

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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ALMA MATER.

G. J. W.

THEY strolled through garden paths and saw
The summer roses dead,
And gone the flowers that blossom fair
When in the spring they wed.

Of this they spoke and other things
In listless mood; when he,
Unthinking, dropped a word that seemed
To lack of courtesy.

She petulantly made reply
And lifted high her head;
Yet he, grown sullen, would not yield—
And all their joy was fled.

And so they walked in silence till
They met a child at play;—
A laughing child who looked at them
With eyes as blue as day.

And peace came back to man and wife:
Her face was like the sea;
He saw—and kissed her reverently,
She whispered, "Mine—to be."

LITERARY GOLDBRICKS.

CHARLES P. MOONEY, '21.

IN this day of mandates, soviet, and prohibition, our young newspaper reporter, who is always the first on the spot when the story "breaks," is not the journalist who is paying an income tax. Nor is it the inspired editorial-writer, who, although his conclusions are sometimes fallacious, is most meticulous concerning his facts. So long as these two gentlemen stick to the real, fortune will never smile upon them. Theirs is a thankless task, since the American people are not interested in what is natural and true. What holds their attention are the things that cannot possibly result from given circumstances. Why should they be expected to pay anyone for telling them what they already know? If

the foregoing observations are correct, we have the *raison d'être* of the literary "goldbrick." He is the person who feeds the public's appetite for the unreal. If the observations be correct then there is no explanation of him who reaps the harvest.

The daily bread of this gentleman is earned by furnishing the public with bits of information on the private life of some "celebrity." His choice of her, in most cases, is the moving-picture or the pugilistic star. This, however, is only natural. The private life of such personage holds by far more matter of interest than does his public existence. As everyone knows, or at least is conceded to know, all the incidents concerning the star's public character and conduct, the reader does not bother to learn what is a matter of general notoriety. In knowledge as in property, he wants something different from what his neighbor has. He knows with certainty that if in any group discussing the famous he can introduce a few details, however trivial and untrue, related to the great individual's private life, he can command close attention. That is why the "goldbrick," who is forever publishing his interviews with those who "have arrived," enjoys his numerous clientele.

This personage who lives by portraying the "celebrity's" existence after working hours apparently has no conception of truth and reality. For this shortcoming, however, he is to be pitied rather than censured. For him to give his readers the simple facts of every case would mean sure failure. He regards himself only the occasion of their deception. Probably the most exacting of critics could not equal this author in contempt for his own work. Since, however, he is most likely a man of family, who knows but one trade, and as these are hard times, he can not reasonably afford to give a voice to his inward feelings.

To prove that the foregoing is not groundless, a few examples of the popular writer's *chef d'oeuvre* would not be inappropriate. They can be found on any day in the newspapers or in magazines of the screen and stage. Here is one of the stories of such an author concerning the supposedly unknown facts in the life of the highest-salaried female representative of the moving-picture world.—The young lady comes from an old Virginia family that has connections with the Lees, Randolphs, Darbys, and all the descendants of the childless Pocahontas. Of course, she received her early education in a convent, and was finished in Paris. Now, as a matter of fact the only one of her calling that was ever "finished" in Paris was that unfortunate young lady of last summer who mistook bichloride tablets for calomel. Our Sadie, says the author, while at school excelled in literature and gave great promise of becoming a novelist. There is in a sense some truth in this. Said Sadie has become a novelist, her most frequent novelty being a new husband. When not engaged at the studio, the author continues, she spends her spare time mastering sculpture, an art at which she is unusually adept. Her favorite authors are Sudermann, Tolstoi, and Boswell. Now that is all wrong, for Sadie really has not read anything since wine cards went out of existence.

So much for Sadie. Let us see something of the male star of the same industry. Mr. Feature-Writer would have us believe that this actor's lineage would shame that of Nancy Langhorne. We are told that he studied for the law at an Eastern university. There is nothing peculiar about that fact; all the leading men went in for Blackstone. The last paragraph in the article tells of the rigid protest his family made when they were apprised of his histrionic ambitions. You cannot imagine the effect the thought had upon his parents, their views on life were so puritanic. And they have been protesting ever since, protesting because their son will hold out on his salary. For recreation he goes in for landscape-gardening and boxing. His passion for the latter pursuit is due to his admiration for "Kid" McCoy. Any man who can have wives as did the notorious "Kid" has the actor's admiration.

Let us follow the writer somewhat into a different field, the world of sports. Here he has even less use for logic than elsewhere. It is much harder to force the public to swallow this stuff. Our friend has the knack, however, of "getting away with it." The substance of his interview with the newly arrived middleweight champion, "Pig-iron Bozo" is as follows:

The young man arrives at the gymnasium, where he is greatly surprised to find the champion engrossed in a volume of Homer. He is reading the account of the boxing match therein. Our author can hardly realize that the intelligent-looking and clear-eyed youth is the same person who only two weeks ago forced "Young" Jazzbo out of the ring. This lithe, fair-skinned boy with the scholarly countenance does not comport with the sporting-page description of the rib-smashing pugilist. It is unbelievable that this modest and bashful young man can with his gloved hands break the bones of a rival in the arena—and so on for about another thousand untruthful words.

During the interview, Mr. Gareth Chichester, which is the fighter's real name, chats freely on every subject save that of his profession. Only the utmost perseverance on the part of the author can draw him out. All the while his diffident manner would shame the most cultured of us. Regarding his earlier achievements he is almost sphinx-like. This generation is certainly most fortunate in having the crown of pugilism worn by such a noble character. On his recent victory over "Young" Jazzbo he commented but once. The *ego* that is so often emphasized in celebrities of his age is disproved by Mr. Chichester's remarks concerning his antagonist: "In justice to Mr. Jazzbo, it must be said that he is one of the gamest and cleverest exponents of the boxing profession. Not once during our entire contest did he transgress any of the rules of fair fighting. It is the men of his type that will enhance the prestige of prize-fighting. I am not ashamed to state that he forced me to my utmost in our meeting of two weeks ago. Realizing as I did the strength of my adversary, at no time did I dare to slacken my pace. Well knowing that one bit of laxity

would have a fatal termination for me, I was on the *qui vive*, as you say, continually. As to my worthy opponent's statement following the affray that he was not in proper condition, I am inclined to give it credit. Concerning the return match I have nothing to say, except that it will in all likelihood endure for more than six rounds, as did the last mill. Realizing that I shall encounter a different Jazzbo in the coming encounter, my training will be unusually intensive. I am sure that the best man will carry off the palm."

This is what "Pig-iron" Bozo, really had to say—though, of course, it never got into print: "How come dem pen-pushing guys say dat monkey-trainin' Jazzbo pushed me? Where do they get that stuff at? Dat truck-farmer never could battle, nohow? I could have stowed him away when I was a kid doin' prelims. If it hadn't er been for the movie people, I'da had him carried out the first round. Wot a crust dat wop is got, to be squawking erbout bein' too confident and out of condition. Too confident—that's rich! I never ran after a guy so much in all my life. Just wait till that return match. Go back and tell dose noospaper to lay their dough heavy on me next time and not to bother 'bout no odds. When I lands one erlongside of that Dago's mush, I'll knock him to Coney Island. Das all!"

