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A GLEAMING NIGHT.

J. C. METCALF.

UPON the distant mountain peaks
The sheerest sparkling snow was seen,
And far below the gleaming night
Was softly drawing nigh, serene.

The sun sank in the far-off west
And dim the crimson heaven grew,
Like to a soul in death's repose
As circling night her mantle drew.

The twinkling stars had come again
To lead us thru the lonely night,
Like outward Graces sent by God
To guide us on the path of Light.

THE SOUTH SEA IDLER

EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23.

(The story of a very interesting man who helped to make Notre Dame.)

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD pitched his tent within these walls for two years. When he came to Notre Dame in 1885 his reputation was inter-national. "South Sea Idylls," his first book—it proved to be his masterpiece—had appeared almost simultaneously in London, Boston, and in Paris; and, in the maturity of his own fame, he came to be associated with Notre Dame in the day of her deepest glow of intellect. There has been nothing since to surpass it. Like the highest wave of the highest tide, Stoddard drifted in on the crest, pausing to leave his mark on the fading sands, then ebbing away to other shores. His was the life of the drifter, veered by the wind's will. Inside him there was constant spiritual turmoil, never completely at rest. The spiritual breath of his nature, though never visible through the imposing polish of the bohemian, was, like the wind, only the more sensible for that.

The Poet of the South Seas was born in Rochester, August 7, 1843. Scarcely twelve,

he went with his parents to San Francisco in the epic days following '48. To the chromatic imagination of Stoddard California must have been a paradise. It was the West as it is now reminiscently romanced about—undraped civilization. While it remained unblushing, its charm was inspiring; but self-consciousness rapidly set in. After two years absence in New England, at school, Stoddard found California assuming the raiments of culture, eagerly patronizing the intellectual wares of local production—however rude. Stoddard was a boy clerk in a San Francisco book store when some early verses reached the light of print. Encouraged by Starr King, the man who saved California for the union during the Civil War, Stoddard went to the University of California. But in two years of confinement, perfecting his verse, often neglecting his studies meanwhile, he strained his health, and had to abandon higher learning. Having obtained a nominal commission as roving correspondent for a budding California periodical, he made his first venture into the South Seas. In a sense it was a voyage of discovery—literary exploration. His glorified imagery lighted up the islands of Oceanica for exploitation by adventurous authorship. Stoddard really popularized the Pacific. Avalon, Waikiki and the other storied paradises, now so unceasingly celebrated in jazz and journalism, were first famed in the "South Sea Idylls," where those celestial islands

"Where the wave tumbles;
Where the reef rumbles."

are rapturously recolored.

The ecstasies of a tropical hobohebian are whimsically recounted. "What a spot it was!" referring to a rainbow sunrise at Tahiti. "Firstly the foam on the reef—as crimson as blood—falling over the wine-stained waves; then it changed as the sun ascended, like clouds of golden powder indescribably mag-

nificent, scattered and shaken upon the silver snow-drifts of coral reef, dazzling to behold and continually changing." If anything be more sublimely colorful than a tropical dawn, possibly it was Stoddard's ecstatic picture. It was this sort of copy he sent in to his magazine and it was unhesitatingly discarded. But an appreciative friend kept the scraps, many of them written on wrapping paper, and they were later revamped for publication. Meanwhile the South Seas could not appreciate the penniless poet, so he was returned to his father's house. C. O. D.

Starr King put him to work on the *Californian*. It was the means of his meeting Bret Harte, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and a crowd of other more or less familiar literary figures. When the *Overland Monthly* was organized, with Bret Harte as editor, Stoddard, then special contributor, put out a monthly page of verse. "This wind-fall was gathered by Bret Harte. I am prouder of that fact than anything in the book."—his comment glancing back. His "Poems" had a gratifying circulation and the prestige it attracted was instrumental in arranging another trip to the South Seas. This time he stayed two years, returning in 1870 to stay two more years.

Inflamed with the fervid splendor of the orient, he tinted those fragile pastels which W. D. Howells in his much-quoted phrase has styled "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that were ever written about life on that Summer ocean." These tinsel bits of imagination, varied with Stoddard's fascinating humor, attracted the unanimous attention of bookmen.

The return to California in 1873 was a sort of triumphal entry. His reputation had crystallized in an hour and he was offered the commission of special correspondent for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, to tour Europe. It was assuredly a lucky offer to the wandering poet—the cultured savage that Stoddard was. He stayed in Europe for five years. In that time he garnered enough material to fill six books. A professional peripatetic he traversed the continent along untrodden routes always seeking to discover friends. It was an anomalous quest but Stoddard held friendliness next to Godliness, the supreme virtue. His idea of a friend was certainly exalted if not con-

ventional. While he used fine discrimination in choosing them, his best friends were the chocolate savages of the Sandwich Islands no less than the celebrities, so spontaneously mentioned with his name. When Stoddard was intimate enough with Mark Twain to have been able to write a biography, he actually did publish the story of unlettered Father Damien.

In England Stoddard became personally known to George Eliot, Charles Kingsley and Kipling. Several years later when the manuscript of Stoddard's only novel—"For the Pleasure of His Company"—was dug up from oblivion, Kipling authorized its publication, suggesting the title. As a novel it was really an autobiography in disguise. Read as such it reveals a remarkable portrait of the historic figures in the drama of early California.

While in Italy, Stoddard spent several weeks at the monastery of St. Francis on the Isle of Capri, contemplating taking the vows. The spiritual side of him would sometimes assert itself in overwhelming melancholy. At one such period he expressed himself:—"Were it not for my darling mother and that idealized Sister in the Islands and that blessed chum—three steps only—I should bury myself out of this world in the seclusion of one of these monasteries. I never pass one but I keel over to that side. I am not morbid. I laugh and go about, and I see people who don't suspect me of melancholy. I stir pretty lively sometimes; for the money gives out and but that friends follow or meet me wherever I am, and friends blossom out in a night like the night-blooming cereus, full of strength and fragrance and satisfying beauty that don't last any too long—but for these I should have a sorry time of it."

In 1878 he sailed back to America, remaining two years. It was at this time that Stevenson made his spectacular journey to California as an immigrant, seeking his future wife. The two came together at Monterey. Singular as it may seem, Stoddard in that day was a bigger name among the critics than the Scot. The friendship that drew them to each other had no other attraction than pure personality and—mutual poverty. "I have visited him in a lonely lodging—it was previous to his happy marriage," from Stoddard's *Exits and Entrances*, "and found him submerged in

billows of bedclothes; about him floated the scattered volumes of a complete set of Thoreau; he was preparing an essay, and he looked at the moment, like a half-drowned man—yet he was not cast down. His work, an endless task, was better than a straw to him." This was before Stevenson had begun to write fiction. Almost ten years afterwards, R. L. S. was in San Francisco again. The author of *Treasure Island* was then trailing clouds of glory, in search of climate. He left a memory of the Stoddard of that day in *The Wrecker*, painting him and his city-front den—"A youngish good-looking fellow, prematurely bald, and with an expression both lively and engaging," who, "with the impromptu cordiality of artists carried me into his apartment; where I sat presently in a museum of strange objects,—paddles, and battle-clubs and baskets, rough-hewn stone images, ornaments of threaded shell, cocoanut bowls,—examples of another earth, another race—and meeting, as I did, one artist with another, you can imagine with what charm he would speak and with what pleasure I would listen." This was in 1888, the year after he left Notre Dame.

