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DOMINE, NON SUM DIGNUS.

W. C.

O Lord, I am not worthy to receive  
Thy sacred Body in Its mystic form;  
My heart is shallow, feeble, too unwarm,  
My soul which oft has caused Thy Heart to grieve  
Though washed from sin in Thy forgiving Blood  
Is still too selfish to deserve this Gift.  
But Thou will not allow my soul to drift  
Unaided in temptation's triple flood.  
"Take thou and eat, and if thou eat It not  
I have no part with thee and alone  
Thou must accept another dreary lot  
Far from the Shadow of My great white Throne.  
And there throughout eternal, endless years  
Thou shalt repent in unrepenting tears."

## SPRING FEVER.

*A symposium on the subject of vernal listlessness—by those who know.*

*(To G. K. C. from His Secret Slave.)*

SPRING fever may be regarded the embodiment of the mystic ideal of Christendom. It is the sacred symbol of the divine democracy of things. Spring fever is democratic because it is within the possibility of everybody with the time and inclination. Amidst a perennial populace it is the annual custom. But most glorious of all, is the one thing 'scientists' have not been able to analyze. For, as a matter of fact, it is exactly the opposite of what is meant by spring fever. Not that there is no such thing as spring fever, for there is most dreamily, but actually the thing is a contradiction of terms. It is neither fever nor peculiar to Spring. It can happen any time, but if it happens in dog days it is not spring fever; it is not even summer complaint.

Despite this obvious ambiguity, there is the mistaken notion abroad that spring fever is the fever of lassitude. The very term itself is a paradox. In reality it is the name for engrossing energy. It signifies consuming ambition, immense vitality, and is most affecting at a time of year when all things are burst-

ing with vitality. A normal man gets spring fever for the same reason he gets drunk. A man is drunk from excessive stimulation—that is, excessive excitement. The man with spring fever is drunk with excessive ambition. He is so drunk, he is unable to master his enormous vitality. He is practically paralyzed with energy. Under the inebriating influences of spring fever, a man is at the height of ambition, a reservoir brimming over with vitality.

It cannot be denied, however, there is a class of individuals incurably addicted to spring fever. They live in a chronic state of energetic lethargy. Vitality is their greatest vice; their delirious strength is their deplorable weakness. They go through life in a dynamic dream, possibly to wake up dismally in death. Spring fever like strong liquor is dangerous. Anything that is dangerous to health or morals ought to be prohibited. Spring fever ought to be prohibited.

Prohibition of spring fever is the logical sequence to prohibition of beer. Prohibition is reasonable not because beer makes men unreasonable but because it makes men too reasonable. A man drinks beer because he likes it. That is reasonable. If he drinks it because he dislikes it, that is unreasonable. If he drinks beer he dislikes because of the beer he likes, that is reasonable to the point of unreason. When a man takes his first glass of beer, he likes or dislikes it. If he likes it he takes another because he liked the first. But he does not take a third because he liked the second so much as because he liked the first. Eventually he is drinking beer he positively dislikes because of beer he positively liked. That is too reasonable and when a thing is too reasonable it is usually unreasonable. As an instance, there are individuals who reasonably are in doubt whether they are alive or not. They are unreasonably reasonable.

But if it is reasonable to make a law against beer because it makes men too reasonable,

it is just as reasonable to make a law against spring fever because it makes men too ambitious. But spring fever being the embodiment of the mystical ideal of Christianity, it would be unconstitutional to prohibit it altogether. Its energizing effects moreover make it necessary for medicinal purposes. With such restrictions, prohibition of spring fever by an amendment to the Constitution should follow at once. It would only then remain to prohibit prohibition.

Spring fever like the quality of mercy is not strained. It springs each spring eternal in the human breast. It is a most convincing proof that man is rational. With the rest of our animal neighbors it comes on in the Fall and lasts all Winter. Man is the only animal who contracts spring fever in the spring. But if you who have read this have not had spring fever, you are liable to have brain fever, if it should go on. Therefore, it will not.

—EDWIN W. MURPHY.

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#### ITCHY FEET.

That feeling of irresolution amalgamated to a roving spirit; or as it is uniquely described by the American tramp, a bad case of itchy feet with a strong hankering to grab a handful of box cars and ride them to the end of the line: that is spring fever.

Such a malady is it that no person can escape its influence. All the patented medicines and all the copyrighted prescriptions will not bring relief to the stricken.

Certainly it must have been of this dreaded germ that the soothsayer sounded warning to Caesar in the words, "Beware the Ides of March." Surely the reference must have been to spring fever by that person who uttered the immortal phrase, "Pity the poor working girl," and Sherman undoubtedly was a spring fever victim when he gave to the world his famous epithet. But all that Sherman has said about war may be truthfully said about spring fever, possibly even with more emphasis upon the descriptive word.

It matters not how much work there is to be done or how much ambition or energy there is in reserve; once the little spring fever germ gains a lodging place underneath the skin, all work is forgotten, all ambition and energy escapes into space and genus homo becomes a genius hobo.—H. V. McKee.

#### OH! FEVERED SPRING!

(A hitherto unpublished ode by Justin Thyme, with notes by a Ph. D.)

I wish I were a niggerhead!<sup>1</sup>  
 High up on yonder sleepy hill,<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll lie all day upon my bed<sup>3</sup>  
 Of solid sod, serene and still,  
 And watch the sky turn white and red  
 While sang the lonely whip-poor-will.<sup>4</sup>  
 I wouldn't even try to breathe  
 Or shut my eyes to go to sleep:  
 I'll simply lie where violets wreath  
 A perfumed garland very cheap—  
 For Spring's old fevers in me seethe  
 And labor somehow makes me weep.<sup>5</sup>

1. Niggerhead: a vulgarism for variety of dessicated plagioclase, so called because of a fancied resemblance to the head. 'Nigger' was a term of opprobrium introduced here because of the antagonism felt by the early Hoosiers to any thing but pure white stone.
2. Hill: this protuding humus-collection is now obscured by the busy throughfare known as Hill Street. This is famous as the only American counterpart of the rocky road to Dublin. Methods of conveyance are strangely similar on both highways.
3. This simile was undoubtedly suggested to the poet by the memory of a night spent in Sorin Hall on April 3, 1879. Cf. "Memories of Justin Thyme" page 333 ff.
4. Whipoorwill: a cruel bird, now happily extinct, which once flayed with its wings the skin of William Draper, a pauper dwelling in an edifice donated to the University by Mr. Rockefeller. Aborigines say this *rara avis* was a species of enormous and malignant duck.
5. This whole stanza is very facile and indicates by an analogy of doubtful taste that the poem was written after midnight, when the poet was in a somnolent condition with no restoratives at hand.

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#### THE STING OF SPRING.

Damon and Pythias were inseparable. In the good old days, there was no better example of extreme intimacy than that of beer and pretzels. Ham and eggs, crackers and cheese, Punch and Judy—there are thousands of examples of indivisability in the world. Like the Siamese twins, when the connection is broken, you have—nothing, and what, may I ask, is more useless and of no account than nothing?

