggestiveness of this book. In that sense the author has restricted its readers, but he makes those readers see and hear and remember—and to make an Irishman remember is to fill his mind with beautiful thoughts. Among the various sketches, "Choosing the People" and "A Glimpse of the Sea" are particularly beautiful. The book, published by the School Plays Publishing Company, of South Bend, Indiana, is presented in an appropriate binding.

Personals.

—Ray Miller (LL. B., '13) is now practising law in Cleveland, in the firm of Johnson and Miller.

—Mr. Walter Clements, '14, intends to settle in South Bend. At present he is with the *News-Times*.

—Henry B. Hogan (LL. B., '04) is the Indiana manager for the presidential campaign of General Wood.

—Edward Kenney, of Brooklyn, New York, a former student of Walsh Hall, was a recent visitor at the University.

—J. Leo Hood (LL. B., '15) is managing a large system of stores for his father, with headquarters in Pocatello, Idaho.

—Announcement has been received from L. D. Kessler (Ch. E., '14), Chicago, Illinois, of the birth of a daughter, Rosemary Virginia, on April 18.

—Mr. Edward O'Rourke (old student 1914-15) of Columbus, Ohio, is now engineer in charge of the development of the Fortuna Mine, Raucagua, Chile, South America. Ed wishes to be remembered to all his old friends.

—Columbus Conboy, Notre Dame graduate in Architecture, is now employed by one of the leading architects of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Conboy after sixteen months of service in France returned to the University and received his degree in June of 1919.

—Clarence E. Bader (Ph. B. in Com., '19), who is now business manager of the Gary Lumber Company, Gary, Indiana, spent last week-end at Notre Dame. "Chick" was a member of the Varsity baseball and basketball teams while at the University.

—Charles A. Grimes, editor-in-chief of the 1920 *Dome*, has received an interesting letter from Frank Ward O'Malley, former student and now feature writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and the *American Magazine*, in which he asks to be remembered to Father Cavanaugh, Father Morrissey, and Father Moloney.

—Thomas L. Moore, student 1914-17, visited old friends at the University last week-end and witnessed his brother Elwyn M. in action with the Varsity nine in the game with the Michigan "Aggies." Tom is now president of the Moore Oil Supply Company, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was officially decorated for

his heroism in bringing down seven German planes while serving with the British Aero Squadron in France.

—A letter from Mr. John O'Boyle, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada, tells the story of the death of his son, Desmond O'Boyle, old student. Desmond, although not long married, enlisted with the Canadian forces and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. A hazardous reconnaissance mission in front of the lines at Cambrai fell to the lot of an officer who was just recovering from an illness. With the words, "This is a job that needs a strong man," Desmond went and fell with his face towards the foe in a patrol skirmish. He is one of the four or five Notre Dame men who sleep with the Canadian dead. In remembering them the University feels rather more pride than sorrow.

—Rear-Admiral William Shepard Benson, Laetare Medalist for 1917, has lately received another high distinction. On April 11th at the Cathedral in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons in the name of Pope Benedict, conferred on Admiral Benson the insignia of the military division of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. This honor, following so closely upon that conferred by Notre Dame, bears testimony to the high regard in which the ecclesiastical world holds him. The presence of Secretary of the Navy Daniels and of other notable officials at the ceremony shows with what esteem the official world regards this distinguished American and loyal Catholic. Notre Dame congratulates the Admiral most heartily on this new honor, of which he is so deserving.

—Recently the *Brooklyn Standard Union* and the *New York News* carried pictures of the great crowd of worshippers which daily thronged St. Andrew's Church in New York City for the noon-day Lenten Mass. Mgr. Evers, the pastor, is an alumnus and staunch friend of Notre Dame. In addition to originating the idea of noon-day service, which has now become widespread, Mgr. Evers has also instituted the practice of having a Mass at two-thirty o'clock every Sunday morning for the newspaper night-workers of the city. This Mass which has been said now for seventeen years, has been instrumental in bringing many newspaper men back into the Church. In addition to this work Mgr. Evers also acts as chaplain for the city prison, popularly known as "The Tombs." The University wishes him many more years in the good work.—P. R. CONAGHAN.