During his two years as professor of literature, Stoddard worked earnestly and effectively. But he was a bohemian, not a scholar, and he did not stay. But Stoddard was a man of rarified temperament, reacting only to delicate temperaments. "Such a nice little girl,"—Mark Twain calls him—referring to this phase of his character. In the class room his personality was entrancing. It had a subtle appeal that enfolded those exquisite sentiments in youth too often and too easily withered in the hard light of the world. The shadow of his personality was a sort of intellectual twilight—alluring, subdued. His methods in the class could have succeeded only with such an impressionist. He abhorred syntax. "You cannot shake salt on Shelly's skylark," was his motto for instruction in literature. Himself a classic author (although a horrible speller) Stoddard believed in revealing the soul of a book, instead of the skeleton. He did not waste time trying to evolve a formula for art—the fatal fault of advanced pedagogy—he was too busy creating art, himself.

He was not the one who formed friends with a hand-clasp, although he never lacked them, even in his hungriest days. During his

short session beneath the Dome, he was affable but not convivial. Partly it was because of the press of his writing, for he published two of his books in 1885. Partly it was because of his retiring though by no means reticent nature. In his leisure moments, he was a frequent devotee of nature, his favorite haunt, where the poetry of his prayers must have been delightful incense to His Lady.

But leisure was not a habit with Stoddard, at least not at Notre Dame. The langorous impression one might take away from his South Sea lyrics is in certain respects deceiving. "Some folks call me lazy!" he once exclaimed. "If they might only see the tons of stuff I have written and never published." Most people who talked with him, say he talked just as freely as he wrote. It is much like assuming that he wrote just as easily as he talked. His twinkling essays certainly are not the inspiration of his own conversation. The scintillating humor and tender pathos is the achievement of art, and all the more so because it is artless.

Neither his imagination or his inclination felt the curb in his peringrinations. "If you want to do anything particularly, I should advise you to do it, and then be sufficiently sorry to make it all square," was his typical bohemian philosophy. Nobody, not even the little, brown savages he idealized could ever have been as untrammelled as Stoddard himself. It was a trait of his nature that was tonically refreshing. Stevenson used to seek him in San Francisco for the pure joy of an hour's company. In London when Mark Twain was withering away with homesickness, Stoddard effected the personal cure. His innocent humor played as gently as a South Sea breeze.

But that humor was really a veil to conceal his consuming loneliness. It isolated his soul—like some sort of spiritual mist, that solitude. "Surrounded by troops of friends, whose affection was won without effort, and whose sympathy was shown in a thousand pretty, childish ways, I was still lonely and often loneliest when least alone." So he characterized his boyhood. A man who passionately detested sham, he saw through the hazy humbug whether it happened to be deformed art or reformed religion. The formality of Protestantism with its monotony and aimless *laissez faire* wearied him. Stoddard could not tolerate

a simulacrum, yet his sensitized nature was slowly suffocating in the benumbing darkness. But without faith, he did not yet give up hope. With eloquent devotion he raised an altar to his unknown God. Eventually the dawn came. He drifted into the Church and opened his eyes to the realization of the ivory dream that had been his consolation in all his desperate doubt. He received Baptism at San Francisco in 1867.

Stoddard is best known as a Catholic by his book on Father Damien, and the story of his conversion, "A Troubled Heart", both published while he was at Notre Dame. His loyalty to the Church is manifested in many ways. Beside the two years of service inside these walls, he was dean of literature at the Catholic University for eleven years—years of real sacrifice. To anchor himself in any one place that long was a tense strain on Stoddard. In 1902 he resigned his honors, celebrating the event by burning his hundreds of lectures on literature. "A bloody deed," his friends reproached him. But he replied with characteristic naivetè. "Many another man has told the story of English literature better than I could. The world didn't need that stuff."

He removed for three years to Boston, where he completed his "*Exits and Entrances*." It was his favorite volume, containing the ruminations of a man looking back, told in a style that for unaffectedness often surpasses Stevenson. His last days were passed in Monterey, busily passed in writing. "The Bells of San Gabriel," his best poem, flashed from his pen in that sunset. The ringing refrain echoes the sound of far-away campanile.

"And every note of every bell
Sang "Gabriel," rang "Gabriel!"
In the tower that's left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel."

It was the toll announcing his exit. He died in 1909.

Joaquin Miller, Stoddard's favorite friend, has commemorated the mystic memory that Stoddard has left, mingled with the glamour of his name.

Say Charlie, our Charlie, say—
What of the night Aloha! Hail!
What noonful sea? What restful sail?
Where tent you, Bedouin, today?

Charlie, you had faith and you—
Gentlest of all God's gentlemen—
You said you knew and surely knew,
Now speak and speak as you spake then.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

BY BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

When John Keble, author of "The Christian Year," preached his famous sermon on "National Apostasy" in St. Mary's Church, the Oxford Movement had its birth. This was in 1833. From this year until 1845, there was a continuous revival of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practise that reached its climax with the publication of Tract No. 90. This document was from the pen of John Henry Newman, vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. The authorities of the Established Church saw at once that either their creed must cease to be Protestant or become frankly Catholic, and they chose to keep it Protestant. But Newman and a large number of his followers could not compromise, and soon found rest in the bosom of the Church.

During the twelve years that the Oxford Movement was in progress, Newman was its guardian spirit. Sunday after Sunday, from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church, he preached his famous sermons that drew the intellectual autocracy of England to his feet. In these simple and beautiful discourses, the gifted speaker unfolded to his hearers the truths of the Christian faith. With a logic that was unanswerable, and with a diction that was all but inspired, he sowed the seeds of truth that were destined to bear the most abundant fruit in the souls of those who listened to him. Men recognized in Newman a true spokesman of God,—one whose life was in every way the counterpart of what he taught.

The wonderful influence that Newman possessed made him the real leader of the Oxford Movement. Many earnest souls looked to him for guidance during those years of uncertainty, and their confidence was not misplaced. Finally when the great leader had convinced himself of the falsity of his position, and had the courage to leave the home of his youth and maturity, most of his followers went out with him.

Before Newman took his final step into the Catholic Church, he wrote out fully all

the reasons that urged him to make this decision. This work was published, without alteration, after his reception into the Church. Cardinal Wiseman thought it best that the book should remain unchanged, and thus be a true mirror of Newman's mind before he became a Catholic. This was a fortunate circumstance, for the appeal that the "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," as his book was called, has made to non-Catholic readers has been more effective than it could have been if Newman had revised the work after entering the Church. The most prominent idea in the "Essay" was the *development* of doctrine. This phase of the subject had never before been so clearly and fully expounded; and in thus giving this principle adequate treatment, Newman conferred a great benefit on orthodox Christianity. Henceforth the enemies of revealed truth would always have to reckon with the weapon Newman had forged in his famous "Essay."

