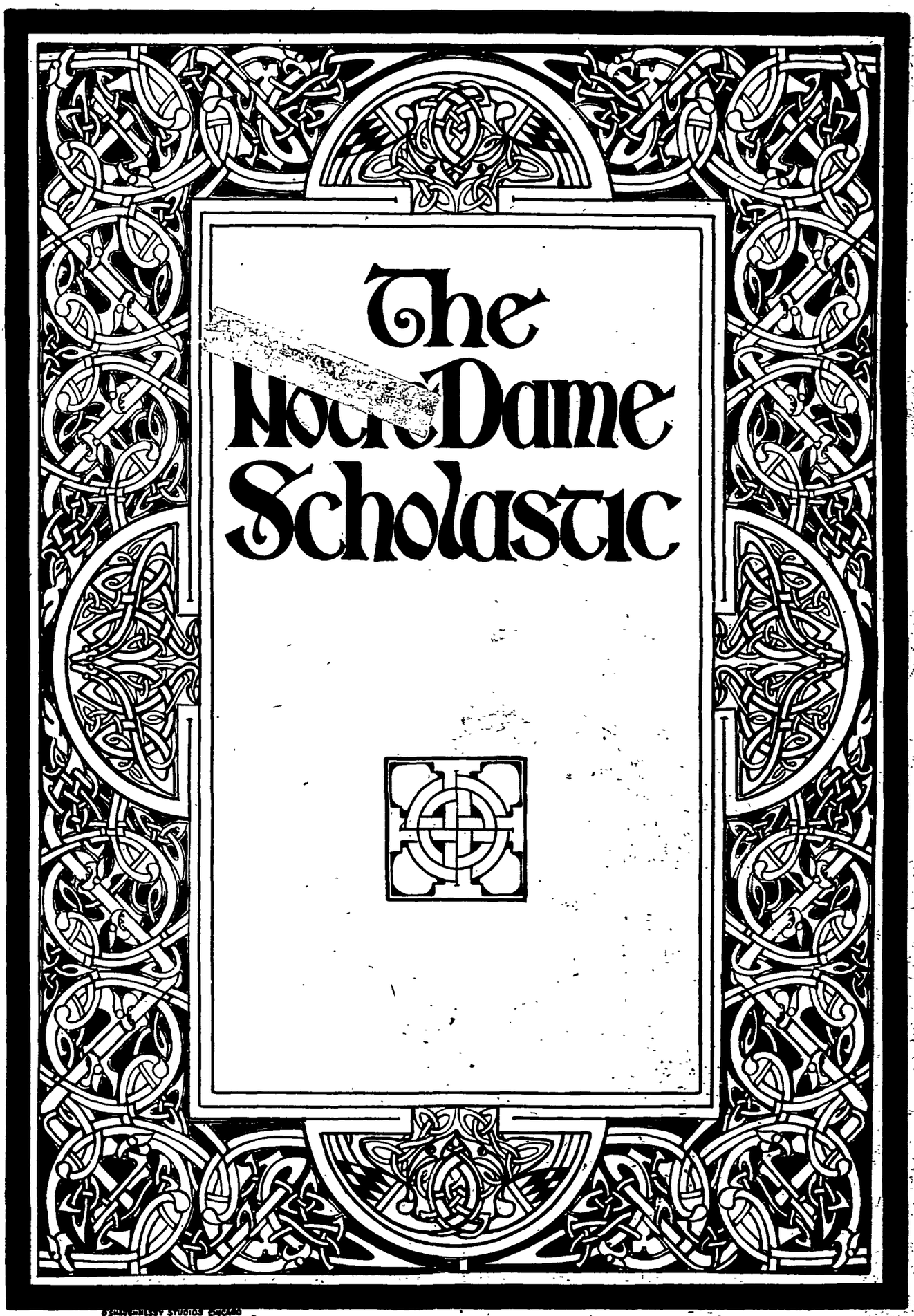

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VOL. LIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 29, 1920. No. 30.

The Senior's Hour.

BY VINCENT F. FAGAN, '20.

TONIGHT the gnome of revery
Steals through the sleep-bound hall
Past a casement in the purple
Of my sanctuary wall,
And whispers me his theorem:
"The parchment isn't all."

The musty page of classic tome,
The thrice-enchanted pen,
The echoes of the lecture hall,
Theses of learned men,
Are base without the witchery
To paint these years again.

I see her shaded evening paths,
Every nook of my college home,
From the flickering hush of the grotto dim,
To the moon-besilvered Dome.
They're mine as a four-year legacy,
Treasure-trove for the years to come.

Working on the Railroad.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

FROM my earliest years railroad work has fascinated me. Looking at it through the pages of a book or from the window of a coach had strengthened my ambition to view it from the vantage-point of actual experience. And so one day after demonstrating to the satisfaction of an easy examiner that I was not color-blind and could distinguish a train of superior direction from a semaphore, I got a job in an exchange yard. There I soon discovered that railroad folk are not of a mind with Schopenhauer on the subject of human existence—they do not look upon life as a "path of burning coals with a few cool places here and there"—but, regarding it through rose-colored glasses, with George Cohan they agree that "after all it's a funny, funny proposition."

During my semester in the school of steam transportation I saw many strange phenomena which will long remain in my memory. For instance, I saw a huge Decapod locomotive lumbering along at thirty miles an hour run off the rails, rock drunkenly along the ties for a short distance, and then unexpectedly regain its track footing, when, in the natural order of things, it should have plunged its pilot into the cinders and heaped up the first ten cars behind the tender. I saw a desultory yard engine empty a large foundry of its workers and make the heart of every person in the vicinity beat like a canary's by shunting a tank-car of gasoline alongside a smelting-furnace. But the consideration of human nature is ever so much more entrancing than the observation of mechanical phenomena, and hence I was more stirred by the sight of a burly brakeman hounding a hobo than by the spectacle of a telescoped caboose. Persons whose actual experience has been restricted to reading Mr. Frank Spearman's fictions are likely to fancy that railroading is a never-ending round of agreeable adventure. But to have a limp figure laid on your work table and see a train sheet quickly crimson while you tear a none too clean shirt into strips and earnestly pray that your crude bandaging may not be in vain is not a happy task. That is the tragedy of it.

Alongside the yard-station at which I toiled and broiled for an eventful vacation was a natural hollow in which two long benches and a table had been set up. Here under a shade of a thick tree a group of ten or more would gather about mid-day to eat lunch community-wise and to forget in a half-hour of conviviality the cares of making up trains. When lunch was over all would lounge into Roman banquet poses and tell in turn tales from the risible to the piscatorial with bluff, brimming spontaneity. Much has been written about the yarn-spinners of the sea, but they are verily rivalled by the romantics of the rails—these contemners of the credible who make

Jules Verne appear as matter-of-fact as a German compiler of Greek grammars.

Beneath that tree gathered a cosmopolitan company. One of the switchmen had taken the world cruise with the Pacific Squadron as a seaman in Admiral Evan's flagship; another had helped to quench rebellions and discourage the aspirations of native chieftains in the Philippines; still another had been everything from a beverage-dispenser in a lumber-jack town of Minnesota to a cattle-herder on a Rio Grande range. The operator was by far, however, the character most worthy of note. Jim Creation was his name and he originated in Virginia. Horny-handed, bushy-browed, with a grizzled head and a complexion like cured hide, he was the funniest fellow in the entire category of creatures. Having begun his railroad career in his first long trousers, Jim had, in forty-five years of service, never forsaken it, except once for a necessary sojourn in the hospital. In a moment of inadvertence he had one day tried to "spread" a coupler with his foot with the result that thenceforth he had to wear a piece of timber from the knee down to facilitate perambulation. Under the tutelage of this veteran I readily acquired the knack of keeping traffic on the move, or as he himself picturesquely put it, of "getting the girls by." Railroaders always put engines in the same gender as towns and trees in Latin, and talk of keeping the "old girl hot," where a person unfamiliar with their parlance might speak of incrementing the steam pressure of the locomotive by greater additions of fuel to the furnace.