THE MERMAID OF MILFORD.

WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21.

It was June in Caspar. Those who had experienced the arid tortures of a Wyoming summer felt the oppressive period coming on and with Oriental resignation to fate gave themselves up to iced drinks, afternoon siestas, and the inertia of the lotus-eater. Among those buried in this slough of despond was one Jimmy Barrett, who (as the slang of the campus puts it) had been "kicked out" of some of our best Eastern schools. Equipped with one suit and the scenery necessary to the male rôle in the drama of life, he had "Pullmaned" his way west, in pursuance of the advice of Horace Greeley—and his uncle. It was in the spring of 1916, two months after the death of his father, that Jimmy, with his share of his father's estate, amounting to five thousand

dollars in cash, had severed all ties that bound him to his remaining relatives and set forth to make himself a leading man in Western company. The spring of 1917 found him brawny, browned and "broke." He had staked all that remained of his legacy on an oil venture, which did not now evidence the slightest promise of success. Hence it was in a fit of depression that Uncle Sam found this son when the "recent unpleasantness" broke out in Europe. Impetuous by nature, Jimmy decided to "chuck" it all and sign up with the first military outfit that came and roundly cursing himself for having staked his all on a "flyer," he decided to gamble with death, and accordingly became Private James Barrett, U. S. M. C.

September saw him at the dock of embarkation, with irate, eccentric Uncle George wishing him godspeed. Before sailing Jimmy, in a spasm of remorse for the hasty way in which he was leaving his uncle, decided to square accounts by signing over to the old man all his stock in the Gamboleer Mine—somewhere in Wyoming. "Of course, I don't suppose it'll ever pay juicy dividends, but when I'm bumped off, Uncle George, I want to have you realize that I have given you my all, little though it is."

It was June in Manhattan. Those who played in the wonder city of the world when the troops were returning from France were making every day a holiday. With utter abandon they had thrown themselves into the business of celebrating the return of the heroes. Jimmy Barrett, not unlike every other young American who saw service overseas, was much more than glad to get back to the States. As the negro stated the case—"Lady Liberty, if you-all evah contemplates seein' mah phisiog agen, you's gotta 'bout face." Such was the sentiment of Jimmy as he answered "here" for the first time on American soil in two years. Communication with Uncle George had gradually discontinued, and Jimmy, weaned away from the last tie that bound him to the States, felt the well-known lump going over the top in his throat as he rigidly saluted the Goddess of Liberty. Next came Upton, and then the longed-for honorable discharge, the Federal bonus, and back-pay for nine months.

Within twenty four hours James Barrett, Private, U. S. M. C., was answering a page in the Waldorf for Mr. James Barrett. No longer did his right hand fly to his forehead as the leathered-putteed gentlemen strode down the "Boul." He was now out of it—out of it with a little less than four hundred dollars, after buying clothes. And his war "pal" Andy was with him—Andy who had said, "I'm glad to know ya, Jack," at the Mare Island Detention Camp. Training at Mare, overseas finish at Quantico, in Virginia, Hoboken, Havre, and the great battles of the war,—they had suffered, stood, and fought together. But there were more pleasant moments also, the moments of levity which gave the American marine and the doughboy a distinction among other troops. Those were the playful moments, the little moments of happiness, which the two of them had known together. Andrew Lower had not enjoyed the opportunity of being "canned" from Andover or Princeton, but he was none the less the type that appeals to the lovers of virile manhood. And so between the two cordiality had ripened into friendship, comradeship, and a manly love. They were "buddies," and tacit agreement had pledged each to each financial support in time of need. It happened that on a hurried impulse Andy decided to introduce to their bachelor apartment a third member. As Jimmy said, "the cuckoo ups and marries within forty-eight hours after discharge." In the ensuing celebration Jimmy found Helen Lower to be all that Andy had advertized her. She radiated charm, and to the bachelor apartment in the upper Eighties there came a new happiness and spirit of joy.

It was at this stage that Jimmy chanced upon good old Uncle George—grayer, gruffer, and more eccentric than ever. It was purely accidental: Mr. Barrett was being called for in the Waldorf one evening and both uncle and nephew answered the call.

"Jimmy!"

"Uncle George!—Well, I'll be darned!"

"Why, my boy, I've been frantic, looking for you all over France and New York. I read your name in the casualty list. I

watched all the homecoming troops and no sign; I—"

"Well, you see, I came home in a straggler company and have been out of the outfit only three days. How is everything?"

"How is it? Why it's perfect, son, perfect! Of course, my letters told you all about the Gamboleer?"

Jimmy's face fell. The stress of service had wiped out all the unpleasant memories of that crazy venture. "No, I didn't get your letters about it. I never thought it was any good, anyway. I—"

"Why, Jimmy, you don't mean to say—why, good heavens, boy, you've got a fortune!"

"Listen, Uncle George—you don't need to rub it in; I've learned my lesson. Don't trifle with your nephew's feelings. I—"

"Say, boy, snap out of it! Look at the stock quotations. You're made!"

In the parlance of the prize-ring, Jimmy finally "came to." With an appointment to meet Uncle George at home in the Eighties, he tore out to acquaint Andy with the latest. Helen was simply ecstatic. Andy saw fat prosperity. But upon reflection, Jimmy, with a rueful look, recalled the day when in full possession of his faculties he had deliberately signed over all his shares in the mine to dear old Uncle George. And Uncle George was eccentric. A feeling of uneasiness stole over the nephew. Uncle George despite all his pleasure at seeing his nephew again, was not the person to entrust five-hundred thousand to a young fellow when it stood in his power to prevent it.

"It's only for your own good, my boy, that I hold this up on you." Jimmy could picture that austere, quizzical look that always accompanied his guardian's advice. "You know I want you to enjoy it, but first of all you must be worthy of it. It will be held in trust for you until your thirtieth birthday. That I have settled." And as Jimmy pondered it all he viewed his prospect with apprehension.

When the buzz of automobiles on the street had died down that evening Uncle George made his appearance. Jimmy's anticipations were incorrect in only one particular. The fortune was to remain on the ice until his fortieth birthday. In concluding the

colloquy Uncle George offered a slight hope: "Now, of course, if you were only married and settled down I wouldn't hesitate a moment to sign it all over. I would—"

He got no farther. Inspiration smote Jimmy, who, still accustomed to quick action, was on his feet instantly.

"Uncle George! I forgot to tell you! I *am* married. Oh Helen! Helen, dear!" he called.

