

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 15, 1921.

No. 12.

For George Gipp.

*(Baptized on his deathbed)*

STARS in their courses and twelve stars whose rays  
But draw their beauty from Her circled brow  
Fought in great peace to bring you, through what ways,  
Where you are now.

There is a company about Her throne  
Where all her knights are met in heaven's joys,  
And you, the youngest, are not there alone  
Among Her boys.

They have laid by the mail of many a field,  
Out of a thousand climes, a thousand years,  
To you, newcomer, welcome place they yield  
Among your peers.

You wore Her armor, battling in Her name,  
What though you scarcely knew its august power—  
She knew Her knight and, fame beyond all fame,  
Prepared this hour,

When with a kindness fitting such a Queen  
She led you off, your tourney but begun,  
With scutcheon bright and wreath of laurel green,  
Your spurs quick-won.

For greaves may rust, and fame is but a breath  
That blows or hot or cold beyond deserving,  
But Honor lives immortal in this death,  
Your name preserving.

Out of what far ways of the boundless skies  
Fluttered the call that turned your footsteps here  
Where over all our purpose shine Her eyes,  
Her spirit near.

O Lady, you have taken of our best  
To make a playmate for the Seraphim;  
There on the wide sweet campus of the blest,  
Be good to him.

## Progress and Scholastic Philosophy.\*

JAMES W. HOGAN, '22.

THE present age is undoubtedly progressive. The spirit of progress has vitalized the very atmosphere we breathe and has so permeated men's minds that it has become to a large extent the motivating principle of modern thought and action. It has animated the politics of every nation and given a new impetus to legislative enactments; it has quickened the activities of commerce and trade and has accelerated the wheels of industry; more important still, it has brought its vivifying influence to bear upon the science of our day and has inspired multitudes of devoted men to explore, and utilize the forces of nature.

It is altogether fitting that a large share of the phenomenal progress of this twentieth century should be attributed to science, because science is essentially progressive. As the term is used at present, science is the knowledge of tangible and concrete things, a knowledge of whose nature depends upon observation and experiment. There can be no question that the last fifty years has witnessed intense activities along these lines and much of the success attendant thereon has been due to the invention of those truly marvellous instruments which mechanical science has produced. Thus it is that in the physical sciences at least, knowledge has undergone a phenomenal development and improvement, that is to say true progress has been made. Now progress to be true, must in the strictest sense be natural, and for this reason it has been said that progress is a universal attribute of nature. It is evident in all her operations. There is nothing violent or lawless about genuine progress. It follows all the rules of sequence and order. It is forever working toward a determined end and must make good

\*Paper read before St. Thomas' Philosophy Association.

its ground as it goes with the scientific man. The same is true in the construction of the scientific edifice. The results of the labors of today become the groundwork of the toil of tomorrow. From chaos to order, from theory to hypothesis, from hypothesis to law,—that is the progressive tendency of the scientific process.

This is true not only in the method of the particular sciences, but also in that of science in general. The sphere of scientific activity is continually reaching out in an ever-widening circle. The individual sciences are so interrelated, so dependent upon one another, that an advance in one branch invariably results in an accelerated movement throughout the whole field of science. The chemist, for example, who combines his elements into a new compound is quick to perceive the immediate utility of his discovery in the fields of physics or biology; and the physicist knows that for each step forward he may take in the perfection of method or apparatus there will be a corresponding progress in chemistry or in the sciences dealing with organic life. Thus does physical science continue to intensify, develop, and diffuse itself over an ever-expanding area. And its progress in our times is as substantial as it is undisputed.

Now can this same claim be made for philosophy? There are some who say that it cannot. But before attempting a statement of their position, we must set forth the right notion of the nature and scope of philosophy, together with its relation to the natural sciences. "For," say Cicero," every philosophical discussion of anything whatsoever should begin with a definition in order to make clear what the discussion is about."

Philosophy springs from the innate desire of the human mind to know the highest truth. It is neither history nor fiction, but science in the truest sense of the word, for by its methods and its means the inquiring intellect of man penetrates beneath the outer surface of things and reveals the causes which account for their origin, their nature, and their destiny. Its point of view is not narrow, not one-sided: it is the broadest possible, for it views all things not in any particular aspect, but precisely as such or such a nature, which has to be examined in order to determine what it is in itself and to discover its essential relations with the remainder of the universe. Its subject matter, therefore, includes that of all the particular sciences, and it is able to take the data and the con-

clusions furnished by them and to construct them into a harmonious whole, that is, to construct a perfect synthesis of knowledge.

The true dignity of philosophy resides in this fact that it is able to satisfy the natural craving of the human mind for the truth which lies beyond immediate perception. This the positive sciences by their very nature can never do. Their unceasing accumulation of the facts of experience does but whet the desire for an explanation of the ultimate reality of things; they do not satisfy it. At the present time discovery follows discovery with such startling rapidity that the human mind is fairly bewildered by the variety and complexity of information which is presented to it. Never before was there such need for a unified system of thought which can present in a convincing manner the fundamental principles upon which the particular sciences are based and to trace out their mutual associations and relationships, and thus to offer some solution to those riddles of the universe that have fascinated the greatest minds throughout the ages. "The farther science has pushed back the limits of the discernable universe," says a profound and vigorous writer, "the more insistent do we feel the demand within us for an explanation of the whole. The old, eternal problems rise before us and clamor ever more loudly for some newer and better solution. The solution offered by a bygone age was soothing at least, if it was not final. In the present age, however, the problems reappear with an acuteness that is almost painful; the deep secret of our human nature; the questions of our origin and destiny, the inter-meddling of blind necessity and chance and pain in the strange, tangled drama of our existence, the foibles and oddities of the human soul, and all the mystifying problems of human relations—are not these all so many enigmas which torment and trouble us whithersoever we turn? And all seem to circle around the one essential question: Has human nature a real meaning and value, or is it so utterly amiss that truth and peace will never be its portion?"

Now it is vain to turn to the mathematician, the chemist, or the biologist for an answer to such questions as these. We are here in quest of abstract and universal knowledge, while that of the scientist is *ex professo* concrete and particular. His data is specific; his point of view is localized. He is chiefly concerned with

the facts and phenomena that cluster around the particular subject with which he is concerned and in which his interest is centered, and even though he turn aside for a moment to consider some affiliated branch, it is only that he may the better comprehend his own problems or give his discoveries a wider application.

Not so, however, with philosophy. She has the advantage of a wider outlook and a truer perspective. She is, as it were, upon the mountain top with the broad sweep of the valley stretched before her, so that she may take in at a glance the whole teeming activity of the intellectual universe. Thus, to paraphrase Newman, philosophy can not be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous; she must be patient, collected, and majestically calm because she discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end; the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because she ever knows where she stands, and how her path lies from one point to another. Philosophy, says the same author, gives us "the comprehension of the bearings of one science on another, and the use of each to each, and the location and limitation and adjustment and due appreciation of them all, one with another."