Jim Creation had never had any college cultivation, but he was the quickest thinker I ever knew, and he had an unaffected appreciation of the beautiful and a tender love for children. I shortly found favor with him by listening with seeming interest to his stories of the amazing precocity of his nephews and nieces and by feigning to share somewhat in his fond pride. Although Jim had never heard of the antistrophe or of the French unities, he had a real awareness of genuine art in the theatre, as well as sane and sound views on many other subjects. Of the superlative acting of Edwin Booth and Ellen Terry he still carried a clear recollection, and by getting him to talk of the past I often secured his judgment of contemporary things and persons. Thus I found that for the "screen drama" this outspoken old fellow had a profound and profane contempt, derived chiefly from the absurd antics of Arbuckle and the reptile contortions of garishly-gowned sirens. Having once heard him remark that "Esmeralda" was his favorite piece on the phonograph I told him the story of the famous gypsy dancing girl in "Notre Dame de Paris," who was executed as a witch. He listened with such flattering attention that I frequently resorted to story-telling thereafter. I discovered it had a demulcent effect upon a temper irascible by nature and likely on the least provocation to be fanned into a fierce flame.

Sometimes old Creation would lift his voice in song. It mattered not that after a lifetime of exposure to the elements it was as full of cracks as an old wall and in staccato spots sounded like a rickety cab jolting along a cobblestone street with the jarvey whistling a pibroch; that its pitch was in a state of continual flux; that compared to it the turning of a rusty wheel on an unlubricated axle was "la melodie celeste," for with brazen untruthfulness and a sickening sense of deception, I used to exclaim that his vocalizations were a charm past utterance,—his robusto tones particularly being such as would have made Tamagno green with envy. And so on somnolent Sabbath afternoons the slumbers of stertorous toilers would be haunted and melody after melody martyred. One song Jim sang indefatigably. It related the romance of a circus lady who had fallen in love with the tatooed man in a side-show. One of the stanzas began:

> He had designs upon himself,
> And she had designs on him—

and the chorus ran:

> Oh, he was a human picture gallery,
> Such a spectacular gent;
> He won her heart and drew her salary—
> Never gave her a cent:
> Till one fine day, with her season's pay,
> And the fat lady off he ran:
> It is perfectly true you can beat a tatoo,
> But you can't beat a tatooed man!

But Jim did not always sing. The stock had to be kept rolling and he was a past-master of that potency which whips up anything, whether on legs or wheels, to motion,—namely, of unrestrained, unremitting, unpremeditated profanity. Jim Creation could direct a torrent of tobacco juice around a right-angled corner, for long practice had made him as adept as a bushman with a boomerang; he could with facility manipulate three semaphores and send a paranoial yardmaster into howling hysterics;

he could unlock and throw a switch with one hand and give signals to four trains coming in different directions with the other; he could mesmerize the impressionable with fanciful fictions, and by a vocal rendition make all living things tired of life; but that which will make him cling leech-like to my memory was his unsurpassable skill in undaming a deluge of profanity. And during the pour of these torrential tirades one sacerdotal aspirant felt quite as comfortable as a neurotic old lady watching a pigeon-toed person doing the cake-walk on roller-skates.

Someone has said that language hath its limits, and even a Dante could liken the horrors of hell only to earthly symbols, but if he had heard Jim Creation, Grand Wizard of polychromatic diction, he would have retracted the statement without qualification. Mephistopheles himself after some thousands of years in the company of the world's most irritable and irascible and inventive ice men, teamsters, carpenters, cavaliers, bouncers, blacksmiths, burglars, bartenders, and bricklayers, would have a language of emphasis as limited as an Igorot's knowledge of Icelandic in comparison with the plethoric vocabulary of this expletive expert. Grown-up men, calloused to all improprieties of utterance, would take one another by the hand and hurry out of hearing when things went wrong with the current of traffic and this wooden-legged corybant began to give in a loud, clear voice his derogatory judgment of this planet and all its appurtenances. The "smoke boys" of all the engines within four furlongs had to play a stream of water on the tenders for an hour after Creation's molten harangue, to keep the coal piles from succumbing to instantaneous combustion. The mediæval ordeal of fire was like sipping iced-tea in a boreal gale when contrasted with the purgatorial feeling a hearer had during these tantrums. He eclipsed all the great geniuses of imagination, from Homer to Rider Haggard, and his vocabulary was as daring as Carlyle's and extensive as Dr. Johnson's. His vocables always varied. Never did he employ two of the same pronunciation and connotation in the same working day. Like the expostulations of a mule-driver in a mud hole, they were always evoked by exigencies peculiar to the situation. A spectrum or a circus poster would look as drab as an inkstain on Ham, the sable son of Noah, when matched with the speech of this counterpart of John Silver. I verily believe that the blood of even that bold buccaneer would have frozen with fright if he had overheard Creation. And Creation's fluency was as unfaltering as the conversation at a Polish picnic.

Jim had long since become so accustomed to the various vagrants that passed through the yards that he utterly ceased to notice them. To him they were mere appendants of every railroad,—"the 'bo, the bum, and the tramp." Those indeed are ugly words for they have come to imply vicious vagabondage, whereas there are many men, nomads by choice or circumstance, just as harmless and human as the conventional society members who wear starched linen and creased clothes and prate altisonant platitudes. No one can even conjecture how many poor fellows are restlessly roving about seeking to forget a wrong or smother a sorrow.

The characters met in books strolled by the little station in real life—the rollicking roamer, the prodigal son, the nonchalant youth, the down-and-out pugilist, the jetsam and flotsam of humanity, and then rarest of all, the professional hobo. "Good men gone wrong." Each had a tale of his own to tell, and by lending ear to them all I learned unforgettably the magnificent truth that every human heart is human. No matter how cynical and sophisticated the appearance, how inflexible the features and frozen the eyes, it is always possible for something, perhaps a show of sympathy or a small service, to prove by a glance or a word of gratitude that there is something inside which makes us all essentially the same. The "hardest" hobo has always in him a soft spot, and to find it takes only the tiny trouble of being kind. Then too, "you never know what creature in rags and squalor may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful things or noble acts." Everyone, no matter how hopelessly sunken or haphazardly clad, was created for something, has a history of his own, laughs at a jest, appreciates a kindness, and loves a sympathetic ear.

During those long summer days I observed too the omnipresent optimism of humankind. Chesterton in his Introduction to "Nicholas Nickleby" has expressed this fact with characteristic clarity: "There are vast prospects and splendid songs in the point of view of the typically unsuccessful man; if all the used-up actors and spoilt journalists and broken clerks

could give us a chorus it would be a wonderful chorus in praise of the world." And I found that real rovers are never revolutionists. It is mainly those who invent big words to describe the mistakes of the wealthy who are the "bomb boys of Bolshevism." Nor is man brutish, even elementally. A brushing with, instead of by, mankind would shortly make the most exaggerated evolutionist admit the absurdity of the simian hypothesis.

Often in reverie that motley procession marches by, and again I listen to strange adventures and quaint experiences, to tragic stories of ruined hopes and homes, of broken friendships, and of lonesome, aching hearts; again I feel a deep joy to receive a muttered thanks for a trifling gift of lunch or a hint about the train-schedule; again I note the "hoboe's" hunger for somebody to talk to, their readiness to entertain or to instruct, and again I see the sparkle of pleasure lighting their eyes at the recognition of their participation in humanity. Poor homeless, hapless wanderers—may the gladness you gave me be reciprocated in full when you reach the end of your voyaging and may others understand as I have tried to understand when you say:

And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls, and the road calls, and oh, the call of a bird;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men should ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, and the white road and the sky.

The Catholic Novel.