Local News.

—The University Bulletin for the summer session of 1920 made its appearance at the beginning of the week and is now being distributed.

—Kirk Latham, freshman journalist, received a telegram Sunday informing him that oil has been struck on the farm of his parents, near Wichita, Kansas.

—At the meeting of the Electrical Engineers Monday evening, G. L. Butterfield gave an historical account of wireless telephony and explained its development into an exact and indispensable means of communication. W. J. Douglas read a report on his thesis.

—Mr. George Shuster, secretary of the Service Club, announces that \$250 is the latest contribution to the Memorial Fund. Mr. J. W. McPhee, of Denver, Colorado, makes this subscription in memory of his son, Raymond J. McPhee, a graduate of the class of 1899, who died in France.

—Many of our college men were attracted to St. Mary's last week to see the performance of the operetta, "Sylvia." Though the caste labored under the same kind of disadvantage as does our stage, that of using girls for all the parts, the reports brought back by the men indicate that the production was exceptionally good.

—In the report of the latest meeting of the St. Thomas Society in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC mention of the reading of an excellent paper on "Spiritism" by M. Karl Arndt was unintentionally omitted. Father Miltner and Father Hagerty participated in the ensuing discussion and contributed much toward making the evening very pleasant and profitable.

—In this week's meeting of Section I of the Chamber of Commerce J. P. Wilcox treated interestingly the "Marine Telephone Invention." He told how this invention has made communication possible on board ship in the midst of tumult. H. Grooms spoke on the raising of golf-fish as a business. H. Walsh enumerated the several kinds of Government bonds in circulation and gave the reason for the issuance of each species.

—At the last meeting of the Lawyers' Club Richard Gibbons addressed the members on Hiram Johnson as a presidential candidate. He emphasized the Californian's excellent record

as governor and praised his stand on the Japanese problem, which the speaker declared ought to be considered one of the main issues of the campaign. This was followed by a humorous talk by Walter Miller. The report of the committee on arrangements for the banquet, which is to be held in Mishawaka on May 16th, was read and approved.

—His Excellency, the Right Reverend John Bonzano, Papal Delegate to the United States, visited the University on Monday and addressed the students briefly at the dinner in the Brownson refectory. He laid stress on the dire need of Catholics grounded in the principles of morality and especially of justice in the world of business, and remarked the responsible position of instructors and professors in schools like Notre Dame. President Burns presented the Delegate and also Bishop Alerding, of Fort Wayne.

—The recent meeting of the Notre Dame Forum, formerly the Brownson Literary Society, was the occasion of a spirited debate on the question, "Resolved that the Secretary of State and the foreign ambassadors and ministers should be appointed by the Civil Service for life." J. Worth Clark and Joseph Sullivan upheld the affirmative, Leo Tschudi and Gerald Hagan the negative. The judges awarded the decision to the negative by a vote of 2 to 1. At the business meeting details concerning the annual banquet, to be given on the 20th of May, were discussed.

—The coming initiations of the N. D. K. C. Council have been postponed a week. The first degree will be conferred on May 28th, and the second and third degrees on the 30th. Grand Knight T. J. Tobin and H. P. Goodall, former grand knight, with A. J. Cusick, financial secretary, will represent the Notre Dame Council at the State Convention of the Knights of Columbus, to be held at Fort Wayne, on the 24th of this month; Thomas H. Beacom and T. Joseph Tierney have been chosen as alternates. At this week's meeting of the local council Rev. Cornelius Hagerty spoke on "Knighthood." He declared that physical strength should still be the remarkable attribute of a knight, as in the days of old. "By this," he continued, "I do not mean to deprecate mental ability; on the contrary, it should be considered that brute strength is positively necessary to mental vigor." Fidelity, chastity, and charity,

he said, are the three virtues synonymous with Knighthood. Greed for gold and human respect are utterly opposed to the spirit of chivalry. The real test of the knight is whether he is willing to help the losing side or enlists his sympathies with the victor without regard to the merits of the cause.—E. M. MURPHY.

