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THE DREAMER

LIFT the shield of the weary dreamer—
Dreamers we all—but this one is more,
Who hailed the night though its stars were sunken
And the blue of day when day was hoar.
Still in the hearts of us, soldier he stands,
Spearsman who fingered the tunes we try;
Still our hands feel the warmth of his hands
Though the road he keeps is mountain-high.

Hark you lad, the springtime is waiting,
Games are adoing, the days are athrill
With laughter, hope, and the wonder of mating
With the stars that crown the tallest hill.
Notre Dame many a warrior nourished—
Their wars' goal is her golden dome;
Forget that the trumpets are still that flourished
Remember the fight and the fighter's home.

Never. Spears have opened the gateways:
Comrades of mine are the stars you sight,
Veterans of battle that heaven has wagered
With legions that mock the reckless right.

Soldier of the tired and merciful eyes,
Lord whose brow is a throne of thorns,
We beg Thee, brother our wandering brother
Who took from the world what the world scorns;
Gave it his heart when its wish was muddy
And laughed at the frenzy it names fear,
Fond of the sword though its blade was bloody.
Do Thou carry him kindly to his cheer.

MEMORIAL DAY

The season of green robed trees, and violets and blue waters has slipped around again. And we are celebrating Memorial Day in the ancient fashion, by bringing the freshest of blooms and the finest of tributes to the graves of our Soldier dead. They lived for our fathers, for us, and for our heirs. Our fathers honored them, we honor them, and one hundred years from now a new generation shall honor them—always with the freshest of blooms—the finest of tributes. How else could we honor them than with eternal things—flowers and love?

Last night from the shore of our lake, I watched an orange veiled sun sink behind the turrets of St. Mary's. But Nature was indifferent to its setting, and as it dropped, there was no coloring of the western sky—no cloud was receptive of its tints. But later, white stars came out, and twinkled, and a great silver moon rose in the East, glimmering in the reflected glory of that sunken sun. Now in just that way, a million soldiers slip into oblivion. Their passing is unnoticed. But years, years after, their deeds reflect upon the nation for which they died, a silver glory which no man does not see.

"Tho it may be, above the plot
That hides your once imperial clay,
No greener than other men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;
Tho there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird—tho you remain
Without distinction of decay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain."

Walt Mason has a kindly prose-poem on "the little green teyts where the soldiers sleep"; and looking down upon which stand "the weary few who were young and stalwart in '62 when they went to the war away." The universal sentiment echoed in these lines can not be termed sentimental. It is too close to the deepest things in the heart, it is too immemorial a memory, to be called anything but sincere. Soldiers of the last war, stalwart though they may be today, will finally dwindle also to a "weary few," but the glory of their memories will be no less definite, no whit less beautiful. The reward of warfare in the end is peace, universal, eternal but also haunting, peace.

A poet is the master work of God's intellect; a soldier—a fighting man, is the darling of His heart. And it is to all the soldiers who have ever lived, but especially to those Notre Dame men who bled for the Flag in three great combats, that we dedicate this little issue of the SCHOLASTIC.—V. E.

OUR DEAD.

As Decoration Day comes around again, the newer and, for our generation, deeper significance of the day lent by the late war, has paled somewhat. Families have ceased from outward grief for the irretrievable loss of loved ones. The memory of the horrors of war has become fainter in the minds of men. The bleakness and worry and doubt of the dark period have caused a reaction; the world is striving to excel its former gaiety. Only in the bereaved heart of a dear old mother or an ever-affectionate father does the war retain its vividness.

This desire to forget about the period that caused us so much pain and agony in its time is altogether natural. Time is the healer of all things. The soldier looks to the future; parents place their hopes with increased fervor on their remaining children; the public in general is taken up with events of the day. And yet, certain features of the war stand out with undiminishable brilliance: the heroism of mankind surely deserves to be remembered and constantly to be recalled, for there is no greater tribute payable to the human race than that of bravery. Of this, the war furnished unparalleled examples. When the call came, men forgot their own petty interests and threw themselves into the breach of shot and shell with whole-hearted devoton. And we of the University have especial cause always to remember and revere the heroism of the war, for the deeds of Notre Dame men form a glorious page in the Book of Valour. The University sent thirteen-hundred of her sons into the conflict; of these more than two score and seven gave their greatest gift to their flag and country.

The names of these men who caused us sadly yet proudly to decorate our service-flag with the star of gold, are as follows:

Alderman, D.—Died in the service.
Blum, Paul—Died in the Service.
Callery, Philip—Died.
Campbell, George—Killed, Argonne.
Clements, Gerald—Died.
Coker, Wallace—Died.
Colby, Lieut.—Died.
Connor, William—Died.
Desmond, James—Killed.
Egan, William—Killed.

Fitzgerald, Stephen—Died.
French, Jasper—Killed.
Funke, Arthur—Killed.
Goyer, Frank—Died.
Gayette, Edward—Killed (Canadian F.)
Hand, Gilbert—Died.
Hayes, Arthur—Died.
James, Al. S.—Killed.
Kinsella, Raymond—Killed.
Logue, Francis—Died.
Lisewski, Casimir—Died.
Laurence, Charles—Killed.
Murphy, Charles—Died.
Murphy, Jeremiah—Killed, Argonne.
McAdams, G. C.—Died.
McCausland, Harry—Killed.
McInerny, Arnold—Killed, Marne.
McKinnie, Gerald—Killed.
McPhee, Raymond—Killed.
Nowers, Paul—Died.
O'Boyle, Desmond—Killed (Canadian F.)
O'Laughlin, George—Killed.

McCann, William—Died.
O'Rourke, Frank—Died.
Parker, Eugene—Died.
Reeve, Charles—Killed.
Smith, Clovis—Killed (Cantigny)
Smith, Joseph—Died.
Stevens, Charles—Died.
Sullivan, Melville—Killed.
Twining, Simon—Died.
Truscott, Frederick—Died.
Veazy, Edward—Died.
Wilmes, Carl—Killed.
Wojtaliewcz, Peter—Died.
Ryan, George—Killed.

We believe that this record is still incomplete.

The name of every one of these men has added to the glory of our foster Mother. For that reason they are to be held in undying esteem. However they died—in training camp, on hospital cot, or in action—they were heroes, every one. The accounts of the deaths of some of them have most fortunately been preserved, and furnish us material for everlasting edification and emulation. As our beloved Father Cavanaugh says, they constitute Notre Dame's silver lining in the dark-clouded period just passed.

To show what sort of men Notre Dame had in the war, we may recall the stories of the deaths of a few of them. There was Arnold McInerney, with the good nature and kindliness of the giant as well as the bulk, the captain of the football team in his graduation year, and acclaimed by the fans as a heady and nervy player. He ran the usual gamut of the college man suddenly made over into a lieutenant. One day he set out at the head of five soldiers to capture a machine gun that was doing deadly work from a peculiarly favorable point of vantage. One after another the five men fell stark, though they advanced as cautiously as possible and under the best available cover; and "Big Mack" was alone when he reached the nest of the machine gun. No one ever learned in detail how he performed the miracle, but he did actually capture the gun, marching the four soldiers operating it before him with their hands held high as he made his way back to our lines. He thought he had completely disarmed them and probably relaxed his caution too much in consequence. One of the prisoners managed to get behind him and snatching a magazine revolver which he had concealed in his sleeve, he shot McInerney in the back, the bullet passing completely through the body. The wound was obviously fatal and most men would have considered the war over, so far as they were concerned. While staggering under the shock and indeed almost in the very act of falling, McInerney fired four shots in quick succession and the unfortunate men fell in their tracks. It is not perhaps a pretty story to tell, and one wishes that the prisoners might have arrived in safety within the American lines, but they had renewed the War by breaking faith with "Big Mack" and, as a feat of alertness and nerve, his deed is worthy of remembrance.

On the other hand, the story of Lieutenant Harry Kelly, who took the honors in the law school on his graduation a year before, is the record of an American boy who fared badly, but gave an inspiring example of courage in seemingly hopeless circumstances. Kelly and his men were surprised by a cleverly planned and courageously executed night attack by the Germans, involving the front and two flanks of the particular bit of trench in which they were located. It was in the dead of night and the men bounded out of their trench to grapple at close range with the foe. Kelly, in advance of his men, was seriously wounded and fell to the ground unconscious. When he recovered his senses he heard soldiers talking confusedly near him, and believing they were his own men, he made his whereabouts known. They proved to be Germans, however, and he was made prisoner.

An enemy soldier took hold of his right arm, another of his left, a third walked before him with bayonet drawn and two others, carrying gun and bayonet marched behind him. The darkness was impenetrable and the prisoner limped along with difficulty for he had been shot through the leg. It would seem that any thought of escape was out of question, but to the prisoner the prospect of capture and detention was less endurable than death. With a sudden swiping motion of the arm he released himself of the soldier on his right side and, at the same time, threw the soldier in front of him out of his path and jerked himself loose from the captor who held his left arm The darkness now was rather in his favor and he had stumbled along a distance of twelve paces, when one of the enemy soldiers threw

a hand grenade with faultless aim. There was a crash and a blinding flash and Kelly fell to the ground again unconscious. He afterwards learned that the miniature battle was renewed over his prostrate body, and his own soldiers succeeded in carrying him back to their trench. He will walk through the world henceforth with an artificial leg as a melancholy souvenir of a deed of decision and courage such as the world loves.

When the war broke out, George Campbell, our own, "Sergeant Campbell," was among the first to land on French soil. Promoted to the rank of captain, he led his troops with magnificent bravery. His citation in the past war was only one of the many he had received during his long and active military life. He died as he often said he would like to die—"leading his men into the fight."

Then there is the account of Charles Reeve's death, as told by a fellow officer to the bereaved father. "In an attack on October 4th the major commanding your son's battalion was killed. Lieut. Reeve immediately took command and carried forward with extraordinary skill and courage, handling the battalion so well that the colonel was quite content to leave it in his hands. . . .

"On the morning of October 6th, our attacking battalion met with such fierce resistance that we were forced to engage another battalion to carry the objective. I shall never forget how gloriously your son led his men into that inferno of bursting shells and whirring bullets. With such a leader they were irresistable.

"The last word he uttered was "Forward." You who know him so well can imagine how he looked when he said it, his face aflame, transfigured with the exaltation that surges in the hearts of men of high courage when they go into battle. . . ."

And in like manner with respect in our voices and reverence in our hearts we could go on telling indefinitely of the heroism of Notre Dame's dead. From the valiant unselfishness of Desmond O'Boyle who replaced a weaker comrade in a perilous attack and paid for his courage with his life, and the gallantry of Lt. George Ryan who led a desperate charge in one of the hottest fights of America's greatest battles, and Lt. Clovis Smith, mortally wounded at Cantigny, to the calm, equally as unselfish and brave death of Leslie Parker at the hands of pneumonia, can we go down the list, finding nothing but heroism and love and self-sacrifice.

The world little enough honors the memory of its dead heroes. Absorbing affairs come up—old vices break out anew—conditions return to normal. But the men on the battlefields of the late war are responsible for the conditions and comforts we now enjoy. Especially to the dead, who never on this earth realized the fruit of their sacrifices, is an everlasting reverence due. And we men of Notre Dame would be foremost in preserving this reverence. Besides the common goal of "making the world safe for democracy," our dead heroes brought honor and esteem to their school—our school—our Mother. And so, as Decoration Day comes around again, let us stay a while and meditate on this unselfish sacrifice; let us retire from the world's confusion and remember that the path to greatness lies not so much in worldly things, but in doing our duty—without thought of reward—"for the principle of the thing."

—Robert D. Shea.

THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL

Every American owes a big debt of gratitude to his country's soldiers. Since the war it has been possible in a limited manner to repay the living for the splendid services they performed during the recent war but it has been impossible, of course, for us to repay the men who made the supreme sacrifice. More than forty - six Notre Dame men were killed in action or died in the service. In order to show our respect and gratitude for them it is altogether fitting that some permanent memorial be erected or constructed here on the campus. Notre Dame men can in this way express their appreciation in a beautiful manner.

When the service men were discharged and once more assumed civilian pursuits, some going to schools to complete courses which had been interrupted by the war, others stepping into jobs and positions awaiting their return, the students of the University organized the Service Club which had for its primary object the erection of a suitable memorial in honor of the Notre Dame men who did not return to civilian occupations but gave up their lives in the glorious defense

of the cause. At first only those who were actually in one of the three branches of the Service, Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, were admitted as members of the club. Later, however, by unanimous vote it was decided to have the organization include members of the S. A. T. C. and kindred service units.

During the earlier stages of the club's development its activities consisted of holding social meetings and smokers for the purpose of electing officers and formulating ways by which funds necessary to carry out the project could be raised. Pursuant to the plans letters were sent out to Notre Dame men, their relatives and friends, acquainting them with our organization, its purpose and progress. An invitation to contribute towards the success of the cause was extended them to which the following response was made:

Mrs. B. Lawrence	$500.00
Mrs. Edward Ryan	250.00
Mr. W. P. McPhee	250.00
Mr. H. Fendrich	100.00
Mr. L. F. Sullivan	50.00
Mr. Lucius B. Andrus	50.00
Mr. J. Nowers	25.00
Mr. Thomas O'Neill	25.00
Mr. J. J. Hayes	25.00
Mr. Mark L. Duncan	10.00
Mr. William G. Grady	10.00
Mr. L. A. Murphy	10.00
Mr. William J. Moore	10.00
Mr. C. C. Mitchell	10.00
Mr. M. E. Truedell	5.00
Mr. D. C. Grant	5.00
Mr. Albert J. Freund	5.00
Mr. J. L. McPartlin	5.00
Mr. E. J. O'Boyle	5.00
Mr. Robert E. Proctor	5.00
Mr. William Cleary	5.00
Mr. A. H. Wallace	5.00
Mr. Timothy Galvin	5.00
Mr. C. C. Carroll	2.00
Mr. James Sanford	2.00
Mr. A. J. Smith	1.00

One of the plans under consideration was to secure funds from the Knights of Columbus with which to build a club house and recreation hall, dedicating the same to the service men. It was the belief of those fostering the project that the money could be obtained from the surplus of the K. C. war activity fund. The matter was brought to the attention of the Supreme Council which finally voted not to allow the request principally upon the grounds that the K. C. war fund represents contributions from the people of the country collectively; that no religious sect alone donated to it; because of this fact the Council did not feel justified in spending a portion of the fund for a purpose such as ours. Had this request been granted a twofold good would have resulted to the University: the service club's purpose would have been accomplished and a long felt want in the form of a suitable recreation building would have been filled.