BY BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

The beautiful, both in literature and in life, appeals primarily to the imagination. Man feels an innate desire to express in some way the beautiful sentiments of his soul. Either through the medium of sculpture, painting, poetry, or music the artistic sense finds a means of revelation. But so varied is human life that not even the fine arts are sufficient to satisfy man's craving for self-expression; and a new mode of portraying his experiences has been discovered in the art of fiction.

Within the last two hundred years the novel was originated and developed to its present perfection. From "Robinson Crusoe" to "Treasure Island," there has appeared a succession of wonderful productions of prose fiction. The masterpieces of Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, and Hawthorne have delighted generations of cultured readers. Although these supreme masters of fiction will ever remain the idols of the lovers of light reading, yet there are others, less gifted indeed, but still worthy of the esteem and attention of the cultivated reader.

Among these lesser lights in the world of fiction are the best Catholic novelists. John Ayscough, Robert Hugh Benson, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Gerald Keon, Leslie Moore, Kathleen Norris, Christian Reid, Canon Sheehan, John Talbot Smith, Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal Wiseman are but a few names of eminent Catholics who have entered the field of fiction with success. Most of these authors have produced their works recently; only the two great English Cardinals belonged to an older generation.

It will be interesting to make a brief study of one of the books of each of the novelists I have just named. We may begin with the two Cardinals. "Fabiola" by Cardinal Wiseman is by many readers regarded as the most beautiful Catholic story in English literature; and indeed it would be difficult for the critic to disprove this estimate. The author lived for many years in Rome, and was quite familiar with the history of the first Christians. So thoroughly did he imbibe the spirit of those early centuries of the Christian era that the writing of "Fabiola" was the easiest thing he could do. In fact, the circumstances under which the book was written show that the great Cardinal was only drawing from the deep wells of his own mind and heart. Written haphazardly, and at odd moments, while travelling, or in the scant leisure of a busy life, "Fabiola" is a perfect picture of the lives of the early Christians in the catacombs.

"Callista," by Cardinal Newman, is also a Catholic novel that is widely read. Perhaps it is even better known to the general reader than "Fabiola;" and this is not surprising. Newman's mastery of an English prose style is so undisputed that his great fame would naturally gain many readers for the most interesting of all his works. But as a true picture of the period the author would portray, "Callista" suffers by comparison with "Fabiola." Newman knew his era only through reading; but Wiseman lived in Rome surrounded by the monuments of the time he was studying. Even with this

great disadvantage, Cardinal Newman's "Callista" will be read with delight, especially by persons who have a taste for the best literature. It has also been called the first of the psychological novels.

"Dion and the Sibyls," by Keon, is, like "Fabiola" and "Callista," a study of a classical period. The scenes are laid in Rome, when the Christians were no longer living in the catacombs; and we have many graphic pictures of the pagan society of the early Christian era. Indeed many passages in this novel move with a swiftness and power that is compelling, and the reader feels that he has been transported to the time and place which the author is describing. This fine novel should be better known, especially to students of the classics, who, if they read it, would undoubtedly appreciate its splendid portrayal of the lives of our Christian forefathers among the decadent Romans.

"Come Rack! Come Rope!" is another historical novel, descriptive of the persecution of Catholics during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England. The author, Mgr. Benson, has given us in this book a very reliable account of the destruction of the Church in England. It is a sad story; but like all things sad, there is in it a beauty that is entrancing. We seem to be living during those days of persecution, and are among the faithful Catholics who are being hunted to death by Topcliffe and his minions. Despite the rack and the rope, the few heroic men and women who will not apostatize, lead their beautiful Catholic lives with a courage and a constancy that no earthly power can destroy. The visible Church is no longer witnessed in the once Catholic land of England; but the Kingdom of God in the hearts of His faithful servants is proof against the persecutions of Elizabeth and her hellish accomplices.

It is a relief to pass from England of the sixteenth century to Ireland of the nineteenth, to the sweet and suffering land that has been so beautifully portrayed for us in "My New Curate," by Canon Sheehan. Indeed the charm of this classic story of modern Ireland is worthy of the heroic people it describes. The new curate and Daddy Dan are distinctive creations, true clerical types that have never before appeared in literature. How wonderful it is that Catholics who really appreciate their holy faith seem ignorant of the fact that in literature that same faith affords a gifted writer the best of opportunities to exercise his literary powers. Longfellow in his exquisite "Evangeline" created a beautiful Catholic story, and Canon Sheehan in "My New Curate" has shown his fellow Catholics, as well as many non-Catholics, that a Catholic author may succeed in writing a classic novel of Catholic life.

Another novel worthy of a place beside "My New Curate" is Mrs. Fraser's "Golden Rose." Indeed it is questionable whether there has appeared within the last quarter of a century a finer Catholic novel than the "Golden Rose." One discerning critic has put it even higher than the "Saracinesca" of F. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Fraser's brother. Dramatic power and wonderfully beautiful description are features of the "Golden Rose" which the reader can never forget. The lesson of the story stands out on every page, and no doubt is the secret of the beauty of every passage. What is the lesson? The necessity of suffering. Here, then, is another splendid novel that perhaps but few Catholics read. There is plenty of time to read the latest best-seller, but the classic fiction of our Catholic writers remains unexplored and unread. And who is responsible for the want of appreciation of Catholic literature? Parents and teachers may well ask themselves this question.

"San Celestino," by John Ayscough, is fiction, but hardly a novel. It is an attempt to reconstruct the life and times of the unique figure among the Popes, St. Celestine V. That the attempt was successful, no reader of "San Celestino" will question. Indeed this study of the Hermit Pope is one of the most charming stories in English literature, and will doubtless live when all the other books of John Ayscough have been forgotten. The book is redolent of sanctity and mysticism, and withal is a human document of perennial interest. No hero of a novel has been more picturesquely drawn than San Celestino, who dominates the story in every chapter. The narrative is divided into four books, the first being almost twice as long as any of the others. The first book depicts the boyhood of the Saint, and the picture is so beautiful that if it were poetry it could hardly be more artistic. It is not to be wondered at that the students of Oxford University are permitted to use "San Celestino" as one of the works of fiction that may be studied for entrance examinations. But it is to be wondered at that Catholic universities and colleges do not use this classic for the same purpose. Here is another instance of non-Catholics appreciating Catholic

literature and of Catholics being indifferent to it.

Four other novels which I have chosen for an appreciation are "The Peacock Feather," by Moore; "Mother," by Norris; "The Man of the Family," by Christian Reid; and "The Black Cardinal," by John Talbot Smith. The first of these is a delightful story with a plot similar to that of "Marjorie Daw," by Aldrich. But while Aldrich's story is just a series of letters, Moore's is the story of a vagabond author who writes to a lady, but conceals his identity until the end. The art of "The Peacock Feather" is so perfect that the book should easily become a classic. "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, is perhaps the finest study in fiction of the character of a mother. And she is a Catholic mother too, a fact that will probably account for her being such a perfect type. It is a great pity that every young man and boy should not read "Mother." "The Man of the Family," by Christian Reid, is but one of many charming stories that have come from the faithful pen of this gifted author within the last forty years. Strange to say, the "man" in this story is a young lady, whose courage rescues her family from destitution. The plot is excellent and the story absorbing. No reader can lay the book down without the greatest gratification. In his "Black Cardinal," Father Smith has produced an historical novel of great power. The black Cardinal is Cardinal Consolvi, papal secretary of state during the pontificate of Pius VII. The novel tells the story of Napoleon's persecution of the Holy Father, and the scenes are wonderfully dramatic. In fact the book seems to be all action, and the reader feels a strain sometimes, wishing there were more description to relieve the tension of the narrative.

The few Catholic novels of which I have attempted to give an appreciation are worthy of the attention of any lover of good literature. The spiritual element in these books is the very thing that gives them a unique value. They could not be so artistic without the supernatural pervading their pages. Any Christian reader ought to be deeply grateful to these Catholic authors for their distinctive contribution to English literature. But Catholics especially ought to show their appreciation for Catholic literature by reading it, and by doing all they can to encourage the reading of it by others. The neglect of Catholics in this matter is nothing less than shameful. How much longer will it continue?

