

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 5, 1921.

No. 19.

TO A MELTING SNOWFLAKE.

L. R. W.

SUNSHINE, that warm life gives,
Has lured you to your death,
A guileless thing that lives
Where all have icy breath.

Home, you shall never see,
But languish ere the day,
Albeit happily,
After your bit of play.

MISS ELIZABETH NOURSE, LAETARE MEDALIST.

UPON Miss Elizabeth Nourse, foremost of the women artists of America, the University of Notre Dame this year confers the highest honor within its power, an honor symbolical of the pre-eminence of a lay Catholic of America, the Laetare Medal. Not only on account of her achievement in her profession but by reason of her untiring and effective efforts to better and beautify the lives of others is Miss Nourse most worthy to be added to the august group of Laetare Medalists.

Miss Nourse, a descendent of the Rebecca Nourse family of Salem, Massachusetts, was born at Mount Pleasant, Cincinnati, in 1860. At the age of thirteen she showed remarkable talent and was sent by her parents to what was then known as the School of Design in Cincinnati. Financial reverses of her father threatening interference with her career, she taught, designed, and decorated as a way of securing sufficient means to continue her education in Paris after she had completed her four years in the School of Design. Thither she went after the death of her father in 1888 and entered the Atelier Julian. Here her strong, vigorous work astonished the artists who criticized her paintings and at the advice of Boulanger she left the Atelier to pursue her work in a private studio. To that step is due in large measure the originality of her work.



Miss Elizabeth Nourse
Laetare Medalist, 1921

It has been observed that her art has been influenced by no other painter. A frail, delicate woman, girl-like in appearance and manner, Miss Nourse paints like a robust man. Her special field is the interpretation of the life of the poor and humble, and in her simplest paintings there is embodied a depth of thought and a radiant spirituality which set forth vividly the fundamental truths of humanity. The portrayal of types of human character with the keen vision of a strong and noble soul is really the gift of her genius and this constitutes the peculiar value of her work.

A prolific painter, Miss Nourse has produced

some two hundred canvases of merit. Of these, all show the real artist and not a few have merited very notable recognition. "Mother and Child," done in her first year at Paris, was accepted by the Salon, an unprecedented honor for a novice. In 1902 she was made a member of the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, and is the only American woman who has achieved this distinction. Every year since that time some of her work, one or two paintings and once as many as ten, have been accepted by the Salon for exhibition. In 1893 one of her pictures, later purchased by the French Government for the Musee du Luxembourg, in Paris, was awarded a medal at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. In the Oriental exhibition in Paris, in 1905, her sketches of the African desert received a medal from the Institute of Carthage, Tunis. Her paintings received also gold medals at the Nashville Exposition in 1897 and at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915; others were awarded silver medals at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. Among her works on exhibition in this country are: "The Peasant Woman of Borst," in the Cincinnati Museum; "Twilight," in the Toledo Museum; "Happy Days," in the Detroit Institute of Art; "The Fisher Girl of Picardy," in the National Gallery at Washington, D. C.; and "Mother and Children," in the Art Institute of Chicago.

The genius of Miss Nourse was first recognized by Puvis De Chavannes, one of the founders of the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts. Cozin, Besnard, Rodin, Casin, Carolus Duran, Dagnan-Bouveret and a host of others have been enthusiastic in appreciation of her productions. "There is no painter," says the French Art critic M. Dubuisson, "who has reproduced better than Miss Nourse the naivete of the baby's attitude and the tenderness of a mother's love." Clement Barnhorn, director of the Cincinnati Museum of Art and an able critic, considers her as unquestionably the premier woman-artist of America.

As has been observed numerous times, the beautiful spirituality which characterizes every painting of this artist is but a reflection of the woman herself. Throughout her life in Paris she has helped and consoled by words of advice and deeds of charity her fellow-artists and the needy ones around her. Her unostentatious yet fearless and saintly Catholic life has done

much to make people respect her religion. Within her sphere of life Miss Nourse has had exceptional opportunities for doing good, and of these she has uniformly made the most. As an ideal Christian woman she has been a constant source of edification to those with whom she has come into contact, and there is none who has not been the better for even a mere acquaintance with her.

The great number of American lay Catholics who have achieved distinction in their various vocations makes very difficult each year the choice of a Laetare Medalist. There can be little doubt, however, as to the wisdom of Notre Dame in conferring the honor this year upon a woman whose genius has been so truly consecrated "*ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

The following is the list of eminent American Catholics to which the name of Miss Elizabeth Nourse is added this year:

- 1883, John Gilmary Shea, historian of the Catholic Church in America.
- 1884, Patrick J. Keeley, architect.
- 1885, Elizabeth Allen Starr, author.
- 1886, General John Newton, noted military engineer of the Civil War.
- 1887, (Medal not conferred this year).
- 1888, Patrick V. Hickey, founder of the *Catholic Review*.
- 1889, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist.
- 1890, William J. Onahan, organizer of the first American Catholic Congress.
- 1891, Daniel Dougherty, the greatest orator of his time.
- 1892, Henry F. Brownson, author and philosopher, and editor of the works of his distinguished father.
- 1893, Patrick Donahue, the founder of the *Boston Pilot*.
- 1894, Augustin Daly, theatrical manager and promoter of high ideals in the drama.
- 1895, Mrs. James Sadlier, writer of beautiful Catholic fiction.
- 1896, General William S. Rosecrans, the leader of the Army of the Cumberland.
- 1897, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, distinguished surgeon and author of important medical studies, grand-nephew of Robert Emmett.
- 1898, Timothy E. Howard, noted jurist, and member of the Supreme Court of Indiana.
- 1899, Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose benefactions made possible the beginning of the Catholic University.
- 1900, John A. Creighton, philanthropist and founder of Creighton University.
- 1901, William Bourke Cochran, the stirring orator.
- 1902, Dr. John B. Murphy, America's greatest surgeon.

- 1903, Charles J. Bonaparte, noted lawyer and Attorney-General under President Roosevelt.
- 1904, Richard C. Kerens, a kindly philanthropist and former Ambassador to Austria.
- 1905, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, prominent business man of Boston, known as the friend of the poor.
- 1906, Dr. Francis Quinlan, a medical specialist of international fame.
- 1907, Katherine E. Conway, author, the disciple of John Boyle O'Reilly and one of the makers of the *Pilot* and the *Republic*.
- 1908, James C. Monaghan, noted lecturer and leader in the consular service of the United States.
- 1909, Frances Tiernan (Christian Reid), a leader in Catholic literary circles.
- 1910, Maurice Francis Egan, noted teacher and writer, and American Minister to Denmark.
- 1911, Agnes Repplier, distinguished essayist.
- 1912, Thomas B. Mulry, prominent charity worker, at the time of his decoration head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.
- 1913, Charles B. Herberman, the blind scholar, editor-in-chief of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.
- 1914, Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the United States.
- 1915, Miss Mary V. Merrick, who though heavily burdened with bodily afflictions, founded and still supervises the work of Christ Child Society.
- 1916, Dr. James J. Walsh, the distinguished physican and author.
- 1917, William Shepherd Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, United States Navy.
- 1918, Joseph Scott, distinguished lawyer.
- 1919, George L. Duval, business man and philanthropist.
- 1920, Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, eminent physican and historian.