In accordance with their instructions to leave the field clear, the love-birds had closeted themselves in the adjoining room until the serious phase of the conference would be passed. Hearing the hysterical call of Jimmy, the two burst forth to see their friend slapping the old gentleman on the back and motioning in a confused manner behind his back. Unable to grasp the situation at a glance, Helen and Andy were transfixed. So was Uncle George. But our ex-marine was by Helen in a moment and, with his arm about her waist, was saying to Uncle George: "Meet my wife, Helen. You see, Uncle, Helen and I just couldn't wait; so we decided to get married at once. Isn't she the sweetest bit of woman that ever hit Gotham? Eh, Uncle?"

In the lives of all of us there are embarrassing moments, times when confusion seals our lips and paralyzes our thinking apparatus. This was just such a moment to Helen. Andy wore a look of utter blankness and Uncle George in this unexpected turn of affairs compromised, and relieved the situation by jumping up and planting a fatherly smack on Helen's trembling lips.

"And, Uncle George, I forgot to introduce my best man, Andy Lower."

"Your what?" exclaimed Andy in further dismay. "Say, look here, ya poor simp, what's the big"—

"You see, Uncle George," broke in Jimmy, "Andy was my best pal in the Marines; he's a red-hot devil-dog; he's got the D. S. C.—he's got—"

"Say, Jim, lay off the *oui-oui*. The first thing you know you'll be kissing my cheeks. But what's the big—"

Unobserved, Jimmy had adroitly landed the toe of his Stetson part way up Andy's back and while Uncle George was busy playing leading man to Helen he hissed to Andy,

"shut up, ya half-wit; I know what I'm doing."

"By the way, Jimmy how long have you known Mrs. Barrett?"

"Well—ah—ah—Uncle George, that's one of the secrets of my life. I never told you before, but Helen and I have been sweet-hearts since I was tinned at Nassau. It was on her account that I was given the exodus." And then turning to Helen: "You see, dearest, Uncle George holds all my money in trust until I'm forty and he was just remarking that if I were married and settled down he'd have half-a-mind to turn it over to my wife for safe keeping. Didn't you say that, Uncle?"

"Why yes, I did say something to that effect, my boy. Of course I never dreamt of such a happiness in your life, and while I am delighted,—I—must say that I—I am flabbergasted. But I have half-a-mind, as you say, to sign it over to you tomorrow as a wedding present."

"Nine rahs for Uncle. Salafalooocious! I'm the happiest man in the world, Uncle, I—"

"Well, Jimmy, my boy, why don't you betray some spouse-like devotion and manifest it in the usual way?"

"Why, why, love—what d'ye mean?"

"Well, in my day, Jimmy, we kissed the bride."

There followed a consternation that would have sent Marshall Neilan into ecstasy. Helen stood as if petrified. Andy, now ready to wallop somebody, waited for the next development. Jimmy knew that it was the zero hour over again.

"Helen, Uncle wants us to kiss. Just a minute, Andy—this must be embarrassing for you, I'm sure, but please, old pal, permit your former buddy this bit of indulgence in your presence. You know, Uncle, Andy is a queer chap. Look at him." Andy did look queer.

"He's what you'd call an iron man," Jimmy plunged on; "he can't tolerate the ordinary man's sentimental excesses. But since you request it and in view of the fact that Helen and I are delirious at the thought of our wedding present, I shall satisfy your wish and make you happy." Then courteously begging Andy's pardon, he kissed the

passive Helen enthusiastically.

Andy was about to demonstrate his qualifications as a fighter when Uncle saved the situation by announcing, "Well, my dears, I'm off. I am very happy and I know you are full of cheerio." With a word he was gone, and Helen with a cry fluttered into Andy's arms, which ached in the fashion approved for the wounded husband. A storm ensued, but when kisses and tears had run out, the three talked it over in a rational manner and decided that the performance with its liberties was censored and passed.

The trio decided that until the arrival of the check for Mrs. James Barrett the shore would be an ideal covert, and so, with bathing suits, flannels, and waterwings, they landed the following day at Laurel Beach, near Milford. As yet the beach counted but few resorters. It was still June and the girls and fellows from the Hartford Insurance offices had not yet swept down on their annual pilgrimage.

Jimmy within a half-hour after arriving had taken a plunge and was idly throwing the burning sand through his feet and gazing out over the still quiet Sound. The married pair were busy preparing the noon-day lunch. The meal, however, was still in an early stage when the twain wandered out on the beach in search of Croesus. They found him mumbling to himself and tracing innumerable dollar-signs in the sand. Helen, dropping down beside her husband with conscious grace, rested her head on his shoulder, and the three gave themselves up for a time to silence in the sea breeze.

"Jimmy!" came the familiar voice from behind in an accusatory tone. Uncle's face was a decided contrast to the June sunshine.

"Helen," Jimmy opened up, "perhaps Andy is tired now; you'd better jump up and kiss our Uncle."

The storm clouds dispersed quickly. Eccentric Uncle George was not altogether immune to the charms of the fair sex, as his embarrassed smile indicated. "Well, Jimmy, your fortune is turned over to Mrs. James Barrett. I did it this morning and ran up to the flat to tell you. The janitor told me you'd come down here; so I jumped into the machine and drove over."

"Helen, you'd better run in and help Andy

get a bite to eat for Uncle. Sit down here, Uncle George, and we'll talk it over."

The couple, glad to get out of the danger zone, wandered away hand in hand, blissfully unconscious of the look of astonishment on the face of the older man. Advice was now in order. In a few terse remarks Uncle George drove home his point that no matter how close a friend this Andy might be to Jimmy, there was certainly no justification in his unwarranted familiarity with Helen. "And now, Jimmy boy, the thing for you to do is to get your wife to endorse the draft and get it in a bank temporarily."

Silence followed, and Jimmy, with this new phrase of the problem weighing on him, relished somewhat the absurd situation at the same time that he dreaded what might result. The uncle retired to wash up after Jimmy had called to Helen to show the visitor his room. Then Jimmy saw some enlightenment in the person of a lithe young woman who raced down the sand from the next cottage and with the grace of a mermaid plunged into the placid waters and with powerful strokes tore her way over to the raft. There had been some thing of a challenge in her dash. Jimmy accepted it, and was soon sitting on the raft with a hearty "Cheerio." "My name's Barrett," he informed her; "and since we're going to be neighbors, we ought to know each other. *Comment vous appelez-vous?*"

"*Je m'appelle Helene*" was the prompt reply spoken to the accompaniment of two bewildering eyes. "I've heard your Uncle George speak of you several times."

Within five minutes the two of them were "Jimmy" and "Helen." Youth and the license of the shore was sufficient excuse for them to relax in disregard of convention. When they plunged back to shore Helen, teeming with strong life, was the first to land. As Jimmy shook her hand in frank admiration, Uncle George appeared on the veranda.

"I wonder if we could do that again in the morning?" was Jimmy's first query.

"I see no reason why we can't."

Then Uncle George descended with undisguised displeasure. "So, Miss Burns, you know my nephew Jimmy?"

"We just met, Mr. Barrett. Of course,

I've heard you speak of him while he was over across."

