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COMMENCEMENT.

FOR college men the world over, the month of June is invested with an aroma of witching charm and compassed by a spell of sweetness. It is the Mecca of all eyes; thither all hearts exultingly bound, for within its magic have there looms a great college holiday and festival,—Commencement Day, the day, by express bespeaking, “the very bridal of the earth and sky.” Thereon Seniors become Alumni; their squirehood over, they enter the lists as full-fledged knights to joust in life’s great tourney. It is a day of jubilee and rejoicing, of felicitations and joyous greetings. For the graybearded “grad,” it is a magic wand that touches the chain of reminiscence and with the links rusted by the waste of years, bridges long stretches of calendared space to scenes and associations of endearing charm. For the undergraduate, Commencement is but a foretaste of future felicity,—and for the Senior, tarrying on Alma Mater’s threshold ere he goes down “the linden lane” to swell the number of her multiplying Alumni, it is a day of confused and blending emotions,—a day indelibly etched on memory’s canvas—a pastel which will withstand for years to come the relentless ravages of time.

Once a Notre Dame man, always a Notre Dame man. From graduation to the grave, the arms of Alma Mater, stretched forth in mother love, the voice of Alma Mater, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in gentle persuasive tones,—summon the errant beneath the Dome and bid the wanderer to the campus’ shade. What wanderer yet was ever loath to come? Whether upon the crest of future and fame, or down amid the slough of the valley of death and despair, the true Notre Dame man, seeing the shining eyes

and hearing the mother call, sends back the answering refrain:

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see
My heart untraveled, fondly turns to thee.”

Commencement this year means Notre Dame and Notre Dame means the spire and dome; it means a shrine for faithful sons and hallowed memories; it means a return to the scenes of budding manhood when “all the world seemed bright and fair, and hearts were full and strong”; when life was a golden, halcyon period, and the wind as it sighed through the trees on the campus, whispered naught but of love and fame; “and glory strode the sunbeams.”

Commencement! Notre Dame! The words loosen with the strongest emotions the very foundations of the wanderer’s soul. Recollection of precious friendship quickens his pulse like the breath of some olden orchid. Strong as was friendship’s bond, separation and distance have left him only a sweet memory, which, like in past years the mellow rays of a sun declining at eventide just beyond the towers of St. Mary’s, falls tenderly yet sadly on his heart. . . .

And so—it’s on to Notre Dame for Commencement of 1923. Alma Mater is calling, calling to all her sons to return, whether it be tears or trophies they bring; whether they come with laurels crowned, or bent with sorrow and failure—the prodigal along with the victor—Alma Mater summons all to Notre Dame.

Under the smiling skies of an Indiana June, she will bid her sons something more than a welcome. She will bid them know and feel and carry themselves as if they knew and felt that they were no longer dreaming; that this is actually Notre Dame, and Notre Dame—well—Notre Dame is Notre Dame.

TUNEFUL SOLDIERS.

R. R. MACGREGOR.

It was the custom for soldiers of the world war to keep diaries. I started keeping one with every good intention. I kept it for three days and then threw it over-board and played poker. The mental strain was not so great, though the pecuniary one was at times.

In the present article, I do not intend to become a chronicler of deeds or to emulate the ever-fresh Mr. Pepys. I wish to say something about the songs of the soldiers during the war. My point of view will be necessarily limited to the sphere of my activities and observations; so if my American friends find me hyper-British they will know it is so only in the scope of the present writing and that really I am—well, a colonial.

When the boys were in temporary lodging at the invitation of "lusty Mars" in an uncertain abode euphemistically dubbed "the front," many of them whiled away the long weary hours with impromptu song and story. In many instances, hitherto unknown talents for verse-making were brought to light; some lads became veritable 20th century "jongleurs"; and dormant capabilities for self-expression were aroused from their slumbers. Many diaries and vagrant verses have since been published, or if not published, have been sent to dear ones in the form of letters. I have personally seen quite good verse from men who have or had, in common life, been far removed from any literary pretensions, and who, if they were told they would write verse, or keep a diary, would have scoffed at the mere suggestion. Yet such has been true. All could not reach the perfection of a Rupert Brookes, or a Graves, or a Gellert or a Kilmer, but many have been moved to give their emotions and thoughts expression in written record, and bad, good or indifferent, these records are a sign—an indication of a latent literary sensibility—a faculty for self-expression which when brought to bedrock is merely an attribute of life itself—the will to such expression.

It is an outstanding ethnological fact that

communities and associations of people tend to give expression to their thoughts in song. Hence the ballad. The folk-songs are usually an indication of the geographical distribution, the aims and outlook on life, and the racial affinities of the people concerned. During five years of warfare, when the sons of Democracy were carried to the four corners of the globe to do a mother's bidding, what, then, is more natural (indeed, it were unnatural were it not so) than that a corpus of soldier-songs should come into being, descriptive of the phases of their daily existence?

There has been published in Britain "a comprehensive collection of soldiers songs, marching melodies, rude rimes and popular parodies, composed, collected and arranged in active service." It is by an R. F. C. lieutenant. In it are given not merely the songs that have come during the war from no-one-knows-where, and the burlesques of music hall and hymn-book, but also a number of traditional songs and some compositions largely the work of clever individuals. Of course, there are old songs which will always be popular as long as the English language shall endure, such as "The Green Grass Grew All Round," "The Wearin' of the Green," "Annie Laurie," and "I Will Sing For One—O!" This writer makes no claim for these. Whatever music-hall ballads come and go, these will persist, and you are liable to hear parties of youths singing them anywhere.

But from the point of view of this article, the greatest interest attaches to the queer, unique songs—inspired by whimsicality or worry or grouching—which have come into being in the army during the war, and many of which, after the fashion of folk-songs proper, exist in various versions according to time and place. I remember the first time I heard one of these—"I want to go home." It was given me by an artillery officer (since dead) who said his men used to sing it pianissimo to show their fed-upness whilst grooming their horses. The greater the pianissimo the greater the fed-upness. The difference between various versions usually lies in the third line. I was told "where there are shells and Jack Johnstons galore"

but I think "For oh, the Jack Johnstons, they make such a roar" is likelier to be general.

The verse is as follows:

"I want to go home,
I want to go home
For oh! the Jack Johnstons they make such a roar
I don't want to go to the trenches no more.
I want to go over the sea
Where the Alleymans can't snipe at me
O my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home!"

Another song derived from "Massa's in de Cole Ground"; also a type of fed-upness:

"When this ruddy war is over
Oh how happy I shall be, etc."

Of course, one need not take exception to the third word, because, if omitted, such iridescent substitutes as "cerise" or "heliotrope" or anything would convey the required meaning. War is just anathema—it is the soldiers' song.

Another unmitigated song on grouching is the following to the tune "Holy, Holy, Holy":—

"Marching, marching, marching,
Always ruddy well marching.
Marching all the morning,
And marching all the night
Marching, marching, marching,
Always ruddy well marching
Roll on till my time is o'er
And I shall march no more."

Of the parodies and adaptations of the "Tarpaulin Jacket" the cleverest is that in which a dying airman requests his mechanics to reassemble the engine, the parts of which are embedded in various sections of his body. A less literary effort of the same is:—

"Oh had I the wings of an Avro,
(Chorus: "Of an Avro")
Then far, far away I would soar,
(“Would soar”)
Right off to my pals down in Blighty
(“In Blighty”)
And rest there the rest of the war.”
(“The war.”)

Exigencies of space forbid quoting these songs ad libitum, but one may mention little repetitive marching scraps such as "Hoo-Ha (There's the man with the Big Red Nose Hoo-Ha; Hoo-Ha! Ha!)" and "Left! Left!" which is the most epigrammatic of them all.

"Who is the man with the hair upon his abdomen? The Bridagier, that's 'im" is also a choice selection. There were also many songs which were peculiar to individual regiments. Here is one from the Fusiliers to the time "Hold your hand out Naughty Boy":—

"Hold your head down, Fusilier,
Hold your head down, Fusilier,
There's a b——y great Hun
With a blurry big gun,
Who'll snipe you,
Who'll shoot you,
There's a sniper up a tree
Waiting for you and me;
If you want to get back to your ma any more
Hold your head down, Fusilier."

This when sung in the London vernacular, is certainly most reminiscent of the Flanders tradition, and of pill boxes. It might be mentioned in passing also that "Tipperary" was never a soldier-song. It merely happened that a Daily Mail correspondent heard a few troops of the B. E. F., singing it at Boulogne. It therefore became to be popularly associated with the army, wherever it was—rather a fortunate accident for the composers and more fortunate for the publishers. It was a chance that the too zealous newspaper man did not hear other troops singing something else. There were songs peculiar to the Australians and the New Zealanders also. There is a song of the latter forces I heard, from Egypt; very interesting etymologically as it contains English, Mongrel, Moari, Egyptian and Turkish words. The editor of the Scholastic would not allow me to reproduce it—well, it would be too obscure to his readers!