—M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21.

THE LAETARE MEDAL.

RAYMOND M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23.

In saying the Divine Office for the fourth Sunday of Lent, the priest commemorates the call of Moses to the leadership of God's chosen people. That Moses' call was a reward for his justice before God and at the same time a preparation for his later achievements is beyond doubt. As a youth he had endangered his life to protect the Israelites and as their leader he was destined to do even greater service. He fearlessly demanded of Pharaoh the immediate release of God's people, and on the king's

refusal he brought down upon the land the seven plagues. He was the guide of the Jews on their journey toward the land of promise, their law-giver on the mountain, and their protector in the desert. At the touch of his rod a fountain of water burst forth from a rock, and at his prayer the heavens rained manna for their food. He was in the fullest sense of the word the leader of God's people.

On the day that this call of Moses is commemorated by the Church the University of Notre Dame selects a leader from the American Catholic laity, a man or woman whose achievements presage an auspicious future in the service of God and country. She calls forth a new leader, one who can guide his fellow Catholics on the way towards the land of promise, who will remind them by word and example that God's law must be obeyed, who will protect them by his counsels in their passage of the desert of life, one whose pen can touch the hardened rock of bigotry and force to flow therefrom the refreshing waters of self-confession and self-contradiction, and one who of his wisdom and holiness can feed the hungry multitudes. Such a leader is called to receive the Laetare Medal.

Annually for thirty-eight years the University of Notre Dame has so done. In 1882 it was proposed to give every year some concrete recognition of service to a leader from among the Catholic laity. The idea was favorably received, and at a meeting of Father Sorin, the venerable founder of Notre Dame, Father Walsh, the broadvisioned president, and Professor James F. Edwards, the originator of the idea, definite plans were formulated. It was decided that a medal should be given by the University each year to some man or woman of the Catholic laity in recognition of past achievements and as an incentive to further and greater service.

It was further decided that the medalist was to be selected by the faculty of the University and that the medal should be presented on the fourth Sunday of Lent, Laetare Sunday. From ancient times this mid-Sunday of Lent has been a day of rejoicing. The first word of the Mass, whence the medal takes its name, is *Laetare*, "re-

joice," and on this day Notre Dame rejoices that another leader in righteous service has been found.

The Laetare Medal has been aptly styled "The Golden Rose of the New World." Indeed, the practise of conferring it was adapted from that "ancient custom," which according to some historians was established towards the end of the Sixth Century by St. Gregory the Great. On each recurring Laetare Sunday the Pope blesses an emblem in the form of a rose made of gold, though he need not confer it if there be no one well deserving it. As a matter of fact, the Golden Rose has not been awarded to anyone since 1893, when Queen Henrietta of Belgium received it. The Laetare Medal, however, has found a recipient every year since its institution, except 1887 when the distinguished convert, Edward Preuss, of St. Louis, declined it, in fulfillment of a vow never to accept any honor in recognition of his labors. Once during the thirty-eight years of its history, in 1899, the Notre Dame honor has been presented to a recipient of the Golden Rose, Miss Mary Caldwell, of Philadelphia, who received the Papal award in 1891, from Pope Leo XIII.

The medal presented every year by the University is an excellent production of skilled workmanship. The disc which forms the body of the medal is somewhat larger than a dollar and is suspended from a bar bearing the words, LAETARE MEDAL. Both the disc and the bar are of solid gold; all the lettering is in black enamel. The edges of the disc are raised and the center is impressed. The words, MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRAEVALEBIT, "Truth is mighty and will prevail," form the legend of the obverse side; on the reverse side is the name of the University. In the field of the obverse the profession of the medalist is symbolized; in that of the reverse is engraved the name of the recipient. Thus the medal changes somewhat each year. The first medals were lettered with blue or purple enamel. The legend of the medal given to Patrick J. Keeley, the celebrated architect, bore the legend FIAT PAX IN VIRTUTIBUS TUIS ET ABUNDANTIA IN TURRIBUS TUIS, "Let peace be in thy strength and abundance in thy towers." The medal presented in 1891 to

Daniel J. Dougherty, the noted orator, was designed by Professor Gregori. The escutcheon of the Federal Government was placed in the field of the medal given in 1896 to General William S. Rosecrans. Thus each Laetare Medal has some special feature to distinguish it from the others and to make it more fitting to the particular recipient, and each is highly artistic.

It was originally intended that the medal should be presented to the recipient on Laetare Sunday. It soon became evident, however, that such a custom was impracticable; hence came the practice of announcing the award of the medal on Laetare Sunday and of presenting it formally at a later and more convenient date. During the first twenty-five years it was customary to present with the medal a beautifully illuminated and framed address, citing the reasons that prompted the award to the recipient of that year. For a few years this address was composed in Latin verse, but the prose of the vernacular soon became the fixed language. The artistic illumination was largely the work of Professor Gregori and of artists at St. Mary's Academy. After 1908 this custom was succeeded by the one now in vogue—of merely reading the address at the ceremony of presentation.

The occasion of presentation has as a rule been enhanced by the presence of ecclesiastical dignitaries and other notable persons. The venerable Cardinal Primate of America has in several instances pinned the medal on the breast of one of his laity honored by the award, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, the Archbishops of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, together with numerous Bishops, have done likewise for one or another of their subjects. In this and other ways the custom of presenting the medal has received the heartiest approbation of the American hierarchy.

The highest value of the Laetare Medal has been, since the very first year of its existence, in the association of its recipient with the other Catholic leaders honored in this way. The selection of the medalist in 1883 was a most worthy one. This award would very probably have gone to Orestes A. Brownson, had not the Master taken this great man unto Himself beforehand. As a

consequence, the name of John Gilmary Shea, the distinguished historian of the Church in America, now shines in all its splendor as the first in the list of Laetare Medalists. In the years since that first award numerous leaders have been selected whose achievements have merited a comparison with his and some may have attained an equal merit in other fields of activity, but it is not too much to say that his position as a layman in the history of the Catholic Church in America will not be surpassed.