"Well, Well!—but I'm afraid he's something of a thoughtless husband, Miss Burns. Imagine a man married for three days leaving his wife in the cottage with another man. Jimmy, my son, you've got a lot to learn. Before Helen sees you with this young nymph, I advise you to go in and help her along. Send her companion out here."

Jimmy had wallowed in mud and slept in the steerage, but no inconvenience of the war had been quite so discomforting as the present. Helen Burns was plainly at a loss. With a mumbled something, Jimmy stalked towards the cottage, leaving the young mermaid in the company of one who was too old to fully appreciate art. "I'll be darned," he soliloquized, and then he stubbed his toe.

It was June and a full moon filled the sky. Jimmy had just wandered out with a cigar to enjoy the moonlight and solitude. Uncle George, after delivering another lecture on the proprieties, had gone upstairs to read his "Blue Law" text before retiring. A soft breeze was sweeping in from the Sound. Here and there a phonograph sent its music out upon the night air, and there was laughter from every cottage in which there was a light. Jimmy could picture Helen sitting in her cottage next door and wondering. In front of her home he fell on the sand to rest and muse.

"Good evening, Mr. Barrett," came the unexpected greeting. Jimmy looked toward the porch and there on the steps clad in white sat Helen.

"Where's Mrs. Barrett?" she asked with a chuckle.

In a moment he was on the steps near her. "I'll bite. Where is she? Now, Miss Burns—Helen, I mean—this is all a huge joke." And in the manner of a young man achieving a *coup d'état*, he explained it all away.

Perhaps it was mental telepathy that made Uncle George squirm and frown in his slumber. The psychic cause might have been traced to the young ones whispering to each other on the porch across the way from the Barrett cottage. Just what Jimmy was saying could not be heard. Whatever it may have been, the next June saw Jimmy Bar-

rett again on the beach—this time with a mass of red hair nestled against his shoulder. Presently they arose. James Gamboleeer Barrett wanted his bottle. So Jimmy, Sr., with his arm about Helen's waist, walked into the kitchen, and before going to the crib, stopped at the ice-box for the nocturnal bottle of milk for the "Kiddo."

VARSAITY VERSE.

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are much like bubbles
That float high in the air,
Where fickle winds soon shatter
Their walls of texture rare.

Just like the brilliant rainbow,
Composed of mist and sun,
We fade into eternity
As soon as the day is done. —B. P.

A BIRTHDAY CHARM.

If I could imprison the sunshine
Or a drop of the morning dew,
I'd fashion them into a birthday gift
And send with my love to you.

It should carry a charm to bring you
Long years of sweet content;
But the thought is my only jewel,
So the thought is the thing that's sent.

—G. H. S.

PEANUTS.

The fat man cheered at the base-ball game
And ate his peanuts with vim;
But the shells he tossed without a thought
On the thin man next to him.

"Are you aware," the thin man growled,
As he brushed the shells from his togs,
"That roasted peanuts nowadays
Are used to fatten hogs?"

"That so?" The fat man, smiling, said;
"I never thought of that.
You're just in time. Here, help yourself
Perhaps they'll make you fat." —W. G.

TO THE BIRDS.

Come Notes of Paradise; teach
Us the "Peace of Christ"
Sweet as He told thee.
Sad Notre Dame has been; chilled
Since the day when
Mourning you left her.
Half of our life we live; yours
Is full joy to give.
Stay with us always. —R. S.

THE QUARREL OF HE AND SHE.

(The scene is the deserted lounge-room of any country club. French windows lead into the ball room. Through them comes intermittently a rendition of "Margie" and perfunctory applause. A couple enter. His indubitable "je ne sais quoi" of Princeton is accentuated by the white vest with his dinner coat. She is a devastating debutante.)

SHE.—(With affected nonchalance). You wanted to speak with me, Jack?

HE.—(Sarcastically ugly). Well, I'm afraid I do. Look here, Caroline, I admit that bringing you out here to-night gives me no monopoly over you, but when you deliberately go riding with that cad, Devers, in his new Mercer, after he'd had the nerve to break in during the first dance—and stay out two hours and no chaperone with—

SHE.—Why Jack Williams, what do you mean?

HE.—Oh, nothing; but about half the fellows out here have asked me where you were, and then laughed at me. And I'd ordered a lunch for ten o'clock; had everything all fixed—that table in the corner, your kind of salad—and then I had to call the whole thing off, all on account of one brainless, empty-head—

SHE.—(Stamping her foot). Stop! Don't you dare talk to me like that! I won't have it. Go away from me. I'll get Carl Devers to take me home. I didn't want your old lunch anyway. Don't ever speak—

HE.—(Still heatedly). Well, you can't talk. Here I declined Ann Little's coming-out party—received my bid with that guest of hers too—got a lecture from the governor about not keeping first engagements, even borrowed Aunt Sue's electric, 'cause it's closed and more comfortable, and had to get up at seven this morning to put the cursed thing on charge—and—(he pauses abruptly).

SHE.—(After a pause, sticking to her guns). I don't care. You've no right to dictate or boss me around like a dog or—a worm!

HE.—(Sadly and slowly, as if soliloquizing). And I thought I had a drag with you—junior prom last year—came down to your school during our prelim week—staved mother off from going to the lake—just be-

cause you were going to be in town—

SHE.—(Softening somewhat). Jack Williams, I think you're the meanest thing to talk like that.

HE.—(Going over to the window, with back turned; still speaking as if to himself, he says with finality.)—Oh, well, they're all alike, I suppose. It really doesn't matter. I'll go to the lake tomorrow. But after this, I'm cured. (Silence on the part of both. He lights a cigarette, with a show of insouciance, and continues to gaze out the window at nothing. Hearing a sound, he turns, and hurries over to her). Oh please, Carrie dear, don't cry! I didn't mean to say anything—

SHE.—(With filmy handkerchief to her eyes, sobbing). I think you're awful. I'll never go anywhere with you ag—g—(She bursts into a flood of tears. He puts his arm around her, trying in his crude masculine way to comfort her).

HE.—(Contritely). I know I am. I'm a brute, that's what I am. Oh, do stop crying. You make me feel like a criminal or a—a—. Here, let me wipe your eyes with my handkerchief. (He does so). Big as four of yours, isn't it? Poor little girl! That's right. (Pats her). You'll forgive me, won't you, dear? (She remains silent and in the same position. After a pause, which neither seems eager to break, he continues). Maybe we can get something after all. I'll go see. We can eat it in the writing room, all by ourselves. You sit over here and wait for me. (Kisses her on the forehead). I shan't be long. Two lumps, dear? (Slow curtain).

—R. D. SHEA, '22.

The greatest university is life.

Ideals are the stuff life is made of.

Not a few have more wish-bone than backbone.

Bad temper is as undesirable in men as in steel.

The determined man seldom fails to reach his goal.

"Money talks," but scarcely above a whisper nowadays.

Edison's theory of life is like a soap bubble; it is all right to look at, but it will not stand much investigation.