Each season of the year has certain peculiarities which are more or less un-related, but

without which it could hardly be recognized. In winter because of the cold, we don our "heavies," curse Jack Frost for his persistency, and damn the janitor for his stinginess with the anthracite. And in the spring, the beautiful spring, we go back to our Bee Vee Dees, we fall in love, we get rained on, we take a bath, and lastly but most certainly, we get the spring fever.

What would be spring without spring fever? You can take anything or everything else we have, but leave us those few weeks of delicious idleness which are so precious to us all. To lie out under a tree on a balmy day, doing nothing, caring nothing—what could besweeter? At such times work is a crime, and whatever else we may be, we are not criminals.

There are times when no one who can help it works, and spring is most certainly one of these occasions. We may work all winter, slave all through the hot summer months, and come back to more work in the fall, but when spring rolls back again, the time is ripe to call a halt. It is then that our over-burdened spirits rebel at the very thought of exertion in any form. The keynote of our plea is this: "GIVE US REST."—E. F. NOON.

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## SPRING FEVER.

It steals upon us with the vernal showers  
We cannot hear its tread,  
We feel it climbing softly through our limbs,  
Its buzz is in our head.  
We feel like one within a dark ravine  
Deliberately groping;  
If any "cop" should chance to cross our path  
We should be "pinched" for moping.

It drives us from the class room to the woods  
Beneath some shady tree,  
It trips us up and on the ground we sprawl  
Almost unconsciously.  
We don't care whether classes keep or not  
For home and *her*, we yearn,  
And deep down in our heart we sort 'o wish  
The darned old school would burn.

And in the morning when the prefect comes  
To get us out of bed,  
Our lids are glued together and our limbs  
Are weighted down with lead.  
We envy Rip Van Winkle from our hearts;  
Save for demerit's fears  
We'd roll right over on the other side  
And sleep for twenty years.

The spell is on us now, and oh, we wish  
Vacation days were here,  
Why profs should be so very grouchy now  
Strikes us as mighty queer.

Let them rave on we will not be disturbed  
By class or anything,  
Because within our veins to-day we feel  
The temp'rature of spring. —T. E. B.

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## RHAPSODIZING FEBRIS, VERNIS.

Homer writes, "Thus he spoke; but godlike Odysseus exhorted his companions and ordered them to throw themselves upon their oars, that they might escape from evil. But, although sitting at the thole-pins, they did not turn up the sea with their oars, for the cycle of the seasons had revolved and golden-haired Alceste, goddess of Spring, had cast upon them her deadening lethargy." And we have it from Juvenal that every year after the Kalends of April there used to be an immense demand for litters from the patrician Roman senators, as the "Febris vernis" made treading the paving-stones of Rome on the way to the Curia intolerable.

Having shown that the present epidemic of spring fever is not a manifestation of the twentieth century degeneration that Methodist ministers regale their customers with, let us inquire what spring fever is, and why. It is a psycho-physical disease, transmitted annually and universally by the advance agents of the Hot Days, and makes a man change from a worker to a drone and feel that Heaven must be a place where one can lie on his back on the banks of a golden river, looking at the sky—gazing and gazing a-n-d g-a-z-i-n-g. . . . For self-justification, man blames his lack of inclination to move or think, on a cold or on late hours the night before. In the deep recesses of his heart, however, he admits that the weather has got him, but prefers an alibi of some sort, for mere "spring fever" or "laziness" is sort of bourgeois or proletarian, y'know.

The reason for spring fever varies with the individual. For some few—the top class or "summa cum laude" men—it was created to make them slow down a bit and not ruin themselves trying to get ninety-eight instead of only ninety-six. For others—the great middle class—indulgent nature furnished it as an excuse for neglecting assignments and forgetting classes. As for the bottom class—the perpetually inactive—nothing can make them more la—, lethargic. They are immune.

But one need not worry about the affliction. Hercules, Demosthenes (the boy who spoke with pebbles in his mouth), Aug. Caesar,

Dun Scotus—all these men had it and everyone admits that they dug out their niches in the agate wall of perpetuity. As Horace says—  
“Even noble Homer sometimes nods.”

—ROBERT D. SHEA.

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#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

It would be hard to define spring fever. I cannot understand how the malady ever came to be called a fever; it is true that we are stricken by the disease when the trees blossom and the dandelions bloom, but no one ever shows any signs of the excitement common to fever patients. We will not quarrel about the name: some one wiser than the minds of the present generation appended it to the affliction which saps the vaulting ambition of mortals.

I think that most people are touched by this gentle feeling of inertia. There are a certain number of course, who consider themselves above the common herd; they will not admit that they ever have that strong inclination to imitate Rip Van Winkle. These people are only fooling themselves. The honest man will take himself to some shady nook by a babbling brook and have done with all worldly cares.

After all spring fever is not a bad thing to have. If one misses classes or goes to sleep in class he can tell the professor that he has the fever. If it should so happen that one flunked a class, it would be very easy to tell the folks that the spring sickness was all the go. The folks might think that you had boils and could not sit down in class. Just so father does not think that his boy is lazy there is no cause for worry. But spring fever is blamed for many things of which it is innocent. Laziness and spring fever are not synonymous. One could be lazy in January, but it would be hard to have spring fever in January. Persons that like to say they have the fever should wait until the robins sing and the boys start to play ball on the back lots; or better still should wait to see some urchin with a fishing pole in one hand and his school books in the other. That kid has the proper idea of an education.

The doctors have discovered cures and preventatives for many fevers, but they have yet to startle the world with a concoction that will kill the deadly germ that hits humanity

every year as sure as spring house cleaning. I honestly hope that no one ever prevents the good old fever that gives one a feeling which could be surpassed only by the revision of the eighteenth amendment.—A. COLGAN.

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#### AND NOW, TENNYSON!

The “Spring Fever” delusion is one of the oldest fallacies that wise persons fall for. It has been talked about for so long a time that, among serious men even, it is accepted as something real. Yet, no one has ever written a treatise on “The Physiological Basis of Spring Fever,” and neither Dr. Miles nor Lydia Pinkham ever discovered a specific for it.

Confronted by the amazing lack of literature on the subject (except poetry, which is, as Ed DeGree pointed out several weeks ago, beneath the consideration of serious men), the prudent observer may well wonder whether the disease is not “a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppress’d brain.”

Tennyson started a great deal of the foolishness that has since been spoken about spring fever when he wrote,

“In the spring a newer crimson comes upon  
upon the robin’s breast;  
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets him-  
self another crest;  
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the  
burnished dove;  
In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly  
turns to thoughts of love.”

In the first three lines Mr. Tennyson added a great deal to our knowledge of animal morphology. If spring is the time when the wanton lapwings get their new crests, it is easy to imagine the scene when the bill for the female lapwing’s hat comes home. But among women, where new hats are bought at least once a season, one might as well speak of autumn fever or winter fever. The last line is warranted. The real reason for the large number of June marriages is probably a discreet regard for the price of coal.—E. B. DOYLE.

#### A THOUGHT

A leaf falls whirling to the earth,  
It lies there still and dead;  
No more t’will play in zephyr’s way,  
For dust to dust must wed.

—B. T.

## WITH OUR WEALTHY FRIENDS.

ALEXANDER J. COLGAN.