The student body was active in raising funds for the memorial and during the short career of the service club a substantial amount of money was collected. The Glee Club gave a concert, a Notre Dame–St. Mary's dance was given, and a bazaar held all of which was a prolific source of revenue. The total fund now on hand approximates two thousand dollars.

A Chicago man has made a generous offer to supply a tablet—of any design decided upon by the service club,—such tablet being inscribed with the names of the men comprising the honor roll. It is, however, generally preferred that the memorial be put up in connection with Old Students' Hall when that edifice is finally built.

One of the designs submitted calls for the erection of a tablet between the library and Sorin Hall, the tablet resting upon a beautifully ornamented granite base. This design was submitted by C. J. Krajewski of Chicago. V. O'Connor and Prof. Kervick have also submitted drawings in the form of ornamental flag staffs or shafts which, some believe is the form the memorial will take.

As Notre Dame men we shall take great pride in dedicating a spot on the University campus to honor the memory of these brave men, a place that will ever remain dear to us and future Notre Dame men. We hope that this mark of respect may proclaim broadcast the unselfishness and nobleness of the men it commemorates and to some little extent the pride we take in dedicating it to men whom we have known as friends and schoolmates. It will be with a feeling of dependence and gratitude that people will view it, mixed in no small degree with hope and consolation that in times of national distress men of like character will not be wanting to uphold the right.—EDWARD B. DEGREE.

THE FAITH OF NOTRE DAME*

In its dedication to the Blessed Virgin, in its proud wearing of her name, this school of yours and mine, my dear young men, is committed not only to a singular reverence of Mary. True, Father Sorin lifted up Notre Dame like a golden chalice to the Mother of God. Concrete and practical was this consecration, yet an entire system of thought, a complete philosophy of life and death, shines behind the lights that circle our Lady's brow at Notre Dame. Mary is the crown and the glory of this University, but the foundations of this house are the rock which is Peter and the stone which the builders rejected became now the head of the corner, even Christ. In a word, we exist because of the Faith. On this ground we are students of a University as old as Christianity, and widespread as the Gospel itself.

Within the last year or so there was published a book which I believe many of you may have read. It was a story professing to be the autobiography of a young man during his student days at a well-known American university, not a Catholic University. The mother of this boy had been a Catholic, of sorts, but the young man himself was brought up without the Faith. The book has, perhaps, scant claim to be remembered. It has, however, this interest to our present purpose, that it embodies in the person of its principal character the most damaging indictment that modern so-called education has to my knowledge ever received. If education is preparation for complete living, and if the character presented by this book is at all typical of his generation, and if his college is typical, as I believe it to be, of its kind, then have these schools failed indeed. The young man in question went through his college years and faced the future with not one ideal, not one principle or even one habit standing between him and ultimate ruin. Now perhaps this is an extreme case: I do not think it is an extreme statement of the case under discussion. Further, not only did this book reveal how unprepared the young man was to meet temptation, but also it revealed how much temptation there is to be met by the young man in the world today. Of course, it is not set forth as temptation, that is a moralist's word; the novelist's word for it is experience, affairs, or just life. With these temptations it is not my purpose to deal. The world has always been wicked: the devil has never been a penitent, the flesh is a rebel since the days of Eden. There is no one of us who does not know this triple enemy. It attacks us now one way, now another. But it is against us always, up to the very bar of God's Judgment. Only the manner of its attack varies.

Coming back then to the young man in the book, the point I wish to bring out is this. At the very least, a Catholic school keeps clear the distinction between right and wrong. It may turn out men with bad habits: it can hardly turn out men who consider bad habits to be good habits. That is more than can be said for any other kind of education that I know of today. The trouble is at its very source, its philosophy, its ideas of right and wrong. The Ages of Faith saw great crimes committed, great wrongs done, but the Ages of Faith did not condone these evils or call them "experience," "wild oats," did not regard them as anything else than grave sins. Our catechism takes account of more sins than are even known to the average libertine, but our catechism knows no other name for them than sin. So that, I say, at the very least, the Catholic student, if he does wrong, has no excuse for thinking that he is doing right; and though he fall, it is better to fall with Adam than to stand with false gods. "If the light that is in thee be darkness: the darkness itself, how great shall it be." Now the light that is in us, students of this Catholic University, under the special patronage of Mary, is the light of the Faith, the true light of God.

And that, I take it, is the meaning of May devotions as it is the meaning of Notre Dame. We exist because of the Faith. Whatever you take away from here, the Faith is the one thing you must not leave behind. I stress this not particularly because I fear it is necessary to do so. Only a short time ago a Bishop told me that a distinguished Chaplain in the late war, discussing with him the Catholic graduates he had met in the service, made the statement, that of all the Catholic college men he had met in the service, the Notre Dame men reflected the most credit on the Faith. That heritage of tradition we must preserve today

*Sermon preached by the Very Reverend Father Provincial at the college May Devotions, May 18, 1921.

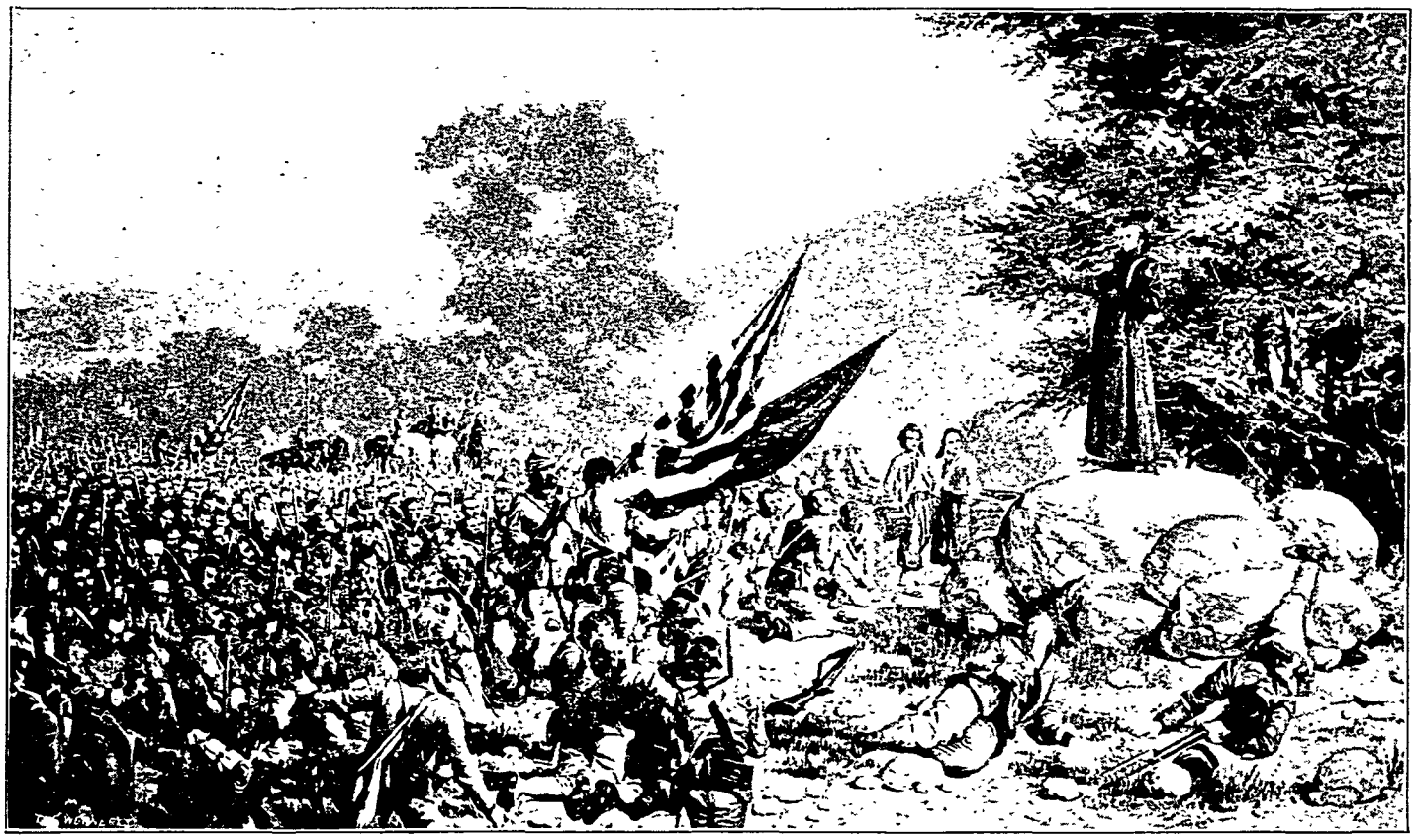
and pass on to the boys who in other May-times will be gathered where you are gathered tonight. Faith is in the very air we breathe. The supernatural is a part of our daily lives. You and I have seen almost miracles. Accordingly, there will not be the same judgment of us as of students who have not had our opportunities. If the young man in the book had seen what you and I have seen, perhaps he would have put us to shame by his loyalty to the Faith. "If," as Our Lord said to the unbelieving and wicked cities, "in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in you, they had long ago done penance in sackcloth and ashes."

To make concrete my meaning here, let me conclude by citing evidence of the supernatural, as it appears to me, that has come before our very eyes. Some three or four years ago, a young man came from a distant town to this school. He was not a Catholic boy, and it is one of those mysteries of Providence, which the world calls fate, that turned his steps to Notre Dame. He had already in his own way acquired a reputation, a reputation in athletics which would have made him welcome in any university in the United States. For three years or so he attended Notre Dame, until in his fourth year he was struck with a sickness which could only mean his death. I am not at this moment considering him either as a student or as a man. I am thinking of him simply in his popular aspect as the college athlete *par excellence*, but I am remembering, too, that the device he wore upon his breast symbolized Our Lady's name, I am remembering that it was the calling of her name in college cheers which nerved him to such brilliant feats upon the field as made his career phenomenal in the history of college sport: so much so that when he was struck down, scarcely a newspaper in the country but carried a daily bulletin from his bedside. Since his death one of his most intimate friends has told me that a year and a half ago he declared his intention of entering the Church, and the reason he gave for that decision was the influence of the Faith, as he saw it, on the lives of his associates on the campus. Consequently, it was no sudden resolve when he was taken ill that moved him to ask admission into the old Mother Church. While he lay upon his bed of agony and while all the college world was waiting anxiously for word of his condition, you boys were making a Novena for his conversion and his happy death, in the nine days before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. And Notre Dame in heaven heard the prayers of Notre Dame on earth. The Waters of Baptism were poured upon the head whose earthly laurels were withering, the words of absolution, sweeter than the applause of men, were borne in upon his dying ears, and every separate sense was soothed and healed by the last anointing in the Holy Sacrament of Extreme Unction. And when at last the world of sport mourned the passing of an athlete who had made history, the world of Notre Dame rejoiced with the angels.

You see then, my dear boys, what I mean when I say the supernatural is a part of our life here and that we have seen almost miracles. Shall I not, then, this evening in May, pledge you to fidelity to Faith itself, Faith, that pearl of great price, that treasure hidden in the field of life, whose purchase and whose purchase and whose custody is worth all that we can give, all that we are? Let Notre Dame send forth today and until time be done, students and graduates, the light of whose faith shall shine illustrious in whatever ways they walk, to the glory of our college Mother, Mary. She is the beauty of God. She is the power and the goodness of God in our behalf. She it is who stands, in the heights of heaven, we are told by one who saw her there, as she stands in gold above our campus, a woman clothed in the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head, a crown of twelve stars. And, Oh! could the Apostle but have looked into her heart, God grant he might have found there you and me and all Notre Dame men forever.

NOTRE DAME IN THE WAR.

The exact number of Notre Dame men who died in the war, or even the exact number who were in the service will probably never be known. It has been estimated—certainly underestimated—that some 2000 alumni and college men were in uniform at the date of the Armistice. It is known that 46 Notre Dame men gave up their lives in the struggle, a seemingly higher proportion than fell to the lot of any other college in the country. Just how many more N. D. men there are mouldering in French valleys who had some claim on this alma mater, has not yet been calculated.



A MEMORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It is certain that the present total is not final. Perhaps the complete roll-call will not be held before Judgment day. As it is, the war history of Notre Dame, with a student enrollment of never more than a thousand before 1918, stands out with all preeminence. The bravery of Notre Dame in not only this but every war since '61 has left a tablet of tradition that is undimmed by any outer shadow.

An instance of Notre Dame mettle tried in the furnace of battle calls up the name of Harry F. Kelly, class of '17, winner of the Croix de Guerre with palm, along with two citations. Immediately on taking his degree he entered the first R. O. T. C. at Fort Sheridan. The citation printed in a Chicago paper a few months later continues the story. "Wounded in both legs, and made prisoner by the enemy, he bravely defended himself and escaped with the aid of a few men who came to his assistance. Wounded again he had to spend the entire night at a trench end before it was evacuated." It is this same doggedness that has sponsored the epithet, "Fighting Irish," for Notre Dame. The case of Kelly is not the case of an individual; it is one evidence of what is more or less the stuff of every Notre Dame man.

When the flame of war leaped across the Atlantic in April, 1917, it caught fire immediately on the campus. Even before the call for volunteers stopped its echo 350 of the graduating class had enlisted. Father Cavanaugh encouraged the patriotism of the upper classmen when it was announced that all seniors in the service would receive degrees with full credit. In this decision the University took the lead as in practically every phase of its war record it has showed the way for other institutions.

Approximately 250 Notre Dame men held commissions during the period of the war; so it has been ascertained—however accurately—from the enrollment statistics. Of these 158 were lieutenants, most of whom obtained their ratings through the R. O. T. C.—the college men's unit. In the same class are the 30 ensigns whose Notre Dame credits furnished the basis for entrance to the R. O. T. C. There were 34 captains from Notre Dame, practically every one of whom served in France. Eight majors and lieutenant colonels are on the list, with one colonel and a brigadier general at the top. The last mentioned is General O'Neil.