The Laetare Medal has been bestowed upon men and women of varied professions. The fields of history, medicine, and law have each furnished their champions for this distinction. The largest number from any single profession, however, is in the field of literature. Journalism proudly points to a Patrick Hickey, a Patrick Donahue, and a Katherine Conway. The Muse advances Maurice Francis Egan, her sonneteer. Agnes Repplier upholds the standard of the essay. The novel is represented in the person of three notable Catholic fictionists, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, Mrs. James Sadlier, and Frances Tiernan (Christian Reid). Eliza Allen Starr, the first woman to receive the medal, undoubtedly deserves a place among the litterateurs in reward for her labors to elevate the Catholic standards of art and letters. Charles Herberman, the blind scholar and Major Henry F. Brownson, the son of the distinguished philosopher, may be classified as authors, even though their important works were of historical and philosophical character.

In the medical world five men have received the Laetare Medal. The first of the distinguished physicians to receive the honor was Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. Closely following him were Dr. John B. Murphy and Dr. Francis Quinlan, and later Dr. James J. Walsh and Dr. Lawrence F. Flick. The last two of these, in addition to having won international reputations for achievements in medical science, have done notable work in history, and the former is the author of numerous books. Then, if the oratory of the "silver-tongued" Dougherty or of the indomitable Cochran were passed over in silence, these very pages would cry out their praises,

and were jurists like Timothy E. Howard and Edward D. White, or lawyers like Charles Bonaparte and Joseph Scott overlooked, Justice would be outraged. The magnificent cathedrals erected by Patrick J. Keeley in the Eastern States, and the engineering feats of General John Newton at Hell Gate, New York, stand as monuments to the genius of these two men. General Rosecrans and Admiral William Shepherd Benson were recognized long before Notre Dame chose them for places in her Laetare list. As in all the other instances, the University was merely recognizing distinguished merit. Four times the medal has gone to persons who have merited the title of Philanthropist: Miss Mary Caldwell, John A. Creighton, Richard C. Kerens, and George L. Duval. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick was well and widely known as "the friend of the poor." Thomas B. Mulry was the head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at the time he received the medal, and Miss Mary Merrick is the founder and heroic promoter of the Christ Child Society. The other three medalists are alone in their respective fields. William J. Onahan's work in the interests of the Catholic Church in Chicago was an eminent service. Augustin Daly labored unceasingly to elevate the drama to its proper position and to convince the people of America that theaters can be managed by men of high ideals. Finally, the honor was most worthily conferred upon James C. Monaghan, a man truly distinguished as a lecturer and as a leader in the United States consular service.

Such have been the Laetare Medalists of the years past; such must be those of the years to come. The high standard of achievement set by those already honored must at least be equalled by those to be honored, of the Catholic Church in America is to maintain the high position she enjoys. The power of an organization is chiefly in the quality of its leaders. Someone has defined the leader as "one who knows the way, goes the way, and shows the way." If the Laetare Medalists of the years to come should fall short in anyone of these qualifications, the medal would quickly lose the significance and the high respect it enjoys. Such an event would mean that the Church

in America is come upon evil days. But so long, as her leaders are of sturdy stock, she will increase and so long may her sons and daughters enjoy that peace and prosperity for which the priest prays in the Mass on Laetare Sunday: "Let peace be in thy strength and abundance in thy towers."

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS."

Robert D. Shea, '22.

"Just a minute, dear, before you go. I read in the paper this morning that Robert Martindale has returned from one of those trips he is forever taking to India or somewhere, and I thought we might invite him to the party. His mother was an old college chum of mine, and her only son, Bobby, seems to have inherited her love of travel. 'How old is he?' Let's see—he was born five years before you came; so that makes him twenty-seven, doesn't it? I shall write him a note right away, and you can mail it as you go."

Suiting the action to the word, the ample Mrs. Adams—of whom one reads so often in the society column—turned back to her escritoire and in a very correct note invited Mr. Martindale to be her guest at the house-party she was to give in honor of her daughter, Lucy, who in gloves and hat was just leaving for one of her succession of teas.

It was two o'clock in the morning at the great metropolitan post office. In the marble corridors of the immense building solitude reigned, except for a lonely porter, who intermittently wielded a mop and yawned. In the federal-court rooms and in the mahogany-furnished executive offices also the shades of the past held full sway.

Behind all this quiet and architectural beauty, in the great rooms where mail is always coming and going, the condition was very different. There two in the morning means a terrific rush to get the mail out for the "Overland" to "Frisco," for the "Threetwelve" to New York, and the like. Here was in its intensity the operation of that wonderfully complex system, so bewildering to the uninitiated, which effects the change of letters from "in-coming" to "out-going,"

and vice-versa. On the one hand the cancelling machines, like a battery of machine guns, were sending up their staccato clatter; on the other, great trucks of mail of every kind, from the lowly "third-class" to the revered "special-delivery," were pushed and switched here and there with apparent futility. Messengers rushed hither and forth; filing-case men under green eye-shades tossed letters into pigeon-holes feverishly—here was seeming chaos indeed.

Beneath all this commotion and excitement was the assurance that every man knew what he was to do and how to do it. "Old Ben" seemed affected by the rush least of all. He had been a post-office employee for so long that his real name had practically been lost in the remote past. Regular as the seasons, steady as a clock, he added greatly to the efficiency of his department. His province was at the "pick-up table," where countless sacks of out-going letters—the contents of the innumerable green letter-boxes—are dumped, sorted, and sent—properly placed, down a belt to the cancelling machines. Automatic-like as usual, Ben was on this night sliding letters down the belt in the never-ending flow. While starting one particular letter down the "regular-envelope chute," he noticed that it bore no stamp. Anyone familiar with post-office methods knows that in a case like this the letter is "deaded" and sent back at leisure to the sender for postage, thus causing a delay of several days in its delivery. Ben knew this and, placing the letter aside to be attended to in case that the stamp had been brushed off in the mail-bag, he watched carefully as he kept on sorting that bag. He finally found the stamp, put it on—much more securely than Mrs. Adams had, for it was that very note to Martindale—and sent the letter on its way.

Bob Martindale had just finished strapping his luggage preparatory to another aimless jaunt about the world. He had no family, and two days back in his native "villich" had been enough. The deadly dullness had again developed that ennui which he knew from experience could be relieved only by a change of scene. He was to leave on the "Century" within an hour. Just at this

moment his mail was brought up. Glancing languidly through the collection of announcements, circulars, and the like, he came upon Mrs. Adams' invitation. With his characteristic promptness of decision, he changed his trip from "somewhere a long way off" to Mrs. Adams' house-party. "Sure was fortunate that letter came when it did," he said to himself; "another hour and I'd have been 'long-gone,' and this letter might have reached me in Egypt, Spain, or somewhere."

Six months later the bored company of chaperones at the Saturday-night dance of the country club were given something to discuss, which aided greatly in breaking the usual monotony of the occasion. In the *News* of that afternoon had appeared the announcement of Lucy Adams' engagement to Bob Martindale, and following it was an account of how it had come about.