Mrs. Longmoor rushed into her husband's apartments. Her breath was a thing of the past. The words came from her mouth in spasms; the interim was filled with huge gulps.

"Oh—John," she gasped.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" said Longmoor, scarcely glancing away from the evening paper.

"M—m—my neck—lace, t—the p—pearl necklace, t—the one you g—gave me for m—my birthday."

"Yes, I remember it all right," said the husband. "Is there another birthday coming?"

"N—n—no, it's been stolen," she shrieked, and fell in convulsions on many articles of furniture. Mr. Longmoor stopped reading the stock quotations; his eyes and mouth opened simultaneously; for a few seconds his tongue failed him. He was thinking of the check he mailed to the jeweler just that morning; his windpipe functioned and he only shouted:

"What?"

He paced the floor for several moments frantically, throwing newspapers and ash trays in all directions. In time Mr. Longmoor collected his wits and he managed to bring his wife out of convulsions. "John," she murmured in a woe-begone manner and fell limply on his shoulder.

After Mr. Longmoor had succeeded in partially pacifying his spouse he set about to unravel the mystery of the stolen necklace. He went to his wife's rooms and found her jewel case lying on a dressing table. The box was open and the contents were somewhat scattered about; but only the pearl necklace was gone. Longmoor could not understand the situation. There were many articles of feminine adornment in that box which would have netted any crook a handsome amount of money; of course the necklace that had been stolen was by far the most valuable of Mrs. Longmoor's possessions. Mr. Longmoor decided that the burglar was one who dealt only with the most precious prizes. As he stood pondering he noticed that a window which faced on the balcony was open; Longmoor went to the window and looked out. The mystery was solved. While they were

at dinner some second-story man had used the lattice work around the balcony as a ladder and made his way to the alluring jewel box. Mr. Longmoor concluded that the thief had been scared away and had grabbed the necklace in his flight.

The gentleman's next move was to notify the authorities in hope that they might put some clever gum-shoe man on the job to scent the crook to his rendezvous. The captain at the station hastily dispatched one of his most trusty Sherlocks to the scene of action. This fellow asked numerous questions. He wanted to quiz the good Mrs. Longmoor but she had long since 'passed out.' She had gone to bed with a hot-water bottle at her feet and her maid was juggling a bottle of smelling salts under her nostrils. Well, the detective wanted to know the exact weight of the necklace; then he could estimate the size of the crook who had been able to carry it away. He remarked very wisely that, "Crooks never take any more than they can carry."

Mr. Longmoor was of the opinion that the necklace must have been extraordinary because he could hardly write small enough to get the amount on the check when he paid the jeweler.

Both the master of the house and the protege of Pinkerton agreed that the culprit must have been a 'big stiff' and proceeded to ease their minds by smoking some of Longmoor's best 'weeds' and quaffing a few highballs. The liquor bottle got low and Longmoor rang for the butler. The base person did not answer. The sleuth wrinkled his eyebrows and bit deeply into his 'Habana.'

"I say, Longmoor, who is this butler?"

"His name is Togo; a little Japanese fellow; a mighty good man."

"But he does not answer your ring, old fellow; let us go in search of him."

"But you cannot suspect Togo?"

"In our profession, Longmoor, we never suspect; we find out."

So they searched the house for Togo, but Togo was not to be found. Still there was a conflict, because it had been decided that the crook must needs be a big fellow to carry off such a large necklace. Perhaps Togo had an accomplice; maybe the house man had been a party to the crime. The house was again diligently searched and all the servants except

Togo were present. Sherlock decided that Togo had hired a porter to carry away the bounty. So Longmoor and Sherlock went back to the drawing room perfectly convinced that the necklace had been stolen and that Togo was not in the house. They were also sure that the cigars were good and the liquor was not bad.

Having thus ensconced themselves comfortably in their leather chairs the two gentlemen forgot for a time the great theft and the potential evil-doer. About eleven-thirty no other than little Togo entered the room; he bowed his way to the august presence of his master. Mr. Longmoor was somewhat perplexed. But Sherlock bit deeper into his cigar, wrinkled his forehead, scratched his chin, and took another drink.

"The maid say you call 'bout hour ago; you look for me."

"Why—ah, yes, Togo; where have you been?"

"I take Fido out for walk; the honorable Mrs. say take Fido out for walk every night."

Longmoor chuckled a bit and dismissed Togo. Sherlock brought his eyes closer together and pictured Togo leading the dog with a pearl necklace. However he spoke no more of his suspicions. Having thus done away with Togo the two gentlemen took another drink.

"Longmoor," said Sherlock slowly, "that crook is coming back; the jewel box was open; there were many valuable articles left. It is plain that he didn't get all he wanted; he'll come back; he can't help it. Crooks are never satisfied. I'm going to stay up and get that fellow; it's 'pickins.'"

"I'm staying with you," said Longmoor.

So the two burglar catchers again got comfortable for the nerve racking vigil. The hardest thing for them to do was to keep awake. They told each other ghost stories. Just as Sherlock was in the midst of one of his stories the sound of a muffled motor could be heard coming up the front drive. It came up to the front door. Sherlock grabbed his gun and Longmoor snatched a seltzer bottle. They crept stealthily behind a chaise lounge and had full command of the hall way leading to the front door. They got to their post in the nick of time; a key could be heard turning in the door; the door opened slowly. Some one turned on the light in the hall. It was a

man in evening clothes; a beautiful woman was with him; she too was formally attired. Longmoor heaved a sigh and fell limply on the floor. Sherlock stuck to his post.

The young lady extended her hand.

"Well, good night, Jack. I had a wonderful time, just wonderful; the music was gorgeous. Gee, I hope mother isn't up to scold me for taking her pearl necklace."

"That's all right, girls must be girls; good night, Helen."

Sherlock fainted and joined Longmoor on the floor. The cook found them in the morning and they both asked for ice-water.

### —•••— VARSITY VERSE.

#### THE SEASHORE.

The seashore cleanses me.  
How I look forward to my walk along the beach,  
The cool comforting sand soothes me to meditation;  
The waves are the most wondrous of teachers.

My worldly cares are lost,  
Just as the breaker that has spent its energy  
Ebbs away in condescending silence,  
Never more to sparkle in its foaming beauty.

Surging tempestuously like an angered beast,  
Or portraying calmness in its softest sense:  
Both are scenes where the unscen hand of nature  
plays her part,  
And the sight stirs the soul of the dullest man.

—C. MCINTOSH.

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#### LONELINESS.

A cold wind sweeping the dust against the corner  
of a church;  
A black cloud shielding the moon on a winter night;  
The railroad station in a Minnesota town at  
three A. M.  
Loneliness lurks here.

The shrill bark of a dog across a windswept prairie;  
A Ford that stands silent before a gabled house at  
dawn;

A long box on a green truck at a crossroads  
junction.

Death hides here. —C. O. M.

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#### THE STORM.

The angry winds roared;  
Flashes of brilliant hue shone fiery red  
And bitter green,  
As the Sun-god passed beyond:  
Night, and the clouds were dark;  
Crashing thunder; flame of fire filling the air;  
Trees bent, and the mad waves rolled relentlessly:  
Life, huddled, found its haunt,  
While rocks were riddled;—the  
Mighty wrath of God fell on the earth.

