

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER, 2, 1920.

No. 2.

Gifts.

WHAT gifts

A tree can give:

A house for love, a house

For death, a refuge for all men—

God's cross!—S. M. E.

The Promise of the Catholic School.*

RT. REV. PHILIP McDEVITT, D. D.,
Bishop of Harrisburg.

THE history of education is always of commanding interest. This is true of education in general; it is especially true of Catholic education in the United States. In no other country has Catholic education passed through an experience comparable to that which has been its lot in this Republic. As we recall the history of this experience, we learn of those special elements which have played a part in the humble beginnings, the hard struggles, the rapid progress and the present condition of our Catholic educational system.

I.

We note at the very inception of the first Catholic schools in America the bold announcement of the great principle that all true education must be fundamentally religious; we read the unqualified command issuing from the hierarchy of America assembled in deliberate council, that the Catholic parent should send his children to a Catholic school; we catch the confident appeal to the Catholic body for a loyal, devoted, and generous support of that school. We see further on in the history the bitter struggles of the Catholic school to maintain itself, at a time when Catholics were weak numerically, socially, politically, and financially, in comparison with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. These struggles were the more desperate

* Address delivered at the opening of the summer session of the University, July 4, 1920.

and heroic because the Catholic school was face to face with an unsympathetic and oft-times bitterly antagonistic non-Catholic public opinion, which, if it dared to do so, would never have permitted the establishment of a school system wherein a Catholic child would be educated apart from the great mass of American children and under the guidance of the dreaded Church of Rome. Nevertheless the hostility of those outside the Church and the lukewarmness of some within the Church did not stay the progressive development of the Catholic school system. The rapid advance was due, in the first place, to the unfailing, unqualified, and unvarying educational policy of the hierarchy in America in the Provincial and Plenary Councils of Baltimore, and, in the next instance, to the inestimable services of the religious communities who have made possible the Catholic school in the United States and finally, to the coordination and unification of the educational forces of each diocese and of the whole country by the formation of diocesan school boards, the adoption of uniform courses of study, the appointment of diocesan superintendents, and the organization of the Catholic Educational Association of America.

One chapter of this history of Catholic education in America gives the details of the successful attempts to provide and develop the agencies whereby the teachers of the Catholic school should be equipped with knowledge and pedagogical skill in the all-important work of the class room. At first these agencies for the making of efficient teachers were the novitiates of the religious orders. But admirable as were these novitiate training-schools, it was deemed wise to supplement their work by the assistance of outside educational agencies. Then there followed the organization of summer schools, either in the mother houses of the religious communities, or elsewhere, and finally, the opening of the Sisters' College at Washington, the most far-reaching event in Catholic educa-

tion in America, after the foundation of the Catholic University itself.

This particular phase of the development of Catholic education in America was deeply significant, because it revealed the conviction among those who were guiding the destiny of the Catholic school system that the teacher is the supremely important factor in education. Consequently the training of the teacher must be looked after with particular care and the training school must be considered as holding a unique place in the educational forces of the Catholic school system.

This summer school at Notre Dame and every other Catholic summer school the country over, give expression to the appreciation which our religious communities feel in regard to the importance of a properly trained teaching body. It is therefore a keen pleasure to have the privilege of addressing this morning a body of Catholic teachers who, when they might, in all justice, be in their charming convent homes, enjoying the rest that their labors in the classroom for a year have justly earned, are come to this noble institution to learn the best and surest methods whereby they may fulfill more successfully the requirements of their high calling. I see here today one of the many agencies in this great land of ours which are laying, broad and deep and solid, the mighty foundations on which the future well-being of our Catholic school system is to rest. Surely the blessing of God will descend upon a work the prime purpose of which is to make our teachers a still greater power in the noble mission of developing the religious, moral, and intellectual life of our Catholic boys and girls.

II.

While, however, pedagogical skill and requisite knowledge have a vital part in our Catholic educational system, there are two elements that must ever vivify knowledge and skill. Without these two elements it is, indeed, absolutely sure that knowledge and skill cannot make effective the high and primary purpose of the Catholic School, namely, the development of the religious and moral character of the Catholic child.

The first of these essential elements in our system of education is religious truth. It would seem like emphasizing the obvious to declare in this presence that religion is the soul of Catholic education; that the relations of the creature to God, being the most sacred of all obligations,

should receive as much attention in the classroom as the purely secular branches. Still, it is well to proclaim anew these simple truths, because our teachers, affected by the urgent demand for results in the teaching of secular knowledge, may forget for the moment the fundamental reason that has brought the Catholic school into existence. No greater calamity could happen to Catholic education than that religious truth and all that it implies should lose its supremacy or should take a secondary place in the life of a Catholic School.

Even though they have no intention of assigning an inferior place in the school curriculum to the teaching of religion, teachers might well recall the wise declaration of Brother Azarias:

"However, we do not hold that religion can be imparted as is the knowledge of history or grammar; the repetition of the catechism or the reading of the Gospel is not religion. Religion is something more subtle, more intimate, more all-pervading; it speaks to the heart and the head; it is an ever-living presence in the school-room; it is reflected from the pages of our reading books. It is nourished by the prayers with which our daily exercises are opened and closed; it is brought in to control the affections, to keep watch over the imagination; it forbids to the mind any but useful, holy, and innocent thoughts; it enables the soul to resist temptation, it guides the conscience, inspires horror for sin and love of virtue. It must be an essential element of our lives, the very atmosphere of our breathing, the soul of every action.

"This is religion as the Catholic Church understands it, and this is why she seeks to foster the religious spirit in every soul confided to her, at all times, under all circumstances, without rest, without break, from the cradle to the grave."

III.

The second element necessary to carry out the prime purpose of the Catholic school is the character of the teacher, or rather the influence which the character of the teacher exercises in fashioning and determining the lives of the children under her care. It is a platitude to say that every individual affects every other individual with whom he comes in contact. The influence for good or for evil that goes out from each person cannot be stayed. The closer the relation between two individuals, the greater the influence. It has been said that

sometimes the influence is the greater when the one who exercises it has no intention of impressing those who are affected. The unconscious influence, as it has been called, plays a great part in every human relation. Teachers, by reason of their close association with children—in some instances more intimate and complete than that of parents—consciously or unconsciously mold and fashion the character of the little ones committed to their care. How supremely important, therefore, is it that the teacher radiate only the most wholesome, elevating, and refining influence. To this end let her live up to the ideals which should ever inspire those who dedicate their lives to the education of the youth of the nation. In this all-important matter one might repeat what has often been expressed. It is not what the teacher says and does but what she is that counts most in the carrying out of the main object of education. And this object, according to a great patriot and a great teacher, is "to help the child to be his true and best self." The Catholic teacher may well ask: "What do I know?" "What can I do?" But if she should fail to ask: "What am I?" she neglects the one question the answer to which determines her fitness for her high calling.

