

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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WHEN SANDMEN COME

-- VINCENT D. ENGELS.

WHEN sandmen come to weigh my eyes
With altruistic reveries,
To shrive me from stern, sordid care,
To sink me soft in spirit air,
To waft my soul to silent skies—

I slip from days of tears and sighs
To that heart-flooding paradise
Where Youth is Youth and ever fair,
When Sandmen come.

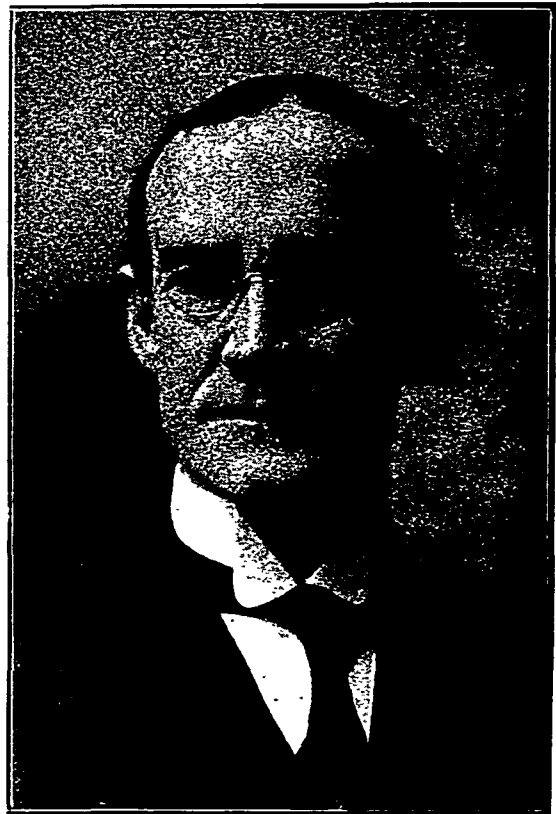
My ears are deaf to earthly cries,
My thoughts live Heaven, realize
The dreams of day, escaped from where
And whence I dreamed them, unaware
That they must surely crystallize
When Sandmen come.

BECAUSE Notre Dame is just Notre Dame, the rendezvous of an exclusive gentry to whom the pedantic seeker for culture is as ridiculous a figure as a money miser, it has always attracted to its silver lakes the most genial, the most faithful, and the most lovable persons in the world. There was Father Sorin to begin with, and Luigi Gregori. And then there came a whole cheerful bevy of them—Stace and Stoddard, Egan and Howard. Today we have the Honorable Colonel Hoynes, Professor Martin McCue, and—God bless his soul, Doctor Cooney.

It seems hardly proper to write of Professor Cooney in prose. The clumsy phrases contrast too painfully with their subject. One should treat of him in tetrameters, but since he is a journalist, prose would undoubtedly please him better. For although every journalist is at heart a poet, he cannot bear to see himself exposed in rhymes and meters. He is a "bashful critter" and our estimable Dean is no exception to the rule. Program committees dash to his office every day, and trail back again; for lucky indeed, is the club which can extract his promise for an after dinner speech. Lucky too, are the

potential "cubs" who sit in his class rooms, for they are the daily recipients of the wit which has strung a line of chuckles from Owensborough, Ky., to South Bend, Ind.

But there are serious moments in these class hours, for to quote the Professor, his big job is



to "make real gentlemen out of these rascals." And this, believe us, is no easy task. But Mr. Cooney (whose ancestors were Irish, as you may have guessed) does not despair of the work.

"I'd rather turn out gentlemen and scholars than wags whose achievements end with the writing of a news story. Practical journalism can be learned in one month under any city editor, but it takes many years to make a scholar, and many, many more years to make a gentleman."

We ask you if that isn't an ideal worthy of the name. We tell you that it is a real pleasure to study under such a knight of words. Can such a character, though journalistic, be handled in Journalese? Rather not!

THE IDEAL HOME.

CLIFFORD B. WARD.

A man's home should be the birthplace and the material expression of his ideals. It should be these things, because next to religion the home is man's greatest moral influence, and since man is the unit of society, the home may be considered the greatest moral influence of society as well. Accepting this to be true; that the "ideal home" is the greatest factor towards good, through the development of men and women of lofty ideals, we may concern ourselves here, with the question, what constitutes an ideal home?

The old adage: "like father, like son" seems to me true but rather incomplete. Why consider the influence of the father, while one overlooks all the other things that go to make up the true domestic atmosphere? Surely the wife influences the husband, and the husband the wife, and the children are influenced by the thoughts and actions of their parents.

The nature or location of the house we choose for our home means nothing here. A dingy "shack" in a coal miners' district may as easily be an ideal home, as the grandest mansion on the "exclusive" Riverside Drive of New York City. Perhaps I should say it can more easily be the ideal home, but that would lead me into a discussion irrelevant to my theme.

The ideal home should possess religion, refinement, and education. Not the religion of the "Sunday-cloak" type, nor the superficial sort of refinement, nor not necessarily an extraordinary education. Children are the greatest imitators in the world, and oftentimes what they imitate in their youth is "ingrained" into their very nature, even if the inclinations to imitate run counter to the inclinations of reason and good judgment. The environment of the home, therefore, must be good if the moral qualities of the child are to be good. Its environment should develop to a well-balanced proportion, mental, moral and physical sides of man.

The moral side should be developed by practical exemplification of one's religious beliefs, by adherence to one's religious tenets as firmly on "week-days" as on Sunday.

It is hardly necessary to say much concerning the physical side of man, as this usually takes care of itself. But what about the mental side? Need all the opportunities of the best tutors and universities be at one's disposal for the

proper development of the mental side of the child? In many cases these opportunities are unavailable, but this is a negligible obstacle. The home can—and must—if it is to be ideal, teach the child to respect, to appreciate, and to seek education and culture even if its actual attainment seems impossible. But let it be said here, if a paradox be permissible, that I consider any man to be educated and cultured if he at least seeks, respects and appreciates education and culture.

HASTING SPEEDILY.

LOUIS BRUGGNER.

An old proverb says "Festina lente!" Modern wiseacres have explained the epigram by adding, "Haste makes waste." All of which means a great deal to those who think and a very, very little to the general public in this, our much-vaunted Twentieth Century.

Americans are always in a hurry. An immigrant coming to this country, used always to plodding along behind a yoke of oxen, or to wending his weary way homeward afoot, has his breath fairly taken away at the speed of life in America. He whizzes from shore to destination on the wings of an express train; he jolts about on the speeding elevated, roaring over the bustling streets below like a dozen hurricanes combined; he works in factories where large-scale production in a minimum time is the pass-word, where "piece-work" and the time clock run hand in hand into Midas' yawning mouth; he sees around him people scurrying about like so many ants around a scattered nest. To me it is a wonder that he does not step back on the transport which brought him to this country to get his breath and to get a better view of the bewildering kaleidoscope of America, or that he does not flee again to his oxen, thoroughly scared by the maniac sweepstakes he finds here.

For the Americans are in a hurry. Europe, especially since the war, realizes the fact. Germany lost the War because she thought the United States could never mobilize and get into action soon enough to make any difference. France, fully satisfied with her maximum speed rate of twenty-five miles an hour by railroad stared with eyes like golf balls when she saw quarters and halves of mammoth locomotives raised out of the holds of the hastily built transports, bearing the trade-mark "Made in U. S.