The Notre Dame Law Reporter.

Recently there appeared in the hands of the students of the Hoynes College of Law the first number of a new quarterly, "The Notre Dame Law Reporter." The publication does not purpose to justify its existence by patterning itself after any other law school review or journal. It is primarily and essentially a student publication. Though fostered in its inception by a faculty board of four members, it is to be chiefly the production of a student staff, numbering twenty-one members.

The "Reporter" is divided into two departments, one for the students, the other for the alumni. In the student department will be found four sections. The court section will contain a complete record of the Notre Dame Circuit Court, the Junior Moot Court, and the Criminal Practice Court. The other three sections are entitled, "Only Our Own Opinion," "Case and Comment," and "Law School News." The department dedicated to the alumni of the law school will consist of a contributing section, a news section, and an alumni directory.

The first number of this quarterly, like all first appearances, has its short-comings and its rough edges, but the intrinsic merit of the work and the high aim of the editors, as set forth in the Foreword and the Salutation, deserve no little credit and praise. The opinions of the Honorable F. J. Vurpillat, Justice of the Supreme Court of Notre Dame, are complete and convincing; the interesting cases reported by Professor John P. Tiernan in the "Case and Comment" section are enlightening and interesting. The reports of cases tried in the student courts, the specimen briefs, and the arguments before the jury show forth the results of diligent student effort. The ultimate success of the "Reporter," however, will depend in large part upon its reception and support by the alumni of the law school. It is sincerely hoped that the Notre Dame men who have gone before will let themselves be heard in comment, favorable or unfavorable, on this first issue of the

"Notre Dame Law Reporter." Published under the seal of the University and with the approval of the officers of the University, this new scholastic quarterly hopes to receive the hearty support of every loyal man of the Notre Dame Law School. The subscription price as set by the Notre Dame Law Reporter Association is two dollars a year or fifty cents a number.

—A. B. H.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 11; M. A. C., 10.

A walk to Gipp with bases full in the ninth inning gave Notre Dame a victory over the team of the Michigan Agriculture College in a loosely contested game last Saturday, 11 to 10. Both nines were successful in garnering a goodly number of safe hits, the Aggies making thirteen and the Varsity eleven. Notre Dame's defensive tactics, however, were faultless, whereas the opposition registered 11 field errors. The visitors took Murphy's offerings in the first inning for three runs; Notre Dame achieved one score when Miles reached home on Gipp's crashing liner to Hendershot, who fumbled. The Aggies maintained a slight lead until the sixth frame, when the Gold and Blue began a hitting fest, following Blivernicht's safe journey to first bag on an error. Murphy connected for a pretty two-bagger and scored Blivernicht. Miles and Prokop, hitting safely, reached home on Springer's error in returning Mohardt's hit to first. With an advantage of three runs Murphy weakened in the eighth, and the Aggies accumulated five runs before taking the field. Notre Dame made two more counts in the same inning and tied the score at 10. Steinle, who was substituted for Murphy, curbed the batting fury of the visitors, and Dorais' men left the field the victors by one run, secured when Mills forced Steinle in from third on the pass to Gipp. As a hitting duel the game proved interesting enough, but was otherwise a very ragged exhibition. Miles, Moore and Mohardt performed exceptionally well for Notre Dame; Willman and Springer featured for the Aggies. Score by innings:

Notre Dame	1 1 0 1 0 5 0 2 1—11 11 0
M. A. C.	3 0 0 1 0 1 0 5 0—10 13 11

Batteries—Notre Dame: Murphy, Steinle and Blivernicht; M. A. C.: Brown, Mills and Oas. Two-Base hits—Moore, Murphy, Willman, and Springer. Umpire—Schaefer.

VARSITY-FRESHMAN MEET.