"The romance seems to have started last summer," it said, "when Mr. Martindale was a guest at the Adams house-party, given in honor of Miss Adams immediately before her departure with a group of friends for an extended tour in Europe. Mr. Martindale, being undecided as to his immediate plans, was prevailed upon to accompany the party, and we surmise that the spell of the Riviera, the Venetian moon, and the charm of the Neapolitan night did the rest, for it was in Italy that the culmination came about."

Mrs. Adams is still helping to launch "devastating debutantes" on the ways to glory and marriage. Her chief delight in life is her granddaughter, Lucy II. Bob Martindale still travels once in a while, but no longer alone, and his native city is now his home and "the best place in the world." He often thinks how lucky it was that fateful invitation came just when it did. "For," as his favorite dinner-story runs, "if it had arrived even a mail later, I wouldn't have been able to accept, Lucy, and you would have gone to Europe *sans moi*. Why, I might never have met you."

Little does he know that if "Old Ben" had not taken the trouble to re-stamp that letter, all those terrible things would most likely have happened. "Old Ben" is still an institution at the post office. I should like to tell you how the tremendous effect

of his simple good-turn that night at two o'clock became known and how Ben was appropriately rewarded, but I shall not—for it isn't life.

VARSAITY VERSE.

—ROBBIN!

"I wish I were a bird" she sang.

"I wish you were," said he,

"You would go south when winter comes

Without a cent from me."—N. W.

LENTEN SOLILOQUIES OF A FRESHMAN.

I never was a wicked boy
Until I came to school,
And never missed a single class
Or broke a golden rule.

I never wore old corduroys
And never smoked at all
But when I got in with these boys—
My Gosh, how I did fall!

I never had a single girl
Who filled me with delight
But since I came to N. D. U.
I stay out half the night.

I never climbed a fire-escape
To get into the house
And never walked the corridors
As silent as a mouse.

I always took my tea at four
In my home town you know,
But since I've come to this grand place
I far prefer—Old Crow.

My books at home were all well worn
But here they're thick with dust:
The head once filled with happiness
Ah, now is filled with rust.

I thought they kept the cows in fields
To eat the new green grass:
But why do students always bring
Their pitchforks into class?

I never played a game of "golf"
Or thought I was in heaven,
Until I shook the wicked bones
And whispered, "Come on seven!"

I never knew I was so dumb
Until I came to school
But now I fully realize
I'm dumber than a fool.

But after I am here a while
I'll learn a thing or two
And then I'll show the whole blamed world
What N. D. U. can do!

—K. W. K., '22.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

(A young man unpacking his laundry in the presence of his young friends takes out a shirt with a false silk bosom. Turning to the boy that has brought it, he speaks in the manner of the millionaire's son).

"Hey, looka here; this ain't the shirt I sent."

"What?"

"I say this ain't the shirt I sent."

"It ain't?"

"No, it ain't."

"Why ain't it?"

"Looka here, young man, don't sass me. I sent a shirt that was all silk."

"Well, that's all that was left after the others was packed. Ma says she always leaves yours to the last, because when she gets to yours it's so hard to tell them from the old rags she uses for dryin' dishes and"—

"None of that fresh stuff now, young man—get me?"

"—and other things. I guess mebbe she's usin' your silk shirt for that by now."

"Come on, now; lay off the funny stuff. What I want to know is—where's my shirt?"

"Well, I'll ast Ma. I guess she'll be able to find it. Guess mebbe one of the gentlemen's got it, and he'll probably send it back"—

"Yes, catch one of them fellows sending anything back."

"Well, I'll ast Ma."

"Here, here, don't go.—Now, I want my shirt."

(The others leave one by one in the course of the conversation).

"I ain't got it on me."

"No, no,—but don't go. Maybe I could—could—maybe I could give some—some description that would help your mother to find it. It was a green shirt with—er—with yellow buttons—no, that wasn't it—it was—well, it was a green shirt, anyway."

"Well, I'll tell her."

"Don't go yet. Wait, let me see if you remember what I told you. What are you gonna tell your mother?"

"It was a green shirt."

"Yes, that's fine,—but don't go yet. Maybe I was too hard about that shirt at first. I'm sorry if I was. You see it's a

good shirt and"—

(The last of the auditors has gone out, and the speaker approaches the boy, with a complete change of manner).

"—well, in fact, you needn't mind about the shirt at all. I've got others, lots of 'em—and say, here's two-bits for you, and kinda pass the dope out around the fellows that I wear the clothes—you get me? You know. So long."

—E. B. DOYLE, '21.

THOUGHTS.

BY JUNIORS.

Many a great thought has come from the heart.

What the unemployed man wants is work, not sympathy.

Women laugh when they can and weep when they will.

The fellow who sits on the fence is gored by both bulls.

Without God the atheist could not so much as deny God.

Life may be a dream for some; for many it is a nightmare.

Nowadays, the doctor is to be feared more than the disease.

Theatrically speaking, the less one pays the higher he goes.

The essence of cowardice is in shrinking from one's better self.

Nature is the medium through which God speaks to thoughtful souls.

The fellow who has nothing but a "line" has most likely borrowed that.

An optimist is a man with a double chin who is glad it is not a triple.

The bravest men are those who are not afraid to do battle with themselves.

The hockey rink would have been an ideal winter resort for a flock of ducks.

Never tell a girl how unworthy of her you are: she will think that soon enough.

A fool can do more damage in six minutes than a wise man can repair in six months.

The senator who proposed death for idiots is probably a champion of the smaller college.

The man who places his temporal welfare before his eternal puts the cart before the horse desperately.

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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.

MARCH 5, 1921.

NO. 19.

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The elevation to the Cardinalate of Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia was confirmed at the secret consistory held a few days ago in Rome. With

THE NEW CARDINAL. the return of the Prelate to his See, the

red hat of the Cardinalate crosses the Atlantic to the shores of the United States for the fifth time. One who has observed the rapid promotion of His Eminence does not find in this latest honor a surprise. Even before he was consecrated Bishop of Nueva Segovia, Philippine Islands, in 1903, he had shown extraordinary abilities as a Professor at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. In the Philippines his zeal and sagacity merited a promotion to the See of Jaro within five years. In 1916 he became the Bishop of Buffalo. After two great and brilliant years in that city, he succeeded the late Archbishop Prendergast to the Metropolitan See of Philadelphia. And now he has been ranked with a McCloskey, a Gibbons, a Farley, and an O'Connell among the giants of the American Hierarchy. Cardinal Dougherty is a native of a small town near Philadelphia and is only in his fifty-fifth year. His exaltation is not merely a reward for his zeal and merits, but it is an honor to Philadelphia. We extend to His Eminence Notre Dame's heartiest congratulations.—R. M. M.