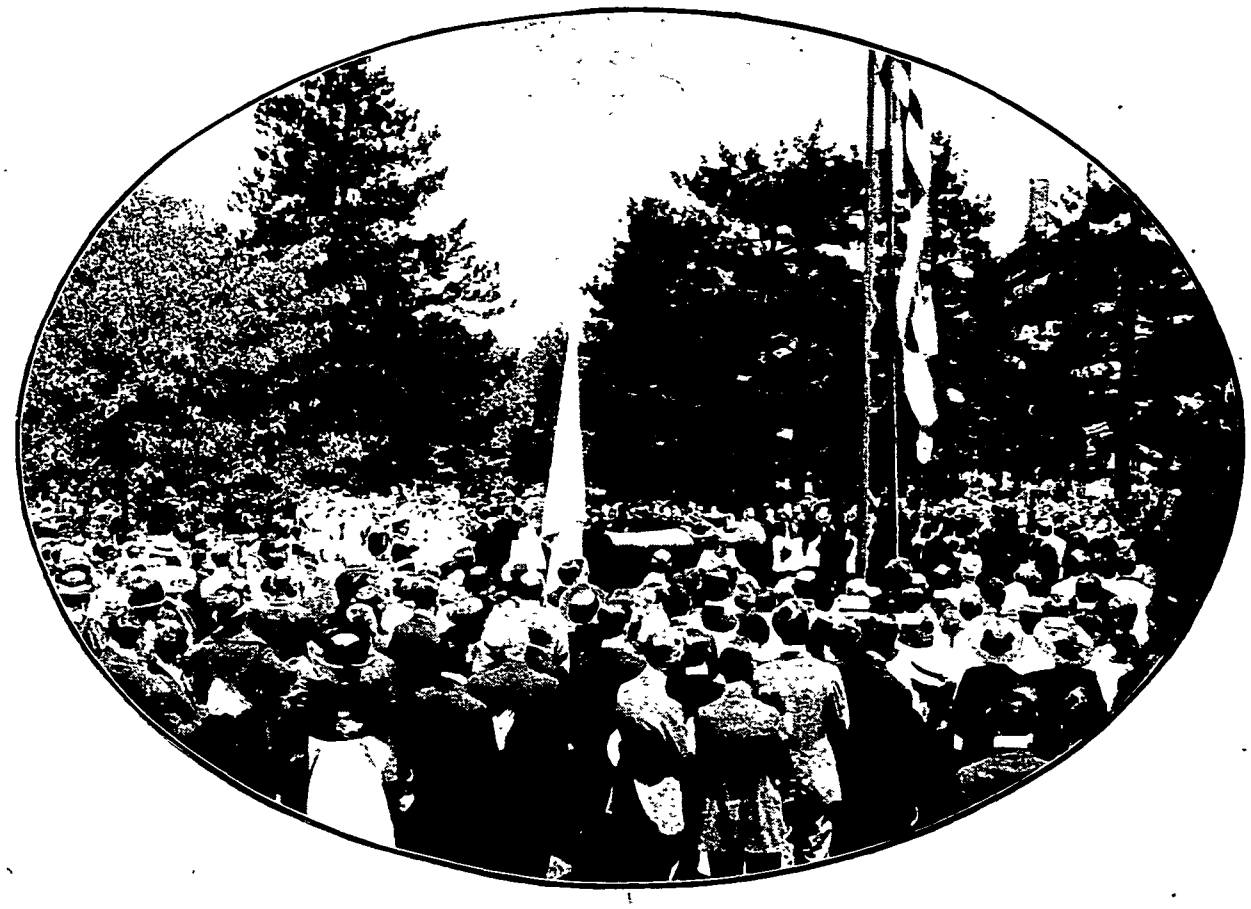
In any compilation, the unpublished patriotism of the men who turned down chances for commissions in order to get to the front first should be taken into account. It is not out of place, moreover, to make mention of the number now on the campus who were in the service. A substantial proportion of these

would have come to Notre Dame sooner but for the war. They are not only some of the cleverest class men on the campus but they proved the most reliable troops in the A. E. F. Sgt. Allen Patterson with the American Military medal and two citations, Lt. Lewis Murphy twice wounded, and twice cited.

Of the Notre Dame alumni who have rated citations, Lt. Bernard Voll, valedictorian for 1917, has a stirring record. Several times wounded, the shrapnel once nearly severing the jugular vein, his body scorched with mustard gass, the thumb and forefinger of his right hand lacerated by gunshot, ambushed and finally struck with a falling tree trunk in the hail of enemy barage, he managed to get back to his own lines with a prisoner. A magazine quotation refers to the exploits of another remarkable Notre Dame man.

"A German trench at dawn. Sodden, gray-clad figures lolling about, gray mud, gray choking fog. A rumbling echo across the crater land. Then looming monstrous through the fog, pitch the giants smashing entanglements, grinding posts to dust, now spitting fire with roar and crash," describing the first French tanks in action, under the command of Capt. Charles Sweeney, who sojourned on the campus during '98 and '99. Sweeney is the only American citizen in the regular army of France. He wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. One of his hero acts was the capture of a German machine gun nest single-handed. A graduate of West Point, he was detailed in 1918 by the French government to instruct American troops in the science of tank fighting. His career is almost melodramatic in its variety.

An important part of the University's contribution to the victory are the nine chaplains who were in the service, seven of them at the front. Rev. Ernest Davis went through nearly every big engagement with his unit. He was severely gassed and several times



missed death by a hairsbreadth. He gives an account of one of the big drives. "Before we attacked a week ago, the staff and doctor and myself lived in a wet cave without any light. The attack then began. It was impossible to get under cover. I cannot understand how I escaped death. Thousands of shells fell to the right and left, sometimes picking us up bodily and pitching us around, and throwing deadly shell-fragments in every direction. Several times we buried men under the most intense fire." It recalls Father Corby and the Irish Brigade as the canister and grapeshot perforated the atmosphere of Cemetery Ridge.

Fáther O'Donnell also went to France with the Rainbow Division. It was remarkable that he should have found himself billeted in the same town with Joyce Kilmer. The association of those last days, however, welded a memorable friendship between the New York

poet and the Notre Dame priest. The remaining group of chaplains who saw France consists of Father Walsh, who was attached to the 135th Machine Gun battalion; Father McGinn, with the 113th Sanitary Train; and Fr. George Finnegan—137th Field Artillery. The story of Notre Dame chaplains carrying the Eucharist up to the very brunt of the battle is inspiring.

The spirit of Notre Dame that was so effective in the trenches and cantonments was equally as evident on the campus. When the S. A. T. C. was organized in the Fall of 1918, accommodations for more than 1700 students were provided. The campus became an armed camp, resounding with the sound of heavy feet. But the machinery had just been perfected when the armistice rendered it useless.

One remarkable reason why Notre Dame's war record looms so impressive is in the system of military drill which had been a part of the curriculum up to 1917. In the days just before the declaration of war there were several companies of student cadets organized under the command of Major Stogsdall, a regular army instructor. In the grand review of May 4, 1917, a staff of War department officials returned very enthusiastic reports concerning the Notre Dame cadets. It was this thorough training in military drill that made it possible for so large a number of Notre Dame men to reach the front early in the struggle.

Preparedness as known on the campus wafts back the memory of Notre Dame during the Civil War. In 1859 Capt. Wm. F. Lynch, who was later to distinguish himself at Bull Run, established an organization of "Continental Cadets" uniformed in the blue and buff of the Continental army. This unit at the outbreak of the Rebellion enlisted in the regular army almost to the man and practically every collegian saw several major encounters. Notre Dame has always had military training except since the armistice.

The martial ardor characteristic of the University seems to suggest the chivalry of the middle ages. Christianity was nourished in the Roman legions; it flowered in the age of knighthood. It burns deepest in time of war. The military phase of Notre Dame is something connected with the Faith, something deeply attached to the Faith. It accounts for the powerful record of Notre Dame established on the battlefield.—EDWIN W. MURPHY.

"POETIC JUSTICE."

CHARLES P. MOONEY, '21.

"Now that Mr. Stevens has received his third stripe, we can claim that we have the hardest boiled sergeant in the regiment," observed Private Owens to Private First-class Slattery during the afternoon stable police. "Judging from the way he domineered everybody as a corporal he will be twice as bad since he has the authority of a sergeant. Between us, I hope that he gets transferred out of the regiment even though it is necessary to commission him. I am fed up on his stuff."

"Your prognostications are a little tardy; Bill Stevens has already proved that there is to be no change in his policy other than one for the worst," replied Slattery as he leisurely heaved a meager shovel of refuse upon a wagon. "Since he received his warrant he has been giving the bucks and corporals a terrible riding. Just this morning he bawled me out for fifteen minutes because I happened to call him by his first name. When we get mustered out I am going to let all the wind out of the tires of his taxicab every time I run across it. You guessed it when you allowed we have a hard-boiled non-com."

What was predicated of the absent sergeant was only half true; Stevens was the greatest fault-finder in the battery. Each day some inferior fell the victim of his scornful criticism. He never spoke to a private unless it was to give him an order or a calling down. Having read somewhere that the surest way to promotion was for the non-commissioned officer to hold himself aloof from the other enlisted men, he became unapproachable. The inevitable result of this attitude was the loss of all his friends, but this bereavement worried Stevens not one whit.

In the matter of increasing the population of the regimental stockade, Stevens was a potent aid. In the first month that he was sergeant, he led everyone in signing the greatest number of court-martial charges. Nearly all of the offenses the men were accused of were petty misdemeanors that a more discreet superior would have overlooked. Few, however, of those whose confinement was effected by Stevens' mailed-fist policy regretted the loss of their freedom. Those seeking relief from the crestaceous sergeant's discipline found asylum in the guardhouse.

The bastille herein referred to merits description. In its internal affairs it is a local self-governing body. The power to promote the general welfare and safeguard the peace of the inmates is vested in the "Kangaroo" court. This tribunal also functions legislatively and administratively. It superintends the policing of the interior, settles disputes between the prisoners, punishes infractions of its laws, appoints all the stockade officers, and, in fact, does almost everything else a body politic should. For the prisoners it is a court of last resort, for however arbitrary be its decisions, there is no appeal. The punishment generally prescribed by the court for any infraction of unwritten law is so many lashes with a leather belt, or the alternative of paying a fine. The defendant, if he has the price, invariably chooses the latter sentence. The worth of the "kangaroo" court is proved by the fact that one exists wherever there is an army post. Realizing that the soldier while in confinement is in danger of losing his morale, the authorities are inclined to tolerate the system.

One day in Christmas week Stevens was assigned to be sergeant of the guard. It happened that this is the time when the stockade is always over-crowded. This unfortunate occurrence is traceable to the past holidays. At such a period the yearning for the family fireside is hard to overcome. The boldest of the soldiers, unable to put aside their desire to return to their homes, cast off discretion and leave the post without waiting for permission. Many who remain become too enthusiastic in their celebration of the day and likewise come to grief. The number who committed sundry offenses in this particular outfit was startlingly large. The thought of having such a multitude under his responsibility did not in the least dismay the contumelious Stevens. Reflecting that the more that came under his supervision the greater number he would have to abuse, he accepted the situation philosophically.

The men who were unfortunate enough to be in the guardhouse during Stevens' turn have not forgotten that twenty-four hours. He established a precedent in "hard-boiledness." Immediately after the guard mount, he subjected the prisoners to his severe authority. He commenced by making them give up their indoor baseball equipment, playing cards, dice, volley-ball, knives, and all other devices the purpose of which is to pass the time quickly. His second step was to order the removal of the tents from one side of the inclosure to the other for no apparent reason. He then commanded that all the men were to be brought back from their work at double time and before entering the gate were to be searched for tobacco or candy, reading matter, and the like. Furthermore he issued an injunction against any correspondence with the outside world. Because the lights were not extinguished instantly at taps he compelled the prisoners to stand at attention for one hour. Just before he was relieved of his turn at guard, he assembled the men outside and devoted twenty minutes informing them what a useless and disgraceful bunch of criminals they were.

That night the "Kangaroo" court met and without opposition passed a resolution denouncing Stevens and his methods. All of the prisoners were requested to be on the alert for any chance to settle the score against the autocratic "non-com."

And so it continued for another month with Stevens growing more and more tyrannical in the discharge of his duties. Although he was in disfavor with the rank and file, he stood high in the estimation of his superiors. They recognized in the unpopular soldier, qualities that if tempered would make an efficient disciplinarian. But while they supported him in his work with the enlisted men, they were often forced to restrain his resort to extreme methods. Realizing his "jerk" with the gentlemen higher up, his acquaintances were hardly surprised to learn that Stevens was slated for the next officers' training camp. Ever since the sergeant had been apprehended in the acts of reading the officers' manual and acquainting himself with the life of Napoleon, the battery had been awaiting his appointment. As his absence at the school meant a temporary if not permanent relief from the "blood and iron" system of discipline, his subordinates welcomed his chance for promotion. This was a wind that boded good for all. Moreover there was the remotest possibility that the train carrying the hated Stevens to the new assignment might be wrecked. What compunction would any reasonable man feel over a disaster entailing the loss of life and limb to many, as long as

the sergeant received a few good scratches?

The fates however had something other than a railroad wreck in store for this soldier. He never even went to the training school. Every mortal has one or more bad days, and the despotic "non-com" was not spared his. The hardness of his fall was the occasion of his being nick-named Willard.. Strange it is that his ruin was effected by the same means that made him, that is, his readiness to inflict the lingual lash.

On the day decreed for his undoing our hero's mind was far from being at ease. Having been reprimanded by a lieutenant for some trivial offense, he was now ready to find fault with anything. After searching his battery street an hour in vain for someone upon whom he could vent his spleen, he strolled over to the officers' row of tents. Just as he was on the point of giving up his quest for a victim, a recruit removed from civilian life by a scant two weeks, approached him for the purpose of receiving information. Before allowing the neophyte soldier the desired enlightenment, Stevens regarded him closely, intent upon discovering some fault in the other's personal appearance. And he found it. It was the private's style of hair-cut. Army regulations prescribe that the head as far as the temples shall be either clipped or shaved. Now this young man wore his ebony locks in the manner approved by actors; that is, the hair came down to the ears.

Since Sergeant Stevens in civil life preferred the former brand of tonsorial art and had often yearned for a chance to express his views on the other style, the private was due for a terrible verbal lacing. Accepting the opportunity, Stevens immediately proceeded to unload his wrath upon the helpless man. He heaped his scorn upon the subordinate, his heirs, already born and to be born, including the remotest of his posterity. The longer he criticised the other the more bitter and stinging became his words. Each syllable had the effect of a pine fagot thrown upon a fire. Exhausting all the words in the dictionary, he resorted to nouns and adjectives that are to be eschewed in polite society. Forgetting himself, he commenced cursing the offender. So great was the volume of his speech that a huge crowd was attracted. The congregation, however, had no more than assembled than they were forced to disperse on account of the colonel rushing hatless out of his tent. Stevens, unaware of the commandant's approach, continued his execrations. He was silenced only when the colonel seized him by the arm.

"Stop it, I say. You are under arrest," shouted the colonel in a quavering voice. "Have you lost your mind? My wife and daughter are in my tent. Your language of the gutter caused them to faint. I'll put you in the guardhouse for the rest of your enlistment. I'll prefer charges against the man who made you a sergeant, also. The way you will be punished will put an end to this spirit of rowdyism that is so prevalent in this regiment. Private, take this man to his battery and tell the first-sergeant to make out charges against him."