What are you, in your ideals, in your hopes, your aspirations, your aims, your ambitions? Are you scrupulous in matters of honesty and honor? Are you absolutely fair and impartial in your relations with your pupils? Are you wholly sincere, straight-forward, and truthful in every relation? Are you dominated by a loyal spirit of obedience to the Church, her regulations, her discipline? Are you filled with that keen faith that measures things by the only true standard, Eternity? Are you such in thought, word, and action that your pupils in later life may look back with the experience and judgment of mature years and say that you actually possessed the high qualities which in their childish admiration they attributed to you? Oh, my dear teachers, you cannot give what you do not possess. Hence you cannot develop in your pupils those finer traits of character—honesty, sincerity, loyalty, truth, integrity, courage, a delicate sense of honor, a deep spirit of faith and piety—unless these virtues dominate your own daily lives.

As we make this rapid reference to Catholic education and note the forces which give it power and character, and then look to the future,

our hearts are cheered with the glorious outlook that unfolds itself. First, we have a body of men and women whose life work is the Christian education of the Catholic child. In this undivided and whole-souled consecration of our teachers to a definite calling is found one of the most important of all the elements which are necessary to bring efficiency to any system of education. Where the Catholic school organization is strong because of this well-recognized characteristic of its teachers, the public school establishment is notoriously weak. The seriousness of this defect in the public school plan, arising from the instability and uncertainty of the teaching body, is known to every student of education; and it is directly responsible for the great numbers of inexperienced and untrained teachers who are found in the public schools of America. Not only have we men and women consecrated to the training of our Catholic boys and girls, but we have the agencies now in operation to make our teachers equipped in the knowledge and skill that should be the possession of those who undertake to guide the temporal and eternal welfare of their pupils.

Conscious of these two mighty forces, the confident prophecy can be made that in the next generation the teachers of our Catholic schools not only will stand in the front rank but will form the advance guard of the efficient teachers in America.

Still more, our teachers shall be conspicuously successful in the teaching of secular knowledge and in the propagation of religious truth, the only truly efficacious power that can save refinement, culture, and the other high and noble attributes of true civilization, now in danger from the clamor for efficiency, from the worship of material things, from the craze to measure and to value education by and for its money-earning, utilitarian, and immediate fruits; and, above all, guard it against the disastrous policy of banishing religion from the day schools of the country. In all this glorious work, our teachers may say, in the words of St. Cyril of Alexandria:

"Achilles had Phoenix for his teacher, the sons of Croesus had Andrastus, Alexander had Leonidas, but our Teacher is Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Light of the World, our Friend and our God"—and consequently you will earn the priceless recompense of a teacher's life, that boon which the immortal Padraic Pearse longed for, namely: "My name in the heart of a child."

Varsity Verse.

SONG OF SUMMER.

I glance out all around me
 And everywhere I look
 I see an elf from elfin lands,
 With his chubby chin in his chubby hands,
 Deep in a summer book.
 These are the fays of sweethearts,
 Enwrapped with violets' eyes.
 And here's a gnome with a jolly look
 Laughing down at his lover, the laughing brook,
 Glad with his love-won prize.
 And everywhere I roam about
 I see the elfs dart in and out.

÷

1933.

When we get on the Hill Street car, in nineteen thirty-three,
 To visit Notre Dame again, what changes will there be?
 The golden dome, the dreamy shade, the lilacs, and the grass
 Will seem as lovely as of old, when soberly we pass—
 But where is Father So-and-So, who hateth cigarettes,
 And writeth the demerits down, and never quite forgets?
 Say, where's the prof who taught us law and gave a thousand cases,
 And where are John and Bill and Joe—the bad familiar faces?
 The answer comes from field and lake, from class-room and from hall:
 "We're here, old boy, we're always here, we've never left at all;
 They're bald old cranks the country round, with money and a name,
 But John and Bill and Father Mac? Why, we're at Notre Dame."—S. G. N.

÷

TO A "CHOCOLATE MALTED."
(Rondeau.)

The smooth Moselles are locked up tight,
 And beer is nowadays a—fright;
 So when my throat is desert dry,
 I say to yonder waitress, "Hi,
 A Chocolate malted,—mix it right!"
 Her dimples are a pretty sight;
 Those teeth were never made to bite;
 I scarcely miss, and wonder why,
 The smooth Moselles.

In other days, I'm sure she might
 Have been a yeoman's young delight,
 And walked out dreaming with the sky—
 Practising arts, seductive, sly
 Of smooth *m'mselles*.—M. E. W.

÷

LEAVES

There is a memory in the fallen leaves
 Of splendor borne aloft of old:
 About the throne they lie in dusky sheaves,
 A saddened Field of dying Gold.—J. V.

The Jade Tablet.

PAUL SCOFIELD, 20.

"And now, old man, I'll show you the prize of my collection," remarked my friend Allan Dirk, as he drew a flat velvet case from the wall safe. "This," he said, as he opened the case, "belonged to the sage Confucius, who engraved on it some excellent philosophy." I stared at the flat jade tablet before me but could see nothing extraordinary about it, unless it was the peculiar Chinese inscription and the quality of the rare white jade. But I am not a connoisseur and I confessed my disappointment.

"I knew you wouldn't think much of it," laughed Allan, "but you see I value it for its intrinsic worth and also because of the trouble I had in getting it."

We still had an hour before the theatre; so I suggested to my friend that he tell me how he came into possession of the philosophical tablet of jade. He readily consented, and I selected a rare Havana and settled comfortably into one of Dirk's famous easy chairs as he began his tale.

"I first heard of this rare jade tablet through a friend of mine who does odd jobs of collecting antiques and knick-knacks for various rich collectors. He was trying to secure the jade for Anderson Dawn, who needed it in order to complete a set of tablets he was collecting. I had never borne Dawn any love, ever since he practically robbed me of a miniature I had my heart set on, and so when I heard that he wanted the jade I determined to get it in order to pique him and swell my own collection. My collector friend told me where I could find the tablet; so I lost no time in seeking the little shop that held it. I found the place on Pell Street,—a rotten district near the river, run by a mummified-looking Chink called Sung Moi. If the proprietor was mummified, his shop was worse. The walls were cluttered with odds and ends from the Orient, while the floor, unswept, was honored by several musty looking show-cases. It was a strange hole all right and its atmosphere was stranger still. I never before experienced such a strange feeling as that little shop gave me. I can't describe the sensation except by saying that I felt that everything in the place had eyes that were glowering at me, while a pungent odor of musk, associated with the other odors, reminded me of a morgue. Everything was dead, yet capable of seeing. I broached the subject

of my visit to the slant-eyed proprietor and without a word he produced the tablet. I asked him for a price, but to my astonishment he refused to sell. Then he explained that the jade had been in his family for centuries and that it was his duty to hand the tablet down to posterity. I realized that he was not without principle, but nevertheless I argued with him and offered him quite a sum of money. This rather irritated the old fellow and he reproached me in a cold, pallid voice: 'Would you purchase a trinket at the price of honor?'

I turned to leave the shop but he stopped me with the remark, 'The Buddha speaks.' I didn't understand till a voice stole through the room. I could see no other persons in the place and to all appearances the voice was coming from a massive Buddha, mounted on a pedestal in the rear of the shop. The voice sounded oddly muffled or, if you can imagine it, as if it came from one long dead; but I distinguished the words, 'Fools follow after vanity. The wise man keeps earnestness as his best jewel.' The combination of the lethal atmosphere of the shop and the lifeless voice from the Buddha was too much for my nerves and I bolted from the store.

