

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

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—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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The Bride of Maytime

I walked in a golden garden
One golden Maytime morn:
The wind was in the ivy,
The dew was on the thorn,
And bright across the waking world
The sunrise lights were born.

"And what is all this gladness?"
I asked the budding rose;
"And all this happy tumult
That through the garden goes?
Laughter is in the grass, a blush
Upon the lily's snows."

"O know you not our festival?
Or whom we wait to greet?
For whom the thorny rose, withdrawn,
Would make a pathway sweet?
Or whom the lilies blush to see,
The grasses run to meet?"

"Our Lady—'tis Our Lady
Who comes this happy day;
Our Lady, Our Lady
Is passing soon this way:
For her the dew shines on the thorn,
For her the breezes play.

"And through our golden garden,
Awalking by her side
(O see, the secret violet
No more will weep and hide!)—
Awalking with Our Lady
Will come Our Saviour's bride!

"The Mother to her mighty Son,
The bride to her strong Spouse,
They come today—they come today
With pledging of sweet vows,
And we are the gay lamps that light
The pathway to His House!"

Low in the garden then I knelt,
Low on the dewy lawn,
And o'er the clamor of my prayers
Heard heavenly doorways drawn,
And past me sounds of angels
Went rushing through the dawn!

—CHARLES PHILLIPS

... THE WEEK ...

"Well," as the actor said when he was scraping off the top layer of vegetables, "I guess my public didn't miss me much."

The success of the Engineers' Number has shaken the confidence of the regular staff, in addition to revealing a hitherto unexplored stratum of literati. The literary department is rapidly drawing up contracts, but it is feared that the lateness of the season will prevent the benefits that would have been derived from an earlier revelation. However, in the intervals between reading last week's SCHOLASTIC and *Pan*, a few events have happened, mention of which will enable this department to remain shakily on its feet.

Two good baseball games—one good for the team averages, and one good for the stands—marked a successful opening of the home season. Luther fell before the local barrage, 19-0. Western State Normal of Kalamazoo, brought a much snappier club into the diamond on Tuesday and gave Notre Dame a fight to pull out a 5-4 victory in the last inning. The latter game contained strong human interest on both sides—if we believe the old saying, "To err is human." But it was cold, and baseball didn't get its start among the Eskimos.

Profiting by the example of the Junior room-drawing contest, and probably swayed by the powerful denunciation in the Engineers' Number of the SCHOLASTIC, the drawings for the Sophomore reservations were conducted under martial law. A strategic box was provided, with an opening that barely permitted the hand, clutching one number, to be withdrawn, and a number of guards were posted on all sides. Estimates on a few machine guns for next year's drawings have been sought.

Prom girls tripped about the campus from Thursday till Sunday. Some of the luckless victims of the U-run-it system wished by Sunday night that they had bought a car as a matter of economy. Last Week predicted that the Prom would be a success—this Week takes pleasure, and space, in confirming it.

Footlights gleamed again in Washington Hall on Wednesday night, when Harry McGuire's "Old Man"—it is a play, not Mr. McGuire, Sr. — and Ray Hunt's "Room-mates"—we probably should say here, also, that this cast does not actually room with Mr. Hunt—were very capably and entertainingly presented. The performance Wednesday evening was for the students and faculty, while a repetition of the plays will be given later for the people of South Bend. The plays, written, acted, and directed by Notre Dame men, form a highlight in campus drama that it will take strong candlepower to outshine.

Teaching positions for desperate Seniors; trips to the Orient for budding commerce students; room-reservations for the underclassmen; Spring registration in some of the colleges; baseball games; tennis matches; all this commences to look like the beginning of the end. When you read this it will be May—and as it is written,—if tradition holds true—May ought to be a very flowery month.

The last day for handing in senior theses is today, if you happen to get your SCHOLASTIC on Saturday, May 2. This vital announcement is offered as an excuse for any weakness or abstraction in what has gone before. (You can see the effect of last week's issue.)

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Two books by the Reverend Charles C. Miltner, C. S. C., Ph. D., Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, will be published this year. "Elements of Ethics" will be brought out by Macmillan in the early fall, and "Progressive Ignorance and Other Essays" by the B. Herder Company late in the summer.

THE GLEE CLUB THANKS.....