In the Varsity-Freshman meet, held in conjunction with the Northern Indiana Preparatory meet last Saturday, the regulars managed to nose out the yearlings by three points, 59 to 56. The three national champions, Johnnie Murphy, Bill Hayes, and Gus Desch, competing for the Freshmen, were the outstanding stars of the meet. Murphy won the high jump with a leap of 6 feet, 4 inches. He failed in an attempt to clear 6 feet, 6 inches. Hayes, running from scratch, in the 220-yard dash left the field far behind. In the 100-yard event he took second to Stowe, who had a four-yard handicap. Desch, the diminutive hurdler, had things his own way in the 220-yard low hurdle race, which he won in 26 seconds. Other stars for the Freshmen were Montague, Doran, and Desmond. Starrett, Powers, and Willette were the main point-getters for the Varsity. Summary:

100-yard dash—won by Stowe (F); Hayes (F) second; Desch (F), third. Time, 10 sec.

220-yard dash—won by Hayes (F); Dant (V), second; Stowe (F), third. Time, 23 sec.

Mile-run—won by Burke (V); Doran (F), second; Palmer (V), third. Time, 4.31 1-5.

880-yard run—won by Desmond (F); Meehan (V), second. Time, 1.58 3-5.

220-yard low hurdles—won by Desch (F); Starrett (V), second, Wynne (V), third. Time, 26 sec.

120-yard high hurdles—won by Starrett (V); Wynne (V), second; Murphy (F), third. Time, 16 sec.

440-yard dash—won by Montague (F); Meredith (V), second; Kasper (V), third. Time, 50 3-5 sec.

High jump—won by Murphy (F); Mulcahy (F), second; Griniger (V), third; Douglas (V), fourth. Height 6 feet, 4 inches.

Shot-put—won by O'Connor (F); Flynn (F), second. Distance, 36 feet, 6 inches.

Pole-vault—won by Powers (V); Hoag (F), second; Douglas (V) and Shanahan (V), tied for third. Height, 11 feet.

Broad jump—won by Willette (V); Bailey (V), second; Smith (F), third. Distance, 20 feet, 3 inches.

Discus-throw—won by Cudahy (V); Kennedy (V), second; Wynne (V), third. Distance, 112 feet.—E. J. M.

Today's game with Valparaiso should be a close one if comparative scores may be taken as an indication. Valparaiso beat the Michigan "Aggie" team, 3 to 1, a week ago Friday. Dorais' men had to fight all the way to defeat the farmers in the game here last Saturday. The fact is that Valparaiso is fast securing for herself a high rank in Indiana collegiate athletics, and will soon be a rival to be reckoned with in every branch of college sport. Notre

Dame, however, defeated Valparaiso twice last spring, and with the increased efficiency of the team shown of late we should be able to turn the trick again.—E. M. S.

PREPARATORY MEET.

By taking places in every event but one, the Notre Dame "Preps" captured the Northern Indiana Preparatory Meet, held on Cartier Field last Saturday. The contest was chiefly a struggle between the Notre Dame youngsters and those of South Bend High School. The city boys had a slight lead until the broad jump, in which event the Notre Dame jumpers took three places. This "slam" in the broad jump gave the meet to Notre Dame. The "Preps" scored 56 points; South Bend 50 1-3; Elkhart 13 1-3; Goshen 6 1-3. McGivern, of Notre Dame, was the individual star of the meet, in winning both hurdle races and taking second place in the broad-jump, for a total of fourteen points. Keller, of Notre Dame, won the dash in the fast time of 10 2-5 seconds, and the shot-put with a heave of 38 feet, 5 inches. Loesch, of Notre Dame, scored ten points, taking first place in both jumps. Summary:

100-yard dash—won by Keller (N. D.); Thompson (S. B.), second; McTiernan (N. D.), third; Whittier (S. B.), fourth. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

220-yard dash—won by McTiernan (N. D.); Whittier (S. B.), second; Thompson (S. B.), third; Adler (N. D.), fourth. Time, 25 2-5 sec.

Mile-run—won by Maxey (S. B.); Carson (S. B.), second; Hoffman (S. B.), third; Palmer (Elkhart), fourth. Time, 4.55.

440-yard dash—won by Thompson (S. B.); Stoutman (Goshen), second; Smith (S. B.), third; Avalez (N. D.), fourth. Time, 54 2-5 sec.

120-yard high hurdles—won by McGivern (N. D.); Wedell (S. B.), second; Sloss (S. B.), third; Park (N. D.), fourth. Time, 18 sec.