The next day I encountered my collector friend and learned that he, too, had been unable to purchase the tablet, but he was going to secure it, nevertheless, by hiring some one to steal it during the night. Just another evidence of the unscrupulousness of collectors. This unexpected development determined my course of action and that night I armed myself and set out for Sung Moi's, intending to get there before the thief, secure the jade and then mail the Chink a substantial sum of money in payment. It didn't take me long to reach the uncanny shop, but as I was in the act of inserting a skeleton key in the lock I heard the voice of the Buddha again. Was I scared? I certainly was, so scared in fact that I couldn't move even when the door was jerked open and some one hurtled into my arms. I grabbed the fellow, not because my reason told me to, but because I couldn't do anything else. We rolled over several times and I finally landed on top. I was sitting on the fellow's chest when Sung, who probably had a room in the back of his shop, appeared on the scene bearing an automatic. We marched the crook into the shop, where Sung went through his pockets and removed the jade tablet and several hundred dollars that had been abstracted

from the till. I was left in charge of the prisoner, while old Sung went after a policeman, and after telling the fellow that he should have been satisfied with what he had been sent after I let him go. The Oriental returned in a short time, unable to find a policeman, and of course I gave him an elaborate description of how the burglar escaped. Sung was somewhat surprised, but it didn't make much difference to him anyway as long as he had recovered all his property, but I got the real surprise when he offered me the jade for a nominal sum. He had been thinking the matter over and had decided to sell, since he was the last of his family and there was no one else to receive the tablet. Sentiment alone had made him retain it as long as he had. So you see, Bob, I had to work to get the thing, and therein lies its charm."

"But how about the dead voice from the Buddha that scared both you and the burglar so?" I queried.

"Oh yes. I investigated that and found a very clever arrangement. The Chinese are lovers of mysticism, Bob, and old Sung had placed an electric talking machine inside the Buddha which was controlled by a push-button behind the counter. The crook must have released the machine when he brushed against the button in the dark. As for myself, Sung probably wanted to give me a lesson about the vanities of collecting. But Confucius was no mystic, Bob, for that bit of philosophical engraving on the jade proves that he rather favored good common sense. The inscription when translated into regular English means 'Mind your own business.'"

A Modern Argonaut.

WILLIAM H. ROBINSON, '20.

Kenyon laid down the paper, and, settling cosily into his big chair, went back over the events of the day—a day which had marked the crisis of the greatest fight the "Street" had seen for years. "The army had nothing on this," Kenyon mused wearily. But he was through with it now, and so smiled satisfaction at the Sargent portrait of Simon Kenyon the First, smiling not so much at the old fellow, perhaps, as at the thought of the victor's spoils resting securely in the coffer hidden behind him.

A light step and a swish of draperies sounded to the rear. It was Doris, he thought. Ah, it

was well worth any battle to have such a wife to come home to. Indeed, he could not blame Carstairs for bearing him a grudge these many years after losing her. If he would only fight fairly, though. O well, he had beaten him once more and would—

"Hands up!" rasped a husky voice, breaking into this complacent reverie.

Kenyon rose leisurely and turned, smothering a yawn, for which he said aloud, "Pardon me." To himself he thought, "Too close."

The intruder pointed commandingly to the Sargent portrait of Simon the First. "My grandfather," explained Simon the Third politely.

"Tell the old bird to cough up anyhow. You won, this morning; tonight, you lose."

"You seem surprisingly well-informed," and Simon lowered his hand to rub his chin reflectively.

"Hoist 'em up, before I drop a chunk o' lead down your gullet!" ordered the burglar. "Don't worry about my fund of knowledge," he added sardonically; "I won't have to have a gold-sealed sheepskin hanging up in my boudoir to collect on *your* brand of golden apples. Your—"

Kenyon, in turning toward the safe in apparent submission, had taken a leap. The two went down with a heavy thud. There followed a moment's tussle, and then Kenyon arose with the weapon of the other in his hand.

"Army stuff, old Top, but quite proper under the circumstances, besides being efficacious! Come in, Simms, and truss up this fellow." And he handed the rope from his robe to the frightened servant, who stood hesitating in the door-way.

"Good, Simms, put him in the chair and call up the station. He'll be all right in a jiffy."

Simms gone, Simon solicitously pushed into place the burglar's wig, which in the scuffle had slipped over his left eye, giving his face a laughably misplaced appearance. Then he rubbed the scar that blazed livid on the dirty chin. "A beautifully villainous scar, my man; but not of a very fast color," he observed pleasantly as he smeared the grease-paint into a red blotch. "Ah, your wind's coming back, I see," as the other gasped out a lurid stream of curses.

"Why, Simon, who is this?" came in a startled voice from the doorway.

"Doris! You are bewitchingly wonderful tonight! I don't see how I am going to pay at-

tention to the show for looking at you. I will be ready to go—now, don't get excited, dear. I was just going to answer your question. In the first place, he is a very dirty fellow, who is also very rude: From his conversation, I judge that he is a fancier of golden apples and has mistaken our apartment for the Garden of the Hesperides."

Heavy steps were mounting the stairs. "The police, sir," announced Simms.

It was short work to substitute for Simms' temporary trussing a twentieth-century equipment. And then the captive was marched out between two stalwart detectives. Kenyon, who was awaiting them in the vestibule, slipped a large golden lemon into the prisoner's pocket, and said apologetically, "It isn't an apple, but the color is all right—Carstairs!"

Sam's Education.

WILLIAM FEEN, '20.

"Wal, stranger, guess yer'll allow thet my cider's bettern' well-water, won't yer? Us farmers mightn't be up an' doin' with you city-folks, but,"—here my jovial host slapped his knee vigorously—"gosh durn it, we sure kin make cider."

"I'm sure I heartily agree with you. We don't have the privilege of drinking such good cider every day."

"Thet's all right, stranger; yer welcome anytime yer come to this here part o' Hillsboro County. Always t' home; so drop right in."

My friend lead the way out of the cellar and waited at the door, like Mrs. Fordyce's butler. He straightened up, shoved both hands into his overall pockets, and spat. The sun was just sinking behind the hill and his short, fat, jolly-looking figure was silhouetted in its glow.

"Thet's some car yer got there, ain't it?" he drawled, as I took the wheel. "My boy wanted t' have one o' them rigs t' go to town in, but I'm 'fraid he'll do what I done or worse yet. Him an' Jake's boy's in the same old fix like me an' Jake; so I says, 'Ned, yer dad knows bettern' that. Jus' let Sam, thet's Jake's boy, win this onct. I won b'fore, an' I know!'"

Just then a cloud of dust arose in the distance and a big red roadster appeared.

"Thet's Sam now," he continued, as the car swept by. "Jake mighta beat me when I won"

Nan, but b'gosh, my boy, Ned's better'n his Sam."

"Why is that?" I inquired. "Sam seems to be prosperous and well up in the world."

My friend looked at me disappointedly, put one foot on the running board, rested an elbow on the door, scratched his head, spat, and shoved his hand into his pocket.