A." and destined in a week to be ready for action. The bourgeoisie and the paysannerie fled in terror from the vicinity of the American road-bed with fingers poked into their ears whenever they heard the far distant piccolo shriek of the locomotive whistle, and watched with bated breath the American monster as, with a roar almost rivalling that of Niagara, it flickered past.

Perhaps, in the case of American participation in the War, we may say that the end justified the means, and that the end of the War was sufficient recompense for the mistakes engendered by too much haste. Yet I think that the element of haste is just exactly one of the big things that are wrong with America. Getting *on* in the world seems to have taken the form of getting *there*, or rather *everywhere*, in the world. Nineteenth century is synonymous with the Civil War in the minds of many people or with the invention of the crude cotton gin, reaper, and sewing machine; while the twentieth century seems to be indicative of getting from Chicago to New York in eighteen hours, of putting your house together in sections, of speedway maniacs, and of crowding into the eighteen hours of each day that Americans do not sleep the activities to which England devotes a week.

Because Americans are always in a hurry we have Instant Postum, Minute Tapioca, cake flour that needs nothing but water and lo! you have a cake; electric washing machines and dish-washers, dictaphones, the telephone and the telegraph, Federal Special Delivery letter service, compressed church services, addressographs, taxicabs, shoe-shining parlors, barber shops, daily newspapers, and slot-machines.

People no longer believe in second childhood nor in Shakespeare's idea of the ages of man. They believe in making hay while the sun shines, of growing old in a hurry and of having it over with. The spindle-legged little girl with the lollypop plays "house" and wears her mother's old dresses because she wants to feel grown-up; the freckle-faced boy with the bulging pockets smokes cigarettes in order to feel older and "hard" like regular men; the empty-headed Miss with the bobbed hair and the colorless and very, very high soprano giggle puts on airs and clothes to make her seem twenty-one or more (and after she becomes twenty-one or too old to be honest, she becomes sweet sixteen); and

men and women alike, when they get to be fifty, feel that they have lived too long, that life holds nothing more for them, and that they ought to die.

These hurry-to-die people manage in many ways to achieve their end. Occasionally the newspapers explain the end with the pregnant word, "despondency." More often, however, Packard intoxication, lard on the liver, fatty degeneration of the heart, money madness, fox-trotting, and these catch-as-catch-can, up-and-away cafeterias are the instruments that are clipping the coupons off the lives of men.

Many men are rushing to the river Styx in upholstered limousines, dining on rarebits and cock-tails and French pastry; many perhaps think they are going there on a week-end house party. The trouble is, they cannot rush back on the 6:28 early Monday mornings in time to punch the clock. Some people, common perhaps, sensible surely, prove to be old-fashioned and "slow" when they partake of exercise and thus extend their lives several years.

Elias' chariot may not be waiting for these loath-to-die people when they are finally ready to die; yet they will have a little less time to devote to picnicking on the river Styx than will their cousins, and they will have a little more enjoyment of the Ohio and the Chicago rivers which, regardless of what you think of them, cannot be as bad as the Styx.

It is fortunate for families and for business that man has blundered upon the provident plan of insuring the lives of these hurry-to-die people; on the other hand it is perhaps unfortunate that life insurance did not come into vogue in Mathusaleh's day, in which event rates might be lower to-day.

When we talk of twentieth century civilization, the march of progress, the age of invention and of sundry such profound subjects, I shudder to think what an uncivilized king Solomon must have been when he built his temple, what prehistoric nincompoops the builders of the Pyramids of Chizeh must have been, what numbskulls the architects and builders of our mediaeval cathedrals of Europe must have been to have pattered so terribly over so simple a task as erecting a building! Why, today when some firm erects a twenty-story skyscraper, the steam shovel man and the sign painter go to work on the same day. The one starts digging the cellar and sub-cellar for this towering monument to Progress; the other paints a huge sign

in several colors indicating that on or about August 1, the Minit Razor Sharpener Company will be ready to receive its patrons at its new, magnificent, fireproof home.

It would seem that our ancestors would have done better had they given us our chance first. The monks of the Middle Ages, who used to toil months over the lettering of a book, letter by letter and page by page, should have spent a week or two learning the true secrets of art from the lithographer and the printer; their work savored too much of the amateurish.

The act is undeniable. We are in a hurry. The trouble is that the Twentieth Century is an era of doing things and that Latin is a dead language, a thing already done if not overdone. That is why we do not read Latin. Instead we bolt our breakfast and Hearst at the same time. We "festina" well enough, but cannot, it seems, master the "lente."

THE COLLEGE HOBOHEMIAN.

PIO MONTENEGRO.

All college men are pessimists more or less. They are pessimists because pessimism pays. It is part of college culture and comes only after diligent practise. When the freshman with evident perturbation announces that he "knows he is going to flunk in psychological chemistry," he is beginning the habit of pessimism. He anticipates failure because he is hoping against failure. When the demure senior pauses in the interval of lighting his monogrammed cigarette nonchalantly to inform his buddy that "they'll probably hold up the degree on account of not being able to swim the hundred," he does it with the grace of four years of unwavering custom. The philosophy of it is that it is profitable to expect little and the more you realize above the marginal anticipation goes to make life just that much more worth living.

But there is a pessimist who is serious, almost desperately so. He is an unfortunate creature who tries his best and still gets the worst of life. That is to say, the iron law of circumstance presses his ambition downward until it is the ballast of despair instead of the impetus to success. College life is anything but roseate for the man who is continually under the mental strain of over-study. If some college men are characteristically cynical there is good reason for it. When the hard-working, brain-parched student sees himself slowly forced under, while

the "why-worry" individual drifts through his college course on the strength of somebody else's brain-power, it is discouraging.

And there certainly is the individual proud of the fact that he has no ambition whatever. Surrounded with the blessings of youthful friendship, he is busy squandering his own time and ambition, all the while he is wasting the intellectual substance of his associates. He is one of those dashing, ultra-looking figures seen caricatured in the "College Wits,"—in everything a gentleman but the most important thing, his intellect. His aim is to be in constant company with the men who are congenial enough to tolerate him. He is very prominent in college activities, a sort of social lizard. He is admired by men who in most respects are his superiors and ought to realize it. Perhaps he is mentioned as "the most popular man on the campus." As a matter of fact, he is perennially present in every hall on every campus. It is not difficult for him to keep up in classes, for his variety of 'lounge lizard' have the instinct for slipping through narrow places. But he is the kind to sneer at the "ignorant fellow" who stays up nights to meet expenses and spends his days to meet requirements, and who in the end may be forced to quit because of low standing, or absences. Pessimism in such cases is but natural.

This unsavory variety of college frequenter is generally the clever entertainer, generous and jovial because his college career is a huge joke considering the poor devil who takes it seriously. His room is an art gallery for the delectation of gullible undergraduates. If there is a soubrette or national athlete whose autograph he cannot exhibit it is quickly improvised. He must live in convivial atmosphere, and that much abused idea of college spirits is his hoddy. Whenever the club decides on a dance, he is appointed to the committee on pink programs. College life is his profession. He is the college hobohemian—the sort of college man referred to in those stirring magazine articles on the subject: "Are College Men Failures?"

The American people favor a bonus—if the *onus* can be avoided.

The job of painting up the town must now be done in water-colors.

The student who is content with building air-castles at college runs the risk of carrying a hod for more substantial structures in the future.