A man in college gets most of his education from other men, directly from teachers, or indirectly from authors of good books. Whatever knowledge he gets

THE WHOLE MAN. out of books is either required of him in course,

or he goes after it spontaneously, for its own sake. If he could go instinctively to the right books, and could readily get their matter clearly and discreetly, teachers would be superfluous. With his limitations, however, his regular course demands of him definite and supervised reading—study—and this reading is considerable in amount and of prime importance in character; but, for all that, it need not and should not comprise his sole and undeviating path in the pursuit of an education. For that process which draws out a man's faculties only in part, is not an education. Thus, for the economist or the naturalist scientist or the philosopher to leave undeveloped his innate taste, however meagre, for the arts, would be to make of himself an impossible materialist; and, conversely, the artist might pitch his tent with every stake so high among the clouds as to leave himself without a saving grain of practicality. But where are the two to meet? Text-books, both might reflect, are limited to this or that branch of knowledge, and no one text, no one science or art can consistently map out the universe and at the same time lay down the minutiae of everyday existence. Texts at best contain only principles, yet such principles as are essentials. These latter, once mastered, take the place of professors, and make it safe for the student to strike out for himself. They develop in him a conscience which senses and avoids the tainted philosophic, scientific, or historic doctrine. Mastered principles are the set-up standards; they put the college man in a position to begin the process of filling-in. He turns then to another school—the incontrovertibly great and broadening works, the recognized classics in the several departments of knowledge, as well as to the texts which his particular course and prospective career make indispensable for him; for always he builds upon the truths that there is more than one vantage-ground from which to view every situation, and that only he rightly estimates one aspect of a question who takes into account its other possibilities.

—L. R. W.

THE NOTRE DAME ENDOWMENT FUND.

The following account of an exceptionally important grant to the university appeared in the South Bend *Tribune*. It will, we feel sure, be of great interest to all friends of Notre Dame.

"Donations to colleges and universities aggregating \$2,660,000 were announced today by the general education board. These contributions are conditioned upon the institutions' raising supplemental sums which would bring the total to \$8,600,000.

Among the institutions receiving the largest sums are the University of Notre Dame, which is offered \$250,000 and Hanover college, Hanover, Ind., which may receive \$150,000.

Dr. James A. Burns, president of Notre Dame University, commenting upon the gift to the university, stated, this morning, that the probable result of the endowment for salaries would be an increase in the student body of the school which would raise the number of students residing in the city from 350 to 1,000. The statement of Dr. Burns follows:

"The gift of \$250,000. which the general education board has made to us is, like all their gifts, conditional. In our case it means that we raise three quarters of a million dollars. The money must be invested and help permanently as an endowment fund for professors' salaries and can never be used for any other purpose.

"The general education board is extremely careful in making its appropriations. In addition to its educational experts, President Buttrick and another officer of the board have made two visits to the school. They have examined Notre Dame University from every angle and the present gift may therefore be regarded as an emphatic expression of their satisfaction with what they have found here.

"The university has increased salaries both this year and the year before. This year professors received a 25 per cent. increase and instructors a raise of 10 per cent. In addition, we contemplate increasing the number of faculty members as rapidly as we have the means of doing so. Our attendance has been increasing rapidly; and the student

body, coming from almost every state in the union as well as from foreign countries, crowds every available spot on the campus. The present endowment of the university is about \$95,000, and of this amount \$25,500 is for scholarships; we have never appealed for endowment but have received gifts for buildings. But endowment for teachers' salaries is now the supreme need; and except for the alumni building to be erected on the campus, further building operations can wait.

"As yet I have formulated no definite plans for raising the three-quarters of a million but cannot doubt that we shall succeed. The highest interests of the university are too vitally involved in the matter to allow the possibility of failure; and I am sure the friends of the university will appreciate the greatness of the opportunity which has come and will see that the necessary money will not be lacking.

"The board of lay trustees, which was organized this year, has the care and administration of all endowment funds. It is composed of 15 members. William P. Breen, a Fort Wayne alumnus, is president, and James D. Callery, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is treasurer: the other members are: Edward Hurley, of Chicago, former head of the shipping board; Samuel T. Murdock, of Indianapolis; S. O. Richardson, of Toledo, Ohio.; Joseph M. Byrne, of Newark, N. J.; Warren A. Cartier, of Ludington, Mich.; Clement Mitchell, of Chicago; John W. Johnson, of Kokomo, Ind.; and Francis J. Reitz of Evansville, Ind."

IN MEMORIAM.

Walter B. Golden, beloved son of the Class of '97, a friend of Notre Dame and an esteemed Catholic citizen of Butler, Pa., died the 26th of February. Kindly remember his soul in your prayers.

When a man observes that everyone has his price, you may know that he is anxious to sell out.

Beware of the man who throws bouquets: he is probably looking for a whole flower garden in return.

FATHER MAHER'S ANNIVERSARY.

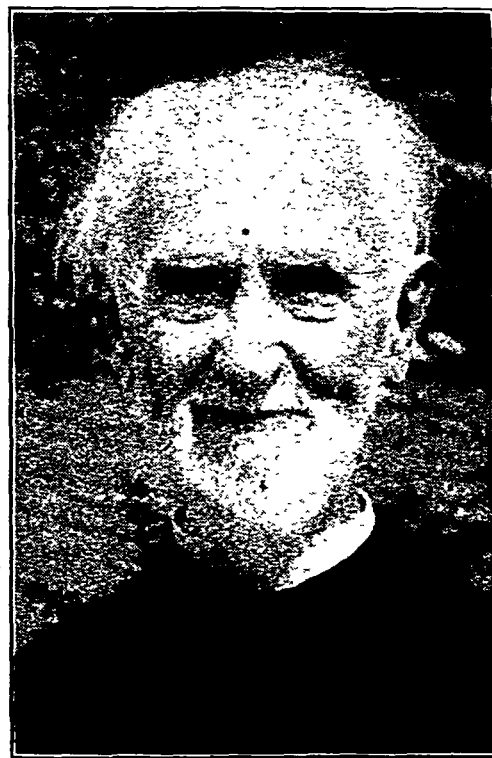
(De Senectute et de Amicitia.)

Even the grim, gray face of Winter, which usually holds the vicinity of Notre Dame in its frigid gaze till long after March, softened noticeably for the ninetieth anniversary of Father Maher, the celebration of which took place Thursday. In fact, not since the night of the Big Wind in Ireland has the veteran, according to his statement, witnessed anything so remarkable as the weather of this winter, and at the time of that famous draught he was nine years old. But so common a matter as the weather is hardly to be mentioned in connection with the career of Notre Dame's oldest living forefather.