—E. M. R.

## THE RETURN.

BY JOHN P. LONG, '24

The penetrating March rain that swept from the west in misty gusts seemed utterly unable to be anything except dismal. It pattered on the deserted city streets and crept stealthily into every hidden nook; it dripped and dripped upon the eaves of the tinned tenement houses; and it wormed its way in rivulets to the dreary basements of what had once been saloons—now drab and empty in their lonesomeness; it formed a thin, icy coat on the arc-lamps that seemed to sputter in the darkness, and it drummed lightly, like one asking admittance, on the window of Murphy's two by four shop, from which a dull light cast a sickly glow. Indeed, that night the rain seemed very lonesome, if you can imagine so ordinary a thing as rain being lonesome.

To one Steve Lahey, however, the rain had no human appeal, but for that matter it was like everything else to him; nothing had its appeal. He stood, half crouched, in the darkened corner of an alley, chuckling softly to himself, and glancing nervously about. But Steve was a good crook, if crooks may be called good, and he played the game alone and he played it well. Steve and the police were as yet good friends—that is the police of this particular city. Steve when a youth had run away from home, tired of its squalid environment, and had drifted aimlessly about, a fugitive and a bum, finding a safe haven in every large city and possessed of but one desire—thievery. But even as he stood chuckling in the alley—chuckling over the thought of the soft "job" he was about to undertake, vague thoughts flashed through his mind—thoughts of an old, gray haired man bent with age, thoughts of—his father.

But he shrugged his shoulders—it was a quarter of two—he must hurry. He lurched across the alley, up the crooked, unfamiliar street, and finally slouched past Murphy's. The sickly light from the small window still shone—but it made no difference, he concluded, it was probably an all night light, such as are frequently used in stores. He stole silently around the low building, hoisted himself on a pile of lumber, and peered through a cracked window, half stuffed with rags. A small, poorly furnished room was visible. A short

candle on a small stand burned feebly. Suddenly he started, and peered closer. The bent figure of an old man hobbled into view. In his hand was a picture at which he gazed intently and seeming to sigh he reached into a drawer pulling forth a large roll of money.

The face pressed to the window abruptly drew back and Steve hurried to the rear of the building, carefully picked a half-broken lock, and in the darkness softly crept to the doorway of the lighted room.

"Here you—fork over—be quick too!"

The old man glanced toward the doorway. A frightened look came into his eyes, he tottered backward, suddenly stopped and peered at the eyes of the stranger, as if puzzled. In a moment he spoke:

"My—my—"

No further words were uttered. Steve had quietly stepped forward and as quietly the butt of his revolver had descended on the head of the old man. Quickly he reached for the bills and then as quickly stopped. His eyes were arrested by a small picture and he scrutinized it earnestly.

"My God!" he murmured.

The picture was of himself as a boy of ten.

The drizzly rain pattered softly on the tin roof of Murphy's little shop and from a tiny window a yellow light shone dully. Inside on a broken bed quietly lay an old man and by his side knelt a young man—a very young man it seemed for he was sobbing pitifully. Suddenly but very gently the pale hand of the man on the bed reached forth and rested on the head of the sobbing boy. The boy raised his eyes and after a moment spoke:

"Father, father, it is Steve."

For a moment the old man did not reply, then his weak blue eyes opened and he answered softly:

"Yes, yes, I know, Steve, and I've been waiting these years for you and now you've come—and now I'm—I'm"—he raised himself and whispered hopefully:

"You've come to stay, Steve?"

"Yes, dad, I've come to stay."

"And now—I'm happy."

The present-day title would be, 'Rule a Wife and Have no Wife.'

Indiana weather must be controlled by the moon—it is so fickle.

## THOUGHTS.

BY JUNIORS.

Self-restraint is the power-house of character.

There is power in knowledge—and safety in silence.

Genius is in great measure the acme of common sense.

Canonization is not, as some think, the bombardment of a city with long-range guns.

There is no place like home when you are out of work.

Study and society do not mix any better than water and oil.

Beautiful women and professional gamblers have winning ways.

Be you ever so humble, you will always have abundance of pride left.

Those, as a rule, who make the best showing do so at the expense of others.

Many men are unhappy because they confuse self-esteem with self-respect.

The sole value of many things is in the pleasure derived from seeking them.

If a man can take time to complain of the weather, he has few real troubles.

The brake is often useful in the journey of life, but do not forget the throttle.

One consolation afforded by the gallery seat is that you can look down on the crowd below.

Heretofore Bacchus and Mars always ran a close race; but Bacchus is now badly handicapped.

Miss McSwiney is praised for not being afraid to speak her thoughts: is there a woman who is?

Many people who pride themselves on being Christians are unwilling to assume the obligations involved.

Why is it that many students prefer the pleasure of a moment to the grind of repeating a year of class work?

The egotist is one who thinks society could not endure without him and forgets that he could not endure without society.

Do not confuse persiflage with personality. We so assimilate knowledge and truth as to make them the vitalising force of our lives.

Anyone can make excuses, but it takes a man to "make good."

It seems that most of the reports of the

atrocities during the war were like the golden mountain: they did not exist outside the mind.

Kindness is to the heart what fragrance is to the rose.

If you wish to become a great poet, write incomprehensibly.

Greater disrespect for law has been effected by Prohibition.

"Slow but sure" is a very poor slogan for the forty-yard dash.

The average college man takes great advantage of the word student.

After marriage a man stops paying compliments and begins to pay bills.

Where equality obtains, it pays better to eulogize than to criticize.

Perhaps the most notable discovery of last month is that girls have ears.

The woman of the household may be able to boss her husband but not her cook.

Motto of the student who fails: "I'm going to be ready for them next quarter."

Whatever may be your view, it pays in an examination to agree with the teacher.

If all good resolutions were carried out, this would be a much better world to live in.

To be a famous athlete one should own a newspaper.

## BRUNEAU RIVER CLIFFS.

Majestically high they stand  
Beside the swirling mountains stream;  
They show the skill of God's apt hand  
To fashion such a mighty seam.

Those cliffs ascend in awesome sweep  
Reechoing the streams low purr,  
As trysting with the sky they keep  
As round their crowns the white mists fur.

—J. C. F.

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## SUNSET

Into the western portals leads  
Phoebus his chariot's fiery steeds;  
There clouds in gold and purple dressed  
Invite the traveler to rest.

Grey mists bedeck the distant hills,  
And purple haze the valleys fills;  
Closed are now the gates of light,  
And come is sable-winged night.

Before these portals Venus stands  
To keep the guard with heavenly brands;  
As Gabriel, fiery sword in hand,  
Watched Eden's gates by God's command.

—B. T.



# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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Now that everything in the world is turning green once more, the college man naturally thinks that his turn has come for a little consideration. Having

ON FACING THE WORLD. read the *Saturday Evening Post* diligently for four years and granted that his instructors were wiser than wise could be, he dreams of facing the world and triumphantly demonstrating that his emerald tint is only skin deep. Of course, the college man is very green or he wouldn't give the magazine articles which explain how savagely the office-managers are going to look at his culture any thought. Those illuminating records are generally written by gentlemen who sell space which in turn sells advertising. It is true that no self-respecting business man will confuse sheepskins and efficiency experts, but he is sure to rate them higher than articles in five cent magazines. If the name of the University which sends the young man forth in honorable, if it is associated with graduates who have shirked neither honest effort nor an effort to be honest, it will unlock doors which would remain barred to any other kind of rapping. The way into the world is not romantic or shady with benignant trees; it is a plain, sunlit, commonplace road, pretty well crowded. It is full of rocks and ruts and muddy places, but it is

not impassible because one carries the light and hearty baggage for which the best men in the past have given their lives. Don't let any numbskull talk you into being afraid of your education: the fact that you have it is sufficient proof that you can get along perfectly without him.—P. L. D.

A great many nice people are, in these days, chuckling over our national return to the plain, everyday view-point that prevailed, it is said, some nine "BACK TO NORMALCY" years ago. In saying this, they have a number of things in mind. Therefore, almost any assumption we now make may be for the time being valid. Since our destination is known, we feel prone to offer a suggestion which, if it were followed, would accelerate to that beatific pre-war state. Upon reverting to history, one learns that the greatest periods of unrest in the life of a nation occur at the close of an era of drastic and oppressive legislation. Examples of the foregoing were Greece after the expulsion of Draco and England following the overthrow of the Puritans. Today, many of the statutes the hysterical element is attempting to have passed are as unreasonable and unmindful of personal liberty as those of the above-mentioned times. To instance the celerity of the nation's return to a condition of political security, let our lawmakers, Federal and State, eschew all legislation that tends to result destructively to our few remaining personal rights. Those who are now considering such measures as the "Blue Laws" and the Smith-Towner Bill should remember that human patience is like a bayonet. You can do almost anything with it, except sit on it. C. P. M.

Over at the Ave Maria Office they sell a little book of which every college man ought to have a copy. It is somewhat too old now to be called very A GOOD LITTLE BOOK. recent, but its interest is as fresh today as it was twenty years ago. The book is Stevenson's "Letter in Defense of Father Damien." The leper missionary is dead and beyond all attack, but the letter remains an example of the finest kind of indignation and loyalty. Very often we are angry with mean-

ness, with rotten prejudice, but nobody seems to mind and we finally say to ourselves, "What's the Use?" Stevenson's "Letter" is a medicine for just that feeling; it shows how well it pays to speak out, to stiffen and to hit back when the issue at stake is vital. You can get a copy for seventy five cents.

#### A QUESTIONNAIRE.

Have you noticed a disposition among certain students to "razz" an athlete who is giving all he has?

Do you know that the practice is a sure sign of a decadent school spirit.

Do you know that it will ruin athletics if allowed to continue?

Do you know that it has ruined athletics in many schools?

Do you know why there are no distance runners at Notre Dame?

Do you know that the candidates have been "kidded" off the squad?

Do you know where a side-line critic rates the right to criticize a boy who is out doing his best?

Do you think the real spirit which has made Notre Dame is dying?

Do you remember the days when the funny boy took a swim in the lake?

What will you do when you next hear him quack? —WALLACE.

#### THE SENIOR BALL.

(As "Al" says he beheld it.)

Adequately beautiful phrases become decidedly elusive when we attempt to describe the most resplendent event in the social history of Notre Dame—the Senior Ball of 1921—which was held in the Oliver Hotel, Thursday evening, April 28th. A stately, conservative, decorative motif; music that challenged the most indolent pedal extremities; clever novelties; charmingly gowned "only ones" from many States—all those elements, which are so essential to insure complete success for such an event, were present. In a word, the nature of the Ball can be epitomized quite readily by using the expression most employed by each attendant, "wonderful!"

Preceding the Dinner-Dance an informal luncheon was served to the seniors and their friends in the dining room, following which

dancing was enjoyed until five o'clock. Walter O'Keefe, Ralph Domke and Ray Cohen staged feature stunts during the afternoon intermission, the dancing program being played by Miller and Anderson's incomparable syncopators.

At seven o'clock the formal dinner was begun in the Rotary Room, the entire mezzanine floor being reserved by the senior class. At each plate was a silver loving cup, upon it being engraved the name of the recipient and the nature of the affair. A brief, effective toast was delivered by Walter O'Keefe and the occasion of state was officially on. During the dinner a program of songs and orchestra selections was presented. Mr. William P. Rogerson, of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, responded to encore after encore. Mr. Lenihan Lally, premier glee soloist, was also especially pleasing in his vocal renditions. The dinner over, dancing began at ten o'clock with a grand march led by President Frank Coughlin and Miss Madeline Myers, and soon the "wee sma' hours" rolled around heralding the end of an evening of great enjoyment.

The success of the event was due, in the main, to the work of the Committee who planned and supervised it. General-Chairman Edward DeCoursey is more than worthy of an especial mention for be it known that "Red" labored long and assiduously to make the Ball unique in the social annals of Notre Dame. Chairman DeCoursey was aided by the following committees: Finance—Alfred N. Slaggert, Daniel Duffy, Joseph Tierney; Arrangements—Joseph Maag, James Culligan, Gerald Hoar; Entertainment—George O'Brien, William Allen, George Whittereid.

The guests of honor were Professor and Mrs. William Benitz, Professor and Mrs. Francis J. Vurpillat and Professor and Mrs. Knute K. Rockne. Among the out-of-town guests were Miss Thelma Oberlies, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Harriet Hurd, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Hazel Danner, Elgin, Ill.; Miss Hildegard Herring, Toledo, O.; Miss Loretto Welch, Boston; Miss Dorothy Wade, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Sofia Gouttolenc, Mexico City, Mexico; Miss Eva Platter, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Miss Mildred Merritt, Sturgis, Mich.; Miss Rhoda Baron, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Charlotte Pinckney, Detroit, Mich., and Miss Margaret Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.—SLAGGERT.

### IMPORTANT CHANGES IN THE CATALOGUE.

The Faculty of the University wish to call the attention of all the students to important changes in the Catalogue; these will go into effect at the beginning of the next school term.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF REGULAR STUDENTS.

No student will be admitted to the sophomore year who has not supplied whatever deficiencies may have existed in his entrance requirements, or who has failed in more than six credit hours of his freshman work. No sophomore or junior will be admitted to the junior or the senior year respectively, who has not removed whatever conditions he may have incurred during his previous year in college, or who has failed in more than six credit hours of the work of the year in which he ranks.

No student in the fourth year of any course leading to a degree will be eligible to graduate with his class if there be, at the beginning of the second semester of his senior year, any deficiency in his previous work.

#### SPECIAL STUDENTS

A student over twenty-one years of age who does not wish to become a candidate for a degree by following the prescribed subjects of a regular program, may register as a special student and attend any of the courses of instruction for which his previous academic training has fitted him. The special student under twenty-three years of age is required to comply with the usual entrance requirements.

The special student is subject to the same academic regulations and discipline as other undergraduates. In academic matters he is under the jurisdiction of the head of the department in which he is pursuing the greater part of his work. He is required to pass the regular examinations in whatever courses he pursues.