After a brief stay in Rome, Newman was ordained to the holy priesthood, and returned to England to establish the Oratory. The sermons he preached on various occasions were published in two volumes. These discourses are, no doubt, the most beautiful in the English tongue. Compared with his sermons delivered before he became a priest, the Catholic discourses are remarkable for an unction that seems unusually lacking in the Anglican preaching. The spiritual gifts of the great convert were given adequate development in the exercise of the sacred ministry. Perhaps the most celebrated of all his sermons is "The Second Spring," which was delivered at the first Synod held after the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England. The theme of this discourse is the spiritual beauty of the Catholic Church; and for sheer loveliness, the rhetoric of the sermon is without a parallel in the prose of English literature.

For the first twenty years of his Catholic life, Newman wrote much and lectured occasionally. Among the most celebrated of his discourses were those he afterwards published under the title of "The Present Position of Catholics in England." In a style quite suited to his purpose, the great master of expression demolished the prejudices that were so formidable in England in the middle of the nineteenth century. In these lectures, Newman used his gifts of humor and irony more fully

and effectively than in any of his other works, and for that reason the book is one of the most readable of all that he has published.

In another series of lectures delivered before the Catholic University of Ireland, Newman showed himself at his best, both in the wide range of subjects chosen and in their philosophic treatment. Under the spell of his classic style, the most abstruse topics became of vital interest to his hearers. These notable discourses have been preserved for future generations of students under the title of "The Idea of a University." Besides the literary merits of this work, its special value to students is the relation of the various subjects to revealed religion. And it is not an exaggeration to say that no other book in the English language can be more serviceable to students than Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University."

In the year 1864, there occurred an episode in the life of the great Cardinal that was the occasion of his writing what is perhaps the best known of all his works, his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Having been charged by Charles Kingsley with untruthfulness, Newman resolved to defend himself and the Catholic priesthood, which was also included in the accusation of Kingsley. It soon became clear to the Cardinal that this could be done in no other effective way than by writing his autobiography up to the time of his conversion. Much as he shrank from this self-revelation, he could not but choose to put all personal feelings aside and bare his bosom to the cold world. The result was the most exquisite piece of prose in our literature. The spiritual beauty of his soul is mirrored so clearly that all the charges of Kingsley are forgotten in the noble portrait we see in the "Apologia."

When Leo XIII created John Henry Newman a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, the whole world, Catholic as well as Protestant, acclaimed the action of the Pope. This event was especially dear to Newman, because it placed the Church's approval on all he had spoken and written. The remaining years of his long life were very peaceful, after the long period of strife and sorrow. And when one looks at a portrait of Cardinal Newman, his strong features are so spiritualized that one almost feels one is in the presence of the great churchman. Or taking up any one of his immortal works, the reader is at once drawn

within the charmed circle of his wonderful thoughts. But more wonderful and more beautiful still is the soul of this great spiritual father.

After all there is nothing so interesting in the world as the human soul. There is a mysterious element in every person we meet—a something of which we are conscious, but which we can never fully understand. And when an individual has been separated from the general run of men, and has been consecrated by the unction of the priesthood or the vows of religion, we instinctively feel a greater reverence for such a one. This explains somewhat the Catholic feeling toward the Saints, and in a lesser degree toward all holy persons.

Among the latter we may place Cardinal Newman. And what gave him almost a unique place among the leaders of the Church in the nineteenth century was the remarkable gifts of mind and heart which he consecrated wholly to the cause of religion. And it was a fortunate circumstance that the wonderful literary power of Cardinal Newman has given a permanent value to everything he wrote. Future generations will find in the beautiful pages of his books the spiritual treasures that he has bequeathed to them.

But to one class of readers, the great convert's writings will always have a special attractiveness. These are earnest seekers after religious truth. The inherent beauty of the spiritual truths of faith are furnished with fitting adornment in the works of Cardinal Newman; and the cultivated and sincere searcher after divine wisdom will find his way marvellously illumined by the light that gleams from the pages of Newman's literary masterpieces. How many of the noblest minds have through Newman's guidance been led into the true fold of Christ; and how many more, as the years succeed one another, will be brought by the perusal of Cardinal Newman's works, to those same fruitful pastures. As long as the English tongue endures, so long will the writings of its greatest master of prose bring comfort and hope to hearts that yearn to know and to love God.

College life is just one examination after another.

Do not blow the whistle on your train of thought just to let others know you are coming.

VARSAITY VERSE

TO MY COBEEN.

I've used you oft before,
And many times forswore
Your type.
An awful taste's in you,
You've lost your "cakin" too,
Old pipe.

Choc'late, candy, and the rest,
All this new-fangledness
In our "makins,"
Clogs a laddie's pipe, and then
Leaves a dark-brow taste, when
He awak'ns.

No doubt that in your day,
E'er the making of P. A.
Worked your ruin.
Not a better pipe was found.
Ne'ertheless I've turned you down.
Now, I'm chew'n.

—R. C. S.

BALLADE TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

What sort of hang-out is your moon,
O jolly rover of the night?
Is life a sprightly rigadon
Where wifie turns the eggs just right?
Do all the biggest fishes bite
Throughout the lazy afternoon?
If so, I'll take your job on sight
And be the master of the moon.

Or is your wife a picaroon,
Some pocket-picking parasite,
Who curls her hair till very noon,
And serves a dish of—aconite?
Do all the pickerel expedite
Their voyage when the see a spoon?
If so, my pity you excite,
But sit still, master of the moon.

Or are you simply a maroon
Long shipwrecked on your satellite
Waving a strip of pantaloons
To every star that comes in sight?
If by some tragic oversight
Old Halley's pilot opportune
Does pass you up upon his flight,
Do not despair, man in the moon.

Envoi.

You after all possess a site
Without rent-gobbling men jejune
Who vow a thousand checks you'll write...
Old boy, sit quiet on your moon.—M. E. W.

ARTFUL ADVERTISEMENTS

HAROLD V. MCKEE, '22.

It goes without saying that there has been and still is much untruth in advertising. It is precisely on account of this untrue, this grossly exaggerated advertising of both past and present that the statements of even the most conscientious and fair-minded advertisers of the present day are viewed with a certain amount of suspicion and distrust. Spurious and lying advertisements though at the present time in the minority, nevertheless by their mere existence, undermine and impair the integrity of the whole of advertising.

It was advertising which not so long ago beguiled many persons into believing that the achievements of the fakir's patent medicine were short only of the miraculous. Again it was advertising and not alone the fakir's, but advertising as a class, that was condemned as being deceptive when these medicines proved to be of no value and use. The reputable advertisers at that time realized that their profession was destined to go up in smoke if steps were not taken to root out the existing and debar all future dishonesties in display. To attain this end they organized amongst themselves Vigilance Committees. The work of these organizations from approximately nineteen hundred to the present time has been not only noteworthy but commendable, for today the obnoxious patent medicine advertisements are practically extinct.

