

*Silent she stands, Our Lady of the Light,
Whose mercy keeps a watch upon the waters;
Over our hearts, by day or dreamy night,
May she hold sway, Fairest of Daughters.*

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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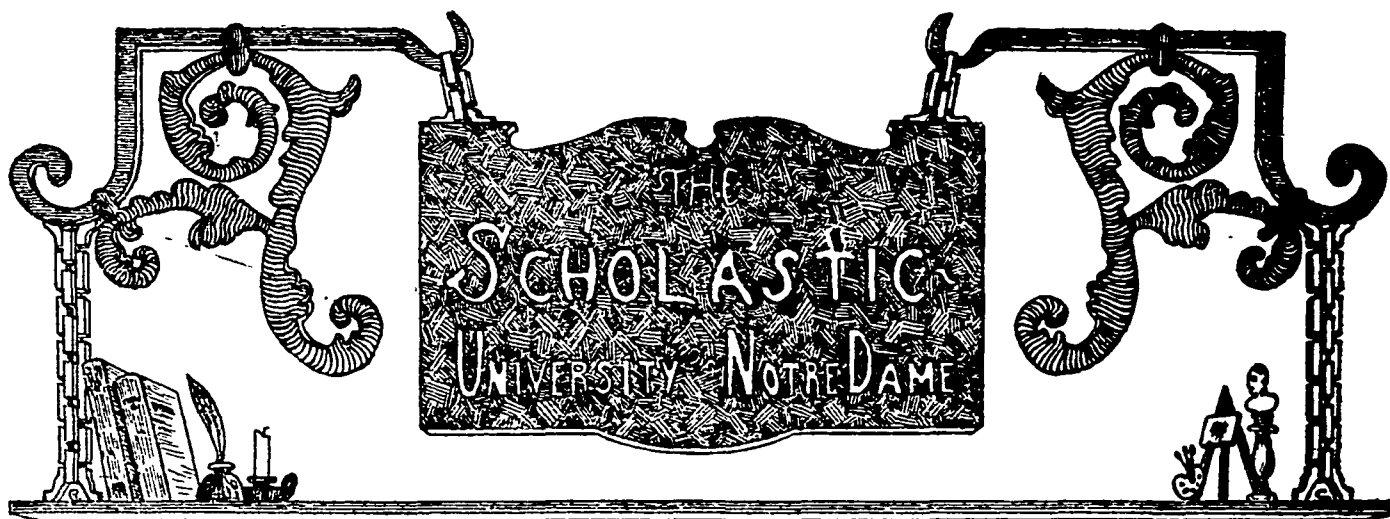


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GETTING UP FROM TABLE.

"A ship is floating in the harbor now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's
brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor—
No keel has ever ploughed that path be-
fore."

HERE we are, at the end of the festival. Everything which the host Education has brought out on heaped-up platters, and all the little extras which have sparkled through the banquet, are now consumed: and there is left only the parting between friends. Well, the best thing to do always in cases like this is to say grace and to whistle one's way out into the streets, whether it be to a waiting taxi or to a jaunt down the road on foot. Heaven grant to each of us a sound digestion, and an ever-sweetening memory. It is something to have feasted here, in halls built by forces most beautiful of all things that have come out of man's age-old hunger for civilization—by faith, and hope, and charity. It is something to have known there was a glass of laughter to wash off every bitterness, and that even if you went down with a bang, you could get up again with a grin.

There is another Notre Dame than the one we have known. She is the

Lady who walks beside the gutter, and into the high, dirty dwellings where sun and cold torture the victims of life. Her eyes are moist from having seen the sores of beggars and the bowed heads of the unfortunate. She is the Woman whose back is turned to the glitter of success. Her hands are bright with tears she has gathered like precious gems, and her gown is fringed with the shining color that leaps beautifully out from wounds and death. Twenty centuries have known her, and every one of the rest that ever will be must do her homage. She is the Mother whom all the swords have pierced.

Perhaps there is more affiliation between the Notre Dame we have lived with and the other Notre Dame, than is generally recognized. It is very likely that the mere fact that we have been coddled here should necessitate our recognizing the Woman Of Sorrows wherever she may appear. Shall it be said of us that our lives, tempered like swords for the battle, must never flash except in conquest? Shall we—the chosen few—admit that there is no loveliness in the leper's kiss?

The world will have the answer soon enough. Meanwhile there is yet time to rise beside the table and drink a pledge: Our Lady!

ST. JOAN OF ARC,—HER INSPIRATION AND GLORY.

E. J. H.

"The name and fame of Joan of Arc are 'in the catalogue of common things,' like the rainbow; of things so familiar that an effort of the imagination is needed before we can appreciate the unique position of the Maid in history. The story of her career, as one of her learned French historians has said, 'is the most marvelous episode in our history, and in all histories.'

"She was the consummation and ideal of two noble human efforts towards perfection. The peasant's daughter was the Flower of Chivalry: brave, gentle, merciful, courteous, kind, and loyal. Later poets and romance-writers delighted to draw the figure of the Lady-Knight; but Spenser and Aristo could not create, Shakespeare could not imagine, such a being as Joan of Arc."
—Andrew Lang.

WHAT is to be thought of her?," asks De Quincey in the opening of his beautiful panegyric on the Maid of Orleans. But De Quincey was not first to ask that question; nor will he be the last,—for the interest in the Maid grows greater with the years. Some of the keenest men of recent centuries have felt the fascination of her beautiful soul and have lovingly sought to tell the story of her life in prose, in poetry, and in song. "Such is the power of this story," says Michelet, "such its tyranny over the heart, its magnetism to draw tears, that, well or ill-told, it will ever make the hearer weep, be he young or old, chilled by the growing years or steeled by the hardness of life. Let no one blush for tears like these, for their cause is fair. No recent sorrow, no personal affliction of any kind, may so justly thrill an upright heart." And, indeed, it may well be said that her

life's history is a drama rather than a story,—a drama of intense human interest, full of beauty, of inspiration, and of tears. For she, a lowly village maid, fought for the liberties of a great nation, led that nation out of bondage, and ceased her struggle only when the blindness and ingratitude of her own people made her one of the world's great martyrs.

Flung into life at the dawn of the fifteenth century, Joan of Arc found her countrymen crushed beneath the heel of a foreign oppressor. For three quarters of a century, the proud, victorious armies of England had been slowly gaining the mastery in France, and now they were tightening their grasp upon Orleans, the last strategic stronghold in the hands of the French. Hope was extinguished in the hearts of the people. All were agreed that France was doomed,—doomed to be forever the vassal of an alien power; doomed to have her fair name blotted from the roll of nations. Historians vie with one another in describing the utter hopelessness of the situation. Creasy, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles,"* says:

"Seldom has the utter extinction of a nation's independence appeared more inevitable than was the case in France when English invaders completed their lines round Orleans four hundred and twenty-two years ago. A series of dreadful defeats had thinned the chivalry of France, and daunted the spirits of her soldiers. A foreign king had been proclaimed in her capital; and foreign armies of the bravest veterans, and led by the bravest captains then known to the world, occupied the fairest portions of her territory. Worse to her, even, than the fierceness and strength of her foes, were the factions, the vices, and the crimes of her own children. Her native prince was a dissolute trifle, stained with the assassination of the most powerful

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noble of the land, whose son, in revenge, had leagued himself with the enemy. Many more of her nobility, many of her prelates, her magistrates, and rulers, had sworn fealty to the English king. The condition of the peasantry amid the general prevalence of anarchy and brigandage, which were added to the customary devastations of contending armies, was wretched beyond the power of language to describe."

Such was the condition of the greater part of France as Joan of Arc passed through the period of her girlhood, in the picturesque little village of Domrémy, on the borders of Lorraine. The idealistic beauty of these early years spent among the flocks and flowers on the neighboring hillsides, the hours of silent meditation and close communion with the saints,—all this forms a prospect upon which poetic souls have ever loved to dwell. Southey, an ardent lover of the Maid, puts a speech into her mouth telling of the delight she found in this life of dreamy loneliness:

"Here in solitude and peace
My soul was nursed, amid the loveliest
 scenes
Of unpolluted nature....
Pleasant it was at noon beside the vocal
 brook
To lay me down, and watch the floating
 clouds,
And shape to Fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms; and oh! how
 sweet,
To drive my flocks at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome
 home."

But at length the ravages of war spread even to this distant province. Bands of roving Burgundian or English troops more than once spread terror though Domrémy, and the happy shepherdess awoke from her reveries to find that misery, woe, and

wretchedness hung like a pall over her native land. A feeling of intense patriotism gradually took possession of her soul. The desire to deliver her unhappy countrymen from the domination of the foreigner became the master passion of her life. She had "pity," to use the expression forever on her girlish lips,—“pity on the fair realm of France.” She saw visions; she dreamed dreams. Once at eventide as she knelt in her father's garden beneath the shadow of the village church, she heard a voice, clear and distinct, speaking to her out of the vesper bells, calling her by name saying: “Arise, Joan! deliver Orleans, and give back to your King his fair realm of France.”

Now came this humble shepherd girl toiling through the forests and over the hills of her remote Lorraine. She came suddenly, out of the deep, religious solitude of her humble village to take her place as the commander of armies and the counsellor of kings; came to confront this great giant of a foreign power that had terrified her countrymen for so many generations,—

"A Shepherdess, like David called
To lead war's flocks in pastures red!
Meek peasant girl from field and stead
Whom court won not nor camp appalled!"

And France rose from her degradation to listen to this young champion of liberty. There was something about her that captivated the hearts of all. “She was young and handsome,” says Daulon, her knight, in describing her at the time of her first appearance at court, “young, handsome, and of good figure, and her every movement had a womanly grace and modesty.” The King and his

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Counsellors admired her flashing intellect, her deep knowledge of state affairs and military strategy. The soldiers were delighted with her shrewd peasant humor, her easy self-assurance, and her intrepid horsemanship. But it was not these qualities and accomplishments alone that won for her the ascendancy in France. The source of her power lay far deeper than that.

WHAT made her thus achieve, command, endure?

"The vision God gives the Pure."

The mystery of her compelling personality, the secret of her influence and authority lay in her exalted spirituality; her spotless purity both of body and of mind and her deep devotional nature. In the silence of the night, when those about her were at rest, this little warrior-maid would steal away to some secluded spot and there on her knees she would ask God to give her the courage and the strength to go on with her difficult task; and in the morning, as she mingled among her troops and advisers,—her girlish face worn by the vigil of the night,—there was something about her aspect that thrilled and commanded.

In such a way, then, did Joan of Arc begin what historians are pleased to call one of the "briefest and most amazing military campaigns that is recorded in all history." Within the brief space of seven weeks she had gathered ten thousand men around her: brigands, ruffians, and cowards for the most part, yet men who now drank so deeply of the spirit of her exalted patriotism and became so intoxicated with enthusiasm for the Maid that they were ready to fight to

the death for the cause that she espoused. In another ten days she had led this motley army through the enemy's lines, up to the very walls of Orleans, and hurled them against the besieging English. Christian art delights to picture her as she stood upon the ramparts of Orleans; her brilliant white armour flashing in the sun, her great sword raised aloft, and the battle raging round about her,—she seemed for all the world like an Angel Guardian descended from the clouds to protect the beleagured city. The enthusiasm of the Maid and her splendid fearlessness made her irresistible in battle. "Onward soldiers!" she cried to her comrades-in-arms, "Onward, in God's name the day is ours." With banners waving and with sacred songs upon their lips the soldiers of France rushed in to the attack; tower after tower came into their possession until at last the English, exhausted by the intensity of the conflict and realizing the hopelessness of success, burned the remainder of their forts and fled far to the north. And Joan of Arc, that untutored, inexperienced shepherd-girl of seventeen had done what the Greeks did on the plains of Marathon, what Wellington did at Waterloo,—she had won one of the decisive battles of the world!

It was Joan's hour. In no other instance has the popular devotion so deified a national hero. She was the idol of the people, the darling of the army. The populace thronged about her to touch the hem of her garment as though she were a holy relic. The soldiers knelt as she passed through their ranks and touched their swords to hers in the hope that they might draw thence some of her invincible

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power. Scores of French cities opened their gates to her and all Europe hailed her as "The Savior of France."

But Joan of Arc was too simple of heart, too great of soul to waste her time in vain triumphs. Onward she urged the King and army to Rheims, 'the crowning-place of kings,' and there Charles the Seventh was solemnly anointed King of France. The scene that was there enacted has about it those qualities that furnish to the poet's fancy a never-failing charm. Southey has thus depicted it in his idyl on the Maid:

"The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes for high solemnity assembled.
To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, through streets be-
strewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The
courtier
Throng were there, and they in Orleans,
who
Endured the siege right bravely.

By the King
The delegated damsel passed along,
Clad in her battered arms. She bore on
high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand
Poured on the monarch's head the mystic
oil.

The missioned Maid
Then placed on Charles' brow the crown of
France,
And back retiring gazed upon the King.

Felicia Hemans has given us a most beautiful word-picture of the triumphant little Marshal of France, as she stood there, in the noon-tide of her prosperity, gazing upon the

countenance of her new-crowned King:

"Her helm was raised
And the fair face revealed, that upward
gazed,
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
Youthful but brightly solemn! Woman's
cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion
meek,
Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while enthroned
above,
The pictured Virgin with her smile of love
Seemed bending o'er her votaress."

The happiness of Joan knew no bounds. In a transport of joy she threw herself at the feet of the King and asked for her dismissal, declaring that her mission was now accomplished. "Gentle King," said she, "I have done what the Lord my God commanded me, and I would that I might return to my beloved Lorraine, there to feel my dear old mother's arms once more about me and to be her house-maid and her helper." Pure, unselfish, noble-hearted girl! "Great was the throne of France, even in those days," exclaims De Quincey in a rapture of admiration at such unparalleled humility and self-forgetfulness, "and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne nor he that sat upon it was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea; but well Joan knew,—early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth,—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*."

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Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would bloom for *her*."

The glory of this world for her? No, her glory, if it came at all, would come too late. Even now her brief hour of triumph was fast drawing to a close, and the hour of her betrayal was at hand. Jealousy, intrigue, and treachery had begun to do their work. Her petition for dismissal was refused; and before the holy oils had dried upon the forehead of the newly-consecrated King, before the lilies on the high altar had faded and withered away, Joan of Arc, the "Savior of France," was a prisoner in the hands of her enemies: sold like a slave by one of her own countrymen; sold and cast into a foul dungeon at Rouen, there to await her last great battle,—the battle for her honor and for her life.

Where is the vaunted chivalry of France, that this generous little champion of her country's liberties should have entered alone upon the horrors of those Rouen trials without a single French soldier to raise a hand to help her, and with the King whom she had crowned standing idly by, supine and indifferent?

And yet who would have it otherwise? For there was never an occasion throughout the whole of Joan's brief yet brilliant career in which she appeared to greater advantage than during those memorable days of her trial at Rouen. She was great at Domrémy, where she trained herself in saintly ways and listened to the heavenly voices sounding in the vesper bells; she was great at Orleans, where she hurled back the English and taught them to respect the rights and liberties of France; she was great at Rheims, where she lifted the

French throne up out of the mud and set the rightful king upon it. Yes, Joan of Arc was great always and everywhere,—but she was wonderful at Rouen. And if you would sound the depths of that courageous soul, if you would learn something of her wisdom and her piety, her constancy and her faith, you must study her there at Rouen where she fought her way alone through the terrors of that infamous trial. Day after day for months she came out of her dungeon, out into that great hall of judgment, ablaze as it was with the pomp and majesty of England and crowded with the craftiest intellects of France. And there she took her stand, friendless and alone, her frail body clothed in chains, yet breathing defiance in her every attitude, like a caged eagle. Alone stood Joan of Arc in the presence of men who were at once her judges and her implacable enemies; judges who were prepared to probe her to the quick and press home every condemning subtlety which skill could devise and eloquence adorn. She had no counsel: none was allowed. She had no witnesses: those who could have made her innocence as evident as God's sunlight were far away to the south, drinking of that cup of rest which she had secured for them by her sorrows and her tears. Nor did she have an advocate to plead her cause. The unspeakable Cauchon did, indeed, offer her an apologist from among his own advisers, but she saw through his trickery and told him that he did but mock her. Her very words were twisted and turned against her by unscrupulous clerks; and more than once she called the court's attention to the fact that nothing was placed upon the records ex-

cept what was prejudicial to her cause.

And yet Joan was not dismayed. She knew that she had a Judge far higher than Cauchon; and that great as were those jurists arrayed against her, there was One who was greater than they, and He would reveal her innocence in His own good time. She knew well that

"TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again.
The eternal years of God are hers."

And so she met the questions of her inquisitors with a calmness and dignity that bespoke a mind conscious of its integrity. Weakened by long imprisonment in the dampness of her dungeon cell; worn and emaciated by her poor prison fare, the intermittent torture, and the brutal treatment which she received at the hands of her jailors, her bodily infirmities did but add a greater lustre to the vigor of her mind; and not in all the marvelous splendor of her early triumphs and success,—in the days of her victories, when Orleans and Rheims rang with acclamations that were echoed over the whole of France,—no, never before was Joan so worthy of admiration as when she faced her embittered judges to hear and refute their accusations. There her eye became aglow once more with the radiance of happier days, and the calm serenity of an upright conscience lent to her countenance a fascination beyond the power of language to describe. "Her presence of mind," says Lord Roland Gower in his study of Joan, "and the courage she maintained day after day was supreme in the face of that crowd of enemies who left no stone unturned, no subtlety of law nor superstition unused, to

bring a charge of guilt against her. No victory of arms that Joan of Arc might have accomplished had her career continued one bright and unclouded success, could have shown in a grander way the greatness of her character than her answers and her bearing during the entire course of her examination before her implacable enemies, her judicial murderers."

At last, however, her enemies cried out for her blood and so her judges declared her a heretic and ordered her to be led out into the courtyard to be burned. Would she submit? they asked her in her cell before she began that last sad journey; would she deny the glorious inspiration of her heavenly voices? "What I have said," she replied, "and what I have done during the trial,—that I shall stand by. And if I were at the judgment seat, and if I saw the torch burning, and the executioner ready to light the fire,—yes even if I were in the fire, I would say nothing else, and would stand by what I have said even unto death." And in the margin of the record, opposite these courageous words, may still be found the comment of the official scribe: *Responsio Superba!*

At the foot of the stake Joan of Arc knelt down, raised her eyes to heaven, and prayed,—the sweetest, the most pathetic prayer that ever rose from girlish lips. And for whom did she pray? For the judges that had brought her to that awful hours; for the executioner who stood at the foot of her pyre ready to apply the torch; and for that vast concourse of her enemies who had come out to glut their passions in her blood. "And," says Michelet, "ten thousand strong men were in tears." But her

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captors were inexorable. "Away with her!" The torch was applied and they left her there in the flames, her eyes raised to heaven, her voice strong and eloquent in prayer, calling upon the name of her Savior, pleading with Him to bear her away. A merciful sheet of flame leaped upward and wrapped itself round about her and thus she was borne away from a world that was unworthy of her.