The next afternoon Stevens, now Private Stevens, under a thirty day sentence, advanced with a sentry three paces behind towards the regimental stockade. His journey thither was attended with hoots and jeers from everyone who had once felt the weight of his authority.

Halting in front of the guardhouse, the sentry called out: "Number One, one prisoner."

"Turn him in quick," answered Private Slattery, who was the "Number One" referred to, as the sentry at the guardhouse gate is designated. "The prisoners will be tickled to death to see him. They have been waiting a long time for him."

Slattery grinningly held the gate open for his erstwhile superior to enter. Stevens was only half-way through the entrance when the private assisted him with a well-placed kick. And the gate swung back with that characteristic doleful clang.

When Stevens entered the "kangaroo" court was already convened. Three prisoners seized him and dragged him before the judge.

"Mr. Prosecutor," asked his honor, "what are the charges against this defendant?"

"Everything except bigamy and murder," the party addressed replied. "They cover twenty-two specifications all growing out of general hard-boiledness."

"Wilson, you are hereby appointed counsel for the defense. How does your client plead?"

"May it please the court, we will enter a plea of guilty," replied Wilson.

"We will not," interrupted Stevens. "Those charges and this court are all the bunk."

And here Stevens learned what is meant by the court's dignity being outraged.

"Bunk, is it?" the court thundered. "What do you know about law? You used to run a taxicab and now come up here to tell us how to run the court. I will have you understand that these men are all graduates of recognized law colleges. For that last wise crack you are stuck five licks with the belt. On the pleas of guilt submitted by your learned counsel, I sentence you to five licks on each count. Twenty-two times five plus five—one-hundred-and-fifteen licks. Mr. Bailiff bend the prisoner over so that the sheriff may carry out the sentence of this lawfully constituted court of justice."

The sounds made by the heavy strap being applied to the remote portions of Stevens were audible outside the stockade where Private Slattery was walking his post. The sheriff was shouting the number of each blow out loud. "Eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two," called the sheriff each time the strap fell upon Stevens. "Eighty-three, eighty-four, no, that last one doesn't count; he jumped—eighty-five, eighty-six—"

Private Owens, his face one great smile, asked Private Slattery as they met outside the stockade at the ends of their posts, "Do you hear anything?"

"No," answered Slattery, dancing an "about face," "not a sound.

"—Eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-seven, —stop that kickin and hold still—eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety—"

THE MEANING OF THE WAR.

BY X X X

The year 1921 is memorable in many interesting ways. We are celebrating, among other things, the Sexcentenary of Dante Alighieri, the centenary of Napoleon, and the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims; had the German Empire remained, an Imperial Golden Jubilee would have been in order. Naturally the question which comes to our minds on this Memorial Day is, Can our recollection of the men who died in the recent war claim any importance? There are many persons inclined to answer in the negative. Every man who opposed our entry into the conflict on principle, every demagogue with an ax to grind, every dollar patriot whose dollars did not increase during the period of inflation, stands ready to assert that the war was a farce and our concern with it a blunder or a crime. In so far as the soldiers are interested in the discussion, these remarks are just as thought-compelling as the newspaper headlines which still employ the antique label, "Hun." Neither is of the slightest importance for men who know what they have seen.

When, however, one receives a letter from a lonely mother whose only son has fallen in France, and reads that "it would be easier to bear if only they didn't say that the whole thing was a mistake," one feels that some explanation is called for; when otherwise amiable people declare that "we were sold outright to England," one realizes that the honor of American citizenship has been to some extent removed from the dead. Every soldier has of course been the victim of circumstances whose very memory is revolting; he has seen the ignorance, the amazing venality, and the decivilized boorishness of many in high command: he has felt to the bottom of his heart the sickening childishness of the governmental system; he has kept more ugly things for himself than the average citizen has dreamed of. It means nothing to him to say that war is hell because he knows it is. But it means a lot to him when some one coolly says that the comrades he left upon the fields of France are become the laughing stocks of history.

An instance comes to mind. Beside one of the roads that lead northward from Verdun, the writer met a lad who was lying on the dusty grass, exhausted and disgusted. His lips were thick with grime and his eyes were burning with the fever of endless marching: he was only nineteen and game, but he simply couldn't go further. In the distance the opening guns of the Argonne roared ominously. The lad talked a little, and then suddenly asked the question: "Say, what's this war about, anyhow?" What a revelation there was in those few hungry words! You could picture the boy at home somewhere in a little Ohio town where he mowed the lawn and split kindling wood for his mother until the report of something done by the marines fired his fancy. Well, here he was now, face to face with a man's worst job and asking questions. What could one say? He didn't know international law, the fourteen points might as well have been pencil marks, and the word duty held more things than were dreamed

of in his philosophy. You didn't try to explain such matters but gave him a cigarette and said, "The gang's up there fighting because the country needs them. You don't want to quit, do you?" and of course he didn't. Nevertheless, you went away wondering—wondering whether you really knew what it *was* about and whether it might not be a mistake.

Sometime later the writer stood on the banks of the Marne. The sun was setting and the valley, splendid with sheaves of ripened wheat and the golden foliage of the vine, looked like a chalice filled with fire. In the forefront there were graves in number; graves of Americans, Frenchmen and Germans, dug side by side in irregular rows. Beside one of these knelt a French general, whose grey head was bowed in prayer, and who now was the victim of one and not the victor of many a battle. Nearby stood a very intellectual American field-clerk who thinking, doubtless, of many vital problems of reconstruction and of the valuable philosophy of the latest magazines, declared, "It's time to let the dead past bury its dead" and looked round for the applause of the multitude. But the only response came from a gruff old sergeant who said, "You lie!" And I am sure that at least one Notre Dame man, who lay buried nearby, would have rejoiced to hear this answer.

For the meaning of the service is proportionate to our memory of it. The men who wore the uniform were not political philosophers but they were men with a political philosophy. They felt that upon these battlefields of France two powers stood at bay between whom their country had chosen forever. Whether the language in which that preference was couched, whether the motives upon which it was ostensibly based, were the best, whether even the men who led them were honorable men: these things it was not for them to decide because they had faith in the free institutions through which their government is exercised. America had called for men and America would hear the answer. And that obedience is a lesson that is worth its weight in blood and tears. It brands the selfish citizen and the soulless statesman as the worst of cowards. There are times when one believes that democracy is impossible because it is impotent to arouse in any large number of men the integrity which is the soul of national honor. The men who lie in the cemeteries of France are the answer, but it is we who must see that it is kept alive.

Yet underneath the silly propaganda which inundated the issues of the struggle, there lies one real and steadfast truth. This war was the outcome of an era of abominable government in all countries concerned. It was the age of imperialism, of neglect of vital spiritual truth, of pompous officialism whose ready-made opinions were asserted with gusto. And yet the peoples of the earth, realizing these things, went to the defense of their countries with a loyalty, with a heroism, that no one can adequately describe. The French monk who had been exiled came back with a light in his eyes to take a bitter station in the trenches; the German Socialist forgot the chief articles in his party-platform; the English author who had been busy denouncing the corruption of his rulers turned the pen into a sword. Governments were ignored, and the will of the people surged over them as a river sweeps across the embankments which hedge them in. And we feel that the Frenchman, the Belgian and the Englishman were right because they had faith in a past which was Christian and glorious, while the German had faith only in his government which was in itself a denial of his past. We feel that the peasant who left the vineyard beside the sunny Rhine was a patriot and a hero, but we know that he was not a wise patriot and hero. When the world came to a place where it would decide between the cruelty of modern civilization and the religious and free institutions of the past, he was simply on the wrong side of the fence. And therefore he has been driven relentlessly to his knees.

A war is never anything but a surgical operation: it cannot be based upon any principle except the shedding of blood. If you declare that you are fighting a man because you wish to save him, it will be necessary for you to forget your altruistic intentions at least during the combat. Making the world safe for the people by killing off people is to say the least eccentric. But when that struggle is over, advantage must be taken of it. Having fought for the right, see that it is put into practise. Having defended popular ideals with the strength that is in you, labor to make them really popular. Remember the dead who sleep in confidence, with the beauty of their dreams about them.

THE GRAIL OF GOD

When we come home to Notre Dame
As we shall, after all,
Our eyes will look with newer light
On tower and field and hall,
But shadows on the cindered path
Before our steps will fall.

The shadowy form, the soundless feet
Of boys who used to go
A few short years, or even months,
With high heart to and fro
Along these walks that never now
Their moving feet may know.

The young, the beautiful, the strong—
No more our ears shall hark
Their footsteps or their voices here
By daylight or by dark:
It has come home to us, the word,—
Death loves a shining mark.

Illustrious, they are by death
But made more lustrous still,
Nor can their sun forever sink
Behind a western hill
Whose lives are in their country's blood
And all her being thrill.

Grown sudden men, they quit their books
And girt them for the wars
Who would have guessed what destinies
Were written in thei rstars
Here where the peace of heaven broods
That never conflict mars.

They went their way, high-hearted, clean,
Not any fear availed
To daunt their soul, nor any foe
Might boast that they had quailed,
Though over them in foreign fields
The daisies have prevailed.

Let be of sorrow, ring the bells
In thunder from the tower,
It is a triumph that we keep
In this memorial hour,
For all their country's greatness now
Is borrowed of their power.

Life does not come with living,
'Tis not a thing of breath;
Life is that glory's portion
They have who drink of death,
The Grail of God that giveth peace
And sleep that quickeneth.

—CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C. (*Reprinted.*)

MY PAL

The campus life is not the same,
A different spirit fills the air.
I miss his face; his shouted name
Draws no response. He is somewhere
In France.

He was my pal, not long ago,
My partner through the months of school,
Who smoked my pipe, wore my chapeau;
He's followed flag and army mule
To France.

—VINCENT F. FAGAN, '20.
(*Reprinted.*)

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SLEEP.

Oh Sleep thou honey dew,
Rest on my weary eyes.
Like perfumed raindrops strew
Thy charms, till there arise
Such scents as hover where a sleeping infant lies.

Or, like an angel fair,
With thy soft touch bring ease,
Or, sing a choral rare
In strains sweet as the breeze
That lingers in the gardens of Hesperides.

—B. T.

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THE SOLDIER

The streets know too of the sunset, the strong red death of the sunset,
And the faltering steps of the rain.
There are faces enough in the gateways, faces of beauty and girlhood,
Though the night is crowded with pain.

But I go where the sunset is dying, on the breast of the murmurous sea,
For the word on the lips of the sunset is a word of yearning for me. . . .
He hath fancied the dawn in my footsteps and the bloom on my winterless cheek:
There are flowers he says in my eye-depths, flowers of loveliest reek.
Yea, I know that many are sleeping, in a sleep as of roses at dusk,
For the death of the sunset is greedy and longs for the vials of musk.
But I go though my father is aging, though the eyes of my mother are moist
And the arms of a maiden are open, a maid in whose kiss I rejoiced.

For the world is bright with the sunset, the strong red death of the sunset,
Forgetting the steps of the rain.
There are faces unknown in the gateways, faces of beauty and girlhood,
Though the skies are crowded with pain.

—J. E. V.—

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

It is of interest at this time to recall what manner of men they were who bore the full agony of the war. We have been surfeited with tales of physical heroism, and though we cannot have too much of courage, the world seemed made of it during those tragic four years. There is, however, another sort of fortitude which is more wholly of the soul and which by reason of its modesty is not so well known. Although the man we are about to describe was French and is noted as an author, there were soldiers in the American army to whom the same outlook seemed the only possible one.

With the publication of "Eurydice deux fois perdue," all the work of one of the finest young spirits in modern French letters will have been given to the world. Paul Drouot, who was killed in battle during June, 1915, was a rising poet whose earlier writings, darkened somewhat by the paganism of their time, nevertheless gave promise of great artistic and spiritual growth. They were the sincere songs of a young man whose denial of materialism was about to be proclaimed. There had come into his life just that amount of agnostic intellectualism which makes the Faith, when it is revived, burn just so much more brightly. The crisis was reached when an intimate friend who had entered the seminary was ordained a priest; and Paul Drouot, sensing deeply the peace of God, devoted himself resolutely to the study of religion and to the clearing away of doubt. This was done with the sincerity and exactness of a Newman abandoning liberal opinions at Oxford. Just when belief had been confirmed in him the war broke out, and the strength which was given him to meet it was the strength of God.

Paul Drouot, although there ran in his veins the blood of that Marshal Drouot who was so able a counsellor of Napoleon, did not enter the conflict breathless with the expectation of adventure, or the heroic enthusiasm of the reckless patriot. Understanding that the war would be long and unspeakably cruel, he saw that military glory would be mocked by frightful holocausts. There came the temptation to hide behind his physical weakness, to accept the secure position in the rear which even the doctors counselled, and thus to escape the rigors of a deadly campaign. In addition there was the natural plea of his mother, who, praying that her chalice might pass, saw in the possibility of safety for her son the mercy of God. But Drouot put these thoughts aside sternly, for he knew that his duty was to accept the law of suffering; it was a terrible but still a beautiful and consoling law. "Be brave," he wrote to his mother; "for we are all in the position which I believe the souls in purgatory occupy when they behold their suffering and its expiation. Think of how beautiful that is, and of our inner dignity which is great enough to make our pain serve some purpose that is unknown, but surely great and eternal." Do not these simple words contain the response which every Christian must make to the assaults of evil?

That response was just as ready when, on nearing the lines, the poet passed a regiment of soldiers covered from head to foot with mud. "We shall soon have the honor to be just as dirty," he says. It was this instinctive perception of the unity of mankind, this touching desire to share honestly in the universal woe which had plunged the youth of earth into their inferno, which gave courage to Drouot and men of his stamp. And surely that courage, lasting as it did, must have possessed something of the supernatural in its vitality. The days that followed were terrible,—days when living men fought their way forward through embankments of corpses, and, brushing the shades of those who had gone before, plunged headlong into the barbarism of modern slaughter. There was nothing to lift the soul of a poet that, bee-like, had fed on the flowers of peace; but the poet accepted his daily martyrdom.

It was not an easy thing to do. Paul Drouot, bearing with Christian fortitude the hunger, the isolation, and the physical nausea of the conflict, could not always repress the agony of his manhood. "Eurydice deux fois perdue," in its present form a series of fragments scribbled at the Front, is the cry of a wounded soul for light and love, for the beautiful kingdom of God. From under the allegorical mask of an individual lover, humanity cries out for divine affection.