But the business of these Vigilance Committees is not terminated by a victory over the patent medicines, for still there remain numerous advertisements which in their nature are as misleading and untruthful as those of the former Quacks: advertisements which do not lie if accurately elucidated but delude in so far as they contain an implication over and above their literal meaning. Such are the advertisements which have embodied alluring and enticing assertions as, "Become an expert accountant. We teach you how in ten lessons," or, "We can teach you shorthand in seven days." The tacit inference that is naturally deduced from these statements is that one can become an expert accountant in ten short correspondence lessons or that shorthand can be learned and mastered in seven days. This

is exactly what such advertisers wish to imply. For that very reason alone these advertisements are nothing more than a series of cold, bare-faced lies, for who that is not a genius or a prodigy can become an accountant of expert ability by a matter of ten stereotyped letters, or acquire the art of shorthand in seven days? But in truth these advertisers do not warrant that one can *learn* accounting in ten lessons or shorthand in seven days; they merely state that such arts can be *taught* in that short time.

Probably the most detestable sort of advertisements is that which sets forth an article as being positively free, containing instructions similar to, "Free, send no money. Simply fill out this coupon. Mail it to us and we will send you a handsome so and so, absolutely free." The coupon is filled out and mailed and soon the 'handsome so and so' arrives, as yet, 'absolutely free.' Then comes the bill, a bill demanding twice the article's actual value. Some, in order to avert a controversy with the business house, pay the exorbitant price. Others, more courageous, return the merchandise but a few days later receive a notice from the company stating that because of careless wrapping or packing the goods have been damaged on the return trip and indemnities would have to be paid. If this does not bring a satisfactory reply the company then threatens to collect through the courts. By cunning and underhanded methods these disreputable firms frighten and bully the more timid persons into paying for the goods they have refused to buy.

Advertising has also afforded a wide range of activity to the promoters of fraud. By means of glittering and alluring advertisements in newspapers and magazines they set forth propositions which appear to be sound and business-like. When these defrauders receive an answer to one of their advertisements they literally shower the writer with enticing literature and follow up letters. Various pretenses and representations are made in each letter in an effort to hit upon the victim's responsive chord. When all cunning and tricky devices fail they pass the name and address to another schemer, who if he in turn also fails, passes the data on, until perhaps the weakness of the person is finally discovered and then these vultures pick the victim to pieces.

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BOARD OF EDITORS.

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A chart to be found in the basement chapel shows that there is a rapid increase in the practise of frequent communion by the students of the University.

FREQUENT COMMUNION RECENTLY THE PREFECT OF RELIGION DISTRIBUTED A QUESTIONNAIRE WHICH ASKED, AMONG OTHER THINGS, FOR A STATEMENT OF OPINION REGARDING THE PERSONAL BENEFITS WHICH MIGHT BE ATTRIBUTED TO THE PRACTISE. THE RESPONSE TO THIS QUESTION WAS SO EDIFYING THAT A PAMPHLET MADE UP OF THE BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTES SELECTED FROM MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED STATEMENTS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES HAS BEEN EDITED AND PLACED IN THE CHAPEL BOOK-RACK. THE CONSENSUS OF OPINION SEEMS TO BE THAT THE PRACTISE OF FREQUENT COMMUNIONS PRODUCES A STRONGER FAITH, A DEEPER DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND GREATER LOVE AND RESPECT FOR GOD; THAT IT RESULTS IN AN INCREASE IN MANLY VIRTUES, GREATER ABILITY TO RESIST TEMPTATION AND A CONSEQUENT DECREASE IN HABITUAL VICES; THAT IT IS INSPIRING OF HOPE AND CONFIDENCE; THAT IT ENABLES MEN TO LEAD BRIGHT, CLEAN, FEARLESS LIVES; THAT IT IS A PEERLESS SOURCE OF PERPETUAL HAPPINESS. THE STATEMENTS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOKLET ARE A DIRECT REFUTATION FOR ALL OBJECTIONS TO THE PRACTISE OF FREQUENT COMMUNION AND IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT THEY MAY LEAD OTHERS TO MAKE ENQUIRY INTO THE BENEFICIAL

of the University. Recently the Prefect of Religion distributed a questionnaire which asked, among other things, for a statement of opinion regarding the personal benefits which might be attributed to the practise. The response to this question was so edifying that a pamphlet made up of the beautiful tributes selected from more than three hundred statements of personal experiences has been edited and placed in the chapel book-rack. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the practise of frequent communions produces a stronger faith, a deeper devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and greater love and respect for God; that it results in an increase in manly virtues, greater ability to resist temptation and a consequent decrease in habitual vices; that it is inspiring of hope and confidence; that it enables men to lead bright, clean, fearless lives; that it is a peerless source of perpetual happiness. The statements contained in this booklet are a direct refutation for all objections to the practise of frequent communion and it is to be hoped that they may lead others to make enquiry into the beneficial

results of the habit through the medium of personal experience.—J. T.

The State Department announces officially that examinations for entrance into the Diplomatic and Consular Services of the United States will be held at Washington, D. C., in June and July next. Specifically, the diplomatic examination will endeavor to secure men competent to act as Third Secretaries; the consular examination, to obtain men eligible for the positions of Consul, Vice Consul of Career, Consular Assistant and Student Interpreter. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C. It is obvious that the service rendered by men in these offices is of great importance to the government; particularly in South America, where there has existed considerable friction, the opportunity to do patriotic work is practically unlimited. Nevertheless, the State Department is forced to admit that the pay in these services is woefully inadequate. As a matter of fact, no secretary could live on the money given him as a salary. Surely it is time that something were done to remedy this situation: it is virtually impossible for a man of limited means to engage in one of the most fascinating and important of patriotic careers.—J. E. M.

The account of Stoddard which appears in this week's SCHOLASTIC is frankly an undergraduate's essay: the writer did not know the man, he is willing to admit that his own poor style is unworthy to serve the master whom he nevertheless adores. But in *America* for May 7, there is a note on Stoddard by Dr. O'Malley, himself at one time professor of English at Notre Dame. One reads with some surprise the following remarks:

"I met him once at the Catholic University, about twenty-six years ago—a shy, gentle, melancholy member of the *genus irritabile vatum*, and all I remember of the short conversation is his whimsical sentence at his first greeting, "Doctor—a doctor—canst minister to a mind diseased?" He had been a professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University, where I succeeded him inadequately. . . . and the tradition of him there was vague. It

had mostly to do with his emotional eccentricity . . . College faculties, the incarnation of the conventional, wrinkled the superior brow when he passed them unheeding; and when he left the rough roads forever they said, "Poor Stoddard!" and forget him not without relief.

For the sake of improving a paragraph more rhetorical than exact we should like to suggest to Dr. O'Malley that Stoddard may not have been in the habit of unburdening his soul to learned physicians of the body; but that there was (and is) at Notre Dame a kindly little old man before whom he uncovered without hesitation. This priest's name may be found in two volumes of Stoddard's work published here, two volumes not altogether so "vague" as Dr. O'Malley would like to have us believe. If there is any place in the world where Stoddard's name has been kept alive it is at Notre Dame, where there are more letters and mementos of him than one could examine in a day, and where "the incarnation of the conventional" has not disdained to repeat his sallies or to speak of his books. And, to our certain knowledge no "superior brow" around here is sufficiently "wrinkled" to assert with Dr. O'Malley: "Stoddard is constantly jumping through temptation as a small boy jumps through a bonfire."—E. W. M.