Doubtless there were songs peculiar to the American forces. I heard some Virginians singing a tuneful medley once, but I leave the description of the musical activities of the American soldier to a worthier pen than mine.

A THIEF.

O that I had bled with Thee
And cried aloud 'remember me';
And risen then the Truth to see
On Easter morn!

BAMBOO AND WILLOW.

PATRICK J. ROGERS.

Once a year Jim Madden returned to the old homestead. Once a year he visited old man Leary whose general store had furnished him with his first King Flyer. And lastly, once a year he visited the tenants of the farm which his father and uncle had left him. During his 'over-nights' in Dewey Meadow, old man Leary always had the pleasure of Jim's company. Once a year Leary chuckled as he watched Jim smile over his buttermilk.

The once a year train had just pulled into the bustling and curious station of Dewey Meadow. The passenger alighted. As he walked over to the main drag, new smiles came into his face. Jim was going to make a real vacation out of it this year.

Across Main Street strode Jim. He was breathing the old familiar air, and thinking thoughts of Leary; of two weeks of sun; and of a certain ol' fishin' hole that had caused him to bring along an extra bag. He had just rounded the hitchin' post in front of Sam Parker's, when:

"They ain't goin' to be no more war! They've had nuf uf it! Guess I guess." Old Senator Thompson had won the argument just as he reached the doorway. He was chewing rapidly as he turned to hump along, when:

"Well I'll be dog-chuckled if it ain't our Jimmie!"

"How are you Senator!"

"Doggone!" The old crony had Jim by the arm. "We're goin' right back in Sam Parkers and have a little chat. . . Hey Sam!" And then, in a voice that had'nt hit a soprano since Jimmie was a boy, "Hey, Sam, looka whose here!"

"Ha Jimmie, you don't forget us, do you? Why, he's most a man now." Sam was shaking Jim's hand and grinning up into his face. "Let's see. . . sixteen years since ye left us. . . an' ye had just put on long pants."

"Well Sam. . ." Jim's annual loss of words was due, and so he picked out a box and just sat and smiled.

"It jest seems like yestaday," continued Sam—who could talk all day if the Senator

didn't happen to be around—"when you used to come by and holler at me. . . by jove it was jest yesterday that the Senator an' I said the same thing, wasn't it?" This was directed at the Senator, but he was chewing slowly and thinking adrift from the conversation. He lifted up his head and looked at Jim a full minute before he spoke.

"Jim we've got bad news for you. Your old friend Leary left us 'bout three months ago."

"Old man Leary, dead?"

"Yes Jim, he died with plursy or sumpin', and we buried him out in the old Church yard."

Sam saw the effects of the news upon Jim and tried to patch things up a little.

"Well, Jim, you see he was aslippin' ever since his wife died, and suffer'n' purty hard too, so's you ought n't to feel so bad, for if ever there was a good old man it was Billy Leary, an' he sure ain't suffer'n' now."

"And his last words," broke in the Senator, "was 'tell Jimmie to be a good boy.'"

"Well," hesitated Jim, "it's almost the saddest news you could have told me, but as you say, 'he is not suffering now.'"

"Come on Jim," ventured Sam, "an we'll all go over to the house an' get the ol' lady acookin'."

The front door of the Parker home which leads into the dining room at the end of a long porch, stood ajar as it had often stood on summer evenings of years gone bye. Jim remembered it and was meditative. As the trio neared the steps, Mrs. Parker, or "Mom," as Jim called her, came hurrying out the door.

"Jimmie, my Jimmie!" Her eyes were wet as she stood on the top step and kissed him. "Jimmie!"

"Mom!"

Jim smiled again as the rays of a well-spent sun softened the furrows in the face of the little creature in his arms.

Soon the evening meal, which Mom and Jim ate in a daze, was over, and a spirited congested evening followed until "almost half-past nine," when all prepared to retire. After Mrs. Parker had given Jim a handful of matches and a glass of "good cold water," she kissed him good-night. Mom was happy

at heart and it must have been long after she had fallen asleep before the smile slipped from her lips.

The next morning as Jim was standing in the kitchen door-way, a little bird sang the morning's salutation to him. He wandered out into the yard and viewed the old familiar paths as a mother would her returning son. He reached down and was feeling the soft cool grass as Mom laid her hand on his back, and said,

"Jimmie I've got something good for you." Jim rose, put his arm around her, and they walked into breakfast.

"So you still like the place Jim?" queried Sam as they pulled chairs for the meal.

"Yes Sam, more than ever. I've decided to make a vacation out of it this time."

"So, Jim? Mom was sayin' last night that she hoped you'd stay awhile this time."

A silence intervened before Jim spoke.

"Say Sam, I wonder if it is still good fishin' down by the ol' swimmin' hole."

"Sure Jim. . . Just as good as when ye caught your first un."

Jim's shoes were a little damp when he cast his line and straightened out his legs in the fresh grass on the bank.

A bare spot in the sandy green caught his eye. It was the result of a little camp-fire. He imagined a cap-hid face bending over flames lighting a corn-silk. . . The split bamboo in his hands changed to a willow. . . He laughed, looked at his rod and talked aloud.

"Well I've got what I used to want, but. . ."

"Who you talkin' to Mister?" came a quizzical alto voice.

Jim started like one from a deep sleep, and found himself looking into an accusing face that was half covered with a crushed cap beak. It was some time before he could speak, the dangling pole and can of bait in one hand and the clenched fist of the other were too much for him.

"Can I fish in your pond?"

"Where 'd you come from?"

The animal instinct had to be appeased.

"New York. Are you going to fish here?"

"Sure." New York plus a rod and reel captivated the kid. "How many ya got?"

An old cork hit the water.

"Oh, how many have I got? I just came 'n I have n't had a bite yet."

"I gotta bite. . looka see. . I'm goin' to pull'im in, un?". Arippling, and asquirming sunny broke the water. The boy was on his knees trying to choke the catch. In an instant he had succeeded and was staking him in the water. He looked up and said, "You can't fish."

A quick jerk started Jim to reeling; he let out; he took in. The kid looked on disgustedly.

"What 'd I tell ya, haa ha." Jim's line had broken. "I got 'nother, want it?"

"Thanks sonny but I came prepared. . Say what's your name?"

"Bill. What's your'n?"

"Jim."

"Say Bill, supposin' I use your line. . Sure that pole over there will be fine. . . that's it."

A dinner-bell rang out in the distance as a pair of knickers and a bunch of tattered overall started down the road.

"SILVER-TIP."

JOHN FOGARTHY.

"You know, sonny, I've hunted bears fur the last forty year, and by Gorry! if it wasn't fur this dog-goned leg 'o mine I'd be down there with Charlie a huntin' now."

"How many bears do you think you've killed so far?"

"Well, sonny, I calculate I brung down quite a few. Some of 'em was easy to git and some of 'em wasn't."

"Please, Uncle Jim, tell us a real bear story,—Mom don't know how to tell good ones."

"Well, Jimmie, you git little Julie and git up here on these here pillars an' I'll tell ye about the time I shot 'Silver-Tip,' the biggest bear in Pike County: You see, this part of the country forty years ago used to be pretty wild—them there foot-hills to the west was full 'o jaguar, mountain lions and grizzlies. They used to come right down here in the barn-yard and git a couple 'o your granpa's pigs. Why by Gorry! I seen four bears a lookin' out of this here window facing the barn! I wus about sixteen year

old an' let me tell you—there wasn't a young'en round these parts that could 'a stood up to your uncle Jim when it come to handlin' a gun. Why, I used to go out and 'bark' more squirrels than Joe did."

"But what about this big bear, Uncle Jim? Did you shoot him out in the barn-yard?"