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LEO R. WARD, C. S. C., '23	FRANK WALLACE, '23
R. M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23	H. W. FLANNERY, '23
CHARLES P. MOONEY, '21	

Even at Notre Dame we have a startling number of students whose conception of university life is shamefully narrow. In their opinion to be a college man one must do no more than attend three or four classes every day. That there might be other characteristics of college life equally important they have never once considered. No matter what the society meeting, the athletic contest, or other activity taking place may be, these individuals seem to begrudge the affair the honor of their presence. For all the good they are accomplishing for themselves and the university of which they are, in spite of their shirking, a part, there would be nothing lost were they to take a correspondence course. Although the classroom furnishes most of that which is essential to the student's education, it does not pretend to complete it. The many things learned from the professors must be supplemented elsewhere in the university. To do this is one of the purposes of the college activities. So broad is the scope of these forces that every undergraduate should be able to find at least one student organization in which his talents will be appreciated. The other function of the activities is to promote the general welfare of the student body. That they fail to attain

their end has never been sustained, since by them alone a university is judged. They are beyond a doubt its greatest press-agents. The student, therefore, who refuses the college activities the support of his abilities fails to discharge his duty not only to himself, but also to his alma mater.—C. P. M.

On Memorial Day we are going to have a SCHOLASTIC for service-men. Space has been denied Pershing, Petain and Foch; for The Service Number is to be THE SERVICE NUMBER. purely a Notre Dame product. The experiences of Notre Dame men while serving as colonels in France, as left-tenants in the air, or as kitchen police in training camps, will hold full sway. And since this issue is exclusively for Notre Dame men, make it representative of Notre Dame men. If you wore army khaki, navy blue or devil-dog O. D., whether you won the "Croix de Guerre," learned cooking, or made a hit with the "filles francaises," snap to and tell it to others. Put it all down on paper and mail the paper to The Service Editor, Scholastic, Notre Dame. The All-Notre Dame military number—First Call: Let's go! —R. S.

In this connection we might say that the next issue of this great paper will appear about March 22nd, will be of unusual size, and will be dedicated to Editors SPECIAL! only. Then the shop will close down for the Easter holidays, until April 9th, when our rising generation of journalists, ye Freshmen, will furnish entertainment for all.

It is a splendid idea, this one of the Novena for the success of Notre Dame's endowment campaign. Saints, philosophers and poets have written well THE NOVENA. about the efficacy of prayer: we shall not quote any of them, but draw your attention respectfully to the great faith of Father Sorin. When the University was in ruins, its founder spent his few remaining dollars for masses. Notre Dame was not only rebuilt, but those masses secured for it a success which cer-

tainly it would never otherwise have achieved.

SEEING SYRIA.

The oldest city in the world and the newest known king divided interest in Newman's second travel-talk illustrated in Washington Hall, Thursday night. The mahogany throne of Emir Feissel's mansion on the outskirts of Damascus, and the ebony troops in the city behind, gave the rude appearance of reality to what might otherwise have seemed an Arabian night. The king's tin chariot, made in Detroit, however, was real even to the point of the ludicrous. But the army of 70,000 Hedjaz veterans that share equally in the British victory in Mesopotamia make a grim spectacle ominous reality if the regiments that paraded across the screen of Washington Hall were representative units. The American notion of the dreamy oriental, sized up with the reel reality, only substantiates in detail Newman's forecast of a gathering Holy War in Asia Minor.

From the walls of Jerusalem every water-hole of Palestine is literally patrolled by English colonials. The apprehension of the English garrison is continuous. It is a fantastic sight to view the storied places of Scripture—Cana, Bethsada, Tiberius—all so intimate in the life of the Peacemaker, guarded by glittering machine-guns.

Abruptly interrupting such considerations, Newman suddenly whisked his audience away from the days of open covenants back to the time of the Ark of the Covenant, to the buried city of Petra—believed by Newman to be the most fascinating place in the world. A gorgeous temple, high as a modern sky-scraper, carved out of the solid rock of a mountain chasm, and finished in a beauty of design that probably could not be duplicated, made up only one of the attractions of the unearthed city. Tier upon tier of streets and houses built into the mountains leaves a problem even too vague for the imagination. And the fact that only about forty persons had ever been in the place before Newman's camera arriver on the scene served to create that feeling of exclusiveness that is the thrill of the hunter for treasure.—E. W. M.

DEBATERS.

Many days of hard work for members of the debating teams culminated this week in their first appearance before an audience. The fair maidens of St. Mary's were the fortunate ones. Time: Sunday afternoon. In the display of oratorical fireworks over the question of federal ownership of the coal mines, the decision was awarded to the affirmative team. Members of the St. Mary's class in socialism acted as judges. Not only was the debate spirited from start to finish, but the manner of delivery and the argument were so good that they forecast favorable decisions in the contests with other Indiana schools, if the standard is maintained. The hearty reception that the teams received at St. Mary's and the excellence of a chicken dinner that was served to them after the debate were the cause for the jolly mood in which the members appeared Monday.

Efforts during the rest of the week centered in preparation for the first of the intercollegiate debates in the Indiana state league which were held last night. The Notre Dame affirmative team, composed of Vincent Engels, Raymond Gallagher, Worth Clark, and Joseph Rhomberg, alternate, debated in Washington Hall against the negative team from Goshen college. The members of the Goshen team were Allen King, A. F. Gassmeyer, W. E. Oswald, and Lloyd Hershberger, alternate. Notre Dame's negative team, including James Hogan, Leo R. Ward, Raymond Switalski, and Frank Cavanaugh, alternate, appeared at Valparaiso.

A total of twelve debates were held among the colleges and universities in the state Friday evening. The contesting schools, arranged in groups of three, were placed according to geographical positions. In the second series, which will be held March 19, the schools will be grouped according to their respective positions following last night's decisions. The original groups, representing geographical proximity, follow: Indiana, Purdue, DePauw, Earlham, Manchester, Indiana Central; Franklin, Butler, Wabash, Goshen, Notre Dame, Valparaiso.

—MOLZ.

THE VARSITY COURTIERERS.

1920 SEASON.

Facing the most formidable basket-ball schedule that has ever been dealt out to a squad of Gold and Blue court-men, the Varsity dribblers fought against handicaps and frequent visitations of the proverbial "jinx," covering themselves and their able mentor, Coach Halas, with much glory. When Halas issued his call for candidates, the old guard—Captain Mehre, Anderson, Kiley, Grant, Kennedy et al., headed an imposing list and in a short time the basketeers were rapidly hitting a brisk pace which augured well for the future.