Now unless we understand this unique and exalted position of philosophy; unless we have a true appreciation of its status and its functions, as well as of its relations to the positive sciences, we shall be unable to hold our ground against those who make it their pleasure to attack philosophy in order to belittle it before the minds of unthinking men. For there are not a few so-called modern critics who seem to take, when occasion offers, especial delight in heaping ridicule upon philosophy, and above all the philosophy of the Schools. This is often done in order to make it appear that the condemnation of philosophy is only another triumph of science. Thus they denounce metaphysics as an "array of infinite distinctions," Aristotelian logic as "a system of thought unsuited to the modern mind," and Scholasticism as "a fruitless burrowing into the fossilized notions of antiquity." Science alone, they proclaim, has progressed; philosophy is no more advanced than it was twenty centuries ago. For, says one of these critics, "If the greatest of the ancient Greek scientists, physicians, or geographers should rise again, they would be amazed at the progress made in science; like beginners they would

sit at the feet of the teachers of our day, they would lack the most elementary ideas; they would first have to learn what every grammar-school boy now knows, and much of what they once considered achievements would be disclosed to them as deception, or mere hypothesis. On the other hand, a Plato an Aristotle, a Zeno or an Epicurus, might readily take part in our discussions about God and the soul, about virtue and immortality. And they could safely use their old weapons, the keenness of which has suffered but little from the rust of time and the attacks of opponents. They would be astonished at the little progress philosophy has made, so that now after two thousand years the same answers are given to the same questions." Or this argument may be stated thus: As compared with science, we know that philosophy has made little or no progress, because the same answers are given to the same questions about God and the soul, about virtue and immortality as were made two thousand years ago.

The implications contained in such conclusions are shocking to anyone who believes in the immutability of truth. For if progress is synonymous with change and all-pervading evolution; if it means the abandonment of truths that are analytical and self-evident, laws which underlie the very fabric of society itself, beliefs which spring from the common, constant and universal judgment of mankind; if it requires that men hold no views as determined and stable, and that the thinkers of one generation must be prepared to yield their conclusions to the critics of the next,—if this be progress, then the philosophy of the Schools is indeed unprogressive. But we do not believe that this is a fair or a genuine norm of progress for philosophy. It is in fact the very antithesis of progress. It is evident that to begin a work from the ground up over and over again is not to go forward. Progress consists in the gradual development of something stable; it is not a mere adding of brick to brick, but rather an expansion through assimilation. In this sense there has indeed been progress in Scholastic philosophy.

Nor must it be thought that the only concern of modern Scholasticism is the preservation of those eternal truths of which it is the custodian. Principles are of small avail unless they are applied, and theory is not of much worth without practise. We may readily see that the

progress of Scholasticism is rightly determined not so much by any change in its internal structure and matter as by the intelligence and energy with which that matter is accommodated to the problems and spirit of each succeeding age. *Non nova sed nove*—that is the tenor of new-Scholasticism. Not new things but old things presented in a new way. It would take hold of the thread of perennial truth that has been spun out by the masters of other centuries and weave it into the complex fabric of modern life.

And, indeed, the modifications that have been made in the scope and method within the last twenty-five years are sufficient evidence that Scholasticism is whole-heartedly adapting itself to the requirements of the present era. The Neo-Scholastic movement which was called into being by the genius of Leo XIII and stimulated by the indefatigable labors of Cardinal Mercier and his associates has aroused the interest of the entire world of thought. Nor is there anything vague or hypothetical about this new movement. It has a program and a propaganda. It is recognized by great minds, supported by keen and independent thinkers, and has given birth to a new and comprehensive philosophical literature. Its exponents have first of all thrown aside the impediments of fruitless disputes which encumbered the philosophers of medieval times, in order that they may be more free to grapple with the vital problems of the present day. They have adopted to a large extent the language and tactics of their opponents: they have withdrawn from the conventional Latin disputes which engaged the philosophers of medieval times, in order that they may be more free to grapple with the vital problems of the present day; they have transposed the conventional Latin syllogisms of the thirteenth century into the living tongues of the twentieth and arrayed their arguments in the accoutrements of an attractive style.

And, indeed, the energetic, aggressive, efforts of these men have been most fruitful of results. Their exhaustive historical researches and the philosophical systems of past ages have revealed to the world that there is a certain continuity of error running through the sophistries of the non-scholastic schools. So too, the reconciliation which is now taking place between natural science and philosophy may be attributed in large part to their untiring labors. They have demonstrated the fact that these great branches

of study are so closely related, so dependent one upon the other, that neither can be neglected without undermining the whole scientific edifice. I need not mention that other undoubted indication of Scholastic virility and progress,—namely, the sane and constructive application of its principles to the social, political, and economic problems of the modern nations, and in a very special manner to those of our own commonwealth. Suffice it to say that when a few months ago the four American Bishops, representing as they did the embodiment of the philosophy of the Schools, came down, as it were, 'into the market place' and proclaimed to the world the bankruptcy of that political economy which has regulated men's lives for the last century or more, it was then that Scholasticism entered into a newer and a brighter era, full of vigor, of promise and of hope.

It is in the light of these facts then that we must consider the progress of Scholasticism. And if our vision is unobscured by prejudices, if our minds are such that we can scan the pages of history with an impartial eye, and if we are prepared to yield to facts their true significance, then, indeed, we must perceive that Scholastic philosophy is a living, organic system of thought, rooted indeed in the institutions of the past, yet destined to grow and develop and cast an ever-widening and more beneficent influence upon the intellectual and social life of the future.

### Our Neglect of Newman.\*

BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

Cardinal Newman, as a writer, a thinker, and a great churchman, is recognized as holding an almost unique place in the religious world of the nineteenth century. His personality as revealed in his famous "Apologia" is one of the noblest the world has known. The reader of this, the finest autobiography in English literature, is privileged to see into the soul of its author as into that of no other writer. Before this revelation was made, Newman was misunderstood and mistrusted. After the world had seen the true Newman, affectionate, loyal, honest, it opened its arms to him as one of its greatest heroes.

Even Catholics of Newman's generation were

\* Read before the Notre Dame Forum, on December 3, 1920.

slow to recognize his worth; even they mistrusted him. Not until after his great accomplishment of defending himself and his brother priests from the charge of dishonesty did Catholics show their appreciation of his services to religion. The coldness of Catholics was a great trial to the sensitive soul of Newman. But it was to be his lot to be unappreciated and mistrusted for many years, and the circumstance brought the great convert many sad days. Yet his spirit bore the trial bravely, and before death came to him, his merits were fully recognized by the Church he had loved and served so well.

When Leo XIII made John Henry Newman a cardinal the Catholic world rejoiced at the tardy honor given to the greatest prose-writer in English literature. Although educated Catholics now fully appreciate the influence of Newman in the religious world, still all classes of Catholics are far from being well acquainted with the wonderful productions of his pen. Among university students Newman is hardly more than a name. A casual reference to his wonderful style and to one or another of his works is all that is heard even from professors of English literature. Does not this neglect seem incredible? If Newman's thought and style would be appreciated, some of his works must be read in their entirety. Two of Newman's books that should appeal especially to students are the "Apologia" and the "Idea of a University." In the first they will see revealed in the purest English ever penned, the soul of one of the truest men that has ever lived in this sad world. In the second the marvellous diction and forceful expression of the deepest philosophy will cause the reader to wonder at the sheer literary power of the author. Again I say, it seems incredible that Catholic students and professors should neglect the writings of an author whose name is synonymous with perfect literary achievement.