"When holy Suffering has tried everything to wrest from man a lasting perjury; when

*Adapted from the *Ave Maria* with the permisson of the editor.

she has employed all the tools of her torture; when, with jealousy for his pillow and the nails of despair driven blow for blow by hate and love, she had obtained nothing from him except an abjuration alternately feigned and denied, there remains for her to use the final instrument of physical exhaustion.

"I lie upon the earth, prostrate, opening my eyes from time to time. . . .

"Nothing, though there is in my throat this taste of death as of a raw chestnut, this acid sweat of agony,—nothing—when all my veins call for the knife—will dissuade me from my love! . . .

"I march into the night without asking myself where I am going; straight ahead, as we shall do on the night of judgment when we seek the Valley of Josaphat.

"The stars tremble in unison, like clusters of flowers in a lonely land. And suddenly the tenderness of the light of the moon speaks to my eyes and they burst into tears."

This is the plea of a poet for mercy to his race,—poignant, pitiful, and yet obedient. It was written during the intervals between duties, when his body was tortured by rheumatic fever, and his eyes were given nothing but those scenes of desolation which warfare knows so well how to present. Paul Drouot made duty even more strenuous by a continued consecration of himself to the needs of others. Fortified in person by the practice of his religion, he brought comfort to those who sat in darkness; with something of the devotion of a priest he soothed the souls that waited in despair.

It is worth recalling at this point, perhaps, the friendship with a noble leader, Major Madelin, which meant so much for the poet. Madelin was the sort of commander whom men gladly die for; who seems veritably the incarnation of honor and fatherland, and to whom it is given that his death shall seem as desolate as the falling of a glorious star. The character and death of his officer were set forth by Paul Drouot in an affecting letter which Maurice Barrés published under the tragic title "A soldier, from across the grave, pronounces the eulogy of his commander." For during the following month the writer himself was killed.

Drouot's character, however, was not so singular as it may seem: it was representative. The sustaining and beautiful idea that had come into the souls of the best soldiers was that of the ancient mystical unity of Christendom. Politicians might have blundered and even have stained their guilty hands; the great men might have gambled with the happiness of millions. It did not matter now; for here stood one's people, battling for their dearest ideals,—for the old things which had been sanctified by the belief of their fathers. For the first time in centuries the soul of Europe moved in inner accord, independent of its princes, conscious of its sacrifice and dignity, with the sublime devotion of the Crusades. To be one with the rest, to accept the common lot, became the ideal of the most keenly intellectual of men. Never had an old saying seemed so profoundly true as this: "*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*" Sacrifice alone, obscure and unknown, could render the individual worthy of the common name of man.

On one of the last days of his life, Paul Drouot sat during most of a long night under the roof of a battered house, from which the stones were being shaken by a terrific bombardment, sheltering with his own body that of a wounded friend. "I shall never forget," says the man he comforted, "the emotion which came over him when he saw that I had been wounded, or the affection which he showed for me." It was characteristic of the man, because it was his creed, carried out with ceaseless effort until he was killed. The letters he wrote to bring consolation to those whose relatives had fallen are, like his literary remains, the natural products of a soul that had fought its lonely way to God.

He gave his blood with a deep understanding of the mystery of faith, as one of that army of glorious men who had abandoned the egoism they had inherited for the sacrifice of the commonplace, for something like the humility of the Cross. In their memory the present will seek its inspiration to duty, its release from the tyranny of greed, its impetus to a realization of the ancient solidarity of Christendom. "It is written," says Paul Regnier, "that he who loves his life shall lose it; but that he who, counting it as nothing, sacrifices it to his duty shall receive immediately, from an admiring heaven and earth, abounding justice. The youth which Paul Drouot sacrificed

has been restored to him; it is part of his countenance, whose charm is inviolable by the blows of time. Glory which he fled has sought him out; he gained it at the very moment when he renounced it altogether."

THE THRESHOLD.

J. MOYNAHAN, '24.

It is queer, perhaps, that I noted him—picked him out of a dusty platoon that was swallowed drowsily up in the twilight. But the haggard agedness of his face stood out like a sphinx from a desert of weary eyes: it seemed for an instant the most ancient thing in the world. Soldiers aplenty, of course, came down that white road in the Vosges. Squads of engineers swinging tools passed files of smoke-blue infantry sent here to rest from some gruelling front. The difference between them was sharp, definite, inexorable. The *genie* walked briskly, hiding under a masque of levity that deep and bitter melancholy long stamped on the soul of France; the *infanterie* shuffled along leadenly under their burden like some who are dead. For the ghosts that crowded everywhere into their ranks had torn away the terrible mercy of the masque. And the face that sought me out of the sumpter-laden ranks was naked, stark, like death.

Nothing could have been more desolately delicate than this Vosges country in wartime. Here was a gracefully curved valley, in summer quite incomparably decked with languorous grasses and shrubbery and couched deep among hills of ancient beech and pine. In winter it had seemed like the soft arm of a young girl. On the crag overhead, its old rocks battered with shells, perched the chateau of a legendary knight, for all the world like a grim bald eagle on guard. In fact, with the exception of occasional thunderous arguments between batteries, it was the most belligerent part of the scene. Ancient saw-mills, manned by Territorials, whined through the afternoon; logs were snaked down the hills; infantry went along the road; here and there the even texture of the valley fields was broken by the figure of a farmer girl.

They had placed me in charge of a dispensary in a town whose outskirts were cut by French trenches, beyond which, only a short distance through the long meadow grasses, were rusted German wires. It was a fairy village. Except on rare occasions no soldiers entered it; no shell exploded in the streets, no rifle bullet coughed itself out in the grass. The bells rang serenely for the Angelus and troops of fresh young girls coming out from work in the mills blessed themselves quickly amidst their chatter. This at the front? It seemed absurd.

Madame who served my meals and made lace on a rickety fraime, took my surprise calmly.

"There was a time, *Bon Dieu!*" she said biting off the thread, "but it has been so for nearly three years."

"I'm sure I don't understand," I replied. "Did the war end?"

"Monsieur, is it that you have never looked up the valley? You will see."

From the trenches the reason was plain enough. An Alsatian hamlet, smaller, though otherwise similar to our village, nestled just as lazily against its hills. Two long brick stacks were smoking. That was it. If one went down the other was doomed. It was a halt, an armistice in the midst of war.

"You will not bring up 75's on men's backs to surprise them here!" I remarked to a French lieutenant.

He laughed. "Not unless the Boche run out of ammunition. It is almost a miracle, though," he mused.

And then, this man's face. It jarred the serenity like a furrow in the Tuilleries. It seemed to symbolize the great relief, just made, which had brought dozens of divisions, dead-tired and fearfully depleted, from terrible battle and sent up others in their stead. Everything was sombre. Yet, as I had stood by that road in the dim grey evening, I had thought there went a certain buoyancy in the gait of those who marched away—a touch of the old fiery heroism, sharp as bayonet steel, like a new battle flag. The men who filed past to their duty in the trenches were still dog-weary, many faces under dented blue helmets were unshaven and the long faded *manteaux* were caked with mud. Obviously there had been a hasty retreat, for equipment was sparse—some even had no blankets. Still, there must have been a certain satisfaction in arriving at a quiet front, something of that comfortable

feeling that stirs during rainy weather in the soul of a beast of burden. They eyed the dusty flowered slopes like men that have lived in deserts, and threw kisses to the peasant girls. That is, the younger ones did.

Then, suddenly, for me, the melée was focused in the agony of that face. The eyes under the helmet that seemed everywhere fringed with rough grey hair, bore so much famished inquiry, so ingrown an expression of heartache, that for a moment they seemed deeper than the mystery of war and life. He was not a small man, though the stoop in his shoulders and the delicate frame of a fleshless hand, lent an air of eerie frailty. In an instant we had met and understood. Perhaps it was merely the American uniform which attracted him, but unhesitatingly he came up and asked:

"This is the town of C—?"

"Yes," I replied. "You have been here before?"

"My *home* is yonder, Monsieur!" he replied, and I thought that the tremendous distance between here and *there*, between what the foe had taken and we had kept, had never been so vividly said as by the gesture of his shrunken arm. I saw him again several days later and he greeted me.

"The town I lived in," he muttered slowly, "is just there. I can see the house plainly. *Le petit* and my wife—"

"Perhaps you will see them too, some morning," I said, though it was utterly tactless.

"Monsieur," he answered huskily, while I started at the sudden empty agedness of his eyes. "I have seen them."

He shuffled off slowly through the dust, an old man broken by years of toil and fighting, dropped down into this valley at last, face to face with the robbers and face to face with home. The sun dipped behind the western firs as his figure paled against the distant brown of the camouflage. I never saw him again.

The remainder of the story was told me in the dressing-room of the first-aid station by a lieutenant whose leg had been torn by shrapnel.

"The battle, Monsieur," he said, "was because of this: we had in the section an old man—I think you knew him, for he spoke twice of the "American," whose home was in the town up the valley which is held by the Germans. You will understand. . . . *ah! les veillards de France,* how they love the home! For three years he has not heard from his wife and boy; he reads accounts of brutalities, of orders given by Prussian officers, of outrages on women and children, and himself tracks the barbarians on the Somme. All this time, not one word, not a sign. Then suddenly after all these hopeless, miserable days he comes here to rest. How can he? Every morning as the sun rises over the valley mists, he sees the rear of his little house, the garden there, even the goat. . . . But for days there was no sign of the loved ones, though he kept watch patiently through the long hours.

"Then one morning when the fog had cleared away, a woman came out the door. She took up her gardening tools quietly, shaded her eyes with her hand for a moment as she looked down at the thin front lines, and turned to her work.

"Dubois—for that was the old man's name Monsieur—saw it all so clearly and unexpectedly that for a moment he must have imagined the scene an etching of a dream. Yet everything—the face against the patch of vegetation and the sun-burned walls—was so distinct that he took courage and muttered time and time again into his beard, "Mon Dieu, *she* is there!" But he could not reach her or cry out where silence was so necessary; he could not even shoot, for that was forbidden when not expressly ordered. So there he stood, on the threshold of home, *his* home in which were locked the secrets of three years' murder and rapine, chained to an alien hole in the ground, without even the power to knock. Not a tap on the door, not a wave of the hand! Ah, can we understand, Monsieur? I think not. . . . Do you believe that my wound will heal quickly?"

"And what then?" I asked, having reassured him.

"For a week we were in billets at rest. When we came up again, it rained for two days. On the third, Dubois, having made the request, was again assigned to the outpost. In the afternoon—I saw it myself—the woman came into the garden with *two* children, one a boy of almost ten, the other a tot, able to walk and clap its tiny hands together. "Has she too," I thought, "mothered a barbarian?" It is a terrible thing, Monsieur, but common

enough. The woman was still young. . . .

"Then the old man came to me, his eyes were like those awful centres of agony in some old image of the Crucified. His eyes trembled and he had no pipe.

"'There are *two* of them, *mon Lieutenant,*' he cried. After a moment he added quietly, 'Do you think the other one is—theirs?'

"I drew back before the venom in his set teeth and I am not a coward.

"'No, I do not,' I answered. 'Some lady has died or been dragged away, and your wife has taken the child. That is not more than natural. And, *mon enfant!*' I added, 'a good soldier has always a pipe.'

"But he was not appeased. There was something insane in the way his fingers clutched at the table, in the words, bitter curse-words, which he spoke. A man like that is more dangerous than a tiger, Monsieur. No cage will hold him.

"I remembered that the relief would be made in two days. If I could do something to keep him quiet till then, he would probably never see the place again, perhaps forget. At least he would wait. 'What do you say to writing a letter?' I asked. 'We may then be able to induce the Colonel to send it over under a truce—'

"It was a bottomless idea, but the old fellow caught at it eagerly and weighed it long. When he looked up there was something so plaintive in his eyes that I paid scarcely any attention to what he said.

"'I have forgotten how to write—'

"'How?' I asked.

"'It is three and a half years since I have sent a letter to anyone,' he murmured.

"Ah, how lonely he must have been, Monsieur!

"'Shall I write for you?' I asked.

"'No, *merci!* I will write. I will learn over again.' Bowing rather stiffly, he edged his way from the dug-out. The next afternoon he showed me what, with God knows how much labor, he had written out in a large hand. It was a poilu's letter, full of patois and spelling mistakes, given to endless repetition, but touching nevertheless, with drops of heart's blood on every familiar phrase.

"'It is not yet finished,' he said as if in apology.

"'Very well,' I replied, 'bring it to me when you have done.'

"It seemed then that my ruse would prove successful. But it was to be far otherwise, Monsieur, far otherwise. . . . The comrade who watched beside Dubois at the post told me everything as it happened that evening. I can see them standing together in the dusk, beside the grenades, their trained eyes gleaming steadfast, cat-like through the orifice in the parapet. Clouds came up over the sky that night, and by twenty-one o'clock it was black as a dungeon. Lights from the Boche village—for they allowed themselves more than a few in the tranquillity—burned out like flares.

Suddenly—it must have been quite late—a lamp was lighted in one of the rear chambers of Dubois' home: a lamp that threw into distinct silhouette anything that passed between it and the casement.

The old man clutched at his companion's arm. 'Look!' he whispered. And passing slowly across the little screen, came a woman's figure, swaying as she walked backward. Her hand clung to the sill as if in fear. That disappeared. And then—the figure of a man—it was almost perfectly reflected—a man in uniform with a cap on his head and the ends of his mustache turned upward, his arms outstretched.

"Then something snapped in Dubois' brain. The last beam sank on the ugly load of three and a half years—It would soon have been four, Monsieur. During a minute which seemed like the passing of months to the other, he said nothing. And then, when he spoke, it was one word—that savagely contemptuous curse of the French soldier, which was uttered, you will remember, in the death-hour of Waterloo, by the Commander of the Garde.

"What followed took place with startling rapidity. The other saw Dubois pick up a grenade, take a letter from his pocket, wrap the sheets round the iron, and leap from the trench. Such things have been done often. There is a man alive today who wears the Medaille Militaire for getting behind the German trenches during the fury of Verdun and bombing them. But there is no chance for the frantic like Dubois. His soldier comrade understood this well, and after the first moment of consternation got me on the telephone. I hurried from the dug-out into a night of absolute stillness. Even the crickets seemed asleep. There was a harsh clink as of iron tapping a helmet, and then the sudden crash

of a bursting grenade—the first to fall here in three years!

"I stood at the post a moment later.

"'Dubois!' whispered the sentry, pointing dully with his finger into the tangled waste.

"'Ah!' I said, though as yet I did not fully comprehend, 'He has delivered his letter!'