Varsity Verse.

Garden Ethics.

We walked in Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Holding her little shawl,
My breath it came in sighs;
She looked at me so tenderly,
I gazed into her—lunch-basket.

Yes, gazing into her lunch-basket,
I wished I had a taste.
We walked on side by side,
My arm about her—umbrella.

Yes, embracing her umbrella,
(This charming little miss)
She raised her face to mine, and say
I slyly stole a—sandwich.—E. M. R.

The Herald.

Say, Robin, you have known
Queen Nature's woodland throne
Of verdant velvet, woodbine bound
All sheened with sunbursts' saffron tone
And flecked with flowers around.

You were a courtier there,
The doublet that you wear
Of red reveals you! Cease to preen
And quirk that queer little querulous air
And tell us of our Queen.—J. V.

The Battle of the Dawn.

Armed with lances of blazing light,
Break the armies of the Day
Over the ramparts of Dawn's new light,
While Night's legions flee away.—L. L. W.

The Oriole.

An Oriole is perched in a tree,
In overalls yellow and black,
As merry as birds can possibly be,
Swinging forward and back.—E. M.

Learning.

I have been at this school but one year,
And met many boys from other states,
The first thing I learned was the N. D. cheer,
And then that I wasn't to pass the gates.—P. A. H.

The Hill Street Car.

Our Hill Street car
Is built like a palace,
But when ridden too much
Will soon cause a callous.—V. McN.

Baseball.

I was just about to catch a fly,
When the sun's rays caught my wary eye;
And now I lie in still repose
As the doctor mends my broken nose.—T. J. L.

Virtue, Arise!

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY, '20.

"Terence, my boy, Terence, we have a five-thousand dollar load to lift! May I call upon your honorable self for a slight bit of assistance? I believe I could pay you about two thousand five hundred dollars 'for service rendered,' if that would be acceptable to you. Are you willing or not, my cherished friend?"

With a snatch of song and a jig or two, Spitz Jeffers, the champion thug of Providence, and my bosom friend, sat down beside me. Now when Spitz discarded my nickname, Cuss, to call me by my baptismal name, and when he used choice diction, I knew there was some extraordinary robbery on the program. It was not customary for us to go over three figures, but here was Spitz using my Sunday name and hurling at me his most select language. I drew the inference at once and told him to continue. As an incentive I offered him a package of chewing tobacco, otherwise there would have been no further discourse. From experience I knew that there were just two things that would make my friend tell all his secrets: one was a bottle of spirits and the other a package of chewing tobacco. He took the bait voraciously, and then proceeded with his plan.

"Your recompense, as I believe I mentioned, will be two thousand five hundred dollars. Here is a plan of what has to be done between us. During the remaining three days of this month, there is to be chosen from the common riff-raff of Providence a certain young lady, who is to be asked if she will kindly accept five thousand dollars of the will of the right honorable Cecil Gruzzenbach, Esquire. Of course, she will immediately answer in the affirmative, and receive a small, tightly-bound package, done up with silk ribbon. Now this old Crutchenberry, or whatever is his name, stipulated in his will that this amount was to be given each year to the most virtuous girl in the city, unmarried, and of common parents. Some girl is going to get it; the question I want to put to you, Terence, is why can't the most clever rascal in the city get this money, if he is aided by one Terence Felepent? Why, I say, why?"

Spitz was getting excited; I could discern it in that repetition of "why." Hence it was my duty to reassure him of our capabilities.

"You're a trump of sterling character, Jeffers, and I'll tell you right here and now you have the ready assistance of myself whenever you're ready to undertake the game. Where next?"

"Take it easy, Cuss. We have a few days left, remember. Deliberation always come before action, you know."

My friend was somewhat of a philosopher. In fact, I believe he said once that he had gone to some school or other and had there learned to think—and chew. Be that as it may, Spitz was thinking, and I was waiting for the results. After several minutes and considerable chewing, a cut-and-dried plan was concocted.

"In the Heave Hospital there is a little cub of about eight years. He was brought there yesterday and is the son of the mayor, who is to deal out the five thousand. Have you an inkling? No? Very well—here's the rest of it. I'll do the research work, that is, look up the room-number, find out the nurse's hours and keep the mayor at a safe distance. You're to kidnap the kid and then I'll go around to see the mayor. Just to keep up appearances, I'll dress like one of the opposite sex and I think after a private interview during which I'll state that I know the whereabouts of a certain eight-year-old child, all will be settled as to who is the most virtuous woman in the city of Providence. All in favor of the motion, sig—"

"Spitz—my hand! Have you finished that package yet? When it comes to clear and concise thought, you're king. It is now three P. M. You get the necessary dope, and I'll be on hand for business between the hours of ten tonight and four tomorrow morning. Right?"

"As right as can be, Cuss. In three hours' time I'll have every needed detail, and then the show is on. By the way, Cuss, have you another chew on your person? I hope to repay you in a very few days. Thanks! Meet you here at seven tonight."

With this, Jeffers jumped from his seat and sauntered out to mix with the crowd. I went down to buy a pair of mocassins. I also bought a pair of suspenders, the first pair I had owned since I was a kid. I thought they would take the place of a halter, in case my job fell through. It would be my triumph as a burglar, and I did not intend that it should be a failure. Then I went to the Heave Hospital and took a rather sharp survey of the architecture.

At the time fixed Jeffers was on hand with every bit of the necessary information. The child was to be found on the ground floor in a private room; the nurse was to be there all night on account of the peculiar sickness of the child, and the father was to leave shortly before midnight. It was now my turn to put my education to good use by doing a little thinking myself. I settled on one o'clock as a very apt time to find the nurse asleep at her post and the child anxious for a little ride in the cool evening air. Spitz would have a machine there and our destination would be a basement in the out-of-the-way city of Central Falls. With these arrangements well understood we went off to the Salvation Army to our twenty-five-cent beds.

We were up sharp at midnight. I had three packages of chewing with me, for I knew that Spitz was deucedly touchy until he had finished up a job and had the game tucked away close to his breast. The night was an excellent one for business. Jeffers had a machine which he had purchased for the purpose. We jumped into it and drove quickly to the Heave Hospital. I had to smile at Spitz sitting at the wheel—running the machine and at the same time working out all final arrangements, and chewing.

"Here we are now, Cuss. This is as close as we had better approach. Fish out that burlap bag; now go after him. Remember, the fourth window over; white-headed youngster, guarded by a rather healthy looking young lady, whom you are to fight strenuously if needs be. So go to it. Close to the wall now and around that step and you're there!"

The approach, as mentioned by Jeffers, was easy. On climbing up to the window-sill, however, I saw that the hard work would be to get the child without waking up everybody in the house. The nurse was fast asleep on a chair. The boy looking anything but sick, was reading some dime novel or other. I very cautiously lifted the window and pointed my little thirty-six at the youngster's head. He "was on" in a minute and threw up his hands in ready submission. So far things were going well—but, as luck would have it, I slipped on the cursed window-sill and the noise awoke the nurse. Then the battle was on. She was not one of the screetchy kind, but rather of the battling type. I had never had experience with anything over a hundred and eighty pounds and hence I was fearful in the present instance. I had fought many a fight in my time, but none quite so desperate as this one. She had a swing which you would not want to experience twice. And she had also a hat-pin, which she used to great advantage. Before I returned to that window-sill I looked like a perforated postage-stamp, and I felt as if I had been, to carry the comparison a little further, thoroughly licked. The blood was oozing from about three hundred and forty-seven holes in my poor carcass. The child was perfectly manageable, but that infuriated lioness was clawing at my bald head as if it were no more than a billiard ball. I finally got out and ran for the machine. Jeffers was there and started the minute I banged into my seat.