#### CONDITIONS AND FAILURES

The passing grade in all classes is 70%. If a student fails to obtain a passing grade in one examination in a semester class or in one or two examinations in a year class, he is conditioned. Examinations for the removal

of conditions incurred in the first three quarters of the school year will be given in May; those for the removal of conditions incurred in the fourth quarter are held in September.

If a condition is not removed during the semester immediately following the one in which it was incurred, it automatically becomes a failure and the work must be repeated.

#### PHYSICAL TRAINING

All freshmen are required to give at least two hours a week to the course in Physical Training. The course comprises instruction in class calisthenics, gymnasium practice, swimming, boxing, wrestling, hockey, football, baseball, basketball, and track athletics. No freshman will be exempt from the course in Physical Training except on presentation of a physician's statement that it would be injurious to him. Every student at the University is expected to learn how to swim, and no senior will be graduated unless he is able to swim at least one hundred yards.

#### CHANGES IN ENGINEERING DEGREES

In the College of Engineering the professional degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, etc., will be changed to Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering, in Mechanical Engineering, etc. This change will not affect any student who matriculated in the University prior to April 10, 1921.

#### COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

The Department of Commerce has been organized into a separate College and will hereafter be known as the College of Commerce, with Father O'Hara as Dean. The following degrees will be offered: Bachelor of Philosophy in Commerce, Bachelor of Commercial Science, and Engineering Administrator. The course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Commerce will require three years of Philosophy. The course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science requires but one year of Philosophy. This change will not affect any student who registered in the University prior to April 10, 1921.

It is the earnest wish of the Faculty that

every student should secure a copy of the new Catalogue as soon as it comes from the press. It is quite evident that many of the students are not acquainted with important legislation contained in the catalogue although it is the official publication of the University. \*\*\*

### IN THE SHADE OF SORIN

—Pio Montenegro, lecturer extraordinary, told about the Philippines to an audience that gazed on the slides that illustrated his talk in Washington Hall Saturday evening. Pio has arranged about four lectures for next year, one at St. Mary's, and others at Detroit, Boston, and Chicago.

—The Chemists' Club held its bi-weekly meeting last Monday evening. Jim Bailey presented a paper on the salt industry, and Fred Glahe dispensed information on the solubility of hydrochloric acid.

—A very practical application of the economic law of supply and demand occurred on Monday, the registration day for rooms. One student who wanted to make sure of securing a niche for next year arrived at the secretary's office at 1:30 A. M. to find that there were almost a score of fellows ahead of him. Verily, there is something unnatural in the order of things when the student disturbs his slumbers to think of the future!

—The S. A. C. met Monday. Coach Rockne was present at the meeting and offered suggestions concerning the jurisdiction of that organization in coming years. It is the idea of the committee to obtain the views of several men who are well acquainted with the conditions of the campus as to what should be the scope of its activities.

—Have you been hitting the dumbbells lately? There are still nine days left in which to get into form for the physical contest which is under the supervision of Father Lange.

—It has been decided to hold elections of class and S. A. C. officers in the spring instead of the fall. One probable advantage to be gained from this change is that the choice of men for official positions will be more certainly based on merit than on popularity.

—The street-car company was deprived of several nickels on Election Day when automobiles met the students at the Halls to take

them down to vote. Many regret that elections are not held oftener.

—There was an unusually interesting K. of C. meeting Tuesday. Professor John Cooney related some amusing incidents that appeared "Just Off the Press" although his subject was really "Abraham Lincoln and Kentucky." Solos were rendered by De Paredes, and smokes concluded the affair.

—The best ever in *Domes* is being rapidly prepared by Editor Doyle and his staff. Unusual efforts are being made this year, and the *Dome* of 1921 will be a success particularly from the art view-point. The addition of several color plates by Vincent L. O'Connor, head of the University art department, materially adds to the fine appearance of the Senior book.

—The Old Students *Juggler* will be hawked about Wednesday, and within about twelve days the Spring Fever number will repose on Joe Heimann's shelves at the newsstand. Most of the work in the former number was done by old students and perhaps it is the best number in the two years of the facetious magazine's existence. Following the custom of offering a prize for the best work in the Spring Fever number, similar awards will be made regularly, Editor O'Brien announces.

—Frank Wallace, sport writer of the *News Times, Tribune, and Scholastic*, will be sports editor of the 1922 *Dome*.

—Harry Botsford, editor of the *Dodge Idea*, and a successful contributor to America's periodicals, told the journalists the "how's" of the game, at a luncheon sponsored by the Writer's Club in Kable's Kafe on Friday eve. Prof. John M. Cooney and R. L. Lightfoot waxed witty as their part of the program, Louis Bruggner displayed his talent as a metrist, while Clif Ward read his bit on "Modern Inconveniences," the rest supped coffee and gulped its trimmings.

—The Chicago Club, after a meeting that lasted several hours and only saw one motion legally passed, is preparing for its annual gormandizing with a committee of arrangements consisting of John C. Norton, Joseph P. Henneberry, Jules X. Rivard, H. T. Walsh, Francis Cusack, Stanley J. McGivern, and Arnold McGrath. Honorary President Rev. Matthew Walsh, President Dempsey and Vice-president Norman Barry, will show how well

windy-citizens can talk, to be interrupted now and then by the performances of the Marigold Trio, of Chicago, with a pianist, vocalist and a character actor, and by the mellifluous strains from the Hasmer Novelty Orchestra of the University.

—Saturated with the "never-eat-pie" spirit of rough-and-ready romance, four fresh water salts dashed out of Corby hall one May morning in search of glory. They were adventurous, pathfinders. There are two paths which lead to the other side of St. Joseph's Lake and one can take either without getting wet. The Corby vikings set out to explore the third: there was the feeling of 'buried treasure' in the air.

Let's build a raft," somebody suggested. In an incredibly brief time the craft was christened. An ingenious engineer with an acquaintance with dry-goods, evinced his mastery of plain sailing by rigging up a sail which could have also served as a scarecrow without disguise. The mariners set sail off the coast of the Moreau Seminary, a typhoon came up just as the bottom inadvertently fell out of the enterprise. The expedition had to be abandoned.

There were four men in the boat when the bottom fell through. Each man was for himself and somebody was severely kicked in the face during the melee. But the mud was deep and touching, the progress slow and slippery. The climax came when one of the crew swallowed his false teeth, and came up for air. There was a series of peculiar vocal explosions, and finally he began to sink. It was a critical moment. The first-aid advice of a more experienced salt, however, was the means of rescuing the victim from a muddy grave. As he dragged himself onto the island, the rest of the crew that had reached land extended heartfelt congratulations after having viewed the breathless struggle. The Corby Hall Navy is only a muddy memory.

#### FAMILIAR FOLKS

—John L. Corley, LL. B., '02, in addition to his law practice is the executive of the National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, with offices in St. Louis.

—Leo V. Du Bois, student 1915-16-17-18. is Executive Secretary of the Building Owners

and Managers Association, 1104 Union Central Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. He is preparing to take the Ohio Bar Examination.