Such was the life and character of Joan of Arc, "the prophetess, the heroine, and the saint of French patriotism; the deliverance and the shame of her country." Her enemies ordered her ashes to be scattered upon the flowing waters of the Seine that nothing might remain on earth of the warrior maid who had fought so valiantly for liberty. But her enemies were mistaken. For there is

no power on earth that can crush a spirit such as hers; it has lived on and on in prose, in poetry, and in song,—a symbol of the unconquerable Christian soul. Everything in her life seems wonderful, and yet the wonder is not in her visions, or her voices, or her victories, but in her own self. In that gentle girl were found those qualities of soul which are of the very essence of greatness: great ideals, indomitable courage, and faith in the unchanging promises of God. And these were the qualities that gave her the power to strive and achieve; and it is due to them that her life and character holds such a fascination for those who have come within its spell. And just as long as men love the pure, the noble, and the beautiful things of life, so long will Joan of Arc remain the inspiration and glory of Christian literature and art.

THE WESTERN STAR.

C. C. M'GONAGLE.

A sombre blanket, set with struggling stars,
Covers the world with its wild stellar flare;
And one by one each nugget burns and chars
Until itself has seemed to turn to air.
The folds of heaven's darkness wrap the glare
Of lesser sparks; and greater lights begin to pale,
And all are still, like charms sewn on a sail,
When you in glory cross the earthy vale.

BOY GUIDANCE: A NEW PROFESSION.

The Knights of Columbus Scholarships at Notre Dame.

BROTHER BARNABAS, F. S. C.

BOY Guidance is a new profession. It is new simply because it is modern, being called for by existing social conditions which make the boy no less Tomorrow than he always has been, but often fail to take into account his Today. The family is now a circle without a hedge around it. Schools are, for the most part, places of training from which masculine influence is barred. For a large share of our people, industry has left the breadwinner very little time to be that ideal which goes traditionally with the term "father," But the instincts of adolescence are eternal. Boys *will* be influenced, they *will* seek out the elders of their sex, imitate them, adopt their principles, and grow up to be like them. They come to men as pins do to a magnet—even in the back alley, or in places where their chances for development are slight or where vocational guidance is unknown.

America has not been blind to these facts. People began to see, years ago, the necessity for taking care of the working boy's free time. There was a period of construction, during which buildings in number were erected as recreation centers. Experience with these centers proved soon enough that no great results could be expected of them. They never attracted large numbers, and were reduced finally to headquarters for small groups—usually the two leading athletic teams, which began

with amateur principles but speedily adopted the professional code. Steadily the buildings became empty shacks, while the boys for whom they had been built were seeking recreation in commercial places with no restrictions. Many indeed found the Y. M. C. A. a haven of refuge, coming into contact there with men of culture, skilled in what they were trying to do, and opening up to the boy an environment with an appeal.

And so those who have had the boy problem at heart, knowing that Juvenile Delinquency and other things are the product of unregulated free time, have been led to urge a new way of action. They see also that the scope of the work to be done is not limited to the working boy. Lads in school, between the ages of eight and sixteen, have an average of nine free hours a day. The task to be undertaken is great: and the only way to handle it is to see that men must be properly and specially trained to deal with boys, and so to open the door to the new profession of Boy Guidance. Failure to realize these things is responsible for the failure of much well-intentioned Parish work in the past.

Well-paid, thoroughly trained, educated directors of the free time of the growing boy; that is the simple formula with which, and with which only, the great problem of developing future American citizens can be solved. Recognizing this, the National Catholic Welfare Council, in coöperation with the University of Notre Dame, put on an annual course for training in boy leadership. Following this, in 1922, it was suggested by the Hierarchy that the Knights of Columbus should take an interest in

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boy welfare work. A Committee was then appointed to study the question. After serious study, and after having conferences with the outstanding boy workers of America, it was realized that the work was serious and far reaching in effect and that the results of this work would outweigh the results of any other activity previously sponsored by the Knights. In 1923, when the Committee reported to the Convention, they stated that no progress could be made unless means were taken to provide qualified trained leaders for this work. It was recognized that the free time guidance of the boy called for adequate professional training just as the practice of law and medicine called for special training. In order to secure the stamp of thoroughness in this training, they secured the services of trained men, worked out a program, which was adopted by Notre Dame University, and means were taken to indorse men of the right calibre to take up this program. The supreme convention voted an amount of money to provide one scholarship for each Archdiocese of North America. The University of Notre Dame has established the course in Boy Guidance and machinery is now in order to resume student work in September, 1924. It is hoped that the numbers will be commensurate with the opportunity.

I shall now outline very briefly the schedule of study proposed. The two Year Graduate Program in Boy Guidance, adopted by this University, consists, for the first quarter of the school year, of:—Introduction to Boy Work; Philosophy and Psychology of Adolescence; Physical Education; Religion for Adolescents, and two hours a week for an elective study. In the remaining three quarters of the first year, the student will be occupied with a study of the Principles, History and Theory of Boy Work; the Practice of Boy Work (Field work in near-by cities); Physical education; Philosophy and Psychology of Adolescence; Religion for Adolescents and two hours a week for an elective study.

In the summer period, the student will spend two weeks in a training camp for Boy Scout Work and Woodcraft and eight weeks studying the Field Work in Boy Camps. For the first semester of the second year the student will be instructed in Boy Work Administration; Practice of Boy Work (Field Work in near-by cities); Physical education and three hours a week for an elective study. The Second semester consists in a practice of Boy Work (field work in the middle West region) and a thesis written on some practical phase of Boy Work.

CUPID'S BUFF

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

A STREET car, Jimmy Macaulay mused, was not the most romantic place in the city. One could hardly use superlatives of praise in describing the placarded sides of a car filled with sober newspaper-reading commuters. But Macaulay did not notice the vulgar scenery of the conveyance. His eyes were riveted on only one detail of the landscape, a girl of attractive feature and figure, who sat three seats in front of him.

Ever since the morning, two weeks ago, when Macaulay noticed her on the 12:40 St. Paul street car, he managed to board that car, too, so that he might please his eyes with the sight of the girl. She was pretty—all girls in stories are—with hair that, if it were his sister's, Macaulay would have called red, but since it was hers, he said was light, with a shimmering tinge of auburn. Her eyes were a soft blue and she was, in Macaulay's enthusiastic hyperbole, "a compound of Hebe, Venus, Diana, and all the goddesses of resplendency."

Macaulay described her so to Goodwin, a fellow reporter, as they sat in Child's restaurant one night, where, over bowls of bran or piles of wheat cakes, the news chasers nightly reviewed the day, ventured to discuss every subject, and, in their own minds, settled every world problem. The particular group in which Goodwin and Macaulay sat every night was particularly busy with arguments on ideals, philosophy, literature, and kindred subjects—no subject was too hazardous for their ventures by way of the tongue. This

group within the group had all tasted enough of college to have stimulated a hunger for knowledge, fed by reading and developed by argument. Somehow, since the advent of the girl of the street car, the Macaulay-Goodwin discussions always veered to discussions of the unknown girl.

"The *Herald* missed that story about insulin at Hopkins," Goodwin said one night as he made the first fissure in his pile of wheat cakes. He waved the severed portions in the air as if they were a banner. "Score a beat for Goodwin and the *Times*."

Macaulay grunted something about syrup that splatters stickiness, and intimated that some people are never sensible.

Goodwin talked on.

"They got a story on the bread rise, however, so you lose on that. Now if they didn't—"

Macaulay interrupted.

"Put up the sheet. We get enough of it during the day. Do you ever read anything besides the news columns?"

"Oh, my yes, my dear boy. This little bookworm that you gaze upon is a relative of the tapeworm."

Macaulay smiled. "Yes?" he said. Then he spoke seriously. "I've been feasting on the old birds, the Greeks; now—"

"Say on, gourmand, say on."

Macaulay said on. He gave Goodwin his theories on the Greek's foolish subservience to Fate, as he saw it, first citing instances in the plays of Sophocles and his contemporaries. The conversation was too long and not of sufficient significance to set down here. Suffice it to report that it ended with words that again led up to the subject of the girl.

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"About a week ago, I sought out one of our modern Oracles of Delphi, a fortune teller," Maccaulay said. "She told me I would, within a few days, meet and fall in love with a girl with red hair. I think she worked some mental telepathy in order to make me dig graciously for her fee. In my opinion, the old Greek prophets were no more reliable than these old fortune-telling hags of today; I haven't met the girl yet, and the time is more than up. Fate is static, apple sauce, bunk, at least as far as telling us anything about itself is concerned."

"Down with the Greeks, prophets and restaurant proprietors," Goodwin chimed in melodramatically.

"But praise be to beauty, that which makes art, and that which is real with us." Maccaulay was as melodramatic as Goodwin.

"Meaning, of course," Goodwin interjected, "the fair descendants of Eve of the Rib, Adam's side-kick."

"Yes, one descendant in particular, my fair Wilmetta of the Wisp."

Weeks passed and Maccaulay had still failed to meet the girl of the street car. He lacked nerve, being one of few fellows who had never introduced themselves, by means of subterfuge, to an unknown girl. Once, and once only, Maccaulay dared to sit beside her in the car and dared to speak to her.

"The car is certainly crowded," he said brilliantly.

"Yes," she replied meekly; and Maccaulay then hesitated so long that he could not resume the conversation, if the inanity could be so honorably named.

He saw her in church one morning. Maccaulay came in late as usual, hast-

ened up to a seat, looking neither to right or left as he always did in seeking to hide his embarrassment when he came in late. When he had placed himself and had spent a busy moment reading from his prayer book, he looked up casually.

His eyes fell on a figure in a plain blue suit a few seats farther down in the opposite aisle. From underneath the hat he saw peeping a bit of blonde hair, with a tendency toward auburn. The figure was familiar. Maccaulay watched, hoping that she would turn her head so he could see the face.

He coughed.

The girl's head turned.

Maccaulay dropped his prayer book in excited surprise as he recognized the girl he had wanted to meet. As he fumbled to pick up the little book he saw her smile and he smiled back—weakly.

All during the rest of the service he was distracted. His eyes kept wandering in her direction and not in the direction of his prayer-book. But she did not look back again despite another cough. And when the service was over, he saw her enter an automobile driven by a man slightly older than her, and whizz away.

He invented a philosophy of love to satisfy his unsatisfied yearning to know the girl. The greatest loves, he told himself, were the unsatisfied because they last and are never diminished by reality. They are strengthened, he reasoned, by yearning and unrestrained imagination. The poets loved that way, he told himself, Spenser and Rosalind, Dante and Beatrice, Shelley and his unbodied vision of feminine perfection. The marriages that never took place, he reasoned, were the happiest.

Then, as it happened, the girl was not on the car anywhere, nor did Macaulay see her in church. She had evidently moved to another neighborhood.

"So now," he said, as he reported her disappearance, "I resume my old dates with the former gusto, banishing thoughts of the incomparable unknown."

"She was pretty," Goodwin interposed.

"Yes, of a beauty that made you think she was beautiful all the way through. I was fascinated by her and even gave up dates for three weeks figuring in some vague way, that that was being true to her."

"I thought you were really hard hit. Such things happen, you know. It's too bad. Another romance has ended in tragedy. Another Roxane knows not of Cyrano's love while another makes the love that he would make. (I might say another Dulcinea knows not of Don Quixote's love, but I don't want to be crowned.) At any rate—Fate has taken another pet; he took your queen. The wretch!"

"It would make a good story if I committed suicide now. How much for the opportunity to write the story, Goodwin?"

"I'm sorry, old kid, but this is Thursday and my capital totals just forty-five cents. I can spare a dime. Is that enough?"

"No, this is an expensive opportunity, so I'm afraid I won't commit suicide. I shall see Mildred again tonight. I saw her the other day and began forgetting the girl that has wandered from her loving one."

Several weeks later Macaulay had made another engagement to meet Mildred Engels, an old acquaintance,

in Monument park. The street lamps were off that night but Macaulay was well acquainted with the streets, and with the aid of occasional light from homes and stores easily made his way to the park, where, however, the darkness was disturbingly dense. The trees shaded the ways so that only accustomed feet could find the way. Macaulay expected to find Mildred easily, however, as he had told her to be on a bench near the fountain in the center of the park. As he approached the fountain he noticed the figure of a girl on a bench.

"She's here, I see," he said to himself. "I'm glad she had sense enough to remember the place to meet me."

She was looking the other way, so Macaulay saw a chance to scare her. He decided to come up quietly and sit down next to her. The girl noticed him, however, as he sat down. She talked in a low voice. The dim light seemed to suggest softened voices and when Macaulay replied he almost whispered. She spoke first.

"You are just in time, dear. I think it is 8:30."

Macaulay replied. "One could not prove it without a match tonight. Nice night for crooks, and—lovers."

"But the lights will be on soon."

"Suppose we sit here for a few moments. We have plenty of time. We'll give the city a few moments to enable us to wander a lighted way to town."

Macaulay's arm had been about Mildred's waist before. It again traveled the path about a waist when voices from a nearby bench stopped the wandering arm. The tones there were not subdued, and they were able to hear the conversation.

"Are you Millicent Brennan? I

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was to meet her here. It's dark, I can hardly see," they heard a man's voice say.

"No, I am not. She may be near by." A girl's voice.

"Have you seen a girl here, about as tall as I presume you are?"

"No, I came up from Lancaster street just as you did. No one was about in that direction."

"Thank you. I shall look further."

Sounds of retreating feet indicated that the man walked on slowly in further search, they supposed, of Millicent Brennan. The girl in Macaulay's arms drew away. She said one word.

"Oh!"

Both of them sat in quiet awkwardness for a moment or so. Neither seemed to know what to say or do. At last Macaulay spoke.

"That girl's voice—I'm sorry—confound it—we've made a mistake."

"Yes. I must slip away." She moved from him on the bench. "It was my fault, too, but your voice was low. I thought it was someone else's."

The lights blinked but for an instant but long enough for Macaulay to recognize the girl with him as the one he had seen on the street car. The momentary glimmer showed a smile on his face.

"Don't go, just yet," he said. "We've made a mistake, both of us; but though I'm sorry, I'm also, in a way, glad. I'd like—"

She replied somewhat teasingly. "Yes?"

"I'd like—Well, I'd like, like to know you."

"A few moments ago we acted as if we had known each other for a long time. This time, however, introduc-

tions are belated. They may be due. All right. Milly meet, 'Mr. I-Don't-Remember-Your-Name.'" She made gestures as if introducing another self to Macaulay.

"James Macaulay—Jimmy."

She ceased the gestures, but resumed her slightly bantering tone. "Nice name. You are, of course, a grandson of the famous Mr. Macaulay?"

"Bother that. Your name is—?"

"Oh, yes. I nearly forgot that. Maybe I should not tell you. But—Meet Millicent Brennan with no illustrious ancestors."

"For a long time I've—" He started out fervently and stopped abruptly. "Whoops! Mushiness might tip a little craft of mine that is sailing on so prettily now—just launched."

"A submarine will sink my craft if I don't move before a certain submarine approaches."

"Before you go, one thing. Will you take a trip on my little boat—say tomorrow night?"

"I might—"

"This little boat has street cars looking like ash wagons, though I *have* acquired a taste for street cars. For now, however, it's romantic sailing boats I like, the kind that sail the bounding main and find treasures. I wonder where it might sail tomorrow night."

"To 3214 Oakwood avenue, possibly. Who knows? Good night,—Jimmy."

Millicent slipped away. He saw her get up, saw her dim form sit down a few benches away and saw the figure of a man—evidently the one heard a few moments ago—approach. She spoke.

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"Can brothers never keep dates on time? Dad will wonder what has become of us."

She laughed softly. The man said something as both walked slowly away, but he did not speak loud enough for Macaulay to hear what he said. Macaulay smiled, sat for a moment in thought, and then walked toward the other bench, going by a circuitous route.

"Fate is treating me rather decently," he said to himself as he walked. "Many bows shall be made and much

incense shall be burned to Fate and to my new goddess. It was Fate's deal; he passed me out a queen, *the* queen."

He finally arrived at the other bench from the opposite direction from where he had been sitting.

"Sorry I was late, dear," he said, "but I was held at the office for a fire in Northwest."

"That's all right, Jimmy, but I surely do not like to sit in such a place—so long in the dark."

HAPPINESS.

J. C. R.

The glad sun laughs, the swallows chat.

A note of joy is in the air.

And Youth goes smiling down the way

Where Hope sings long without a care.

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NEAR OLD FORT HOWARD.

NORBERT A. ENGELS.

ON THE west bank of the Fox River, near the point where its silent currents flow into the waters of Green Bay, stood a rude little log hut. The cracks in the walls were chinked with clay and the roof was made of a sort of plaster composed of leaves, moss, and clay? Light was admitted by means of a solitary hole in the wall, which could be closed by a stout panel of oak, hinged to the logs with strips of heavy boot leather. The door was one of solid oak beams, a real Gibraltar against enemies. The whole aspect of the place was one of security and preparedness. And here, among lofty pines and stately oaks, with the grim walls of Fort Howard as the only connecting link with civilization, Samuel Towne and his motherless child had come, ten years ago.

With the help of a few other pioneers, he had built his little shack, cleared land on which to raise corn and potatoes, set out traps to lure the wily mink and the cunning otter, and then did his best to be both mother and father to his little Eugenie. Fresh as a lovely rose and vivid with the first flush of womanhood, she was "Jennie" to her father, to the pioneers, few and scattered as they were, and even to the officers and men of Fort Howard standing daring and defiant, a half-mile down, the river. But to young Pierre Berceau, Canuck trapper and hardy frontiersman in spite of his tender years, she had always been "Eugenie." Perhaps he did not trust himself to the familiarity of "Jenny" or there may have

been another reason, but "Eugenie" it had been since he first saw her seated on a fallen birch musing to the birds and squirrels, and "Eugenie" it probably would be for some time to come. Pierre had fond dreams. He would not always be Pierre Berceau, trapper and free-for-all champion of the Fox valley, he told himself. He would strive for something better and then—ah! and then—he was thinking of Eugenie.

In Standing Deer, Pierre had a close friend, for he had saved the young brave's life when he found him lying beside an upturned canoe amongst the reeds and rushes on the banks of the river. For hours, Pierre had worked to restore consciousness to the Indian, and then had carried him the entire distance to the fort, twelve miles away. And Standing Deer never forgot. "In the wigwam of Standing Deer there will always be food and shelter and a glad heart at sound of your coming, my friend. But more than that, a memory e'er shall linger here and I shall pray to Manitou to bless your traps." And he held out his hand.

