

*and more*

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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**T**HIS summer cannot be described as anything less than sublime—in temperature. From the very day when six hundred and twenty-three somebody's sought the neighborhood of Father Sorin's statue, the gods of weather had formed very definite opinions about what they intended to do. Their perseverance until near the very end may have been designed to symbolize the endurance of our students: these, by removing from the hallowed precincts of the Lemmonier Library more tomes in a week than had been taken out by the regular E. S. B. in the course of a whole year, distinguished themselves by meriting the sunniest smiles of the Reverend Librarian. It is rumored, of course, that they disappeared with sacred volumes not allowed outside the precincts of the temple . . . but enthusiasm is never a respecter of conventions.

Many things set this summer session quite apart. There were more of Mr. Middle-schulte's marvelous concerts, more of Paul-ding, and more of 'movies.' It is to be feared that the decadence of our time was shown by the popularity of the last. And although the modern Jessicas might not hear any descriptions of the full moon on the benches in front of Walsh, the traditions of Notre Dame were disrupted by the apparition of two dances in the parlors, dances with heavenly music, punch, marcelles, encores, and everything. It is to be feared that the venerable portrait of Father Sorin manifested something of surprise.

Academically the session was a revelation. Despite the fact that the courses offered were in excess of two hundred, every class was of a respectable size and some were decidedly portly. We have a growing corps of graduate students—in itself a splendid in-

dications of the vitality of our summer-school. The theses submitted for the degree of Master of Arts this year showed a remarkable diversity: there was even a mysterious something about sixty-three triangles, which we pass over in awe-struck silence. Our grotto became, as ever, a tower of refuge and to compute the number of candles immolated there would require the services of an expert statistician. We had with us a young lady who spent all her evenings getting inspiration for a short story; a Sister who repudiated the most hair-raising of all sisterly adventures, taking an automobile ride, in order to study for the examination that confronted her on the morrow; and a young man who lost no opportunity to tan his arms and to display their chestnut glory to all the world. On the other hand, there were in our midst diverse people with a tendency to avoirdupois whose sole diversion was to exclaim with a kind of feeble desperation: "Ain't it hot?" Of course it was, we repeat—hot as a district to which Dante, whose centenary we are observing, referred to upon sundry occasions. To those who doubt the validity of the last remark we suggest a compilation of soda statistics based on the bar of Earl of the Cafeteria.

It is thus that we like to celebrate the laughter, the humanness, of our school in summer. But naturally we cannot forget those high and heavenly qualities which attach to it because of the presence of our Sisters. Notre Dame says "our" Sisters with pride, feeling that she has no more devoted students in all the world than these quiet, self-forgetful nuns; nor any of whom she may more justly be mindful. When in the tranquility of the evening the chapel filled with veiled figures in multi-colored robes, when the vocal incense of the ancient

Latin hymns rose, perfumed with the purity of these consecrated souls, every man who had come to pray might feel the vivid reality of the faith, might know that it gleamed transcendently over all the imagery of the world. One does not think it strange that upon one such night someone should have realized suddenly that among all the worshippers present there was not one who would not willingly have given life for the sacred creed, who would have begrudged martyrdom if martyrdom had been asked. And this marvelous force of faith, manifesting itself hourly and always, was felt in numberless ways that have not failed to leave their impress on the University's life.

While we are proud that the summer-school of Notre Dame has grown to a stature that ranks it with the great institutions of America, we are even more happy to note that it preserves its character of distinctiveness, of consecration. It is a great thing to teach, "to inspire the inspirers," as someone has said; it is even a greater thing to be taught, to absorb serenity from the serene. And of course, we are glad that there were so many smiles, that everybody seemed to be happy, and that, though Slaggert operating in Washington Hall, might rouse no cheers from the assembled femininity, there are many new rooters for Notre Dame.

#### CATHOLIC EDUCATION\*

VERY REV. JAMES BURNS, C. S. C.

The religious services this morning, which solemnize not only the beginning of the school year but also the inauguration of the religious work of the session, suggest for our consideration the primary objects of Catholic education as such—those objects which we have in view over and above the educational aims and purposes which we share with all other institutions of higher learning. It is scarcely necessary to remind you that the Catholic system of education is not of recent origin. Its beginnings date back to a very early period in American history.

The great bishops and priests of the pioneer days laid its foundations. They were men of far-seeing vision. Above all,

\* Sermon delivered in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, on opening Sunday, September 18th, 1921.

they were men of heroic faith. They were men like Father Edward Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame. We know how very little he had of material means; the log-chapel yonder and the plain little first college building still testify eloquently to the scantiness of the material resources with which he began to build this University as well as to the high quality of his courage and the sublimity of his trust in God and his Blessed Mother. So too it was with the pioneers in Catholic education elsewhere. Their one great asset was their boundless confidence in Providence. They realized the immensity of the undertaking, but they realized also the necessity of that undertaking for the welfare of both Church and country. They planned a complete and comprehensive scheme of education, and labored to make its foundation worthy of what they wished to see it become. The bishops, priests and people of succeeding generations have continued the work. That work today is still far from complete; but men outside the Church look with wonder upon an educational system which, extending to every part of the country, includes schools of every kind and grade from the primary school to the university, which comprises the most diverse educational agencies and elements, and yet everywhere rests upon the same fundamental principles and manifests the same essential purposes.

Catholic education has two principal objects in view, either one of which would furnish sufficient reason for all the efforts and sacrifices which Catholics have been called upon to make.

The first object is the teaching of truth in its completeness and fullness. Unless the truth taught is to represent only certain selected portions of the realm of knowledge, religious and moral teaching cannot be excluded from the curriculum of the school, the college or the university. I shall speak now only of higher education. Cardinal Newman shows, in "The Idea of a University," why the first place in the curriculum of a university should be given to philosophy and theology, with all that these terms comprehend—the study of God and his attributes, of man with his relations to God and his fellow-men, of the human soul with its faculties and its immortal destiny.

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These topics represent a great body of teaching which, to the Christian mind, contains not only established and incontrovertible truths, but the most important and fundamental truths that affect the life of the individual and the race. Our civilization has grown out of the universal acceptance of this teaching. Its omission from the curriculum is therefore inconsistent with the primary purpose of a true university. This omission would involve an implicit denial of all the truths of the Christian Faith.

Nevertheless, in a large number of American universities today religious truths cannot be taught or discussed. In state universities this condition is rendered necessary by the existing laws. In many other universities, however, the complete exclusion of religious teaching has been effected as a matter of policy. The general employment of the terms "sectarian" and "non-sectarian" to distinguish between institutions which teach and those which do not teach religious truth, shows how far removed current public opinion respecting this matter is from the convictions expressed by Cardinal Newman.