"Terence, what in the devil ails you? Your eyes appear to be closed, your teeth are chattering, and you're wallowing in blood. For the love of fish what happened? How many attacked you? Surely you did not go through the insane ward, did you?"

I simply kept my silence, and Jeffers guessed just about how disagreeable I felt. We got the boy to Central Falls, closeted him, and gave him a dozen bananas and a pie. The award was to be made the next morning, and so Jeffers began to arrange his trousseau and his line of delivery.

At about eight o'clock the next morning, a rather buxom lass with extraordinary big shoes and a rather dark face got off the train at the Providence station. She purchased a newspaper and sat there reading. She seemed to be waiting for some office to open. In a few minutes there was a flurry. I ran over, for I was expecting Spitz at any minute, and sure enough it was he. He was sitting there in a stupor. I called to him, shook him until his head-gear fell to the ground, but received no reply. Then I bethought myself and handed him a package of chewing.

"Read it, Cuss—read it, he said. It's a d—"

And I read something to the following effect:

"The award was made after very careful planning and deliberation by the mayor. He is to be congratulated on the clever scheme he used to ascertain the most virtuous maid within the city limits. A few days ago he picked up a certain emaciated, vagabond child in the streets of Providence and taking it to the hospital placed it in the care of Miss Bigeave, who happened to be a nurse there. Then he watched her conduct, and decided that she was the most deserving of the award. She

tended the child night and day for two continuous weeks and last night when a mysterious abduction took place, she fought valiantly to save the child. The mayor watched the conflict from a distance, but saw that the brave woman needed no assistance. The abductors very likely had some claim to the waif. It is to be hoped that they will take the best of care of him, because Doctor Pillem, the city physician, is doubtful whether the child is suffering from hydrophobia or leprosy."

"'Nuther chew, will ye, 'Cuss'?"

"Go to blazes, and buy your own tobacco! I wish to the devil you'd choke with all your—"

But Spitz had already adjusted his Easter bonnet and fled.

I betook myself in the other direction and sought out a certain pair of unused suspenders. I guess one of the straps broke. At any rate, I found myself in the coop with Spitz as my next-door neighbor, and only one package of chewing tobacco with which to begin a five-year sentence.

The Convict, the Wop, and the Kid.

BY GERALD J. HAGAN, '23.

At three o'clock on a cold, misty morning Larry and I drove up before the prison. Other cars had arrived before us, and it was evident to passers-by, if such there were at that early hour, that something unusual was in progress. If the passers-by had lifted their eyes to the great tower on the north side of the wall they would have seen the black death-flag, all mist-soaked, hanging heavily from its staff, and they would have understood.

It was not customary for me to follow the crowd which flocked to see such morbid events, but Larry had urged me to come with him for company. Larry did not enjoy these spectacles any more than I did, but he was on the staff of the *Tribune* and had been sent to cover the execution of the murderer.

Larry's pass effected our admittance and after he had secured the statements of various officials, we took seats in the ante-room where Larry could observe the crowd.

"Who is this man who is to be executed?" I asked. "Some murderer?"

"I'm not so sure, Jim," replied Larry. "He told me his story, and, although he's a hard egg and a typical convict, I'm inclined to think that an innocent man is going over today. I've appealed through the *Tribune*, but it did no good. Here's the way he told me his story, when I interviewed him in his cell:

"'I 'ain't much good at talkin', boss,' he says, 'an' I can't use purty words like the pilot down at the Mission, but this is what happened. You may not believe me—nobody does—but it's straight. I was goin' home one evening, down to my river shanty, an' as I turns the corner on Summit (I always goes down Summit to see the big boys' houses) some fat guy comes runnin' out of a house to chase a kid an' a dog off the lawn. The dog was a little critter an' wasn't no good for pertectin' the kid, an' the fat bird starts paddlin' the little guy and I steps in.

"'I should a knowed better, because the kid wasn't gettin' hurt much, an' the fat guy was Wop Durazzo, the Dago boss of the ward, an' the guy that framed me for ten years back in 'ninety-nine. Well, I busts in an' lets him have a few an' he draws a gun. We was fightin' for it, an' he pulls the trigger and the shot hit the—the kid.

"'Boss, it was tough to see that kid there with the blood runnin' out of him. I gets the gun an' tears away after a bull to pull the Wop, an' the Wop comes runnin' after me, shoutin' an' cussin' in Dago.

"'Well, the bull nails me an' it looked bad—me carryin' the gun an' the Wop chasin' me, an' the kid dead. I should-a grabbed the Dago an' marched him up, but I wanted to get help for the kid. Course the cop owed his job to the Wop, an' none of the neighbors was goin' to testify for me, an' the Wop tells a story about me killin' the kid an' tryin' to hang it on him to get even for the stretch I got before. So I'm goin' to be sent over, an' I guess it don't make much difference, because I am no good, but I wonder if the kid will be usin' his influence with the Lord for me when I get the juice."

Larry had finished and I noticed a strange silence in the room. The human kites assembled there had ceased their buzzing, and, looking through the open doorway which led into the corridor, I saw the guards, the black-robed chaplain, and the condemned man moving toward the death-chamber. Many long minutes passed. Someone closed the door to the corridor. I heard the shuffling of feet, and I wondered if "the kid was usin' his influence" when the convict "went over."

Thoughts.

BY SENIORS.

To think of God is to love Him.

A MUSTACHE does not make a lawyer.

IRELAND'S day will be England's night.

THE friend we need is the friend in deed.

BLUFF is as common in life as it is in poker.

IN our affliction true friends come without call.

THE key that will unlock every heart is kindness.

ALL work and no play makes Jack a Bolshevist.

REAL love is more a matter of reason than of sentiment.

CONSCIENCE, like the rattlesnake, warns before it strikes.

MAIL-ORDER catalogs have taken the place of the gold-brick.

THE high cost of war for the United States is in the "up-keep."

EXCESS of confidence is as apt to lead to failure as the lack of it.

"IN the Evening by the Moonlight" is as immortal as the subject.

THIS should be a balmy spring with so many campaigns in progress.

EUROPE has never forgotten, Uncle Sam, that generosity begins at home.

THE hardest things for us to see are the good qualities of our enemies.

THE profiteers will soon be exploring the clouds for the silver linings.

THE salesman who can lower high prices will have an easy road to wealth.

CONDUCT yourself with your friend as if he might one day become your enemy.

A GOOD president or a bad president—but a president that can be cartooned.

DO not begin your description of a neighbor's character with a litany of his faults.

IT is not the mere knowledge of principles that counts but the application of them.

THE modern food for thought needs more than a grain of salt to make it digestible.

THE annual prediction that it will be a year of insufficient harvests is with us again.

THE Mexicans have resumed their favorite national pastime of besieging Mexico City.

THE Liberty bonds depreciate every time Wilson urges the Senate to adopt the League.

A PRUDENT man constructs his future out of select material from the past and present.

MEXICO bars the exporting of sheep-hides—because she needs them to disguise her wolves.

IF the millionaires insist on wearing overalls, the workmen will have to resort to broadcloth.

WITH houses so scarce, Senior troubles will begin when Alma Mater gives us notice to "vacate."

ONE point on which the Mexicans have evidently agreed is that they do not want Carranza.

THE light of Ireland's civilization has been hidden under the English bushel for seven centuries.

THE saying "A penny saved is a penny earned" is obsolete: it must now go to pay the war tax.

AN industrious man finds more pleasure in amassing wealth than his children find in dissipating it.

LIVES there a man with *ego* so dead who does not think his private well-being the welfare of the community?

NOW that we have doubled the price of overalls, what shall we tackle next in our attempt to lower the cost of living.

DID the author of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" dream that his lyric would one day become a national anthem?

ENGLISH agents assassinated the Lord Mayor of Cork, and then imputed the crime to Sinn Fein. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

OPPORTUNITY knocks incessantly at every man's door until the time comes for his friends to put the pennies on his eyes.