In the camp of the Foxes, on a far-off hill, the tom-tom was beating and signal fires were flaring everywhere. The young braves were leaping fantastically around the tom-tom, uttering shrill war-crys and brandishing huge clubs and spears, while the squaws were crouched in the background, their bodies swaying to and fro, rhythmically to the steady, ominous beat. Higher danced the flames, higher leaped the warriors and wilder grew their terrible cries for the blood of the white invaders who had dared encroach upon them. Two days later, they were on the war-

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path and one of the first settlers to feel the sting of their pent-up fury was Samuel Towne. The old pioneer held them off as long as he could, but finally, a burning arrow lodged in the wall and soon the little home was ablaze. As he attempted to make his way to the fort with Jenny, an arrow pierced his breast and he fell, desperately wounded. Jenny knelt over him to do her best to aid him, and the Indians easily overpowered her. She was taken immediately to Red Cloud, Chief of the Fox tribe, to whom she directed a defiant, blazing glance. Standing Deer was called into the tepee and stood near Jenny. "My son," said the Chief proudly, "for many moons have I thought about you. No longer are you Standing Deer the fawn but Standing Deer the buck, and it is my wish that you take this daughter of the pale-face for your squaw."

Jenny was horrified, the Indian exultant, for was she not more beautiful than even Minnehaha, and would he not be the object of envy to all the other braves?

Late that night, as Standing Deer guarded over the tepee in which his future wife was imprisoned, he became aware of a rustling in the bushes behind him. Again he heard it and stealthily moving to the shadow of the tent, he stood, still and silent as a statue. The brush was parted and a face, drawn and white peered through. The brave was astonished to recognize the features of Pierre, but managed to whis-

per in a ghost-like tone, "My friend." Pierre was startled to say the least and quickly drew his knife but at this moment the Indian stepped forth and was recognized in turn by Pierre who also came out of the thicket.

"Do you realize the risk you are taking in coming here?" he asked.

"Why have you come?"

"Standing Deer, I care not for any risk tonight. I have searched all day and all through the night to find my Jenny but it seems useless. The hut has been burned and she has been captured. I thought she might be here."

Standing Deer was forming a great resolution in his heart for he had not forgotten.

"Wait here," he whispered, and disappeared into the tepee.

In a moment he reappeared leading Jenny who was overjoyed at the turn of events. As Pierre crushed her in his embrace a blood-curdling yell was heard and a horde of half-naked Indians swept down upon them. "Take the path to the left," he commanded and sped away to the right. The pursuers saw nothing but the flying Indian and after him they went swift as the winds.

As Pierre and Jenny moved safely away through the forests they heard a chorus of triumphant shouts and cries. A few minutes later, by a fiery glare through the dense thicket, and the chant of the Indian torture song, they knew that Standing Deer had made good his oath and had not forgotten.

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THE STORY OF THE STORY.

JOHN DRISCOLL.

Preface.

The purpose of this preface is to free us, the authors, from all guilt. We solemnly and profanely swear that we wrote this little gem against our will and better nature. In short, we were compelled to write it. So, if you are displeased with, or bored by the "Story of the Story," it is no fault of ours.

CHAPTER I.

We begin to search for a story.



BOOK from the South Bend library stated that the plot is the backbone of the story.. We made a note of it. Further on we learned that "the prospective author should strive for naturalness." We made a note of it. Two pages later we read that "true artistry and an artful artlessness should be the goal of the artist." Since that was evidently meant for painters, we made no note of it. Soon, we grew tired of noting and quit.

Now, we had been writing these notes on our cuff. When we left the library, we put all thoughts of short stories out of our mind and turned our feet towards the Palais Royale. At the Palais we had a delightful time dancing with other men's wives. One intrigued us to such an extent that we carelessly touched our cigarette to the cuff, on which we had written our notes. Instantly, it blazed into flames. Although we were unhurt, we sat down and cried. Our beautiful cuff, our invaluable notes gone—gone! To our further despair the manager ordered us to leave and

not return until we had discarded our beautiful collar, shirt, and one remaining cuff. May the shades of celluloid wreak vengeance on him! Disillusioned, we went to our domicile.

CHAPTER II.

We find a clue to a story.

On the way home, we encountered a senior embracing a lamppost very passionately. He smiled gently at us, and perceiving our dejection inquired about our troubles. In spite of the fact that the man was under we narrated our woes to him. He immediately advised us to buy a copy of "Scribner's Magazine" and "copy" a story from it.

We slept on the matter that night, and when we awoke in the morning it was pressing. On the Notre Dame car that same morning we encountered a junior friend of ours. We related our troubles to the junior. He immediately told us to read the "Saturday Evening Post," and added that it had furnished him with stories for three years. We were sure that our professor, because he was a litterateur, did not read the "Post." However, many of the students did, we were certain, and reluctantly we rejected that suggestion.

We had by this time become desperate, and accordingly accosted a sophomore. With that colossal ignorance, which can be acquired only through a year and a half attendance at a university, he condescendingly urged us to write one ourselves. Such naiveté has never been encountered before.

A freshman classmate of ours finally solved the difficulty.

"Try 'the movies,' " said he.

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CHAPTER III.

We begin the active pursuit of a story.

After surveying the amusement field in South Bend for several seconds, we made up our minds to go to Hollywood. The next day we purchased our ticket and departed from South Bend, Indiana's "world-famed" metropolis.

The ride to Chicago proved to be very unexciting and rather monotonous; nobody was killed. However, when we had once left the "Windy City" things picked up. The train was full of beautiful young girls on their way to "break into the movies." We had a most delightful time with them, though it was tempered with sadness because we knew that all actresses are naughty things. During the journey our train passed at least twenty freight trains composed of nothing but oil-cars. We were surprised at this because we were under the impression that oil came from the west. The greatness of the movie industry was firmly thrust upon us, when we discovered that the oil-cars were filled with bandoline for the leading men's hair.

It was pouring rain when we arrived at Hollywood. We went at once to the Lasky studios, and sent our card in to Mr. Lasky. The card declared we were a dramatic critic. Mr. Lasky received us at once.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he inquired with a fine Hebrew accent.

"We are just about to send a seven column article in to our paper," we replies, "which will tell about the world's greatest studios, the Lasky studios, and the world's greatest pro-

ducer, Mr. Lasky. In the meantime we would like to look about your studio."

"I shall show you around myself and you must take dinner with me. Did you say seven columns?"

CHAPTER IV.

We Encounter Wickedness.

We walked through the big studio with Mr. Lasky. It was very interesting, and soon we encountered Gloria Swanson.

"Allow me to present the world's greatest critic," said Lasky returning our compliment.

"I'm sure," said Miss Swanson, gazing soulfully at us from the arch of her crooked nose, "that is a great honor. Of course, I am devoted to my art. I find in the movies the only means of repressing the fires that burn within me. I have tried matrimony and motherhood, but they did not suffice. And now, though I am the finest actress on the screen, I am not happy. I suffer from those inward fires! I seek for a better medium with which to express them."

"She ain't never tried water or Wells Fargo," said Lasky, as we turned away. "You know—I feel sorry for her. She likes the men, likes to have 'em around to tell her how good she is. You see—she was married once to a fellow named Beery, Wallace Beery. Then, she divorced him, and married a chap named Somborn, nice fellow, too. Well—he snored so much that she got another divorce. And now she can't marry. Well, she can marry, but she can't get any more divorces. Against her contract, we don't want any more scandal. And of course, she won't risk getting mar-

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ried, if she can't get divorced. I've often thought that would make a fine story. 'Husband snores; wife gets a divorce.' 'Husband has adnoids taken out, and they re-marry.' But I guess you couldn't get it by the censors, too immoral."

As Mr. Lasky talked we were walking through the studio. Suddenly we came upon Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Lila Lee, Agnes Ayres, and Beatrice Joy. Again we were introduced as the world's greatest dramatic critic. We skillfully extracted Beatrice from the mob and engaged her in conversation. A moment later Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels joined us.

"So many tales of the wickedness of actors and, especially actresses, have come to our ears that we desire first hand information. Will you please tell us all about the immoral lives you lead?"

They looked at one another and blushed. Then by an understanding, a tacit understanding, Beatrice spoke for the group.

"Of course, I will admit that we used to be real 'wild.' But not now. Ever since poor 'Fatty' got into trouble, and Mr. Hays came we've been very good. We used to have well—'pajama' parties. Why now we don't even play bridge. Mr. Hays won't stand for any slamming. The worst we do is to play 'post-office' or chess."

"I," said Lila Lee, "am a good Bible scholar, while Mr. Kirkwood, my husband, is the son of a minister."

"In my home," declared Bebe Daniels, "we have evening prayer at 11:30 p. m. At 1:00 a. m. sharp the lights are turned out, and morning prayer is held at 11:30 a. m. promptly. But this is silly. I'm sure you're dying to hear about my

art."

"We are," we interrupted, "but we would like to hear much more, why you have not married."

"I have never married," she replied, "because I feel that there should be some permanency to marriage. When I marry I wish to remain wedded at least a year,—or at the shortest six months. I have never met a man yet, who I thought could interest me that long. My art is so interesting and exacting."

CHAPTER V,

We Reach the End of Our Search.

We remained in Hollywood for two days. During that time we saw all the points of interest from Douglas Fairbanks to Babby Peggy and the "Sennett" girls. We were immensely delighted with the last mentioned, and made strenuous efforts during our sojourn to see as much of them as possible. We discovered to our surprise that all the actors are saints, the actresses angels, and that the directors would put the holiest men of any monastery to shame. We heard the different actors and actresses declare innumerable times that there were wild parties years ago, but not now. However, you are beginning to wonder what has happened to the story,—in fact you are probably growing impatient. So were we.

We went to see June Mathis, the famous scenario writer. We asked her, after we had explained that we were the world's greatest dramatic critic, for a story, an original story and a good one, too, that the discriminating inhabitants of Winnepago, Wisconsin, would enjoy.

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"I," said June, "would like to find one myself. If there's anything the 'Industry' needs it's good stories."

And now that our unpleasant task is finished, we are going to prolong it. We would have liked to have burlesqued Photoplay and those other magazines of like nature a great deal more. But since the exigencies of time and space have decreed otherwise, we must strive to secure a favorable reception for our little work by other means.

You will agree with us, we are sure, that the Bible is the greatest book that has ever been written. There are two facts, which stand out, regarding the Bible. The first is that it has no plot; the second, that it is divided into two parts.

This story has no plot, and it naturally divides itself into two parts. Think it over. We didn't care to stop on page thirteen.

We thank you!

LONGING.

NORBERT A. ENGELS.

When the nightbird's song is low,
And the twilight shadows fall;
When the evening breezes blow
Into my heart, a tender call;
When the Angelus is ringing,
Ah! that your poor ears could hear!
When the hearts of men are singing,
Mine is longing for you, dear.

SAMUEL PEPYS DIARY

a la COLLEGE DAYS.

FRANCIS T. KOLARS.

—Monday, 19.

SLEPT not at all well last night, dreaming for the most part to great discomfort, my dreams being of a card game the which I cannot explain for I did hold five aces and did then perceive my hand to be turned away from, as against, towards me. I next did dream concerning great wars and battles which caused me much puzzlement, I being unable to place relation between the two dreams in my poor tired mind.

Up and to classes, they being much the same as always, and so to the Palace in the afternoon, though a pretty Miss who sat opposite me in the tram nearly dissuaded me from my intention of going to the show, she being so pretty withal, I fear I should have attempted acquaintance had she not called for a Chapin transfer, I being not too familiar with this line.

—Saturday, 23.

Having today received my allowance I took my noonday meal at the cafeteria where I did learn a new expression quite by chance in overhearing a conversation concerning the dance, it being, "Push a wicked pooch," which is to my mind much heartier a phrase than that which goes, "Drag a sock." I do hope that I shall have the presence and occasion to use it for it did greatly please me.

Saw Rodney, he being quite pleasant and not knowing I think that it was I who did take Mabel out on the night on which he did call by ap-

pointment and did find her not at home.

Was greatly irritated and did fly into a rage when upon reaching my room I did find that my roommate had again taken my shirt, this being the tenth or twentieth time.

I must be more severe with him in this.

—Friday, 1.

Did see the same pretty Miss on the tram today, but she, asking this time for no transfer, did make her dainty way to a Caddillac, the which she entered and drove off alone, I being much vexed with my stupidity of some days before. My poor psychology is I fear lagging.

To a picture show tonight, where I, buying a balcony ticket, attempted to find seat in the pit, but to my great chagrin was caught and asked to pay the full price, and not having was forced to at last sit in the balcony where I did find myself surrounded by Ethiopes much to my disgust. The show was not of merit, the climax being whether the hero would or would not catch a train for his wife's bedside, and I, dallying to see the outcome did miss my car.

I shall not go to a show again soon.

—Tuesday, 8.

My birthday today and did send a letter of congratulation home. One of the gifts for this day, a magnificent new watch did so please me that I could scarcely forebear showing it to the pawn man, he offering me twenty-nine cents on it and I, seemly unable to resist, did take the loan, and so to the Oliver where I did eat with great eclat. Did then see a show, it being quite poor and of little merit (I must foreswear this pastime) and

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thence to the school and so to bed,
arising and dressing a short time
later and so down to the Palaise Roy-
ale where I did dally at great merri-
ment until late.

My poor feet hurt so today that I
think I had best go to bed.

I shall be greatly worried until I
have opportunity to scan the prefect's
face the morrow....

CREDO.

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER.

Yet, somehow, I believe
Each night
Is threaded by red
Candle light;
That every dismal day
Can be
Lengthened into
Eternity!

That broken hearts are
Never dead,
But live forever on
Instead.
And like a wondering child
I think
All reddened wine is sweet
To drink.

But still, my small
Philosophy
Does not all belong
To me;
For from a heart I stole
It out
And thus I carry it
About!

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AMERICA AND THE SOUTH-SIDE.

G. N. S.

OUR COMMUNITY is making money—by the barrel, or whatever receptacle money comes in. It is spick if not span, being at one and the same time rather rickety and very new. It hems us in with chimneys during the day and with motion-pictures by night. That ought to identify us, though of course the mere mention of a number of staple products would do so a little more definitely. In spite of all this we have taken quite a fancy to our city. One thing or another may happen day after tomorrow and bring at least a Japanese Commission to inspect us. Our folks—our best folks, I should have said—are beginning to wear their cosmopolitanism with a measure of comfort. Art is talked of here and there, we have a writer or so, and a neighboring university more and more commonly referred to as an “adjunct.” Our civic organizations are, as the noble old tag asserts, legion; and it would never do to mention how many conventions have been held in our midst—male and female, as they were created. It is even rumored that when some of our leading citizens go into a telephone booth, Wall Street takes down the receiver. These same men have doubled and redoubled our population during the last few years and crowded things a bit, but excepting on rent days we do not complain.

Indeed, as has been suggested, we really love our city. Some of us even worry about trifles of one sort or another, and there are those who climb up to get a bird’s eye view of the

place and come down shaking their heads very mournfully. What disturbs them is visible and vital enough. Every evening at precisely five o’clock the whistles blow, and great armies move out through gates that need only picturesqueness to make them feudal. About one half of our city belongs to these armies—a grimy, stodgy, unprepossessing one half. It seems to have been picked up at something like a rummage sale. It wandered over from Europe, very largely, or is descended of parents who so wandered. And so its respect for His Majesty’s English is mingled with a flagrant addiction to some other language; it has its own ways of doing things and will not be comforted with others; it is often a bit unruly. In short, it is scarcely a clean cut answer to the formula, “Americanization.” Now certainly everybody has the keenest concern for what that implies, even though the word be unattractive. To fill the country with countrymen: could there be a more stirring endeavor? After having listened to a few impassioned speeches on the subject, surely the most callous heart would be included to swallow the matter in a chunk. Besides which my friend the Colonel (of the War of the German Invasions, as Professor Sherman has it) talks most charmingly, if at some length, on the theme.

The Colonel is an excellent man who still wishes to serve his country and exercise his eloquence. For him the tide of foreigners that rises quite to the level of our fashionable streets is a menace threatening even such comparatively inaccessible documents as the Constitution and Magna Charta. Perhaps the Colonel is still

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a little in favor of universal military training. I was convinced personally that something practical ought to be done; but it seemed difficult to see exactly what. Our foreign element needed a prescription—the recipes all called for ingredients that would not mix. Wasn't it a bit impolite to expect good English of these new guests to our shores, when college Freshmen were having the time of their lives with the thing? And all this fever about customs, as if our own were so completely satisfactory! I was nevertheless sadly impressed with the fact that our South Side, where the foreigners huddle, was an easy place to die in, and rather shocking for numerous other reasons. There wasn't the proper respect for law, order and accessory details which it is our duty to uphold. The matter of good citizenship is something one has a right to insist on, at least in other people. Altogether it was a perplexing situation. There are times when one aches with eagerness to speed up civilization a bit—to take things-as-they-are by the shoulders and shove them into position. The world would be ever so much nicer a place to live in if it would come obediently into our nursery, and not consider itself grown up. If it could only be kept off the streets for two centuries!

This urge to civilize is one of the most generous and most cruel of human emotions. It created and nourished the Inquisition, and it is doing Near East Relief. We saw it adding up Mr. Wilson's tragic "points" with efficiency. The man who is once caught alone with it will always be a person apart, as definitely marked as Spencer's Knight. In our town we are still too busy saving up for

automobiles to have felt it more than sporadically. And yet one evening, after having retreated from the Colonel's house, the pressure of the thing was so strong upon me that I found myself alone in a street where every merchant's name was a riddle and where even the faces that passed seemed unaccountable and provoking. Very likely this perpetual outcropping of strangenesses just around the corner is the big reason why it is so difficult to look upon the United States as a Fatherland. We want to feel at home here, but in spite of us the house seems packed to the door with strangers. While we saunter along dreaming—once in a while, at least—of a national spirit, America round about us preserves the gay welter of a thousand racial moods. It is more than a problem in politics. It is a question for the heart. "Beautiful my country"—but does my country see that she is beautiful?

Alone in the street, I wondered about some of this. Dingy buildings squatted round about, over acres and acres, to the gates of a gigantic foundry, where the red sputter of furnaces jagged upwards into darkness. Children swarmed everywhere—new Americans; a noisy player-piano was tearing up new American music; and under a semi-circle of giddily dancing lights, people were going in to see the latest American movie. And all of this seemed monstrous and jolly then, as if the hidden roots of life were here. Suddenly my eye fastened upon a mighty and bewildering poster which intrigued because an obviously feminine name was inscribed there in letters astonishingly high. A gentleman nearby cleared up the mystery, like a particularly laconic Mr.

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Holmes. There was opera tonight at the—Hall. It was the last of a series of operas, and very good, too.