"Now, I'll tell you about 'Silver-Tip.' I wus out in the barnyard one mornin'—you see, me and Joe used to run out ever mornin' to see the bear tracks' round the hog pen. Well, that morning, I saw bears tracks in the snow that measured nigh on to fourteen inches long and seven inches wide. Joe used to be a purty good hand at readin' signs and these tracks wasn't over an hour old. We went back to the house and got our guns and packed some grub an' started out. We tracked that bear about four mile off and on, and he led us over towards Jim Curry's up-hill pasture. Jim Curry's a funny old duffer—he had signs up tellin' about 'No hunting,' but Joe and me was gonna git that bear. Up towards the north end was a ravine an' them tracks led us right up in there. Joe 'lowed as to how there was old 'Silver-Tip's' hole, but I'd been through there last fall and there wasn't no cave there then. Well, we followed right into the ravine and dog-goned if that bear wasn't 'a standin' up on his hind legs a waitin' fur us. Jim let go with one barrel of his gun and then the fun began. By Gorry! to this day I'd bet my last poke 'a Granger your uncle Joe didn't touch that bear. Well, anyway, 'Silver-Tip' came a runnin' towards me and I up and let him have her. I had Remington and by Gorry! when that hits 'em they're gone. I shot him right 'twixt the eyes and down he went. I've got the hide in there in my room—it's bigger'n a carpet. Do you think you could 'a killed him that quick?"

Not a sound. . . .

"By Gorry, them kids is asleep. It's a good thing old 'Silver-Tip' ain't here to tell the truth about that bear hunt!"

PASSION.

O Christ, if I had known
How sweet the thorny tree,
How fairly true,
I would have grasped the heavy cross
And borne awhile with You!

"PICTURES."

JACK SCALLAN.

When primitive man killed a dinosaur, he desired to leave some record that posterity might know of his achievement. Thereupon he invented the picture to adorn the mountain side with crude and marvelous portrayals of serpents and bristling clubs. Generations before, Eve, chancing upon her own reflection in a clear fountain of Paradise, had made the first charming picture. Since then the world has been deluged with pictures—painted pictures, carved pictures, sacred pictures of every description have come to hold a place in the life of man.

There is the humble family album. What a store of memories those cracked leather covers inclose! Smiling cherubs, clothed in chaste nudity, repose on great bear skins and exhibit wonderful pink toes, most wonderful to themselves. Little boys with bangs carefully combed down over their eyes, proudly exhibit their first suspenders and pants, and stare boldly out into a strange world. Lassies with great hair ribbons and starchy, lacy dresses, stand on thin legs and smile forth most miserably. Picnic pictures, pictures of college youths in catch poses, pictures of father and mother at Niagara Falls; the ancestral album is truly the family chronicle.

Then we have the moving picture, an alluring flickering procession of pictures, depicting life as it is not and crowning the falsity with an absurd happy ending; the "movies" where abnormality stalks, where tanned, western "bad men" and tall, curly-haired heroes struggle through reels and reels; the silver screen, with the dark figure of scandal ever casting a faint shadow through the tin-seled surface; the picture palace, where children shout in glee, men and women are amused, flappers giggle and artists groan. At intervals a great work of art is produced and a valuable procession of pictures flashes across the screen but such productions are as few and far between as the oases of the desert.

Who does not love the stately majesty of the art gallery? Behold rows upon rows of wondrous pictures, products of man seeking

truth and beauty. Here the lowly picture on the mountain side has reached a supreme development. Man has sought the heaven and reproduced the blue sky he has found there. Pictures of the sea, of beautiful sirens breasting the waves, of ancient ships, have flowed from his brush. The laborer is clothed in ethereal, ennobling garments and transferred to canvas. Every phase of life has experienced the artist's touch and has been immortalized by the glory of his work. Pass from the art gallery to the church. There find Madonnas, saints, angels, sacred pictures of every description. The artist has spread his beauty on the walls and the glazier has symbolized scripture in violet blues and ambers and glowing reds and all the tints of flaming jewelled glass. Surely God's house has been beautified by its pictures and the Master Himself honored by their presence.

Then there is the picture so characteristic of the country parlor. No matter how small the room or poor the furnishings, an impressive array of ancestors glares forth from behind a bulwark of great gilt frames. The "likeness" is always a grim one. Great-grandfather Dugan who came over from Donegal the year of the great famine, presents an austere countenance though it is well known that he was a jolly gentleman. Pictures of ancestors, it seems, must frown, as though condemning the foibles and follies of the newer generations, and all the great-grandfather Dugans, however jovial in life, carry out the custom. Among the great pictures of the world, let us not forget these humble portraits. The people who possess them, though homely, simple folk, are the "salt of the earth" and by their ancestral pictures you shall know them.

And then there is one picture—a quaint old-fashioned picture of a woman dressed in the style of a score of years ago. This time cannot erase; it is as indelibly printed on the mind as the most famous artist could hope to put it on canvas. It is the picture of an old lady. Her hair is white and wrinkles encircle her eyes, the eyes of a Madonna. The hands that rest passively on her lap are worn with toil, the toil of a saint. This is the supreme portrait, that of a mother.

PHYSIOLOGY.

E. M. M.

Dick had never once been sick in his short twelve years of life. He had a good home, it is true, plenty of fresh air and healthful food, but what are those in an age of diseases. More remarkable still is that he never tried to dodge the various enemies of good health.

Never did one of the 'gang' go barefoot in the spring of the year before he did. Never would any one take from him the long-held honor of being the first to go into the old swimming hole. He played football and base ball with classmates who had at least once in their lives any kind of sickness from whooping-cough to scarlet fever. . . .

Glorious winter came. Dick had the good fortune to see a drift of snow clinging to a steep slope. Into its downy depths he plunged to go rolling and tumbling down the hill.

Other fellows murmured against the biting shrewdness of the January air as they skated up and down the river. This was not the case with Dick. He defied the elements.

One thing, however (he did not like. That was school. This place of torture was a one-room building containing the eight grades. Six hours a day, five days a week were spent here. How the time dragged. Oh! but there was one redeeming feature of the day. Dick had always looked forward to the seventh grade to the time when he would study to the seventh grade to the time when he would study physiology. He felt a peculiar attraction towards it. Now it was his only consolation in the school room.

One Saturday night he and Sam Peters were kept after school. As they walked home together Dick broke out, "I tell ya what Sam, I ain't going round careless any more like I been used to. Our physiology book says we should take care of our health. It says we gotta breathe through our noses and not our mouths. We shouldn't go with wet feet neither."

"I guess you're right, Dick," said Sam as they parted at the latter's gate. "Well, so long."

"So long Sam."

Monday came, "Does any one know why

Richard is absent this morning?" asked the anxious school teacher. "Please ma'am," piped up Sam Peter, "he's got the measles."

ONCE, ALWAYS, A BOY.

O. M.

A red head bent doggedly over frayed law tables. Two bony fingers jammed huge eyes tight to shut out the birds songs and the soft lap of the wavelets on the gravel strand below. Spring had come. Spring—the time when the red tufted head could think of nothing but long meadows and warm nooks by running streams—when those long hands itched for a fishing rod—when those broad ears strained to hear the song of the killdeer racing merry on the sand beach. "Red" was a monstrous fellow but he would always be a boy. What it cost him to be penned up over a law book, his city pal little knew. "Slick" was all his nickname implied. Law books wearied him. His set was as good as the day his father had bought them. He was always busy carrying his white flannels to and from the tailor. It was the swirl of his paddle in the lake below that made "Red" fight self, for though in body a giant, he was a lad at heart.

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A weary head drooped tired over blank law tables. Two carefully groomed fingers sought languidly to shut out the rumble and grind of the street below. Again had spring come. Spring—the season when that fagged out head could think of nothing but restful country scenes—when those tapering hands groped for a canoe paddle—when one's ears longed for the lilt of music across the waters. "Slick" reread the sign on the office door of "Red," his boss. "Gone on a vacation," he muttered and smoothed the white crease in his flannels. Little did Red, casting about in glee for the shadowy trout in the mountain stream, dream what it cost "Slick" to bend all day over law books. He was taking his foresworn reward for spring days of toil in college. It was the thought of his paddle swirling in the current that made "Slick" miserable behind his stiff desk; for though a fop in person, at heart he, too, was a lad.

THE FAVORITE WALK.

ROBERT IRMIGER.