The Varsity launched into a series of pre-season contests during the quiet Christmas holidays, meeting some of the speediest semi-professional and collegiate outfits in the middle West. The first game with the Detroit Rayes was dropped by three baskets and a free throw after the locals had experienced a few bad hooping periods. St. John's University wrenched a particularly trying game from the Halas squad, and then the Mt. Union quintet fell as the first victim, in a close tilt. The Ohioans were well in the lead during the first half but were absolutely helpless when Captain Mehre and his men mastered the court geography. Mehre, who made his first appearance at the pivot position, led in finding

the ring. The Firestone Industrial Five won the fourth practise game from the Varsity at Akron by a razor-edged margin. Notre Dame displayed tip-top form against the American Legion team, in Mehre's home town, but the fracas was lost despite the fact that the Gold and Blue staged a characteristic fighting finish.

Notre Dame pried off the regular season lid with a scoring frolic over Armour Tech. Mehre's playing was remarkable, the crafty court chief finding the wire twelve times. Coming up on the wings of a rally, the Varsity then took the count of the rectangle

gentlemen at Valparaiso. The local fans were next treated to an exciting exhibition of the Gold and Blue Old time court prowess when Kalamazoo College crumbled before the great Halas juggernaut. Again the varsity indulged in a romping festival when the St. Mary's College quintet displayed their wares here. The Michigan Aggies, in like manner displayed the S. O. S. signal in the next scheduled battle. In this tussle Wolverine defensive formation and found the hoop an easy target.

THE BASKETBALL SEASON.

Notre Dame, 11; Detroit Rayes, 19.
Notre Dame, 12; St. John University, 19.
Notre Dame, 27; Mt. Union College, 25.
Notre Dame, 15; Firestones, 20.
Notre Dame, 21; Huntington American Legion, 31.
Notre Dame, Armour Tech., 28.
Notre Dame, 21; Valparaiso, 17.
Notre Dame, 49; Kalamazoo College, 22.
Notre Dame, 44; Dayton, 19.
Notre Dame, 36; M. A. C., 23.
Notre Dame, 15; Wabash, 30.
Notre Dame, 25; DePauw, 26.
Notre Dame, 23; Western State Normal, 30.
Notre Dame, 25; M. A. C., 37.
Notre Dame, 26; DePauw, 31.
Notre Dame, 19; Marquette, 26.
Notre Dame, 24; Western State Normal, 19.
Notre Dame, 59; Armour Tech., 15.
Notre Dame, 20; Creighton, 24.
Notre Dame, 18; Nebraska, 25.
Notre Dame, 21; Nebraska, 39.
Notre Dame, 26; Valparaiso, 32.
Notre Dame, 31; Wabash, 30.

Wabash, the nemesis of many a presumptuous court-squad, next took our Huskies into camp, allowing them but three field ringers. Fast, lively and close was the game Notre Dame dropped to DePauw at Greencastle, but one point separating the Halas' men from an even score. In this

tournament McDermott, Mehre, Logan and Kiley were the king field-ringers for the Varsity. Numerous fouls gave Western State Normal an opportunity to corral enough baskets to edge out Mehre's men in the next fight. Then three thousand wildly cheering fans saw the Aggies even up scores at Lansing. Gilkey was the big noise for the opposition, his long shots being uncanny in their precision.

DePauw, Marquette and Western State Normal were the next three teams to enter the lists with the Varsity, the former two nosing our men out in close contests and the latter being easily defeated. The varsity again ran rampant over Armour Tech, piling up the heaviest score of the season against the Chicago boys.

In the next four contests the varsity gleaned many a victory. Creighton beat us by two baskets, Nebraska copped a double header and Valparaiso forged aft with three clean shots in the last minute of play. In the season's final skirmish, Wabash, the "best in the west," lost a bitterly fought brush by a lonely point. With the count 30 to 29 for the Little Giants in the last minute of play, Kiley made good in a long shot and victory was ours. Every Gold and Blue performer was at his best in this contest, the work of Mehre, Kiley and McDermott being exceptionally good.

To Coach Halas is due much credit for the good showing of the Varsity basketeers during the trying season which has just closed. From time to time he had to shift his line-up in an endeavor to discover the most efficient combination. With a flock of veterans on hand for next season and with but an ordinary amount of good fortune, Halas should experience far greater success when the court-whistle sounds in 1922.

Captain Mehre combined the qualifications of inspiring leadership and consistently good playing in the proper proportion. His work at center was unbeatable and his ability to hook the ring from difficult angles pulled many a game out of a gloomy rut. Harry has another year of competition, which makes us all feel rather confident of next season's prospects.

McDermott was the same "Mac" who was the star of stars in the court pastime, some

time ago. Needless to say the right forward berth was safe in his hands against any quintet that the Varsity cared to take on. "Mac" specializes in baskets from the field and his every lunge was invariably good for points. His accuracy from the foul line will go down as a bright record in the annals of local basketball history. During the last half of the season Halas shifted McDermott to the left forward position. Although "Chet" Grant did not finish the season owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, his work was characterized by the same class and flare as it has always been. "Chet's" dribbling, pivoting, blocking and shooting were irreproachable. Kane and Logan came to the front with herculean strides during the latter half of the season—a pair of crack forwards whose work was pretty to watch. Anderson and Kiley, seasoned veterans at the guard posts, found the solution of practically every offensive formation that they were confronted with. What is required of a guard on the rectangle this pair invariably accomplished. Hector Garvey was a valuable asset in many a tight place, and with two more years of competition the gaint basket-baller should be assured of a regular berth. "Gene" Kennedy was frequently called to take the pivot job and the rangy center did exceptionally well on every occasion. He gave his best at all times and it was only after the keenest competition that he missed making a regular place on the squad. "Danny" Coughlin has all the essentials that go to make up the successful court-man as his work consistently demonstrated. Duffy, Smith and Mulcahy were always on hand to jump into the scrap when the opportunity presented itself.

—A. N. SLAGGERT.

HOLY WEEK MUSIC.

This year, as in the past, the Holy Week ceremonies will be celebrated in all their solemnity at Notre Dame. From the blessing of the palms on Sunday to the last *Alleluia* on Holy Saturday, all the rites will be strictly observed. Three priests will sing the Passion of Our Lord according to St. Matthew at the Sunday Mass, and that according to St. John on Good Friday. The

propers of the Mass will be sung in Gregorian chant, under the direction of the Rev. Charles Marshall, C. S. C. The Matins and Lauds of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, called the *Tenebrae*, "The Hour of Darkness," are chanted by anticipation on the preceding evening. The First Lamentation every evening will be sung from Von Bohlen's arrangements by a four-part choir. Members of the clergy will sing the eight Lamentations, and the Holy Cross Seminary Choir will chant the psalms each evening. The special four-part music for the *Tenebrae* is as follows: on Wednesday evening, the first responsory, "In Monte Oliveti," by J. Croce; on Thursday evening, the second responsory, "Velum Templi," by J. Croce; and on Friday evening, the fifth responsory, "O Vos Omnes," also by J. Croce. Other four-part selections to be sung each evening are the "Benedictus" and the "Miserere," two arrangements by R. M. Silby, and the "Christus Factus Est," by Palestrina.

—R. M. M.

YESTERDAY'S SORINITES.