Among older men who have had a university training and who may have read one or another of Newman's books while they were undergraduates, there is also a general neglect of Newman. It is almost unheard of to find any Catholic layman who has made a special study of Newman. To a cultivated or a professional man, the study of Newman's works should be a genuine delight. Such men are looked to by their less favored friends and fellow citizens for that freshness and force of literary expression that can come

only from a long and careful study of a master stylist like Newman. At the same time their study of Newman will furnish them with an armor for the intellectual battles of life that will be absolutely impenetrable to any attacks from the enemies of revealed religion. Newman wrote his books just for this class of persons, that they might be supplied with the necessary arguments to meet the opponents of Christian truth. What a fruitful apostolate is here for the educated Catholic layman. He has opportunities for championing the cause of Catholic teaching such as never come to a priest. With Newman for his guide, he cannot but lead honest inquirers to the fountains of truth and wisdom.

Among the clergy almost the same neglect is evident. As Newman's works may be made collateral with the study of theology, it would seem natural to find a keen interest manifested in the sermons of the great Oxford convert. The seminarian or the priest, however, who has read many of the books of Newman is the exception rather than the rule. Such volumes as "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," "Oxford University Sermons," "The Development of Christian Doctrine," the "Apologia," the "Grammar of Assent," should afford the clerical reader matter for a life study. The careful perusal of these and of other works of the Cardinal will have a two-fold advantage for the priest-student. Besides the philosophy and theology of Newman's writings, which will enrich the mind of the cleric, the style of the author will challenge him to improve his diction and to embellish his own sermons. Another purpose the discourses of Newman will serve for the priest is that of spiritual reading. These sermons, which are impregnated with the beauty and the wisdom of Holy Scripture, should be, next to the sacred writings, the constant companion of the priest, for they are the finest in the English language.

What, it might be asked, are the causes of this general neglect of the greatest of prose writers in English literature? In the first place, the character of Newman's writings is either religious or philosophic, and only persons who are interested in such subjects will be led to read his works. Secondly, Catholics as a class are not especially interested in religious or philosophic subjects. This is not true of non-Catholics. We may take the young Newman as an instance of this. The reader of his "Apolo-



gia" cannot but be struck at the large number of religious treatises he mentions as having read before he was sixteen years of age. It is sometimes said by persons of experience that young men cannot be expected to take an interest in reading of a serious character. If this be true, then the young men of the present day are of a very different type from those of Newman's time. Many of the tractarians were younger than Newman, and, yet their interest in questions of philosophy and theology was intense. What is the explanation of this admitted difference between young Catholic students and the men and women who attend non-Catholic institutions of learning? I think one reason of the apathy shown by young Catholic men towards things of the mind is due to the absence of intellectual interests in most Catholic families. Catholics, as a rule, are not of the independent class, and their time and energies must be given to the necessary task of supporting a family. There is little leisure and inclination, after the grinding labors in shop or office, to spend the evening hours in self-improvement. Naturally the atmosphere of the home is not intellectual, and so the children have little incentive to intellectual interests beyond those of their parents. This is a real disadvantage to any boy or girl, and even if later opportunities are afforded them to obtain a college education, the early intellectual training which they lack can hardly ever be supplied by the college or the university. And perhaps the greatest defect in such young persons is their inability to become interested in subjects that require sustained attention and real effort. They do not appreciate the value of the philosophy of any of the various branches of learning. Their minds have been used for the practical things of life, and whatever is merely intellectual, with no evident bearing on the activities of everyday existence, does not appeal to them as worth striving for.

Is there any remedy for this general neglect of the writings of Cardinal Newman on the part of Catholics? Yes, there certainly is a remedy, but it is a difficult one. Bearing in mind the fundamental cause of a want of interest in intellectual things, I may offer the following suggestions. Hitherto no concerted effort has been made to bring Newman to his rightful place in the curriculum of studies in our Catholic colleges and universities. Such works as the "Apologia," "Essay on Develop-

ment," "Idea of a University," and "Grammar of Assent" should be among the required books to be carefully studied in the classes of literature or philosophy. These works are universally regarded by competent critics as among the masterpieces of English literature, and it seems a disgrace for the graduates of Catholic universities to be wholly unfamiliar with them. I am quite aware of the inherent difficulties that will meet the beginner in reading Newman. But unless these difficulties are squarely met and conquered, the Catholic student must admit that his intellect is inferior to that of his brother student in the non-Catholic school. There is question here of forming a taste for the best writer of English prose, and this purpose is certainly worth the greatest pains.

An excellent organization in many non-Catholic universities is known as the Newman Club. The object of this society is to gather together for social and intellectual pursuits the Catholic students attending these institutions. A program of lectures on the philosophy of religion is arranged and through these lectures the agnostic atmosphere of the university is rendered less pernicious for the Catholic students. Besides the lectures, the club has its reading-room where Catholic papers and books are accessible to the members. A set of Newman's works, of course, is found in the library, and their value for philosophical and apologetical studies is made patent by the lecturers and the chaplain of the club. In this way the Catholic students are made militant members of the Church; and as they are in constant contact with persons who are indifferent or hostile to Catholic teaching, they strive to be ever ready to give a reasonable account of the faith they profess. While a Newman club is not so imperative in a Catholic university, still the same excellent results would come from membership in such a society. It seems, then, that we should imitate our less favored Catholic fellow-students, and organize a Newman Club at every Catholic college and university.

Not only should Catholics be familiar with the incomparable writings of Cardinal Newman, but they should also study his career as an Anglican and as a Catholic. Fortunately there is abundant material for both of these purposes. In Newman's published correspondence as an Anglican and in his matchless "Apologia," the earlier period of his life may be seen as in a mirror. No other writer has left so much of a

personal nature. Here the true Newman is revealed; the nobility of his character is unfolded as the reader proceeds with the narrative of his life. Who has ever read his exquisite "Apologia" without feeling the deepest reverence for the author, who sacrificed gladly the influence and friendships of his whole career as an Anglican when he became a Roman Catholic? What Catholic indeed can suppress a tear as he reads the concluding words of the "Apologia," by some considered the most beautiful, as they are certainly the most pathetic, that ever came from Newman's pen? The last sermon he preached as an Anglican, "The Parting of Friends," describes with pathos the saddest of our earthly experiences; and in the last paragraph the personal note affords the reader a glimpse of the sorrow of Newman's own soul.