The revelation was stunning. Opera in *our* town? Above all, opera in this part of our town? I have my share of skepticisms, and this report savored of the fantastically miraculous. But there was the announcement, bigger than life, and there stood my Mr. Holmes. It was quite like meeting a paralytic friend, home from a shrine and cured. There and then I went to the opera, with a long line of jostling people who lifted coins from somewhere about their clothes with a kind of lumbering carefulness. We hunted our way up an assortment of dingy stairs into what served as the auditorium. This was packed; and surely, whatever else might be said, no singer could have longed for a more companionable audience. You could see "I'm glad I'm here" on every face, even on faces nearly beyond saying anything. Then the orchestra appeared and the curtain rose and, behold, the Prima Donna! She was certainly an artist, a radiant, vivid creature with a clear voice shot through with laughter and, maybe, pain. And such gorgeous costuming! The colors glittered and flashed across that humble stage until they nearly took your breath away for sheer joy at seeing them interweave. It was all a company over from Europe for a time in the hope, no doubt, of gathering in a few dollars. This I learned from a person with enormous mustaches. But the company, even the Prima Donna, was not half so engrossing as the audience. That was actually enjoying itself and surrendering fierce-

ly to the music. It sat dumb and receptive before the passionate attack of melody, and grew jubilant and victorious once a pause was in order.

Jubilant and victorious! Clearly this wasn't a Little Theater. Our more discreet audiences— but let us pass on. The evening was an ecstatic success. I came out of that smelly room—for an American nose will retain its qualifications in spite of music—profoundly inclined to believe that the centre of gravity in our city had shifted. The only place among all these square miles of houses where music could be rendered as the gods of music had surely intended, was a muddy, lop-sided 'Hunyak' Hall! This conclusion was modified slightly during the next few days. Contact with the district uncovered a group of Polish choristers who, coming though they did from machine-shops, made the Sunday service a thing of solemn beauty and consoling dignity. And I really don't remember how many orchestras and societies of song turned up in every direction. The peculiar fact about it all was, every body seemed to be having a good time quite independently of the improvement of self or the uplift of art. On a street which it would hardly do to mention by name, there lived a man whose business was Horatian, if not Falernian. The law had an eye, a rather sleepy eye, on him. I have never met a merchant whose personality was so very superior to his wares. His wine was a sheer disgrace, but he himself a philosopher, a politician and a gentleman. And at his place you could hear Beethoven and Liszt in a version that left nothing to be desired. You could also

observe people of meaty energy, who could drift placidly out of the very much every-day into a dream.

Consequently I made a decision. If my friend the Colonel took up the thread of his discourse again, he must be interrupted, with the customary gentleness and firmness. Colonel, I should say, it is surely quite clear that civilization is utterly a relative thing, and that the people who would deliver it to you on a platter are, as often as not, very poor waiters. The idea of dangling the old Puritan (or the old anybody else, for that matter) before the complex population of our time as a sacrosanct model! Emerson was a good tailor and his suit of Americanism fitted him snugly enough. But the people in our streets would not merely look grotesque in it. They would crack it at the elbows. They have elbows.

This may need a word of comment. I suppose that so pretentious a term as civilization may be said to imply, first a stock of any number of things good for men, and next, what Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch calls "the qualifying imagination." Now the good things are reasonably plentiful amongst us, and it is a blunder to fancy that our South Sides are in existence merely to get their share. They are here also to create their share, and maybe a portion of ours in the bargain. As the great wheels turn in our industries, the men at the bottom profit some and lose more. Iron-puddlers are not usually members of our first families, but they do at least as much work and possibly have some fairly good reason for expecting a reward. This seems rather obvious, but a good many serious-minded "patriots" must have missed

seeing it. Foreigners are, indeed, not Americans off-hand, but aren't they justified in saying to many an American business man, in Eugene O'Neil's grimy phrase, "We're the guts of this thing?" And of "guts," to be perfectly frank, we stand much in need. We even owe them a certain modicum of thanks.

Now for the qualifying imagination. It may be true that we older settlers have no real monopoly of it. Recently I happened upon an incident—or life-story rather—that seems to ask an important question. Some twenty-five years ago a young woman came, with her husband, from Poland to this country. They were poor; and when the man died a year later he left a penniless widow and a son. The woman went to work in a plant where her task was to move a knife rapidly across a spinning string of twine that waited for her ninety times a minute. For nearly twenty years she performed this highly complicated operation day in and day out, to the great edification of her employer. She did this as if there were nothing else in the world she could do—as if the joy and color of the earth were of no appeal or consequence. All the while her son was growing, and it was for him and his education that she slaved and hoarded. The lad had his wits about him and attracted some attention because he could draw. An art-school helped to develop his talent, and today he is a painter of some reputation. I am told that the head of the firm for which the artist's mother worked bought one of his landscapes to hang in the drawing-room of an elaborate new residence — adding thus, no doubt, to the expense-account so essential in the proper eval-

uation of new residences. And the mother? Brutalized by a life-time of routine and sacrifice, she takes a kind of simple pleasure in the success of her son, whose work she can neither understand or enjoy. One really can't help asking, beside facts like these, just why the percentage type of American is so fond of himself. Surely there is a great deal of superlative ignorance in a program like this:—measure the intelligence of the "alien" and issue pessimistic statements about democracy; start a peculiarly enlightened campaign against those not native-born; and talk learned nonsense about inferior races.

We can very well afford to be less down-in-the-mouth about American democracy. "It is urgent," remarks James Stephens, "that we be joyous if we wish to live." And our South Side is, in spite of everything, astonishingly joyous. I sometimes wonder if it has a dull moment, even in the long days during which it toils. It has hours of poignant heartache, of course; the sharp gruelling heartache of a peasant far from home. It hungers often enough, and righteously, for the aged hills upon which it was born and dreamed of voyaging, and for the ripe culture that hemmed it round, quite intangibly, in lands where freedom had been fought for, too. But on the whole it lives contentedly here on a store-house of accumulated virtues. It has patience and contemplative hours together with a ready eagerness that sometimes explodes. It sits dumb but it can sing. It washes windows but it may possibly break windows. Look at those Italians now! I wish they bathed a trifle oftener and were less handy with a knife. But really they

look as if they might grow—as if they still had the energy for a leap upward. Tomorrow will belong to them, and so there need be no fear of the setting sun.

Of course we ought to help prepare for this tomorrow, in some simple fashion that is also practicable. May we not build our future upon the South Side instead of trying to add it to our present? Are there ways of transforming the alien without putting a sign on his back and pretending he has changed? Down the street a trim young lady is trying to inject standardized education into several rows of hard little Polish heads. She finds it rather like stone crushing, only more difficult; and she is wonderfully precise in her estimates. Now I wonder if all this business of trying to cram a ready-made American education down these youngsters' throats is not a fatal waste of time. Why not take them as they are, glorying in their vitality and crudity as in sturdy foundations upon which we can build? Imagine the Puritan reconstructing himself according to the accepted canons of what a good Cavalier ought to be! Or a French-Canadian being cut over into a perfectly respectable Mark Sabre! Both races have amounted to something in this world because they believed in themselves and took the time to justify their conviction. And so if we are content to let the Italian *be* an Italian first, we may hope that he will become a tolerable American later on. More than that, we can be of assistance. We can take some genuine delight in his existence and shake hands familiarly. I should very much regret to think we had crushed his song and love of color and passionate sim-

plicity for the sake of humdrum and routine and mechanical school-mastery. It is surely better to have the Pole stubborn and clannish than weak and amorphous. Accumulated racial experience judged by any standards whatever is likely to be better than no experience; and as for American standards, they emphasize experience. There is hope for a people who will smash a few doors and noses to carry their sacred statue in procession when that privilege is denied. They would not have been Tories during the Revolution nor renegades during the Rebellion. It may do no harm to remember, once in a while, that America has not always been on the side of decorum.

Somewhere in our city a man who has just finished supper after a good day in the machine-shop, is sitting on his front porch reading a newspaper—in German. Round about his five or six descendants are tumbling in high glee. Suddenly his eye rests on them; it is strangely bright with interest and worry. And the question he asks himself, nine times out of ten, is not whether these children will make money or become president, but “How will they grow up?” It is only too true that the way in which he should like to have that question answered is not the crude, hard way of so much American youth about him—the glib, gum-chewing, joy-riding youth of the emancipated second generation. He loathes that because he has been a European peasant with ambitions, because the years of exile have stripped his memory of externals but kept the beauty of toil and culture. I know, having talked to many a poor fellow on the subject,

how much of fear and pain there is in the ruthless determination of this new Fatherland to crush, in the children, everything that is old and so sacred. And the honest inquiry which every reasonable American ought to put to himself is this: Why should the old be discarded when the new is dross? Why can't we support education for the foreigner's children which is decently in accord with their ancestry, their family lives, and their social needs? It is possible to do so much more easily than to keep going the kind of mechanical and futile drill we are so fond of misnaming “school.” What is that, after all, but fundamentally “leisure”—time out for the old things that have mattered and the beauty over which men have laughed and cried? Send the children of the Pole and the Italian to masters of his own race; it is keeping alive that counts for us, not killing. Or has it become untrue that independence was our cradle-song?

And if the spirit of America can be made a visible and substantial affair, like the vision of Oxford spires or Parisian palaces, then there need be no fear of ineffectiveness. But as you stand in the center of our town, where traffic is thickest, and let your eyes wander the length of the street, it would seem indeed that the attractive face of our country has been veiled from view. We do a good business, and with some of the profits buy automobiles for our families and education for our children. Education of a sort. For surely no one will claim for the years of high-school and college any more than that they are a kind of languid interval before the big drums of commercial life—which alone count—begin to play.

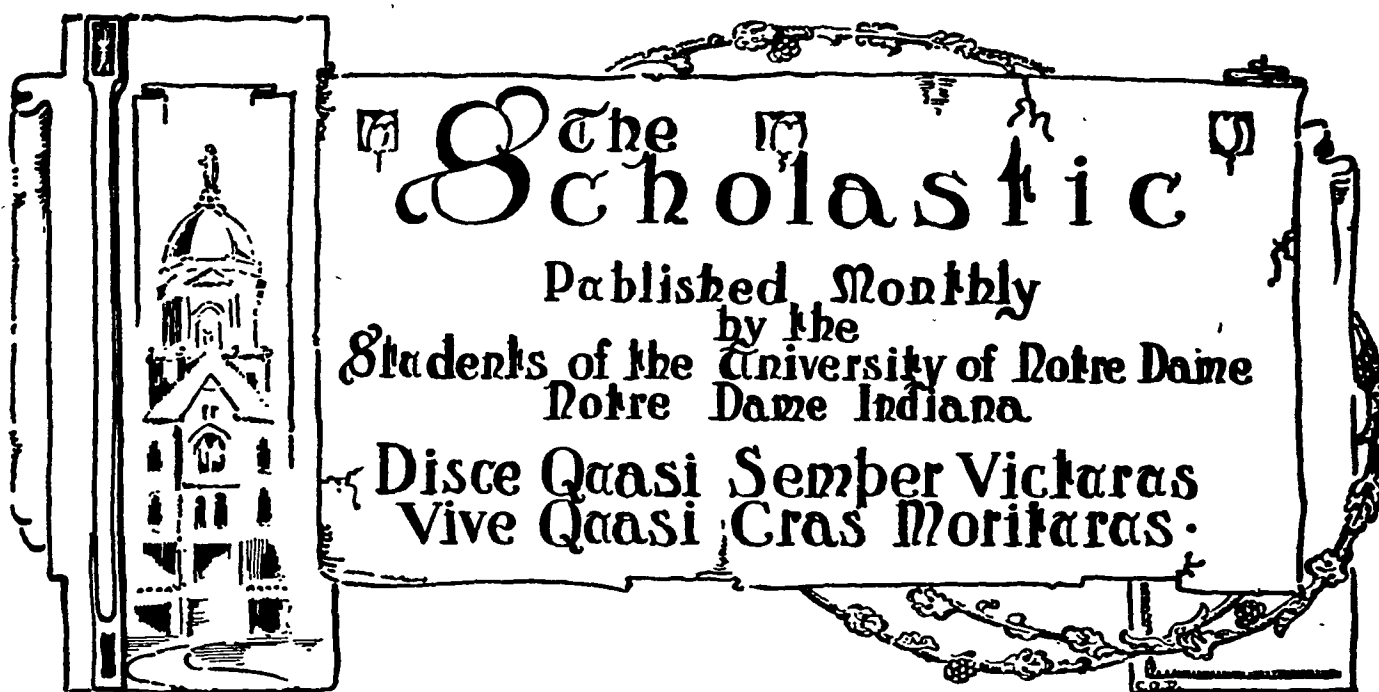
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See how very little the college men and women of yesterday have contributed of anything mysterious and beautiful because of its having bloomed in the Inner Eden. The movie at the end of the block is a glaring example, not because of what the movie is but because of what it might be, if the soul of the community were caught up into it and after that the spirit of the nation. Then there is the solitary little bookshop—or recent fiction dispensary. And the Elks' and the candy-kitchens. Beyond these, somewhere, houses, and in front of them, like a sinister and ironical gibbet, the divorce-court.

I don't think *this* is exactly America. And back in the South Side, where the dinner-pails are scrubbed clean now and a confused, comical din of tired breathing disturbs the night, people cherish other dreams, too. It

may be only a half heart-broken aspiration to greater wealth and freedom, as felt against the background of sinking memories. But generally it is colored by the instinct which bands men together in opposition to the miseries of their lot, in the light of community purpose. Perhaps that is only an illusion, devoid of steadfastness; and yet it is the only urge that is at once intensely conservative and profoundly radical. I am sure the South Side feels it at least as strongly as anybody else. And if any class of Americans should feel priority to these, on grounds of birth or what not, it may be for some reason basically similar to what prompted the mediaeval Franciscans to ask the right to march before the Dominicans in the Oxford academic processions. They demanded it by reason of their greater humility.





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SUPPLY YOUR OWN KICK.

Failing sense organs, intellectual lassitude, or unprecedented conditions have placed this writer in a novel position. There seems to be no crying evil to reform—the *sine qua non* of the college editorial. Of course we are aware that the millenium has not yet crept upon us, so we turn our analytical mind in the general direction of personal laxity or concealed wrongs. We had one editorial all set in which we pointed out to the faculty a method of saving us much trouble. It hardly seems possible, but that group had anticipated our own conclusions and is actually at work on a plan which wends toward the same goal as ours. When even that much abused body seems to be doing what you want them to, what chance has a poor editorial writer?

The campus has become so startlingly beautiful that it has driven from our mind the thoughts of the recent sloughs of despond. The weather has been a trifle cool, but even we haven't the heart to blame the authorities for that. When a piece of rope or a splash of paint falls from the Church tower we think we have a grievance but when we look up at that inspiring edifice our mind is very liable to wander to less belligerent fields.

Now there are the Seniors. We might find cause for complaint there. They are getting pretty elated about commencement. They miss their classes during Ball week. They dress a half dozen times a day and are always leading some sweet thrilled young thing through the points of interest. But when we stop to think of all the good friends that are leaving with the Class of '24. . . well, pardon the foregoing complaints.

Politics were terribly prominent in the Junior class elections. As a rule class political machines are disintegrating, but when the opposing factions

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put up men of such sterling worth as those who were entered in the race for Junior honors, it really serves as a stimulus to class life and is a real "can't-lose" proposition.

Changes in the courses, system of marking absences, regulations, and other affairs in the routine of the schools are being perfected very satisfactorily by the proper authorities. The athletic teams are being talked of more for their potentialities than their past achievements.

In short, without being an optimistic liar, a Pollyanias on principle, we can't find a thing to complain of (outside our personal defects.) If this department continues next year it will have to organize a special committee to create problems for its usual brilliant but simple solution.

STRANGE STREETS.

At twilight, when God has hung out the evening wash, in the form of fleecy clouds, fanning them dry gently in the red warmth of the sun, is the best opportunity for investigating unknown avenues—avenues clean and dusty, irresolute and comforting. All the ugly smudges are melted and soothed into the slanting shadows. Every pinnacle halts haloed in the sombre glamour of crimson-yellow light. And each tiny spiral of smoke from the low, black, sooty chimney holes wavers like a prayer borne up on the incense of the benediction service. One might chance to hear the cry of children at their bread and milk; sounding like a faint, exquisite, *Tantum Ergo* muffled by the thick partitions of some old world cathedral.

The sordidness of backyards, so uglily evident in the noon, remains hidden in the grey shadows, or caught up in the splotches of jet thrown by high board fences. There are only the silhouette chimneys and eyes, not dirty, but merely masses of dark and light colour in the picture. This is Peace!

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LUNAR LOG.

LAST SUMMARY.

OF COURSE the two most important events in this last lap of the school year were the Prom and the Ball. Long months of preparation culminated in two glorious nights of pleasure at the Palais Royale, nights in which studies, K. K. K. parades, and approaching examinations were forgotten under the spell of radiant companionship and wonderful music. To name the entire list of men who were responsible for the high standard of entertainment offered on both these occasions would be well nigh impossible. To Don Gallagher, to Owen Desmond, to John Moran and to Gilbert Schaefer the thanks of the student body must be particularly offered. These men, in their official positions, are directly responsible, and to them must go the lion's share of the glory. Those who aided them, in both classes, had their reward in the successes achieved. To the guests of course must go a word of thanks. They were charming!

The Glee Club Concert and Dance, and the Monogram Ball were lesser luminaries in this month of social activities. Other dances and banquets are being held weekly. The Knights are going to give a free dance sometime before school closes, and the Commencement dance, June 13th, will round out a year unparalleled at Notre Dame for splendor and frequency of social events.

The Daily announces Don Gallagher as Valedictorian, Mark Nolan as Class Orator and James Hayes as Class Poet. Valedictory, Oration, and Poem will receive frantic attention after the first of June.

Doctor Walsh of New York talked to the student body on "Curious Cures." Doctor Walsh, always welcome, was as interesting and humorous as ever, and his expose of "quack" doctors and freak cures was as rich in merriment as were those doctors who hoodwinked the public, rich in money.

Dennis J. O'Neil, of Mishawaka, and points north, was nominated and later elected to fill the shoes of Jack Scallan as Editor of the 1925 Dome. Lester Hegele, Accounting shark, and commerce student, received the most votes for the office of business manager, and Wilbur McElroy, whose fine work did so much to make this year's Dome a success, was unanimously elected art editor of next year's book. These three men, working hand in hand with their staffs, will have little difficulty stepping along in the footsteps of Flannery and Scallan, M. A. (Masters of Annuals), and the Dome of 1925, we are sure, will be as great in art, action and advertising as the glorious twins that have preceded it.

Jim Swift and George Bischoff, S. A. C. representatives to the Annual Convention of Student Societies, discuss matters of importance down in Knoxville, Tennessee, and come back loaded with information for next year's Council. Incidentally, several new members have been added to the Council by student election. From the freshman Class Bill Daily; from the Sophomore Class Eddie O'Neil, John Touhey, John Purcell; from the Junior Class Paul Rahe, Ralph Hager, Elmer Layden, Joseph Bach, Jack Scallan, Ben Kesting, and one man from the Day Student's yet to be elected. The retiring members of the S. A. C. receive gold medals for brav-

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ery in action, and plans are made for getting the new members together for election of next year's officers.