The implicit denial of all Christian truth, which is involved in this attitude of the universities, inevitably tends to produce practical unbelief. Not all students will be thus affected, but such must be the resulting psychological tendency. The university professes to offer the subjects of study which are of utmost value to the student for the future. Since religious instruction is not included, the mind of the student will be driven, consciously or unconsciously, towards the conclusion that religious knowledge is unimportant or at any rate without much practical bearing upon the matter of his success or failure in after life.

Moreover, in the general atmosphere of unbelief which is thus fostered, irreligious views that may be entertained by individual professors easily find occasion for expression. Several years ago a professor in an eastern college published a book in which he attempted to show, among other things, that a very large proportion of American university professors and students do not believe in a personal God or in the immortality of the soul; and the author made it plain that he himself is to be numbered among these

unbelievers. A student in a large university told me recently that one of his professors, in a purely secular field of knowledge, discussed in class such questions as the existence of a personal God and the reality of a hereafter, and argued against both these fundamental Christian verities. Some years ago a distinguished Catholic gentleman resigned his position as a trustee of one of our best known universities, as a protest against what he regarded as immoral teaching on the part of the professor of sociology. Nevertheless, the professor in question continued to hold his position; and only last year I had occasion to know that certain Catholic students who were attending his course felt obliged in conscience to consider the question of their discontinuance, for the same reason as led to the resignation of the Catholic trustee. It would be easy to multiply instances like these.

The weakening of religious belief and practice is not the only effect of the exclusion of religious teaching from the university; standards and principles of moral conduct are not less radically disturbed. Morality, as Christianity has defined and developed it, is based upon the Faith of Christ. Whatever tends to destroy or weaken that Faith tends, in the same measure, to overthrow those standards of moral conduct upon which Christian civilization is based.

We arrive thus at the second great object of Catholic education—the development of moral life and conduct that is in harmony with Christian standards. The Catholic college or university trains its students in Christian morality by teaching the obligations of justice, truth, charity, purity, religion; by showing that these great moral obligations are but the reflection in our rational nature of God's infinite perfections and are therefore substantially unchangeable; by showing that the conscientious fulfillment of duty and the practice of virtue has a higher value, for both time and eternity, than worldly success, advantages or happiness, however great or enticing; and by the practical application of these and other moral principles to each individual soul, through the inculcation of a spirit of sacrifice and service based upon motives of religion.

To many of you the terms "sacrifice" and

“service” may convey the idea of a mere giving up of something without a receiving of anything in return. Our Divine Lord has said, however, “It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive,” and he evidently had in view the rendering of a service to another at some cost to one’s self. Such an action renders one blessed because, in return for what is parted with in the material order, there is gained something of far greater value in the spiritual order. Every virtuous action involves a real commutation of this kind. We give up something material, whether it be money or some equivalent thing, in order to help another; or we deny ourselves some comfort or convenience, or endure suffering and hardship, for the sake of upholding a principle or fulfilling a duty; but the soul is thereby purified and strengthened and made more responsive to the promptings of its own noblest instincts as well as of God’s holy grace.

This principle, which is of primal importance in moral education, runs directly counter to one of the characteristics of our age. The world today—and our nation, perhaps, as much as any other—is materialistic. The utilitarian philosophy which has become the dominant tendency in modern life is based upon principles or motives which are directly opposed to those that underlie the idea of sacrifice or service. Men spend their intellectual and spiritual energies almost exclusively in the pursuit of material objects. Moral principles, duties, virtues are sacrificed for the sake of indulgence of the senses and appetites. The higher and nobler things in human life are thus made subservient to the lower. The world, it is true, has always witnessed this tendency. It is the ancient doctrine of Epicurus; but it may be doubted if, since the days of pagan Rome, that doctrine had ever so many followers in the world as it has at the present time.

In the prevalence of this false philosophy of life we shall find, I believe, the fruitful cause of many of the crying evils that afflict our nation today; such as, the predominance of a narrow, self-seeking partisanship in our halls of legislation and in our political life, the reign of graft in our cities, the substitution of a spirit of mutual distrust or hatred for the spirit of honesty and fair play which formerly obtained in the rela-

tions of employers and employes, the gradual breaking down of family life, and the rapid development of the deadly social blight of divorce. These conditions have become a cause of concern to all right-thinking people; but they are, in reality, only outgrowths of a more fundamental evil in society. They spring from a view of life and its duties which represents a radical departure from the moral basis upon which our civilization has hitherto rested.

The most effective remedy for this false view of life with all its attendant evils, which so seriously threaten our progress as a nation, is the sound Christian philosophy of life which is so essentially a feature of Catholic education. Catholic education brings to young men who are being prepared for leadership in the nation lessons of truest wisdom—lessons drawn from the experience of the Church, which during her twenty centuries of existence has witnessed the fall of numberless nations from just such causes as are at work today among us; lessons full of the wisdom of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the true light that must enlighten every nation as well as every individual that is truly to live and prosper. St. Paul says that Christians “should look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” Such is the wisdom of Christ. Such, too, is the supreme moral lesson which Catholic education offers to every seeker after real wisdom, from the child in the primary school up to the student in the university; we are to look for success in life, for highest happiness in life, not to temporal, passing, material things; but to the things that lie beyond those objects which give play to our senses—to the things of eternity, to our immortal souls, to the judgment that awaits us all, to heaven and hell, to God our first beginning and our last end. These things are not seen with the eyes of the body; but they are visible, through the light of faith, with the eyes of the spirit, for they are living realities, not less real, and infinitely more enduring, than those sensible objects upon which we so instinctively set our hearts.

Such are the main objects of Catholic education, and such too, my dear young

men, must be the fundamental aims of your life and work at Notre Dame.

The acquiring of a complete knowledge of our holy Faith and of all that pertains to it, as embodied in Christian doctrine and in Catholic philosophy and ethics, ought to be regarded as the most important of all your studies. Too often the study of Christian doctrine is looked upon by students as a side issue, as something about which one need not give one's self any special trouble. It is true that the classes in religion require only one hour a week; but the formal study of religion in the class room is supplemented by sermons and instructions here in the church as well as by the courses in philosophy, which cover several hours each week and extend through three years of many of the curricula. The fact that no student at Notre Dame is ever given a degree without having successfully completed at least one year of philosophy, shows the importance which the faculty of the University attaches to a knowledge of this field of Catholic truth. And it is coming to be generally recognized, even by those outside the Church, that in offering to the youth of our land a training in sound philosophical knowledge, Catholic colleges and universities are performing a service to the nation which is of the highest merit and importance.