Cardinal Newman's life as a Catholic has been adequately written by Wilfred Ward, the son of W. G. Ward, a life-long friend of Newman. The importance of this great biography cannot be overestimated. The author had, through his family connections as well as by his training as a theologian, fitted himself to handle with understanding and sympathy, the noble character of Newman. Such a varied and exceptional career as his could not be portrayed without a special preparation for the task, and Catholics should feel deeply grateful to Wilfred Ward for his great achievement. And the best way for them to show their appreciation for his service to the Church in writing the life of Cardinal Newman, is to read this biography. It is doubtful, however, whether one educated Catholic in a thousand reads Ward's life of Newman. Here again we have an instance of how Catholics have neglected Newman, the greatest writer and churchman of the English-speaking world. May the day soon come when it can no longer be said that Catholics do not appreciate the life and writings of John Henry Cardinal Newman, the great Oxford leader, and the prince of English prose-writers.

The Conference makes it a physical impossibility to play more than seven games a year—which shows that there is something wrong with Notre Dame.

The fact that our criminal population is just about equal to that of our colleges and universities suggests that there may be something wrong with our educational system.

## Varsity Verse.

FOR GEORGE GIPP.

We did not know you. When the downs were done  
And that last breathless goal, the dusky winds  
Made hard, lightly, like one who cleaves the rinds  
For luscious fruit, you smiled. The game was won  
But those who bore you from the field were sad.  
At jealous fame that kept you dumb; their tears  
Were jewels forged in flaming pain; the years  
That shaped them were the years of Galahad.

What game Our Lady gave you for your prayer  
Is whispered from the emerald turf of heaven:  
When dusk has called the starry players out  
She throws the moon across the skies; a shout  
Of victory rises from the Blue eleven:—  
And for the Gold we give you as our share.—J. F. W.

TO MY LANDLADY

Not long ago she smiled at me  
And bade me welcome cheerily;  
But weeks' accumulated rent  
Make me a non-essential gent.

When I first came I paid three beans  
But money filtered through my jeans  
And now I stay out half the night  
With just one aim,—keep out of sight.

She used to give me loads of heat  
And now and then a sweet to eat.  
But lately in my frozen hole  
I'm like Doc Cooke at the Pole.

Four weeks ago I paid my bill  
Since then I've bet on points until  
I'm frantic in my wonder how  
I'll get the jack to smooth her brow.

At times I wish some secret door  
Led outward from the second floor  
Because I wouldn't then go down  
To face her daily gloomy frown.

So Mister, if I come to you  
And ask you for a buck of two  
Don't be hardhearted, think of her  
Whose keeping such a 'broken' cur,

Just think! Her face would light with joy  
She'd even gurgle, "Atta boy!  
I'll give you heat, a bite to eat,  
But don't let History repeat."

Not long ago she smiled at me  
And bade me welcome cheerily,  
Alas! She loved me for my dough:  
'Twas not myself. At last I know.

—WALTER M. O'KEEFE.

HERMIT SONG.

I love to wander in the woods,  
To hear the breeze at prayer,  
To ponder on the woodland scene  
With all its vistas fair,  
To hearken in the silences,  
And know that God is there.—B. A.

# 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.

JANUARY 15, 1921.

NO. 12.

## 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
HENRY STEVENSON '21	VINCENT ENGELS, '23
EDWARD B. DEGREE, '23	J. W. HOGAN, C. S. C., '22
LEO R. WARD, C. S. C., '23	FRANK WALLACE, '23
R M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23	H. W. FLANNERY, '23
CHARLES P. MOONEY, '22	

Although two years have passed since the World War was brought to an end, so far little has been done by the men of Notre Dame towards a fitting commemoration of their forty-six fellow-students who lost their lives in the great conflict. Contrasted with the sacrifice so willingly made by those men who exist only in our memory, the appreciation of those of us who escaped the toll of the war lord, whether through our youth or through Providence, is infinitely disproportionate. Since October, 1919, the committee charged with the duty of raising funds to erect some sort of a memorial honoring those who fell in the contest of nations have toiled zealously in the hope of accumulating sufficient money to have the marker adorning the campus by the coming spring. In this their efforts have been almost without reward. By the way the students are responding to their appeals for subscriptions, it is hardly possible that the committee will have before next June the amount the sculptor demands before starting the mould. To learn that nearly every college and university in the country has erected something as a tribute to those who did not return, should deeply hurt our pride. There is no reason whatever why our campus should be without a memorial. At present the committee have two thousand dollars. However, a much greater sum is needed. Now, if every student and alumnus who has

the means will make some sort of a donation in the way of money, or, at least, attend the benefit concert given by the Glee Club and the dance of the Service Club, the monument will exist in more substantial form than it assumes on paper. It is a tradition that whatever Notre Dame men start, they finish. Just a mite of co-operation will enable the committee to keep up that tradition and "put over" the monument "drive" in true Notre Dame style.—C.P.M.

At the close of the world war, the ultimate outcome of which was to destroy the menacing commercial combinations of the German Empire, the United States found itself facing a new economic era, the distinctive feature of which is a formidable and flourishing merchant marine and a quasi-option on South American trade. Appreciating immediately this new situation, the University reconstructed with admirable adaptability its foreign-trade course, coloring it with the Latin-American aspect of our trade outlook. One of the remarkable new phases of the commerce curriculum is the arrangement completed with American steamship lines, enabling Notre Dame students of export trade to make a two-months summer cruise to Europe, South Africa, the Orient, or South America. By this arrangement undergraduates have the opportunity to instruct themselves in real export problems on board ship and to observe in detail the procedure of port transactions. This will be an illuminating test of the ability of the college man and will at the same time furnish a standard for showing the effectiveness of college training. The hiatus between the theory of the class-room and the concrete complications of trade strategy has always constituted an obvious breach in the collegian's career. By fusing these primary elements of success—education and experience—the Notre Dame course in trade is the first to devise a policy of pedagogy that unites culture and commerce, a policy which is certain to meet the approval of other institutions. The interchange of postgraduate scholarships with the universities of South America, recently accomplished by the foreign trade department, in addition to the newly-announced program for furnishing marine export experience, enables Notre Dame commerce cadets to enter the field fully competent to earn a captain's commission in industry.—E. W. M.



## Death of George Gipp.

December 14, 1920

If this world is a stage, there are few men who enjoyed the entrance which the most famous athlete of Notre Dame made at Evanston during the great game of November twentieth. When that majestic crowd, building round the quiet turf a wall of intent energy and flaming enthusiasm, shouted the name of Gipp in thundering concert; when, at last, the nonchalant figure upon which all those eyes were set and which many others followed from afar, responded to the demand and led his teammates nearer and nearer to their enemies' goal with a skill which many might envy but none equal: surely, one might have thought, here is a worthy culmination to a great college career, one which the poets of Greece would have shrined in imperishable music and the nymphs have danced on deathless greens.

And yet, was there anyone who fancied for a moment that this *was* the culmination in the way which is most tragic? On that very day, while the world hummed his praises and speculated on his future, George Gipp began his journey to Notre Dame as a victim of a deadly disease. There is no need for speculating on whether the malady could have been checked had its significance been grasped at once. From the moment when he began to receive medical attention, everything that

science can do was done carefully, faithfully, lovingly; but there was no hope. While the students of Notre Dame watched the bulletins and knelt in dense rows at prayer for his recovery, the Master of Life and Death made ready to receive him and the Mother whose affection is the light of our school had taken him into her arms.