ARE the professors in some of the state universities wearing overalls as a protest against the H. C. L., or from necessity?

The author of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" was love-sick, and the thought of him today elicits no sympathy.

EVERY time you encourage a disheartened one you acquire for yourself a measure of courage to bear manfully your own troubles.

VETERANS of the World War have found out how close to the hearts of the people they really are since the bonus began to be discussed in Congress.

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Glory and the Bonus.

There are one-hundred percent Americans who still talk about *glory* for ex-service men. Two years ago when the nation hummed "Over There," when canteen workers greeted every doughboy and gob with ham sandwiches and coffee, and when transports stole out of Hoboken with their cargoes of Yanks, it,—well, after all,—it sounded thrilling then to hear the women and girls all talk about freedom and liberty and glory. There was something consoling in the words. They were linked with an ideal. Then, a year later, when the boys came marching back it sounded fine again to hear the home folks cheer us as heroes, even those of us who merely survived two years of service in Texas sandstorms. But all the cheers died in a day. Swiftly and surely our battles with Kaisers and chameleons were forgotten and we drifted away back two years behind those who had stayed at home. It was no fault of theirs, perhaps, that they profited greatly by high wages in war work. They simply took up the profits when we donned the O. D., bought flivvers and bungalows and in some instances even made our Elsies and Sadies their own. Now, Congress proposes to make up for lost time by giving us a bonus. Millions of service men, relatives and friends welcome the belated appreciation, but thousands of others do not. Listen to their wail: "We went without sugar and white bread and the boys don't want a bonus any way. They have the satisfaction of having rendered a service well done." Their chatter sounds like the soliloquy of a Poland China unfortunate half way through a packing plant. A one-half-of-one-per-cent tax will hit them hard. They are the "freedom-loving" clothiers who charged us double for service hats and extorted sixty dollars for our khaki uniforms. They are patriots, as patriotic as the economical congressmen who balk at the bonus and squander half a million on a Podunk postoffice. They still talk glory. We say, let them have some of it. We had our day of glory and they their day of profits. Let's make turn about fair play; give them the glory of paying a tax and us the satisfaction of receiving a long-promised dollar-a-day. A fifty-fifty split is surely fair enough.—C. A. G.

A Limitation and a Remedy.

The Church today must marshal every resource to thwart the forces of Godlessness; happily, no truth is more patent than that her efforts—spiritual, educational and humanitarian—are little short of superhuman. Her magnificent educational system founded on the principle that religion is fundamental in pedagogy renders invaluable service to God, to the individual, and to the nation. However, despite the inspiring principles on which it is founded and the great body of self-sacrificing men and women who administer it, Catholic education has serious limitations. It reaches only a favored few. Of the twenty-eight million Catholics in the United States, how many have enjoyed the privilege of a course at a Catholic college? How many have attended academies, high schools, or even grade schools conducted under Catholic auspices? Statistics on this point are unavailable, but beyond doubt the number is distressingly limited. Some agency must be found or created through the medium of which Catholic education, Catholic truth, and Catholic thought can be made accessible to all who have the desire to receive it. Many secular universities, to meet a similar need in their field, have developed plans of extension teaching and now have regularly organized departments actively engaged in instruction by mail. Indiana, Minnesota, and Chicago Universities are prominent examples. The written word has always been utilized by the

Church to great advantage and there seems to be no reason why this modern development of the idea should not merit her attention also. Does it not seem that in the fields of philosophy, history, economics, politics, science, Christian apologetics,—in practically every branch of learning, Catholic Universities could use extension teaching to an immense advantage? The laity would welcome such an opportunity with eagerness. Great numbers who regret that college was denied them would be aided in their pursuit of truth. Can not the idea be made a valuable asset in "teaching all nations?"—E. S.

The Last Lap.

Just a week ago one of Notre Dame's favorite athletes won his last race. It was a spectacular event that brought cheers from the dullest onlooker, and that will be remembered with Eichenlaub's plunging and the Michigan goal-post as long as effort is cherished here. The last lap changed to brilliant victory what might have been defeat. But it wasn't really that final spurt which did the trick; four years of grinding practice, sacrifice, clean living and loyalty went before. These are the things that held back the hands of the stop-watch. Everybody would have enjoyed being the winner, but it's a difficult job. The group of real men at Notre Dame who are working hard to win in ever so many different ways understand the difficulty but they carry on. It's the lad who doesn't care, whose pink-blooded personality covets repose, that can't realize the meaning of the last lap. We haven't many of this sort, but still there are too many. The fellow who thinks the world revolves round his spineless *ego*, who imagines that the athletic and intellectual effort of the University is some kind of vaudeville gotten up for his amusement, doesn't mean much to us or to himself. He may be an adept at cubical engineering and post-office, he may be a connoisseur in nonsensical criticism of the school, but the only real benefit he derives from his sojourn is eating and sleeping. There is a barn full of his kind on the farm. He is a living argument for the elimination of the unfit, ripe and ready to be exported to the Cannibal Islands. The spirit of Notre Dame has always shown best in the last lap; it's the finest thing of its kind in America, and we are determined that no group of nonentities will abolish it by a local Eighteenth Amendment.—M. O. A.

Rogerson at Notre Dame.

One of the largest and most appreciative audiences that has ever listened to a concert in Washington Hall heard William Rogerson, the young American tenor last week. Of this artist the announcement of the Chicago Opera Association says: "William Rogerson, another young American tenor, was discovered by Mr. Campanini last season and placed in this season's roster for important rôles, in which the Maestro sees great promise for him." William Rogerson's success at Notre Dame was instantaneous. Responding to encores was not a matter of choice, for the applause continued until the artist responded. Even after the final number Mr. Rogerson vainly attempted to recognize their appreciation with a bow, but the audience refused to accept this and for several minutes Washington Hall broke loose. Not until they were almost exhausted did he respond with another selection.

An audience of college men is not easily pleased, but this young singer's delicate coloring and tone and interpretative skill won them from the start. His superb phrasing, clarity of diction, and warmth of feeling radiated a charm that was irresistible. His voice, a fine rich tenor, has substance and brilliancy, and in range and power he is beyond praise. He sings with rare ease and a finesse that delights. His pleasing personality and exquisite art won the most cordial reception ever given by a Notre Dame audience.

Obituary.

REV. DENNIS A. CLARKE.

Notre Dame was grieved last week by news of the decease of the Rev. Dennis Augustine Clarke (B. S., '70; M. S., '72; A. M., '74), who died very suddenly of heart failure at the offertory of his Mass, on Monday, the 17th of May. Father Clarke was for the four years following his graduation at Notre Dame a teacher at the University. On his final departure from school he went back to his home in Columbus, Ohio, where in 1875 he became, under Bishop Rosecrans, the founder and first editor of the *Catholic Columbian*, the official paper of the diocese of Columbus. Ordained to the priesthood in 1879, he was for the next few years stationed as chaplain at the Ohio State Penitentiary. In the course of his most active

life Father Clarke was the beloved pastor of the Holy Family Parish in Columbus, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, promoter of the Eucharistic League, and for the last many years dean of the ecclesiastical province in which with exemplary zeal and success he had labored so long. A token of the esteem in which the deceased was held by all classes is contained in the following editorial tribute which appeared on the day after his death in the *Ohio State Journal*, of Columbus: "Father Clarke will be missed and mourned by many. He numbered his warm friends among all classes and conditions and sects, and he long was a powerful influence for good in this community We once heard it said of him that he was the best man in town to go to for advice in time of trouble, which we thought was about as high a tribute as could be paid a man. He led a simple, devoted Christian life . . . and the inspiration of such lives is never lost." Father James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., represented the University at the funeral, which was held in Columbus on Thursday, the 20th.

Local News.

—Found: a gold pencil. Owner apply to the Rector of Sorin Hall.