"Wal, stranger, 'pears to me thet yer don't know 'bout when Sam was bein' edicated. Yer see it was like this. Ned an' Sam got finished in thet brick schoolhouse 'bout the same time an' both wanted t' go to the county seat. Ned 'd beat Sam all holler, an' got the dictionary thet the Parson'd put up. Sam'd told his dad, an' Jake said, 'Sam, don't worry 'bout thet farmer's son. He's gotta work fer his dad, but I'll send yer t' college!' He was right, 'cause I sure had t' have Ned on the farm t' help with the chores. I'm gettin' 'long in years an' can't do what I could when I was a boy. But, b'gosh, I'm still a hummin'." And he straightened up proudly, felt of his arm, spat, and continued.

"So Sam went t' school. Gosh, it was a long ways off. Clear out West somewhere. Musta been all-fired dangerous out there, 'cause a man told me thet Sam'd went t' Indianny. I'll be gosh durned if I'd go t' live where's there's any Injins round thet place. Wal, Sam got there safe an' sound an' Jake was mighty proud o' him fur goin' so fur, an' all alone, too, by heck. Called thet school—gosh durn it, I allus ferget thet name. It was like m'wife used t'call the dressmaker she went t'see down in Boston onct."

"Was it Notre Dame?" I ventured.

"Thet's just the place. Gosh, I knew it was somethin' like thet. Don't them Injuns have all, fired funny names? Wal, they made Sam a fresh-man. I knew they'd find out how gosh durned fresh he was afore he was there long. Then they put him in a hall t'sleep. Reckon they knowed Sam all right, 'cause they put him in Bad'n Hall right off t' save 'em the trouble later on. Sam must'a been right t' home in thet place, 'cause he's sure a bad'un. He sure cut up, 'cause he said he'd get t' buy tickets t' dances at Dojere, thet's nigh onto his place; tickets t' win a statue t' send home an' put in front o' the meetin' house, and I'll be durned if he didn't buy half o' thet whole school jus' tryin' t' be too fresh. Thet crazy galoot even said he'd had dinner in Rockyfeller's

own hall. Kin yer beat thet? I says t' myself Sam'll sure put Grafton on the map all right. And he did too."

Here he paused, shifted his position, spat, and chuckled. "Sam stayed in thet country 'bout a year. He was learnin' t' drive an injine; 'cept thet it had the darndest name. Began with "C."

"Was it a civil engineer?"

"Gosh, no. Let me see. Called it after thet place in the Spanish War where Hiram Littleton was killed. Cuba. Thet's it; cubacal injineerin'. Sam says it's the best o' the bunch. It ought'a be, 'cause it cost his dad an all-fired lot o' money t' Sam's teacher. Reckon those edicated folks don't have t' work very hard fer a livin'. Wal, Sam must 'a learned pretty durn fast, 'cause one day Jake gotta letter from a Pres'dent out there. Say, stranger, I tho't Wilson was Pres'dent of this here United States. Did they have t' election without lettin' our Grafton voters go t' the polls? P'raps our twenty odd votes might'a swung t'whole durn shootin' match t' Taft, like when we all swung fur Grant."

He spat again and took on an important pose.

"Anyway," as he resumed his jovial self once more," thet Pres'dent told Jake thet Sam'd gone t' another country. Kin yer beat it? Guess Sam'd allowed thet he'd learned all thet was in this Pres'dent's country; so he went t' the place where the chink thet used t' run the londry come from. Gosh, I laughed t' think thet Sam'd gone t' two countries to be edicated, Indianny an' China. Gosh durn it, thet ain't it; it's Tokio. Thet's the place. I knowed he'd do somethin' t' put us on the map and he sure did. Anyway, with all his edication, Ned's better'n he is even if he didn't learn Chinese an' Cubacee injineerin'. Besides, stranger, it didn't cost me a durn cent, while Jake's still payin' t' keep Sam's edication goin'."

Triolet.

I saw her blue eyes,
And I loved them Alas!
Purer blue than the skies;
I loved her blue eyes.

But vision oft lies—
For one's made of glass,—
I saw her blue eyes,
And I loved them, Alas!—v. E.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

VOL. LIV. OCTOBER 2, 1920. NO. 2.

Board of Editors.

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21 M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21
WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21 EMMETT SWEENEY, '21
MORRIS STARRETT, '21 EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23
EDWARD W. GOULD, '23 VINCENT ENGELS, '23
EDWARD B. DEGREE, '23

A good many things may happen on November sixth, but for Notre Dame it's going to be Homecoming Day. Sometime in the afternoon, two teams will face each other on Cartier U. N. D.! Field for the greatest football battle seen here in years. Purdue will have a strong, aggressive squad, and Purdue will fight; but we know the record behind the Gold and Blue and we know the men of nineteen twenty. It is to the old men, who were fans of yore and yesterday, who carried Eichenlaub off the field and lost their voices when the returns came in from Michigan in '09, that we want to say a word. This day, this game, is yours. Every man in the school is ready to do his utmost to make things enthusiastically alive; there is a new stand in the field; there are a thousand things which will help to make a mark in Notre Dame's history. Remember the days when you used to carry that frayed athletic ticket past the gym, while your heart was pounding with excitement and you were wondering whether—? Well, you can't help it; you must take the train that is headed for South Bend, come out to the old school that yearns for your voices, and reassure yourselves that memories are not dreams but living tongues, that the spirit which is the marvel of educational America has not died in you. We're sure that you have made up your minds. Now look through the athletic comment in this number and find out what's what. Then, decide to brush up on the yells.

—K. K. ROCKNE.

The recent discovery of the baseball scandal has astounded the entire sporting world. The National game has received a jolt from which it will not soon recover; devoted followers of the sport have met with an unexpected shock. Even now it is difficult to believe that the players we idolized can have been guilty of fraud—that for their own selfish ends they have “thrown” a game when they knew that their loyal supporters were backing them with all their hearts. We knew of graft in other sports but the thought of any crooked work in baseball was far from our minds. The ardent fan who cheered his hard-fighting favorites through the entire season finds out now that their efforts were but shams. It is a proved fact. Boxing, wrestling and racing have long ago declined in popularity because of graft. Little interest has been manifested in many of these contests because the public expected that they would be “fixed”—that the winner would be selected beforehand. Baseball is doomed to follow the same downward route unless immediate action is taken. Grafting must be stopped. The offenders must be severely punished and ejected; otherwise our national pastime may soon be a thing of the past.—L. V. K.

Thursday evening you men of Notre Dame gathered in Washington Hall to hear tales of glorious performances of old Alma Mater's sons in days gone by. You were **Look Alive!** assured that last year's “Champions of the West” would repeat this year if they were given the same support, the same encouragement. The coaches and the boys of the gridiron are trying hard to make this year the greatest in the history of Notre Dame football. Yet all their plugging, all their grinding, will be of no avail if you, Mr. Notre Dame Man, are not behind them. Friday noon you came together again to practice the battle-cries of the University. Cheering is not for the edification of outside spectators of the game—you men are not members of a Greek Chorus on display. You're yelling to let the men on the field know that you're behind them. They can't lose when they know that you're with them. They remember those yells when they're hitting the line at West Point, when they're holding 'em at Nebraska. Remember that the team's

victory is your victory; Notre Dame's victory; their defeat spells your defeat and the defeat of Notre Dame. Get out on Cartier Field today and every coming Football Saturday and LOOK ALIVE!—F. E. COUGHLIN.