The Sears Roebuck Catalogue has a good chance of becoming more popular now that Mr. Burlinson has ceased to guide the destinies of our mail. This book, THE SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOGUE which is a profusely illustrated text, contains everything one could ask for, and has the price quotations by the author. It is especially popular among farmer's wives, as they enjoy "shopping by the fireside." A half hour of it gives one the sensation of attending a huge bargain sale, at which you see all, but buy nothing. You are then ready to retire as the effects have completely overcome you.

A special section of pink sheets pictures a few of the very rare bargains, and contains the index. It is not necessary for a housewife to roam through the catalogue from the Egyptian mummies to bottle nipples in order to find out what is the latest in sheet music. The pale pink sheets are a timesaver for the reader.

Its sequel appears annually, and the old volume is not discarded but used for pressing four leaved clovers, the last curls of Willis's hair, and a piece of Jane's first hair ribbon. It is, in this respect, the family bible, where dates of births, marriages, and other family affairs are catalogued. The Sears Roebuck Catalogue is a veritable department store concealed in less than two thousand pages. A copy should be used as a door stop, or be in the attic of every home.—L. Q. W.

DEBATES

The debating teams closed the season on Friday evening, May 6th, by winning a dual debate with the University of Detroit. The affirmative team debated in Washington Hall, while the negative team journeyed to Detroit where they appeared at the Board of Commerce auditorium. The decision at Notre Dame was unanimous; at Detroit the vote of the judges was two to one. In winning these two debates, the teams concluded the year with only one adverse decision. Their record adds further to the lustre of the school's debating history; in which there are now listed thirty-six victories out of forty debates.

Vincent Engels, Raymond Gallagher and Joseph Rhomberg upheld the affirmative side of the question of government ownership of the coal mines, in the debate in Washington Hall. Norman Pohl, Edward Kennedy and John Monaghan represented Detroit. The Notre Dame brief was far superior to the one presented by the negative team; the delivery was smoother and more polished. The exchange of argument throughout the debate was sufficient to keep the audience highly interested. There was no time, however, when the local team was surpassed by its opponents. Bishop John Hazen White of South Bend, Mr. Everett Lee Millard of Chicago and Professor R. Phillips of Purdue University were the judges.

The work of the negative team, James Hogan, Frank Cavanaugh, and Leo Ward, at Detroit won high praise from the audience of more than one thousand persons who crowded the Board of Commerce auditorium. The Detroit debaters, Philip Neudeck, George O'Brien and Kenneth Cassidy demonstrated that they were experienced and effective speakers, but their constructive arguments were inferior to Notre Dame's. The negative

team was at its best, notably in rebuttal. The judges were Attorney Travis Flint of Detroit, Professor Wells of Michigan State Normal College and Principal Emmett Dohany of Joyce Junior High, Detroit.

Members of the negative team who debated at Detroit are high in praise of the hospitality they received on their visit to the Auto City. Notre Dame alumni assisted in entertaining them, including Cassius McDonald, Ray Kelly and Ernest Lajoie. Mr. Lajoie was a member of the debating team which defeated Detroit University in debate six years ago.

Word has been received from Father Eugene Burke, president of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, that both the affirmative and negative teams of Columbia won their debates with Mt. Angel College on the question of compulsory arbitration in essential industries. The teams were directed by John Lemmer, former Notre Dame debater, and member of the class of '16.

The Indiana Intercollegiate Debating League was reorganized for next year at a meeting of representatives from the universities and colleges in the state, at Indianapolis, April 30th. Rev. William A. Bolger, C. S. C., represented Notre Dame. Arrangements were made for two series of debates next year among members of the league.

In the first series, to be held the first Friday in March, Notre Dame, Wabash and Valparaiso will form one of the triangles. The Notre Dame negative team will debate Wabash at Wabash, while the affirmative team will meet Valparaiso in Washington Hall. The second series in which Notre Dame will be interested will consist of debates with Indiana Central and Indiana State University. The question for debate has not been chosen.

A debate with Ohio State will be on next year's schedule. It is probable that Detroit will be given a place again. The Michigan school has long been a debating rival of Notre Dame and its teams have always furnished lively contests.—MOLZ.

MEN YOU REMEMBER.

—Jim Dower, '20, writes in an optimistic letter from Chimborazo that the Peruvian goulash cannot be beaten. He mentions incidentally that his work is coming along splendidly.

—Art Weinrich, '19, general manager of the Constantin Refinery, Tulsa, Okla., dropped around last week to review the place.

—Laurens Cook, *Juggler* editor last year, is now sales manager of the Decatur Iron Works, Decatur, Illinois. He plans to spend a week at Notre Dame soon.

—Paul Martin, whose last year here was 1910, and who is now a member of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* editorial staff, looked over the campus last week.

—James Higdon, whose name was called at the 1917 graduation exercises, was ordained at St. Meinrad's Seminary, St. Meinrad, Ind., on May 17.

—Fernando de Romaña, who was obliged to discontinue his work here last November because of ill health, is now a student in the National School of Engineering, Lima, Peru.

—The remarkable demand for summer-school bulletins indicates that Sisters and others who came here in former years will return with their friends.

—Allerton Dee, a lifer of six winters, 1909-1915, is representing the Wm. E. Dee Company, and the Harvey Motor Truck Company of Chicago. He spent a few days last week in the shade of Sorin renewing old acquaintances.

—From Fergus Falls, Minnesota, we have received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Alta Marian Isaacson to Mr. Paul A. Grinager on May 7, 1921. Best wishes, old Wingfoot!

—Bill Wenzel, E. E., '20, who is connected with the General Electric Company of Fort Wayne, and Joe Cole of Indianapolis, student in '17-'18-'19, were also recent visitors on the campus.

—John Campbell, preparatory student of a few years back, is now studying at Herne-Bay College, Kent, England. Campbell was known at Notre Dame as the best dash man on the Prep track team. He was also a fast infielder on the baseball nine. In a letter to a pal, he suggests that Notre Dame varsity

could take on any baseball outfit in England. Such a meeting between the "Fighting Irish" and an English squad would be gratifying but if it could be arranged for football, the results would elicit greater enthusiasm and otherwise.

—We regret to learn that Rev. George Sinnott, Assistant Rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, New York City, died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital recently. Father Sinnott had been a student in Carroll Hall during the years '98 and '99. *R. I. P.*

—Menefee Clemens, who graduated from the short course in mechanical engineering, was married to Miss Charlotte Miller in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Thursday, May 12, 1921. Congratulations!

—Ed Kramer, '20, drops a line to the fellows occasionally. He is now connected with the research laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester.

—Patrick Maguire, who took away an "A. M." from here last year, is at St. Thomas' Seminary, Denver, Colorado. He reports everything O. K. and especially mentions his success in the Demosthenian art.

—The Twentieth Anniversary of the Institution of "The Printers' and Night-Workers' Mass" was celebrated May 8, 1921, in St. Andrew's Church, New York. Monsignor Evers, noted alumnus of Notre Dame, read the Mass at 2:30 A. M.; Rt. Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL. D., '20, delivered the sermon of the occasion.

—Stanley Cofall, LL. B., '17, football hero, in a recent letter to Father Wenninger, writes very enthusiastically concerning his connection with the International Higher Culture Films, Inc. This firm has secured the rights to screen the works of Gene Stratton Porter, Indiana's noted author.