.....for assistance and courtesies tendered during the Easter trip: the Notre Dame Club of Cleveland; the Akron Club and the K. of C. of Akron; the K. of C., the C. D. of A., and Father O'Connor of Barnesbroo; the K. of C. of Johnstown; the K. of C. of Connelville; Station KDKA of Pittsburgh; the Notre Dame Club of Wheeling.

FRANCIS W. HOWLAND,
President.

THE PLAYERS' CLUB SCORES FIRST SUCCESS

The Players' Club of Notre Dame was officially launched on its dramatic career last Wednesday evening in Washington Hall. Two one-act plays "Room-mates" and "The Old Man," written by Raymond Hunt and Harry McGuire, respectively, were presented and received enthusiastic applause from the large audience.

The action of "Room-Mates" might have taken place in any student's room on the campus. It tells the story of the triumph of the under-dog, the chap who after being cruelly accused by his room-mates of physical and mental debility, finally leaves for the smart Dalton party, to which his envious and more handsome companions were not invited. Albert Doyle and John Cavanaugh as the sophisticated room-mates, and Clarence Ruddy as the maligned one, played their parts in a becoming manner.

"The Old Man," McGuire's *opus* which won third prize in the intercollegiate play contest, was a more elaborate production. Well written and containing an abundance of action, this sea play has but one serious defect, and that an unavoidable one which the convention of

the stage imposes. To bear a drunken gang of mutinous sailors vent their hate in such drawing-room swearing as a succession of "damns" or "hells" is a phenomenon comparable to a pet bull-dog with a Pom-Pom bark. The incongruity would be less marked if most of the profanity were altogether omitted.

Harry McGuire as Johnson, and LeRoy Hebbert as the mutinous Appel, undoubtedly played the most difficult parts and did their work very capably. Kenneth Powers as Al, the bas'un, performed with excellent naturalness and repression.

THE JUNIOR PROM

Two hundred couples, in shimmering gowns and immaculate tuxedos, danced to the music of Joe Kayser's Orchestra at the Junior Prom Friday evening, April 24, in the Knights of Columbus club house.

The ballroom was cleverly decorated with small beaded lanterns in pastel colors. A soft rose and blue light fell from the chandelier in the centre, and the small wall lights were masked in the school colors, gold and blue. The gymnasium, adjoining the ballroom, was transformed into a lounge: davenport, tables, overstuffed chairs and shaded lamps struck the note of comfort. The room was bowered in gold and blue streamers from which hung lanterns similar to those used in the ballroom.

The orchestra, augmented to twelve pieces, played throughout the evening from nine until two. "Oh Katherina" proved an especial favorite with the dancers. Favors for the guests were blue leather writing cases, lined with grained gold ribbon, and containing stamp and address books. Heavy white card programs, with cord and pencil in gold and blue, were engraved with the class numeral and the words "Junior Prom."

Fifty young ladies from St. Mary's College, and many more from South Bend and various "home towns" were numbered among the guests. Most of the men attending were juniors, with a small sprinkling of seniors and post-grad students. To the class of '26 and to the officers and committees in charge of the affair much credit is due.

S. A. C. Notes

Because facilities for housing and entertaining the delegates were thought insufficient, the S. A. C., at its meeting Monday night, decided not to invite the Midwest Student Conference to meet at Notre Dame in 1926. At a previous meeting the Council had voted to extend this invitation thinking then that arrangements might easily be made.

—NDS—

John Moran, '25, and Dan Brady, '26, President of the Junior Class, both members of the S. A. C., left Wednesday morning to attend this year's meeting of the Midwest Student Conference at the Kansas State College of Agriculture, Manhattan, Kansas, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. The Conference is composed of twenty-eight colleges and universities whose representatives assemble annually to discuss matters relating to student government.

—NDS—

The silver loving cup, to be awarded soon to Walsh Hall, winner of the interhall swimming championship, was displayed to the S. A. C. members Monday night. The cup is the gift of the S. A. C.

—NDS—

Attention of students is directed to those rules governing nominations and elections which appear in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Since new and somewhat revolutionary regulations go into effect this year, it is important that everyone, who is to take part in these nominations and elections, be fully informed beforehand.