Your attention is called to the fact that the editorial staff of this year's SCHOLASTIC lists only a small number of men who have been connected with the publication **Help, Help!** in the past. Scribes thirsting for fame seem to have diminished in number; poets and paragraphers, apparently are not born every minute. Now every phase of University endeavor finds room upon the pages of the SCHOLASTIC for record: it is interested in lawyers, engineers, yea, even philosophers. For this reason the student body as a whole ought to have a place in its heart for the paper. Exchange those pile-drivers for megaphones. There are men at Notre Dame whose literary or journalistic prowess has not yet been unearthed by the secret service. There is a good deal of real news, real wit, which somebody ought to share with the world. If you know something which other folks ought to be acquainted with, look up the nearest staff member and tell him about it. Friends outside get ideas of 'Varsity life almost entirely from these pages, and friends inside must make that representation genuine. Don't be afraid. We need you!—E. B. D.

Now that the exchange of students has become a fact, "Viva, football" will soon become the cry of our South American friends.

—*Indianapolis Star.*

We might put some faith in Christian Science if it could make us believe that our coffee is sweet without sugar.

Oh for the days when the grocer stuck a potato on the spout of our oil can!

Do not aim at being a great man twenty years from now: try to be one today.

Nowadays most of us seem to have no time for anything except earning our funeral expenses.

Only a reasonable man is entitled to his own opinion.

When Greek meets Greek—they start a cafeteria.

Father Morrissey.

To older sons and friends of the University, the news of the retirement of Reverend Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., from active participation in the affairs of Notre Dame, will bring numerous memories. Called in his sixty-first year to the high office of Coadjutor General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Father Morrissey leaves a school in whose making his share has been magnificently large. When he came from Ireland years ago, the energy and high purpose of the Founders had not yet planted the shores of the



lake with the rows of great buildings, or drawn the number of students, now present.

Having served as Director of studies for a time, Father Morrissey was made President of the University in eighteen ninety three and retained the office until his election as Provincial in nineteen hundred five. The chapel of the Sacred Heart, which is Notre Dame's glory, was erected under his administration, and a new gymnasium went up somewhat later. All the departments of college life developed vigorously; new branches of study were introduced, able professors were secured. His active, amiable personality seems to have pervaded everybody and everything, breeding that marvellous spirit so universally characteristic of Notre Dame. This great individual influence in education was recognized far and wide; Michigan

conferred upon the President of Notre Dame, the degree of Doctor of Laws, and Rome followed with the title of Doctor of Philosophy.

But more important than all of these things was the friendship for him which appears to have been universal. A kindly interest in all, a winning smile for all, were written permanently against the background of his ascetic priesthood. It is for these things that he will be remembered when his feet have ceased to go the ways he loved at Notre Dame. History will be for him more than dry record; it will be poetry.—L. M.

Departmental Doings.

Since the days when Father Sorin and his handful of companions first taught at the little yellow building on the southern shore of the lake, rapidity has been the keynote of Notre Dame's progress. A span of but seventy five years separates us from the First College, but they are mighty years of effort and achievement. A fifteen by twenty brick structure in an out-of-the-way place, and an enrollment of half a dozen students: that was the Notre Dame of yesterday. Twenty buildings, an enrollment of almost two thousand students, and a world-wide reputation,—that is the Notre Dame of today.

SCIENCE

And while Notre Dame has been developing in prestige and power, she has not forgotten to improve her educational facilities. Changes were made in all the Four colleges this year, new instructors obtained and the courses so rearranged as to keep pace with the progress of the school. The heavy influx of new students has made such revision imperative, especially in the College of Science. The old course leading to the degree, Bachelor of Science, has been dropped, and specialization in some branch of science, Zoology, Biology, Chemistry or Botany, will be required. Advanced Botany has not been taught for seven years, but enough men have finally become interested in plant life to warrant the teaching of the subject by Professor Kaczmarek. He will teach, also, a class in plant pathology, which has been arranged for the benefit of the Agricultural department.

Chemistry Hall has found a new ruler in Henry B. Froning. Mr. Froning has had a wide experience in the professorship, having taught at several colleges, among them Ohio State. Last year, he was engaged as Commercial Research Chemist and Bacteriologist for the

Nizer laboratories at Detroit. He will head the department of Chemistry. On his staff will appear two new instructors,—J. H. Bailey; Notre Dame, '20, who will assist Father Nieuwland in Organic Chemistry, and Doctor R. R. Vogt, who received his Ph. D. in the department of Organic chemistry at Notre Dame last year. He will teach Agricultural Chemistry.

ENGINEERING

Professor McCue's College of Engineering has registered the largest class in its history. No changes have been made this year, either on the staff or in the classes. And now the engineers parade about, wearing a sweet smile. "Our course couldn't be improved," they say, and register superiority.

COMMERCE

Commerce, the department which has been developed, practically within the last five years, has been forced to make extensive alterations. The large registration will make it necessary to introduce the "quiz" system. The classes will be divided into small groups for oral quizzes. Following the same ideas regarding specialization which caused the science courses to be rearranged, the four year commerce program has been modified to allow 19 elective hours in the Junior and Senior years. This will permit the selection of subjects which have a special bearing on the work which the student is contemplating after graduation. Agricultural students, also, are now allowed to specialize in Domestic or Foreign commerce. After the first two years of undergraduate work in Agriculture, the "Aggie" may either continue his study of the farm or start his specialization work.

Commerce men who heretofore have not been able to satiate their cravings for business law and contracts, may now indulge in those estimable subjects to a less limited extent. Mr. Rafter is teaching separate classes in Corporation Contracts, Agency and Negotiable Instruments.

Instructors in Commerce whose forms have not previously graced the University Quadrangle are David A. Weir, who is teaching Money and Banking and Public Finance, and Eugene Peyton, of Scranton, Pa. Mr. Peyton will teach Commercial Geography and direct the Chamber of Commerce. He will also have charge of the work in the Commercial Geography work room and travel Library, which has just been installed on the Mezzanine.

floor of Father Foik's building, opposite the elegant apartments of the SCHOLASTIC. Father O'Hara believes that he has a new element of Commercial education in this room.

JURISPRUDENCE

Law,—the course approved by all of an athletic or oratorical turn of mind,—has "put one over" on the freshies. No longer can the youthful stripling just from High School enter the Magic realm of Blackstone. For the College Fathers have decreed that no student may follow the course in law until he has completed one year of college work. Whether the step was taken because the law should not be attempted by those innocents still soft from home, or because the men who decide on law are a year behind anyone else is still a mystery to the majority of the student body.

For some time, a rumor has been whispered about to the effect that Colonel Hoynes is to teach International law. But it's all wrong, according to the Colonel. He has, however, been giving special lessons in the subject to Manuel Vial, a graduate of the University of Santiago. Mr. Vial is one of the students who came here under Father O'Hara's scholarship plan.—V. E.

Concert and Lecture Course 1920-1921.