—Memorial Day exercises have been arranged for by Professor Farrell. They will include appropriate addresses, music, and extras.

—At a meeting of the Chemical Club Tuesday evening J. Ullmeyer read a paper on the "Preparation of Glycerin by Fermentation." He described the newly discovered process for determining this important fluid, which was so essential during the war.

—Last evening a class of fifty men were initiated in the first degree of the local council of the Knights of Columbus. To-morrow afternoon the second and third degrees will be exemplified in W. O. W. Hall for the same class. This augmentation will bring the total membership of Council 1477 to five hundred.

—George Pellegrin, of Merrill, Wisconsin, a seminarian in the Preparatory Department, broke his leg in a baseball game on the Seminary campus a few days ago. Dr. Powers attended the patient and removed him to St. Joseph's Hospital. The many friends of this popular student wish him a swift and complete recovery.

—Last Tuesday evening the Glee Club entertained the Fellowship Club of Mishawaka with a short program consisting of several choral numbers and two specialties. The work of the Club was consistent with its high standard and was well received. This concert made the third appearance of the Club before the people of Mishawaka this year.

—The new Stations of the Cross in the Sisters' Chapel were formally erected Sunday by Father Maguire. They are the gift of the Lauth family. Three brothers of this family joined the Congregation of Holy Cross as priests, while two sisters are nuns of the same order. The donation is a memorial to the late P. J. Lauth, whose remains rest in the cemetery at Notre Dame.

—The local Friends of Irish Freedom participated in a regular shillalah contest last Wednesday. The Elks provided sufficient floor-space for everybody, the music reminded the most faithless of Donegal and Dublin, and the programs were done up in inexplicable orange. No casualties are reported—wherefore it is presumed that the British embassy was absent.

—The students of St. Edward's Hall were the guests of Mr. J. M. Sheesly, of Toledo, proprietor of "The Greater Sheesly Show," in South Bend last Monday afternoon. A special car conveyed the 125 "Minims" to and from the show grounds. There they romped and played, drank soda and ate popcorn, tried every show in the Carnival, and after being served a lunch by the razorbacks returned to Notre Dame thoroughly tired and happy.

—The SCHOLASTIC has been requested to announce an Indiana Song Contest which has been arranged by Grace Porterfield Polk, the eminent patron of art. Two one-hundred dollar prizes are offered for the best art song and the best ballad, respectively. Manuscripts must be sent to the patron at Greenwood, Indiana, before June first. We regret that this item did not arrive in time for earlier publication.

—Professor Cooney gathered his cub reporters round about him last Monday evening for a "smoker." Some of them were scouting elsewhere, but the crowd was aggressive anyhow. The aroma of Mr. Fendrich's best cigars lent the room an air of uncanniness which would have delighted M. Ambrose Bierce and Thomas DeQuincey. After brief, interesting addresses by Colonel Hoynes, Father Miltner, and others,

the speaker of the evening, Dr. John Talbot Smith, turned the modern press-world upside down and inspected it with an eagle eye. Father Smith's remarks were shrewdly incisive and remarkably apropos. They made up what was probably the most fascinating talk of the year. The Cubs are thinking also of living up to some of the suggestions and making of the press-club an occult and lively institution next year.

—It was announced at a meeting of the local Republican Club Tuesday night that approximately fifty positions have been allotted to the members of the Notre Dame Club for campaign work during the summer. These positions are given to the club here because of its splendid and thorough-going Republican activities. Although organized but a month ago, it has already taken first rank among such clubs in the universities of the country. The positions given consist of electioneering, speech-making, executive, secretarial, and stenographic work. They are to be distributed, upon the fulfillment of certain conditions, to the members of the club at the discretion of the president. A speaker of national prominence will in all probability be sent here within the next two weeks by the Republican National Committee to address the University under the auspices of the Notre Dame Republicans.

—W. A. PAGE.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 72; ILLINOIS ATHLETIC CLUB, 54.

The Notre Dame track team defeated the strong team of the Illinois Athletic Club in a dual meet last Saturday to the tune of 72 to 54. From the start to the finish the meet was replete with thrills and record-breaking performances. Five track records were broken and one was equalled in this greatest meet held on Cartier Field in many years.

Bill Hayes, national champion in the hundred-yards, was the heavy scorer for Notre Dame, with ten points to his credit. The big fellow started the Gold and Blue to victory when he did the hundred in ten seconds—with Bailey, his team-mate, a good third. In the 220-yard dash Bill let loose his terrific drive and won in 21 3-5 seconds, equalling the track record. All three places in this event went to Notre Dame, Bailey and Ficks taking second and third respectively. Joie Ray, America's premier middle-distance runner, scored first for the I. A. C., with a new track record for the mile, 4:25 3-5. Burke and Sweeney pushed the champion hard in this race and both men finished well under the old mark of 4:30 4-5.

Wynne topped the high barriers in 15 4-5 seconds—1-5 of a second slower than the record. He would doubtless have taken second to Desch in the "lows" had he not crashed into a hurdle near the finish. Desch, running true to form, skimmed over the low hurdles in 25 seconds, breaking the track record, held by Forrest Fletcher. In the 440-yard run Kasper and Meredith set a hot pace from the start and finished first and second ahead of the I. A. C. runners, adding thereby eight points to Notre Dame's total. Kasper's time was 50 3-5 seconds—just two-fifths slower than the record. Johnny Murphy, national champion in the high-jump, showed that he is ready to take the Olympic trip when he cleared the bar at 6 feet, 3 inches, setting a new track record. Shaw scored six points for Notre Dame by winning second in the shot-put and second in the discus-throw. Powers and Douglas took second and third in the pole-vault, which was won by Knourek, of the I. A. C., with a vault of 12 feet, 6 inches, a new track record. Willette, the discovery of the day, captured first place in the broad-jump with a fine leap of 21 feet, 3 1-4 inches.

Among the entries of the Illinois Athletic Club were two former Notre Dame track stars, Earl Gilfillan and Ted Rademacher, the latter the captain of the 1919 track team. "Gillie" scored five points for the visitors in winning the discus throw. Rademacher found that the Notre Dame vaulters were just a little bit too good for him and finished in fourth place.

Running his last race on Cartier Field, Captain "Eddie" Meehan completed his career on the Notre Dame track with a worthy victory in the half-mile, which he won over Joie Ray, the country's best middle-distance man. The race was a spectacular struggle all the way, the three contenders being bunched until the final straightaway, in which Meehan took the lead of Ray and Kasper and held it to the finish. The crowd's confidence in the Captain remained unshaken even by the competition of the mighty Ray, and the event fully met all expectations. It is with great satisfaction and pride that we look upon Meehan's name gracing the half-mile record of Cartier Field. In the natural exultation over Meehan's victory most

of the spectators, perhaps, failed to appreciate duly the fact that Kasper was on the heels of Ray at the finish.

Summary:

100-yard dash—won by Hayes, Notre Dame; McSweeney, I. A. C., second; Bailey, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10 sec.

Mile-run—won by Ray, I. A. C.; Burke, Notre Dame, second; Sweeney, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4:25 3-5.—(New track record).

120-yard high hurdles—won by Wynne, Notre Dame; Scheinberg, I. A. C., second; Goelitz, I. A. C., third. Time, 15 4-5 sec.

120-yard dash—won by Hayes, Notre Dame; Bailey, Notre Dame, second; Ficks, Notre Dame, third. Time, 21 3-5 sec.—(Equals track record).

880-yard dash—won by Meehan, Notre Dame; Ray, I. A. C., second; Kasper, Notre Dame, third. Time, 1:57 4-5.—(New track record).

440-yard dash—won by Kasper, Notre Dame; Meredith, Notre Dame, second; Addison, I. A. C., third. Time, 50 3-5 sec.

220-yard dash—won by Desch, Notre Dame; Goelitz, I. A. C., second; Starrett, Notre Dame, third. Time, 25 sec.—(New track record).