—George Sands, LL. B., 1910, varsity debater in his day, and at present one of South Bend's leading lawyers, recently spoke before the Law Club of the University. In a talk straight from the shoulder George gave the budding barristers many of the invaluable tips which are usually learned from the hard knocks of experience.

—A column in the Catholic papers headed, "Introducing Our Correspondents," gives a

very interesting history of Elmer Murphy, Litt. B., 1900. Murphy, who has been the Washington correspondent for a score of newspapers published abroad, now devotes his time entirely to the *Kokusat* of Tokio and the N. C. W. C. News Service. In addition to his newspaper work, he has written, "The Development of the English Drama," which is recognized as a critical analysis of permanent value.

—Harry Miller, of the Grasselli Chemical Co., Cleveland, with his brothers, Walter, who graduated last year, and Ray, celebrated his first wedding anniversary May 3. Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., and Rev. Michael Moriarty, of the Cathedral of the Latin School, Cleveland, were guests.

—Francis Farrington, who got a journalism degree in 1920, writes from Peru, where he is assisting in a reform of the educational system of that country, that there are great opportunities for Notre Dame men there, especially for journalists.

—Charles Grimes, who was high man of the graduating journalists last year, aims for success with other means than the pen, for he has bought a suburban farm of fifteen acres on which is a little cottage for himself and wife. Charles will attend to the fruit, the chickens, the potatoes, the corn, the beans, and the onions, when not busy hammering Underwood keys in the offices of the *Providence Journal*.

—Stuart H. Carroll, Journalist, '17, formerly in charge of Notre Dame publicity, is now with the Grand Rapids Press. Until recently Stuart edited the *Mishawaka Enterprise*. It was his intention to convert the sheet into a daily, but lacking sufficient support from Mishawaka business interests the project was given up. During the war, Carroll served as editor of the *Stars and Stripes*, and was connected with the *Home Sector* until last Summer.

—Bernard McGarry, who became a graduate architect in 1919, is now in the office of the city architect of Cleveland. McGarry received honorable mention in the recent competition of the Beaux Arts Society of New York. Columbus Conboy, architect of the 1918 class, is in the same offices with McGarry, the city architectural offices at Cleveland. They are at work on a new civic building for Cleveland, that will seat 15000 in its auditorium. Bernard

McGarry has charge of its decorative design. Still another architect, Harold Munger, who spent his last year here in 1915, is with the city architect, of Toledo, Ohio.

—On April 14, 1921, one of the oldest and most respected of Notre Dame alumni, Hon. Thomas F. O'Mahoney, A. B., '71, A. M., '73, died at his home in Leadville, Colorado. The life of Judge O'Mahoney was one of success from every viewpoint. Teacher, politician, lawyer, judge, philanthropist, he stood out in his community, a leader, a true Notre Dame man. The Leadville *Herald Democrat* writes: "Judge O'Mahoney was a man of strong convictions, and when necessary he could express them with eloquence and vigor on the rostrum or in the group of debate. He had a stern and uncompromising sense of duty, and to that standard he sought to square his life and his deeds.

"His record of political successes which came to him unsolicited, was largely due to the confidence that he inspired as a man of high principle and rugged honesty.

"Those who enjoyed his confidence grew much attached to him as a man and a friend. He was a delightful conversationalist, a man of wide and varied reading, deeply versed in the classics and with that wide outlook on life which is the mark of the cultivated mind. During the most active periods of his career before the infirmities of age made themselves felt, he took an active part in many local movements, especially of an educational character, and having worked himself at manual toil his sympathies were with those who struggled."

—FLANNERY-HUGUENARD.

UNDER THE DOME.

—Men of unusual prominence will speak before the Chamber of Commerce next month. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, has promised Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., dean of the college of commerce, that he will lecture in Washington Hall about the first of June, and F. S. Peabody, a big man in Chicago, will lecture on June 2.

—George O'Brien, editor-in-chief of the *Juggler*, was serious Tuesday night, and talked before the Students' Activities Committee on

advertising. His connection with the *Juggler* had taught him many of the details of advertising, and what is of value to the S. A. C. Hereafter college men soliciting advertising for school pamphlets, programs, publications, must obtain an authorization slip.

—Making Varnish, will be the subject of a talk by Mr. W. J. McGrath of the South Bend Varnish Co., to the Notre Dame Chemist Club on next Monday evening at eight o'clock in Chemistry Hall. Pres. Bailey urges that all science men attend this lecture.

—Is sorrow something that is or is it something that isn't? This difficulty was cleared up for the members of the St. Thomas Philosophical Society, which assembled in the library last Tuesday evening to hear Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., read his very interesting essay on the "Psychology of Sorrow."

—The Journalists are to hold a banquet within the next two weeks in the Kable dining room. Mr. J. P. McEvoy, a noted journalist and a former *News-Times* reporter will be the principal speaker of the evening, with Pio Montenegro following a close second.

—At a meeting of the Junior Class, May 6, Walter Matthes was elected art editor of the 1922 *Dome*. This position was left vacant by the resignation of George Fisher who withdrew because he would be unable, on account of crowded class hours next year, to give his best efforts to *Dome* duties.

—The Irish situation on the campus is still acute, although the American Association has recorded gains on many fronts. Father Walsh gave a speech Tuesday night in Brownson Hall, and Fr. Crumley addressed the men in Carroll Hall. It is estimated that at present approximately 98.7 percent of the student body is in favor of recognition of the Irish Republic. That is the largest majority ever on record as favoring anything at Notre Dame.

—Since the Brownson Hall machine crushed all opposition at the last sophomore class elections, politicians of the class of '23 have been fixing their fences. Friday, the nominations for junior class officers were made. Nominations included white hopes from every hall on the campus, except Badin and Science. Up to the last minute the hat of Pio Montenegro, rector of Science hall, had been in the ring, but a coalition of party managers suc-

ceeded in forcing him to withdraw. It had been the intention of bosses to run the team of Montenegro and Wallace, drawing the support of suburban campus residents, but a split in the program occurred at the last moment. Wallace and Montenegro are now at loggerheads and are boycotting each other politically. The Montenegro-Wallace combination hoped to get into office on the R. O. T. C. vote which in all probability will swing the junior election.

—This week's *Literary Digest* devotes a large section to the consideration of various ways in which young people are misbehaving. Some wisdom on the subject of dancing, contributed to these columns by M. J. Tierney, appears therein enshrined. Those who know, report a curious difference between the author's theory and practise. People never will realize that they have no business investigating a writer's private life.

—Authorship is all the rage at Notre Dame. Fr. John O'Hara, C. S. C., and Father William Cunningham, C. S. C., have appeared in print recently in connection with their favorite topics. Fr. O'Hara's article may be found in the *May Catholic World*; Fr. Cunningham's, in *America* for May 7th.

—It may be interesting to recall that Ray Humphreys, whose cartoons illuminate this issue of the *Juggler* was the famous artist of the '15 and '16 *Domes*. His method was at the time an innovation in Notre Dame annual-making and has not yet been excelled.

—Those queer noises coming from hidden places in these days of spring are not Buck-leyesque ghosts or even bull-frogs, but the refrain of oratory issuing from the mouths of various young Ciceros who are going to try out for class contests, bachelor contests and so forth. We solemnly affirm that none of it is traceable to the Valedictorian, whose voice is still too busy trying to be 'sweet, gentle and low.'