—Myron Parrott, student here in '14-'15 is now in England doing journalistic work in the fiction department of the London *Daily News*.

—Herbert (Mose) Walsh, who was graduated in Mechanical Engineering last June, is now consulting engineer for the Western Electric Company of Chicago.

—Clarence (Chick) Bader of Whiting, Indiana, the old Varsity centerfielder who finished the short course in Commerce a year ago last June, is now touring the Bermudas.

—Things are brushing up for Walter L. Douglas, E. E. '20, since he has become associated with his uncle in the paint business in New York City. "Red" ought to make a success of his work for he was certainly a good mixer while a student here.

—From the rocky shores of New England comes the news that Charles Grimes, Ph. B. in Journalism '20, editor-in-chief of last year's *Dome*, is on the editorial staff of the *Providence News*; and that Vincent Fagan B. S. in Arch., is associated with Boston architects, McLoughlin and Burr.

—Thomas V. Truder '15, is as well known

and as highly respected throughout the state of New Mexico as he was at Notre Dame in his younger days. He is commander of the Leonard Hoskins Post of the American Legion and in that capacity he was succeeded in making his command more than a passive body of old soldiers. Under his direction the American Legion at Las Vegas has taken up the housing problem in a practical way and is on the alert for the every need of the community. Men like Tom, good men and good citizens, are a credit to their Alma Mater.

—Marguerite Clark's leading man in "Scrambled Wives" soon to be released by Associated First-National Pictures is a Notre Dame man, Leon P. Gendron. Alumni recall Gendron for his still-remembered acting in the "Twelfth Night" played in Washington Hall in April of 1916. Playing with John Riley and others of the memorable class of '16 Gendron was leading man in the best Players' Club in the history of Notre Dame. Cleveland is the native bourne of this newly-arrived star. He studied at the University for two years.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

—The sad rites of tearing down the framework of the hockey rink, that melancholy marsh which was used several days in January, were performed last week. But it might have been—

—More than one hundred plates will be laid for the Pennsylvania Club banquet which will be held in the Oliver Hotel, Sunday evening, March 20th. Plans of President James O'Toole and the committee in charge will make the evening a red-letter event for the men from the Keystone State. The speakers of the evening will include the Reverend President, who will be the guest of the club, Professor James P. Costello, and Rev. Patrick Hagerty, C. S. C.

—The Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, will act as rendezvous for the men of Notre Dame on March 29, when the first dance of the Chicago Club will be held. The committee on arrangements reports that satisfactory progress has been made in the delicate matter of selecting music, tickets, and floor wax.

—"Pio Montenegro, calling Mr. Pio Montenegro," bawled a page as he ambled through the lobby of the Briggs House, Chicago, Monday evening. The call for our local friend was from the president of the Chicago branch of the Philippine Society. Mr. Montenegro was present at the society's banquet held in the Congress.

—A number of prominent journalists will lecture at Notre Dame this spring if the honorable members of the School of Journalism wish it, according to a statement emanating from the office of Dean Cooney.

—Venders of corduroy in the vicinity of Notre Dame have been disposing of their goods rapidly within the last week. The trousers of our classmates have contracted an unhappy malady recently. Among the more severely afflicted were those of Mr. Thomas Plouff, lawyer. Tom's were reduced by the epidemic "to a state resembling Irish lace" Monday, and were replaced by a brand new pair Tuesday.

—Consolidation of the various employment agencies on the campus was voted at a recent meeting of the S. A. C. Chairman Cusick has entered into correspondence with the Chambers of Commerce in the leading cities of the central west, and he expects to place all collegians who apply for Summer work. The proposition of the National Atlas Company is the best on hand so far. The organization agrees to take on any number of men in search of vacation employment and will guarantee substantial profits to student salesmen. Terms of the offer are to be had from Dan Duffy, in charge of Employment. Further developments in employment will be announced in the S. A. C. bulletin.

—Nationwide examinations for Knights of Columbus Graduate Scholarships at the Catholic University will take place in April, according to information received at the office of the Director of Studies. The half million dollar fund set aside by the Supreme Council of the K. of C. provides fifty post-graduate fellowships, covering nearly all the expenses for required degree. Ultimately the purpose of the foundation is to create a body of Catholic scholars with rank of Master or Doctor who by their influence can advance the cause of the Church in America.

Board, lodging and tuition is furnished for the entire courses of study by the terms of the bursary. Details of the offer are obtainable from the Director of Studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

—Among the designs recently submitted for the projected Basilica of Guadalupe which is to be the latest addition to the world-famed shrine of Mexico is the plan of Rodriguez del Campo, dean of the School of Engineering at the National University of Mexico. In his design lately published in "El Universal" he advocates a return to the old Aztec architecture, which is the first evidence of a return to the ancient American style of building which once flourished on this continent. Senor Rodriguez is an intimate friend of Rev. Ignatius Mendez, now professor of Spanish at Notre Dame. In their college days both were candidates in the same seminary near Mexico City. Rodriguez later left the cloister, but the remarkable part of his career is his influence in governmental affairs of Mexico in view of his professed loyalty to the Church.

—Permanent organization of the Notre Dame branch of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic was affected last Tuesday. One hundred and seventy-five enthusiastic members were present to enroll at the initial meeting. Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., was elected president of the Association. The other officers are: vice president, Mr. John Buckley; secretary, William A. Castellini; treasurer, Mr. E. Payton. The purposes of the organization were outlined and several interesting speeches were given by the newly-elected officers. A campaign was launched to interest as many individuals as possible in writing letters to their Congressmen, urging recognition of Irish independence. Copies of an approved form letter will be supplied. The enrollment lists are still open and prospective members may approach any of the officers. The next meeting of the Association will be held March 21st.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

ILLINOIS RELAYS.

Notre Dame sent four entries to the Illinois Relays at Champaign on March 5

and for the sake of variety (and other reasons) brought home a first, second, third and fourth place, and finished third among the point winners from a field of 349 athletes and 43 colleges.

Buck Shaw reaps the harvest of our glad words this week by a mighty heave of the 16 pound shot for the distance of 43 feet six inches which inked the scorer's pad for first place. The Iowan always leaves a good impression by doing the pleasantly unexpected; and if his following trials show the continued improvement which has characterized his work throughout the year, Coach Rockne will have five aces to spring on the boys at the Western Intercollegiates in Chicago, June 4.

Gus Desch took second place in the 75 yard low hurdle event trailing Gallagher of the Kansas Aggies who lived up to his specification as "one of the finest." The time 8.2 was exceptionally fast. Wright of Nebraska and Anderson of Minnesota threw their chests a trifle farther than Chet Wynne in the whirlwind finish of the 75 high hurdles and the local star took third place in the time of 10 flat, which approaches the record. The N. D. relay quartet finished in fourth place.

Rockne has his entire squad at Madison today for a dual meet with Wisconsin, the second test of the local crew. Johnny Murphy and Eddie Hogan, who have been kept from the fray by injuries for two weeks are with the outfit and will aid materially in bringing home the glad news for this column next week—we do hope and trust.