220-yard low hurdles—won by McGivern (N. D.); Wedell (S. B.), second; Evans (Elkhart), third; Feltes (N. D.), fourth. Time, 31 1-5 sec.

880-yard run—won by Maxey (S. B.); Long (N. D.), second; Shinefalon (S. B.), third; Feyman (Goshen), fourth. Time, 2.13 2-5.

High-jump—won by Loesch (N. D.); Wambaugh (Elkhart), second; Avalez (N. D.), third; Hass and Weeks (S. B.) and Johnson (N. D.), tied for fourth. Height, 5 feet, 3 inches.

Pole-vault—won by Wambaugh (Elkhart); Smith (S. B.), second; McGivern (N. D.), third. Height, 9 feet, 6 inches.

Shot-put—won by Keller (N. D.); Sloss (S. B.), second; Avalez (N. D.), third; Wambaugh (Elkhart), fourth. Distance, 38 feet, 5 inches.

Broad-jump—won by Loesch (N. D.); McGivern (N. D.), second; Johnson (N. D.), third; Stoutman (Goshen), fourth. Distance, 18 feet, 6 inches.

One-mile relay—won by South Bend.

Badin Hall, last Sunday took undisputed possession of second place in interhall baseball by defeating the Brownson team. Father McGarry's pets knocked Avals out of the box in the first inning and scored three runs. When Brownson threatened to tie the game the Badin sluggers forced three more runs across the plate, making the final count 10 to Brownson's 7. McIntyre, pitcher, Kane, and Voss each hit two safeties for the Badinites. Siefert and Crawford were the sluggers for Brownson, each getting two hits. Crawford's "homer" was the feature of the game.

Corby's cellar champions dragged Sorin in for company by trouncing Father Marr's men last Sunday afternoon, 13 to 11. Sorin made a brilliant start and in the early innings threatened to run away with the game. Garvey relieved Sharpe in the second inning, after the latter had yielded three hits and five passes. Corby profited by infield errors of Sorin, and in the eighth took the lead. Degree and Martin hurled steady ball for Sorin. Falvey, with three hits to his credit, led the sluggers.

The standing of the Interhall teams in the race for the championship in baseball is now as follows:

	Played	Won	Lost	Percent.
Walsh	2	2	0	1.000
Badin	3	2	1	.566
Brownson	2	1	1	.500
Sorin	3	1	2	.333
Corby	3	1	2	.333
Day S.	1	0	1	.000

A team of "pick-ups" from Corby Hall were defeated on Wednesday by the fast nine of Dujarié, 10 to 4. The Brothers drove the ball in all directions, whereas the Corbyites succeeded in achieving only two hits to the outfield. The Day Students measured their strength against the Brothers' team on Sunday, May the 9th, in a 12-to-7 victory for Dujarié.

The athletic program for the coming week schedules the following events:

Sat. 15th—Notre Dame vs. M. A. C., in track, at N. D.

Notre Dame vs. Valparaiso, in baseball, vs. N. D.

Sun. 16th—Corby-Walsh and Sorin-Brownson, in baseball.

Fri. 21st—Notre Dame vs. Iowa, in baseball, at N. D.

Sat. 22nd—Notre Dame vs. I. A. C., in track, at N. D.

Notre Dame vs. Indiana U., in baseball, at N. D.

The following letter on some phases of Notre Dame football, by Alexander A. Szczepanik, appeared in the *Buffalo Express*, on April 28, 1920:

Sporting Editor, *Buffalo Express*:

I have read with much interest your article on Fielding Yost, the wizard football coach at Michigan University. With all due respect to Mr. Yost as a football star and mentor, I must say that the greatest exponent of the famous forward-pass play is Knute K. Rockne, now athletic director at the University of Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, Indiana. Another recognized exponent of the aerial attack is Charles E. Dorais, Mr. Rockne's able football assistant and coach of the Notre Dame baseball and basketball teams.