There came the solemn message of his death

just as the country was acknowledging his peerless quality as an athlete; there was the funeral cortege which took his body to the station and adorned it with a tribute which some of the Caesars have not received: and they took what remained of a happy boy to his home and laid him under the deep and solemn snows. Everything which we could do for him was done with a spontaneity that is so natural that one can mention it without a vestige of pride. We noticed that there was a



heart-ache in the aspect of the rugged field and that life was gray.

It remains to give the few bald details of his life which are only the points in the segment of time which he had to use. George Gipp, the son of Matthew Gipp and his wife, was born at Laurium, Michigan, on February 8, 1895. As a boy he attended Calumet High School and was attracted to Notre Dame by the friendly interest of "Dolly" Gray, former University catcher. Everyone knows the story of his early days here, of his ignorance of football and the

quite accidental manner in which he came to take an interest in this sport. Later he grew steadily more and more adept, until in the season of 1919 he proved that his ability was sterling and that he was among the best in the West. During the past season this recognition developed into a paean which sometimes surprised even us with its universality and insistence. Eastern critics, quick to note the marvelous, placed him on the pinnacle and others hastened to worship. Was there a single all-American selection which did not mention him unreservedly as its first choice? The chorus of praise was, perhaps, the most unanimous thing in the twentieth century.

All America has recognized George Gipp as the representative Notre Dame athlete. This means that he is regarded as the highest type of young man, and that we are reflected in the praises which he received. Here he did not attempt to capitalize fame, but bore it with a kind of easy sang-froid that did not need the tumultuous warmth of collegiate recognition. There were things in his character which we did not understand, and there were others in which he may have fallen short of our ideal. He was after all a boy, a very human boy, and that gives to his parting a poignancy which the passing of some divine Apollo would not be attended with.

Still, it is not primarily to the note of sorrow that our hearts move when thinking of him. It was hard to see him go, hard to be able to stir no magic breath of life which would keep him from his grave. But he has lain down in no mere cold mantle of fame. It is in the tenderness of his youth that we buried him, with the flowers that only our youth could give for the myrrh of his mortality. She, the Mother for whom Notre Dame was named, has in some sweet, mysterious way not to be understood of man, borne him in her arms to the high fields which are hers. We thank her. The monogram we gave him to wear over his fleshy heart bore the letters which shall be the consolation of his dreams.

This is, perhaps, the place in which we can most effectively repeat the sympathy which we feel for the bereaved family that mourns him, and assure them of the memory which we shall keep green at Notre Dame. We also wish to express our gratitude for the many private messages which came to the University at the time of his death, messages which showed

the widespread interest which people have been generous enough to place in us. Again, it is fitting that we should recognize the generosity of the press which printed editorially many better expressions of our loss than we ourselves can put into type.

#### THE PRESS MOURNS.

The death of George Gipp has darkened the whole vista of Sportdom for the past month. The athletic writers of every paper in America, from the smallest of country weeklies to the largest of metropolitan dailies, have printed columns in his memory—every word of which is glowing with sincerity and honest tribute. That is the way of the reporter. If his diction is sometimes halting or stringy, and his vocabulary mean and starving, at least his heart is usually sound and his praises are not mere flattery.

Gipp's death was enough to inspire any reporter to noble thoughts and words. Witness Cullen Cain in the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "Here's to you, George Gipp, born to flash the brightest and the briefest across the arch of the athletic skies. Strong of body and great of soul, yet neither splendid strength nor courage availed in your last struggle, but you fought to the last breath and made your last down as gamely as ever you made first down on the Army field. As I think of your game against the Army and your death struggle that came so soon after, I think also of Omar's epic lines:

I sometimes think that never blooms so red  
The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled.

In an editorial, the *Wheeling Record* says: "George Gipp has crossed the final goal line. Gipp's fight against death was even more heroic than his achievements on the gridiron. He will always be remembered for his brilliant play on the field, but his courageous battle with the Grim Reaper will leave the more lasting impression."

And an editorial writer of the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* has this to say about it: "At the summit of his achievement in the field he made his own, he dies. For him no going on to yet greater things, as might have happened; but yet for him, on the other hand, no gradual sinking into obscurity. He passes in his fullest brilliance. Peace to his marvelous activity. He brought honor to himself, honor to his college. He lived as many a man has dreamed of living—for accomplishment; he dies as many

a man would be willing to die—in the flush of his fame.”

In this same vein Tom Daly of the *Philadelphia Record* quotes from the “Shropshire Lad” a poem that seems to have been made for George:

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG.

The time you won your town the race  
We chaired you through the market-place;  
Man and boy came cheering by,  
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,  
Shoulder-high we bring you home,  
And set you at your threshold down,  
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away  
From fields where glory does not stay,  
And early though the laurel grows  
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut  
Cannot see the record cut,  
And silence sounds no worse than cheers  
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout  
Of lads that wore their honours out,  
Runners whom renown outran  
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,  
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,  
And hold to the low lintel up  
The still-defended challenge cup.

And round that early-laurelled head  
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,  
And find unwithered on its curls  
The garland briefer than a girl's.—(Housman.)

CONDOLENCE

That the news of the death of George Gipp, Notre Dame's All-American halfback, was the cause of a widespread feeling of grief throughout the country, is evidenced by the veritable deluge of messages received at the athletic office—fine expressions of sympathy and eloquent eulogies for the man “who played the game.” As an indication of the general tenor of these statements of condolence we cite a portion of a letter to Coach Rockne from Harry J. Costello: “. . . Yet, we realize, as perhaps no others in the world do, that the Maker may at any moment call upon us to join the army of men who have crossed the Great Divide. During the war I witnessed several passings and they merely strengthened my belief. So it is with the present case. While I feel very deeply I can only seem to see one angle and that is best expressed in the ever known words: “Tempus fugit: memento mori!”

Space prevents us from citing the messages verbatim. The Athletic office through this channel, desires to acknowledge communications received from the following: Graham Penfield, Captain of the Northwestern team; Captain A. R. Flowers, of Georgia Tech; the Stayley Football team; Ralph H. Young; Boyd Chambers, University of Cincinnati Coach; J. N. Wyatt, old grad; George Keogan, Valparaiso Coach; James R. Walsh and William Lathrop, old grads; “Pat” Donovan, famous Indiana end; Coach Stiehm; F. N. Luehring of Nebraska; C. L. Breuer of the Michigan Aggies; E. C. Quigley of St. Marys, Kansas; James Murdock, of Indianapolis; E. C. Buss, of Greencastle; and the Purdue Association of Indianapolis.

Men You Remember.

—The following letter speaks eloquently in its own behalf:

December 20, 1920.

My Dear Sir:

May I, just to show admiration and respect and friendliness, send \$10 toward the memorial to be erected to Mr. Gipp. Last year I was travelling in Illinois and happened to meet the Notre Dame eleven, who were on their way to Nebraska. I did not speak with them, but I never saw a finer set of young men—they were splendid looking athletes and behaved in every way like gentlemen.