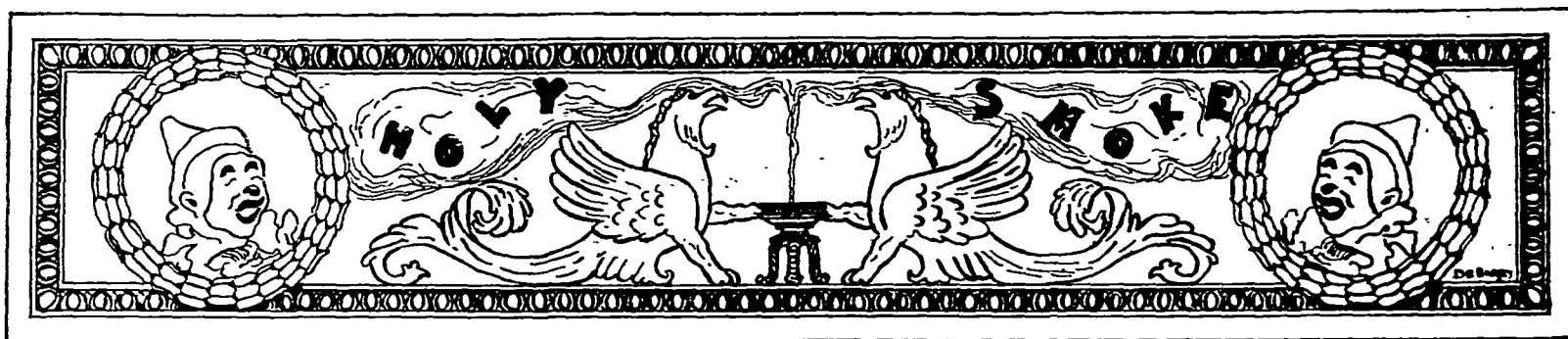
I find myself enjoying to the utmost the "springness" of spring and the stillness of the April evening as I tread the familiar shady path and watch the stars at their playful game of hide and seek. Pleasant memories stir my imagination and I am again the care-free youth of long ago. A slight breeze from the northwest springs up and carries to my ears, sounds of crunching cinders and the uneven tramping of feet, the murmuring of voices mixed with many varieties of song and whistle. An automobile passes the place whence these sounds seem to originate, stops, then proceeds laboriously down the road, losing itself in its own dust. Maybe it is the nearby graveyard that makes me wonder what this body's errand could be—could this be the Ku Klux Klan of whom I have heard so much, searching for an innocent victim? They proceed slowly and yet not cautiously—just as men poorly trained in military tactics would do—drawing nearer to me at every step. A shout, as of an officer issuing a command, is heard. I picture myself being tortured by the "knights of the white sheet," wondering just what they will do next. My first impulse is to avoid them, so I choose the nearest monument in the graveyard as my hiding place.

A Hill Street car stumbles along the track and the light of the car reveals to me, not knights in white sheets, but a line of coatless fellows sauntering leisurely down the path just north of the graveyard, singing, whistling, and shouting the joys of spring.

THOUGHTS.

In the middle of night
What thoughts delight
To fill the open mind;
And the acts of the day
The soul repay
By their memory, left behind.
In a confident way
They seem to say
"We're not for to-day alone
We shall build up for thee
Eternity.
We are what God has known."

E. A. F.



"Gimme a match."

Some forms are more polite. They start, "Ya gotta match?"

Then you answer, "Ya."

Then he says, "Gimme it."

So the result is the same.

Except that next time it'll be a cigarette—or a stamp.

"Gotta a cigarette? What kind is it? Gimme it."

THE MOOCHER'S BALLAD.

Oh gimme, will ya let me take;
Oh lemme have, Oh will ya stake;
Oh have ya got, and how's to use:
Oh woudja miss, and would youse lose.
Oh we're not beggars. Sure we're not,
But givus anything ya got.

WE WRITE HOME.

Dear Dad:

Its quite a while since I wrote. . .Blah. . .blah. . .
Blah. . .blah. . .

So you see it was a great baseball game. . .Blah. . .
Blah. . .and I think I have a right to be proud, getting
through all my Exams like that. . .Blah. . .blah. . .
By the way, my check will due due at once.

Your son

Blaaa.

IT SHOULD READ.

Dear Dad:

Gimme some money.

Love

Blaaaaaa.

"Gimme a match, mine are all wet."

"So are you."

That joke is matchless.

This match stuff isn't so good is it?

But at that, it takes a match to make Holy Smoke.

Good little boys never carry matches—but some make them.

A lot of Saints here under both classes.

He: I think that we make a perfect match, don't you?

Him: Ya, we're both half lit.

Gimme liberty or gimme a match.

Now you match me.

We Will Now Mangle That Song: I Know She's
a Leading Lady From The Dog's Life She's Lead-
ing Me!

"Would you kiss me?"

"I might."

"Might."

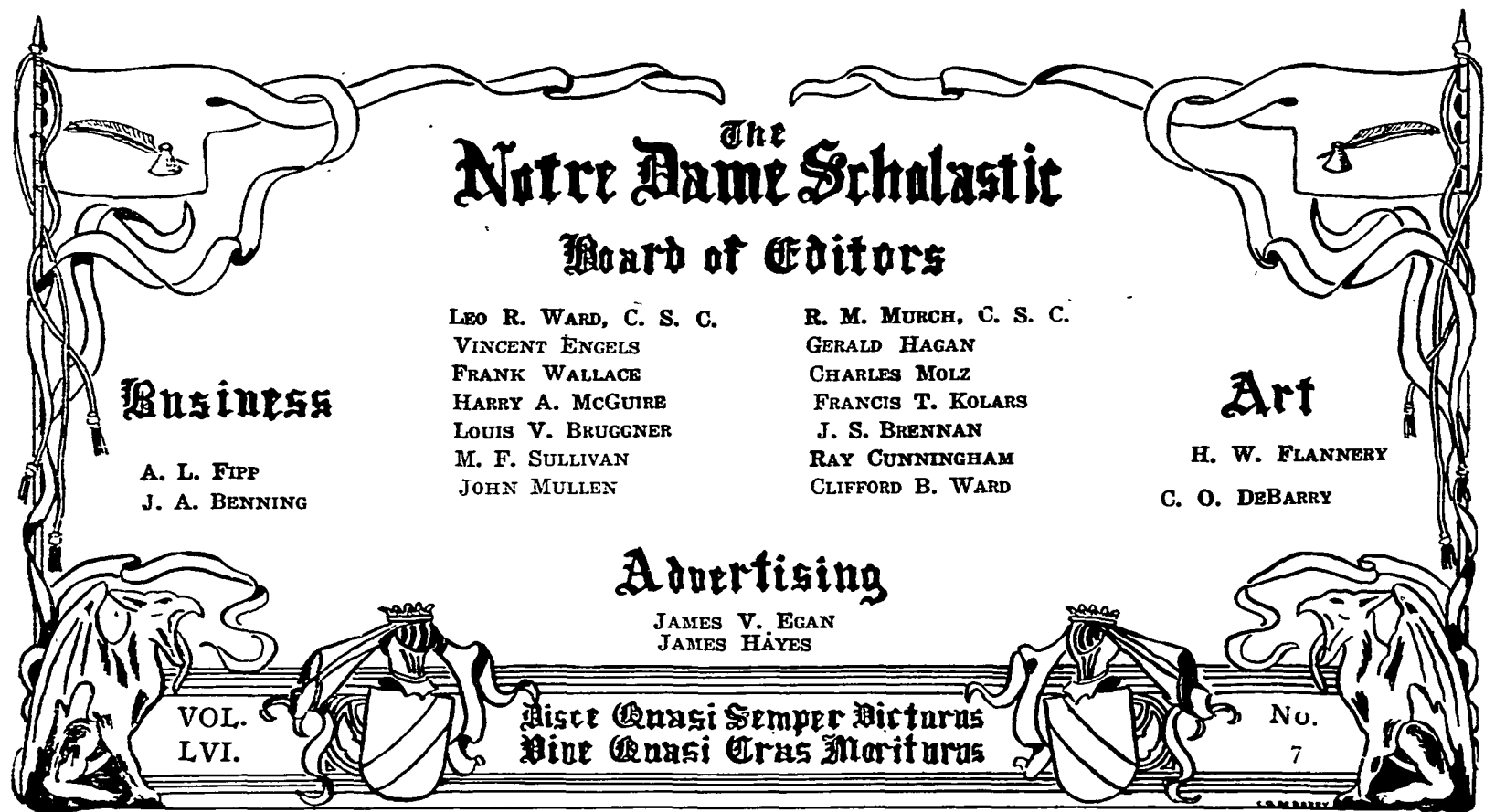
"Might-ir right."?

NEW ITEM.

The community was saddened by the death of Lemmie Taik, son of O. Lemme Taik. Lemmie died in France—but not in the war. The story is a strange one. Lemmie, one day at home said, "Gimmie more room," and left for abroad. At the station he told the engineer, "Lemme bum to Noo York, will ya?" When he got to New York he was hungry and asked a kind looking man, "How's to stick me to the price of a feed." After he had eaten he went down to the pier and seeing the dock master he said, "Gimme a minute of your time, will ya. Look at this," and he handed the Master a picture. While he was looking at it Lemmie sneaked abroad. All the way across he lived well. He got everything he wanted. His magic Sesames, "Wouldja," and "How'sta use" put him over in fine shape. . .And then came the end. He had been in France scarce ten days when he was found dying of lack of food, cigarettes, and matches. He was given funds but forgot to use them. He grew worse. He got sicker. He died. . .You see his money availed him nothing: There is no "Gimme" in the French tongue.