I can say without any exaggeration that the man who perfected the forward-pass style of play was none other than Jesse C. Harper, a former football and baseball star of the University of Chicago, under Coach Alonzo A. Stagg. Mr. Harper, before leaving for the ranches of Kansas, was the athletic director at Notre Dame for a period of five years. Upon entering Notre Dame in 1913 as athletic leader Mr. Harper foresaw the wonderful possibilities of using the forward pass. He drilled his gridiron squads with telling effect. Eastern critics upon hearing of Mr. Harper's play did not give it any serious attention, claiming that such an attack could not produce any desired results, and, furthermore, they claimed that the football season was too short for the players to master the play. The East was surprisingly caught unawares by the Hoosiers' plan of attack when Notre Dame invaded Eastern territory, for the first time in 1913. In the famous Notre Dame-Army game on the historic Plains the Dorais-to-Rockne combination thrilled the spectators. Eleven out of thirteen forward-passes brought Notre Dame the much-sought victory.

After that game the Eastern teams began a thorough study of the forward-pass possibilities. It was the Army team, under Coach Daly, I believe, that enjoyed success with the forward pass in its later games.

I might add an interesting fact about the Notre Dame-Army games. In 1916 the Army defeated Notre Dame by the successful use of the forward pass. Elmer Oliphant, then a halfback, showered Notre Dame with the same style of play which Notre Dame had taught him in the previous year. It is my belief that Oliphant was the greatest football player that America has produced. It was his brilliant passing and punting that spelled defeat for the Westerners in 1915, and he was one of the cleanest players that ever represented Uncle Sam's military academy. Notre Dame has enjoyed success on the gridiron in late years and the chief reason is the skilful and masterful use of the forward pass. The institution and its alumni owe much to the new wizard, Mr. Rockne, and to Mr. Dorais for imparting the fine points in the use of the forward pass.

Very truly yours,
Buffalo, April 26th. Alexander A. Szczepanik.

Campus Comics.

FIRST CRAB: How do you like the new "Campus Comics?"

SECOND CRAB: Oh, well enough—only I would prefer something humorous, myself.

SISTER CECILIA: This is very expensive medicine; so swallow it right down.

MINIM (*obediently*): Gurgle—Gurgle—Gu-u-urgle.

SAME MINIM (*a few minutes later*): If you can afford it, I'd like to frow dis up.

MORE WET AGITATION.

One day I earnestly sought to know
Just why the land was dry;
Wherefore the stoppage of the flow
Of brandy, beer, and rye.

And so I went to a friend of mine,
Familiar with fads and fools;
But he sadly stared at a souvenir stein,
As ghosts do glare at ghouls.

"O why," I begged in deep distress,
"Has the joy gone from the earth?
What makes this dusty, musty mess
And takes from men all mirth?"

My friend groaned bitterly and long,
And then he slowly spake:
"The state I'm in has gone all wrong—
My thirst I cannot slake.

"You want to know why all this woe—
Well, here's the reason, sire,
The climate is dry in the life below,
For the country's full of fire;

"And the aunty-wets know that there they'll go,
Where everything is dry;
And so now to get used to the life below,
This world they aridify."

FIRST BO: Who's dat swell guy?

SECOND BO: Dat's Father — from Notre Dame Univoisity.

FIRST BO: Let's hit 'im up for a meal-ticket.

SECOND BO: Nothin' doin'. I just tried him.

FIRST BO: Get anything?

SECOND BO: Nope, before I got away I had to give him a dollar for some new buildin' they're going to put up in a corn-field.

FRESH WAITER: Say, what's your idea of dropping a nickel in the stew every night?

WASTEFUL STUDENT: Just to have a little change in the meals.

That Sorin-Haller who mistook the skeleton for Father Marr had the following experience when he reached his room. Feeling rather flushed he reached for his hand-mirror but picked up his hair-brush by mistake. Going over to the light he examined himself carefully, and then gasped, "Lord, I need a shave!"

THE TRAY.

It's battered and bent
With many a dent
And a scar is across its face;
It's kicked and it's thrown
But never alone
In its journey about John's Place.

It's chipped and it's worn,
It's nicked and it's torn,
And its clothing of paint is all gone;
For day in and out
With nary a doubt
It starts into working at dawn.