You have every reason not only to be proud of your team's record, but of their appearance and character.

I am always proud of our Yale teams, whether they win or lose, and it is a pleasure for me to send this tribute to your men.

The death of Mr. Gipp is mourned everywhere.  
Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Lyon Phelps.

[Professor of English Literature at Yale.]

—The SCHOLASTIC has received the following card, which is of deep interest to Notre Dame men:

Dec. 27, 1920.

Students of Notre Dame:

We wish to thank you for the sympathy expressed by you, in the lovely floral offering you sent to George as a last tribute. We want you to know that such sympathy has, in a measure, helped us to bear more bravely our great loss.

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Gipp and family.

—Daniel E. Hiltgartner, Jr., Ph. B. in Journalism '17, now Out of Town Classified advertising manager of the *Chicago Tribune*, announces the arrival of Daniel Edward III on New Year's Day. Danny has already reserved

a window bed in Brownson for the Fall of 1939, and it is expected that he will make himself as well known in dramatics and journalism at Notre Dame as his father did.

—"Dick" Daly, Journalism '18, now of the Record Publishing Co., Erie, Pa., writes enthusiastically of his work and prospects, and of a visit to the old place this coming June.

—From Muscatine, Iowa, comes the announcement that Attorney E. M. Warner, prominent member of the Muscatine County Bar, has taken into partnership, Richard B. Swift, (LL. B. '20), who entered upon the practice of law in Muscatine immediately after receiving his degree here last June. A host of friends at Notre Dame congratulate "Dick" upon his success and sincerely hope that it will continue.

—John Urban Riley, Journalism '18, now of the South Bend Lumber Co., delivered a lecture to the freshmen journalists Friday, January 14, on "Journalism for the Business Man."

—December 30th must have been a banner day for Notre Dame men who banked on singing an epithalamium. On that day Raymond John Graham, a soldier-graduate of the Class of '17, who received his commission at Fort Benjamin Harrison, was married to Miss Marie Frances Bertelkamp at Louisville, Kentucky.

—Just before the holidays a number of the old men came back for short visits. Among them was Frank J. Nestor of the Securities Mortgage Company of Detroit. Mr. Nestor attended school at Notre Dame from '81 to '89, having been a student in the Minims, the Preparatory Department and the College of Law.

—Bertram E. Ernst, a student in Brownson Hall last year, sent holiday greetings to the University, from Saint Stanislaus' Seminary at Florissant, Missouri, where he has been a novice for the past four months.

—Among those on board the cruiser "Pittsburgh" when that ship grounded in the Baltic some months ago was Theodore W. O'Connell of Chicago, who for several years was a student in Brownson Hall.

—The football clipping from the Los Angeles *Record* which appeared in the football number of the SCHOLASTIC came from William "Nap" Gregg of that city, a student of Brownson Hall in '17-'18.

### Ourselves.

—The Michigan club is planning a theatre party to be held late in the month of January.

—The Student Activities Committee, in its first meeting of the new year gave an unanimous vote of thanks to the SCHOLASTIC for cooperation with that committee in the interests of Notre Dame.

—The Mechanical Engineers met in the basement of Science Hall Thursday evening to consume a mental feast from the lips of Professor Pino and large quantities of coarser fare from the Kable Kitchen.

—Excellent prizes will feature the pool and billiard tournament progressing in "Paddy" Granfield's parlors in Walsh Hall since Wednesday evening. "Billiards," said the professor, "are an essential part of the culture of every millionaire." After the elimination is completed the Walsh champions will challenge the cue artists of other halls.

—Local puck chasers are enjoying a long-deferred skater's paradise on the ice of St. Mary's lake which froze solidly during the holiday vacation. Hockey plans are reviving from the grave of continual spring, and Notre Dame hockey teams will soon represent the school at Michigan and other centers.

—Final arrangements have been made by the Knights of Columbus for the premier "Casey" social event of the season, an elaborate dance at the Oliver hotel on the evening of Wednesday, January 19th. Harry Denny's orchestra of Notre Dame men will furnish music for the program, which will begin at 8:30 o'clock and continue until 12 o'clock.

—"McSwiney, a model for aspiring journalists," was the topic touched on by J. J. O'Mahoney, editor of the *Indiana Catholic* in the talk given before the Writers' Club, sometime before Christmas. The best training place for a newspaper man, according to Mr. O'Mahoney is a Washington news bureau. A facile style and a clever imagination were said to be a journalist's best assets.

—When not communicating with hallucinations Pio Montenegro is president of the recently chartered Filipino Club of the university. Functioning with all the dignity befitting his office, he presided at the banquet of the new organization, held at the Oliver Hotel, Dec. 20. Prof. John M. Cooney delivered the

principal speech of the festival, speaking on Filipino-American relations. Rev. Ignatius Mendez and Prof. Joseph Rafter were among the guests. Raphael Gonzales, chairman of the program committee, arranged the appointments.

—The Writers' club met in the publicity room of the library Friday evening for the first meeting of the New Year. The usual smoker was enjoyed during the reading of the various manuscripts presented. Members of the club report they have reached the stage where publishers print an occasional article with a request of "How many copies will your friends require?" and hope soon to lose their amateur standing.

—Students residing off the university campus will entertain with a dance at the Elk's club in South Bend on the evening of January 19th. "Charlie" Davis' orchestra will furnish music; and the peculiar social advantages enjoyed by off-campus students will guarantee the success of the evening. Father Cunningham's work in organizing the overflow students who reside in the city has retrieved for them much of the real college life formerly unknown to the men exiled to South Bend.

—The latest chemical discovery of Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, head of the university department of science, was announced recently. At present, no details concerning the nature of the compound have been given although it is known that several eastern laboratories have put in bids for patent rights. During the year Father Nieuwland was called to Washington to work in government laboratories, and during that time he perfected certain compounds of momentous importance in connection with acetelyne. The Notre Dame scientist is author of certain text-books in analytical chemistry, while his reputation for scientific research is national.

—Lum K. Chu, Chinese student at the University of Chicago, visited Notre Dame, last week, to hold conference with the nine Chinese students on the campus, to devise ways for raising funds for relief of the 50,000,000 starving people in Shantung. Chu gave up his studies temporarily in the interests of alleviating the terrible sufferings of his countrymen, and is organizing relief committees in the various cities of the middle west. During his stay in South Bend he met with sympathetic reception in the churches of all denominations throughout

the city. His description of the tortures endured by the unfortunates of the orient is horrifying. People in the famine districts are said even to be eating their own children.

—If the ghost of Cardinal Newman had been present at the meeting of the Forum on Dec. 18, he would surely have waxed enthusiastic. Brother Alphonsus, foremost disciple of the great Cardinal at Notre Dame, in the principal address of the occasion, traced the career of Newman to its crowning conclusion, following this by a cogent criticism of the prelate's theme and theories. George N. Shuster presented a word-picture of Newman at the height of his intellectual power, when he was leader of the Oxford movement. Rev. L. V. Broughall spoke on the tribute accorded the Tractarian among the American universities, concluding with a remark on the Newman Clubs, supported by Catholic students at secular institutions of the nation. The extemporaneous oratory of the Forum members ended the meeting. A Francis Thompson night is being planned by the officers, to take place in a few weeks. Rev. Charles O'Donnell, poet-laureate of the university, is expected to read a paper on Thompson's poetry.