If a thorough knowledge of the Faith ought to be regarded as your most important study here, the conscientious daily practice of that Faith offers the most direct and fruitful way of strengthening within your souls the Christian virtues. In saying this, I have especially in mind the frequentation of the sacraments of penance and holy communion. The practice of frequent and daily communion, as exemplified by the students of recent years, has become a real glory to the University, and has edified and rejoiced the friends of Notre Dame everywhere throughout the country. The other day I received news of the accidental death of one who was a student here three years ago. This young man had gone with a companion to spend Saturday and Sunday at a neighboring seaside town. He insisted on going to an early mass that morning because he wanted to receive holy communion. On his way home that night an automobile crashed into the car in which he was riding and

crushed out his life. He remained conscious for two hours. When the priest came to hear his confession, he told him that he had



FATHER SORIN, C. S. C.

been to confession and communion a week before and communion that morning also, and that he did not need to go to confession. With a full knowledge that he had only a few minutes to live, he received the other sacraments. The one who wrote me these details—he was the uncle of the young man—concluded his letter with these words: "If he died a beautiful death after a clean life, we all feel deeply grateful to the wonderful influence that Notre Dame had in making him a devout lover of the Blessed Sacrament. How you do it I do not know, but all the boys that I have sent to Notre Dame are remarkable examples of the influence of a Catholic school."

Such, my dear young friends, is the influence of the holy sacraments—they produce clean, upright, manly Christian lives; and they do this just as surely as study begets knowledge or food and exercise bring bodily strength. May the year upon which we are entering mean as much for the

development of your characters, morally and spiritually, as his years at Notre Dame meant for this young man; and may your record at the holy altar this year be worthy of the example set by the students who have gone before you and who have, in such constantly increasing numbers, established at Notre Dame the glorious practice of frequent and daily reception of the Blessed Eucharist.

### AN APPRECIATION OF PADRAIC PEARSE

SISTER JOSEPHINE, URSULINE

In every work of art there are two basic qualities, the matter and the form. A musician may have found a noble theme, but if it is not developed in a befitting manner the result is not music, but a travesty. This rule holds good for literature also, and has been proved time and again when a true inspiration has been ruined for the want of proper expression, or a strong piece of word building has culminated in a tinkling pleasantry for want of the metal which would have rung as a bell. The more deeply significant the matter and the more appropriate the form, the more perfect is the result. It is this happy combination which makes Mr. Padraic Pearse's work so beautiful.

Mr. Pearse's genius runs in three lines: he is a playwright, a story teller and a poet; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is a poet, and that his poetic expression manifests itself in three forms, the dramatic, the narrative and the lyric. In all of these, for distinction is beside the point just now, we find a grasp of the basic truths of life and a quaint manner of expression which is gripping because of its exquisite simplicity.

Birth and death, sorrow, joy, love, hatred and all the lesser passions that influence the human soul are a broad subject; but they all have their beginning in one source, life itself. If as the years go on they increase and multiply until they almost stifle us, it is not because they are foreign elements engrafted on our lives but because they are the logical developments of life, simple in the simplicity of childhood, complex with the complexity of our mature years, and then

again simplifying themselves as our vision strains after the Divine Simplicity—in the eternal years.

No one knew this truth better than did Mr. Pearse, and that is why he is so successful in his treatment of all stages of life. Francis Thompson, when he says "it is so tiring to stoop to the child; so much easier to lift the child up to you" implies that there are two methods of dealing with child life. The first cannot be permanent though it may be successful for a time as we witness in many writers who, under the influence of a mood, have written of children and for children. The second is a simple acknowledgment of defeat, an admission that we are too grown-up, too wordly wise for the realm of childhood. But there is a third way advocated by Him who said His delight was "to be with the children of men," formulated in these words: "unless ye become as little children," and this is the way of Mr. Pearse. He is a man with the heart of a child. He sees with the eyes of a child and speaks with its lips. His stories are not children's stories, they are stories of children and so they are read with delight by children of all ages. Old Matthew's words to Iosagan, "among the children it was I found you" might well be applied to Mr. Pearse himself.

What could be more natural than his tale of the little boy who stole a doll from the school master's daughter for his own little sister, Eibhleen, the creature that was stretched in her bed for a long three months, "and she weak and sick?" "Anthony put all the covetousness of his heart in that doll for Eibhleen," so runs the story, and then it goes on to relate how he told her it was a present though "he wasn't able to look his mother between the eyes." Because the child got better and better the boy would not repent though with the fear of it he could not sleep quietly at night. Note how his spiritual experience goes hand in hand with his habits of every day. When confronted with his evil deed unconsciously he fell back upon "his old clatter, counting the toes of his feet. Five on each foot; four toes and a big toe; or three toes, a big toe and a little one" he goes on. His ways are as old as life itself.

Eineen of the Birds is the story of another common experience of children. How

many, many times we catch a glimpse of a little figure, perhaps only a waif, motherless, with a faraway look in his eyes. Poor child! he doesn't see the lovely Irish birds, but there are whisperings in his soul, yearnings that come and go even as the swallows did to Evineen with the coming and the going of the seasons.

"One apart is Paraig" says Nora, the mother of the boy who played he was a Priest; but that was only her way of saying she knew the shadow of something great hung over him. Paraig himself immediately sat down on the floor and was "playing Fromso, Frawso, with Maireen and Taimew."

In his grasp of the subject Mr. Pearse has not missed the insight into the world of spirit which is a characteristic of Gaelic little children just it is of Gaelic big children, "the people who stand always by the open door of the supernatural."

This is well shown in "The Roads" where the little runaway girl, disguised as a boy, meets the priest and tells him she is her own brother. When he has passed a terrible fear seizes her. "She was after telling four big lies to the priest and she was afraid, going that lonesome road in the darkness of the night, and that burden on her heart." When at last her weariness overcomes her, she falls fainting to the ground and quite naturally and simply her own footsore journey brings to her the picture of the Son of Mary journeying all alone to His death.

It is not marvelous to Irish children to have Jesus for a play-fellow. They do not even question who He is. His Father is a King, He says; He lives in a house not far away; and with a truly heavenly courtesy, He comes only when no grown people are present, to those of whom He had one time said: "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "There isn't any time or place that children do be amusing themselves that I am not along with them. Times they see Me, other times they do not see Me," Iosogan says simply in the language of the people.

Mr. Pearse knows these simple childish truths by heart but when they widen out into the modern facts of manhood, he is equally sure of his ground. The poverty and endurance of the Gaelic people under a hated

rule, the high aspirations, the keen vision that comes from the purity of their lives, the appreciation of all that is really fine, the fierce clinging to the ideals of the land, the unquestioning acceptance of life's sorrows as sent straight from the Hand of God—these are the things he knows of these men and women, his own; and he knows too the humanness of their hearts, their passions their temptations, their failures.