"There were flares, some shots wildly given, shrapnel, and I was wounded. But when the sun came up next morning, like an orange in vari-colored wrappings, we could see the lank figure of Dubois, fallen on his stomach, and the helmet beside his grey head in the grass. It was across his own doorstep that he fell, Monsieur. Shot perhaps by the officer he had caught sight of. Mon Dieu! Yes, you will ask how he managed to get there. But there is nothing impossible to a soldier who has been trained into grimmer ferocity and more cunning stealth than any savage; a man who has wriggled away on his stomach from floods of shrapnel, and whose eyes are quick in the densest blackness. In this worst of jungles he becomes the fiercest of tigers.

"But, Monsieur, I am proud of this wound. It is a symbol of France whose cup is full. . . . beaten down day by day to the gait of a beast slushing in the mire. . . . keeping enough of the immortal soul to curse and get home—and die! And we will get back our homes, if the last boy dies on the last threshold of the frontier."

Outside, like some raucid form of taps for the sorrows of men, a cannon boomed.

IN FLANDER'S FIELDS

The poppies grow in Flander's fields,
A mass of blended reds,
Rooted in mounds of upturned earth,
Drooping their brilliant heads.

The whispering chorus of the winds
A dirge is softly singing,
And mellow tones from cloisterea chimes
The angelus are singing.

The sun and wind and poppies bright,
Were there when War was done,
They too enjoy the peace and calm
Which the men who did have won.

Mere people may neglect the men
Who fell when foes were met,
But sun, and wind and poppies red,
Will never more forget.

—J. K. B.

RED OF THE GUARDHOUSE.

G. J. F.

I stood at the door of the guard-house and looked down between the rows of rough bunks that had been built two stories high to accommodate an ever increasing population. At the end of the passage round a stove were the delinquents. There seemed to be a deal of fun going on. A rather tall youngster with fiery red hair and a grinning face was performing. Three men sat apart on a bench. They were his actors.

"The Glee Club will now favor this distinguished assemblage with a composition by Trotski." he exclaimed with a deep bow, and turning round he led the three men in "Homeward Bound." A great storm of applause followed during which he snatched a cigarette from the lips of one of the spectators, took a long draw and passed it in turn to the three performers. Then I heard such expressions as the following:

"Yes, home to Leavensworth," said one. "I hope I'm out before we sail," chimed another "Home was never like this." "Linda will be waiting at the pier," and so on.

"Yes, home to Leavensworth," said one. "I hope I'm out before we sail," chimed another "Home was never like this," "Linda will be waiting at the pier," and so on.

"The quartette will now synchronize Padarooski's latest jazz creation," shouted the red-head quieting the crowd, and the same three bellowed in frightful notes "A Long Long Trail." Again applause. The show went on; it became a minstrel with the red-head as interlocutor. It was tragedy with the red-head stabbing imaginary Generals and Colonels and Second Lieutenants, it was a Y. M. C. A. hut with the red-head making a speech.

"Who is the red-head?" I asked of the Corporal who stood beside me.

"The Chaplain must have just come to the regiment if he does not know Red Rittle," he answered. "He is known to every officer and man in the Brigade." It was true. I had just come from Brest transferred from my old regiment which was soon to sail for home.

"This promised to be an interesting guard-house and I walked down the aisle to the group. Rittle had just finished a dance and made a great sweeping bow that brought him up face to face with me. There was a

quick but short laugh and they all came to attention with arms folded—the sign of disgrace of the prisoner. The entertainer's face became redder than his hair.

"What are you doing in the guard-house?" I asked him, "you ought to be on the George Washington entertaining President Wilson."

"Haven't the time, Sir," came the answer, "If the Colonel didn't have me who would police the ground, and cut stone in the quarry, and give the prisoner chasers their exercise? And then I'm getting too much pay and the government needs money. I've been in this man's army for twenty four months and Uncle Sam has been getting an allotment of two thirds of my pay for sixteen out of the twenty four. And besides if President Wilson ever got a look at me General Pershing would be out of a job."

This was my first meeting with Red Rittle, the most interesting man in the whole army. As time went on I found that he had many fine qualities. He was generous to a fault; he was amenable to advice; he had a great stock of good will. But he could not keep out of trouble. Whenever anything was started Red fell in line naturally and his place was always at the head. Courts martial were his natural and expected portion; but the hardest court lost its dignity seriously a dozen times during each trial. He had begun his career by raising a big laugh on the Captain of the Calvary troop. It had happened something like this.

The new recruits were lined up with the old soldiers with Captain Blanchard out front Beside him was an orderly holding a horse.

"Do any of you new men know anything about riding?" he asked.

Rittle stepped forward.

"I was a jockey, Sir."

"Fine," said the Captain, "Get on and show us how to ride."

Rittle mounted and the horse started around the ring. Bumpety bump, went Rittle at every step. There was suppressed laughter, but this soon turned into an uproar as he was jolted clear of the saddle and landed almost right side up in the sand. The Captain was furious. He snapped the Troop to attention and brought Rittle up front.

"So you were a jockey," he exploded, "where in the world did you ever jockey?'

The answer came like lightning. "On a merry-go-round, sir."

The Captain stared in amazement, and then he too broke out laughing. Even captains are human sometimes.

Hon. Rittle was tied on a horse and started out across country with the Captain trying to keep up to him on his own fine steed, and when at last the Captain cut a woods and came along side of him and shouted, "Where are you going, Rittle?" and how Rittle, pale as death, still had enough nerve to shout back: "I'm looking for rabbits, sir," is part of the story of his first day in the army.

A week later he was in the guard-house—but that's another story which tells of a rather domineering sergeant who had threatened to "poke his five fingers into Rittle's face" and who unfortunately was forestalled by Rittle's doing it first. Report had been made and the Sergeant took Rittle before the Captain.

"Did you strike the Sergeant?" Rittle was asked.

"You didn't see me hit him did you, sir?" came the amazing response.

"No, of course not," snapped the Captain.

"Well, you're going to see me hit him now," said Rittle, and he proceeded to demonstrate his truthfulness. He got six months.

"Six months," soliquised Rittle after the court martial, "Six cracks at that sergeant," and the sergeant received them to the very sixth.

THOUGHTS.

BY JUNIORS.

The clothes that make the man often break him.

Some men are born great; others have wealthy fathers.

If you play fair in the game of life the world will call you the loser.

Success comes to a man in proportion to his work, not according to the number of his wishes.

The Smith-Towner bill is before Congress: another blow at personal liberty is in the balance.

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"YOUNG MAN, EXPECT GREAT THINGS!"

Cardinal Gibbons, the greatest churchman of modern America, on the eve of his death left a message to the young men of his country. In substance the watchword he gives is faith. He says, "Young man, expect great things, expect great things of your fellowmen, of your country and of your God." Not many men have had the opportunity to know boys as Cardinal Gibbons knew them. In the Seminary he taught them and heard their hopes and plans; in life he watched them from a tower of confidence and love, and last he gives them the simple message of faith. Yes, he does remind them to work diligently and without moan, he does caution them not to forget the old principles of economy and patience, but, above all, he sounds the optimistic and courageous note of faith,—faith in their fellowmen, in their country and in their God.

What a hopeful message it is after all, to get from a man of nearly ninety who lived in the public eye for better than half that time, and who knew intimately the leaders in business, politics and religion,—that the young man needs most—only faith. As the great future with its complexities and disappointments is spread before us, discouragement is apt to come; somehow, we reason, our equipment for life is not adequate for the great task, our end must be a miserable failure. In our own prejudices and fears we look around us and see in this one selfishness and plotting, in that one corruption and vice, and we slacken our interest. A period of depression comes on us and we become involved in it; we lose sight of the eternal vision that should carry us on. But when one of the returned mariners brings back the good news of riches and opportunities, we freshen our efforts and strengthen our ambitions; we take a new stock in our chances to win. Such is the cheering message from Cardinal Gibbons.—J. C.

IN THE SHADE.

These are days of victorious joy for the college student. There is nothing more delightful to him than the slow recuperation from the ravages of a welcomed "spring fever." In fact, he almosts regrets that he has not suffered from this genial miasma all year.

He is nearly inclined to doubt the ethical doctrine that ultimate good is not to be gained on this earth as he spends one heavenly day after another. The plunge, the hike, the set of tennis, the game of ball, fatigue him in order that he may the more enjoy a luxurious rest in the shade of some giant maple. The verdant foliage softens the sun's brilliance so that it may not harm his eyes; the susurrus of the Maytime breeze carries him away on silvery eiderdown from all the earthy earth; the blended song of countless birds lull him into blissful slumber.

There is just a touch of fateful irony in the student's close communion with nature. It is especially perceptible in this ultra-modern day when the beautiful nature poems of Keats and Shelley are relegated to make room for the "peppy" works of Jack Lait and Robert W. Chambers, and the college student generally despises poetry in general. It seems rather inconsistent that he who can see nothing meritorious in Wordsworth and Bryant, who is inclined to regard the budding poet, ipso facto, as affected and effeminate, should so completely fall in love with the charm of Nature, herself.—Q. E. H.

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE.

VINCENT D. ENGELS.

On May 19th there died a man of righteousness, a servant of Our Lady—Chief Justice White. It is not for us to praise his virtues here—our phrases are too weak to do him justice. For there are men who are too

great to be lauded by word of mouth or scratch of pen—their memories find a fitting scroll only on the heart of the people. The Chief Justice was one of those men.

We shall not therefore, after the fashion of the press, extoll his merits as a man and as a jurist, but perhaps a short sketch of his life will not be amiss in this place. He was born in the Parish of La Fourche, La., 1845, and educated at Georgetown University. He served as a confederate during the Civil War. Later, he achieved fame as a lawyer, and was elected United States Senator from Louisiana. It was while holding this position that he was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Cleveland in 1894, and in 1910 his service received recognition by the appointment to the office of Chief Justice. But it was in 1914 that the event occurred which will link his name for all time with that of Notre Dame. In that year he was selected by the University to receive the Laetare Medal.

That, in merest outline is the first part of the story of Edward Douglas White. The rest will come later, in the years that are ahead, for we know that the influence of his decrees will ever be felt in the sessions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Marshall, Taney, and White—these are great names, and the passing of the ages will reveal them greater than we think.

BOOK REVIEW*

To make known a life of devotion and great deeds is always one of the finest tasks a writer can undertake; and in composing a personal tribute to Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D., Father Cavanaugh must have felt the full pleasure of creation. Dr. Emmet was a splendid man, a physician of international renown, and an Irishman who gave his leisure to the sacred cause. If he had been more worldly, his early successes would have spoiled him; if he had been less human, the host of friends he made would have passed him by. "In his talk and in his thinking," says Father Cavanaugh, "he combined (as all true art working in whatever medium always combines) the masculine principle of strength with the feminine principle of grace." Surely the memory of such a man deserves to be kept green and one needs only add that Father Cavanaugh's prose, rich, vigorous and yet tender, is likely to prove as effective as the myrrh of ancient Egypt. The little book has been attractively printed by Anna Frances Levins of New York.

* Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D. A personal tribute by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., D. D.

BROTHER RAPHAEL, G. A. R.

The quiet exit of Brother Raphael and with him the passing of the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post casts a softly solemn shadow over Memorial Day. It foreshadows the Memorial Day not far distant when the last wrinkled veteran is mustered out of the Grand Army and the epic struggles of the Civil War will have become tradition. With the tender echoes of the bugle gently dying over the veteran's grave a radiant chapter in the history of Notre Dame was closed. With him went the last living link to vitalize the memory of the University in the Rebellion. We know the story

of Father Corby and Father Cooney now only by bronze tablets and history pages. And for that the death of Brother Raphael is doubly significant. It marks the last of an illustrious nobility and it was the departure of a noble man.

His service in defense of the nation and in honor of God is not singularly conspicuous, but is all the more splendid for that. There was no deed in his career to distinguish him because his whole life was a background of distinguished conduct. Serving in a Pennsylvania regiment that passed through most of the blood-clotted fields from Manassas to Gettysburg and the Wilderness, Brother Raphael was one of those charmed romancers whose miraculous fortune is so common that it comes to be considered commonplace. He has no thrilling explcits to add glamour to his name and while the enchantment that protected him in the midst of death may seem supernatural it can never be known as spectacular. His charmed life may have been the charm of his religion. As a soldier he succeeded in being a saint, and later as the saint in the cloister he did not cease to be the soldier when there was any call for fighting. But he is not known as the severe saint or revered veteran to anybody who knew him. He was the genial Brother who always vouchsafed a pleasant manner and a generous interest in friends.

Brother Raphael, who was James Malloy, came from Homer, Penn. He first saw the light Oct. 24, 1840. After the War he felt the call more and more distinctly with the passing years, until on May 15, 1879 he joined the Congregation. Two years later he was professed. All his remaining life he lived at Notre Dame, being connected with the *Ave Maria*. He had considerable mechanical talent and many of the improvements on the *Ave Maria* presses are of his conception. His departure leaves a bleak spot in the memory of Notre Dame men and death will elicit the appreciation for his life and character that was forgotten while the genial glow of his personality was felt.—E. W. M.

IN MEMORIAM

Edwin C. Witwer, one of the most prominent citizens of South Bend, and a student at Notre Dame in the seventies, died at his home in South Bend, 1014 South Michigan Street. Mr. Witwer who was fifty-five years of age, had been ill for nearly a year with a complication of diseases. He entered the Studebaker Corporation after his term here and for the last 15 years has been purchasing agent; he has had much to do with the growth of the company. Father Maher and Colonel Hoynes, who knew Mr. Witwer when he was at the University, attended the funeral.—H. W. F.

IN ACADEMIC ACADIA

(*By "Spectator"*)

"Distant, secluded, still" sang the poet of the gentle Evangeline. He might have been talking of our neighboring academy, but wasn't. All we want to make clear is that there is a neighboring Academy although most of us are expected not to find it out. It was, however, decided recently that a number of Notre Dame men, chosen according to the immortal major premises of the feminine mind, might be entrusted with the secret. Wherefore, on last Tuesday evening, a number of the elected sought the pathway to the desmesne of the hidden princesses, accompanied majestically by thunder, lightning and rain, just as in *Macbeth.*

There is every reason to believe that a previous bargain had been struck between the guests and the gods of thunder. For precisely during the most melodious part of an entrancing toddle, the lurid lighting system provided by the elements proceeded to put the more prosaic illumination out of business. Darkness prevailed, but above the roar of the winds the stentorian voice of Mr. F**l**n arose declaring, "On with the dance!" And the dance was on, in the midst of that sulphurous darkness. At times a lighted candle twinkled through the gloom and the titter of a select audience was audible.