Rev. Timothy Maher took up his residence in this world, March 3, 1831, in Boherlaham, Tipperary County, Ireland. The monument of his birth is still to be seen by travellers; he was born at the foot of the renowned Rock of Cashel. His boyhood was passed during the time of the black famines which withered Ireland in the forties. He lived through the horrible decade although the harvest of death all over the island in 1849 alone mounted to 240,000. At the age of twenty, however, he determined to emigrate. After two months spent crossing the ocean on one of the British hulks, and subjected to appalling conditions, he was fortunate to reach New York with his life which he has been so successful in preserving ever since. The first four years in America were spent in New York and Philadelphia in 1856 he decided to study at Notre Dame.

At that late date the only railroad west went no farther than Toledo. From the lakeport the route was by stagecoach, which took at least a week. Bertrand was then the stage depot on the route that ran along what is now the Niles Road. South Bend was at the time smaller than Bertrand, although today the old-time stage depot is little more than a memory. It was on September 12 that Father Maher arrived at the humble cloister, now Notre Dame. When he applied for admission to the Congregation, Notre Dame had hardly emerged from the wilderness.

The life of a student then was the heavy life of a pioneer, finished with firelight learning. If he went to bed on an empty stomach, however, he was at least rewarded with a full mind.



FATHER MAHER, C. S. C.

But the youth who had survived gaunt famine was not discouraged by such hardship. He began his novitiate on Jan 25 of the following year and received Holy Orders in 1869 on the feast of the Assumption. He said his first Mass in the old Church of Sacred Heart—the little brick chapel that occupied almost the same site as its statelier namesake does now.

Father Maher has passed all his life as a priest at Notre Dame, except for the year he served as treasurer of St. Edward's College, Texas. For more than 25 years he was secretary and treasurer of Notre Dame University, and for almost 27 years officiated as Postmaster. It is only a few years ago that he resigned the latter post. During his 64 years in the community he has seen Notre Dame grow from what was hardly more than a collection of cottages to the greatest Catholic university in the Western Hemisphere, and in his department he was no unimportant factor in this phenomenal development.

Father Sorin always had high regard for his assistant and the two were constant associates. In important projects contemplated by the founder, it was often his habit to seek the advice of his subordinate. At the time of the second fire, when the grim sacrifices of a generation disappeared in smoke, Father Maher was secretary and treasurer, and enjoying the confidence of the founder, his efforts were important in the plans of reconstruction that preceded the present university.

In his habits of living the venerable priest is severely simple. Every morning he rises at a quarter of four, and having dressed, makes his bed and straightens his room. In the rigorous life of early Notre Dame when the present conveniences were quite impossible luxuries. The greater part of his day is spent in reading, his mind being unusually vigorous for his age. He has a memory as clear almost as a photographic plate and it is stored with anecdotes of old Notre Dame.

An affable disposition and ever-present smile have won for Father Maher regiments of friends in all parts of the United States. . . . friends in high and low places, for he has the same generous manner for everybody he knows as an acquaintance. Maurice Francis Egan, Archbishop Mundelein, Frank Ward O'Malley, and other celebrities count him in their circle, as well as unnumbered alumni of the university who knew him in their day. He is the uncle of the late Monsignor O'Ryan of San Francisco, and of Rev. William O'Ryan, pastor of St. Leo's Church, Denver.—E. W. M.

TALK AND TRAVELTALK.

Culture is being given to us in chunks these days—a high-brow traveltalk on Thursday, on Friday an ultra-refined oratorical contest. They did not prove so trying, however, as such ordeals might be considered in anticipation, for the speeches of the orators were interesting and our trip through Palestine was delightful. The dignity of the occasion on Friday night was enhanced by exquisite Seniors in plastic dress-suits showing awe-stricken Freshmen to orchestra chairs with all the grace and unction of princes of the blood determined to be democratic. Invited guests and students comfortably filled Washington Hall, and each speaker received flattering attention. *Carlton Gauld of Wabash, carried off the honors of the contest with a masterly presentation on the greatness of Henrik Ibsen. Mr. Gauld's manuscript was excellent, his delivery fresh and easy. Notre Dame gained second place through the efforts of Raymond Gallagher. His was undoubtedly the best manuscript of all; but, perhaps by a little too much emphasis, Gallagher lost much in delivery. Richard Richardson of Earlham has a delivery worthy of a senator; but, like

many senatorial discourses, there was no abundant substance in what he said. The three other contestants interested. Their low place on the list of winners cannot be attributed so much to their not being good as to their opponents being better.

Notre Dame may confidently expect much from Mr. Gallagher, who is a Sophomore. He and the Wabash winner, Mr. Gauld, tied for first on decision, but victory left us when percentages were examined.

When one gets tired of ting-a-ling concerts and insipid movies, it is a relief to attend such a lecture as we heard last Thursday evening. Fresh scenes, strange peoples, customs of living far different from our own, under the skillful treatment of a clever lecturer, proved decidedly interesting. Dr. Newman travels much and talks sympathetically of the countries he has visited. With no more inconvenience than comes from sitting in a seat with a broken back, or no back at all, we visited Jerusalem and the Holy Land, names familiar to us since childhood, when we first learned of the wondrous events that took place there. We caught a fleeting glimpse of Hebron, where the Blessed Virgin visited Elizabeth and first sang the sublime canticle of the Magnificat; Bethlehem the city of David, in which could be found no shelter for the Mother of God; Jerusalem, "the city set on a mountain," that witnessed the greatest drama of history. The views were very beautiful and their story beautifully told. It was a long jaunt from the Suez Canal to Palestine, then through dirty streets of ancient cities and along delightful paths by fields colorful with lovely lilies and gorgeous poppies, to the historic and sacred Gate of Damascus.

THE ORPHEUS QUARTET.

(By A. Pessimist, Unltd.)

The prospective freshman has an idea that college life is made up of singing, mandolin playing, cigarettes, and nights when all these things go together. Actually a freshman, he soon learns how mistaken he has been; but, in that unfledged period, he likes to fancy undergraduates in session thus:

Three or four seniors draped more or less gracefully across a four by six bed, as many juniors lodged precariously on tipped-back chairs and convenient tables, self-conscious

sophomores and gaping freshmen standing wherever they can find room. The juniors accompany themselves on mandolins or guitars and sing jazz or opera by request. After exhausting their repertoire of sentimental ballads, they inevitably attempt the Barcarole, then range back through low comedy to utter vulgarity. At the conclusion of each song, the seniors condescendingly grunt their approval; the sophomores aggressively assert that they will tell the world it is great; the freshmen noisily applaud. The singing is rotten; but, as one would be accused of lacking proper spirit were he to express an honest opinion, he hypocritically asks for more. With devotion that would do honor to a martyr, he endures the riot and chokes in the smoke-laden air. The performance would not be complete without "The End of a Perfect Day," so the juniors religiously execute it. The stealthy approach of an unappreciative prefect is discovered when that good man stumbles over a strategically placed cuspidor. The party breaks up hurriedly everybody thinking he has had a wonderful time. College life, as we know it, is very different from the scene just described; yet a great many people imagine it to be so.