The list of Washington Hall events for the coming year is unusually attractive. The following is a partial enumeration: more numbers will be added later.

- Oct. 6—Montraville Wood.
- Oct. 16—Josephine Martino Co.
- Nov. 13—Mildred Leo Clemens Co.
- Nov. 15—Frederick Ward
- Dec. 1—DeMille Male Quartette
- Dec. 4—Edwin Whitney
- Dec. 11—Lorado Taft

1921

- Jan. 8—Bell Ringing Quartette
- Jan. 15—Chicago Novelty Co.
- Jan. 22—Fine Arts Quartette
- Jan. 29—Little Symphony Orchestra
- Feb. 5—The Vivian Players
- Feb. 19—The Orpheus Four
- March 9—Charles G. Gorst
- March 12—The Climax Co.
- March 19—Davis, Magician.

Mr. Thomas Daly, poet and humorist, will probably visit Notre Dame early in October. Prof. Wood's lecture on Oct. 6 should be greeted by a record attendance. In his early days Mr. Wood was closely associated with Thomas A. Edison and has achieved a reputation as a

distinguished scientist and popular lecturer. The lecture is reported to be literally packed with interesting and startling demonstrations. A wrestling match with the gyroscope, the feat of storing daylight, and a demonstration of the mono-rail are some of the bright points of the lecture.

A Club-Sandwich.

Ohio may be the dominating state in national affairs, but as far as glee club politics are concerned, little Connecticut stands pre-eminent. Harry Denny, newly-elected president of the university choristers, hails from Bridgeport, while Hartford claims for its own Walter O'Keefe, vice-president elect. Joseph Magg, of Richmond, Ind., becomes secretary and Alfred Slaggert, of Saginaw, Mich., succeeds himself as business manager. It was decided at Friday's meeting that the personnel of this year's glee club will be limited to thirty members. If the quality of the candidates proves as substantial as appearances predict, manager Slaggert intends to arrange a contract with a booking agency that will give the warblers a chance to see America first.

Steamrollers, split tickets and all the other machinery of modern politics were in evidence at the organization meeting of the Cox-Roosevelt Democratic Club in the Library last Friday evening. The following officers were chosen: President, Mark Storen; Vice-President, James E. Murphy; Secretary, John Heffernan; Treasurer, J. Ralph Coryn. This new club is authorized and supported by the Indiana Democratic Committee.

The possibilities of inter-collegiate debates were discussed at the initial meeting of the Forum held Thursday. With Vincent Engels chairman, a committee consisting of Al Slaggert, and Emmett Sweeney conferred with Father Burns, who announced Rev. William Bolger C.S.C. as director of debating negotiations. Worth Clark of Pocatello, Idaho, became president of the organization by acclamation; J. L. Sullivan was the man selected for vice-president, Vincent Engels being chosen secretary.

Genuine Jamaica, interest, and a record attendance marked the first meeting of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, held on

Tuesday. Alden J. Cusick, former Financial Secretary, was unanimously chosen Grand Knight. The other selections were; Deputy Grand Knight, Alfred Slaggert; Chancellor, Joseph Tierney; Financial Secretary, Eugene Heidleman; Recording Secretary, Emmett Sweeney; Treasurer, Frank Blasius; Inside Guard, William Hart; Outside Guards, Anthony Gorman, and Albert Carrol; Warden, Frank Coughlin. Father Francis Wenninger and Mr. Worth Clark were selected to serve as Trustees. Attorney Timothy Galvin (Ph. B. '16) addressed the council on behalf of the Gibault Home Fund. Notre Dame Knights were urged to turn out for council meetings regularly.

Representatives of the "wild and wooly" territory acknowledged Worth Clark of Pocatello, Idaho, president of the Rocky Mountain Club at their organization meeting, Sunday morning. By the same token, David Hagenbarth became vice president, and Gerald Hagen secretary and honorary treasurer. Visions of a dance, banquet and smoker are entertained by members of the organization.

Al Slaggert will take time from his duties as Varsity cheer leader to act as temporary chairman of the Michigan club until the entire 130 men of wolverine extraction registered at the university decide which one of them shall be burdened with the presidency. A total roll call of the electorate is expected to rush to the next session.

Father Heiser entertained the South Bend Chemist's club by reading a paper on the History of Chemistry at the organization's first meeting held in the University library, Tuesday night.

—Anticipating a championship gridiron aggregation of inter-hall proportions, university day-dodgers, in an enthusiastic organization meeting on Wednesday, chose Harold Weber for president and athletic manager by an impressive majority. The spirit of optimism was so strong that it was decided to tax each South Bend student, \$1.00, to purchase athletic equipment. A Smoker was planned for a near day to keep up the spirit.

—GOULD—MURPHY

Cartier Field stands will seat eight thousand on November sixth. Be there!

In Memoriam.

FRANK L. WENTLAND.

Frank L. Wentland of South Bend died at the Healthwin Sanatorium on September 26th. Many of the alumni and faculty recall the young man who entered the Mining Engineering course in 1913, and who, before finishing his course, accepted a position with a mining firm in Porcupine, Canada. He later followed the same work in Arizona, but ill health forced his return to South Bend. Father J. B. Scheier, C. S. C. officiated at the funeral Mass on Wednesday morning in the Church of the Sacred Heart. His family may take consolation in the fact that this promising young engineer will receive a liberal share in the prayers of Notre Dame, which extends to his brother, the press foreman in the *Ave Maria* office, especial sympathy.—w. m. o'k.

Chez Nous and Elsewhere.

—A letter from Edward Beckman, Journalism '16, makes it known that he is now on the *Akron Press*. "Beck" began his journalistic career on the South Bend *News-Times*. He enlisted as a volunteer private early in the war and won several promotions. The promotions are now coming in his chosen profession.

—One error crept into the printed schedule of the interhall football series last week. On October 9th Walsh will meet Carroll instead of Corby.

—Father Patrick Haggerty, C. S. C., recently had the pleasure of uniting his sister, Miss Margaret F. Haggerty in the sacrament of Matrimony with Doctor Lyman Edward Docry, U. S. N. The ceremony was performed in the Sacred Heart chapel, Senator Charles Haggerty and Miss Margaret Haggerty of South Bend acting as witnesses. The young couple will make their home in Washington, D. C.

—The SCHOLASTIC tenders the congratulations of the Class of '21 to Harrison Crockett a member of last year's Junior Class. "Doc" was married to Miss Lillian Henson of South Bend in Sorin Chapel last summer.

—The proceedings of the recent supreme convention of the Knights of Columbus in New York City are evidence as to the type of man that the University sheds from her campus. Among the new appointees to the board of

supreme directors of the Knights, a body consisting of fifteen members, is Mr. Frank Lonergan, LL. B., '04 of Portland, Oregon. Of the men who were re-elected to serve on this board, Mr. Joseph J. Meyers, LL. B., '04 of Carroll, Iowa, was signally honored by receiving the highest vote among all the candidates placed in nomination. The SCHOLASTIC extends the cordial felicitations of every Notre Dame Knight to Brothers Meyers and Lonergan.

—The present Secretary to the President is Mr. Henry Stevenson, who comes to the University from Montreal, Canada.