How simply and yet how forcibly does he set forth in the story of "Brigid of the Songs," the tenacity with which one old woman clings to the ideals of Erin. Neither suffering nor hardships can interfere with her use of the one gift Providence has given her and if her success is failure, it is only a fitting end in the proud old loyal heart.

In "The Singer," one of Mr. Pearse's plays, there is a sharper outline, though of the same drawing that livens his tale of "The Keening Woman," cutting crisp and clear the awful hurt it is to the men of Ireland to bear the chains of a foe. "Soft hand that played at my breast, strong hand that will fall heavily on the Gale, brave hand that will break the yoke" is the cry of any Irish mother. The apparent hopelessness of the struggle that dulls not a whit the centuries-long will to resist becomes only more clear in its presentation because it is bound up in the commonplaces of life. How touching are the confidences of woman to woman, the "Kettle in the Boil," the homely evening meal. Do we wonder that the son of the house just returned after years of exile could speak of the joy of his coming in the same breath with its sorrow. "Has not every great joy, a great sorrow at its core?" he asks. "Does not the joy of home-coming enclose the pain of departing?" Then pressing nearer to the spiritual he goes on reverently and simply: "When my mother stood up to meet me with her arms stretched out to me, I thought of Mary meeting her Son in the Dolorous Way." Is there no hint here of Macdara, the patriot and little Nora, the years, in the vision of the unseen? "My mother's hair is greyer than it was" says the Singer again, and his appeal echoes in all hearts. The spirit of his renunciation of himself because "one man can free a says the Louigle agan, and his appeal echoes chord in solemn music in the words of Lease

Flichin in "The Keening Woman." "Maybe, little son," he says, "we'll all be taking tally-ho out of the black soldiers before the clay will come on us." But "it's time for the Rosary" says his wife with a deeper patriotism still. It is always time for prayer.

There is one story of Mr. Pearse's, "The Mother," that could be used as a fountain whence to draw not only a perfect picture of the artist, but the picture of a perfect artist as well. It sums up all the experiences of life through motherhood and links them all up to the world to come through the divine motherhood of the Mother of God. Marie, the childless wife, yearning for the bliss of maternity and pouring out the fullness of her desire upon the children of others through the hymn the Blessed Virgin crooned to her little Son, and Mhuire, the divine Mother—who came in answer to the simple trustful call of the yearning one, the spinning party, the household duties, and then the deft touches that startle by new suggestiveness. "It's after she saw the glorious Virgin" was said of a certain woman; and then almost as a natural consequence "she died in the poor house in Nachtar Ard." Such are the bone and sinew of the story and they throw a light on the meaning of life which transfigures the most sordid details.

Inspiration, however, is not the only gift bestowed upon Mr. Pearse. He has moreover that power of expression which joined to the sure feeling for the right word and the right symbol makes a poet. Add to this a certain quaintness of wording which is found in the mouth of the Gael, and we have the Irish poet. Only an Irish maiden could express her love in the words of Lighle in "The Singer." "Macdara was like sun and moon to me, like dew and rain to me, like strength and sweetness to me," she says. On whose lips but a Gaelic woman's would not "come in jewel, and sit down awhile" be a false note. These are the words in "The Mother" which express the intensity of the feeling with which Marie awaited her Divine visitor: "She listened patiently. The home itself, she thought, and what was in it both living and dead, was listening as well. The hills were listening, and the stones of the earth and the starry stars of the sky." Has

not Coleridge's sunset on the ancient Mariner a near-rival in Mr. Pearse's lines: "The sun sank slowly 'till it was close to the bottom of the sky; 'till it was exactly in the bottom of the sky; 'till it was under the bottom of the sky?"

It seems hardly necessary to carry our examination into the realm of poetry, that is to those lines which appear as poetry to the eye, when almost any page of the volume is charged with that rhythmic cadence having the power to produce spiritual exultation, which we call poetry. But "The Wayfarer" seems so much Mr. Pearse's *Credo* in the beauty of the world,

"A field at evening  
Lit by a slanting sun"

or

"Children with bare feet upon the  
sands of some ebb'd sea"

that we must linger over it for a moment before we turn to "Renunciation" in which consciously or unconsciously the poet sings his own high purpose. For did not all these things "The beauty of beauty," "the sweetness of sweetness" which he knew and loved and wrote of and renounced, help to make him worthy of that high end he seems to pre-vision when he says:

—this road before me,  
—the deed that I see  
And the death I shall die.

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#### DAWN.

The mellow night was nigh at rest  
As dawn before the heavens lay,  
In all her beauty of the Spring  
Surpassing what belonged to day.

The sprightly stars were melting fast  
As solitary night withdrew,  
And on the gray wraith morn once more  
The bloody sun her crimson threw.

Afflictions of the soul fade, too,  
When God forgives the sins of life,  
And on the weary path of man  
Pours forth His solace for the strife.

J. C. METCALFE.

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The child's heart and the man's mind are the ideal combination.

Modern journalism is trying to govern public opinion with falsehood instead of nourishing it with truth.



HOLY SMOKE

FROSH IN A FIX

Father dear, I'll write to you  
 —I wish you coulda seen the stew  
 We got for supper just this night,  
 So old it hurt your sense of sight—  
 And tell the things a Freshman must  
 Perform before he can adjust  
 His back unto a class-room chair  
 And easily assume an air  
 Of knowing that his home, sweet home  
 Has moved beneath the golden dome.  
 At early morn we lined up thick,  
 Three hundred strong; it makes me sick  
 To think how deep my breakfast fell  
 Or how my heart was turned to jell  
 At all the questions they did put  
 While I was shifting on one foot.  
 When finally I owned a room,  
 A football ticket and a tomb,  
 They took my last red cent away  
 And said: "Be sure thy bills to pay."  
 Again I lined up near a door  
 Where waited numerous Freshies more:  
 They asked us this, demanded that,  
 Declared we talked right through our hat,  
 Gave us geometry and Latin  
 In voices soft and nice as satin.  
 When I was through I had a bill  
 That looked like Pike's immortal hill.  
 And now I'm sitting in my cell—  
 The chair is quite like Little Nell  
 When she was dying; and my bed!  
 Dear dad! It's more like solid lead.  
 I bought the dome, I bought a share  
 In Hector Garvey's underwear.  
 (Of this I've found there isn't none)  
 But just to cheer you now I've done,  
 I'll give a great big U. N. D.—  
 It's the best old school you'll ever see.

AUGUSTUS.

OPTIMISTIC TICKS.