The Orpheus Quartet labors under this general misapprehension as to the habits and tastes of college men. On the whole, Saturday's entertainment was tolerable, though it dragged woefully from the beginning to the last agonized note of "The End of a Perfect Day." The Baritone with his anserine nonsense got a few good laughs, and the first tenor obviously believed the Quartet had become a bad habit. They sang the usual songs and murdered the "Sextette" in a way that would make even a junior ashamed of himself. One can make allowances for a necessarily hurried program and even for a lack of the orthodox "soup and fish," but there is no excuse for that outrageously vulgar ditty of the bilious Mary who had not been sufficiently discreet with her diet. Such songs may be all right on a cheap variety circuit, but they are hopelessly out of place in a dignified college auditorium.

—STEVENSON.

UNDER THE DOME.

—Only eighteen more days till the Easter vacation begins.

—The Iowa club is planning to have a banquet during the latter part of this month.

—Engineering problems were discussed at the meeting of the Notre Dame branch, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Monday evening. The recent trip to the Elkhart power plant was reviewed by several of the members.

—The Chemists Club held its regular meeting Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Eugene VandenBoom led the discussion by presenting a paper on "Softening Water for Boiler-feed Purposes." The famous "jazz" orchestra for Sorin Hall furnished music.

—The Notre Dame-Rochester Club as we once knew it is no more. It has recently merged with the Rochester Alumni Association at Rochester. The Notre Dame alumni of Rochester are eager for news from the old school and have adopted this method to attain that end.

—Mr. James Bailey called his understudy chemists together for a meeting in Chemistry Hall last Monday evening to hear Eugene Vanden Boon read a paper on, "water Softeners for Boilers." The meeting was wound up with a wee bit of jazz from the Gaboon Spring Orchestra.

—The Writers' Club held the first of its March meetings in the Library, Friday evening. Manuscripts were read by several members. Under the direction of Pres. Harry Flannery, the club is planning its banquet frolic for a date shortly after the spring tests.

—The Chicago Club met in the library last Sunday evening and the gentlemen from the breezy city definitely laid their plans for the Easter vacation dance. The hop will be held in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel Easter Tuesday evening. The sunset Orchestra will furnish the music.

—Popular materialistic theories of the Deity were discussed and refuted by Rev. W. J. Donahue, C. S. C., Master of Novices, in addressing students of Apologetics, Monday. Father Donahue took as his topic the Divinity of Christ. He offered four items of proof in support of the Church's position.

—Plans were launched Wednesday for the annual banquet of the Iowa Club, which will probably be held before the Easter holidays. The enthusiasm of members at a short noon-hour meeting augured well for the coming

event. The possibility of entertaining the baseball nine from Iowa University when it visits Notre Dame this spring was considered.

—"Country Journalism" was the subject of a brief address by Mr. Stuart H. Carroll, editor and publisher of the Mishawaka Enterprise, delivered before the freshmen journalists at their regular class session Monday. Discussing opportunities in the country field, Mr. Carroll emphasized the independent position which the rural editor enjoys. "Stue," as he is familiarly known, is a Notre Dame graduate.

—Members of the debating teams have been busy the past week preparing for a display of their ability before the students of St. Mary's. During the years in which Notre Dame teams were establishing a reputation, the debate at St. Mary's became an annual event. The appearance of this year's teams will therefore be a maintenance of tradition. The subject for debate is government ownership of the coal mines. Messrs. Engels, Gallagher, Clark and Rhomberg will present the affirmative case. They will be opposed by Messrs. Hogan, Cavanaugh, Switalski and Ward.

—Visitors this week were under the illusion that the number of students making out their income tax reports was exceedingly large. Inquiry established the fact that they had seen some of the residents of Sorin Hall struggling over their religious questionnaires. The blank, with its forty-four questions, is an effort by the University to make a religious survey of the school. The replies will enable the Prefect of Religion to arrive at certain pertinent conclusions.

—Monday is St. Thomas' day, and in accordance with the time honored custom at Notre Dame it will be a holiday for the Junior and Senior philosophers. All upper-class wisemen are expected to receive holy Communion Monday and to attend the mass in Sorin Chapel at nine o'clock. At twelve o'clock the philosophers will assemble in the University parlor where they will be entertained by the University orchestra, band, and the wit and witticism of brother philosophers: but even philosophers must eat and so at one o'clock a banquet will be served in the Carroll Hall refectory.

—MURPHY-MCKEE-MOTZ.

MEN YOU REMEMBER

—W. R. Tipton, Jr., of Las Vegas, New Mexico, who took a degree in architecture in 1913, visited the school last week.

—Patrick O'Meara, old student in architecture, is a member of the firm of Damon, O'Meara, and Hills of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who have opened a new branch office in that city.

—Among the old "grads" who have recently visited Notre Dame is B. J. Kaiser, '12, who graduated in architecture. He is at present manager of the American office of Bernard Prock, Industrial Architect.

—These are anxious days for Joe O'Hara, one of last year's LL. B. class. Joe took the Minnesota bar examination during the first week in February, and, of course, the examiners are in no hurry to announce results.

—Mr. Wilbur T. (Dolly) Gray LL. B. '14, the old Varsity catcher of Syracuse, N. Y., married Miss Elizabeth Kuykendall of Saint Louis, Missouri, where the young couple will be at home at the Funston Apartments after March fifth. Congratulations.

—"Slim" Walsh, varsity pitcher in '16 and '17, has recently become the proprietor of a drug store in Janesville, Wisconsin. For diversion, "Slim" is tossing the sphere for the Samson baseball nine, which incidentally is one of the best industrial teams in the country.

—According to a recent news item in the Buffalo "Evening Times" the work of Assistant Coach E. P. (Slip) Madigan, LL. B. '20, of Columbia, is the object of commendation in the East. There is no reason why "Slip" shouldn't develop into a second Rockne.

—Leo Valker, '20, who is taking a graduate course in architecture at Columbia, is doing great work. In January, he submitted a drawing for a contest of the Beaux Arts School of New York City, in which seven schools were represented. In this contest he was awarded one of the three prize medals. Last month in another contest of the same school, he was one of the two successful medalists. This is, of course, a tribute of rare quality to Professor Kervick's department.—HUGUENARD.

ATHLETICS.

VARSITY VICTORY.

With cheers and shouts, excited handclasps of fellows who never knew one another and never will, pirouetting hats, and amid it all praise of Kiley and McDermott, Logan and Mehre, Anderson and Kane, Coughlin and Garvey, and surely, Halas, the 1921 Notre Dame basket ball season came to an end last week with a finish that rivalled the last chapters in any best seller. To a season that was but fair on the whole there had come at the last minute a triumph over Wabash, a team called the "best in the west."