—Frank Ward O'Malley was accustomed to being stigmatized editor of the SCHOLASTIC in the old days of 1896-8. He is now advertised on the picture page of the *Saturday Evening Post*. In the April 23 issue of the world's greatest magazine he is the author of a disquisition on "Main Street, Manhattan." He takes the opportunity to suggest an international debate between "an All-American team composed of Nicholas Murray Butler; Doc. Frank Crane, Percy Mackaye, and Miss Amy Lowell versus an Anglo-Irish foursome made up of H. G. Wells, Lloyd George, Lord Dunsany, and George Bernard Shaw, the subject being always: But What of the Future." It has been hinted that the article is a covert parody of "Main Street" by Sinclair Lewis. But the point of the matter is, however, that the SCHOLASTIC is not the worst form of slavery, looked at from an impartial inverted microscope.

—It is not impossible that the suggestion which Maurice Francis Egan made in Washington hall recently, that more Notre Dame men turn to diplomacy may have some basis for realization. It may be that Notre Dame at present is the actual training ground for diplomats as well as democrats. Richard Lightfoot; sophomore in Journalism and after dinner speaker, is the nephew of the man who preceded Dr. Egan as ambassador to Denmark. Hon. James O'Brien, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Since his service in Denmark, Dr. O'Brien has served as ambassador to Japan, the most important diplomatic post below the court of St. James, as well as ambassador to Italy for five years. He is at present being mentioned for reappointment to Japan, although it is likely he will refuse. Lightfoot's qualifications as writer and conversationalist give the foundation to the belief that he may go in for diplomacy.

—Clarence Derrick '14, was among the alumni visitors during the last week end. Derrick served as first lieutenant in the Engineering Corps and was severely poisoned in a gas attack on the Meuse-Argonne. He is transportation salesman, with prosperous returns for the season.—FLANNERY-MURPHY.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

## PENN POINTS.

Hail to the victors!

The thinly clad representatives of the gold and blue at the Penn Relays on Saturday, April 30, more than equaled their performance at Drake the week before. Rockne sent entrants in five events; and in competition which included 3000 athletes from 402 schools, the local boys did the following things:

Gus Desch broke the only world's record which was lowered at the meet when he ran the 440 yard 2 1-2 hurdles in 53 4-5 seconds, clipping 2-5 of a second from the old mark made by Watts of Cornell at the Penn games last year.

Johnny Murphy entered a four-cornered tie for first place in the high jump with a leap of 6 feet 2 3-8 inches. Alberts and Osborne of Illinois, and Chamberlain of Virginia were the other leaders.

The mile relay team took fourth place in the College Relay Championship of America race, finishing behind Syracuse, Penn and Cornell and leading all other Western teams to the tape, among which was the Illinois squad, which had defeated Rockne's men in three previous races.

Chet Wynne won his heat in the 120 yard high hurdles but finished just outside the four who qualified in the finals for the first four places. Champion Thompson of Dartmouth, won the event in 15 3-5 and Wright, Barron and Coughland finished ahead of Wynne.

Buck Shaw barely missed qualifying in the shot put. His 42 foot heave was four inches shorter than that of Halsey of Princeton who took third place, the last place which was included in the prizes. Sandefuir of Kansas won the event with 43 feet 9 1-4 inches, and Shelburnes of Dartmouth took second place with a heave of 42 ft 7 inches.

The weather was cold and rainy which probably accounts for the small number of record breaking performances.

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Two years ago an old grad from New Jersey wired the school: "Make room for Gus Desch."

The school wired back: "No room. Don't send him."

The grad wired: "He's coming."

So they finally found room for Gus Desch in the Corby sub.

He played a good game of football with the Corbyites that season; but he is characteristically modest, as he becomes the great Notre Dame athlete. The average student knew him not until:

In Chicago at the First Regiment meet in 1919, he tied the world's record of 4.4 for the 40 yard low hurdles.

Then the gang began to inquire about this Desch; and he assumed that place of respect which the campus hounds give to their great men.

They found Gus responding readily and unconsciously to the nods of greeting; and they found him altogether a regular fellow. So when—

He tied the indoor record for the 3 foot low hurdles at the Eastern Olympic tryouts in January, 1921, there was more than mere school spirit in Desch's victory. And when he took third place in the Olympic 400 metre hurdles Gus was a well-established idol.

During the indoor season when his favorite low hurdles were in eclipse, Gus forgot his fame and went into relays or quarter-miles and took his defeats like a little man. He took trouble to make himself fit wherever his coach needed him and then—

At the first opportunity to show his ability in his real line of work, Gus went to the Penn Relays and smashed the world's record. He is nationally famous today with his future just beginning to unfold a new vista of honors.

But you will find him out there on Cartier field today giving all he has in whatever event Rockne may enter him in the effort to defeat the wonderful Illinois track team.

Which is our idea of a real Notre Dame MAN.

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## YOU'RE OUT!

Notre Dame won its third game of the season Thursday afternoon, April 28, when DePauw appeared at Cartier field to engage in a tight pitching battle in which the local hurlers, Mohardt and Foley, carried off the honors with a 2-to-0 score and allowed two hits to seven.

The game was played under lowering skies and a wintry wind, and much of the quantity of pepper ordinarily spilled at a ball game was frozen tight in the barrel. The local boys scored in the first and fourth, had many other opportunities to count, and were never in real danger of defeat. Miles, Fitzgerald and Kiley contributed scintillating fielding features.

Kane scored the first local tally in the first inning on a walk, Miles' sacrifice and Krumheuer's muff of Mohardt's fly. Prokup registered in the fourth on a hit, steal and Kiley's whistler over the infield.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kane, 3	3	1	1	0	1	0
Miles, ss	2	0	1	6	5	1
Mohardt, P-cf	5	0	1	3	1	0
Bliev't, c	4	0	1	6	2	0
Fitzgerald, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Prokup, lf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Moran, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kiley, 2b	4	0	2	2	2	0
Castner, cf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Foley, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	2	7	27	11	1

DEPAUW	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Parnell, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Davis, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Krumheuer, 2b	2	0	0	3	2	2
Fisher, cf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Elvyn, 1b	4	0	0	6	0	0
Jordan, ss	4	0	0	3	4	0
Raider, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Slutz, c	2	0	0	6	0	0
Bills, p	3	0	1	1	1	0
Ozias x	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	0	2	24	8	2

Depauw .....000 000 000—0  
 Notre Dame .....100 100 000—2

x Ozias batted for Krumheuer in the 9th.

Two-base hit—Blievernicht. Eases on balls—Off Mohardt, 1; Foley, 3; Bills, 7. Strikeouts—Mohardt, 2; Foley, 4; Bills, 4. Wild pitches—Bills, 1; Foley, 1. Passes balls—Slutz, 1; Blievernicht, 1. Hit by pitcher—Miles. Hits—Off Mohardt, 1 in 4 innings; Foley, 1 in 5 innings. Umpire—Coffey. Time—1:45.

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II.

The melancholy days began for Coach Halas' ball-pasters and the entire school when Michigan defeated the locals on Saturday, April 30, in ten innings. It is not being licked that hurt; but it was the loss of an almost certain victory over the cocky Michiganders in the last inning.