Shot-put—won by Klindenberg, I. A. C.; Shaw, Notre Dame, second; Goelitz, I. A. C., third. Distance, 43 feet, 5 1-2 inches.

Discus-throw—won by Gilfillan, I. A. C.; Shaw, Notre Dame, second; Goelitz, I. A. C., third. Distance, 127 feet.

Two-mile run—won by Kochanski, I. A. C.; Murphy Notre Dame, second; Culhane, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10 min. 2 sec.

Pole-vault—won by Knourek, I. A. C.; Powers, Notre Dame, second; Douglas, Notre Dame, third. Height, 12 feet, 6 inches.—(New track record).

High-jump—won by Murphy, Notre Dame; McGarry, I. A. C., second; Griniger, Notre Dame, third. Height, 6 feet, 3 inches.—(New track record).

Javelin-throw—won by Angier, I. A. C.; Thompson, I. A. C., second; Hogan, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 178 feet; 7 inches.

Broad-jump—won by Willette, Notre Dame; Schienberg, I. A. C., and Wynne, Notre Dame, tied for second. Distance, 21 feet, 3 1-4 inches.—J. W. C.

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NOTRE DAME, 9; IOWA, 8.

Notre Dame blunted Iowa's aspirations to the Western championship in baseball by a sensational victory over the Hawkeyes last Friday, on Cartier Field, 9 to 8. The fight put up by Dorais' men when the Iowans had forged ahead to a lead of four scores at the beginning of the ninth inning was one of the grittiest ever seen on Cartier Field. The visitors took kindly to Lally's delivery in the third and fourth innings, and Dorais' mound choice for the day had to retire in the fifth with the bases full and two men out. Murphy curbed the vicious batting stride of the opponents and, aided by perfect field support, succeeded in preventing them from substantially increasing their already big lead. In the sixth frame Murphy clouted a fast single through second, scoring Moore and Blivernicht, who had drawn hits. In the next frame the Gold and Blue lost a good chance to score when Donovan was caught off second. It was only in the ninth inning that the Varsity was successful in bunching hits. Donovan was out on a liner to Leighton. Fitzgerald, always reliable in a pinch, drew a pretty single, and the Hawkeye Coach, realizing the critical situation, substituted Hamilton for McIlree in the box. The change of battery made but small difference to Mohardt, who smashed a hot single through short, advancing Fitzgerald to second. Benny Connors followed with a similar hit, and Blivernicht, the star batsman of the day, lined out a mighty triple, scoring Fitzgerald, Mohardt, and Connors. He himself came in with the winning tally when Prokop lined to Crary. The stellar playing of Blivernicht was the feature of the game. The big catcher participated perfectly in the field play and credited himself with four hits in as many chances, two of which were good for three bags. For Iowa, Anderson and Crary led in the batting.

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NOTRE DAME, 4; INDIANA, 3.

Notre Dame established her superiority over another team of the Big Ten and incidentally developed considerably a budding claim to all-Western honors by taking into camp the nine of the University of Indiana last Saturday, 4 to 3. The Varsity got a lead of one run in the first inning. Miles hit safely and stole second before the next pitched ball reached Rauschenbach. Fitzgerald's sacrifice put Miles on third, and the doughty short-stop audaciously stole home. In the third inning Indiana tied the score and the contest was nip and tuck till the sixth, in which the Gold and Blue batsmen found Kunkel for two hits, a double by Morgan and a single by Miles. Indiana's erratic fielding in this inning gave Dorais' men their last three tallies. The visitors threatened to even the contest again in the last inning. Rust was out on Moore's perfect assist, Kunkel drew a lucky walk and went to third on Rockelhouse's hot single over second; a moment later Kunkel scored on Schuler's hit, which also advanced Rockelhouse to third; the latter attempted to make home but was nipped by Donovan's heave.

Mohardt was effective in critical moments, and although he allowed ten hits he kept them well scattered. Kunkel hurled a fine game for the Downstaters, permitting but four hits. He was, however, given ragged support. Miles, Fitzgerald, and Blivernicht showed their usual reliability for the Varsity. The score:

Notre Dame	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4	4	2
Indiana	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1—3	10	6

Batteries—For Notre Dame: Mohardt and Blivernicht. For Indiana: Kunkel and Rauschenbach. Umpire—Jensen.

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NOTRE DAME, 12; M. A. C., 11.

Notre Dame again defeated the team of Michigan Agricultural College last Monday, 12 to 11, in a contest replete with erratic field play and heavy hitting. The Gold and Blue started off in the first inning with a rampage which resulted in three runs. Murphy, Coach Dorais' pitcher for the day, weakened in the third and fourth frames to the extent of giving the Aggies three runs in each inning The Gold and Blue began their hammering again in the sixth, forcing Donnelly, the Aggie pitcher, to the sidelines. Hartwig, Brewers' second choice, was equally vulnerable and with six runs the Varsity forced him out of the box. Mills pitched the last two innings for the Aggies, yielding to Dorais' men two tallies in the eighth inning and the winning run in the ninth, when Larry Morgan drew a walk with the bases full. Mohardt, who was substituted for Murphy in the eight, allowed but one hit. The score:

Notre Dame	3 0 0 0 0 3 3 2 1—12	8	4
M. A. C.	0 0 3 3 0 2 0 3 0—11	13	9

Batteries—For Notre Dame: Murphy, Mohardt and Blivernicht. For M. A. C.: Donnelly, Hartwig, Mills and Johnston.

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INTERHALL GAMES.

Last Sunday Badin Hall's crew of heavy-hitters pounded their way to a 13-to-3 victory over Sorin in the last round of the Interhall schedule, and thereby eliminated Barry's men from the finals. Martin and Degree hurled excellent ball for the losers, but could not rely upon their support at critical moments. Castner had things his own way on the mound and with Sjoberg as his second man held the Sorin batsmen helpless. Badin retains the lead in the league, and Sorin falls into the second division.

The Day Students sprang the surprise of last week by scoring a decisive victory over the Brownsonites. Walter Sweeney, hurling for Father Cunningham's protégés performed the mound duty in big-league style and won the game by hitting the ball hard every time at the bat.

Walsh won over the nine of the Day Students last Sunday in a hard-fought game, 4 to 2. Sweeney was unable to cope with the fast work of the Walshites on bases. Smith pitched his usual steady game for the "Dodgers" and never seemed to be seriously in danger. Walsh retains her place among the first three teams of the Interhall League, which are to battle for the championship honors.

Badin, Walsh, and Corby will fight it out for the Interhall honors, if the Day Students do not change the prospect by defeating Corby in the only game remaining on the schedule. The Interhall enthusiasts are all intensely interested in the diamond battles to be fought when Castner, Smith, and Sharp, the premier hurlers of the league, face each other in the final clash. The standing resulting from the games of last week is as follows:

	Played	*Won*	*Lost*	*Percentage*
Badin	5	4	1	.800
Walsh	5	3	2	.600
Corby	4	2	2	.500
Sorin	5	2	3	.400
Brownson	5	2	3	.400
Day S.	4	1	3	.250

—E. M. S.

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Coach Rockne was an official at the dual meet between the University of Illinois and the University of Chicago held at Urbana on Friday, May 21st. While there the coach had a chance to secure some star "prep" athletes, who were competing in the Illinois Interscholastic Meet.

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On next Friday and Saturday the Notre Dame track team will complete in the championship meet of the Western Intercollegiate Conference, on Ferry Field, at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Because of the lack of sprinters Coach Rockne does not hope to win, but he has a strong belief that the Notre Dame track men will emerge from the fracas in second place.

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The game between Brownson and Dujarie last Sunday threatened to go into extra innings, as at the completion of the eighth round the score stood 6 to 6. In the ninth, however, the Brownsonites broke away for five runs, thus winning by a wide margin, as the Brothers were not able to score further.

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