"Wouldja believe it?"

KOLARS.



At some time in his career every Notre Dame man gives thanks that this is not a co-ed school. The special occasion of our

rejoicing occurred recently in front of the Post Office of South Bend. It

was an incident which opened our eyes to a situation, horrific in its every aspect, that might enter into the life of students generally. The immense inroads the 'hello' habit has made in the realm of the subconscious on the campus is at the root of the thing. As, passing the Post Office, our young mind was focused on the aggregate advantages of rare steak with raw onion as contrasted over against the allurements of chicken chop suey, we found ourselves addressing passers-by in the casual manner of the quadrangle in their regular order of appearance. Not until we became aware of being eyed austere by a heavy-set party of obvious bourgeoisie did the unconviviality of our deportment strike us. The peculiar nature of the glance, the elevated eye-brows, and distended nostrils, inspired us with unmitigated embarrassment. It then occurred that were our alma mater co-ed, and perchance were we ethiopian, we could be lynched for insulting a respectable woman with a meek "Hey, there," in event of a similar contretemps at, shall we say, the University of Missouri, or in darkest Georgia. The hello complex may be embarrassing.

Were ours a co-ed institution it would be positively dangerous.

This is not to be taken, as evidence of our misogyny. We certainly approve of women—as mothers, wives, stenographers, elevator operators, or even reporters—but not as co-eds. At Summer School, we understand, the co-ed menace is growing. It is probably a visitation for the perversion of the natural order of the universe that the idea of Summer School is. We believe education and co-education incompatible. We respect co-education; we also revere the Eighteenth Amendment. But we should be sorry to see it appear among us except in the Refectory. Perhaps that is what is the matter with the Refectory.

MURPHY.

Notre Dame wants a daily. The questionnaires circulated by the Students Activity Committee indicated almost ninety per cent endorsement of the proposal to issue a daily newspaper at Notre Dame and the corresponding subscription endorsement by the students within the last week emphasized this desire. The idea that began with Coach Rockne and Gus Desch has accordingly begun a movement that will result in the issuance of the first *Notre Dame Daily* tomorrow morning. Notre Dame is growing and may, perhaps, have

THIRTEEN AND SUCCESS.

outgrown much that has been sufficient for her needs. Student opinion says Notre Dame needs a daily. Thirteen issues this year will indicate how successful a daily at Notre Dame may be. The trial, of course, is not quite fair—advertising, publishing and news service handicaps that will be troublesome this year would not bother a paper that began in the Fall—but a difficult test is a true one. Notre Dame has faith in the success of a newspaper to represent her; the *Daily* editors will do their best to justify this faith. The SCHOLASTIC that grew up with Notre Dame gives way to an aspiring youngster. If the youngster proves itself capable the weekly SCHOLASTIC will become a monthly literary magazine, and as such may be even more purposeful and valuable. The *Daily* is off to prove its right to wear the buckler.

H. W. F.

The two men whose actions we follow in this sad tale, we shall designate the Booster and the Knocker. We see them first at the University of Notre Dame. The Booster, THE BOOSTER AND THE KNOCKER. happy and good-natured, has many friends. He thinks no school comparable to Notre Dame. The Knocker is quiet and reserved. He does not say much. Notre Dame is to him a wonderful university, but he is able at all times to find some parts of it to criticize. These two young men are roommates. On their graduation day the Knocker is delighted that he has finished; the Booster is reluctant to leave.

We see them next at a Homecoming celebration fifteen years later. The Booster is still enthusiastic about Notre Dame. The Knocker is very much impressed with the Homecoming game which Notre Dame wins. He observes the spirit of the Booster and begins to realize how foolish his own attitude has been. A resolution is slowly forming itself in his mind not to knock but to cheer for Notre Dame. He leaves, determined to aid the university whenever an opportunity comes.

Five years after this the Endowment Drive starts. The Booster, now a man of

moderate means, gives generously. The Knocker is asked to help. He is now wealthy but he refuses to donate a penny. "What has Notre Dame ever done for me," he says. His resolution of five years previous he regards as due to the enthusiasm of the moment.

And so the Booster goes on boosting and the Knocker goes on knocking. Which is happier?

J. C. RYAN.

THE SENIOR BALL.

Last Thursday evening the most elaborate social event of the year—the Senior Ball—was held at the Palais Royale. Due to the "Get-acquainted Dance" held the night before, the Seniors and their beautifully gowned "only-ones" made this formal affair a striking success.

The guests arrived (some in Lincoln Sedans—others in Yellow Cabs) at the Palais Royale, about 8:00 P. M. Tables, accommodating individually five couples, had been placed on the Mezzanine. Before each young lady's plate, there reposed a beautiful sister-pin to the Senior class pin, done in white gold with a guard. The men were favored with a black cordovan leather cigarette case filled with monogram cigarettes. The ladies' programs were designed in the shape of a gold ball.

The Banquet was served to approximately 150 couples on the Mezzanine. Between courses of the dinner entertainment was furnished by Flo Whitman; Keeper and Kewpie dancing team; Butterworth - Thomas - Dumpke; violin solos by Leonard (leader of Red Jackets.) Harry Denny's Recording Orchestra furnished music for several dances during the dinner.

About 10:00 o'clock, President Maurice Dacy and Miss Eileen Smith of Chicago led the Grand March. Roy Bargy and his Trianon Orchestra gave forth such melodious murmurings that you couldn't help but dance. After every third dance the entertainers presented several chic novelties. At 12:00 o'clock the "Red Jackets" played alternating dances with Roy Bargy and his Trianon Orchestra. The evening reached the peak of success about 12:30 when several pleasant novelties were uncovered.

Credit must be given to Chairman John Stephan for his untiring efforts in making this year's Senior Ball the best in the annals of social life at Notre Dame.

The guests of honor were: Hon. and Mrs. W. E. Dever, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Erskine, Mr. and Mr. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Vurpillat, Prof. and Mrs. J. M. Cooney, Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Brien, Prof. and Mrs. W. Benitz.

DETAILED PROGRAM.

THE SENIOR BALL.

Wednesday Night.

Informal Dance—9 o'clock to 12. Oliver Hotel—H. Denny's Orchestra.

Thursday Afternoon.

Reception at LaSalle Hotel—2:30 to 4:30. H. Denny's Orchestra. Entertainment: Glee Club Quartet.

Thursday Night.

Senior Ball at Palais Royale—8:00 to 3:00. Banquet—8:00 to 10:10. Entertainment. Flo Whitman. Keeper and Kewpie (Dancing Team). Butterworth—Thomas Dumpke. Violin solos by Leonard, Leader of Red Jackets.—H. Denny's orchestra.

Senior Ball—10:00 to 3:00. Roy Bargy and his Trianon Orchestra will play until 12:00 o'clock and then Red Jackets will alternate dances. Entertainment after every third dance by entertainers. Favors: Women's favors: Sister pin to Senior Class pin. In white gold with guard. Men's favors: Black Cordovan leather Cigarette Cases. Individual's name stamped in gold lettering. Notre Dame seal stamped in gold. Monogram Notre Dame Cigarettes to fill cases. Monogram safety matches. Programs: Women's: Program in form of a gold ball. Men's: Plain Card-board book form.

Friday Afternoon.

Inspection of the University grounds by the Senior Class.

Friday Night.

Glee Club Concert—Rotary Room Oliver Hotel. Informal Dance—Music Masters.

Saturday Afternoon.

Track meet—Michigan Aggies-Notre Dame.

Saturday Night.

Informal Dance—Oliver Hotel—9:00 to 12:00. H. Denny's Orchestra. Burlesque or imitation of the Ball—novelties.

Sunday Morning.

Mass at Notre Dame—10:15.

THE KAMPUS KRIER.

(Until we think of a better name.)

Keep:

Your temper. Nobody wants it.

Your heart tender.

Your backbone tough.

"TNT is like a woman—highly explosive and absolutely uncertain. One day you may shove it around any old way and nothing will happen. The next day you merely say 'Boo!' to it and the air is full of fireworks and the house a wreck!"—*Benedict.*

Despite the fact that the weeping willows on the banks of St. Mary's Lake are shedding as many tears as in the days of yesteryear, the lake is constantly getting smaller.

The fellow who never does anything is always Johnny-on-the-spot when it comes to telling how things should be done.

IS THIS HOT?

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot, ere the Hottentot tot could totter, should the Hottentot tot be taught to say aught or naught or what ought to be taught her? And, if to hoot and to toot, a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot hoot and tot at the Hottentot tutor?