LITERARY APPRENTICESHIP

H. W. FLANNERY.

Literature, it seems, is too literary. Perhaps that is why most of us shy at Thackeray, Hawthorne, Stevenson, Scott, Shakespeare and Milton. Literature has suffered possibly, by too much intellect. As it is, Thackeray writes above our heads. His style is too superior. Truly, the master, if he is to be understood and appreciated, must be much the amateur. The classical penmen who have written simply are easily enjoyed. Anyone can read and delight in the adventures of *Monte Cristo*. No one can read the incidents in this master-tale without emotion. But to every man, if the truth be told, literature is all rubbish and stuff that absolutely cannot be read.

Most people, however, are not sincere. They are hypocrites, and will not confess that they think, if indeed they ever read him, that Shakespeare is pompous, high-flown, ridiculous, abstruse, and tiresome. The chap who decides he should imbibe a bit of culture, and begins to weary over dense pages of the classics, will always speak in complimentary hyperbole of the men who are supposed to be the best writers, when really he thinks they are insufferably dull. Usually, indeed, few attempt to read these works. Most everyone lolls away hours sipping the mellifluousness of modern novelists. Some modern novels can well be compared with the established classics; but these are rarely read.

Of even the most popular stories but a few people read the whole. The ordinary reader passes over descriptions. Perhaps there is too much of it in many books. Stevenson remarked that "no human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect there is too much of it in literature." It may seem logical that the books should contain less description, that they should be more simple, and in every detail an effort should be made to write what the reader wants to read.

But would that be fair to the reader?

Man is a lazy animal, laziness has never gained anything. Good is obtained only by effort. Books that could be lazily read would be useless. "Light with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly," they would amuse only. If one wants to better himself he wastes time by such reading when, by proper cultivation, he can read the classics and can entertain and interest himself many times as

much as by reading the vapid vagaries of the present day. At first it is necessary to make an effort to understand and appreciate these better writings, but once the reader can sympathize with the writer and understand him, the books that once amused are deemed ephemeral and worthless, and are laid aside for the new love. The cultivated mind gets its diversion,—a lasting diversion, and its improvement at the same time.

"Life being very short and the quiet hours of it very few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books," said Ruskin. The problem, however, is how to learn to read valuable books. It seems a waste of effort to attempt some, as Bacon, Shakespeare, Macaulay, or Carlyle, as a beginning, for one labors hard and seemingly ineffectually in the first attempts at these. An easy transition from the modern effervesencies seems the best. Dumas' *Count of Monte Cristo*, some of Wilkie Collins', much of Mark Twain, most of Crawford, many of the short stories as Merimée's *Venus of Ille*, Hawthorne's *Rappacini's Daughter*, Kipling's *Wee Willie Winkle*, Bret Harte's *Outcasts of Poker Flat*, O. Henry's *Lickpenny Lover*, Ambrose Bierce's *The Damned Thing*, might furnish the bridge to Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Stevenson, Irving, Bacon, Meredith, Goldsmith, Howells, and the rest. To some the tragical endings of Ibsen, the inconsistent aphorisms of Chesterton, Wilde, and Shaw, might not be displeasing and might form an agreeable manner of transition. Once over the bridge one learns to know and love the characters of Dickens and to delight in their antics, one sees the incomparable wisdom and natural events in Shakespeare, and one learns to read rightly and to weigh and consider what he reads.

Poetry, to the average person, is harder to learn to read than prose. It is a more painstaking task to prize the effusions of the great metrists. Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, many of Poe's, much of Longfellow, Scott, Burns, Coleridge, and Shelley, lead well to Milton, Dryden, Spenser, Byron, Keats, and Browning.

Even the Bible, most valuable—I sincerely say—of all literature, cannot be read easily after several years of silly reading, although the Bible is written in most simple language. Since lazy reading forbids thinking as one reads, one cannot immediately learn to think and read at the same time, and to read the Bible one

must think as well as read, for its writers wasted no words but packed each with thought, and meant each to have its message.

Perhaps the reason so many people never learn to read the best is not that they have not tried, but that they have tried wrongly. Perhaps they did read some of the best, but found it too subtle. Perhaps they began too high. It may be they can learn to make reading worth while if they begin to read those writers who are more clear but in whom, too, they "breathe a magnanimous atmosphere of thought" and meet true, live characters, who act naturally and do things that make one know them to be genuine, and make one live a new life, a greater life, with them.

WE HAVE OBSERVED. AVE ATQUE VALE.

"You bet, money talks, but all it ever said to me was good-bye."

FRIEND: "Your wife is certainly there with the irony."

HUSBAND: "Irony? I'd call it flat irony."

MUTUAL FRIEND.

HE.—"At least, we have a mutual friend with us."

SHE.—"What do you mean?"

HE.—"Why, I like you, and you're crazy about yourself."

POETIC PARADOX.

DAY DOG—The only kind of poetry I ever tried to write is blank verse.

FATHER X.—Yes, one can see it written in your face.

ON A SLIDING SCALE.

PRISONER (contemptuously): "I want you to know I am descended from a very old family."

JUDGE (sardonically): "And to all appearances you are still descending."

LEAVES

The leaves of fall are blown about
Much as men in this world,
Who, swayed by gustful circumstance,
By their past acts are swirled.—H. W. F.

Lives there a student with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"When I get rich I'll eat in bed."

NEVER AGAIN.

"I've lost my balance," cursed the bookkeeper, as he started all over.

"I've lost my balance," gasped the steeplejack as he started over, and he was all over.

STYLE IS THE MAN.

—It's all a matter of style.

"And as she rose from gathering those blossoms, before he knew what he was doing, Harbinger had thrown his arms around her, held her as in a vice, kissing her unmercifully."

John Galsworthy

The Patrician

"Marion, there's only one partner in this world for me, and you know her name."

And the old fox by the window heard the bargain sealed and delivered with a kiss.

George Barton

The Pembroke Mason Affair

"How happy I am," sighs Annie: "I don't deserve it."

"Beloved," he replies in the deep, rich voice—and he gently led her out to dinner.

Margaret Deland

Around Old Chester

"And with a soft murmurous sigh, she gave her—

Jeffery Farnol

The Money Moon

CRANK: "There is something about that girl I don't like."

HANK: "What's that?"

CRANK: "The fellow she goes with."

HEARD O'ER A GRECIAN URN.

COLLECTRESS (in an old curiosity shop): "It is glorious. I must have this wonderful vase. It just breathes the romance of ancient Greece."

HUSBAND (sniffing): "I think you smell garlic."

PSYCHOANALYSIS.

Father So and So holding up a pencil in class:

"How many lost this?"

"Nobody? Then it is a total loss."

"Much liquor maketh a full man."

"What kind of cigarettes do you like best?"

"My roommate's."

It is a rule of Journalism that no two persons see the same thing in the same way.

EDITOR: "She has a newspaper figure."

PUBLISHER: Really—

EDITOR: "You bet, some form."

The head of the transgressor is hard.

Because our athletes started the season playing ball in their track suits may account for the fact that some of the ball games might have been played in track suits quite appropriately.

NOVELIST.—"That woman distinctly reminds me of a type."

GENTLE READER.—"How so?"

NOVELIST.—"Bold face."

VARSAITY VERSE SUNSET

Its dying firelight blazing burnished gold,
Once more expires the dazzling torch of day.
A palpitating hush the air doth hold,
As, loath to leave, the flame fades slow away.