EXTRAS.

The interhall stars of the track will appear in the first 1921 meet next Thursday afternoon at 4. Preliminary heats were held last Thursday in the forty yard dash, the 220 yard dash, the 440 yard run, the pole vault, the shot put and the broad jump, the best eight men in each event qualifying for the finals. Those men who have won a point or more in varsity competition, who are of the training table, and those Freshmen who have completed in outside meets, are ineligible. A Spalding trophy is offered the winner of the final meet.

Four tennis courts will be erected immediately north of Carter Field, as the result of the request of the Students' Activities Committee. There is room for twelve courts on the field and others will be erected later. It is better to have four real courts than half a dozen fair ones," Father Burns remarked. Coach Rockne will supervise the erection. Sixty-five tennis devotees gathered in the library Wednesday and volunteered to aid in the construction of the courts. The student body and the S. A. C. wish to express their appreciation of the favor and the quickness with which it was granted.

THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

The Notre Dame baseball schedule for the present season, here presented for the first time, includes eight home games and 11 abroad. Seven of conference teams will be met in 14 tussles and the other five contests are with De Pauw, Michigan Aggies, St. Viators and Beloit.

To face this schedule Coach Halas will find a strong infield and catching staff awaiting him. The entire regular outfield of last season must be replaced unless Capt. Johnny Mohardt forsakes his turn in the pitcher's box to pace the middle gardens again. Coach Halas was a three year letter man on the Illinois nine where he served as pitcher; and if he can develop a good hurler from the septet awaiting him the hardest part of his task will be done.

April 15	Wisconsin at Notre Dame.
April 16	Wisconsin at Notre Dame.
April 19	Purdue at Lafayette, Ind.
April 28	De Pauw at Notre Dame.
April 30	Michigan at Notre Dame.
May 2	Illinois at Urbana, Ill.
May 3	Illinois at Urbana, Ill.
May 6	Iowa at Iowa City, Iowa.
May 7	St. Viators at Kankakee, Ill.
May 14	Northwestern at Notre Dame.
May 18	Michigan at Ann Arbor, Mich.
May 19	Michigan Aggies at Lansing, Mich.
May 21	Purdue at Notre Dame.
May 25	Northwestern at Evanston, Ill.
May 25	Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.
May 28	Indiana at Bloomington, Ind.
May 30	Indiana at Notre Dame.
June 5	Beloit at Beloit, Wis.
June 4	Wisconsin at Madison, Wis.

—F. WALLACE.

SAFETY VALVE

A SCENE.

(Evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Patric Bourke. As the curtain is raised the former, né Patrick Burke, who has stepped from the position of bricklayer's helper to that of president of the largest construction company in the Middle-West, is seen examining the high school diploma of his son Randolph. His wife, a tall, angular and severe-looking lady, is absorbed in a copy of "Etiquette," by an English Lady of quality. After covertly glancing at Mrs. Bourke, Patric slips his index finger under his tie, and by working it upon the collar button, relieves his neck from the excruciating pain of a high collar.)

MR. BOURKE.—(Marshalling his courage). Well, Kit, I guess it's about the proper time to determine where Randolph shall receive his college education.

MRS. BOURKE.—(frigidly). Until you learn that "Kit" is a term of exclusively vulgar usage, you have no right to be so cock-sure of your own education.

MR. B.—Oh, I beg your pardon, Kathryn; I forget sometimes that we have changed. However, to get back to the subject—have you devoted any consideration as to the school Randolph should attend?

MRS. B.—Oh, Randolph shall go to some Eastern institution, of course,—such as Waverford or Clifton.

MR. B.—Oh, I don't know about that. There are a few good schools in the West that are worthy of patronage. What is the matter with Notre Dame?

MRS. B.—Do not be absurd. Do you want our son to earn a livelihood with his hands? Who that is anybody ever went to that place?

MR. B.—Be reasonable; right today there are many men from Notre Dame who appear to be making a comfortable living in Chicago.

MRS. B.—My heavens, will you ever out-grow that middle-class narrowness? Must you always use ability to earn money as a criterion of success? What would the members of our set think if they were informed of your views?

MR. B.—Money don't make any difference, eh? Just name the at-homes we attended before we reached the stage where we could afford a town and a country home? If I send Randolph down to Notre Dame for a few years he will be able to keep instead of spending the pile I leave him. Then as long as he has the "cocoanuts" he will have the friendship of these long-haired dawdlers and short-haired flappers you call people of quality.

MRS. B.—You talk like a bovine peasant when you refer to people in that manner.

MR. B.—The only things real about those parlor snakes are their servants.

MRS. B.—You slander them because you are ashamed of your own inferiority. Your boorish nature is brought to the surface due to your jealousy.

MR. B.—Jealous, eh? I am not one-half so jealous of their social position as those unsocial beings are of my bank-roll—believe me, you know it.

MRS. B.—What hope is there for Randolph when he is handicapped by such a base-natured father? I trust that our boy will be the one male of our family who will not place money above the respect of his fellowmen.

MR. B.—(Losing all his dignity). Where do you get that stuff at? If I had sweated for respect instead of money you would still be counting my socks and mending my red flannels.

MRS. B.—(Rising from her chair). How dare you speak of such things in a lady's presence? Have you not a symptom of decency?

MR. B.—Yes, and you'd be "Paddy Bourke's woman, Kitty," instead of Mrs. Patric Bourke of Lake Shore Drive. That ain't no lie.

MRS. B.—Please express your abusive thoughts with some regard for the King's English.

MR. B.—"King's English," is it now? So your smart friends have made you pro-British?

MRS. B.—To think that out of fifty million men I had to select you for a husband.

MR. B.—Since my marriage proves it, I must confess my ignorance.

MRS. B.—I will see our lawyer at once, and arrange for a separation.

MR. B.—That is the most sensible thing you have said. You take the family social standing and let me have all the degrading money.

MRS. B.—Leave the house. I am through with you forever. (Bourke is putting her command into execution by making for the door). Where are you going, you uncouth wretch?

MR. B.—To Ireland, the land of peace and quietude, where there are no eighteenth and nineteenth amendments. Good night. (Exit).

Curtain.

(P. S.—Randolph, having joined the Navy, is now learning a machinist's trade.)

GALA-SHES.

When the cold wind of winter blows,
She walks in pumps and silken hose;
But when the days are mild and sweet,
She lugs goloshes on her feet.

THE HILL-STREET CAR.

A pile of junk upon a truck,
In hue of yellow red,
Some twisted steel 'neath oval wheels,
A trolley overhead.

It's sagged down in the center
And humped up in the back.
The greatest mystery of all times,
What holds it to the track?

When crossing o'er a railroad track
It stops right on the main:
The blue coat skippers clamber out
And look 'round for a train.

The track ends at the campus gate;
Each car should stop there too,
But often times some wayward car
Comes bounding right on through.