—At the Alumni meeting last June, Francis Earl Hering, Litt. B. '98, LL. B., '02, of South Bend announced a prize of one hundred dollars in gold to be awarded to the student who shall first win his monogram this year with the highest academic average. Mr. Hering, the donor of this prize, has asked the Athletic Board to determine the conditions governing this award,—they will be announced later.

—We have just heard of the recent marriage of Harry Richwein LL. B. '20 to Miss Catherine McCarthy of South Bend. Best wishes to Harry and his bride.

—It will be of considerable interest to the men of Notre Dame to know that Delmar Edmondson, now a student at the University, and last year president of the Player's Club and editor-in-chief of the "Juggler," has written a monologue for Miss Marie Cahill, "big-time" vaudeville comedienne, which she will use during the coming season.

—An interesting portrait of Father Gregory, O. S. B., the work of Sister Frances, has been added to the art collection of the University.

—In a recent letter to Father Cavanaugh Ricardo G. Seravia (old student) promised himself a wedding trip to Notre Dame. Ricardo has just severed his business connections with the British Consulate General in Mexico City, in order to associate himself with the El Oro Mining and Railway Company, of El Oro, Mexico.

—Mr. M. C. Burt, former student of the University, is a member of the Freshman Class at the American School of Osteopathy.

—Accompanied by C. B. McCullough, democratic nominee for governor of Indiana, Thomas J. Molanthy, manager of the Valparaiso branch of the United States Steel Corporation, and

U. S. vice-consul at Santiago de Chile, delivered the first of a series of lectures scheduled for the University Chamber of Commerce during the present semester. In his talk, which was that of a practical foreign trade expert, he emphasized tact and training as the qualities essential in graduates who expect to follow foreign commerce. Mr. Molanthy described the opportunities hidden in Chile, the value of whose nitrate deposits alone is inestimable.

—The cafeteria, which will be managed by the Kables this year, is undergoing extensive improvements. In addition to the space used last year there will be a new dining-room. As yet the opening date has not been announced.

—The Chamber of Commerce, as designated by Rev. J. F. O'Hara, head of the commerce department, will be grouped into six sections this year. Short course men, section I, and foreign commerce students, section VI, will meet Sunday nights. Freshmen, taking the four year course, classified in sections II and III, hold sessions Mondays; Sophomores in the domestic commerce course meet Tuesday evenings while juniors and seniors studying home trade have their meeting Thursdays.

—Ferdinand Emery Kuhn (B. S., 1883; M. S., 1885) of Nashville, Tennessee, has been selected by the Retail Credit Men's Association of that city to act as its president during the coming year.

—During the past week the Notre Dame unit of the Bengal Foreign Mission Society has been recruiting. The students of every Hall have been addressed by Father Hebert, who unfolded the nature, purpose, privileges and benefits of the society, with the result that nearly every student of the school has been enrolled. Those who have not yet found an opportunity to join the society may call at 315 Sorin Hall any day between nine and eleven a. m.

—Mr. Hugh Thomas Lavery (LL. B., '19) is now practising law in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Hugh was a member of the varsity pitching staff for the two years preceding his graduation.

—MURPHY-GOULD.

Forget about the Ides of March, but remember November sixth.

"Hoosier Cream" and the cream of the Hoosiers are neighbors—but there's a world of difference in "pep."

What's What in Athletics.

PIGSKIN PROSPECTS

Notre Dame will pry off the Seasons' lid by taking on the Kalamazoo College team today. This contest, which has been ordinarily looked upon as a mere formality, will assume all the aspects of a real contest owing to the recent surprise victory of the Celery City squad over Michigan Agricultural College. Furthermore it will furnish Rockne with a splendid opportunity to study the respective merits of the varsity candidates, each of whom is putting up a gritty fight for a regular position on the first squad.

The pronouncement of George Gipp's eligibility by the faculty board of control has, literally, furnished even the most pessimistic with barrels of happy meditation. Gipp has established an enviable reputation as a versatile, fearless and brilliant performer on the field. The big Wolverine broke into prominence in 1916 when he established a drop-kick record while a member of the Gold and Blue Frosh squad. As a varsity man his every performance has been marked by a superlative brand of play. It would be sheer nonsense to wonder at Rockne's broad smiles of assurance and contentment these days with Gipp cavorting around the backfield. With an even break in luck, Gipp should clinch many mythical honors.

A pretty fight is on for the first string full-back job with Wynn, Kasper, Dooley, Phelan and Castner staging the principal rôles. Each of these men is endowed with football brains, speed and brawn. Castner will, undoubtedly, alternate with Eddie Degree in booting the oval. What with Mohardt, Gipp, Barry, Danny Coughlin, Walsh and Wilcox, Coach Rockne has no end of halves who rank, as individuals, with the very best in the Collegiate world. Particularly pleasing was the scintillating work of Mohardt, Barry and Coughlin in last Saturday's snappy scrimmage with the Frosh eleven. Time and time again the members of this peerless triumvirate found the fighting Fresh line as resisting as so much paper. Only the depressing heat of the afternoon prevented them from piling up an overwhelming yardage.

At the pivot post Rockne will again have the little veteran, Brandy. "Joe" is a field general of stellar ability. In last week's fray, Brandy demonstrated his retention of that snap, vim and command which won for him wide recog-

nition during his years of varsity competition. Mohn, the South Bend High School planet, Logan and Thomas are other promising men trying for the same position. Larsen has an edge on Mehre and Kennedy for the center job and the big boy from Michigan will undoubtedly be Rockne's choice Saturday.

Morrie Smith and Anderson are fixtures at the guard jobs. Both of these men are footballers of grit and phenomenal offensive and defensive ability. Eddie Degree is a likely looking candidate for a guard position, possessing not only beef and football brains, but a clever punting toe.

Then we have Captain Coughlin, Rockne's most seasoned veteran, back at his left tackle position. He is, perhaps, one of the most representative and aggressive players to have thrilled local pigskin fans. Coughlin is a giant and does the work of a giant on the line. This is his last year and should prove his most successful one. There is no dearth of excellent material for the flank positions. The loss of Bernie Kirk, although a great one, should cause Rockne but little worry with men of such a stamp as Kiley, Anderson, Hayes, Carberry, Prokup, and Seifert. The first three are monogram men and veterans of tried experience. Garvey, Shaw and Oberst are the most likely looking candidates for the right tackle berth left vacant by Cy DeGree.

Despite the fact that he has an imposing array of stars who have been drilling in excellent pre-season form, Rockne is adhering to his program of frequent scrimmage as often as the physical condition of the players will permit. As a result, the dopsters are busy predicting success equal to that of last year when Notre Dame shared with Center College an unsullied title.

As a deserved tribute to a Notre Dame athlete of great ability and greater character, the SCHOLASTIC is delighted to reprint the following letter:

Chicago, June 22nd, 1920:

Rev. James A. Burns, President,

Notre Dame University,

Dear Reverend Father:

At the 20th Intercollegiate Conference Athletic Association's Outdoor Meet at Ann Arbor on June 5th, in the one-quarter mile race, which was run in a heavy downpour of rain, the finish judges in some way confused the numbers of the men finishing and announced that one of your students, Mr. T. C. Kaspar, was second.