Now glow the sinking embers fiery red,
Now softer rose to dusky purple dies,—
All brightness fades to leave but ashes dead,
And night in filmy crepe beshrouds the skies.

Hark! The evening chorus of the birds!
Does it not a sweetly poignant note betray?
A requiem, more eloquent than words,
Is thus sung for the fleeting soul of day.

As, crowned with golden splendor, passed this day,
So pass the myriad souls of men from earth,
Their pathway lit by faith's celestial ray,
Straight to the God, who guarded them from birth.

—NICHOLAS J. MCCABE.

MULE IN MOONLIGHT.

Widely famed is bright champagne:
None of it I'd have for mine.
Bourbon, Scotch, or Rye—some name—;
Neither think I these so fine:
Better than all bonded drinks,
Or imported spirits light
Is moonshine, by and far methinks,
Sparkling in the still of night.

ROSES

The rose blooms but a sorry while
To wither and decay;
The maid blooms but her springtime years
To when the gold is grey;
But inward beauty does not die
If made in sturdy clay;
Wise look for loveliness that lives,
Not for what lasts a day.

—HARRY W. FLANNERY.

SOUL STRUGGLES

When I consider how I toil and sweat
Toward a goal half-hidden in the future's mist;
How, with so little effort, some exist,
By not a thought beyond today beset;
And how they neither sow nor reap and yet
Lack nothing, doing always as they list—
What though my brightest visions do persist,
Why torture flesh for what the pain may net?
But Soul! Can you not watch one hour more—
Or is this seeming self-sufficient Hour
Your End, your Ail? No, No! Thus long you bore
The battle's brunt; take now defeat before
A truce, but let not your ambition sour,
For the joys worth tasting, are worth striving for.

—L. V. BRUGGNER.

AN OLD MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

I spend my days in soulful yearning,
Within my heart there's ever burning
Desires that men are forever spurning.
Oh Lord, send me a man!

Upon the men I'm ever smiling.
It seems my smiles are not beguiling.
Don't let me sit the long hours whiling.
Oh Lord, send me a man!

SIDE VIEW.

Upon her daisy, dimpling cheek
And in her eyes there played a smile
Ripe-stained lips turned up to seek
The nectar of the raptured while.
She wore a hazy, simpering look
And on her cheeks she cracked a smile;
Red-colored lips turned up, she took
Another little bit of chile.

FIRE-WATER.

In a gay and heartless southern town
Came a day of sad regret;
The village church was burning down
And the bell was ringing wet.

A dusty preacher hailed in sight,
And though he had the gout,
He hurried in with all his might
To put the fire out.

The police force, he was present,
And he used his club to crack
A certain pesty resident
Whom he could not keep back.

They got the fire mastered;
The preacher hastened out;
Though his face and hands were blistered,
He was cured of the gout.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP

Without, dark autumn moans, voicing the pain
Of an upturned world that knows no peace, no rest;
But Peace! within a beacon burns, in quest
Of floundering souls whom sin has all but slain.
The church is dark—but the world? It seeks in vain
A mastery of all that is. At best
An insane world, by vanities obsessed;
It lacks this Light of Truth which men profane.
Eternal Light! I have so brief a lease
On this my carnal home, I can but grope
In Stygian darkness for the light of Peace;
For Thee I live, in Thee I henceforth hope.
So grant that when my soul from earth is free
My lamp be trimmed and lead my steps to Thee.

—LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

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The evolution of a log cabin into the twelve million dollar educational plant proposed by the expansion program of Notre Dame has been accompanied by inevitable changes as the school has risen in physical mass and untabulated influence. The General Educational Board of the Rockefeller Foundation considers us "the growing Catholic institution of the country"; Dr. C. A. Lippincott of South Bend, hopes to see us become the leaders in point of numbers that we have been in point of influence; our football team is the "acknowledged champion of the middle west"; President Erskine of the Studebaker Corporation has "taken his coat off" to aid us in the endowment campaign.

The Student's Activity committee has been a necessary corollary of this steady growth; and its formation at the time when the executive ability of the University is engaged in the business of a greater Notre Dame is a happy accident.

The prime object of the S. A. C. is to promote the interests of the student body; and here at Notre Dame, where faculty activity is the exact opposite of the conditions which cause the students of some schools to seek the removal of their executives, the Student Activity committee has assumed the role of the younger brother of a wise and indulgent son of Notre

Dame. The S. A. C. has prospered because it has been a supplementary agency in carrying out the policies of our Reverend President, who represents in the fullest sense to every Notre Dame man, all that is connoted by the name of Father.

The activities of the committee indicate that each of the members has been willing and active in the achievement of those improvements which have followed its deliberations; but more particularly and certainly, has the major part of the success been due to Alden J. Cusick chairman.

The presence of "society's best" at recent prize fights—to say nothing of the female promoters—caused the pessimists, who like the

poor will always be with us, to hide their faces in shame and exclaim

"this is the finish." To them the world has gone to the time-honored dogs; to merely us it is on its way—nothing to worry about. But has it? Comparatively we are but innocents. Cannot you see the Roman women who from ring-side seats in the Arena, look boringly beautiful, yawn affably, give the "thumbs-down signal" to a few gladiators, watch the lions washing their chops on a few martyrs, gather their wraps together and in spite of all declare it to be a "bum show." But don't mistake us. We hardly expect to see boxing adopted as a major sport at St. Mary's. Still if the world is sliding we might as well "let 'er slide." She has a long way to go and none of us will be here when she hits.

THOUGHTS

True criticism begins with self-criticism.

Any kind of hops may be used for brewing trouble.

Many a husband will soon be disillusioned at the beaches.

Where God is, there charity should be, and God is everywhere.

Trying to stand on one's dignity often results in a hard fall.

It is all right to day-dream somewhat, but not for the twenty-four hours.

Honesty may be stamped on a man's face and yet leave a very wide margin.

SORROW AT NOTRE DAME

Last Saturday morning, there flashed across the Atlantic cable the report of the death of Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Coadjutor General of the Congregation of Holy Cross. And so today the community, together with the alumni of Notre Dame, are in mourning,



FATHER MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

for Father Morrissey was a great and a lovable man. The students, who did not know him, do not realize the extent of their loss—but they are aware, in a vague way, that Notre Dame on earth has lost something very valuable, while Notre Dame in heaven rejoices, and claims her own. For twelve years, he was the president of our university. Those were great years for Notre Dame—years of endeavor, growth and triumph. He resigned, to become Provincial of the order, but his interest in the school was not diminished—it was greater than ever. And it is partly because that interest has never flagged, and it is partly because it caused him to help us in many remarkable things that we shall remember Father Morrissey for a great and a lovable man.

Born in Ireland in 1860, he came to this country when very young, and commenced his studies at Notre Dame. After leaving the novitiate, he was sent to Europe to complete

his theological work, spending several years in Italy. Following a period of teaching at our school, he was made Director of Studies, from which office he stepped into the presidency in 1893, an office which he filled until 1905 when he was elected Provincial. Under his influence, all departments of the University developed rapidly. The chapel of the Sacred Heart, the glory of Notre Dame, was erected under his administration, and a new gymnasium was added to the college buildings. New branches of study were added to the curriculum, able professors were secured and the school responded to his activity, and amiable personality by breeding the spirit now so universally associated with the university.