Every clodhopper may get a shine.

\* \* \*

Feminine letters nowadays must have a two scent stamp.

\* \* \*

Now that passing the hat is closely associated with benevolence, may one assert that charity covers a multitude of pins?

\* \* \*

Never mind if your class-room was built for thirty and you are number fifty-five: look at the picture of the greater Notre Dame and think of all the room your grand-children will have.

\* \* \*

Married life is difficult at its best; but what must it be if you have to raise Kane?

What's a Senior going to do—if he sells a fellow a church pew and finds out next day that the victim is his new Prof?

\* \* \*

Soph:—"These hard times are certainly awful!"

Frosh:—"Why?"

Soph:—"Last night I took Mabel to the park and we couldn't get a seat anywhere."

\* \* \*

No, David, that's not Chemistry Hall. That's the kitchen.

\* \* \*

BLISS

"I love your cheeks," the maiden said,  
 "And your bright beaming eyes";  
 The bashful student hung his head  
 And sobbed, "I love your pies."

"You are more dear to me," quoth she,  
 "Than sky and field and lake,"

"I love most tenderly," said he,  
 "The many things you bake."

"If you should die," she said "someone  
 My tomstone too must carve,"  
 "And if," said he, "your day were done  
 I know that I should starve."

"I love just for love," she said,  
 "My heart enraptured feels."  
 The student did not lift his head  
 But moaned "I love your meals."

\* \* \*

YESTERDAY.

When the crowds come back to Notre Dame  
 And the lights go on in every hall,  
 I wish that I could write my name  
 On the record book of Sorin Hall  
 And be a lad again.

Be a lad again—what book or play  
 Has ever said what now I feel  
 When the autumn gold crowns greyish day  
 And the ship of night her burnished heel  
 Leads to the deep.

\* \* \*

SQUAD HALT!

I think that I could love a man  
 With eyes of grey or blue,  
 What matter if his hair were thin  
 And his white pate shone through.  
 What matter if his eyes were crossed  
 I still could pet him daily  
 Provided that he never tried  
 To play the Ukelele.

A motor man would be a dear;  
 The rattle of his car  
 Would bring a music to my soul  
 More sweet than the guitar.  
 I'd love a grocer; my bright eyes  
 Would beam upon him daily,  
 But I could not love one who tried  
 To play the Ukelele.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

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## BOARD OF EDITORS.

To be announced next week.

Any college may have too many things to think about, but one of those "too many things" is never itself. This paper has finished its fifty-fourth year PAPER HERE! of trying to tell Notre Dame fellows about themselves and about the boys who have left. It feels that there is a tradition behind it which very few collegiate magazines in America can boast of. Organized now on a basis suited to the times, financially on its own feet, the SCHOLASTIC is ready to perform its task in a better manner than ever. But this means very simply that the student body and alumni must stand behind their paper with a car-load of enthusiasm. If you expect the paper to improve, if you are looking for developments, for "splurges" and color, you are pledging yourself to help. We need your literary efforts, your suggestions, your advice; but most of all we need the price of your subscription. This should be given or mailed directly to the *Business Manager of the Scholastic*, whose address is Notre Dame, Indiana. The price at the present moment is \$2.00, upon receipt of which we will favor you with the paper and our blessing.

We have always been proud of the alumni who represent ol' Notre Dame in the wide, wide world; we have sung their praises time and again, and have PLATINUM ALUMNI been tempted to compose odes and other enthusiastic forms of admiring composition. Upon this occasion, however, we have the pleasant task of drawing attention to the

great work being done by old chaps all over this continent in "boosting" Notre Dame to the generation that is ready for college. There are active, loyal clubs in the larger cities with plenty of oratorical power and energy; in the smaller towns there is always somebody who talks this old school so successfully that the neighborhood kids refuse to consider any educational literature that emanates from counties other than St. Joseph, Indiana. Upon work of this sort the success of the University depends very largely and if there is anybody who ought to appreciate it, we are the ones. But really we find it above appreciation; we cannot say how thankful we are for it, and so we shall simply put it down as a blessed fact and say no more.

About the first of last June, some 1200 Notre Dame men reviewed in mental panorama the days of the completed school year.

Pondering upon the STRIP FOR ACTION! disastrous effects of non-study, they formed a mighty resolution that the coming of another year would find them transformed into diligent energetic and altogether noteworthy students.

We wonder if they intend to keep it.

That new year is beginning. For the University of Notre Dame it promises to be a big year—the biggest in her history. The freshman class today outnumbers the enrollment of the entire student body fifteen years ago. The faculty is the most notable body of instructors that has ever been assembled on this campus. Scholastic, debating and athletic prospects are bright. We repeat—this promises—this must be a glorious year for Notre Dame.

The summer vacation is a good two weeks behind! There is no time now to moon over its past delight. If you would play your part here, if you would keep your word with the folks back home, if you would be glad for the years you spent in college a decade from now instead of sorry for them, it is time to pull on your slippers, crack your books and study a solid four hours each day.

This is the big year for Notre Dame.

What will it mean for you? —V. E.

## THE SUMMER COMMENCEMENT

There are degrees and degrees: some are on the football team and others are on paper, or rather sheepskin. Among those of the second variety none are so pleasant as those (or that) which one gets for one's self after years and years of hard labor. The Sisters and others who met the requirements of Notre Dame thought that the fifth of August was a positively delightful day, even if the thermometer belonged on a penutta wagon and too close a familiarity with the library had left furrows on the countenance which even academic success could not obliterate. The list of those who left bearing the trade-mark of this University follows; we can merely add that we wish them the highest measure of success and have been most happy in making their acquaintance.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS IS  
CONFERRED ON:

Sister Mary Ambrose, of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Dubuque, Iowa. Major Subject: History.

*Dissertation:* "The Principle of Selection in History."

Sister Mary Aquin, of the Sisters of the Presentation, Dubuque, Iowa. Major Subject: English.

*Dissertation:* "The Essays of Elia."

Sister Mary Carlos, of the Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, Ohio. Major Subject: History.

*Dissertation:* "A Sketch of Missionary Life in the Northwest Territory."

Sister Mary Coletta, of the Sisters of St. Benedict, Ferdinand, Indiana. Major Subject: Education.

*Dissertation:* "Illustrations in the Teaching of Geography."

Sister Mary Elizabeth, of the Sisters of St. Ursula, Toledo, Ohio. Major Subject: History.

*Dissertation:* "Some Ursuline Chapters in American History."

Sister Mary Genevieve, of the Sisters of St. Ursula, Toledo, Ohio. Major Subject: English.

*Dissertation:* "The Spirituality of Newman."