F. S. W.

Since the Seniors have been promenading their lady friends about our campus, we hesitate to guess whether the Ball or the Prom was the more beautiful success.

The sting of a wasp is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. The rest of the mile and a half is imagination.—*Anon.*

There's something wrong with the fellow on whose hands time hangs heavy.

Everybody knows this:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

"The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman."

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

We take the following from a news-letter sent us by an old friend and Notre Dame rooter, Arthur J. Lea Mond, of the Newark *Evening Times*.

"At a recent banquet of the Newark Academy Alumni Association the organizer and producer of a wonderful evening was none other than Joe, Jr. He was toastmaster and made Dr. Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell University and guest of the evening, very much at home. Joe was the life of the party just as he was at the Notre Dame banquet in New York not so many months ago.

"Besides his many visits to the Newark A. C., Rupe Mills finds time to do some insurance selling, play with the Meadowbrooks, the best semi-pro baseball team in New Jersey, lead the National outfit as a Captain and encouraged Boy Scout work.

"Hardy Bush, another Newarker of the time of J. B. at Notre Dame, is a Major in the N. G. and recently took first prize in a horse show.

"Johnnie Murphy, star high jumper, has forsaken Oregon and is now hibernating at the Newark A. C. During the daytime Johnnie is the boss of an engineering gang at a place called "Point-No-Point" near Newark. He will begin training next week for the national championships. He modestly states that he "may" try for the next Olympic team.

"Occasionally I bunk into "Fat" Dooley of Paterson, formerly of Brownson Hall. Fat is quite a theatrical magnate being connected with the Fabian Enterprises, running several movie houses.

"Though I reside in the same town, South Orange, with Bill Cotter ex-Chicagoite, I never see him. Being a newspaperman and a bachelor I seldom see the "ole home town." Bill's a home man, though. He expects to see Notre Dame wallop Princeton on October 20. I agree with him.

"Since this will take up some space I won't go into further detail. Maybe by fall I'll have a complete list of former campusites ready for the "avid" oldtimers.

"In closing I will call attention to a story of mine in the News of May 14; just a little squib to aid in keeping the old school to the fore in the East."

CAMPUS COMMENT.

With the subscription soaring around the 100% mark, and the able and well-organized staff literally wearing its nose off gathering news, the successful and prosperous launching of The Daily on next Sunday morning is assured. Harry Flannery, the editor-in-chief, has announced the following staff:

Jerry Lyons, who gathered experience on the Philadelphia North American in the capacity of state news-editor, and while sitting in the city editor's chair for the Binghamton Daily, will have charge of the news editing. During his illness Vince Engels and Harry McGuire will act jointly as news editors. Tom Coman, Martin Sullivan, and John Showel are in charge of the sports. From these three men one will be chosen to fill the position of sport editor for the coming year. The other members of the editorial board are Henry Fannan, Edwin Murphy, and William Voor. John Brennen, and his assistants, Nobert Engels and T. J. Ahearn will pass judgment on dramatics and music. A column headed "Through the Looking Glass" which is expected to rival the best, will be conducted by Frank Kolars; cartoons will be furnished by Bob Riorden, poetry and reviews by Jerry Holland, Hall news by Jack Sheehan, and exchanges by Ray Cunningham. McGonagle, Fleming, Reid, and Ahearn will do the copy-reading. Larry O'Leary, who will have charge of the bulletin and Alumni notes, wishes to announce that hereafter the Daily will act as general bulletin board, and that students will be held responsible for all announcements concerning themselves.

Distribution will be made to the doors of those subscribers living on the Campus. The Day-Dodgers will receive their copies on week-days at Fr. Gassensmith's office, and on Sundays at their rooms. The first edition will contain eight pages, and the following

editions four, with the addition of a feature section on Sundays.

While the interest of the Campus is wrapped up in the Daily and the Senior Ball, Jack Scallan, the editor-in-chief of the '24 Dome, is working hard and silently to prove the faith that has been placed in the coming Junior Class. He has announced the following staff:

Associate editors, Jack Mullen and James Armstrong; Senior assistant editors, Edward Dineen and W. Stapleton; Junior assistant editors, Joseph Burke, Edward Lyons, Albert Sommer, A. Hockwalt, Harry McGuire, Ray Cunningham, Gerald Holland, Carl Lind, Martin Sullivan, Lowell Grady, M. Coughlin, C. Donohue, E. Dankowski, and McNamee; Sophomore assistants, John Shouse, Wade Sullivan, John Gallagher, John Kiernan, Edmund Collins, William More, and Walter Trochanowski.

Joseph Foglia, the Art Editor, has chosen as Junior assistants Charles Mouch and W. Schomburg, and as Sophomore assistants W. McElroy and C. Hall. The remainder of the art staff together with the business staff will be selected at a later date.

The Indianapolis Club will give an informal dance at the Capital City on the evening of June 15. The Hoosier Athletic Club, known to the students as the scene of the football dance last Fall, will be the place. Charles Davies and his famous Club Rondeaux Orchestra will furnish the music for the dancers from nine 'till one. A Hard times raffle has been planned by the Club for a later date.

Through the courtesy of the Studebaker Company, the members of the Engineering department of the University enjoyed an inspection tour through the Company's plant on Tuesday afternoon. The many such tours, which have been provided by the Engineers Inspection Club during the year, have given the students a wide acquaintanceship with the modern methods and accomplishments of their profession which will prove of the utmost practical value.

With characteristic ability that famous promoting coterie, widely known as the Toledo Club, completed plans for its annual semi-formal dance to be held at the Inverness Golf Club of Toledo Friday evening, June 15. To bring its Campus activities for the year to a fitting close, and to provide meat and drink for its hungry members, the Club will hold a banquet at the Oliver Hotel Saturday evening, May 26. It is expected that all members will be present.

The Scribblers held their final meeting of the year Monday evening. For the first time in the history of the organization the bulletin boards carried no advance notice of the gathering, and the program for the evening was saturated in the heavy atmosphere of mystery. In keeping with the mood, a book, binding within its wooden covers the secrets of old centuries, was presented and commented upon by the speaker, who held the torch of learning dispelling the shadows with which ignorance and falsehood has presented the Middle Ages to the average mind. Personal reminiscences and impressions of Lincoln were also given by the speaker, who has requested that his identity be kept secret.

Since it has been decided to stop quadrangle races by community-bought flivvers, the burden of stopping the traffic in this part of the campus has been boosted upon The Boosters. And because the university has so many matters calling for labor at this time (the new tennis courts, etc.) The Boosters are also going to clean up the swimming beach, and move the rubbish from the boat-house so that it can be used as a dressing room.

To carry itself over the obstacles of the Junior year, and to assure the success of the Prom, the Class of '25 elected the following officers: John Moran of Tulsa, Okla., president; Harry Stuhldreher, vice-president; Joseph Toolen, treasurer; and, despite the astounding success of Sommer's "front porch campaign," Walter J. Haeker, secretary.

Determined to make the convention of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade to be held here August 9—12, the greatest meeting of Catholic students ever held, committees are at work planning the arrangements for the affair. Tentative plans will be discussed with Rev. J. A. Thill, secretary of the Crusade organization, when he visits Notre Dame, Monday.

Since returning to Cincinnati after a visit two weeks ago, Father Thill has kept in constant touch with Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., regarding arrangements. Father O'Donnell directs the local work of the Crusade and has assumed charge of all details in preparation for the August convention. As a result of the constant flow of reservations into the Cincinnati office, Father Thill has informed him that as many as eighteen hundred students may attend the meeting. Church dignitaries from all over the country and missionary leaders representing every field will also be present.

To assist him in preparing for the convention, Father O'Donnell has named five committees, headed by Robert Riordan, general chairman. The members of these committees are: Entertainment, James Egan and John Ryan, chairmen; Ed Guinon; Norbert Clancy; James Collins; Frank McCarthy. Traffic, O'Connor, chairman; Arthur Bidwell; Hugh McGowan; James Ronan; Joe Sexton. Decoration, Joe Foglia, Chairman; Vincent Schneider; Clarence Bunce; Wilmer Burns; Matthey; Loughlin. Publicity, Chas. O. Molz, chairman; Charles McGonigle; Claude Carson; Ed Frazer; Louis Bruggner. Room Registration, Father Albertson, chairman; Morris McNulty; Gilbert Uhle; Richard Murray; Thomas Leahy. JOHN MULLEN.

AMONG US IMMORTALS.