His great individual influence on education was recognized far and wide. The University of Michigan conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and Rome followed with the title of Doctor of Philosophy.

Father Morrissey retired from the presidency of the university in 1905 to become Provincial of the Order in the United States. When the General Chapter of the Congregation was convened last summer one of its first acts was to appoint the Rev. Dr. Morrissey to the office of Coadjutor General of the order with the right of succession. The delicate health of the present venerable General has made it imperative that he receive special aid in the discharge of his heavy duties.

One of the duties of the Coadjutor General is to visit the houses of the order in France; and Dr. Morrissey left this country April 15 on such a mission. He had been received by the Holy Father in Rome and had gone to Paris May 1, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Sauvage. His death in the French capital was announced by cable Saturday morning. He was in his 61st year and is survived by a brother and sister who reside in New York.

The following tribute to Dr. Morrissey, penned to the Coadjutor last summer by the SCHOLASTIC, was almost prophetic. "But more important than all of these things was the friendship for him which appears to have been universal. A kindly interest in all, a smile for all, were written permanently against the background of his ascetic priesthood. It is for these things that he will be remembered when his feet have ceased to go the ways he loved at Notre Dame. History for him will be more than dry record: it will be poetry."

A BIG U. N. D.

A drive for \$2,000,000 to provide for a teachers' endowment fund and the erection of five new buildings at Notre Dame University was launched at a dinner given by Rev. Dr. James A. Burns, president of the university, to 75 business leaders of South Bend at the Oliver Hotel Monday evening. A. R. Erskine, J. D. Oliver, Sr., Joseph Neff and John C. Ellsworth with Dr. Burns as chairman, form an executive committee to direct the work of South Bend in the campaign.

The fund will be divided into two sections. The first \$1,000,000, of which \$250,000 has already been subscribed by the General Educational Board on condition that Notre Dame raise an additional \$750,000, must be pledged within one year and paid within four years. It will constitute a permanent endowment from which only the interest will be used.

The second million will be expended as follows: \$300,000 for an Engineering building; \$200,000 for a Commerce building to expand foreign trade and consular service; \$450,000 for two dormitories and \$50,000 for an extension to the gymnasium and improvements to the athletic field. The second million must be subscribed and paid within four years.

Expressions of the sincere co-operation of South Bend with the aims of the university were voiced by prominent citizens who spoke at the banquet and the complete success of the drive was forecast by every speaker. Dr. Burns outlined the pressing need of the university which presented the alternative of curtailing its educational service or making the campaign for funds. Rev. John O'Hara spoke upon the commercial advantages of the enlarged university, and Rev. John McGinn presented the soundness of the economic plan.

Joseph Neff, A. R. Erskine, Dr. C. A. Lippincott, W. A. McNerney and Frank Hering, speaking as representatives of South Bend, voiced their complete sympathy with the project and every man present pledged himself to aid in the work. Mr. Erskine dwelt upon the finished product of citizenship turned out at the university, Dr. C. A. Lippincott emphasized the work of Notre Dame as a producer of moral and religious as well as intellectual leaders, and Mr. McNerney discussed the merits of the campaign as a purely business proposition which would pay for itself.

In presenting the project, Father Burns said:

"A small college can pursue its own ends as it pleases, but an institution which draws its students from all parts of the country and many foreign nations must exist for the service of the country and those nations. More particularly must it exist for the service of its immediate community; and the spirit and teaching of the university is a matter of concern to the citizens of its immediate community."

"The Board of Lay Trustees of Notre Dame University was organized two years ago to admit representatives of the general public to a knowledge of the innermost workings of the institution. Six members of the board must be alumni of the school and elected by the alumni. Six members, of whom at least one must be a citizen of South Bend, are chosen from the general public whose interests we seek to serve."

"There is a tremendous stir today in the movement toward higher education: and I do not think that there is a college or university of any size in the country today which is not attempting to raise an endowment fund. Buildings are being erected and curricula of study are being enlarged to develop a deeper scholarship and a more active spirit of research."

"Notre Dame is affected by the same causes which have inspired this greatest movement in university life since the 13th century, when they were first instituted. We have come to a crisis—and we must adopt a policy which will affect the future of the university for the next 50 years. Every available room at Notre Dame is already reserved for next year, and we expect to receive 500 additional applications before the fall term opens. We must either limit our attendance or enlarge our capacity."

"But to limit our attendance is to limit our educational service; and I feel that our country needs men who come out of schools like Notre Dame. The general educational board has approved our work in the warmest manner and have offered us the opportunity to expand. To expand we need buildings and lay professors. Our priests receive no compensation, but they cannot be multiplied at will. Notre Dame is distinctly autonomous and independent of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The university receives no aid whatever from the farms of the community, as the entire revenues from the community property is used to educate priests, who, in turn, give their services to the university.

Rev. John O'Hara, dean of the Commerce school at Notre Dame outlined the possibilities of an enlarged foreign enrollment at the school and suggested a co-operation between South Bend and Notre Dame in receiving and welcoming the great number of business leaders of this and especially of South American countries, who yearly visit the university. He outlined the plan of exchanging students with South American universities which is in operation at Notre Dame and stated that the big business interests of the country are backing the movement solidly. Two business men, the speaker stated, had offered to back similar plans in the far east and Europe.

Rev. John McGinn then outlined the plans for securing and distribution of the fund and emphasized the fact that in its 80 years of existence Notre Dame had received but \$30,000 from outside sources.

Joseph Neff, president of the University club, voiced the sentiment of the gathering when he stated that South Bend could not sit idly by and see Notre Dame gather its support from outside influences while the blessings of the new movement would shower upon the city. He urged a more complete realization of the fact that South Bend is a college town and suggested the appointment of the committee which was later realized.

A. R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker corporation, emphasized the fact that Notre Dame had grown with practically no outside assistance and declared that Notre Dame should not be permitted to curtail its efforts in producing the finished product of young men thoroughly trained. He stated that the university would put the proposition over and pledged his personal aid in accomplishing the result.

A mass meeting of the student body gave a wild demonstration of enthusiasm when addressed last Friday noon by Father McGinn, Al Slaggert, Coach Rockne, Frank Coughlin, and Alden Cusick on the endowment campaign, and announcing the action of South Bend in promising \$500,000.

"The spirit which the business men of South Bend are showing is a revelation," stated Father McGinn. "Heads of corporations have gone into sessions which have lasted for hours. The movement has been endorsed by every club which has met in the city. A. R. Erskine,

president of the Studebaker corporation, which put over the most successful sales campaign in recent American business history, has his coat off in active work and has directed Fred Dennis, who was intimately connected with the Studebaker sales campaign, to give as much of his time to the Notre Dame drive as the movement required."

"Notre Dame is entering one of the biggest games of its career; and to win that game will require all of the fighting spirit characteristic of Notre Dame teams. As students of the university you must sell the public with whom you will come in contact this summer. You must persuade the public that the school is an organization worthy of public trust."

Coach Rockne received a wonderful ovation when Father McGinn introduced him as the prime mover in the new Notre Dame-South Bend relations. As usual, the athletic director's attitude was forceful and emphatically stated:

"South Bend is back of this movement solidly and I know of several men, not wealthy either, who are planning to donate a thousand dollars. The movement as endorsed by the Kiwanis club yesterday was no perfunctory piece of business, but an enthusiastic demonstration. These men, not all college men either, are backing the campaign because they recognize the type of citizenship which this university turns out. You men will get back of the movement and boost; and if better athletic teams will help, you will find Eddie Anderson and his boys hitting the line next fall with an echo that will be heard across the country."