Miss Bertha Regina Grosswege, Avilla, Indiana. Major Subject: Philosophy.

*Dissertation:* "The Universal Idea versus the Generic Image."

Sister Mary Theodora, of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Michigan. Major Subject: Education.

*Dissertation:* "The Socialized Recitation."

Sister Mary Verda, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross,

Washington, D. C. Major Subject: Philosophy.

*Dissertation:* "The Legitimate Sphere of the State in Education."

Sister Marie Virginia, of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Michigan. Major Subject: Greek.

*Dissertation:* "Antigone: A Study of her Character in the *Antigone* of Sophocles and of the Moral Lessons to be Derived Therefrom."

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF SCIENCE  
IS CONFERRED ON:

Sister Mary Paula, of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Michigan. Major Subject: Mathematics.

*Dissertation:* "Relations of the Areas of the Sixty-four Triangles Formed by Joining the Points of Contact of the Inscribed and the Escribed Circles of a Triangle."

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN COMMERCE IS  
CONFERRED ON:

Charles Fremont Davis, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Leo Daniel Kelley, Syracuse, New York.

Michael Joseph Scanlon, Springfield, Ohio.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE  
IS CONFERRED ON:

Joseph Vincent Heiman, Massillon, Ohio.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN FOREIGN COMMERCE  
IS CONFERRED ON:

Donald James Easley, Dunbar, Nebraska.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS IS  
CONFERRED ON:

George Douglas O'Brien, Rochelle, Illinois.

Joseph Francis Sanford, Charlevoix, Michigan.

Clyde Aloysius Walsh, Campus, Illinois.

THE CERTIFICATE FOR THE SHORT COURSE  
IN COMMERCE IS CONFERRED ON:

Roberto Lequerica, Colombia, S. A.

THE CERTIFICATE OF GRADUATE IN  
PHARMACY IS CONFERRED ON:

Francis Harry Gillis, Kane, Pennsylvania.

Lawrence Vincent Gorrilla, Ironwood, Michigan.

Stephen Francis Nyikos, South Bend, Indiana.

Prior to the honoring of graduates, the Very Rev. President made a few earnest congratulatory remarks and introduced the speaker of the occasion, Rev. William A. Bolger, C. S. C., Head of the Department of Economics. Father Bolger outlined very forcefully the essential purpose of religious education, asserting and proving very clearly that education without religion is in practice not neutral but positively anti-re-

ligious. The earnestness of the speaker and his evident familiarity with the matter under discussion marked this address as one of the best heard at Notre Dame commencements.

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

Before this number of the SCHOLASTIC reaches its readers, many of them will have learned the sad news of the death of the Very Reverend John Patrick Quinn, Dean and pastor of St. Columba's Church, Ottawa, Ill. Father Quinn never lost touch with his Alma Mater, from the day of his graduation in the year 1883 (A. B.), and was always a familiar and beloved figure among the Alumni. After his graduation from Notre Dame—where an older and younger brother also graduated—he took up the study of theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and after his ordination to the priesthood was assigned to parish work in the Diocese of Peoria. For twenty-one years he was pastor of St. John's Church, Peoria, after having organized that parish. In 1911 he was made a Dean and promoted to the vacant pastorate of St. Columba, Ottawa. He was a great organizer and had a deservedly high reputation as a pulpit orator. A devoted priest and a public-spirited citizen, he was a favorite with all, non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The following editorial from the Ottawa FREE-TRADER JOURNAL reflects the universal esteem in which he was held:

"All Ottawa, Protestants and Catholics alike, were profoundly shocked and pained yesterday afternoon to learn of the sudden death of Very Reverend John P. Quinn, dean of Ottawa and rector of St. Columba's parish, which had occurred earlier in the afternoon, while he was sitting in his chair in front of his desk—a busy man to the very last. Death had evidently come calmly and peacefully, and there was no evidence of pain or struggle, simply the quiet calling by his Maker of a big man in the prime of life. For Dean Quinn was a big man in every sense of the word. Large of stature, of fine physique, he was mentally big and accustomed to do big things in a big way.

"As the successor of the Very Rev. Dean Keating, his coming to Ottawa to take charge of St. Columba's parish, with all that implies, was in itself a big undertaking and one which only a big man could do successfully. Following a man who had endeared himself to all members of society and had accomplished great things, Dean Quinn soon proved himself a worthy successor of his illustrious predecessor. He took up his work without intermission

and completed the undertakings which had been started, and immediately undertook new enterprises for the benefit of the parish. These he pushed through with his characteristic enterprise and vim, until now St. Columba parish with all its adjuncts is a model and great institution.

"By the members of his parish he was held in the greatest reverence and esteem. From the greatest to the least among them he was the father, one to whom any could go, sure of the greatest sympathy, assistance and help.

In the death of Very Rev. Dean Quinn the Catholic church has lost one of its commanding figures, the community a most valued citizen and many, many people one of their best and dearest friends. The world is the better for John P. Quinn having lived, and his departure will leave a void in the church and in the community hard to fill."

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The death of Richard Maloney, student at Notre Dame during several years, was the unfortunate result of an automobile accident near Los Angeles, his native city. Notre Dame men who knew him—and they are many—regret, in his death, the loss of a fellow-student whose quiet character and easy manliness made Richard a perfect friend. During the past two years he had been studying medicine at the University of California; how well he kept the memory of Notre Dame may be judged from the allusion made in the opening sermon of our Reverend President.

On account of lack of space in this issue, the SCHOLASTIC must defer the chronicle of many other deaths.

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#### MEMORABLE MEN.

The marriage of Miss Margarette Davis to Robert Pinkerton Cavanagh, old student, occurred July 3rd in Brooklyn, New York.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday, July 14, 1921, Joseph Francis, Jr., and Kathryn Irene.

William Hicks, student 1910-13, is an officer in the Internal Revenue Department, Rockford, Ill. He sends greetings to all his friends.

Dr. Jesse Roth is leader in eye, ear, nose, and throat work with offices in Kankakee, Ill. Jess will be here for home-coming game.

On June 11, 1921, Miss Eva Crouch was married to Mr. Joseph Rosenthal of '18 days

at St. Thomas Church, Beloit, Wisconsin. Best wishes.

Tom Scanlon, old student of '13-'16 years, became a benedict this summer. On June 7, 1921, he was married to Miss Mary Louise Smith of Chicago. Congratulations.

Tom Tobin of '20 fame is leaving the country September 28 on the S. S. America for the American College, Rome, where he is to begin Theology. Goodbye, Tom, old boy, and good luck.

Dr. Charles P. Neill, M. A. '93, LL.D. '10, a former professor and alumnus of Notre Dame, has been appointed Director of the National Service Schools for Men and Women, under the care of the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States. It is a big place, and Doctor Neill is a big man.