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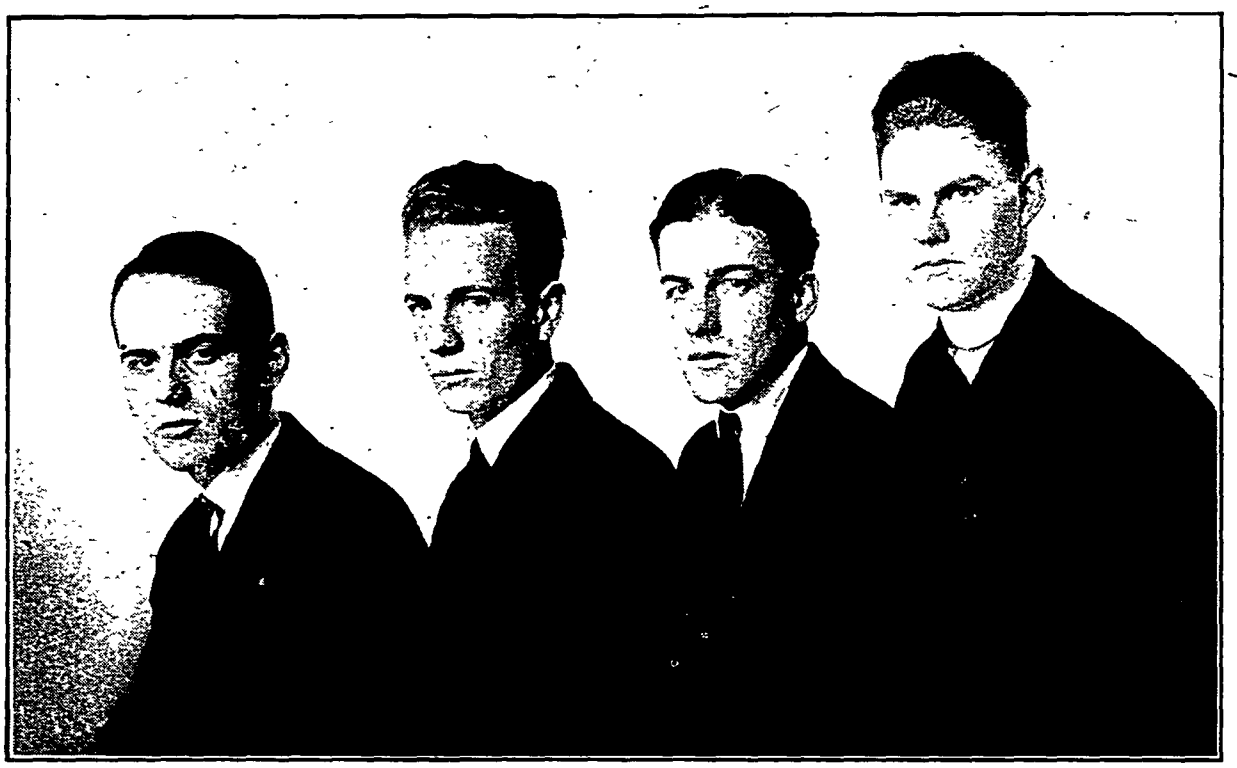
The witches in the play had everything their own way. Macbeth is reported to have said, "life is full of sound and fury," but was he right to add, "signifying nothing?" This is not the place for a complete analysis of the question. All who are interested may wonder. As for ourselves we wish to point out that the lantern scene was very realistically enacted, and that it showed an admirable realization of the pschological moment.



ENGLES-CLARK-RHOMBERG-GALLAGHER

THE DEBATERS

Affirmative Argument.

All will admit that there are certain industries unfitted for private operation: for instance, every modern government owns and operates its postal industry. While believing in private ownership as a general principle, the Affirmative maintained that coal is an industry in which the interest of the private operator runs counter to the general welfare. It held that because of its basic importance, its reliance upon a natural resource of limited supply, and the serious evils prevalent in its private operation, the coal industry must be owned and operated by the government.

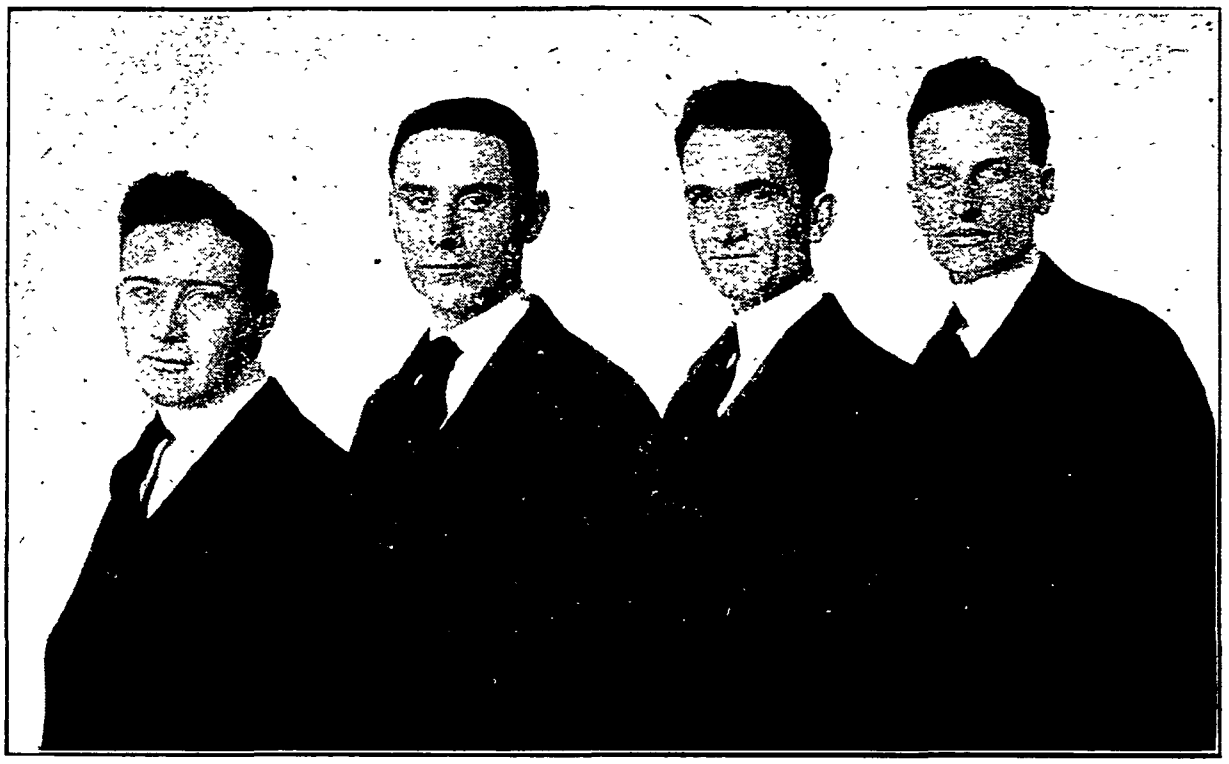
By their wasteful methods of mining, the coal operators have failed to serve the nation. Expert geologists are becoming alarmed at the threatened depletion of our great coal resources. The operators have likewise failed to serve the consuming public. Supply is held down while prices are boosted to unreasonable levels. Profiteering exists in many industries, but is rampant in the coal business. The private operators, again, are flagrant exploiters of labor. In their desire for large immediate profits, the mines are worked only about two hundred days each year, in order to keep down the supply of coal. Because of the added cost the private operators will not store coal during slack seasons. This system results in spasmodic employment for the workers, and low annual wages.

A sound democratic plan of government ownership, with employees representation in industrial management, piece rates for workers, a merit system of promotion, and decentralized control, offers the only thorough remedy. The destructive motive of private gain will be replaced by the motive of public welfare. Conservative mining methods, looking to the future as well as the present, will be inaugurated. An adequate supply of coal at cost price will be supplied. Demand can be stabilized and coal stored so as to prevent fuel famines and provide regular employment for the workers.

THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.

Not one of the four men who made up the affirmative team had ever engaged in a collegiate debate before this year. Their inexperience, however, instead of proving a handicap, made them the more thorough and painstaking in constructing their arguments against the present operators of our coal mines, and in preparing for attack. These debaters combined solid preparation so well with native ability that they made their superiority evident throughout every debate, won their three encounters, and carried eleven out of a total of thirteen votes.

When Joseph Rhomberg had forged his way through the first preliminaries last December, he declared, "If anything will get me on the team, it will be work, and I'm going to work." And he did work. At every appearance he showed a notable improvement, and



CAVANAUGH-SWITALSKI-WARD-HOGAN

he has no intention now of retreating.

Vincent Engels, who is so near perfection that improvement can not be exacted of him, is one of the most versatile debaters at Notre Dame. At the first preliminaries Vincent was veritably outraged at the present operators of our mines, and at the second he took the opposite position with just as much vehement solicitude for "all the consumers of coal." He is ready to take either side of the question.

For opening their rebuttals the affirmative make no mistake in choosing Worth Clark. Worth has a way of coming out and attacking in rebuttals which thoroughly disconcerts the opposition; he comes on with a slashing impetus which indicates that he is provoked.

When Clark has thrown the negative into confusion, Raymond M. Gallagher proceeds pitilessly to prosecute the rout. Gallagher won the Breen Orations last December before he went seriously to work on debates; but volume of voice and person soon made of him a power to be feared.

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Negative Argument.

In meeting the charges which the exponents of government ownership lay at the door of the private mine operators, the Negative gladly admitted that there are grave evils existing in the mining industry of the United States. They asserted, however, that the fundamental purpose of the debate was not to determine these but to find out whether government ownership is an adequate remedy. And it was the contention of the Negative that government ownership would not be a suitable remedy because of the proved incompetence of governments to manage industry. Government ownership of industry has failed and failed miserably wherever it has been tried. The world-wide movement towards nationalization which began a few years ago has not only come to a standstill but has actually yielded ground, especially in Germany, where the greatest complex of industrial concerns that has ever been assembled under governmental control is today being denationalized and turned over to private experts. Nor is this great retreat of state socialism being conducted by ultra-conservative or reactionary statesmen, but by the present socialist rulers of Germany themselves.

The consideration of such facts as these showed the folly of recommending government ownership as a remedy for high coal costs, coal wastage, or intermittent employment of workers. Government ownership is not a remedy at all,—it is a disease. It would not only fail to remedy the real evils of the situation but it would multiply those evils a hundred fold. Furthermore, there are no evils existing in the mining industry of the United States today which cannot be better remedied by government regulation than by government ownership: Coal prices can be quickly brought down to normal levels by establishment of a national coal commission with power to tax

the coal speculator out of business and with jurisdiction over the selling price of anthracite in all sections of the country; the conservation of coal is a matter of vital concern to the private mine operators themselves, and the phenomenal progress which they have made in recent years can be further intensified and standardized by a national coal commission; the problem of intermittent and seasonal mine employment can be solved by proper distribution of coal buying.

THE NEGATIVE TEAM.

The personnel of Notre Dame's Negative team during the past season was, like that of the Affirmative team, made up of four men who had never before participated in an Intercollegiate debate. Their record is a worthy one. During the season these young men were victorious in three out of four debates. Their one defeat was suffered at the hands of Wabash College by a three-two decision. During the season they received the decisions of eleven judges and lost those of five.

Frank Cavanaugh, the first speaker, learned how a debate is conducted when "Tim" Galvin and Clovis Smith were doing great things for the school. He has all the qualifications of an excellent speaker, and if he should be a memorable debater.

Raymond Switalski was probably one of the most valuable men on the team when it came to summing up the arguments of the opposition.

Any debating team would have been glad to have James Hogan for a member. Hogan entered every contest last winter with a new speech, and although he never won a "first place" in any of them, he became by his constant application the outstanding speaker of every Collegiate debate of the year. Hogan has a directness of delivery that commands the attention of every audience, and is an untiring worker.

The last Negative debater was Leo Ward, and he is a real debater. The clearest thinker of the Negative team, in rebuttal he was also the strongest speaker. Leo is especially successful in using the phraseology and authorities of his opponents when he riddles their arguments. The mere fact that he has two more debating seasons ahead of him at Notre Dame, augurs well for the success of local argumentation.

THE JUNIORS ENTER POLITICS

At approximately 12:53 Monday noon word of the election of Gus Desch president of the junior class of '23 came over the special wire arranged for the SCHOLASTIC. At somewhere near 1:14 p. m., the cheering ceased. A strange silence brooded over the assemblage that had by its hitherto hilarity raised the last particle of library dust a few minutes before.

As Rt. Hon. Les Lee Logan, outgoing incumbent, announced the fact that the winner had been elected, someone in the back of the room was frantically waving his hat in the air with one hand and tearing his hair with the other. The fact that his hair tears easily made the scene all the more tearful. It *was* a sad moment for Tammany.

"Mr. Engels has the floor."

"I move the election of Mr. Gus Desch be made unanimous."

"I second Mr. Gus Dash," ejaculated Sr. Pio Montenegro as he vigorously pounded the head and shoulders of the person who was obstructing the view of him.

"All in favor signify by rising," declared the exident.

"The ayes have it. Mr. Gus Desch is unanimously president of the junior class by an overwhelming majority."

Suddenly small Paul Breen, leader of the Tammany forces hoisted himself on the shoulders of his Kentucky colleague, U. Gene Oberst, and gesticulating in several directions unanimously.

"Mr. Breen is before the house," was announced to the exident.

"As a citizen of the junior class, and one vitally interested regarding the welfare therein, and as an exponent of fair play at all times and especially at the right times, I demand to know the exact vote, at this collection."

"Not counting, for the present, the dead and injured and other ncidents that might change the totals. . . ."

There is a small riot in the rear as somebody balanced himself on the back of a chair, and looked the rabble in eye during an oratorical pause.

"Mr. exident, I demand the election of Mr. Dash be made anonymous and that all in favor signify by saying "I!"

"Mr. Desch has been elected unanimously, by the hugest majority in the history of the

junior class. Mr. Gus Desch makes a new record. Long may he wave. In view of these and other facts the meeting ought to resign. "The meeting is hereby resigned," decided Mr. Les Lee Logan, the exident.—E. W. M.

JUNIOR PROM.

"Fine lads to know; good fellows all,
And friends of truest blue;
Too great a praise can ne'er be sung
The men of '22."