Class Elections take up many hours of campaigning and strenuous effort. The "proxy" system still practiced in an otherwise progressive University, gets the U-drive-It quite a bit of business. The Freshman Class elects Thomas Green to lead them through the bitter Sophomore year. Sophomores put their trust in Dan Brady of Iowa, and Don Miller, star half-back, is selected to captain the state-ly seniors over the perilous paths of the last year. Other officers in the Freshman class election are, for vice-President, Vince McNally, for Secretary, Joseph Benda, for Treasurer, John McMannon. In the Sophomore Class, for vice-President, John Wallace, for Treasurer, Jim Silver, for Secretary, Eddie Barry. In the Junior Class, for vice-President, William Merriman, for Treasurer Barney McNab, for Secretary Bill Hurley.

The Dome of '24 comes out on time, artistic, and in every way, representative of Notre Dame. As this is being written only ten Domes are left of a shipment of fifteen hundred. An unusual condition of demand exceeding supply testifies to the beauty and value of this book. Jack and Bart and their staffs are deserving of all the congratulations that have been reaching them, from the campus, from the faculty, and from the alumni. It is a book to be treasured!

The Chicago Club, at a regular meeting, elected William (Bill) Cerny of Chicago president for the coming year. Walter Metzger was elected vice-president, and Frank McFad-

den and Charles Collins, secretary and treasurer respectively. Owen Desmond, retiring president, and whose efforts are responsible for the success of the club this year, read a financial report, and showed the good standing of the club. Seniors were called on for speeches, and their support was urged for the future.

The New Scholastic appears, with articles by Father Cavanaugh, Brother Barnabas, Father Chevrette, and editor. A Sonnet by Father Charles O'Donnell is another feature of this excellent issue. An account of the Laetare medalist for 1924 also appeared.

Doctor Browne of Chicago brought his St. Patrick's Choir down here one Sunday evening and presented a comic opera in Washington Hall. "The Lass of Limerick Town" was enjoyed by everyone. While all the singing was good, Miss Sarah McCabe was easily the star of the show. Dancing, songs and brilliant wit (characteristic of the Irish!) made the production one of the most entertaining that has appeared here in many years. The Glee Club entertained—and very handsomely at that!

The Knights of Columbus put thirty-four candidates through the mill, and then fed them at a glorious banquet afterwards. Mr. William J. Milroy, orator, gave the principal talk of the evening, Professor George N. Shuster acted as toastmaster, and Charlie Butterworth entertained with a humorous skit. Harry Denny's orchestra furnished the syncopation.

The Daily celebrates its first anniversary, and the three editors who have guided it through the rough seas

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of its infancy, get together and congratulate each other. Long live the Daily!

Professor Shuster, honorary president of the Scribblers, addresses the club, and tells some very pertinent facts about the qualifications for authorship. Scribblers take notes industriously and are going to practice up during the summer. Three Dome editors, Flannery, Scallan and O'Neil are called upon for speeches and each praises the other's Dome. A lively discussion on when, where, and what to eat at the approaching banquet ended the meeting.

At a banquet of the "Cubs," a journalistic club, held at the College Inn, McCready Huston, editorial writer of the South Bend Tribune, and Father Charles Miltner, dean of the Arts and Letters Department, gave very interesting addresses. The cubs got some good advice along journalistic and philosophical lines, and the food was good also.

In the Freshman Oratorical contest held in Washington Hall, Sam Privitera of New York, a resident of Freshman Hall, won first prize. His theme was entitled, "Why Ditch Proposal Injustice?" Richard Quinlan of Illinois was given second place delivering an oration on "America Must," and George J. Pellegrin of Moreau Seminary received third place. William Coyne, Bailey Wash and Marcellus Fiehrer followed in order. Professor Farrell, Brother Alphonsus and Professor Bucknell judged the contest.

There is much ado all through this month over baseball and track. Tom Coman, the Hughie Fullerton of the Daily, writes long articles on these events for the Scholastic also, and his

Underwood has been working overtime this month to fill up the back section of this magazine with the triumphs and defeats of Notre Dame on diamond and cinders. Tennis and Golf, while not directly in Tom's line received his careful attention, and are recorded faithfully.

Ascension Thursday and Memorial Day leave a nice vacation for those who are beginning to be touched with Spring Fever. The Indianapolis Races and the footrace at Michigan City draw many of the boys away from their Saturday classes. Those who remained at Notre Dame and participated in the Memorial Day exercises will not soon forget them. The new Memorial arch at the East entrance to the Church was dedicated by Father Walsh who spoke impressively on the occasion. Colonel Hoynes, dear to everyone at Notre Dame, led the Memorial Day parade.

The program for Commencement has been announced, and the Senior Week appears to be crowded with entertainment, dances, and speeches. Friday, June 13th, a Concert by the Glee Club, followed by an informal Commencement Dance, will occupy the evening. Saturday morning, Solemn requiem mass, followed by senior Class Day exercises, luncheon, a track meet, and baseball game, and the Alumni banquet fill the day, and for the night, the Commencement edition of the Monogram Absurdities will be staged in Washington Hall.

On Sunday, June 15th, the morning exercises consist of an academic procession, followed by solemn pontifical mass, at the Sacred Heart Church, blessing of the senior flag,

and baccalaureate address by the Reverend Joseph H. Conroy, bishop of Ogdensburg, New York. Music will be furnished by Moreau Seminary and the University Glee Club. At eleven o'clock the Senior Flag exercises will be held. In the afternoon the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, followed at five o'clock by the awarding of degrees on the Main Quadrangle. The Commencement address is to be delivered by the Honorable Woodbridge N. Ferris of Michigan.

This brings things to an end, not only for the Seniors, but for this log. Many things have been overlooked, not intentionally, but for lack of space. Only the high lights have been chronicled, for the Scholastic cannot usurp the position of the Daily. For those who have received publicity through these columns, no charge will be made (not even to Mark Nolan), and for those who have been slighted, only regrets can be offered. The trunk is packed, the books have been dusted and put away, the curtains are down, and the pennants are rolled up; it is time we were moving—'with a sigh that is almost a sob, and a smile that is far from a grin'—hope to see you Homecoming, and—well, 'that's that, until next year'—

JAMES F. HAYES.

GLORY AND GLEE.

Some say that of all the arts Music must be accorded the highest place. Many lovers of harmony say that a college glee club best represents all that is fine and true in college or university life. Down through the years since the formation of Notre Dame's first Glee Club, there has been a steady and pronounced development until now is found an organization finished in almost every detail. A men's chorus appeals as no other group can to the heart and soul of man, and in its appeal is to be found the reason for its extreme popularity.

The Glee Club of this University has achieved notable success in almost a score of concerts during the season of 1923-1924. It was feared at one time that no college glee club could please its audiences with a programme composed entirely of classics. The world of today may frown upon the classical and the refined, but undying memory preserves the glory won by Palestrina, Praetorius, diLasso, Mozart, Dvorak, Homer and other masters whose beautiful works are sung by the Glee Club of this University. The experiment, if it may be so termed, has been more than successful.

Here is the representative program:

Part I.—Part Songs

- (a) "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming"
Praetorius- Davidson (1571-1621)
- (b) "Matona, Lovely Maiden"
DiLasso-Davidson (1532-1594)
- "Adoramus Te" _____Palestrina
- "O Bone Jesu" _____Palestrina
- "Rhapsodie" _____Brahms

Part Songs—

- (a) "Viking Song" _____Coleridge-Taylor
- (b) "Songs My Mother Taught Me"
Dvorak-Smith

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(c) "Funiculi-Funicula" ----Denza-Hilton

Part II.—Part Songs

(a) "June-Time" -----Browne

(b) "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes"
Mozart-MacColl

Venetian Love Song -----Nevin

Recessional -----Kipling-DeKoven

Part Songs—

(a) "Banjo Song" -----Homer-Brewer

(b) "Old King Cole" -----Forsyth

(c) "Hike, Notre Dame!"
Cassasanta-Browne

Music lovers are unanimous in acclaiming this season's offerings the most beautiful ever sung by the Notre Dame organization. The Glee Club rejoices in the pleasure it gives to others because its efforts are spent for the glory of Notre Dame and Notre Dame alone.

Under the conduction of Dr. J. Lewis Browne and the assistant direction of Jos. J. Cassasanta, the Glee Club opened the season in December with a concert in Mishawaka. February, the second, saw one of the most successful concerts of the year in Indianapolis. The students of the University heard the Club on February the thirteenth. On March the twenty-third, the Glee Club appeared in concert at St. Mary's College. One of the outstanding musical events of many years was Dr. Browne's organ recital in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Sunday evening, March, the thirteenth, the Glee Club assisting. The Easter tour, beginning Monday, the twenty-first of April, was by far the most successful extended tour ever taken by the Notre Dame organization. Concerts in Cleveland, Akron, Niles, Elyria and Sandusky, Ohio, strengthened the popularity of Notre Dame in that State. The an-

nual South Bend concert and ball was held this year in the Palais Royale. On May, the sixteenth, the Cameo Room of the Morrison Hotel was the scene of the Chicago concert, perhaps the outstanding offering of the year. The season will close with the annual dinner dance for Club members on June, the twelfth. The Glee Club will assist the University during Commencement Week with a concert in Washington Hall Friday evening, June, the thirteenth, and by singing the Commencement Mass on Sunday, the fifteenth, in the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Assisting the Glee Club during the season: George Koch, Baritone; Vernon Richard, Tenor; Senorita Ybarra, Soprano; Sarah McCabe, Soprano; Maud Weber, Pianist; Josephine Decker, Contralto; Marjorie Berteling Galloway, Pianist; Alfred Meyers, Accompanist.

The officers for the year were: Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., Hon. Pres.; Thomas H. Hodgson, President; Francis Howland, Vice-President; George Koch, Business Manager; Dr. J. Lewis Browne, Director; Joseph Cassasanta, Asst. Director.

THOMAS H. HODGSON,
President, the Glee Club.

THE SENIOR BALL.

The acme of brilliance was attained at this, the school's foremost social function. It was a delightful climax to a happy year. Other Senior Balls have reached high points of excellence but this one outclassed them all.

Many events made up the program

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for Senior Ball week. On Wednesday afternoon, May 21, there was the Notre Dame-Minnesota baseball game, described in detail elsewhere in the book. That night an informal dance took place in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel with Harry Denny's orchestra entertaining. A reception was held on Thursday afternoon at the Elks Club. The Big Five orchestra played and refreshments were served. That evening at seven a dinner dance was given at the Oliver. This was a happy affair and everyone enjoyed Charlie Davis' orchestra and entertainers who were brought from Indianapolis for the event.

The peak of the festivities was reached Friday night, May 23, when the Ball itself was held with much eclat. The Seniors had looked forward to this party all year, and to say that they were pleased with it is expressing their sentiments inadequately. The Grand March, distinctive in itself, was led by Donald Gallagher, president of the Class of '24, and Miss Mercedes McDonough of Chicago, and Owen Desmond, general chairman of the Ball arrangements, and Miss Florence Zuber of Chicago. No one could have asked for more pleasing music. The far-famed Benson Orchestra of Chicago under the direction of Don Bestor entertained. Already noted as makers of Victor records they added a new crown of glory to their achievements. Music can spell success or failure for a dance; on this occasion it had much to do with the success that marked the Ball. The favors were distinctive. For every girl there was a gold brocaded vanity bag with a leather card case and the dance program en-

closed, and for every man a white gold combination comb and knife. It is doubtful whether such attractive favors were ever distributed at a previous Notre Dame social function.

A joyous atmosphere was noticeable. There were guests from many states, near and far. But the events of the two preceding days had given them ample opportunity to become acquainted and a happy camaraderie was in evidence. The dance lasted until the early hours. And after it ended, everyone felt that it had been the supreme occasion of the year.

The Indiana State Track Meet took place Saturday afternoon, and a theatre party at the Blackstone that evening concluded the festivities.

Every Senior knows that the Ball committee worked long and assiduously to make the party the outstanding social event in Notre Dame annals. They were ably guided by Owen E. Desmond, whose penchant for generalship is well-known. He devoted much time to the arrangements and preparations, and everyone is glad that his efforts had such noteworthy results.

J. C. RYAN.

BUILDING AT NOTRE DAME.

THE MEMORIAL PORCH.

The Soldier's Memorial Transept Porch is nearing completion. A memorial to those Notre Dame men who died in the World War has found expression in this porch and vestibule leading into the south transept of the church of the Sacred Heart.

A moulded Gothic arch in deep reveal frames a pair of oak doors with

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twisting iron hinges. Each door contains a tiny opening with a list of stained glass, one carrying the emblem of the Tudor Rose and the other a Poppy. These is a splay on the outside of the doors and in the masonry of the arch to carry the names of the soldier dead. The stone lintel above the door bears the inscription: "In Glory Everlasting!" Over the lintel is a carved panel with two strong eagles supporting a shield bearing the university seal and it is surmounted by the Chi and Rho of Christ's monogram: The eagles carry in their claws a ribbon which reads "God,-Country,-Notre Dame."

In the splayed sides about waist-high are two projecting corbels on each side. Every Memorial Day these corbels will support the altar table for the military Field Mass offered up for the repose of the souls of those whose names are inscribed above.

Flanking the deepness of the door itself two buttresses rise, shaping themselves into niches with tracery toward the cap.

Over half way up they break back, leaving a supporting ledge for a statue of St. Joan of Arc and St. Michael, one on each buttress. From these ledges there are raised shields bearing the fleur-de-lys and the sword, while high across the facade of the porch from buttress to buttress we read: "Our Gallant Dead."

Inside the doors is a small stone-lined vestibule leading into the church and lighted by two narrow lancets of leaded antique glass bearing medallions of warrior saints.

The Memorial is the result of the faithful efforts of the Notre Dame Veterans of Foreign Wars and the

coöperation of the university. Its design and construction have been in the hands of Messrs. Kervick and Fagan of the architectural department, and a new spot of interest is created in the northwest corner of the main quadrangle.

SCIENCE HALL.

Steps have been taken to meet the congested class-room condition, prevailing at the university, by the addition of a new east wing to old Science Hall. This work is at present under construction and will provide ample facilities for the various departments of science. It is being rushed, through the necessity for having this additional class-room space for the opening of the fall semester.

Seventeen new class rooms and seven new laboratories will be contained in the new structure, all having direct connection with laboratories and class rooms in the existing building. This building will ultimately be devoted exclusively to the college of science although it is expected that classroom congestion in other departments will be at least temporarily relieved by the classrooms provided here.

Architecturally the new work is dependent upon the old Science Hall to which it is connected and will maintain that relationship as far as is practicable.

This building fits into the plan for the university's ultimate development and expansion and is being supervised by Messrs. Kervick and Fagan of the university's architectural department.

V. F.

A MISSIONARY'S MAGAZINE.

(NOTES ON THE JOURNALISM OF REV.
J. B. DELAUNAY, C. S. C.)

THREE recent tootings of the Bandhura *Tin Horn*, a magazine published at Bandhura, India, in the interest of the Bengal missions, bring tidings of the life and work of missionaries well known at Notre Dame, together with an appeal for moral and financial support from their friends on this side of the Pacific. The editor is the Rev. John B. Delaunay, C. S. C., for years a professor here and at the Catholic University. In the magazine is a reflection of the brilliant and humorous, yet intensely serious personality those who know him tell us is his. Its pages sparkle with a good-natured understanding of the half savage natives who are his flock, and with a delicate sympathy which the reader cannot help but feel.

The *Tin Horn* reaches Notre Dame only after a journey of several thousand miles, and consequently it arrives some months after the date of publication. However this is not the only cause of its tardiness, as Father Delaunay whimsically explains in a little essay entitled "What Have I To Do With Clocks." It follows.

"If the September *Tin Horn* reaches you only after Jack Frost has already powdered your front lawn, blame the sultry heat and the consequent drowsiness of our Bengal climate. Men and things move leisurely in the East. My old cook is in the habit of varying our meal time from one to three hours according to the weather on that day. When the shade of the cocoanut tree falls athwart his kitchen door, he begins to torment his mud stove and rattle his brass-pots. If it rains, our clamorous stomachs long for both missing sunshine and loitering

meal. The practice being hardly conducive to good order, I once urged upon the fire-seared brigand the unquestionable advantages of meals prepared at regular hours, and as an earnest of my views on the subject I threatened to add a clock to the scanty furniture of his palace. At that, the village poisoner, who hitherto had been listening with bored indifference, growled in the most vehement Bengalee at his command: 'What have I to do with clocks?' And there ended my efforts at regularity. Our meal hours are now as whimsical as before."

Father Delaunay gives some interesting sidelights on the character of the Indian scholar, some of which will seem more than odd to the student of an American University, while others will surprise him with the readiness which the Bengalee displays in learning the ways and games of the American from the missionary teachers. One of the characteristics which might be described as odd is depicted in the following incident related by Father Delaunay.

Not so very long ago one of Brother Walter's High School students was brought to task for remissness in handing in daily work. The lad wrote on the back of the next duty the following apology illustrative of the Indian boy's reverence for authority and of his affection for 'Master Mahashaya':—"Father, if I committed any offence, please excuse me. You are my father as well as my teacher. I am connected with you by these ties of love. I by no means got angry. YOU ARE GOD. If I got angry, how shall I get the boon or gift? It is much more better for me to die than to live without friend's or teacher's love. Your's stupid pupil, Phani Bhushan Choudhary."

Those of us who were fortunate enough to know Brother Walter as a teacher and friend in this country can readily understand this attitude of the simple and impulsive native.

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Father Delaunay continues his narrative, showing us the Indian's character as displayed on the football field where we can all understand and admire it.

"The same reverence, though in a less degree, is felt for members of higher classes in the school. During a football match, a wiry though diminutive student of Class Ten slugged a burly pupil of Class Nine. The player whose right eye showed evidence of forcible contact with hard knuckles breathlessly rushed to his class master. 'See what that boy of Class Ten has done. I could kill him with one blow, but he is an upper class man. I will forgive. I shall show self-control.' These are some of the strange but beautiful traits we daily notice in our Indian boys. Surely the civilization that inspires such sentiments is spiritual civilization, and brings them very close to the high ideal of the Sermon on the Mount."

The Notre Dame men who have gone to India have carried with them the love of the football which is inherent in all Notre Dame men, and under their tutelage the Indians are becoming quite adept at it. Father Delaunay is rather proud of their ability, and comments on it in a note in the *Tin Horn*.

"May we," he writes "as an expert in sportive matters, add that our lads excel on the play-ground as in the class-room? When their bare toes hit the football, a pretty sight is in store, and when one of our Garo stalwarts bucks the line, the opposing team climbs lofty bamboos."

When our own Coach Rockne writes again on futuristic football he might consider the possibilities of a game, say in 1975, between the fighting Irish and these huskies from the far east. Then east and west might at last meet on a common ground.