Andrew L. McDonough and Andrew W. McDonough, announce their association in the general practice of law, with offices in the Babcock Building, Plainfield, N. J., and in the Elizabeth Trust Building, Elizabeth, N. J.

Rev. Francisco Marin, O. P., formerly professor of Spanish in the University and now attached to the faculty of the famous University of Fribourg, Switzerland, sends greetings to all his friends. He is wondering when he will have a group of Notre Dame men at Fribourg.

Mr. Fred E. Murphy has recently become Manager of the Minneapolis Tribune, of which his brother, W. J. Murphy, was for many years the editor. Both will be remembered by Notre Dame men of the early nineties. Fred has already had over twenty years of experience with the Tribune, one of the most influential of American newspapers, and is universally admired and loved by all who know him. With him are associated his nephews, Kingsley and Paul Murphy, who were students at Notre Dame about six years ago. To them, as well as to Fred, a host of Notre Dame friends send greetings and good wishes.

On Sunday, May 15, 1921, the Hon. Joseph Scott, LL. D., Laetare Medalist, was created a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory in a most impressive ceremony, at St. Vibian's Cathedral, Los Angeles. The order has been

awarded to only eight Catholic laymen in the United States and Mr. Scott is the first to receive the symbol on the Pacific Coast.

Francis J. Reitz, one of the trustees at large of the University, and president of the City National Bank, Evansville, Ind., was honored by his associates and friends on July 7, 1921, in commemoration of his eightieth birthday and of his family's public service to Evansville for nearly a century. Directors of the Bank presented him with a beautiful silver loving cup and thruout the day scores of congratulatory telegrams and letters flooded him. We wish Mr. Reitz: *ad multos annos*.

W. E. Bradbury, LL. B., '16, was the speaker of the day at the American Legion Reunion, York, Illinois. It is regrettable that we haven't room to print in full one of the best speeches of the year.

Frank Shaughnessy, football star of a dozen years ago was appointed manager of the Syracuse Stars. The Herald of that city says: "The new manager of the Stars is one of the youngest men that ever directed the destinies of a Class AA baseball team, being 33 years old. He is a graduate of Notre Dame, starring on its football team at end and quarterback and graduating before he was 20 years old, captaining the gridiron team in his last year."

Mr. Otto A. Rothert, of Louisville, Kentucky, a distinguished and very loyal alumnus of Notre Dame, has prepared for the Filson club of his native city, a very complete life of the poet, Madison Cawein. The subject is one of fascinating interest, for Cawein was a singular genius whose art was not more amiable than himself. To say that Mr. Rothert has done his work splendidly is merely to assert what we have a right to expect of a Science man from Notre Dame. Our library is grateful for the presentation copy received.

One of the prominent priests of the South is the Rev. Edgar J. Misch, C. S. C., (Litt. B. 1010), of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Father Misch's activities in that great school, however, are only a part of his actual work. He is a great favorite at large gatherings of men, and with Father George McNamara, C. S. C., has conducted some famous missions for laymen. He is also

state chaplain for the Knights of Columbus, and has inaugurated a novelty which ought to become popular. Every month he publishes an open letter in the Catholic press of the South, suggesting topics for study, policies for adoption, etc. We are proud of Father Misch.

Mr. Benjamin R. Enriquez, 1904 C. E., for some years an associate professor in the University, is in charge of important irrigation work in his old home in Mexico. He writes: "I can never forget my stay under the Golden Dome and the good friends I made amongst friends and schoolmates. I send them all a happy salute. At present I am in charge of a great study of irrigation in the hope of starting next year the work of construction and development. The intention is to put into cultivation over four thousand acres of land by the construction of two great dams and the necessary canal system." Ben's present address is C. Camargo, Chihuahua, Mexico.

The marriage of Henry Vivian Stevenson, A. B. '21, secretary to the President, and announcer of dramatic decadence for the columns of this venerable periodical, to Miss Estelle Lillian Campbell, of Englewood, New Jersey, occurred on August the twenty-third, nineteen hundred and twenty-one. This memorable occasion was a blow to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, but a beacon of ineffable bliss to one of that gentleman's most enthusiastic disciples. Harry has our very best wishes; we hope that the residence he occupies near Father Schumacher's College (St. Edward's, Austin, Tex.) may closely resemble *la maison des abeilles*. It remains necessary to chronicle the fact that Hon. Jerry Jones, of Cadillac Hall, was the custodian of the ring during the first part of the ceremony. One may expect almost any variety of occurrence, henceforth, in the Hon. Jerry's orbit.

—HUGUENARD.

#### CAMPUS COMMENT.

Notre Dame men turned up from all corners of the cosmos two weeks ago Sunday evening to attend an informal house-party given at the home of Eddie Gould, 4708 Beacon street, Chicago. Norm Barry and his romance were there to make the affair

a success, as well as the obese "Obie" who frisked the dances with his favorite blonde. The reception was given in honor of an Annapolis midshipman. Approximately 100 couples were in attendance.

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The first annual get-together of the schools of journalism of St. Mary's and Notre Dame took place at the Tribune Auditorium, Tuesday afternoon. The occasion was an address by F. G. Davis, western manager of the bureau of advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. In his address of an hour and a half, Mr. Davis cited several instances to show that national advertisers are investing increasingly in newspaper campaigns, while at the same time there has been a drop in the total investment in magazine advertising. A general round table discussion followed, in which R. A. Lamport, of the Lamport-McDonald Agency, Prof. Cooney, and Father Lahey furnished the substance of the arguments.

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Having scrubbed behind his ears and satisfactorily arranged the perfumed handkerchief in the upper left-hand pocket, Pio Montenegro journeyed to Lake Geneva last June to attend the convention of the National Association of Foreign Students of America. He was accompanied by a pocket edition of Soule's synonyms. Mr. Montenegro represented the Filipino Association of Notre Dame at a convention which numbered more than 3,000 delegates from all colleges in the United States. It is not known whether the Princess of Sulu attended the gathering, but reports reaching the SCHOLASTIC indicate a startling series of *affaires de coeur* involving the name of Mr. Montenegro, all of which escapades must have escaped the notice of the Princess if she was present. Mr. Montenegro was nominated for regional vice-pres., but his name was later withdrawn upon his request. Upon being interviewed he did not deny that Notre Dame would have a very able candidate for the presidency of the Association at the next election.