Frank Coughlin, president of the senior class and all-western tackle on the football team which he captained last fall, described the growth of the university as the realization of the dreams of the men who had fought for it in years gone by and asked the students to help make the dream of today the reality of the future. Alden Cusick, chairman of the Students' Activity Committee, endorsed the remarks of Capt. Coughlin to the student body and paid a fine tribute to the ability of Father McGinn, secretary of the executive committee in charge of the drive.

A few days later a mass picture of the student body was taken in front of the Administration building. Undoubtedly this is the largest and most impressive photograph ever made at Notre Dame.

MEMORABLE MEN

—John Jennie, B. S., 1920, with Henry Atkinson, Daniel Sexton and Bertram Pulscamp, who used to live on the campus, visited their former friends this week on their way home from the Medical school at St. Louis University.

—John Lemmer, who received his Ph. B. in 1919, has left the teaching staff of Columbia University, Portland, Ore., to take charge of the high school in his home town, Escanaba, Mich.

—Slip Madigan, who has been coaching the Columbia University athletic teams on the coast visited this week.

—Rev. E. J. Misch, C. S. C., and Rev. Peter Forrestal, C. S. C., will be among those present at the summer school session.

—Leo Stern, Monroe, Mich., who took his degree in 1911, paid a visit to the campus this week to renew old acquaintances.

—Mr. Edward Gallagher, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Father Nieuwland last week.

 UNDER THE DOME

—Brother Alphonsus with several members of the Audubon society, while making a tour of the lake woods last Sunday, noted the arrival of the first loon of the season.

—The wreck of the Corby Hall Navy has been washed ashore but Navigator Wack has failed to recover his shoes, spectacles, or other nautical instruments lost in the catastrophe.

—Cornelius Pfeiffer, the tall boy from Louisville, is proudly displaying a beautifully bruised jaw. The wound is said to have been received in an encounter with a highwayman who was vanquished in his attack.

—Convincing hallucination, perfect denunciation, interspersed with impressive oratorical pauses, kept Prof. Farrel ecstatic in Washington Hall for several hours last week, until Harold Haynes gracefully interpreted the rhythm of the Tell-Tale Heart with his lithe gesticulation and danced off the stage to accept the Barry medal. The Barry medal is the highest award that is possible for college orators except the Breen medal and the office of cheer-leader.

The junior oratorical bequest went by declamation to James Hogan whose oratory swayed his audience with a determination to commit something, until they committed themselves

unanimously in his favor. Leo Ward, with the stately poise of a statesman, received the award offered for the sophomore selection. Mark Nolan, stripling exclainer, took the freshman prize by default. In the preparatory division the Lyons medal went to E. Riley, and J. L. Cornish was delighted to accept the honor of all-prep orator.

—Local engineers were the guests of the South Bend branch of the A. A. E. at their picnic Wednesday afternoon. Every minute of the day was full of action with contests, games, eats, and instructive speeches.

—A number of commerce students will tour the Latin-American republics during vacation in the interest of their department, while another group will visit other foreign ports aboard ships of the United States Shipping Board.

—Memorial Day was fittingly observed on the campus by an appropriate ceremony at Washington Hall and by the decoration of the graves of the members of Notre Dame Post, G. A. R.

Colonel William Hoynes, Dean Emeritus of the Law School and battle scarred veteran of the Civil War, presided. Following the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," the Colonel made a brief talk on the significance of the day and included a short outline of the rebellion of '61. Archibald M. Duncan delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg Address; Stephen C. Willson followed, reading a memorial poem, "The Dreamer." "The Patriotism of Notre Dame" was made the subject of an address by Alfred N. Slaggert. He told in glowing terms of the deeds and sacrifices of Notre Dame men in all wars since the foundation of the University.

Notre Dame, justly proud of her heroes whether resting in our own little cemetery or on the battlefields of France, is ever ready to render honor to whom honor is due, the defenders of our Nation.

—Edwin Merlin Rolwing of Little Egypt has volunteered his services to the government as an information bureau for the benefit of those young men who desire to spend part of their vacation in any one of the summer Officers Training Camps.

—With the bathing season in full swing and the lakes full of swimmers, Life-guard Anderson, Cotton, and Berberich have not reported a single accident at our beaches. Life boat No.

17 continually patrols off the St. Joseph lake pier and Father Galligan makes frequent inspections of the equipment and personnel of the life saving cotns.

—The lectures by J. S. Knox of the Knox School of Salesmanship was attended by every member of the salesmanship class of the University through the courtesy of Chas. B. Sax of the dry-goods firm of Chas. B. Sax & Co. The generosity of Mr. Sax and his interest in the school is very much appreciated by the students and faculty. This is a typical example of the friendly South Bend-Notre Dame get-together spirit.

—The Notre Dame smoker to the South Bend Chamber of Commerce was well attended Wednesday evening. An educational exhibit by the Notre Dame School of Commerce and the advertising section of the School of Journalism was a very interesting feature of the get-together meeting. The speakers of the evening were Mr. Frank J. Green and Prof. Weir. Boxing, music, eats, and smokes completed a very successful program.

—Another N. D.—St. Mary's romance terminated in the marriage of Frank "Willie" Coughlin and Miss Madeline Myers of E. Washington Ave., South Bend. They were married by Rev. P. J. Carroll in St. Joseph's church at five o'clock last Thursday morning.

"Willie" was invulnerable on the gridiron, but the strongest of men fall before Cupid. Hence, we are not surprised at "Willie's" downfall and are sure that he will make an ideal husband. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin the best of luck and hope to see some young Coughlins' at Notre Dame sometime in the future.

Coughlin is president of the senior class, member of the S. A. C., a campus orator, captain of the Western Champion football team of last year and All-Western tackle for two years.

—A four years' Journalism course in thirty minutes was received by the journalists who were so fortunate as to attend the annual banquet of the Notre Dame Press Club at the Mishawaka Hotel Thursday evening, May 26. The usurper of Dr. Cooney's task was none other than J. P. McEvoy, who tells of the domestic affairs of "The Potters," and hands out philosophy in the "Psalms of Life" every Sunday in the *Chicago Tribune*. The salient

feature of the evening was the short course in which the banqueters were taught to write poetry, songs, book reviews and diaries. Of course the most interest was manifested in the writing of diaries, as some of the journalists hope to secure positions on the *Chicago Herald-Examiner* staff, or an affiliated journal, and one must be proficient in this art nowadays. Besides the disposing of chicken and strawberry shortcake, there were other things to take up the embryo newspapermen's time. Father Tom Burke told his stories; Charles Molz, chairman of the banquet committee, grew serious about the profession; Louis Bruggner repeated some stories that George Hull let him in on; Quin A. Ryan, Mr. McEvoy's assistant in Chicago, told of his association with "Mac," as he called him, and Father Lahey injected seriousness into the affair with his talk. The final remarks were made by Dr. John M. Cooney, who, strangely enough, up to this time had remained quiet.

—Last Thursday morning Notre Dame celebrated Corpus Christi in the traditional manner. Rev. Fr. Charles O'Donnell, celebrated high mass in the Sacred Heart Church at eight o'clock, and he was assisted by Fr. Finnegan as deacon and Fr. Joseph Donahue as sub-deacon. Fr. Steiner acted as master of ceremonies.