So here's to the tray,
Though smashed in the fray
Of men seeking food every meal.
Its presence shall be
As long as N. D.
Has men like our Greeks at the wheel.

AFTER THREE EXAMS OF IT.

I'd like to say a few words about that class. I shall not be satirical, for I feel too strongly about it to indulge in double-edged circumlocution. I have often wanted to tie down the safety-valve and steam up to a beautiful explosion, but charity has ever let the potential steam out upon the fire of my wrath, quenching it down to an impotent "s-s-s-sput." But now opportunity opens the draughts, and, with the gentle spirits of Swift and Voltaire heaping on the coals, I'm going to release the seven months' pressure with one grand bang. I said in my explosion that it was a class I would like to shoot up, but I should have said "professor." The poor subject-matter cannot help being dry and slow and knotty. We do not expect to derive the same sort or amount of pleasure out of it as out of having a bunch of ebony-complexioned jazzers tickle our toes with syncopations, but—Say, that man is a human iceberg, whose chill breath dims the fires of genius and quenches the glow of ordinary talent down to a feeble flicker. (Probably he would scoff at the notion that there is any talent of any kind in the class.) In consequence of his frigid influence, the general average of the class hovers about the freezing point. I would like to pause here a moment to say that mixed metaphors are no bother to me at all. On the contrary, I feel like mixing up something whenever I get thinking steadily about that man's method of injecting education. The one decent thing about the operation is that he believes in general anesthetics. But even that does not help me. I never did take things well. Thus I sit there fully conscious, waiting in sickening anxiety for my turn on the rack, while he passes around the class, stirring first one, then another, into semi-consciousness so as better to work on them.

And examinations! That prof's one-delight all through the quarter is the anticipation of the moment when he can show us how little we know. I do not think he could go through those exams himself without the aid of his teachers' edition with its three-quarter-page of notes to one-quarter of text.

P. S.—He's a dandy scout outside the class-room.

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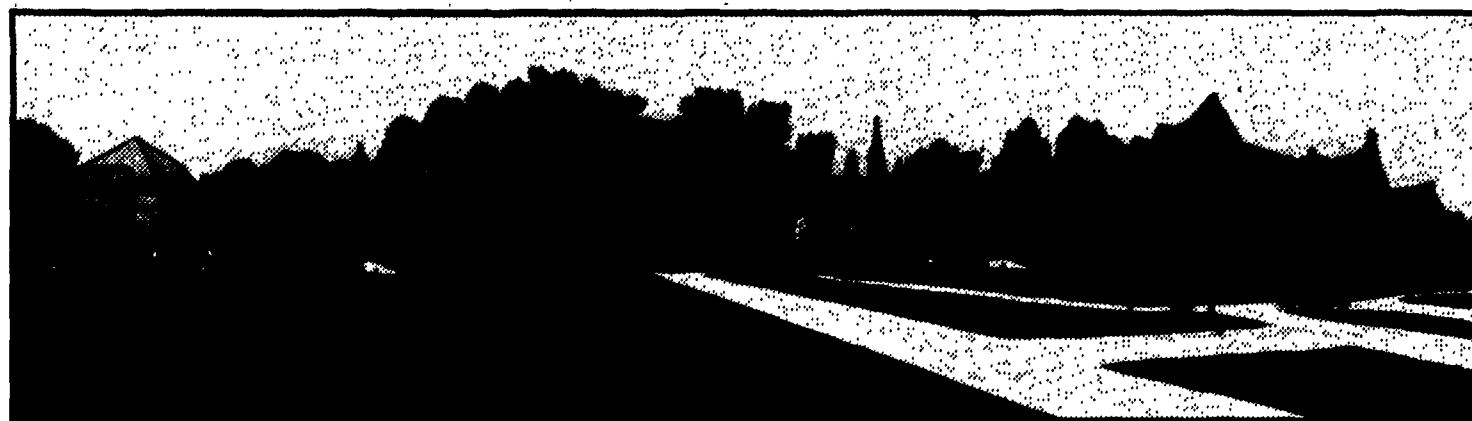
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