The Encyclopedia Britannica, the Century book of Facts, Babsons Reports and Hick's Almanac offer no information concerning boarding houses, yet it may be fairly (?) said that the boarding house is a national institution. Thousands are kept alive every year by our boarding houses. The coroners and the undertakers are probably the only

ones who know how many are not kept alive by them. Yet despite the importance of the boarding houses the public has ignored them. Welfare workers have for some strange cause entirely overlooked the victims of our boarding houses. Millions have been out of the national coffers for defense, millions have been spent to help the victims of American boarding houses. For the foregoing and following reasons it is held that this institution should be considered more seriously than it has been.

The following modicums of information anent boarding houses, the result of ten years research work, are submitted for the help and guidance of those whom the spirit of adventure or necessity might some day lead to boarding houses.

No boarding house can be a success without the presence of several spinster school teachers who would resort to any means to capture a man, and several bachelors who would resort to the same means to evade any woman.

The most interesting thing about a boarding house is not the food, but the way in which it is eaten. Nothing is more interesting and musical than an experienced boarder eating or guzzling his soup in *b* flat. Hoyle and the Marquis of Queensbury have given no attention to boarding houses. For that reason, they are democratic institutions. A man's talent for eating peas with his knife or drinking coffee out of his saucer is always respected.

Two opposing forces are found in nearly every boarding house. The landlady always hopes the boarder will not eat much. The boarder is always determined to test his capacity. For reasons all her own the proprietress always triumphs.

The most unsuccessful boarders are those with short-arms.

Dante spoke of Virgil as having an eloquent persuasive tongue. Just why he never referred to a boarding house proprietress in the same manner is almost as unfathomable as the Divine Comedy. Maybe Dante never ate at a boarding house. He probably didn't or he would have at least mentioned it in his discussion of Purgatory.

Concerning the eloquence of the typical

The best inscription that could be placed over the portals of boarding houses is "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

I.

Notre Dame, (1)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sheehan, ss. _____	5	0	2	2	5	1
Foley, 2b. _____	5	0	1	4	4	0
Nolan, 1b _____	5	0	0	14	1	0
Kane, 3b. _____	5	0	1	2	1	1
Castner, cf. _____	5	0	1	1	0	0
Thomas, rf. _____	5	1	3	1	0	0
Bergman, lf. _____	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cerney, c. _____	4	0	0	10	0	0
Falvey, p. _____	5	0	1	1	4	0
Totals _____	*44	1	9	36	15	2

Summary—Two base hits, Kane. Stolen bases—Sheehan (2); Poepel. Struck out, by Falvey, 10; by Becker, 5. Bases on balls—Off Falvey, 2. Hit by pitcher—By Falvey (Scantleberry); by Becker (Bergman.) Double plays—Foley to Sheehan. Time 2:20. Umpire—Ray (Chicago.)

II.

Beloit (0)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Laffin, ss. _____	2	0	0	3	0	1
Fosse, 2b. _____	2	0	0	1	4	0

Ervine, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Vandrowski, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Dawson, 3b.	2	0	0	0	1	1
Watson, cf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Brown, 1b.	2	0	0	10	0	0
Wheeler, c.	3	0	0	4	0	1
Blott, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	22	0	0	21	5	3

Score by innings:

Beloit	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Notre Dame	0	3	0	2	0	1 0—6

(Called on account of rain.)

Summary: Bases on balls—By Magevney 4, by Blott 2. Struck out—By Magevney 4, by Falvey 5, by Blott 2. Stolen bases—Bergman 2, Thomas 2, Sheehan. Sacrifice hits—Ervine. Hit by pitcher—By Falvey (Dawson). Hits—Off Magevney, none in three innings. Passed ball—Wheeler. Time—1:29. Umpire—DeRose (South Bend.)

IOWA VS. NOTRE DAME.

BY WALTER ECKERSALL.

Chicago Tribune, May 9.

In one of the best played college baseball games in the middle west in years, a struggle featured by air-tight pitching until the last half of the twelfth inning, Notre Dame defeated Iowa today on Cartier Field, 1 to 0, in an extra inning thriller. It was the third extra round game the Hawkeyes have engaged in on the present trip.

It was a battle of pitchers and Dame Fortune ruled the honors should go to Richard Falvey of the locals, who twirled a faultless game for all twelve innings. As fate would have it Falvey came to bat in the last half of the twelfth with the bases full, and drove a clean single to left which sent Frank Thomas across the rubber with the only tally of the remarkable contest.

Umpire Shorty Ray had already served notice he would call the game at the end of the twelfth in order to permit both teams to catch a train.

Things started badly in Notre Dame's half of the last inning. Mickey Kane was thrown out at first on an easy grounder. Capt. Paul Castner of football fame revived Notre Dame hopes with a single to center. Frank Thomas doubled to right center and Castner pulled up at third. Joe Bergman was hit by Pitcher Lester Becker, filling the sacks. Coach Walter Halas then sent George Vegara to bat for Wilbur Cerney, the catcher. The best the pinch hitter could do was a sharp grounder to Hurlburt, and the Iowa second sacker forced Capt. Castner with a throw to the plate.

Although the bases were still loaded the situation looked glomy and a scoreless tie seemed imminent

when the Notre Dame pitcher came up. Falvey let a strike go by and saw one ball, but on the third pitch he connected along the left field foul line and Thomas scampered home.

It was a dramatic ending to an evenly fought contest. Up to the twelfth, Becker had allowed only six hits, no two of which clustered in one inning. Falvey permitted only three safe blows off his delivery, issued two walks, and hit one batsman. Becker did not give a base on balls.

Owing to the airtight pitching, little fault could be found with the general play of either team, Notre Dame especially. The Hoosiers were unaccustomed to slow ball pitching and Becker made Halas men look foolish when he dished up the slow floaters. Notre Dame might have looked better on the offensive if Halas had sent his men to the plate with instructions to bunt.

Being accustomed to fast ball pitching the Notre Damers' healthy swings were completed before the slow balls reached the plate. Halas' nine reminds one of the old teams which helped to make Notre Dame one of the leading athletic institutions in the country.

Paul Castner, who gave evidence of being one of the best fullbacks in the country last fall until injured, is captain of the nine. When he does not pitch, he plays center field because of his hitting. He is a left hander and bats port sided. He covers a lot of ground in the outer garden and is fast on the bases.

William Sheehan, short stop, made several clever plays on hard hit balls and secured two safe blows in five trips up. Danny Foley looked very good at second base. He accepted nine chances without the semblance of an error and his safely once. Roger Nolan, a sophomore with great possibilities, is the first sacker, and with more experience should develop into a star. He is a left hander who shifts his feet nicely around the bag.

Mickey Kane is the third sacker and played good ball despite two errors. Overanxiousness was the cause of both bobbles. Jos Bergman, the left fielder, is a brother of the famous Bergmans who have helped make football history at Notre Dame. He covers much territory and is a sure catcher of fly balls. Frank Thomas, who holds down the center field position, is another reliable player and considered one of the best hitters on the team. He garnered three safe wallops today, including a double.

Wilbur Cerney, a sophomore, caught today's game. He is inexperienced but did mighty well. Bert Curtin, the regular backstop, is out of the game with a bad finger.

Richard Falvey pitched a consistent, heady game. He mixed his curves nicely with his fast ball and seldom got himself in a hole. He twice set down Gordon Locke, the hard hitting Hawkeye, on strikes and did not give him anything he could hit safely. Hugh Moginey, a left hander, and Ed Degree are the other pitchers besides Castner.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

An event of importance to the whole middle west occurred in the purchase last week of the retail department of A. C. McClurg's, Chicago, by the greatest of all retail book sellers, Brentano's of New York City. The name of Brentano is synonymous with book selling service the world over. It is not too much to expect that the company will make of its new acquisition the kind of book store that Chicago has needed for a number of years, a store that will be a rival in completeness and efficiency to the book department at Field's. Not only is Marshall Field's stock always complete, but the shelves and counters are always attractive. It has always been our first haven in the search for books. Next to it, we like Fanny Butcher's over on East Adams, a cozy little book nest where one may happen upon a volume that may be found nowhere else in Chicago. For an occasional bargain or for stray first editions one may turn to the Wabash avenue shop of Carson, Pirie Scott. As at Fanny Butcher's, one may browse at will unmolested. To Kroch's on Michigan avenue, we have an aversion, reason undiscovered. Kroch's is best known for an excellent stock in French, German, Italian and Spanish. Browsing on a rainy afternoon, one may strike port at any of the Pownier second-hand stores. Nibbling at one book, then another, the moments pass quickly, and no questions are ever asked. Of the Pownier stores we have for a favorite that one on the south side of Madison street where a wiry little gentleman with gray temples and twinkling eyes, presides over tables and shelves. Then, there are other places too, the Economy over on Clark street, Woodworth's on Wabash avenue, and the musty shelves of Covici-McGee on West Washington.