In spite of its prevailing tone of optimism, the *Tin Horn* is not en-

tirely devoted to bright tales of the people and their peculiarities. There is a strain of sadness running throughout it, little reminders of the fight against terrible odds which the missionaries are making and of the deplorable conditions which exist among the natives themselves. Perhaps the saddest reminder of all is that of the death of Father Frank Kehoe, who passed away in Oregon during the month of September, shortly after returning from India where he had sacrificed his health in an effort to propagate the Faith among his beloved Indians. In commenting on this great loss to the Church in India, Father Delaunay wrote:

"The death of a seasoned missionary at his post has always something consoling about it; the weary head and the aching limbs of one of Christ's choice soldiers are about to sink to endless rest; but the passing away of a young priest far from the sun-baked fields where he had dreamed to spend his life, has a sadness all its own. Those who knew Father Frank Kehoe and laboured with him keenly felt this pathos when the not unexpected news of his death reached them."

Father Kehoe's place, the *Tin Horn* tells us, is being filled by Brother Anthony who, like Brother Walter, is known to many students from Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, and New Orleans where he taught before going to India. These men wish him the greatest joy and success in his new work.

In the midst of problems and difficulties which beset him every day, Father Delaunay finds consolation and inspiration in thoughts of Notre Dame. Especially inspiring, he tells us, was the news of the Student's

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Mission Crusade, held here during the month of August. He presents the following beautiful tribute to the University in the pages of the *Tin Horn*.

"There are times when the traveller, wearily trudging his solitary way, is refreshed by a cool breath that brings from distant lands the fragrance of unknown flowers. Such comforting feelings came recently to the missionaries who were privileged to read the inspiring account of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held at Notre Dame, Ind., on August 9th. Some of us who knew every leafy nook and perfumed

bower of beautiful Notre Dame could not but regret that we were not there. The twin azure lakes, the golden dome, the towering statue of Our Lady, the booming of the great bell, the luxuriance of the campus grounds, the busy quadrangle, the night demonstration, especially the contagious enthusiasm of so many young men and young women, all these were seen by us as in a mirage. Notre Dame has in the past harboured many movements of religious national import, but I doubt that it ever gave shelter to a movement more in keeping with the traditions, past and present, of the University."

—CORBIN PATRICK.

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BOOK LEAVES.

JOSEPH BURKE.

The May issue of "The Catholic World" includes as one of its leading features an article by John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., on "Protestant Activities in South America." The author's knowledge of this subject, a biographical note tells us, is derived from special study and from several years residence in South America.

The publication of "English Past and Present" by Archbishop Trench about fifty years ago was in itself an achievement in the field of the study of language. E. P. Dutton & Co. have now brought out a new edition of this invaluable book. To those for whom etymology has a fascination (and there are many such persons) it can be cheerfully recommended. The editor of the new edition is Dr. A. Symthe Palmer.

With the summer vacation before us and the wiser among us with carefully laid plans for the next few months, a thought in connection with summer reading would appear to be appropriate. A writer in the "New York Evening Post" submits the following brief list:

Novels: Elmer Davis', "I'll Show You the Town;" George Birmingham's, "King Tommy;" Harold Brighthouse's, "Captain Shapely;" Crosbie Garstin's, "The Owl's House;" Ronald Furbank's, "Prancing Nigger" (noted in these columns last month) and Bohun Lynch's, "A Perfect Day."

More Serious: Andre Maurois' "Ariel. The Life of Shelley" (translated by Ella D'Arcy) and Thomas Beer's "Stephen Crane."

Essays: A. P. Herbert's, "A Man About Town;" Charles Bennett's "At a Venture" and Christopher Ward's "The Triumph of the Nut."

The Continental Press, Inc., of Boston is sponsoring a work called "Catholic Builders of the Nation." The five volumes of this opus cover the wide field of Catholic activity and achievements in every walk of life in the United States. According to the publishers, "it sets forth the important part

played by American Catholics, both men and women, in the social and economic problems confronting the country from its earliest times to the present moment. The work is published in two editions; The Renaissance edition which sells for fifty dollars and the one bound in Holliston Mills Buckram, for twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc could not resist the temptation to write down his impressions of us gathered while on his recent visit to the country. "The Contrast" (Robert M. McBride & Co) is a study of America and the American people.

The Bible upon which George Washington took oath as first President of the United States was used recently in a motion picture re-creation of the inauguration. The book is owned by St. John's Masonic Lodge of New York City.

"Art Principles in Literature" by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., is a plea by this able Jesuit for a stricter and more logical evaluation of art and literature.

"Interesting as the Renaissance is and great as are the gifts that it handed down to posterity, its glory is often sorry tinsel, and it must remain a matter of individual opinion whether it did not take away more than it gave." This is the main thesis in a book certain to arouse much discussion, "The Story of the Renaissance" by Sidney Dark. The author has considered the Renaissance from many angles, politics, literature, art, social conditions and the Reformation.

"The Little Poor Man" is a play in four acts concerned with certain episodes in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. The author, Mr. Harry Lee, has won the Poetry Society's Drama Prize of five hundred dollars for this literary achievement.

A book that should be in every library in the State of Indiana is Stanley Frost's "The Challenge of the Klan."

"Prize Stories of 1923" is the volume of sixteen stories selected by the O. Henry

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Memorial Award Committee. The book also includes a list of other "best stories" of last year. An introduction is supplied by Blanche Colton Williams.

To those who know and love New Orleans Grace King's "La Dame de Saint Herminie" will be especially interesting. The novel is historical and concerns itself with the early French settlers and their wars with the Indians.

Dr. Joseph Collins adjusts his spectacles and takes another look at literature in "Taking the Literary Pulse." One reviewer says: "To literary criticism, Dr. Collins brings an amazing background of reading for a man who has been well occupied with his professional duties."

The Colophon Club of Cleveland has privately printed a symposium of the latest published work of James Branch Cabell, Edwin Meade Robinson, Christopher Morley, Henry L. Mencken, Ben Ray Redman, Burton Roscoe and Ernest Boyd. The volume is entitled "A Round-Table in Poictesme" and consists of a number of essays, a poem and a letter. It is printed for subscribers only in a limited edition of 549 copies.

The publication of a biography of Abraham Lincoln in 3 volumes by William H. Herndon, for 20 years Lincoln's law partner, is announced by Frank Rosengren of Chicago. The work is said to have been reprinted word for word, line for line, from the original, which was suppressed and destroyed after publication in 1889.

The Bodoni Press of Montagnola di Lugano, Switzerland, has published in an edition of 222 copies Shelley's "Epipsychidion." The master printer Bodoni was a contemporary of Shelley and published in 1819 the latter's poetical drama "The Cenci." That fact alone lends interest to this latest publication since it has been hand-printed

with one of the original types of Bodoni. "Epipsychidion" has been printed in black and blue in handmade vellum-paper, bearing the beautiful watermark of the Bodoni Press, and bound in vellum. A copy of this edition has found its way to the campus.

The Ave Maria Press has brought out a new edition of Bishop John S. Vaughn's "Dangers of the Day." This volume is one of the most important of the writer's works and points to the perils that everywhere confront Christians and indicates the safeguards which alone can preserve them from the world's contamination. The introduction is by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Moyes, D. D., and there is a complete index which has been compiled by the Rev. Kerndt M. Healy, C. S. C.

William McFee, best known for his excellent sea tales, proves himself a versatile novelist in his newest book, "Race," which is listed in the spring catalogue of Doubleday, Page and Company.

Benziger Brothers: Religious Publications of Recent Date.

—A new prayer-book by Father Lasance, entitled "Our Lady's Book," ought to be of special interest to college men, and to Notre Dame. It is an attractive manual of prayers and meditations in honor of the Blessed Virgin. We should have preferred a more ample liturgical element, but as it is the book is quite satisfactory. There are two styles of binding: imitation leather, at \$1.85, and real leather, at \$3.50. The same firm publishes an attractive Novena in Honor of the Little Flower. This is issued in pamphlet form, to sell at fifteen cents a copy. The third new book is a "Catechism of the Vows," from the original French by Father Cotel, S. J. This is an excellent little treatise on the meaning of the religious life as set down in the vows taken by those who have completed their novitiate. The price is fifty cents.

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"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

(A FRESHMAN CONFESSION.)

A very ardent dislike for application to any uninteresting work is the factor which I think responsible for my present inability to write good English. I remember that at a very early age I began to shrink from the requirements of grammar. This, I think, was due to the unattractive way in which the textbooks attempted to introduce the subject. I had been in school but a short time, after learning to read and spell a little through some miracle, when I began to conceive a violent hatred for the black stereotyped rules and "exceptions" which I was supposed to learn in order to speak and write correctly. Parts of speech became an aversion which fourteen long years have failed to dissolve or soften. "Why should I bother," I often used to ask myself, "about tiresome rules which I can get along very well without? When I become a man, no one will ever trouble to ask me if I can diagram a sentence or parse a verb. Why not let grammar slide and devote my time to something interesting and worthwhile—geography or history."

"I can read intelligently," I boasted, "without knowing anything about sentence construction. As for writing—I will never have to do much—why—it will take care of itself. Just look at Shakespeare." (I had heard somewhere that the famous bard had disregarded all rules and yet had become the world's greatest writer.)

Well I proceeded to avoid close association with the green textbook labeled "Elements of Grammar" except on those terrible nights preceding monthly exams which were

to culminate in marks on my report card. On those nights I resorted to mechanical memorization or "cramming," a practice which prevails wherever examinations are in vogue.

When I entered high school and began to write compositions and read Halleck's "English Literature," which I found interesting, my attitude toward the English language remained as it still remains—unchanged. I discovered that I could "get by" very well despite my lack of grammatical information. Of course there were times when I was embarrassed by errors resulting from ignorance. I remember that upon leaving high school to enter a newspaper office I once lowered my prestige with the editor by using the words "had went."

Before entering high school my literary tastes were bounded on the east by Harry Castleman; on the west by Horatio Alger; on the north by Frank V. Webster and on the south by Father Finn. During my freshman year in high school I jumped from the juvenile yarns to the "ragtime" stories which were being produced by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Zane Grey and others. I did not neglect the classics, because I was required to read them. I managed to finish "Schrab and Rustum," "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Irving's "Sketch-book," Shakespeares' "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth" and "King Lear," and "Ivanhoe" and "Tale of Two Cities." I felt elated to think that I could read these writings with interest.

Now I am in college. What do I know and what do I not know about the English language and English literature?

"I don't know."

SHALL WE HAVE A WORLD COURT?

THE NEGATIVE ARGUMENT

FIRST ADDRESS.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

The biggest problem in the world to-day is peace. There must be peace if our civilization is to survive. As a nation of free citizens we of the United States are interested not only in keeping ourselves out of war, but also in lending a hand to other peoples; in helping to settle the turmoil in Europe; and in going forward to the goal of international harmony.

The affirmative propose that Americans render this aid by joining in the World Court, as defined by the Harding-Hughes protocol. In reply to this, we of the negative declare, that before joining this World Court, we must be certain that: first, the World Court is an agency adapted to promote peace with any guarantee of success; secondly, that the World Court is not an instrument and servant of the League of Nations; and thirdly, that the World Court is consistent with American interests and American influence. Unless Americans can be assured unqualifiedly of at least these three things, we of the negative maintain that the United States should not join the World Court which our worthy opponents propose.

Now let us examine the World Court and see if it really is an agency adapted to promote peace; let us scrutinize it thoroughly to see if we can find within its organization the influence that is needed to foster international harmony. This can best be done by analyzing the World Court to see what it was at the time of its creation, and then what it is today.

The nations of Europe which joined in the League, proposed to stake out settlement grounds upon which disputes could be adjusted peaceably, and so it was in accordance with Article XIV of the Covenant of the League of Nations that the World Court was created. But articles 2 and 3 and 14, and 36, respectively, of the draft of the World Court created by the League, give the League authority to select the judges who will sit in the Court, to make appointments of new judges or fill vacancies

within the Court, and to require the Court to give an advisory opinion upon any question or dispute of an international nature referred to it by the Council or the Assembly of the League. Thus we can see that the World Court is a primary organ of the League, and that without the League it would not function. You destroy the Court when you destroy the League that sustains the Court. This League which has created and provided for this Court, does not, however, assume any guarantee for the personnel of the tribunal; neither does it make this personnel responsible to any definite public in rendering its decisions, or assure its permanency or independence. It merely elects and influences the judges for the Court that it has created.

But even worse than all of this—that is, worse from the viewpoint of some day being able to foster a world-wide peace, which is the thing for which we are striving,—the World Court has been stripped of all of its powers by the League. When a case is referred to this Court, the judges who were appointed by the League, must first establish the jurisdiction or the lawful right to exercise official authority, and then, if possible, find the law or laws to be applied to the case in the specific instance. And simply because the Court cannot enact precedents, having been deprived of that power by the League, there is no hope of its ever receiving permanence of authority for the cases brought before it. This is made all the more serious because the condition of international law at present is so nebulous and chaotic that it does not afford the necessary clear rules of action by which many differences can be adjusted. This Court also lacks the power to compel governments which are parties of a dispute to appear before it for a hearing: and so it is not insured against the illegal conduct of a state that prefers to decide a dispute for itself by armed force. Plainly the World Court which the League has created and is supporting, has been stripped of its powers to be used as an instrument of the League.

Our opponents may contend that even though the League has created the Court and is providing for it, Americans need not fear that they will become legally involved in the League if they join the Court, because the Harding-Hughes protocol which

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they advocate is a safeguard against such legal entanglements. Just now we are not interested in determining whether or not there would be any legal or political connection between us as hypothetical members of the Court and the League. The important thing to note is that the Court is powerless to require nations to bring their disputes before it, that its personnel is not accountable to any definite public, that it cannot establish authoritative precedents, and that its decisions cannot be enforced. This means, then, that the World Court which the affirmative would have us join is nothing more than a tribunal dependent absolutely upon the good will of the nations that concede to its establishment. And so the cases which are brought to its attention are forced into court only by the pressure of public opinion, are settled only upon the basis of evidence secured by the pressure of public opinion, and are removed as causes of war by the pressure of public opinion. Therefore, the Court is absolutely and entirely a creature of public opinion.

Now it follows directly from these facts, if the United States Government is to adhere to this Court it can do so only by joining its public opinion with whatever opinion is supplied by the various other nations supporting the Court.

Let us see then, what this opinion is; who these various other nations are. Let us be a little business-like and inspect the parties with whom we are to enter into partnership. This becomes a comparatively easy thing to do, because we know that the nations now represented in the Court are those nations also represented in the League; and the League, having created and provided for the Court, also influences it through its power to appoint the judges and demand that legal advice be given on any question put to it by the League. Quite obviously, therefore, the only other opinion in the Court is that of Europe as amalgamated in the League of Nations. And it is the same group of nations that made a jumble of the Treaty of Versailles—not an attempt to draw up terms of peace in the interest of the peoples and regions concerned, but an attempt to arrive at satisfactory adjustment of interests among the victors. Naturally, if these Big Powers that dominate the League are still able to start the

tremendous influence they do in their own favor, every one can see how public opinion of the League is harmonious and stable only in so far as it is amalgamated with the purposes of these big powers.

If then, Americans would join this World Court which the speakers of the affirmative are advocating here tonight, we would be doing so at a great risk to our own interests and to the ideal of world-peace, because we would be associating the only power we possess for the formation of international harmony—public opinion—with that represented by the League. And I have just shown you that the public opinion which governs the League, is that of the Big Powers of Europe who have sanctioned and are enforcing a group of treaties which are founded on the shifting sands of self-interest. American public opinion cannot be in favor of such a union.

We are not concerned whether or not America by joining the Court would become involved legally or politically, because the only agency of importance to be considered here is public opinion. And, I have shown that if we join the Court we would be allying our only force to bring about international harmony—public opinion—with that of Europe as represented in the League that created the Court. Now as the debate proceeds my worthy colleagues will show how the World Court is the instrument and servant of the League of Nations which is dominated by the Big Powers of Europe; and how, because it is, it is not consistent with American interests and American influence. These are the reasons why we believe that America should not join the World Court.

SECOND ADDRESS.

WILLIAM COYNE.

We have proved to you so far in this debate that the proposed World Court is dependent absolutely upon international public opinion for its existence, its functioning and its prestige. We have pointed out also that the result of American adherence to the court could only mean the affiliation of our public opinion with the League of Nations—an affiliation not to be desired both

from the point of view of our own interests and of world peace as a possibility.

Fundamental in this debate, therefore, is the simple question: "How do the United States and the League of Nations compare; can and will the nations which comprise the League take the same attitude towards international affairs that we do?" And we reply that there are certain deep and necessary differences, which must make any attempt at coöperation between the League and the United States in the way proposed by the World Court dangerous and unprofitable. Peace between nations is too sacred and necessary an object with Americans to enable us to stake the earnestness and independence of our will against war upon an institution which can never be a going concern—the World Court.

I shall therefore show you what the goals of the League of Nations are, leaving it for the last speaker of the negative to outline the purposes of the United States. The league has been and will always be a European association: the interests which it has at heart are European interests, and the point of view it adopts is simply that of the dominant European peoples who belong to the League. And for any one of the great European powers, international harmony must begin where its own necessary interests lie. France must base its hope for peace upon its own safe existence as a nation—it must believe that there can be no peace until Germany ceases to threaten and until the devastated regions have been restored to their bloom. England cannot afford to dream of peace so long as the maritime supremacy upon which her life as a nation depends is in danger. Germany in her turn must look upon peace as a useless dream until her people are no longer dying from hunger caused by a worthless currency and economic disaster. European governments have no idle surplus funds to invest in altruism. Their charity must begin at home. And the League of Nations has therefore become, in the eyes of every impartial and competent observer, just simply another diplomatic bartering ground for national necessities.

This is not a question of nice or ugly. It is simply a problem presented by inevitable facts. The relationships of one European government to another have long

been determined by a single principle recognized by every close student of their affairs: **THE SUPREMACY OF THE FOREIGN ISSUE.** By the supremacy of the foreign issue is meant very simply that for the furthering of its existence the European nation is dependent first of all upon the advantages it can secure in its relationship with other nations and secondarily, only secondarily, upon its domestic policy or the public opinion of its citizens. Therefore the Balance of Power came into being. Thereby Britain became great. Consequently, the international outlook of the larger European powers is both by tradition and by necessity determined by advantage to be gained and not by ideal to be sponsored. Contrast this situation with the free and unhampered international action of the United States. We are self-sufficing and regally rich. We could afford in 1917 what no other nation has ever been able to afford—to wage war for justice with no concern for gain; we could pledge ourselves to the building of a new city among men without fearing that our own house would crumble into ruin.

How then can anyone expect that the large European governments will bring their disputes to an aery tribunal which relics utterly and absolutely upon the support which an unformed public opinion is supposed to give a legal decision handed down by theorizing jurists and based upon a shadowy code of law? To expect that would be to expect the political and economic practice of a century suddenly to turn turtle. And, of course, experience is ample proof that these governments will settle disputes according to the principle of the supremacy of the foreign issue, and not by appealing to the Court.