After the mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried around the quadrangle in procession and Benediction was said on the temporary altars erected on the steps of Walsh Hall, Science Hall and the Main Building. There were 2,000 people in the procession the order being Carroll, Badin, Walsh, Corby, Brownson, and Sorin Halls, Holy Cross Seminary, and the Community including priests, brothers, and nuns.

The day was quite warm, so a little sacrifice was required on the part of the adorers. The service was very beautiful and edifying. The priests' vestments of gold and white were very beautiful and the long procession winding along the grass-strewn path was an inspiring sight.

Observance of Corpus Christi by an outdoor procession is a mediaeval custom and Notre Dame is the only spot in this country where this custom is continued. Hence uniqueness adds glamour to our celebration.—LAHEY.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

NOTRE DAME WINS STATE MEET

Five State records fell and one was tied at the Indiana State Track and Field meet, which Notre Dame won from the field of seven competing schools at Cartier Field Saturday afternoon. Notre Dame collected 63 points, Purdue 38 3-4, Earlham and Wabash tied at 20 3-4; Depauw 11 1-2, Butler 5 1-4, and Indiana 5. Notre Dame scored in 13 of the 15 events.

New State records went to: Buck Shaw, Notre Dame, who broke the old record of 42 feet 6 3-4 inches in the shot put with a heave of 43 feet 2 inches. Johnny Murphy, Notre Dame, set the high jump record at 6 feet 1 3-4 inches, bettering the old mark of 5 feet 11 5-8 inches. Knee, Wabash, threw the javelin 175 feet 3 inches, the old mark being 171 feet 11 3-4 inches. Furnas, Purdue, broke his own mark in the two mile by finishing in 9 min. 47 sec. This mark also tied the Cartier Field record. The Notre Dame Relay team, composed of Meredith, Colgan, Montague and Hoar, stepped away from the field in the fast time of 3 min. 29 1-5 sec., the old mark was 3 min. 32 sec. Chet Wynne tied the State record in the high hurdles when he beat Ivey, Earlham, to the tape in 15 2-5 sec.

Bill Hayes was the high point man, scoring firsts in the two dashes. Furnas of Purdue and Ivey of Earlham were tied at second with nine. Hogan of Notre Dame and Watson of Purdue scored eight. Capt. Kasper, Desch and Wynne of Notre Dame scored seven. Shaw, Notre Dame, Miller, Purdue, and Johnson, Earlham, scored six, while Murphy of Notre Dame, Harrison and Rohrer of Purdue, Eastlack and Knee of Wabash scored five points.

Considering the condition of the track, which was soaked by rain in the early afternoon, and the strong wind that blew, the time made was exceptionally good. Capt. Kasper, Hoar, Meredith, and Colgan ran their last races for the Blue and Gold on Cartier Field.

One mile run—1, Harrison (P) and Furnas (P) tied; 3, Dalton (E) 4, Davis (DP). Time: 4:29.

440 yard run—1, Kasper (ND) 2, Watson (P) 3, Montague (ND) 4, Gustafson (W). Time: 50 3-5.

100 yard dash—1, Hayes (ND) 2, Rohrer (P) 3, Desch (ND) 4, Vanarsdale (W). Time: 10 seconds.

220 yard dash—1, Hayes (ND) 2, Mason (DP) 3, Rohrer (P) 4, Dant (ND). Time: 23 2-5.

120 high hurdles—1, Wynne (ND) 2, (E) 3, Shoptaugh (DP) 4, Haase (DP). Time: 15 2-5. (Ties state record.)

880 yard run—1, Eastlack (W) 2, Gustafson (W) 3, Kasper (ND) 4, Harrison (P). Time: 1:58 4-5.

Two mile run—1, Furnas (P) 2, Doolittle (B) 3, Dalton (E) 4, Brown (W). Time: 9:47 (New State record.)

220 yard low hurdles—1, Desch (ND) 2, Ivey (E) 3, Wynne (ND) 4, Shoptaugh (DP). Time: 25 2-5.

Pole vault—1, Hogan (ND) 2, Bullock (Ind.) 3, Whitmer (P), Mercer (B), Graffis (E), Hite (W) tied. Height: 11 feet 9 inches.

Discus throw—1, Miller (P) 2, Johnson (E) 3, Stewart (DP) 4, Shaw (ND). Distance: 129 feet 6 inches.

Shot put—1, Shaw (ND) 2, Johnson (E) 3, Flynn (ND) 4, Miller (P). Distance: 43 feet 2 inches. (New State record.)

High jump—1, Murphy (ND) 2, Pence (P) 3, Woods (B) and Martin (DP) tied. Height: 6 feet 1 3/4 inches. (New State record.)

Broad jump—1, Watson (P) 2, Ivey (E) 3, Hogan (ND) 4, Vanarsdale (W). Distance: 20 feet 11 3/4 inches.

Javelin throw—1, Knee (W) 2, Oberst (ND) 3, Hanny (Ind) 4, Hogan (ND). Distance: 175 feet 3 inches. (New State record.)

Mile relay—1, Notre Dame. 2, Wabash, 3, Purdue. 4, Earlham. Time: 3:39. (New State record.)

DIAMOND DRIVES

Dick Falvey pitched shut out ball against Northwestern at Evanston, Ill., on May 25 and his teammates batted in seven runs, thus avenging the Northwestern defeat on Cartier field. Falvey held the Purple to four hits and fanned nine while the Irish collected thirteen hits off Lawson and only three fanned. Micky Kane led in hitting with four hits, while Capt. Mohardt, Kiley, Prokup and Falvey, each secured two hits.

The score:

Northwestern	000	000	000—0
Notre Dame	102	200	011—7

Three base hit: Mohardt. Two base hits: Bryant, Kane, Falvey. Struckout: by Lawson 3; by Falvey 9. Bases on balls: off Lawson 3, off Falvey 3.

On Thursday, May 26th, Notre Dame defeated the Michigan Aggies 8 to 4 in the fastest game played on Cartier Field this year. Coach Halas sent Sharpe, the elongated southpaw, to the mound and for six innings the opposition could not touch him. In the seventh inning after he had two down, a little loose fielding

coupled with three hits and two walks produced four runs, after which Castner relieved him for the rest of the game. Sharpe, pitching his first game of the year, allowed six hits, walked four, and struck out six, during the seven innings he worked. Capt. Mohardt and Miles had a perfect day at bat. Miles pulled sensational stops of two hard hit balls and with perfect pegs retired the runners at first base.

The score:

Aggies	000	000	400—4
Notre Dame	002	030	03x—8

Three base hit: Pazinski. Two base hits: Mohardt, Miles, McMillan, Blievernicht. Sacrifice hits: Miles, Kiley, Mohardt, Prokop, Johnson, Stolen bases: Kane, Miles, Mohardt, Blievernicht. Struck out: by Sharpe 6, by Castner 1, by Brown 1, by Kuhn 4. Bases on balls: off Sharpe 4, off Castner 1, off Brown 1, off Kuhn 3.