—All the circumstances connected with certain mysterious blasts from behind were detailed by John Buckley at last Tuesday's meeting of the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, in search of sympathy or solution. Harry Stevenson whose similar nerve-racking experiences became the subject of investigation by psychopathic authorities described his sensations. Although Father Thomas Crumley could offer no satisfactory explanation for the phenomena, he presented a lucid explanation of the fascination with which many people regard the ouija board, which attraction is due to the psychological principle known as the ideomotor theory. While the attempt of the Knights of Columbus building fund committee to persuade the Supreme Council to donate to the Notre Dame building project failed, it was unanimously decided to keep up the drive for construction funds. The date of the annual K. of C. dance was announced as Jan. 19; the affair is to be held in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel.

—Saturday night a large crowd gathered in Washington Hall to hear a troupe known as The American Bell Ringers. Some years ago they gave a similar exhibition at the University and won favor with the student body. Their



return engagement, however, was a disappointment and, from a bell-ringing point of view, an utter failure. Despite the vigorous flourishing of four pairs of bells by an equal number of arms, the efforts of the quartet resulted only in a most distressing disturbance. An alleged pianist and another who chummily called us "fellows" while posing with a banjo which he could not play, were the principals in that orgy of dissonance. They were, if possible, one degree worse than the bells. A persistent second tenor with a rather pleasing voice sang most often; he appeared to be irrepressible, and his selection of songs was deplorable. The same might be said of the quartet. Indeed, if they had dropped the bells, the piano and the banjo, and taken some care about their choice of songs, they would have given a far more creditable entertainment. But there was one redeeming feature—the first tenor. He possesses one of the sweetest voices we have ever had the pleasure to hear. He sang only two solos, but they saved the night.

#### Whats What in Athletics.

##### THE FOOTBALL BANQUET.

The annual football banquet held at the Oliver hotel on the evening of Tuesday, January eleventh was in every respect worthy of the Champions of the West whom it honored. As a social affair it developed a warmth of fellowship supremely heartening to all Notre Dame men; as a civic event it was a hardening cement to the new relations between South Bend and the University. Psychologically, it revealed an undercurrent of the emotion latent in strong men of action; and materially it brought together men who live in the public eye, who are known wherever newspapers travel.

Knute Rockne, coach of the team which has won eighteen consecutive victories and lost but one game in three seasons, proved himself as capable a toastmaster as he is the master of football science. During the evening he introduced the monogram graduates with intimate titles which his relations with them inspired. "Honest Dave Hayes, a typical Notre Dame man"; "Norm Barry, the ace whom Notre Dame always has in the hole"; "Joe Brandy, the greatest field general"; "Morrie Smith, the biggest little guard in the country" and "Willie Coughlin, the future mayor of Chicago" may point with pride to

the high place which their coach has given them in the football tradition of Notre Dame.

Coach Walter Halas, George Cooper of the Y. M. C. A., Joseph Neff, president of the University club, Dr. Guyer, Brother Hugh, "Hullie and Mike", Professor Benitz, Frank Miles, Horace Fox and R. M. Hutchinson gave short talks during the evening. Frank Hering, a captain, quarterback and the first coach of Notre Dame elevens, delivered the main address of the evening and carried a message of hope to the departing stars. His talk, bristling with the famous fighting spirit of Notre Dame, was an inspiration to the members of the varsity and freshmen squads who were present. He urged them to take advantage of the scholastic advantages of Notre Dame in the task of carrying the tradition which they had built upon the football field to the world of greater opportunities outside.

At the conclusion of the banquet, "Eddie" Anderson, of Mason City, Iowa, was elected to lead the team of 1921 to a clear title of American champions. The modest end, for three years a regular member of the varsity, and all-American selection on several mythical teams of the past year, is well qualified for the honor; and the next football number of the SCHOLASTIC has an excellent chance of recording the new Notre Dame captain as a unanimous all-American choice.

\*\*\*

##### BASKETBALL UNDERWAY.

Coach Halas has given indication of the serious manner in which he is going about the task of building up Notre Dame's reputation on the basketball court. The new mentor has successfully brought his squad through a stiff early season training schedule, which included several of the best semi-pro and collegiate teams in the mid-West on their own floors. The varsity did not win all the contests, but did come home assured that Notre Dame has the "makings" of the greatest team in recent basketball history. With moral support and encouragement such as all Notre Dame teams have had, winning or losing, we securely predict a great season for the Gold and Blue basketeers. The schedule has been changed several times since the earlier publication and the season card as it stands today is herewith published:

Jan. 12th—Armour Institute at Chicago.

Jan. 13th—Valparaiso University at Valparaiso

Jan. 18th—Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame.



Jan. 20th—St. Mary's, Dayton, at Notre Dame.  
 Jan. 22nd—Michigan "Aggies" at Notre Dame.  
 Jan. 27th—Wabash at Crawfordsville.  
 Jan. 28th—Depauw at Greencastle.  
 Jan. 31st—Western State Normal at Kalamazoo.  
 Feb. 1st—Michigan "Aggies" at Lansing.  
 Feb. 3rd—Depauw at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 5th—Marquette at Milwaukee (tentative).  
 Feb. 10th—Western State Normal at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 11th—Armour Institute at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 17th—Creighton University at Omaha.  
 Feb. 18th.—University of Nebraska at Lincoln.  
 Feb. 19th—University of Nebraska at Lincoln.  
 Feb. 23rd—Valparaiso University at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 25th—Wabash College at Notre Dame.

\*\*\*

Perhaps one of the most pleasing features of the pre-season basketball tilts during the holidays was the reception and entertainment accorded the Varsity Courtmen by the recently organized Toledo-Notre Dame club. A splendid luncheon was tendered the men in the afternoon at the Iverness club and immediately after the fracas with the St. John University quintet, Coach Halas and the team were guests of honor at a well appointed dance. The men were highly pleased with the exceptional treatment proffered them in Toledo, and the example set by the Toledo-Notre Dame club is one that can well be emulated by organizations of a similar nature when like opportunities present themselves. A detailed account of the Pre-Schedule games will be given in next week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

\*\*\*

#### VARSITY TRACK SCHEDULE.

Coach Rockne's schedule of track and field meets for the year foreshadows an unusually active season. With the return of Murphy and the possibility of Burke's arrival this month track stock is soaring high. Over one hundred freshmen have answered the call and more than seventy varsity men are hard at it preparing for the early season grinds. Weaknesses in the distance runs and jumps loom up as the worst. Several tentative entries in other meets than those mentioned in the schedule published below have been promised. The annual I. A. C. meet in Chicago, and early indoor contests in Boston and New York, may see the Gold and Blue flyers in action.

Feb. 5th.—Handicap Meet at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 12th.—Gold and Blue Varsity at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 19th.—Illinois at Notre Dame.  
 Feb. 26th.—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.  
 Mar. 5th.—Illinois Relays.  
 Mar. 12th.—Wisconsin at Madison.