Did Mussolini, who deliberately defied the League in dealing with Greece, even so much as dream of submitting the dispute to the World Court? When has France shown the slightest interest in getting a Court decision of the occupaiton of the Ruhr? Recall the Fiume incident. We shall remember how Wilson was received in Italy, but when Fiume was not given to Italy, and when Wilson over the heads of their government appealed to the Italian people to support the decision, his name was hissed in every village and praise was

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turned into scorn. Suppose the World Court had been in existence at that time. Does anyone imagine that the public opinion of Italy would have considered for one instant the settlement of the dispute by that court?

Therefore to look upon public opinion as it is active in Europe as being similar in scope and power to the disinterested and independent public opinion of the United States is a futile and fallacious denial of facts.

But there is a sense in which the League and the Court which it has created and which it supports are active in Europe. By means of these two institutions the smaller Continental nations have been brought more directly under the dominion of the larger powers than was ever before possible. The foreign policies of the great governments, as amalgamated in the League, do exact an alignment of many smaller European peoples according to the way in which dominant interests shift. Thus France has made use of a League mandate over the Saar valley to serve its own interests in that valley. The League took control of the Austrian monetary system and thus gave the great powers a stronger hold on Austrian affairs than might otherwise have been possible, eliminating at one stroke the danger of an Austrian connection with Bavaria. Again, it was England and France who very effectively interfered in the affairs of Hungary when the Emperor Charles tried to regain the throne. Armenia has been butchered precisely because of conflicting French and British oil interests in Mesopotamia, which required a careful handling of Turkey. France exercises a virtual protectorate over Poland. And Mr. Frank Simonds has clearly shown us how Poland, Belgium, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Roumania are bound by treaty agreements with France in such a manner that she practically directs their foreign policies.

Indeed the concert of the larger European powers as it affects the destinies of smaller people has been made wonderfully efficient by the League. This fact is recognized clearly from Paris to Buenos Aires.

The difficulties of smaller nations with one another or with larger powers, will therefore be settled in conformity with what

is actually the mind of the League rather than in conformity with the abstract idealism of a Court supported by public opinion. To expect anything else is simply to ignore actual conditions in Europe today; it is to overlook entirely the political experience that has followed the World War. It may be possible that disputes will be brought to the Court for settlement; but obviously the cases will be only those which the larger nations wish to have settled by the court because the decision will add a flavor of righteousness to what is fundamentally only a diplomatic manœuvre.

One outstanding result would follow the entry of the United States into the Court and therefore into closer relationship with the League; it would be to fortify the control now exercised over smaller European powers by the larger powers. The other great outstanding result would be to affiliate American public opinion, the American will for peace, with an opinion and a will which move of necessity in different channels and approach different goals. It would be to place this liberal spirited and idealistic public opinion at the call and beck of international finance.

We of the negative have proved to you that the World Court is simply and solely a creature of international public opinion; that the result of American adherence to the Court could only be the affiliation of our public with the League of Nations; and that this affiliation is undesirable.

THIRD ADDRESS.

MARK NOLAN.

During the course of this debate the negative has shown that the opinion of the Court and League is the opinion of the big powers of Europe and that by adhering to the World Court we would be for all practical purposes allying ourselves with the powers of Europe and the League of Nations. Now it is our contention that America can make her greatest contribution to the interests of world peace not by allying herself with the League in upholding the proposed Court but by retaining her traditional policy of independence of action in the conduct of international relations.

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Many people have erroneously assumed that if America became active in Europe conditions discouraging for World Peace would be greatly improved. But suppose we were sworn to the purposes of the League and Court would France have followed our advice, stayed out of the Ruhr, and refrained on our account from carrying out the carefully formed plans which made her military dictator of Europe? Would Italy when Mussolini had behind him the whole Italian people have stayed her hand in the Greek matter and let the League or Court settle the controversy? Because we joined forces with the League in upholding the Court would the Balkan nations become peaceable and suppress century old racial hatreds?

Our second negative speaker has shown that economic and political necessities compel European nations to seek advantages in trade and commercial concessions by constant bartering or bullying in their dealings with other nations. Necessities inherent in positions of these nations make their foreign policies paramount and make the smaller peoples subservient to the larger. As an integral part of the opinion which created and supports the League and Court we would be a party to every petty squabble and the free American people would be dragged into every quarrel that arose in the life of Europe over land, colonies, trade routes and sea ports. Once we were in, European diplomats could use us constantly as pawns in their never ending national rivalries. Surely after our experience at Versailles, it is clear that European nations will work with America only when they can advance their own economic interests and that each nation sees in America a power to be used in the fulfillment of nationalistic ambitions. Again, as part of the opinion that controls the Court our influence would be pooled with that of the other powers. Should the Court come to decisions contrary to fundamental American policies and repugnant to our sense of justice our protests could be just ineffectual. Because of our adherence to the Court it would only be a matter of time until it was found natural that we support not only the opinion of the Court but also the powers' interests in enforcing or sustaining a decision of that body.

Now consider the power of independence American influence exercised through the courageous expression of our opinion on questions of international ethics. When one of the large powers was about to promote its own interest at the expense of world peace an admonition from us backed by the prestige which independence power and wealth give us will certainly act a powerful restraining influence. The value of independent action in international affairs was clearly shown during the course of the World War when Prince Sixte de Bourbon though an exile from his own country, nearly arranged a separate peace between Austria and the Allies, which was foiled only by the entry of America into the conflict. In 1916 the nations of the world listened most attentively to President Wilson's peace speech of that year because they fully appreciated the value and force of independent American opinion. In 1921 when our government called the Disarmament conference, though we acted through no international institution, court or League, yet we recognized the imperative necessity of removing the weight of colossal armaments from the shoulders of nations, and succeeded in shaping the opinion of the world with very satisfying results. We did more at one stroke to check the corroding inroads of militarism on civilization than the League of Nations in her four years of existence with her 1,300,000,000 people and her fifty-two sovereign members.

There is something peculiarly valuable about American opinion. Our diplomatic history is an open book. We have always been actuated by the highest principles of international conduct. Because of our immense resources, and fortunate geographical location, because of the absence of a heritage of racial hatreds and memories of wars that run back into centuries, because harsh economic and political necessities do not force us to view world conditions from the prejudiced viewpoint of individual interest, because of our ancient democratic tradition our opinion is necessarily helpfully disinterested and consequently the most unbiased that can be found among the nations. "Nowhere," said the late James Bryce, "is there a warmer devotion to high ideals than in America."

In 1918 when the Allies were fighting

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with their backs to the wall, and the German army was thirty miles from Paris and decisive victory, it was the power and force of the American nation which saved the Entente from ignominious defeat and shattered Germany's hopes of victory. So in times of peace when the nations are divided on questions, the solution of which so intimately concerns the future peace of the World, America by a strong expression of her united public opinion can always place her influence with the principles of right and justice. And this influence will mean more, will be more decisive because we will not be a mere partisan dragging at the heels of a European majority but we will have the prestige which power and wealth made greater by independence will give us in frank dealing with another nation. We will be "unshackled, unentangled and unafraid."

For those who believe that adherence to the World Court would not involve us in European affairs to any great extent let it be remembered that devotees of the League and the most ardent advocates of America's full participation in European affairs are supporting American entrance into the Court because they believe that it will eventually involve us into the League by a stronger bond than mere community of interest.

Now it is true that America cannot exempt herself from the effects of world conditions by isolating herself in the administration of world affairs. But America can protect her interests and the interests of world peace without adhering to the world court. And in this connection let it

be remembered that we of the NEGATIVE do not favor isolation but we do contend that American INDEPENDENCE can be a more powerful agent in the attainment of world peace than America the adherent of the world court.

Individual Americans have not thought long nor seriously upon the question of how America can best aid in the realm of world peace. It is the problem of American statesmen to find the ways by which our influence can be most effective. But thanks to our typical American initiative and energy, once our people decide the correct way in which to use our great potential influence for peace we have the happy faculty of making that influence very effective in securing the realization of our hopes.

We of the negative will regard it as a violation of American principles and American interests to join the World Court, unless the advocates of that institution can show us that joining with the powers who dominate the League and Court is a safe and profitable partnership. Unless it can be shown how the entry of the United States into this Court would exercise any restraining influence whatever over the actions of these powers, unless it can be shown that our entry into the Court would not deprive us of a single jot of that magnificent independent power for peace which is ours today, we of the Negative emphatically declare that America should not adhere to the World Court for that institution is unprogressive, unsound, and un-American.

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EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

WHAT IS HE?????

Two button coat
And light tan shoes;
A constant thirst
For girls and booze.
Cap on his nose,
Two-inch cuff on his pants;
All he can do
Is pet and dance.
Pipe in his mouth,
Slouch in his walk;
No brains at all—
Just talk—talk—talk.
Pin covered vest,
Face full of gum;
He may look good—
But gosh he's dumb!
—Ohio University.

MAN FOR MAN.

We are informed that the trustees of Gettysburg College have decided to abolish co-education because they believe that the college should be a man's institution. So far so good; but how will the trustees be able to distinguish between them if our women keep bobbing and bobbing their hair, continue their smoking habits, and persist in wearing knickers?

THREE PUFFS AND OUT.

A well known cigarette manufacturer advertises his product on the billboards with the caption, "What a whale of a difference just a few cents make." To a number of girls who were recently expelled from Smith College for smoking it will probably read: "What a whale of a difference just a few puffs make."

WHY NOT AWARD MONOGRAMS TOO?

The latest fad to sweep the campus of the Leland Stanford University is top spinning, and it is said that the promoters hope to make it an inter-collegiate sport. What virile athletes! But then, Notre Dame once had its hoop, its marble, and its checker champions.

WELL OILED, THOSE SKATES.

In Pittsburg not long ago during Pitt Week, in which there was much celebration, the University of Pittsburg held an Interfraternity Skooter Race, and a co-ed roller skate race. All of the girls were eligible for the competition, but, of course, as paradoxical as it may seem, the girls did not have a chance to win if they had a "skate" on.

TRULY ARTISTS.

One evening, last week, just a few days before the close of school a co-ed was walking along a beautiful moonlighted path on the Oregon University campus with an ed. They were discussing philosophically their future careers; and after she had told him how she was going to be a hair dresser, and he had told her he was going to be a sculptor, they agreed that their vocations were very much similar—she would curl up and die and he would make faces and bust.

GET MARRIED AND SEE.

When Francis S. Key composed our national anthem he is said to have received his inspiration from watching the British troops bombard Fort McHenry while the brave Americans fought for their liberty and freedom. An editor of the *Georgia Technique* must have been aware of other brave fights for liberty when he wrote the following paragraph: "The rapidly increasing divorce rate proves that America is certainly becoming the land of the free, but the continuance of the marriage rate shows that it is still the land of the brave."

ANYHOW THE WOMEN ARE NOT FORGOTTEN.

The question of "What the Student Thinks About," has been answered by Harry R. William in his article which appeared in the last issue of the Dartmouth Alumni magazine. According to his analysis the things are, in the order of their importance: Himself, women, activities, studies, religion, movies, liquor, and men. It might be well for some students to send a copy of the Dartmouth magazine home to their folks to prove to them that students do think about somethings.

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WHY NOT?

A blithering fool was young Ellington
Gool.
His English was simply like silt.
He'd ask for a blanket—a "lunatic blanket"—
When he wanted a crazy quilt.
At times he could tarry around the library,
And bothered them there quite a lot.
He'd say, "Give me the Red Ship. Have
You got the Red Ship?",
When he wanted the Rubaiyat.
But now he's had schooling, and really,
no fooling,
His errors are infrequent and small.
For after the knowledge he gathered at
college
He can't even talk at all.

Snakey, the P. K. fiend, says, "Morning
clothes will usually get by, even at an after-
noon funeral."

POINTED.

She: I think we are being watched.
He: Why?
She: Just a minute ago I'm sure I saw
a mountain peak.

SH-S-S-!

Prof: Euphorbiaceous perennials with
hypastyle abodes minimize malaise of the
aesthetic.

Stude: All right Prof, if you don't tell
we won't either.

OH!

From a building near by which was ten
stories high

Fell an old man named Michael E. Dory.
It's funny, but it didn't hurt him a bit—
He fell from the very first story.

STUDIES.

Joe says that
His girl is a
Lesson.
She dances less'n,
Talks less'n,
Pets less'n,
Smiles less'n
Any of 'em.

IT IS A WISE PARENT THAT—

First Mother: I'm so glad my son likes
babies.

Second Mother: What makes you think
he does?

First Mother: I heard him and his boy
chum talking and they both seemed so en-
thusiastic about the way some baby or other
could toddle.

Policeman, to prostrate figure: Have
some trouble.

Prostrate Figure: No thanks, I just had
some.

?????????

The W. G. N. wants to know what is the
best answer to this:

"Are you familiar with Mr. Fielding?"

We decline to state one way or the other
just what answer would be the best for
such a question. In fact, don't you think
along with us that the question is just a
little too personal?

Stude: Oh slush!

Another: That reminds me, I have a date
tonight.

STATISTICS.

Midnight moths eat
Holes in
Your bankroll.

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WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

THOMAS COMAN.

STRIKES AND BASES.

After having enjoyed a successful spring training trip on which the Notre Dame baseball club rounded into a representative organization, Coach Keogan's men opened their regular schedule with an easy win over Western State Normal, 10 to 1, Wednesday afternoon, April 23. Magevney and Dawes alternated on the mound for Notre Dame, and Jim Silver worked behind the bat. Notre Dame's first game indicated a hitting team, Vergara registered a two bagger twice and Nolan counting with three hits and three runs in four times at bat.

Seven hits was the best the visitors could do and the Irish would have had a white-wash except for the last inning when the Teachers managed to shove one run across the plate.

Score by innings:

Western State	_____000 000 001—	1 7 4
Notre Dame	_____300 002 32x—	10 11 4

Batteries: Magevney, Dawes and Silver. Winther, Armstrong and Potter.

A 5 to 0 victory over Loyola marked the second appearance of the Irish on the home diamond. The visitors from Chicago were held hopeless for nine innings, gathering during that time five scattered hits. The pitching of McGraw and the support allotted to him was one of the features of the encounter. McGrath and Stange alternated on the hill for Notre Dame and both men displayed a powerful effectiveness against which the visitors were helpless. Sheehan and Nolan led the attack for Notre Dame, each getting two hits. Nolan scored three runs in four times at bat.

Score by innings:

Loyola	_____000 000 000—	0 5 2
Notre Dame	_____200 110 10x—	5 7 0

Batteries: McGrath, Stange and Silver. McGraw and Deegan.

Notre Dame met and defeated the ancient rival Michigan by a score of 6 to 2 on Cartier field, Wednesday afternoon, April 30. Notre Dame's big innings came in the forth

and fifth, a home run by Silver beginning the scoring. Sheehan's two bagger and Dunne's single with Magevney on the path accounted for three points. Dunne and Nolan came in on Silver's single.

Michigan reached Magevney on the mound for Notre Dame for two runs in the second frame when Blott, Haggerty and Dillman hit, safely, Blott and Haggerty scoring. The Wolverines were held in check from then on by the Irish ace, getting but seven scattered hits. Seven Michigan batters were handed strike outs by the dependable Magevney and only two men reached the initial sack on balls. Notre Dame's fielding was a feature of the game.

Score by innings:

Michigan	_____020 000 000—	2 7 3
Notre Dame	_____000 240 00x—	6 7 0

Batteries: Gillingham and Blott. Magevney and Silver.

Coach Keogan's Notre Dame baseball team suffered its first defeat of the season when Wabash brought a hard hitting crew to Cartier field and slugged the ball for a 10-6 victory, Friday, May 2.

The Irish didn't appear to be hitting their usual stride and three errors figured largely in the Wabash win. Robertson on the hill for Wabash was hit hard but his support was admirable and Notre Dame was hard pressed trying to get back the runs lost in the opening frame when Wabash hit Dwyer for a triple and a double. Dwyer went on the rocks again in the fifth when Wyatt of Wabash hit a home run with three men on base. McGrath relieved Dwyer for Notre Dame and held the Giants to three hits and two runs in the remaining four innings.

Notre Dame made its first counters in the fourth when Nolan and Vergara scored on Silver's double. The Irish picked up three runs in the fifth inning on a series of timely hits by Dwyer, Pearson and Dunne, aided by Nolan's triple. Sheehan singled in the ninth and advanced around the circuit on timely hits by his teammates.

Score by innings:

Wabash	_____400 410 010—	10 10 2
Notre Dame	_____000 230 001—	6 12 3

Batteries: Robertson and Chew. McGrath, Magevney and Silver.

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Notre Dame encountered an easy prey in the first meeting of a home and home series with Indiana when the Irish won over the Crimson 8 to 0 on Cartier field, Tuesday afternoon, May 6.

The game, a slow, one-sided combat, featured the work of the Notre Dame batters. Captain Sheehan led the attack with a pair of two base hits while counting three hits in four times at bat. McGrath on the hill for Notre Dame was superb for nine innings, allowing five hits, striking out six men and permitting no walks.

Indiana drafted two hurlers to stop the Irish poundings, but one pitcher had nothing better to offer than the other. Sheehan's two bagger in the first frame counted for one run. Vergara began the fourth with a two bagger and scored ahead of Nolan when the Irish first sacker hit a homer into right field. Dunne completed the scoring for the inning, being advanced on timely hits. Indiana made a huge effort to score in the first when Ninness got a three bagger, but from then on not one Crimson player reached second.

Score by innings:

Indiana	000 000 000—0 5 1
Notre Dame	100 320 20x—8 10 1

Batteries: McGrath and Silver. Gause, Zivich and Moomaw.

The return game with Indiana was another conference victory for Notre Dame, the Keoganites winning handily, 12 to 1 on the Bloomington diamond, Friday, May 8.

Les Mann conscripted two hurlers to hold the Irish but Notre Dame solved all the offerings and pushed three runs in the first, four in the fourth, one in the sixth, three more in the seventh and one in the ninth. Indiana made its lone counter in the second. Magevney hurling for Notre Dame pitched his usually stellar brand of ball while Dunne and Silver figured prominently at bat, Silver uncorking a triple and a home run in two trips to the plate.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	300 401 301—12
Indiana	010 000 000—1

Batteries: Magevney and Smith, Silver. Daily, Hard and Moomaw.

Another conference victim was counted out when Notre Dame ran over Northwestern, 9 to 4 on Cartier field, Monday, May 13. Notre Dame featured the game with stick work, counting in all but four innings.

Dawes and McGrath alternated on the mound for Notre Dame and aided by clean fielding, save for two bobbles and a wild throw by Sheehan, held the Purple band well in hand. Notre Dame counted two runs in the first frame when Nolan and Crowley scored. A three bagger by Dunne in the fourth inning and a single by Pearson added another counter before the Purple visitors could get started.