—The appearance of an unidentified scouting plane over the campus in the last week has been the center of attraction for local stargazers who prolong their activities through the day. For almost three times the price of a year's subscription to the SCHOLASTIC collegians are enabled to get a bird's-eye view of the Campus. The SCHOLASTIC offers a

slant-eyed view of the campus, in weekly instalments, while the altitude of intellect surpasses any record set by aviation.

In order to effectively prevent the administration of any such punishment, a committee on arrangements has provided for games of baseball and pinochle, boxing and wrestling. A gladiatorial combat will be staged between two eminent members of the sophomore class, E. Richard Lightfoot handling the net and trident, and J. Franklyn Wallace brandishing the cutlass. And then—a wagonload of eats will appear to dissipate hunger, and stimulate a mighty desire for a prolonged sleep. Thus the assembly will automatically dissolve without the usual pangs of parting. 'Snuff.

—On May 16, 100 budding journalists will literally snap their fingers, to use a journalistic phrase, at studies and students, and hie themselves off for a secluded nook along the bluffs of the St. Joe. There they will assemble in a half-circle, while City Editor Cooney reads to them the ancient orders, and speaks to them of the old traditions, which are only mentioned once every year on the picnic day. For, as you may not have surmised as yet, the subject of this ramble is the annual Journalist's picnic, of which Dean Cooney is the foremost instigator. The estimable College Fathers have decreed that all students of the newspaper course are to be excused from their classes on the 16th day of May, that said students are to take advantage of this opportunity by staging a picnic or a bull fight, and that any one who fails to have a good time will be suspended for a period not less than thirty days on a rubber rope with his toes in the air and his head in a bottle of ink.

—After nominating candidates for class offices for next year on last Tuesday, the Juniors met Friday at twelve-thirty and elected Joseph Rhomberg, of Dubuque, Iowa, President; Harold Weber of South Bend, vice-President; Tom Keefe of Kentland, Ind., secretary, and Ralph Coryn, of Moline, Ill., treasurer.

—She stood upon a parlor chair
And looked straight down at me,
Her velvet lips of rosy red
Were beautiful to see.
She said she never had been kissed
I didn't quite believe her,
And as I looked way up at her
I had the old spring fever.—MCKEE-MURPHY.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS

A DUAL THAT WAS A DUEL

The dual meet between Illinois and Notre Dame on Cartier field May 7 was one of those rare sporting events which pleased every part of the great crowd which attended it. It was like a pretty girl under a shade tree on a hot day—and a cool drink of foamy grape juice at a ball game. It was soothing to the eye and left a good taste.

Illinois won, 73 1-2 to 52 1-2; but being the greatest collection of track men in the country today, it was expected to win. The point of the Notre Dame delight is that Illinois won by a smaller score than was anticipated; and in the completion of the day's work we find a great amount of satisfaction. Every Notre Dame man did all that was expected—and some did more. And in losing to the wonderfully balanced combination of Illinois, despite the fact that they scored but four of a possible 36 points in the distance runs, Notre Dame hung on doggedly all the way. At the conclusion of the seventh event we led the way 34 1-2 to 28 1-2; at the end of the 12th Illinois was out in front with a 57 1-2 to a 50 1-2 count. The two final numbers on the card, the broad jump and 880 yard dash, gave Illinois the first four places and the 21 point lead.

The relay, in which Notre Dame was a favorite, was cancelled at the request of Illinois. Five points in this event would have cut the Illini lead to 16 points.

Three track records fell. Chet Wynne smashed the first when he limbed the 120 yard high hurdles in 15.2, lowering the previous record of 15.3 made by Shideler of Purdue in 1904. Dewey Alberts, of Illinois, set a new high jump mark of 6 feet 4 inches, fracturing Johnny Murphy's level of last year. Brede, Illini, who narrowly missed a first place in the javelin throw at the Penn Relays, marked off a new javelin record of 181 feet 4 inches, cracking the record of Angier of the I A C last May.

The balance of the Illini team is demonstrated by the fact that three Notre Dame men were high point getters of the meet and a fourth local star tied the highest of the Illini. Gus Desch topped the pack with 11 points. Bill

Hayes followed with 10, Eddie Hogan, the only man in the meet who scored in three events, followed with 9. Chet Wynne tied Alberts, Osborne and Weiss of Illinois with eight, Shaw followed with six and several men were bunched around the five spot.

In addition to the three records which fell, Buck Shaw approached the shot put record of 44 feet 11 inches made by Philbrook in 1911, by uncorking a mighty heave of 44 ft 7 1-2 inches. The duel between Alberts and Johnny Murphy in the high jump was swiftly sensational; and Johnny lost to the Illini crack by a narrow margin after showing a game fight. The pair will meet for the fourth time during the year at the Western Intercollegiates on June 4 at Chicago.

Captain Cy Kasper enlivened the meet with two finishes in the 440 and 880 yard dashes which brought forth the shouts of an admiring crowd. Cy challenged the Illini cracks in both events; and though he won neither, his lone battles with some of the crack middle distance men of the country demonstrated the captain's fitness to lead any team of fighting Notre Dame men into action. Kasper took second in the quarter, losing by inches to Sweet after passing Donahue, the favorite. In the 880 he lost in the last few yards after coming from behind and tearing down the stretch in a triple tie.

THE DETAILS.

Score: Illinois 73½	Notre Dame 52½
100 yard dash	
1. Hayes, ND. 2. Desch, ND. 3. Priescott, Ill.;	
Time 10 flat.	
220 yard dash	
1. Hayes, ND. 2. Desch, ND. 3. Fields, Ill.;	
Time 23 1-5.	
120 yard high hurdles	
1. Wynne, ND. 2. S. H. Wallace, Ill. 3. H. S. Wallace, Ill.;	Time, 15 2-5 (Track record).
220 yard low hurdles	
1. Desch, ND. 2. Wynne, ND. 3. Prescott, Ill.;	Time 25.1
440 yard run	
1. Sweet, Ill. 2. Kasper, ND. 3. Donahoe, Ill.;	Time, 51 3-5.
880 yard run	
1. Yates, Ill. 2. Brown, Ill. 3. Kasper, ND.;	Time, 2 m 13 5 sec.
Mile run	
1. Patterson; Time, 4.41	
McGinnis, Wells, all of Illinois, tied for first.	

Two mile run

1. Naughton, Wharton, Dusenberry and Allman, all of Illinois, tied for first place. Time 10m 31-5 sec.

High Jump

1. Alberts, Ill. 2. Murphy, ND. 3. Osborne, Ill.; Height 6 ft. 4 in. new track record.

Pole Vault

1. Hogan, ND. 2. Collins, Ill. 3. Chandler, Ill., Shanahan, ND.; Height 11 ft. 6 in.

Broad Jump

1. Osborne, Ill. 2. Alberts, Ill. 3. Hogan, ND.; Distance 20 ft 8 in.

Shot put

1. Shaw, ND. 2. Weiss, Ill. 3. Cannon, Ill.; -Distance 44 ft. 7½ in.

Discus Throw

1. Weiss, Ill. 2. Carlson, Ill. 3. Shaw, ND.; Distance 130 ft. 6 in.

Javelin Throw

1. Brode, Ill. 2. Hogan, ND. 3. Oberst, ND.; Distance 181 ft. 4 in. (Track record).

CORNFEDS AND KANKAKEE

I.