Apr. 23rd.—Drake Relays.  
 Apr. 30th.—Penn Relays.  
 May. 7th.—Illinois at Champaign.  
 May 14th.—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.  
 May 21st.—Open.  
 May 28th.—State Meet.  
 June 4th.—Western Intercollegiates.

\*\*\*

#### INTERHALL BASKETBALL SCHEDULE.

Interhall athletics will come to the front among campus activities during the next few days. Activities shown in every one of the dormitories promise unsurpassed enthusiasm and real competition. The board of Rectors which has assumed the responsibility for scheduling and operating the interhall athletic plan has accomplished wonders already this year and is sure to "carry on" with the same success in the future. Every means of aid and encouragement should be given their efforts. Interhall basketball presents the first schedule of interest to campus enthusiasts. The schedule, with notes on eligibility rulings, follows:

Jan. 16th.—Badin-Sorin, a. m.  
                   Carroll-Day Students, p. m.  
                   Brownson-Corby, p. m.  
 Jan. 23rd.—Sorin-Day Students, a. m.  
                   Badin-Carroll, p. m.  
                   Brownson-Walsh, p. m.  
 Jan. 30th.—Carroll-Walsh, a. m.  
                   Sorin-Corby, p. m.  
                   Day Students—Badin, p. m.  
 Feb. 6th.—Badin-Brownson, a. m.  
                   Corby-Walsh, p. m.  
                   Sorin-Carroll, p. m.  
 Feb. 13th.—Badin-Corby, a. m.  
                   Brownson-Day Students, p. m.  
                   Sorin-Walsh, p. m.  
 Feb. 20th.—Carroll-Brownson, a. m.  
                   Badin-Corby, p. m.  
                   Day Students-Corby, p. m.  
 Feb. 27th.—Day Students-Walsh, a. m.  
                   Sorin-Brownson, p. m.  
                   Carroll-Corby, p. m.

By a special ruling the Board of Rectors on Interhall Athletics has decided to play the four leading teams of the league in a series of games to decide the championship on the three Sundays following the 27th. The Board has also decided that men on the basketball or track training table will not be eligible for competition. Games may be advanced or postponed by mutual consent of hall managers to the Wednesday preceeding or following the scheduled date: otherwise the game is to be forfeited by the team not appearing. Games scheduled "a. m." to begin at 10:15, the "p. m." games at 3:15 and 4:15 respectively.

## Safety Valve.

## NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

I've resolved that I'm going to study  
But I can't start to-night, that's a cinch,  
For my girl says she's having a party  
And I'll have to go down for a clinch,  
And an old buddy comes in to-morrow,  
He'll expect me to stay with him late,  
For we've not seen each other since springtime—  
So the studies will just have to wait.

I've resolved that I'll cut out theatres  
For they're just a distraction—that's all,  
But "Irene's" coming into our city  
And I've wanted to see it since Fall.  
And Thursday the "Follies" are with us  
The next day the "Bat's" going to show,  
I'll cut out theatres as sure as I live  
But to these plays I'll just have to go.

I've resolved that I'll keep all the school rules  
That I'll rise at the tap of the bell,  
And start for the chapel like lightning  
And study all day in my cell.  
I shall not leave the Campus without "per"  
But I can't get three nights—Sakes alive!  
I'll keep all the rules just as sure as you're born  
But on these nights I'll just have to skive.

\*\*\*

"Yes," said the Walshite, as he held the scented  
pink envelope up to his nose, "it was a wonderful  
vacation and I shall never forget it—all roses and  
sunshine and music and—

"What," replied the Carrollite, "didn't you have  
any corned beef and cabbage?"

\*\*\*

1ST. STUDENT.—My dad gave me as a Christmas  
present a dollar for every percent on my report card.

2ND. STUDENT.—Lucky boy! and what did you buy?

1ST. STUDENT.—An Ingersoll watch.

\*\*\*

Have you seen the "Bat" said the New Yorker  
from Brownson?

The bat replied the Carrollite, why, Corby Hall is  
full of 'em. One of 'em even got married and had his  
picture in the paper.

\*\*\*

## SYNONYMS

Vacation, dissipation, destitution.

\*\*\*

1ST. STUDENT.—Since I returned to School last  
week I have just begun to realize the meaning of the  
words of the old song "Be it ever so humble, there's  
no place like home."

2ND. STUDENT.—Whose home is it?

1ST. STUDENT.—Why her home, of course, whose  
did you suppose it was.

\*\*\*

"But whatever our fates or destinies may be," she  
said, looking absent-mindedly into her purse, "always  
remember this; that this day has brought me a joy  
which I shall never forget until the end.

"Gosh," he replied as he passed the waiter a tip,  
"you sure must like chop suey."

"Why do they ring a bell to get us up in the morn-  
ing," asked the sleepy Corbyite when these pesky  
radiators start one of Sousa's Marches at five in the  
morning."

\*\*\*

AND THEY KILL MEN LIKE LINCOLN.

CORBYITE.—And what kind of a vacation did you  
have, Hortense?

WALSHITE.—Oh, I just had a lovely time. I  
brought all my books home and studied.

\*\*\*

## VACATION AFTERMATH

She's certainly a wonderful girl.

Yep, out every night.

Wildest New Year ever.

Sleep? Don't know what it means.

\*\*\*

And its about time to plant flowers in the hockey  
rink.

\*\*\*

Now that the Agricultural Professor has opened  
his new greenhouse we presume that many rooms  
will be vacated in Badin Hall.

\*\*\*

After all, one has to admit that Education which  
is so much tooted by tutors is three fourths bunk and  
one fourth bluff and that it doesn't get a fellow any-  
where. A man toils, and frets and worries for a third  
of his life to avoid "had went" and "I seen" and  
along comes an auto and crushes the life out of him as  
effectively as though he had been saying "ain't"  
all his life.

\*\*\*

If the Saint Joseph Lake drops a few more feet the  
horses drowned therein a few years ago should have  
their heads above water.

\*\*\*

At last we've found out that the Hill Street Car is  
good for something. It killed a horse last Tuesday.

\*\*\*

We expect that some of the excuses for absence from  
class will soon read "Up all night with a ghost."

\*\*\*

"John," she said, covering her head with the clothes,  
"there's a ghost under the bed, I just know there's a  
ghost there!"

"Well," said John, turning uneasily on his side,  
"he's no friend of mine. I didn't send for him, and I  
don't think I ought to make his acquaintance. None  
of my relatives so far as I know were ghosts.

"But suppose he chokes us during the night" she  
sobbed, almost hysterically. "What—"

"Say," he said in a quivering voice, "would you  
mind taking the outside of the bed here and letting  
me roll in there!"

\*\*\*

"I'd like to be her vaccination," he said, as he  
returned after being treated coldly, "then probably  
I'd take with her. At any rate she'd hold me on her  
arm."

\*\*\*

She cried when I kissed her

I thought she was sore

For how could I know

She was crying for more.