Northwestern bunched all its runs in the sixth when they tapped McGrath for three hits and four runs. A three bagger, an error and two hits for four runs. Notre Dame lined up three runs in its half of the sixth when Dunne and Pearson singled. Silver hit a two bagger and Pearson scored on Prendergrast's sacrifice. Dunne made another two bagger in the seventh with Nolan on base and both men scored on Silver's single. A neat double closed the ninth for the Purple.

Score by innings:

Northwestern	000 004 000—4 7 2
Notre Dame	200 103 21x—9 11 3

Batteries: Dawes, McGrath and Silver, Smith, Shultze, Pulley and Kirchoff, Seidel.

The long standing jinx that faced a Notre Dame baseball team every time it appeared on the playing field at Urbana was broken on Friday, May 16, when Notre Dame won over the Illinois nine, 7 to 0. Grange on the slab for the Suckers had little charm over the Irish and Magevney, displaying everything he had, held the conference leading Illini down to five scattered hits. Notre Dame scored in every inning except the third, sixth and seventh. Magevney and Vergara counted with a two base hit each and singles by Sheehan, Crowley, Nolan, Pearson, and Pendergrast contributed to the winning runs.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	120 110 011—7 10 1
Illinois	000 000 000—0 5 0

Batteries: Magevney and Silver. Grange and Erickson.

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St. Viators proved a little harder to handle than Illinois when Coach Keogan's baseball nine stopped off at Kankakee on the return trip from Urbana and lost the second game of the season to the green clad collegians, 11 to 6. Keogan employed two pitchers in an effort to stop the St. Viators wrecking crew from piling up the runs. McGrath worked well until the fourth inning when five runs came in on four hits. Stange relieved McGrath and checked the scoring for the remainder of the game with the exception of the seventh.

Dundon on the slab for St. Viators offered a real puzzle ball to the Irish and the best Notre Dame could do was gather six scattered hits. The flashy playing of the day previous was lacking. St. Viators started the game with a three run lead which Notre Dame overcame in the fourth but the Illinois crew were hitting the ball and picking up an occasional double and triple here and there. J. Winterhalter completed the killing with a homer and two men on bases.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	013 200 000— 6 9
St. Viators	300 500 30x—11 13

Batteries: Stange, McGrath and Silver. Dundon and Bell.

Iowa had the pleasure of being the first conference school to lower the Notre Dame colors when the Irish lost to Hawkeyes, 3 to 2 on Cartier field, Tuesday, May 20. The game was a duplication of the memorable 1 to 0 victory over the Hawkeyes last season, Stange and Fabricious staging a pitchers, battle all the way. Both men kept their hits well scattered and the support accorded both pitchers was excellent.

Notre Dame started out with the usual rush and hung up two runs in the first inning. Both teams idled through the next four innings without increasing the score until Scanlon of Iowa opened the fifth with a clean single. Two more hits counted the first run and Notre Dame found its weakest batters at the plate when a hit meant a run. Iowa tied the count in the sixth and Hicks scored on Scantlebury's single in the eighth to put over the deciding run.

Score by innings:

250

Iowa	000 001 010—3 8 2
Notre Dame	200 000 000—2 7 2

Batteries: Stange and Silver. Fabricious and Barrett.

Minnesota proved to be the next victim for the Keoganites when the Irish defeated the Gophers, 11 to 5 on Cartier field, Wednesday, May 21. The Gophers were rated as one of the strongest teams in the conference.

Notre Dame enjoyed an easy afternoon with the northmen, hammering Lee and Quel for a total of 14 hits. Lee was an easy target in the first frame and Notre Dame registered six runs on five hits to establish a lead. The Gopher twirler was pulled in the third in favor of Quel who worked a little better than his predecessor.

Sheehan and Nolan each contributed a three bagger while the inimitable Nolan uncorked a home run. Minnesota scored three runs in the sixth when the Irish infield went wild. Minnesota found Magevney for two hits in the eighth and a delayed play and an error helped to count the men on the path. Sheehan, Crowley, Vergara, Dunne, Nolan, Silver, Pearson, Prendergast and Magevney were pounding the ball with the most vicious attack uncorked on the home diamond all season.

Score by innings:

Minnesota	000 300 20— 5 4 2
Notre Dame	600 005 0x—11 14 6

Batteries: Magevney and Silver. Lee, Quel and Christgua.

Coach Keogan's Notre Dame baseball team evened the score with the University of Iowa squad, winning 9 to 6 on the Hawkeyes battle ground. Several errors and as many hits combined to make it a ragged game from the Iowa point of view.

Hicks of Iowa and Nolan of Notre Dame hit homers while Coach Barry of the Hawks was using two pitchers to stem the hammering Irish. Coach Keogan worked three pitchers for Notre Dame. The game was almost a tragedy of errors, bobbled hits and misjudged flies giving the local club a wide margin over the Hawks at the end of the game.

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Score by innings:

Notre Dame	042	001	011	—9	6	3
Iowa	202	000	020	—6	7	9

Batteries: Fabricious, Towne, Meade and Barrett; Magevney, Dwyer, McGrath and Silver.

Wisconsin, the last conference school to appear against the Notre Dame aggregation was defeated on Cartier field, 9 to 3, Monday, May 26. The encounter was a hitting affair for both sides but a rather costly win for Notre Dame with Pearson injuring his ankle sliding into second.

Magevney kept the visitors well under cover with the exception of the fourth inning when the Badgers scored three runs on three hits. A three bagger by Goss and one by Silver helped to speed up the encounter. Notre Dame started off with the customary flash and piled up four runs in the first frame on five hits. Timely singles accounted for the other scores. Wisconsin displayed a weakness to hit in the pinches and with the exception of the fourth inning, none of the Cardinals reached third. The visitors used two hurlers who allowed Notre Dame a total of eleven hits.

Score by innings:

Wisconsin	000	300	000	—3	8	5
Notre Dame	400	220	10x	—9	11	5

Batteries: Magevney and Silver. Johnson, Luther and Aschenbrenner.

DE PAUW MEET.

The outdoor track season at Notre Dame opened almost before the snow was off the ground and the initial engagement with DePauw was run under unfavorable weather conditions which were made none the less inviting by the rain fall of the previous day.

Coach Rockne's track men had little difficulty in winning over the Tigers, Jones of DePauw and Oberst of Notre Dame featuring the meet with their performances in their respective events. The summaries are as follows:

Pole vault—Jones, D., first; Harrington,

N. D., second; Carey, N. D., third. Height, 12 feet.

100-yard dash—Barr, N. D., first; Smith, D., second; Layden, N. D., third. Time, :10 2-5.

High jump—Jones, D., first; Brady, N. D., Johnson, N. D., tied for second. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches.

Shot Put—Milbauer, N. D., first; Rigney, N. D., second; Doyle, D., third. Distance, 40 feet, 10 1-2 inches.

Mile run—Kennedy, N. D., first; I. Myers, D., second; E. Myers, D., third. Time, 4:37.1.

Broad jump—Jones, D., first; Brady, N. D., second; Adams, D., third. Distance, 22 feet, 6 inches.

Discus throw—Gebhardt, N. D., first; Fortune, D., second; Rigney, N. D., third. Distance, 116 feet, 2 inches.

Javelin throw—Oberst, N. D., first; Rigney, N. D., second; Layden, N. D., third. Distance, 195 feet, 7 inches.

Two mile run—Wendland, N. D., first; Wilcox, D., second; Keats, N. D., third. Time, 10:25.

High hurdles—Johnson, N. D., first; Casey, N. D., second; Adams, D., third. Time, :16.

Low hurdles—Zeis, D., first; Adams, D., second; Johnson, N. D., third. Time, :29 1-5.

440-yard run—Hamling, N. D., first; McTiernan, N. D., second; Eaton, N. D., third. Time, :53 3-5.

880-yard run: O'Hare, N. D., first; Barber, N. D., second; Myers, D., third. Time, 2:07.

ILLINOIS TRACK MEET.

Against Harry Gill's crack Illinois track team, the Notre Dame thinly-clad had very little chance and the visitors from Urbana won every event of the meet except the javelin throw with a score 102 to 24, Saturday afternoon, May 3.

Only one field record went by the boards despite the high wind that favored the run-

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ners. Don Kinsey of Illinois stepped the high hurdles in :15 flat. Oberst was the only Notre Dame man to take a first, winning the javelin throw from Angiers of Illinois, the American intercollegiate champion, with a heave of 192 feet, 11 inches. The Sucker entrant lost by two inches. In only three events did Notre Dame even take a second place, so strong were the Illinois runners and weightmen.

The summary is as follows:

100-yard dash—Won by Evans, Illinois; Ayres, Illinois, second; Layden, Notre Dame, third. Time :09 4-5.

Mile run—Won by McKeever, Illinois; Hall, Illinois, second; Kennedy, Notre Dame, third. Time 4:31 1-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Evans, Illinois; Schock, Illinois, second; Layden, Notre Dame, third. Time :21 3-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Kinsley, Illinois; Johnson, Illinois, second; Casey, Notre Dame, third. Time :15. (New field record.)

440-yard dash—Won by Carter, Illinois; Koontz, Illinois, second; Walsh, Notre Dame, third. Time :52 2-5.

Two mile run—Marzulo and Mieher, Illinois, tied for first; Wendland, Notre Dame, third. Time 10:03 1-2.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Kinsey, Illinois; Plano, Illinois, second; Johnson, Notre Dame, third. Time :24 3-5.

880-yard run—Won by Ponzer, Illinois; Cox, Notre Dame, second; Barber, Notre Dame, third. Time 2:02 4-5.

Shotput—Won by Schildhauer, Illinois; Usery, Illinois, second; Milbauer, Notre Dame, third. Distance 44 ft., 1 1-2 in.

Pole vault—Hunsley and McHose, Illinois, tied for first; Harrington, Notre Dame, third. Height 12 ft. 1 in.

Discus throw—Won by Schildhauer, Illinois; Usery, Illinois, second; Coughlin, Illinois, third. Distance 124 ft., 4 in.

High jump—Won by Wright, Illinois; Johnson, Notre Dame, and Schildhauer, Illinois, tied for second. Height 6 ft. 3 3-4 inches.

Javelin throw—Won by Oberst, Notre Dame; Angier, Illinois, second; Schildhauer, Illinois, third. Distance 192 ft., 11 in.

Broad jump—Won by Sweeney, Illinois; Livergood, Notre Dame, second; Cunningham, Notre Dame, third. Distance 22 ft., 2 1-2 in.

STATE MEET.

THE CINDERS.

Coach Knute Rockne's Notre Dame track team won the Indiana intercollegiate conference track and field championship for the tenth consecutive time, Saturday afternoon, May 24. The Irish squad scored a total of 53 3-4 points, placing in every event. The points and order of finish for the other schools are: Butler, 45; Wabash, 23; DePauw, 17 3-4; Purdue, 16 3-4, Indiana, 4 3-4 and N. A. G. U., 3. Franklin, Oakland City, Manchester and Rose Poly failed to score.

Three state records were established, all the new marks being made in the field events. Oberst of Notre Dame narrowly missed setting a new national record for the javelin throw when he hurled the spear for a new state and field record of 202 feet, 7 inches. Paul Harrington of Notre Dame set another mark in the pole vault by pulling a big surprise, defeating the renowned Paul Jones of DePauw. The Irish vaulter made a mark of 12 feet 7 1-2 inches. Jones of DePauw broke another existing mark by broad jumping 22 feet, 4 inches.

Three state records were tied in the field events but will not stand as a high wind aided the runners in these events. Griggs of Butler was the high point man of the meet with two firsts and a second. Johnson of Wabash featured the track events in winning the mile and two mile in fast time. Spradling of Purdue won the half mile handily. Notre Dame placed first and second in the century and second and fourth in the 220 yard dash. Walsh of Notre Dame won the quarter mile and Butler won the mile relay. Milbauer of Notre Dame missed tying the state record in the shot put with a mark of 43 feet, 1 inch.

SUMMARIES:

100 yard dash—Won by Layden, Notre Dame; Barr, Notre Dame, second; Gray,

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Butler, third; Sweeney, Wabash, fourth. Time, :09 4-5.

220 yard dash—Won by Gray, Butler; Barr, Notre Dame, second; Sweeney, Wabash, third; Layden, Notre Dame, fourth. Time, :21 3-5.

120 yard hurdles—Won by Griggs, Butler; Woods, Butler, second; Casey, Notre Dame, third; Adams, DePauw, fourth. Time, :15 2-5.

220 yard low hurdles—Won by Woods, Butler; Adams, DePauw, second; Johnson, Notre Dame, third; Ham, Butler, fourth. Time, :25 7-10.

440 yard run—Won by Walsh, Notre Dame; Gustafson, Wabash, second; Ham, Butler, third; Hunter, DePauw, fourth. Time, :49 3-5.

880 yard run—Won by Spalding, Purdue; Robbins, Wabash, second; Gustafson, Wabash, and Cox, Notre Dame, tied for third. Time, 1:57 4-5.

One mile run—Won by Johnson, Wabash; Doolittle, Butler, second; Wilcox, DePauw, third; Nay, Indiana, fourth. Time, 4:24 3-5.

Two mile run—Won by Johnson, Wabash; Doolittle, Butler, second; Wilcox, DePauw, third; Cooper, Notre Dame, fourth. Time, 9:46 1-5.

One mile relay—Won by Butler, (Kilgore, Huber, Caraway and Gray); Notre Dame, second; Purdue, third. Time, 3:26 2-5.

Pole vault—Won by Harrington, Notre Dame; Jones, DePauw, second; Carey, Notre Dame, and Woods, Wabash, tied for third. Height, 12 feet, 7 1-2 inches. (New state record.)

Discus throw—Won by Griggs, Butler; Pence, Purdue, second; Gebhardt, Notre Dame, third; Eberhardt, Indiana, fourth. Distance, 133 feet, 2 1-2 inches.

High jump—Jones, DePauw; Wilson, Indiana; Pence, Purdue; and Johnson, Notre Dame, tied for first place. Height, 5 feet, 11 inches.

Shot put—Won by Milbauer, Notre Dame; Griggs, Butler, second; Jones, Purdue, third; Thorne, Wabash, fourth. Distance, 43 feet, 1 inch.

Broad jump—Won by Jones, DePauw; Northam, Butler, second; Livergood, Notre Dame, third; Brady, Notre Dame, fourth. Distance, 22 feet, 4 inches, (New State record.)

Javelin throw—Won by Oberst, Notre Dame; Kazmer, N. A. G. U., second; Cunningham, Purdue, third; Friske, Notre Dame, fourth. Distance, 202 feet, 7 inches. (New state record.)

MICHIGAN AGGIE MEET.

Coach Rockne's track team experienced an easy time winning a dual meet with the Michigan Aggie tracksters, 91 1-2 to 34 1-2 on the Aggies field, Saturday, May 17. Cooper winning the two mile and Sheehan taking the mile introduced two new men into the Notre Dame monogram circles.

The sprint races both of which were won by Notre Dame runners were clocked in fast time, owing partly to the wind that favored the runners. Oberst won the javelin in easy fashion with a peg of 190 feet, 9 3-8 inches. The Aggies took three first. Following are the summaries:

100-yard dash—Barr, N. D.; first; Layden, N. D., second; Barr, N. D., third. Time, :09.9.

Mile run—Sheehan, N. D., first; Kennedy, N. D., second; Baguley, M., third. Time 4:40.7.

220 yard dash—Layden, N. D., first; Herdell, M., second; Barr, N. D., third. Time, :22.5.

120 yard high hurdles—Casey, N. D., first; Johnson, N. D., second; Van Noppen, M.; third. Time, :16.

440 yard dash—Walsh, N. D., first; McTiernan, N. D., second; Marx, M.; third. Time, :52.

Two mile run—Cooper, N. D., first; Keats, N. D., second; Kennedy, N. D., Wendland, N. D., tied for third. Time, 10:08.5.

220 yard low hurdles—Herdell, M. first; Johnson, N. D., second; Casey, N. D., third. Time, :25.8.

880 yard run—Barber, N. D., first; Hartsuch, M., second; Wagner, N. D., third. Time 2:01.

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Pole vault—Harrington, N. D., Hamill, N. D., tied for first; Carey, N. D., Holihan, M., Minar, M., tied for third. Height, 11 feet.

High jump—Kurtz, M., first; Preston, M., second; Headdy, N. D., Meak, M., tied for third. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

Broad jump—Livergood, N. D., first; Zimmerman, M., second. Cunningham, N. D., third. Distance, 21 feet, 5 1-2 inches.

Discus throw: Archbald, M., first; Gebhardt, N. D., second; Rigney, N. D., third. Distance, 111 feet, 6 inches.

Shot put—Milbauer, N. D., first; Rigney, N. D., second; Surato, M., third. Distance, 41 feet, 6 1-2 inches.

Javelin throw—Oberst, N. D., first; Rigney, N. D., second; Sands, M., third. Distance, 190 feet, 9 3-8 inches.

GOLF AND TENNIS.

The minor sport card at the university enjoyed a measure of success far above expectations during the past month and both the tennis and golf teams making their debut in the ranks of intercollegiate competition attracted most favorable comment.

The tennis squad composed of Captain Centlivre opened the season at Michigan, where the Blue and Gold met its first defeat. A win over the Detroit city college the following day evened the score for that trip and the squad headed for southern Indiana. Games with Butler, Indianapolis, and Wabash resulted in varying success for the Notre Dame squad. Wabash was a white wash for the Irish and the other schools gather the majority of the victories in the matches to count a defeat for the visiting Benders.

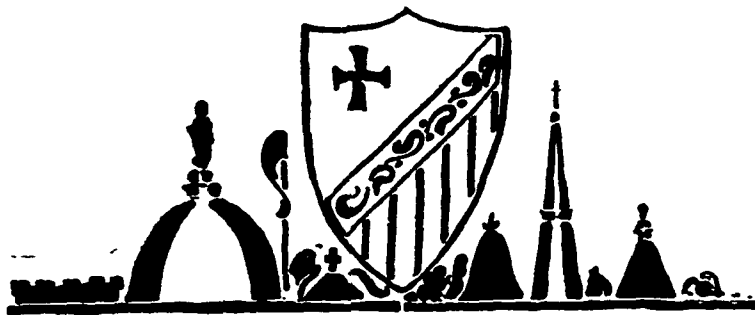
Notre Dame met and defeated the Loyola

tennis team at Chicago and Donovan, Centlivre, Gonzalez and Velasco entered the conference tournament at Chicago. Donovan became the sensation of the tourney and after defeating three conference schools, the Irish star lost out to Wilson of Chicago in the singles semi-finals.

The squad is slated to take part in the Indiana conference meet at Indianapolis while a match with Culver on the Cadets' course will complete the season.

The golf team under the captaincy of Jack Adams and managership of George Ward sprang a huge surprise in the opening match of the season by holding Northwestern to a one point margin victory. The following matches with DePaul, Loyola, Indiana, and Culver resulted in decisive victories for the Notre Dame team. Foglia, Bulger, Mouch and Harris made up the rest of the squad.

GO



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