Mr. Kaspar immediately disclaimed this award, saying that he had finished fifth only and was not entitled to the prize for second place. The Board of Directors wishes to express to you its pleasure at the sportsmanlike conduct of Mr. Kaspar and to commend him for the promptness and unselfishness shown in his action.

The Board desires that its feelings in the matter be expressed through you rather than directly to Mr. Kaspar. *

Yours truly,

W. D. HOWE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

FRESHMAN SQUAD SURVIVALS.

Coach Frank Miles has given his squad of sixty hopefuls a thorough trial during the past ten days. On last Tuesday he made the long expected cut, reducing the warriors to about thirty. With these men under his tutelage, and aided by Assistant Coach Halas, the freshman mentor hopes to develop a team that will successfully oppose the varsity and come through the season's schedule clean. The survivors of the "cut" are McLaughlin, Byrne, Lieb, Hogan, Kelly, Hess, Shaughnessy, Maher, Brown, Bergman, Higginbarth, Berberich, Parker, Ragan, Bulowski, Heebe, Cameron, Du Jardin, Mayl, Kennedy, Egan, Magevney, Miller, Long, Murphy, Scoggin, Kohn, Riley, Powers and Reardon.

THE PURDUE GAME.

November sixth is to be the biggest day in Notre Dame's home gridiron history. The Notre Dame-Purdue football fray, Hoosier classic and climax of Notre Dame's first autumn home-coming celebration, is scheduled for the date.

Preparations are already under way to accommodate the largest crowd ever seated on Cartier Field. The completion of the new West grand stand, which will stow away three thousand spectators, makes it possible to seat over eight thousand people at the game. If the interest shown by South Bend and its environs last year is a measure, Notre Dame may be sure of playing host to a capacity crowd for the "big home game." Purdue comes to Cartier Field for the first time in more than a decade. The strongest team Coach Scanlon has ever developed will attempt to break the undefeated home record of Coach Rockne's men.

The entire new west stand will be sold out as "reserved seats." Students will occupy the east stand in order to concentrate for cheering and the entertainment specialties. Circus bleachers on both flanks of the old stand and across each end of the playing field will provide additional seating room.

—STARRETT-SLAGGERT.

Alumni, Old Students, Friends!

Notre Dame hopes to welcome every alumnus, old student and friend to the campus on the occasion of this great home game. There will be "high jinks" every minute beginning Friday evening: the rally, parade and serenade to Purdue in South Bend will be followed by a genuine Get-Together-Smoker in the gymnasium fast boxing and wrestling events will be mingled with plenty of good old music—all by university talent. Two of the best high-school elevens in northern Indiana will clash at noon on Cartier Field as a curtain-raiser. At one-thirty the Notre Dame-Purdue battle will begin. It will be a tense gridiron struggle all the way through, with action every minute; between halves students will entertain. On Saturday evening there will be a banquet for all old monogram men, and a dance as a suitable climax to the first great home-coming.

We Want—

We want you to come down for two days or one at least. We want to know that you're coming so that we can be ready for you. We are reserving at least five hundred of the best seats in the center of the new stands for Notre Dame alumni, old students, and their friends. We want every Notre Dame club to organize and decide on its quota as soon as possible. We want every man in whose neighborhood there is no such club, to remember that he belongs to ours and come. General admission will be one dollar (\$1), reserved seats, a dollar and a half (\$1.50 and \$2), and box seats, three dollars (\$3). There are six seats in a box. Checks and money-orders for these reservations will be acknowledged until November third. Please address all communications to K. K. Rockne, Athletic Director, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Safety Valve.

LITTLE STRAWS.

Judging by the large number of men who reserved rooms in Rockefeller Hall in August, and who are already on the grounds, we should say that this will be a hard winter.

A Badinite insists on telling us that he goes over to the "Natorium" every day to swim.

Neither do we know who that great scientist was who discovered that a fellow couldn't get thirsty after ten o'clock.

We wish to inform our Movie fans that Norma Talmadge is not a Jew—she's a Jewess.

HEARD IN BADIN HALL.

Is this optional vespers as long as the ordinary one?

IN RHETORIC CLASS

Professor (*to student*): Could you tell me Mr. — what a transitive verb is.

Student (*Clearing his throat*): Pardon me, Father, but this is my first day in this class.

Carrollite (*Reading a copy of the Rules*): I wonder who made all these rules—Father Sorin?

A fellow with one permission a month is like a dog with one leg—he can't do anything but growl.

1st Freshman—What are you going to do, buddy, when you get your first monthly permission.

2nd Freshman—Why I'll probably go down to the interurban station and watch the clock so I won't miss the last car.

Student (*who has been out of school for two years*): Oh how the cobwebs cob in the old machinery!

MORE BUNK THAN POETRY.

When Jose
Blows his nose
On his clothes
He almost goes
Into chaos.

"Surely, Harold," she said as she gazed at him out of two wonderfully blue eyes and playfully pulled the buttons off his coat, "you believe in me don't you?"

"Of course I do," he moaned, as he looked down at the bereaved coat, "haven't I brought you toothache drops and ice cream cones and vaseline?"

"But you never tell me I'm the only girl you ever cared for and that you couldn't live another minute if I were to leave you."

"No, indeed, and I never told you that the Singer building was in Oskosh, and that Niagara Falls was just outside of Kokomo—but you know they are, don't you, dear?"

"If you won't be serious with me Harold, I'll take bichloride of mercury or I'll deliberately eat a Friday dinner at the University."

"Horrors! Mable, don't think of doing that. I'll tell you any lie you want if you promise you won't die on our grounds. Brother Philip's man is overworked now."

1st Student—That coat is much too short for you.
2nd Student—Quite true; but it will be long before I get another one.

The problem "how to divide six rooms among two hundred boys," should be given to a math. class instead of the registrar.

MISS FORTUNE.

She has a winsome sunny smile
It seems to warm your heart:
You'd think her eyes were orbs of light
From which the sunbeams start;
Her cheeks are mighty like a rose
Oh! she is wondrous sweet—
And yet folks pass her by, because
She lives on Chapin Street.

She spends each busy day at school
Her teachers think her bright,
Though others get their math. all wrong
She seems to get her's right;
I never knew another maid
Who seemed quite so discreet—
But students frown on her, because
She lives on Chapin Street.

CHARMS

"I love you," said the maiden fair,
The youth hung low his head,
"I love each freckle on your face
I love your hair of red."

"I love your chin," the youth replied,
"I love its graceful curve,
But most of all my pretty maid
I think I love your nerve."

"I like to look into your eyes,"
The maiden cried in glee,
"Within those orbs my future life
Quite clearly I can see."

"Your cheeks are red," the youth returned,
"You are a winsome lass,
But far above your other charms
I seem to like your brass."

"I know you are a valiant knight,"
The charming maiden sobbed.
"If you should die; the world of half
Its beauty would be robbed."

"I like your form," the youth chimed back,
"You seem so slim and tall,
But if you offered me one charm
I think I'd take your gall."

The Freshman who copied a piece of verse that had been written by his teacher some years before, and who handed the poem into class as an original production, thought he received great credit when the teacher marked his duty "Very good."