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Aside from being the nephew of Cardinal Mercier, Dr. Charles Mercier is recognized abroad as among the foremost exponents of

scholastic philosophy. He was awarded a doctor's degree in philosophy by Louvain University, the eminent stronghold of Catholic thought. Dr. Mercier was a lieutenant in the Belgian army and spent a year in Germany with the allied army of occupation. The past two years were spent in Paris studying history and social conditions. The latest addition to the faculty arrived on the campus just a few days before opening of classes, after an uninterrupted journey from Brussels. His last hours in Belgium were spent in receiving the advice of his renowned uncle. He carries the message of the Cardinal. "Where it possible for me to do so, and if my duty did not lie so plainly here, I should like nothing better than to spend my last years in America," is the text of the Belgian prelate's address to Notre Dame.

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Through an oversight the award of the J. Sinnott Meyers Burse was not announced at the Commencement. This Burse is given for excellence in Journalism and is open to all students in the department. For the year 1920-21 this Burse has been awarded to Mr. Harry W. Flannery, Sophomore in Journalism.

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Among the recent acquirements of the University is an old facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, made while the great document was still in a good state of preservation. This copy was purchased for a small sum from a dealer in ancient books. At present the original has faded so much and become so frayed with handling that it is not to be exhibited.

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Mr. Charles A. Wrightman, of Evanston, Illinois, has enriched Professor Kercick's Architectural Department by the gift of a set of the Guerin Prints. It will be remembered that this able artist left a series of paintings illustrating scenes along his native Mediterranean Coast as well as striking sites in American cities—for instance, his own Lincoln monument in Washington. These beautiful color prints were afforded the public through Mr. Wrightman's artistic taste and interest as well as business enterprise.

—E. MURPHY.

## WHATS WHAT IN ATHLETICS

Coach Rockne of Notre Dame has arranged for his men what is probably the stiffest schedule ever attempted by a Western school. He has challenged fate and everything connected with that elusive abstraction in a supreme contempt for defeat and a supreme confidence in the ability of his men to complete a third undefeated season—even though an all-American and three all-Western men were lost by graduation. He will send his team into eleven games in sixty-one days; against Iowa, Purdue, Nebraska, Indiana, West Point and Rutgers in 31 days. He will send his squad into action against the all-American West Pointers on Saturday and repeat against Rutgers on the following Tuesday—both games on foreign fields and following a 700 mile trip. He will play the last five games of the season in 16 days. He will do all sorts of revolutionary things.

He has apparently committed athletic suicide—but any man who knows Knute Rockney will look for more than appearances. Any team that has felt the power of his squads and the cunning of his formations will look for the proverbial being that is found exclusively in wood-piles. And the woodpile-hiding individual will disclose the fact that the secret of Rockne's confidence lies buried in the remarkable athletic personalities that compose his well-balanced squad. Witness:

In the 22 men that compose the first and second string of the Notre Dame squad, practically every individual is a monogram man in another major sport or a star in an unofficial minor sport.

Four captains and two ex-captains of Notre Dame athletic teams are included in the string, five of these six being regulars. Four players are monogram men of three sports, 13 are two-sport letter winners and several sophomores are almost certain winners of letters in baseball, basketball and track.

Just to add variety, the squad includes a world's champion low hurdler and Olympic man, a conference shot-put champion, a nationally-known high hurdler, one of the best hockey men in the country and at least

two baseball players who have received angles from the big show.

Capt. Eddie Anderson, prominently mentioned by Walter Camp as an all-American selection last season, is regular guard on the basketball squad and a baseball catcher of no mean ability.

Rodger Kiley, Jack Veiock's selection for all-American end, in addition to pairing with Anderson as probably the greatest brace of wings in the game, also pals with Eddie as basketball guard and captains the court team. In addition he is regular second sacker of the diamond squad and one of its best hitters.

Chet Wynne, boomed throughout the East as the hardest-hitting pony fullback in captivity, is track captain and one of the best hurdlers in the land. He tops the high sticks in :15 and the low in :25.

Paul Castner, hockey captain and rated as one of the best puck chasers in the north, is the mainstay of the baseball pitching staff and punter on the football squad where he alternates with Wynne in most games.

Johnny Mohardt, who steps into George Gipp's shoes as the pivot on which the Notre Dame offense revolves, took a monogram in track and captained last year's baseball team. Johnny had an offer from Brooklyn but turned it down to take his chance for all-American this fall.

Harry Mehre, center, captained the basketball team in his sophomore year and has the same eye for floor goals that Babe Ruth has for home runs.

Arthur Aloysius Garvey, tackle surnamed "Hector," "the beast" and other such cognomens because of his inhuman activity upon the football field, took letters in baseball and basketball last year and is the one sure-fire all-American bet on the Notre Dame squad. As was said of George Gipp so it has been said of Garvey—"If he isn't all-American there is no all-American." Garvey has two years in which to turn the trick.

Lawrence, "Buck" Shaw, pairing with Garvey as one of the most efficient pair of tackles in the world, is also conference shot put champion with a mark of 44 ft. 7½ inches to his credit. In addition to his athletic proclivities, Shaw is somewhat of a

personal Adonis and has been measured and stereotyped "the best built man at Notre Dame."

"Micky" Kane, basketball forward and the sweetest hitting-fielding-pegging third-sacker in Western collegiate circles, sent a Detroit scout home with the wild, weeping blues when he decided to take his two more years at college. Kane's husky voice is the only handicap to his being a world-beating successor to Joe Brandy at quarterback.

Gus. Desch, Olympic man, world's record holder in the 440 yard low hurdles, national A. A. U. champ in the 440, national college champ in the 220, etc., etc., all in his sophomore year, is threatening to run wild at half-back.

Danny Coughlin, basketball guard, is the probable selection for George Gipp's half-back although Frank McDermott, all-state basketball forward, is making a strong bid for the job.

John Flynn, monogram shot putter and tackle candidate, is one of those athletes who also sing in the glee club and write songs. Hunk Anderson and Fred Larson, regular guard and center respectively, and both from George Gipp's home town, are also regulars on the hockey squad.

Chet Grant, basketball forward, is the logical selection for quarterback when he recovers from an illness. Les Logan, basketball forward, is also a candidate for the pivot job as are Reass and McGivney, both of whom are expected to produce when the baseball season rolls around.

Tom Lieb, a sophomore half-back but already a star, is rated as a comer with the discus and shot. Carberry, Seyfrit and Degree fool around considerably with a baseball. Mayl expects to come through in the floor game. Cameron is a pole-vaulter, Bergman, Maher and Kelly aspire to the cinders.

Etc., etc., etc., etc.

Which signifies that Mr. Rockne has at least some athletic minds to work on—considered with the prevalent idea at Notre Dame that "Rock" can make a football man from anything that has well-known innards—and you have the particular being that hides in the residuary lumber adjacent to Notre Dame.