On Friday evening, May 20th, the Juniors and their ladies to the number of one hundred and twenty couples gathered in the ball room of the new Tribune Building to cavort through their Promenade. From nine till two the Franklyn Orchestra of Fort Wayne clanged the loud cymbal and "banged" the guitar that the boys and girls might happily gyrate about the resplendent wax floor. Anyone could observe the fleeting of time by marking the progression of dances in the little black leather N. D. card case that acted the dual role of favor and program. During the evening Walter O'Keefe managed to get in a few songs and Miss Guthrie delighted with a few well chosen numbers. Then when the orchestra leader finally stood up and shouted "'At's all; there ain't no more!" every little angel could and probably did say to her satellite that she had had "just a wonderful time." Frank Blasius, the Junior President, acted as general chairman of the dance; the music committee was composed of Ralph Coryn, Jim Murphy and John Hart; Al. Scott, Jim Murtaugh and Johnnie Huether took care of the programs and favors while Tom Keefe worked with Jack Higgins and Jim Martin to keep the Ship off the rocks. The guests of honor were Professor and Mrs. W. Benitz, Judge and Mrs. G. Farabaugh, Professor and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. G. O'Brien and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ellsworth.

MEMORABLE MEN

—Rev. Glenn Walker, who was at Notre Dame in 1916, was ordained at St. Meinrad Seminary recently, and will be at Loogootee, Ind., in the Indianapolis diocese.

—Brother Aidan, President of Holy Cross College, New Orleans, La., for many years rector of Dujarie Institute, Notre Dame, is the contributor of some valuable literature to the library of the department of journalism.

—Louis P. Harl, who conned journalism books in 1917, is now city editor of the *Owensboro Messenger*, in Kentucky.

—Cletus B. Sullivan, old student of '14-'15 days, has written recently. During the war he served in the Navy at Newport, R. I., and Hampton Roads, Va. At the time of his discharge he was rated an electrician.

—Reverend Francis Patrick Monighan, Litt. B., 1918, was ordained on May 21, 1921, at St. Joseph's New Cathedral, Buffalo, New York, by the Right Reverend William Turner, D. D. He read his first Mass on May 22, 1921, at Oil City, Pennsylvania.

—Prof. W. A. Johns, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, who instituted the school of agriculture at Notre Dame several years ago, is the recent father of a son who will some day look over Notre Dame.

—The Writers Club met in their final gathering of the year Friday, with Robert Riordan, H. W. Flannery, A. C. Morgan, R. L. Lightfoot, Eugene F. Noon, Charles Molz, on the program.

—Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., former provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and stationed at Notre Dame, arrived in Rome, April 29, after a rough voyage. He is in the Eternal City on duties as coadjutor of the order, returning in about a month.

—Among recent visitors to N. D. was James V. Cunningham, LL. B. '06, who spent a few days with his brother, Father Cunningham, at the time of the Illinois trackmeet. Jimmie is practicing law in Chicago. He and Dan Madden, LL. B., '06, have formed a partnership with offices in the Conway Building.

—Rev. Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., will be one of the speakers at the Centennial of St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kentucky, in the early part of June. Prof. John. M. Cooney taught English at the college several years ago, and Prof. Clarence Manion is a graduate of the school. Governor Morrow, Congressman Benjamin Johnson, Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Ill., Bishop Morris, of Little Rock, Ark., are also expected to speak.

—Lawrence Sedgwick Highstone, former student in the Notre Dame Law School, died at Tucson, Arizona, March 3, 1921. He was buried at his home, St. Ignace, Michigan.

From a local paper we take the following account:

At the outbreak of the war he was among the first to offer his services to his country, but was rejected from active service by reason of frail constitution. He entered the service, however, as secretary of the Knights of Columbus welfare work at Camp Sherman and his record as such is one of patriotism and inspiration. A pleasing platform speaker, eloquent and inspiring, he was called upon to make numerous addresses in the larger cities and his voice did much in aid of the country's war program. So highly was his services considered that rules were laid aside in his case and he was given a trip overseas engaged in special service.

OURSELVES

—Walter O'Keefe talked to the class in advertising last Monday morning upon his experiences in selling space for the South Bend *News-Times*.

—Father Cavanaugh delivered the sermon at the opening Mass of the National Convention, in Detroit, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

—The Day Dodgers met in the Library Tuesday noon, May 18, and elected the following officers for next year: Lewis Murphy of Crawfordsville, Ind., president; Cletus Lynch of Meriden, Conn., vice-president, and Frank Denny of Bridgeport, Conn., secretary.

—Over a hundred students attended the Chicago Club of Notre Dame banquet held in the Oliver hotel, Sunday evening May 16. Father T. E. Burke, C. S. C., presided as toastmaster and introduced the principal speaker of the evening, Father M. J. Walsh, C. S. C., vice-president of the University and honorary president of the Chicago Club.

—The last social meeting of the Knights of Columbus for this year was held in their rooms in Walsh Hall, Tuesday evening, May 17. An interesting address on "Reaction" was given by Father Francis Wenninger which was followed by a luncheon and a smoker.

—Admiral J. Cordiero DaGraca of the government of Brazil was the guest of the University, Friday, May 20th. In the evening he delivered an address in Washington Hall in which he outlined the commercial activities of Brazil. To promote inter-commercial relations with the United States, Brazil, according to the Admiral, is offering us the preference of all products. Last year 3,000,000 bags of coffee alone were exported to the United States. The speaker also made a plea for a direct steamship line between New Orleans and Brazil. Brazilian exports to America include, besides coffee, lumber, sugar, rice and cattle.

—Mr. Arnold, of the Knox School of Salesmanship, lectured to the combined classes in Advertising and Salesmanship last Wednesday morning. He presented the ideal qualities of the ideal salesman for the consideration of his audience and explained in detail how these qualities may be developed. Mr. Arnold's speech was highly interesting and instructive. The classes extend their thanks to the president of the Knox School of Salesmanship for his kindness in sending Mr. Arnold to us.

—The Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce will hold its Annual Luncheon Monday noon, June 6th. Two eminent speakers have been secured for the occasion. The music will most probably be furnished by Charles Davis. A committee of fifteen is in charge of all arrangements. They are Messrs. C. Lynch, M. Schwarz, L. Momsen, L. Kelley, R. Meade, Barnhardt, W. Stuhldreher, J. V. Egan, H. Weber, Henneberry, G. McDermott, F. Smith, Seigler, Kreutzer and E. Keegan.

—The Notre Dame Section and the St. Joseph's Valley Chapter of the American Association of Engineers have invited all the Engineering Students of the University to attend their picnic at Berrien Springs on the afternoon of June first. Chartered cars will leave South Bend at one thirty. A power plant, a bridge, and a dam will be inspected and prizes will be given to the winners in the athletic contests which will be held. Engineering classes for the afternoon will be suspended by Dean McCue.

—The Juniors of next year are going to do things at a record-breaking clip, and as for obstacles, well, they'll hurdle them, for they have chosen as their leader Gus Desch, the Olympic star and world's record smasher of the low hurdles. If a drive is needed their new vice-President, Ed. Shea, football half back will attend to it, and as for tackling big things their new treasurer, John Flynn, football tackle, will do that for them. Henry Barnhardt was chosen secretary and John Cavanaugh and William Voss were elected to membership in the Student's Activity committee.

McKee–Molz.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS

AT LANSING

Coach Rockne's track men swamped the Michigan Aggies with a score of 81-45 in the dual track meet held at East Lansing Saturday, May 14. Oberst, Mulcahy, McBarnes and Dant won monograms and Judy Shanahan scored four points. Eddie Hogan, star all-round man did not make the trip but will be in trim for the State meet next Saturday.

Montague ran a wonderful race in the quarter mile but his performance was dimmed by the work of Earnst, the M A C captain, who did the 440 in the exceptional time of :49.3-5. McBarnes turned in a nice half-mile and promises to be a factor in next year's races in that event. Kentuck Oberst set a new track record in the javelin throw and is the surprise of the local squad as the big boy had never handled the javelin before the present outdoor season.

Eight new track records were set in the meet.

SUMMARY:

100 yard dash.
Hayes ND. Desch ND. Ernst MAC. Time :10.

One mile run.
Houston MAC. Adolf MAC. Huether ND. Time 4:48.

220 yard dash.
Dant ND. Hayes ND. Desch ND. Time :23.

120 yard high hurdles.
Wynne ND. Mulcahy ND. Temple MAC. Time :16 2 (track record.)

440 yard run.
Earnst MAC. Montague ND. Hoar ND. Time :49 3 (track record.)

2 mile run.
Thurston MAC. Baumer ND. Bagley MAC. Time 10 min. (track record.)

220 yard low hurdles.
Desch ND. Wynne ND. Shanahan ND. Time 2:05 2.

Pole vault.
Brooker MAC. Shanahan ND. Hoar ND. Height 10 feet 6 in.

Shot put.
Shaw ND. Fessenden MAC. Flynn ND. Distance 42 ft. 2¼ in. (field record.)

High jump.
Murphy, Mulcahy, Hoar of ND. tied for first. Height 5 ft. 6 in.

Discus throw.
Fessenden MAC. Shaw ND. Schwie MAC. Distance 119 ft. 5½ in. (field record.

Broad jump.
Brady MAC. Wynne ND. Temple MAC. 20 ft. 11¾ in.

Javelin throw.
Oberst ND. Schwie MAC. Weaver MAC. Distance 165 ft. 10 in. (field record.)

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NORTHWESTERN WILDS.

The biggest upset of the Western baseball season occurred on Cartier field on Saturday, May 14 when Northwestern took a free-hitting, free-throwing, free-fielding and free-pitching contest from Notre Dame by a 15-14 score. Previous to the contest the Purple had not won a game and were looked upon as easy meat for Coach Halas' men.

Some unfortunate fielding and four solid hits gave the visitors an eight run lead in the first frame. After that session they thought they were good and, as a matter of fact they were good enough to turn back the local team in its game attempt at a comeback. Kane, Miles, Castner and Mohardt positively murdered the ball, but their most diabolical efforts were insufficient to counteract the evil influences of the crime which was committed in the first frame.

Notre Dame crept up on the Purple, and scored in practically every inning and had enough men left on bases to win three more games. Two strong rallies in the eighth and ninth promised the necessary run to tie but the final punch just wasn't there.

Northwestern	822	200	010—15
Notre Dame	510	211	501—14

Two-base hits—Mohardt 2; Castner, Palmer. Three-base hits—Kane, Palmer, Reiger. Home run—Kane. Bases on balls—Steinle 2, Foley 2, Palmer 2. Strike outs—Palmer 3, Steinle 1, Mohardt 1, Foley 4. Hit batsman—Falvey 1, Castner. Hits—Off Falvey 1 (none out in first); Mohardt 3 in 1 inning; Steinle 2 in two innings; Foley 5 in 5 innings. Umpire, Ray. Time 2:55.

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Coach Halas' tossers returned two victories last week and began the last leg of the season with six wins, six defeats and one tie. Northwestern, Beloit, Wisconsin, Michigan Aggies and two games with Indiana remain on the card and the present form of the team indicates four victories and a successful season.

Paul Castner had one bad inning at Michigan to win the game. Castner pitched nice ball before and after the crucial inning but the inning counted—and until next year we hand the palm to Michigan for beating us twice.

A bit of bad luck paved the way for the second Michigan win at Ann Arbor May 18. Two men were down and runners were occupying second and third when the next Michigan batter hit to Miles at short. Frank was set for the catch and third out when the ball hit a pebble, punched the shortstop in the eye and left a beautiful shiner in its wake. Two Michigan runs went over on what might have been the third out—and four more hits ran the total to five and a victory.

The local team hit Schulz hard but failed in the pinches. Notre Dame played errorless ball in the field, Rodge Kiley being particularly active at second base.

Notre Dame	000	020	100—3	10	0
Michigan	000	005	10x—6	10	2

Castner and Blievernicht; Schultz and Vick.

***

Persistence would not be denied at East Lansing on the next day, May 19, and the local tossers slammed Kuhn hard while Falvey sent the Michigan Aggies back to their farm with four little bingles. Capt. Johnny Mohardt in center garden, contributed the fireworks of the afternoon by two circus catches which cut off doubles.

Notre Dame	001	301	101—7	12	2
Michigan Aggies	201	000	001—4	4	2

***

The club continued its solid hitting by slamming 12 blows in seven innings off the shoots of Wagner, southpaw server of Purdue and winning the abbreviated contest 8-1. Purdue called the game at the beginning of the eighth to make train connections.

The final outcome of the game was never in doubt—Notre Dame climbed right merrily on the Boilermaker bandwagon and stole Wagner's saxophone in the first frame. Practically every man on the team got a little bingle or two. Hec Garvey, appearing in right field for the second consecutive game, duplicated his two hits against the Aggies. Garvey and Kiley contributed fielding grabs, Johnny Mohardt threw a visitor out at the plate with a perfect peg and Kane, Kiley and Fitzgerald engineered a double-play.

Castner gave traces of his "one bad inning" by going a trifle wild in both the third and fourth. Paul strove mightily, however, and the manner in which he recovered his confidence and the plate was one of the prettiest episodes seen on the diamond this year.

Purdue	000	001	0—1	6	2
Notre Dame	400	210	1—8	12	3

Two-base hits—Prokup, Strubbe. Bases on balls—Castner 2, Wagner. Strikeouts—Castner 9, Wagner 6. Sacrifice hits—Miles, Fitzgerald. Stolen bases—Miles, Mohardt. Double play—Kane, Kiley, Fitzgerald. Hit by pitcher—Kane by Wagner. Balk—Wagner. Wild throw—Wagner. Empire Kearns.

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TENNIS TROUBLES.

Ed McCarthy and Ed Pfeiffer represented Notre Dame in the Indiana Intercollegiate Tennis tourney at Indianapolis May 17 and reached the semi-finals in both singles and doubles in competition with the best net men in the state. The local boys had comparatively little practice before the important tourney and had performed but once on an outside court.

Butler eliminated Notre Dame from the doubles in the semi-finals, 7-5, 6-3, in two hard fought matches. Indiana won from Wabash by default; and going fresh into the finals with Butler, won the doubles championship from that team, 6-8, 6-3, 11-9, 6-3.

F. Bastian failed to appear for his semi-finals match with Pfeiffer and the local star took the match by default. Pfeiffer and McCarthy then went into their doubles match with Butler; and at the conclusion of the match, Bastian appeared with a claim to play Pfeiffer in the match which had previously been defaulted. The judges of the meet had disregarded the national rules by reversing their decision on Bastian's default; and Indianapolis alumni, who were looking after the the local boys' interests, refused to allow Pfeiffer to play Bastian, although the local boy was willing to proceed after resting from the exertion of the doubles. The judges then gave the decision that Pfeiffer had defaulted to Bastian; and the Indiana man won the singles championship from his brother of Butler.

—WALLACE.