The second Western trip of the year was an even break for the baseballers. Iowa was defeated 4-2 and we lost to St. Viator's 7-0. Falvey started the Iowa contest May 6, but began to exhibit traces of wildness in the second frame, and Johnny Mohardt came in from center field and pitched the remaining seven innings in fine fashion. Notre Dame scored three in the first when Kane reached first on an error, Miles tripled, Mohardt doubled and scored on an error. The Iowans tallied in the first and both teams scored in the fourth, after which the bank closed for the day.

Notre Dame	300	100	000	—4	7	0
Iowa	100	100	000	—2	6	3

Falvey, Mohardt and Blievernicht; Coltmers, Fisher and Stecher.

II.

On the next day after the Iowa game, Saturday, May 7, the baseballers ran afoul of a crew of Irish who disport baseballically for St. Viators' in the municipality of Kankakee. (Illinois, not Hawaii.) Mr. Sweeney held Notre Dame scoreless for the full length, while Mr. Clancy, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Bushnell, et al, perpetrated various indignities upon

our Mr. Castner, chief of which were home runs with one and three men on the sacks. Paul called it a day in the seventh and Chuck Foley tamed the rampant Saints for the last two innings.

Notre Dame	000	000	000	—0	6	2
St. Viators	001	004	20x	—7	10	1

Castner, Foley, Blievernicht; Sweeney and Dolan.

III.

Frank Miles broke up an exhibition game with a picked nine representing the Eagles' lodge of South Bend on Tuesday, May 10, when he scored Barry from second base in the last of the ninth with a screaming bingle to right. Previous to this time the game had been evenly fought with Notre Dame having the edge in everything but scores. Foley pitched a nice game and Miles had a field day at the plate.

Notre Dame	000	001	201	—4
Eagle's.	001	000	020	—3

IV.

The ball club is playing Northwestern on Cartier field today, May 14, and will travel to Ann Arbor to repay Michigan with interest on next Thursday.

THE INTERHALLERS

I.

Walsh Hall went into the lead in the Inter-hall race at Notre Dame following the results of three exciting contests played on Thursday May 5. Walsh won from Brownson, Carroll nicked Sorin, and Off-Campus scored its first victory, of the year against Badin.

Carroll won a six inning contest from Sorin in the morning by the work of Sheehan. In addition to pitching an excellent game, the all-round youth from Chicago socked a Babe Ruth in the first inning and practically won his game. Sheehan and Susan each struck out 9 men.

Clever twirling by McGivney, who struck out 14 men, was responsible for Walsh's 12-8 defeat of Brownson in the afternoon. After receiving a badly spiked hand in the first frame, the Walshite pitched nine innings of superb baseball and starred at the bat. Jimmy Egan poled out the longest home run of the season on Cartier field. Gaffney, Cabazas and Cahill hit well for Walsh.

Eleven innings were necessary to decide the Badin-Off Campus tussle which the town residents finally copped when the Badin defense blew up. Red Murphy was the clout star of the contest, hitting a homer and two doubles.

Scores:

Sorin	230	000—5	5	1
Carroll	530	100—9	8	3
Susen and Keeny; Sheehan and Rigley.				
Badin	100	004 120 00—8	11	5
Off-Campus	031	020 020 01—9	7	6
Seyfrit and Hurley; Dunn and Barline.				
Walsh	020	320 221—12	15	8
Brownson	220	020 002—8	9	4
McGivney and Walk; Sammon, Burns and Daly.				

II.

In the three interhall contests of May 1st, Badin took a 7-4 victory over Corby by falling heavily on Ratchford in the last two innings while Seyfrit held the Corbyites to four blows. Brownson slugged four Off-Campus hurlers off the mound in a 10-5 tilt. Burns pitched a steady game for Brownson. The Walsh-Sorin game ended in a 1-1 tie when the final decision of Umpire Sjoberg disqualified the seventh half-inning in which Walsh went ahead. The game, according to agreement, was to have been called at 11:40 A. M., and the Sorins claim that the deciding score was made after that time was allowed.

III.

The fourth series in the Interhall league which was played Sunday May 8, developed a plenitude of solid hitting. Off-Campus won its second game of the season by slamming a 20-10 victory over Sorin, Brownson forged into second place with a 4-0 win over Corby and Badin took a 9-6 struggle from Carroll.

Sheehan of Carroll, drove another spike in his Babe Ruth record by cracking his second home run in as many games. Burns and Ratsford engaged in a pretty pitching duel in the Brownson-Corby contest, Burns striking out 11 men and Ratsford seven batters in the seven innings of the contest. Seyfrit fanned 14 Carroll batters and Hart turned in a nice twirling game for Carroll.

Joe Heiman's Orioles, the tramp team of the campus, used eight men and a tree in an exhibition game with the Junior Seminary. O'Riordan of the Orioles, played center field in mocassins and Cocky Cochrane, continued

his excellent backstop work. The Orioles travel light, borrowed bats, balls and gloves from the Seminary nine and showed egregious ingratitude by breaking two of the Seminary sticks which were so kindly loaned. A youth in short trousers, surnamed Andy, turned the charging Orioles back with a 11-8 score.

Carroll	203	000 100—6	3	3
Badin	210	000 24x—9	6	5
Hart and O'Connel; Seyfrit and Hurley.				
Sorin	431	101 000—10	11	7
Off-Campus	250	145 300—20	14	3
Susen, Degree and Anderson; Sweeney and Barline.				
Brownson	002	002 0—4	6	4
Corby	000	000 0—0	4	4
Burns and Henagham; Ratsford and Lieb.				

TENNIS

The informal tennis team opened its season by a clean-cut victory over the Elkhart Tennis Club on the McNaughton courts at Elkhart Sunday afternoon, May 8. The local net men cut and drove their way through to four of five single set matches in the singles and two of three two-set matches in the doubles. Lansche was the big star for Elkhart while the N. D. quintet, playing outdoors and on an asphalt court for the first time during the year, were bunched at the finish with no particular star outstanding.

Summaries:

Singles.

Walsh ND.	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	—6
Barnhardt, E	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1
Pfeiffer, ND.	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	—6
Lansche, E	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	—2
Wegman, ND.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	—6
Sorenson, E	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Hanrahan, ND.	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	—5
Griffith, E.	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	—7
McCarthy, ND.	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	—7
Wagner, E	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	—5

Doubles.

Wegman-Hanrahan, ND.	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	—2
Lansche-Griffiths, E.	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	—6
Wegman-Hanrahan, ND.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—3
Lansche-Griffiths, E.	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	—6
Pfeiffer-McCarthy, ND.	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	—6
Wagner-Sorenson, E.	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	—2
Pfeiffer-McCarthy, ND.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	—6
Wagner-Sorenson, E.	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	—3
Wegman-Pfeiffer, ND.	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	—6
Lansche-Griffith, E.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—3

Second game called darkness.

—WALLACE.