Notre Dame had outpitched, outslugged and outfielded the Wolverines until the ninth when we led 6-2. Paul Castner had handled the Conference champs with bare hands and mastered them completely. From the second inning to the eighth, inclusive, not a Michigander had seen second base. Then it happened.

Castner lost control and walked three men. Michigan came through with two hits; and although Falvey was injected into the contest, the visitors quit the ninth with five runs and

one to the good. We tied in our half but they came back with another run and stopped our own rally with a snapping double play.

It was nobody's fault and it was everybody's fault; it was just baseball—and we'll get 'em next time.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kane, 3b	4	1	3	1	2	0
Miles, ss	4	0	0	2	3	1
Mohardt, cf	4	4	2	5	0	1
Blievernicht, c	5	0	1	9	1	0
Fitzgerald, 1b	4	0	2	9	1	0
Prokup, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Morgan, rf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Kiley, 2b	4	1	1	2	0	0
Castner, p	4	1	2	1	2	0
Falvey, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	38	7	11	30	10	2

MICHIGAN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Uteritz, 2b	5	0	1	5	3	1
Van Beven, ss	4	2	1	3	4	0
Perrin, cf	3	2	0	4	0	0
Shackelford, rf-1b	4	2	2	4	0	0
Karpus, 3b	5	1	2	2	4	2
Johnson, 1b	3	0	0	6	0	0
Rusicka, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Genebach, lf	4	0	0	0	0	1
Viek, c	4	0	0	6	4	0
Liverans, p	1	0	0	0	3	0
Schultz, p	2	0	1	0	1	0
Dixon xx	1	1	1	1	0	0
Kline x	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	8	8	30	19	4

x Kline batted for Liverans in the 6th.

xx Dixon batted for Johnson in the 9th.

Michigan .....200 000 005 1—8  
 Notre Dame .....100 040 101 0—7

Two-base hits—Kane, 3; Shackelford. Three-base hits—Mohardt, Dixon. Home run—Castner. Bases on balls—Castner 4, Schultz 4. Hit by pitcher—by Liverans—Miles, Prokup. Strikeouts—Castner 7, Falvey 1, Liverans 2, Schultz 2. Wild pitches—Falvey, Schultz. Hits—Off Castner 7 in 8; Falvey 1 in 2. Liverans 7 in 5; Schultz 4 in 5. Double plays—Van Boven-Uteritz-Johnson. Uteritz-Van Boven-Shackelford. Time, 2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire, Kane.

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III.

Immediately following the Michigan game Coach Halas took his men to Urbana for two games with Illinois, considered the best team in the west this season. The local boys lost both contests, but were dangerous all the way in each game.

In the first game, played Monday, May 2

we could not hit Jackson; and in the second contest the next day, we could not hit Barnes, the Illini hurler who had already pitched a no hit game against Northwestern. Rodge Kiley continued his good work at bat in the first game by socking a homer while Mohardt and Morgan added fielding features. In the second contest Blievernicht scored our only run with a homer off the mighty Barnes. In the eighth inning, with two men on and two runs needed to tie, Bliev hit another which was ticketed home-run; but as is the custom of opposing players when a N. D. man has already soaked a circuit clout, Vogel of Illinois was camping on the fence boards and knocked our prospective victory for a row.

The team has lost three straight but in none of these games have they been showered with the quality called the breaks of the game. In addition, Michigan and Illinois are probably the toughest customers of the season, and from now on we look forward to a long string of victories.

ILLINOIS	A.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mee, ss	4	1	0	1	3	0
Doughtery, c	4	0	0	9	0	0
McCurdy, 1b	3	1	1	9	2	0
Vogel, cf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Hellstrom, 2b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Crossley, rf	3	2	2	1	0	0
Peden, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Stewart, 3b	3	0	1	1	4	0
Jackson, p	4	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	32	5	7	26	11	1

NOTRE DAME	A.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Kane, 3b	2	0	0	1	2	0
Miles, ss	4	1	2	2	2	1
Mohardt, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Blieverknight, c	3	0	1	3	0	0
Fitzgerald, 1b	4	0	0	11	1	0
Prokup, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Morgan, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Kiley, 2b	3	1	2	2	2	0
Felvey, p	3	0	0	0	5	1
Garvey x	1	0	0	0	0	0
Castner xx	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	2	5	24	12	2

x Batted for Prokup in the 9th.  
xx Batted for Morgan in the 9th.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	000	010	010	—2
Illinois	011	000	21x	—5

NOTRE DAME	A	R	H	O	A	E
Kane, 3b	4	0	1	2	4	1
Miles, ss	3	0	0	3	2	1
Mohardt, cf	3	0	0	3	0	0
Blievernicht, c	4	1	1	4	2	0
Fitzgerald, 1b	4	0	0	9	1	0
Kiley, 2b	4	0	0	3	2	0
Prokup, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Garvey, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Castner, p.	2	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	31	1	4	24	2	

ILLINOIS	A	R	H	O	A	E
Mee, ss	4	1	1	0	1	1
Daugherty, c	4	1	1	6	1	0
McCurdy, 1b	4	1	1	9	0	0
Vogel, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Helstrom, 2b	4	0	1	0	1	0
Johnson, rf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Crangle, lf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Peden, lf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Stewart, 3b	4	0	1	1	0	0
Barnes, p	4	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	36	3	6	27	7	1

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	000	001	000	—1	4	2
Illinois	001	011	00x	—3	6	1

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### VARSITY-FRESHMAN MEET.

The annual outdoor varsity-freshman track meet staged this year on Friday, April 29, was arranged to entertain the young ladies visiting in the city to attend the senior ball. Although the big stars of the local varsity were at Philadelphia breaking world's records and such, the remaining veterans had enough left to win from the Frosh by a good score. Walsh, Kennedy and Moes turned in good marks for the freshmen.

100 yard dash—1 Hayes (V), 2 Coughlin (V), 3 Dant (V), time .10:1; mile run—1 Kennedy (F), 2 McBarnes (V), 3 Barber (F), time, 4.42:2; 120 yard high hurdles—1 Mulcahy (V), 2 Kohin (F), time .16:4; 220 yard dash—1 Dant (V), 2 Coughlin (V), 3 Ficks (V), time .24:4; 440 yard dash—1 Walsh (F), 2 McGeath (F), 3 Colgan (V), time .53:2; 880 yard run—1 Kennedy (F), 2 McBarnes (V), time 2.12; 2 mile run—1 Baumer (V), 2 Rohrback (V), time 10.38; high jump—1 Mulcahy (V), 2 Hoar (V), Kohin (F), Loesch (F) (tied), height 5 feet 6 inches; Pole vault—1 Hogan (V), 2 Hamill (F), Cameron (F) (tied); height 11 feet 6 inches; shot put—1 Flynn (V), 2 Moes (F), 3 Lieb (F); distance 39 feet 10 inches; discus throw—1 Lieb (F), 2 Flynn (V), 3 E. Walsh (V); distance 112 feet 4 inches; Javelin throw—1 Moes (F), 2 Obers (V), 3 Hogan (V), distance 165 feet.  
Score: Varsity 62 1-3; Freshmen 42-2-3.