There were but a few seconds to tick for the watch in the hand of the timer. The game had been close, but all the time Wabash had been in the lead. Then—with the count 30 to 29 for Wabash—from the middle of the floor Kiley shot the ball through the meshes for two Notre Dame points and a victory. But Kiley alone was not the big man of that game. Every player was doing his best. Coach Halas showed a rare judgment in the careful and timely substitution of his men. Anderson and Kiley were more agile than ever. McDermott's eye was perfect in shooting fouls and his three goals in the second half made ready for Kiley's winning ringer. Captain Mehre saw five of his shots pass through for markers. Garvey's guarding was clever, indeed. But all the good was not Notre Dame's. Wabash, minus Goldberry, played with machine-like precision. Adams was the greatest getter of points and Thorn, during the first half, made three baskets.

And, to aid the team in their fight, the Notre Dame band, attired in full uniform for the first time, played strains as the men danced about on the court.

FRESHMAN FRISKERS.

The Noble Frosh of the Padded Turf brought much joy and gladness into our midst Thursday afternoon, Feb. 24, when they measured, fitted and sent the Western State Normal varsity track team back home in a cloak of defeat decorated only with the simple numerals 51-25.

Kennedy, Walsh, Kohin, Brady, and Cameron etched their names on "Wop" Berna's patent score board for firsts; McGeath,

Geegan Hamil, Lusch and Kohin added seconds and for the sake of variety Buck Hennes and Moss counted for a third place. Barbor and Avilez scored with McGeath and Walsh in the mile relay.

Prospects for the yearlings were bad, very bad, as Normal ran away with the shot put, high hurdles and 40 yard dash at the beginning of the meet; but Paul Kennedy took the mile and half-mile after leading both events all the way, Walsh and McGeath ran a fast quarter, Brady left the rest of the world behind in the broad jump, and Kohin and Cameron sky-larked their way through the high jump and pole vault.

With the meet well in hand the local quartet won the relay after a thrilling race in which Avilez, McGeath and Walsh covered themselves with glory after a bad start. Kennedy, McGeath and Walsh took the best of the freshmen, with Kohin and Brady in the offing.

Summary:

Notre Dame Freshmen 51 Western State Normal 35.

40 yard dash. Time 4.4.

Walker, WSN. Altenberg, WSN. Livingston, WSN.

440 yard run.

Walsh, N. D. McGeath, N. D. Wetters, W. S. N.

Time 54.2.

880 yard run.

Kennedy, N. D. Geegan, N. D. Radebaugh, WSN.

Time 2.5 2-5.

One mile run.

Kennedy, N. D. Adams, WSN. Powell WSN. Time

4.43 2-5.

40 yard high hurdles.

Griggs, WSN. Howe, WSN. Hennes, N. D. Time 6.1.

High jump.

Kohin, N. D. Howe, WSN and Lusch, N. D. tied for second. Height 5 ft. 7 in.

Pole vault.

Cameron, N. D. Hamil, N. D. Howe, WSN. Height 10 ft. 6 in.

Shot put.

Hilliard Hulcher, WSN. Harold Hulcher, WSN.

Moss N. D. Distance, 41 ft. 2 1-2 in.

Broad Jump.

Brady, N. D. Kohin, N. D. Altenberg, WSN. Distance. 20 ft 2 1-2 in.

Mile relay.

Won by Notre Dame: Barber, Avilez, McGeath, Walsh. Time 3.37 4-5. —FLANNEY-WALLACE.

SAFETY VALVE

GOING DOWN.

"I fell for you," the fair one said,
A tear was on her cheek,
There was a quiver in each word
The maiden tried to speak.

"I shunned you every day," she said
"Fearing you were untrue.
But when you tripped me up one noon,
Ah, then I fell for you."

RED?

Her little cheek was cherry red
My lips were somewhat rough
And as they touched her cheek, she cried
"Where do you get that stuff."

My mouth was now a rosy red,
She had an ermine muff,
I wiped my lips on it and said
"Where do you get that stuff."

SHE.—I understand your fine bull terrier was stolen.

HE.—Yes, doggone!

It's a wise joke that knows its own father.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—
That's the reason they put a brass band around a dogs
neck.

No matter how high other things may go, writing
paper will still remain stationery.

COMPARISONS.

"All that glitters is not gold"
Say the proverb makers.
All that shiver are not cold
Some are shimmy shakers.

"It's bean soup," said the restaurant man,
The college boy was keen,
"What is it now," he asked the man,
"I don't care what its been."

Make for the hay when the moonshines.

MY OWN.

"To have and to hold," is a very strong phrase,
At least it appears so to me.
For I've come to realize now what it means—
To have and to hold on my knee.

The early bird may get the worm
But worms are no delight.
Who gets the chicken? 'Tis the bird
Who stays up late at night.

BROWNSONITE.—"I've written to her time and
again," said the Carrollite, "but she doesn't pay any
attention to me. She thinks I'm a joke."

SORINITE.—She has a good sense of humor, hasn't
she?

SHE.—Did you ever see a ghost?

HE.—No, indeed. You can't buy the stuff around
our part of the country anymore.

He walked around in evening clothes,
He had that "Senior-Prom" tone,
But every time he tried to speak
He pulled an awful trombone.

HISTORY PROF.—Just what do you mean, Mr. Simp
by the "Middle Classes."

STUDENT.—The classes taught from eleven till one.

A student may think a lot without having a lot to
think about.

"Actions speak louder than words," especially
when one's dropping dishes on the floor.

"Wouldn't it be awful," said the maiden as the boy
clasped her to his breast, "if the government should
insist on disarmament."

"I like your cheeks, kind maid," he said,
"Your lips are sweet to me,"
She looked straight into his grey eyes,
"I like your nerve," said she.

Three maidens walking through the woods
Were one day badly smitten,
They had to burn their clothes because
They met a sachet kitten.

THE DULL DAYS.

A robber has a snappy life
It's filled with real excitement,
And when they catch him at his game
There follows an indictment.
But the poor student's lonesome life
Would make a real man weep,
Things are so dead around the school
That his foot goes to sleep.

THE KING.

My father always boasted that
No man alive could down him;
And now I know he's king, because
I saw my mother "crown him."

TYPICAL ANSWERS OF A SKIVER.

PREF.—Isn't it true, Mr. Dink, that you were in
town last night and did not return to School until
after Midnight?

STUD.—Yes, indeed, it is *not* true.

PREF.—You mean to tell me you were not in town?

STUD.—Yes, I was not in town.

PREF.—But I saw you on the street at ten o'clock.

STUD.—That makes no difference I was home in bed.

PREF.—Will you stand there and lie to me, when
I know you were in town.

STUD.—Yes, I will not lie to you, when you know I
was in town, I was home in bed.

(fast curtain.)