We hasten to observe (this paragraph is dedicated to R. M.) that William Allen White, better known as the man who made Emporia, Kans., famous, names as the ten books which he has enjoyed most: "David Copperfield," Dickens; "Leaves of Grass," Whitman; "Early Essays," Emerson; "Tom Sawyer," Mark Twain; "Huckleberry Finn," Mark Twain; "Soldiers Three," Kipling; "The Story of a Country Town," E. W. Howe; "The Bent Twig," Dorothy Canfield Fisher; "My Antonia," Willa Cather; "Babbitt," Sinclair Lewis.

There are always prizes. "One of Ours," Willa Cather's emollient story of the war, has won the Pulitzer prize for the best 1922 work of fiction mirroring American life. In France, Paul Morand sance for his novel, "Fermie la Nuit," a sequel to has received the literary prize offered by *La Renaissance* his previous success, "Ouvert la Nuit." And, to return to our own country, Irvin Cobb has been awarded the O. Henry Memorial prize.

Justice John Ford of the Supreme Court of New York states the case for clean books in the May issue of *Columbia*. . . "Women succeed in the novel," says H. L. Mencken in "Prejudices, Third Series," "—and they will succeed even more strikingly as they gradually throw off the inhibitions that have hitherto cobwebbed their minds—simply because they are better fitted for realistic interpretation than men" . . . Macmillans are reissuing without illustrations, "Irish Fairy Tales" by James Stephens, first published in 1920. . . The same company is publishing the second of the Knights of Columbus Historical Series, "The Merchant Marine" by Admiral Benson, during the coming week. . . Having in mind its timeliness, we absently accepted "Dancers in the Dark" by Dorothy Speare from a condescending friend (the cover of the book announced "the story of the prom girl"). Being singularly unfamiliar with the flavor of vermouth cocktails, we found the book unspeakably flabby. . . Solomon Bulkley Griffin, former editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, has collected the reminiscences of fifty years into "People and Politics," which is issued by Little-Brown. . . Passing to magazine journalism, we pause to invite attention to the interesting article "The Most Important Street" by Harry Botsford, in the May issue of the *Nations Business*. Mr. Botsford who is with the Dodge Manufacturing Company as editor of the *Dodge Idea*, is loyally partisan to Northern Indiana. It gives us a sense of the importance of dome and spires to see Notre Dame mentioned. . . James Joyce, solitary but imposing figure in the world of literature, has undergone a second operation in Paris in the hope of restoring his sight. Undismayed by almost complete loss of his vision, he is said to have begun a new book, which he is pencilling with charcoal on large sheets of paper. . . In New York City, "Desolate Splendor," a romance of English aristocracy by Michael Sadleir, is leading the best sellers. . . Recalling the audacious manner of "The Brass Check," Upton Sinclair's indictment of the press, we expect to be startled and amused at the same author's "Goose Step," in which Sinclair throws mud at American colleges. . . An English professor in search of adventure recently imposed upon his class the writing of a plot for a novel with Notre Dame setting. The creations would beyond question have furnished action for Nick Carter stories for the rest of the century. . . Which recalls another professor who, having assigned the writing of a conversation taken from actual campus intercourse, was obliged to remark that, incorporated in a single volume, the conversations would make an excellent dictionary of profanity. . . Among books, this is about the time that the freshman starts making entries in his memory book for the year. . . Just now the journalists are concerned with another book, the newest on the campus, the *Daily* assignment book. . . To the *Daily* we bow and remove another from our shelf.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

CAN'T FOOL US!

Headline in the *Oregon Emerald*: "Speaker sees no change in man in two thousand years." Aw! There is no speaker that old!

THE CRIMSON H.

Here is a football innovation. A recent ruling of the athletic board at Harvard University specifies that football men will not have to participate in the Yale-Harvard game in order to receive their "H," as has been the practice in the past. They may now be awarded their monogram on the recommendation of the head coach. This change was practically necessitated because under the old ruling an influx of substitutes during the latter part of the game, especially at critical moments, could be very disastrous. In looking over the accounts of most of our last year's games, however, we find that the substituting was not detrimental. In fact, the sport critics seemed to think that "Rock" was always "saving the best until last."

IS IT ALWAYS WORTH THE SCENT?

A New York consulting chemist, when visiting Northwestern University recently, asserted that if our sense of smell were cultivated to its highest degree, the world would be a better place to live in because we should immediately detect when a person was lying or practicing deceit. Yes, if it were. And we suppose that if one's palatal sense were cultivated to its highest degree, the world would become a better place to live in because one would immediately detect when a person were about to kill him with moonshine. Even if it would not better the world, it is certain that some would have longer to live in it.

BOTH, PARLOR ARTIST AND KITCHEN MECHANIC.

In this column some time ago we mentioned some of the Indiana University co-ed's ideas of an ideal husband. Today we are going to quote what the eds down there regard as ideal in a wife. Nine out of every ten men questioned stated that the wife they would choose must be a good cook. Of course that verifies the ancient adage that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." But many of them desired more than that. One stated that he also wanted a wife that would be economical, and not the flapper type. She must be responsible and not too much the butterfly sort that wants to be flitting around all the time. Another wanted a wife that would be very good looking, with brown eyes and a pleasant voice. He also would require that

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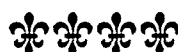
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she travel around and see good shows. Again another asserted that his wife would have to have his interests at heart so that they co-operate. She would have to be so devoted to him that she would not even think of flirting with some other man. One of the fellows put it in a few words when he said she must be as much a "whiz" in the kitchen as she is in the parlor.

READ 'EM AND VOTE.

Spring elections at the University of Wisconsin, like at Notre Dame, used to cause an abundant furor, electioneering and political campaigning. But since the election booklets have been distributed among the students by the election committee, these methods have ceased. The booklet contains the names of all candidates who filed petitions for offices, and the students are urged by the faculty to read through it thoroughly so that they might note the qualifications of the respective candidates. It is hoped that these pamphlets will remedy the evil of snap judgments of candidates by the voters and cause a careful selection of men for the class offices.

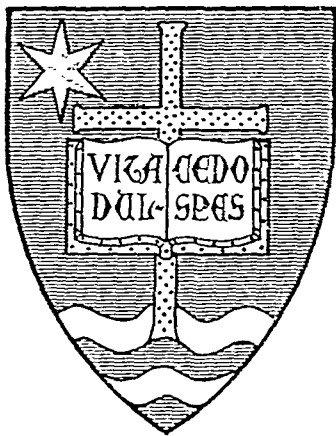
IT'LL BE HARD ON TURPIN AND CHAPLIN.

Did you know that in one's hands and feet and eyes and ears lies the secret of his ability and character. Professor Delton F. Howard, of the psychological department of Northwestern, believes they do! He works on the hypothesis that the mind is not in the cranium, as many persons have supposed, but at the tips of one's fingers, in the pedal ears; and he has just perfected a machine which he predicts will be used in employment offices of in-extremities, on the retina, and the drums of the dustrial plants to determine a worker's characteristics. If the professor's theory of character revelation is correct we sympathize especially with the bow-legged and knock-kneed individuals.

THEY'VE GOT LOTS TO LEARN YET!

Emerson abhors the fact that men too frequently accept the philosophy of the ancient sages and become so absorbed in it that it over influences them. They devote so much of their time studying the old ratiocination methods that they are not bothered by the trifling present day problems. As a proof of this, some of the professors at the University of Cincinnati, who are authorities on psychology, cosmology and metaphysics, were questioned by the students on current slang and other terms. These are some of the results: "the snake's hips" meant a serpentine waist effect in feminine raiment. "A permanent wave" was described as the pet gesture of an amorous co-ed. "Spark Plug" was a brand of chewing tobacco. "Filet mignon" was classed as something worn by girls. And "aggravating papa," familiar to devotees of jazz, was referred to as the favorite American sport for the purpose of getting money.

Library



University of Notre Dame

Note to explain the numbering of the
Notre Dame Scholastic.

During the school year, 1923-1924, this publication appeared monthly under the name, The Scholastic, rather than the name, Notre Dame Scholastic. The publication office chose not to use the consecutive volume number.

The Notre Dame Scholastic for 1922-1923 is volume 56. The Notre Dame Scholastic for 1924-1925 is volume 57.

In order to shelve the volume published in 1923-1924 where it belongs in relation to the other volumes, the label reads: "Shelve between v.56 and v.57."

Volume published in 1923-1924 lacked index; a separate index was compiled by Mr. Byrne. This separate index is to be shelved immediately following the volume for 1923-1924..

The Scholastic

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