Notre Dame eliminated the last contender for the State baseball championship by defeating Indiana twice, 4 to 1 at Bloomington on Saturday and 15 to 5 on Cartier Field Decoration Day. The game at Bloomington was won by the great pitching of Castner and the hard hitting of Kane and Miles. Indiana scored its lone run, when Schuler walked and was forced out at second by Hendricks, Castner to Miles. Dean scored Hendricks with a timely hit. Fast fielding held Dean at third on Rust's two base hit. Castner struck out two men to end the inning. Notre Dame scored one in the fourth on a three base hit by Miles, who came in on Kiley's sacrifice fly. In the fifth Prokup singled and went to third on Garvey's single. Prokup thrown out at home on Morgan's infield hit. Mickey Kane scored Garvey and Morgan with a home run in right center field. This mighty blow was too much for Indiana to overcome, as Castner was pitching air-tight ball. Castner allowed three hits, struck out six, walked one, and hit two men.

Indiana.	100	000	000—1
Notre Dame	000	130	000—4

Three base hit: Miles. Two base hits: Rust, Miles. Sacrifice Fly: Kiley. Struck out: by Castner 6, Walker 4. Bases on Balls: Off Castner 1, Walker 2. Hit by pitcher: Risley, Minton. Passed Ball: Minton.

The Cartier Field game was featured by the hard hitting of the Irish, who collected 17 hits for 15 runs off three Indiana pitchers. Falvey outside of the second inning, did not have to

exert himself as he had the Indiana boys at his mercy. Capt. Mohardt pitched the last inning. Garvey, Fitzgerald, Prokup, Castner, Mohardt, Miles and Kane, each collected two hits, and H. Anderson on his first trip to the plate knocked out a two base hit with the bases loaded. Capt. Mohardt, Fitzgerald, Miles and Morgan appeared in their last baseball game on Cartier field for the Blue and Gold. The score:

Indiana	040	000	001—5
Notre Dame	030	0010	02x—15

Two base hits: Garvey, Campbell, Falvey, H. Anderson. Bases on balls: off Falvey 1, off Mohardt 2, off Campbell 2, off Faust 1, off Walker 1. Wild Pitch: Campbell, Falvey, Faust. Struck out: by Falvey 4, by Mohardt 1, by Campbell 2, by Faust 1, by Walker 2. Hit by Pitcher: Carberry. Hits: off Campbell 12, off Faust 3, off Walker 2.

The success of athletics at Notre Dame is fostered in no small degree by the teams of the various student halls dotting the quadrangle. The majority of past monogram winners here owe much of their prowess in sport to the first interest enkindled and the first experiences gleaned while fighting to sustain the athletic fostered in no small degree by the teams of the various student halls dotting the quadrangle. The majority of past monogram winners here owe much of their prowess in sport to the first interest enkindled and the first experiences gleaned while fighting to sustain the athletic honor of one of these same halls. Gipp, Kiley, Barry,—the list is endless. The various inter-hall athletic activities truly have furnished splendid timber from which has been hewn sturdy and valuable Varsity material.

Brownson Hall has, especially, been a leading factor in this respect. Her contributions have in the past formed the nuclei of many sterling teams at Notre Dame. To Brother Allan of Brownson Hall do athletics owe a great meed of praise for his years of kindly interest and sterling efforts in furthering and encouraging athletic interest among his youthful proteges. Primarily, a man of God with his life consecrated to the humble tasks of a brother, he is, secondly, a man's man to the very core.

Possessed of a winning personality, endowed with a tact that finds human and sympathetic expression in his everyday dealings and blessed with a modesty that "is a candle to his merit," Brother Allan has truly earned for himself a place of affection in the hearts of the boys entrusted to his care. On the athletic field, es-

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pecially, he is an adept mentor and a source of inspiration to all. The tribute of one of the campus' leading athletes that he would "rather play under Brother Allan than anyone else" epitomizes the characteristic attitude of all who have met the man. The banners, pennants and trophies that deck the Brownson "Rec" room are mute but eloquent earnestness of the past zeal and unstinted service of Brother Allan in the cause of athletics under the Dome. This year as in the past his interest and enthusiasm have been unflagging. In all branches of sport Brother Allan's men have won places of distinction.

AROUND HOME

The soundness of Coach Rockne's system of mental training for football men was exemplified Tuesday afternoon when Father Cornelius Hagerty's class of Philosophers smothered Joe Brandy's Sorin Subway inhabitants with diamond syllogisms, dilemmas and all the Scholastic aphorisms from the "quid, quid, movetur" to the "nihil habet," for a score of 5-1 in the annual baseball game between the two teams.

Father Hagerty had enough logic on the ball to fan 13 Subway citizens and allow but one hit in eight innings. "Wee Dick" Hayes, subway hurler, was a victim of the persuasion of the philosophers, who reasoned that the only way to win a ball game was to hit the ball. Andy Moynihan mistook a sparrow for the baseball at a critical phase of the debate and Jerry Barret had one too many terms in his throwing arm but Aristotle Mehre ran the bases with the speed of an intuition. The general fielding play of the Subway was founded on false premises while their stickwork was pure fallacy. Both teams were inclined to skepticism regarding the certitude of Umpire Frank Doriot's conclusions.

Off-Campus, Corby and Badin emerged victors in the Interhall games of Sunday. Hart walked a group of "Day-dogs" in the first inning which paved the way to the Off-Campus 10-6 win in five innings. DeGurse fanned 13 men for Badin in the seven inning game which Seyfrit and company took from the Degree troupe of Sorinites by a 14-7 count. Rickard of the Frosh collected three bingles and Seyfrit cleared the sacks with a triple off his old friend Ed.

John Cavanaugh starred afield and at bat in the first game of the season which has been lost by Walsh Hall. Ratchford, of the Corbyites, fanned 12 batters and Gilchrist hit well. Walsh was handicapped by the injury to Eddie Walk, sterling little catcher who has handled McGivney's shoots so well all year.

Carroll	510	00—	6	7	4
Off-Campus	510	00—	10	5	2

Hart and Rigley; Dunn and Grooms.

Sorin	322	000	0—	7	2	8
Badin	221	324	x—	14	8	9

DeGree and Mehre, DeGurse and Seyfrit.

Walsh	004	121	003—	11	17	8
Corby	021	302	42x—	14	12	5

McGivney and Cahill; Ratchford, Lieb and Anderson.

Brownson Hall won the Interhall baseball title Sunday morning when Burns, a straw-topped hurler who has been pitching clever ball throughout the year shut Cattoll out without a hit in seven innings. 16 of the 21 Carrollites who faced Burns fanned the breeze. Egan starred at bat with four blows in four times at the plate.

The victory cinches the league leadership for the Brownsonites who also won the indoor and outdoor track championships and were tied with Corby for the football title, Corby won the basketball race.

Walsh Hall, runner-up in the race, lost to Badin and went into a tie with that team for second place. DeGurse, pitching for Badin, twirled a clever game, holding Walsh to one blow and fanning 13 men.

Sorin and Corby were out of the running and called their game off by mutual consent.

Carroll	000	000	0—0	0	0	0
Brownson	002	010	0—3	7	2	

Burns and Henagan; Martin and Rigley.

Walsh	001	000	0—1	1	2
Badin	100	100	1—3	5	2

McGivney and Walk; Degurse and Hurley.

The Freshman track team journeyed to Kalamazoo Thursday, May 19 and found the Western State Normal varsity a trifle stronger than when the Yearlings trimmed them indoors at the local gym earlier in the season. W. S. N. took a close meet 65-57 when Burg, of the Normalites, uncorked a flying broad jump of 21 ft 6 inches in the last event. Notre Dame was strong in the runs.