FACTS ABOUT THE COMING ELECTIONS

1—ELECTIONS GOVERNED

- a—Officers of the Class of 1926
- b—Officers of the Class of 1927
- c—Officers of the Class of 1928
- d—6 S. A. C. Representatives of the Class of 1926

—One from each of the five colleges and a Day-Student Representative.

e—3 S. A. C. Representatives of the Class of 1927

1—A one year Representative.

2—Two (2)-Year Representatives.

f—1 S. A. C. Representative of the Class of 1928.

2—ABSENTEE VOTERS

Only those students absent in the interest of the University shall be allowed the privilege of an Absentee Ballot which must be applied for before the absence is incurred.

3—TIME AND PLACE OF PRIMARIES.

a—S.A.C. Representatives of the coming Senior Class.

—Wednesday, May 6.

College of Commerce in North Room of Library.

College of Engineering in the South Room.

—Thursday, May 7.

Day-Students in the North Room of the Library.

College of Science in the South Room.

—Friday, May 8.

College of Arts and Letters in the North Room.

College of Law in the South Room.

b—Officers and Representatives of the coming Sophomore Class.

Monday, May 11, in Washington Hall at 12:30.

c—Officers and Representatives of the coming Junior Class.

Tuesday, May 12, in Washington Hall at 12:30.

d—Officers of the coming Senior Class.

Wednesday, May 13, in Washington Hall at 12:30.

4—TIME AND PLACE OF ALL FINAL ELECTIONS:

Friday, May 15, in the Gymnasium —
Polls will be opened 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

NOTE:—The S. A. C. will post notices of each election upon the campus.

MR. FRANK E. HERING TO SPEAK ON MOTHER'S DAY

Mr. Frank E. Hering of South Bend has been recognized by the American War Mothers as the founder of Mother's Day. In that capacity they have invited him to address a great gathering of women during the course of a memorial service in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., on May 10, Mother's Day.

The celebration of Mother's Day is to hold a special significance in Washington this year because the International Council of Women is to be in session there on that day. This Council is endeavoring to bring together representatives of the mothers of soldiers from every civilized nation. All these women, assembled by the Council, will join with the American War Mothers in the memorial service in Arlington Cemetery, and it is this gathering that Mr. Hering will address.

The action of the War Mothers in recognizing Mr. Hering as the founder of Mother's Day followed an inquiry into the claim of Miss Jane Jarvis of Philadelphia that she had suggested the observance of such a day. The War Mothers discovered evidence proving that, at least three years before the day claimed by Miss Jarvis to be the first on which mothers were officially honored, Mr. Hering had urged that a Mother's Day be observed in the Fraternal Order of Eagles and had delivered an address in the home of the Kansas City Eagles advocating such an observance.

Mr. Hering is at present editor of the official magazine of the Eagles. He was a member of the Notre Dame baseball team in 1896-97, and captain of the football team during the same year. He received his Litt. B. from the University in 1898 and his LL.B. in 1902. With Mr. Leroy Keach, LL.B., '08, of Indianapolis, he annually provides several money prizes for distribution among the monogram men of the University who have attained the highest academic excellence.

Library

David Belasco has recently made two noteworthy contributions to the Library: one is a scenic souvenir of "The Merchant of Venice" as presented in the Lyceum Theatre in New York on December 1, 1922; the other is a book, "The Merchant of Venice," arranged by Belasco himself for David Warfield as Shylock.

—NDS—

A silver cup, awarded to Notre Dame as second prize for its float in the Tournament of Roses pageant last New Year's Day, is on exhibition in the Library.

—NDS—

The following books have been placed in the stacks during the past week:

- Acker, E. F.—Four Hundred Games for School, Home and Playground.
- Ashley, P. W. L.—Modern Tariff History: Germany—United States—France.
- Baker, Mrs. J. (T)—Literary Workshop.
- Barton, W. E.—Life of Abraham Lincoln. 2 v.
- Beman, L. T. comp.—Select Articles on Prohibition.
- Brinton, S. J. C.—Bartolozzi and His Pupils in England.
- Conrad, Joseph.—Mirror of the Sea.
- Conrad, Joseph.—Romance, a novel.
- Drew, John—My Years on the Stage.
- Dumville, Benjamin—Elements of French Pronunciation and Diction.
- Erskine, Mrs. Beatrice—London as an Art City.
- Jesness, O. B.—Co-operative Marketing of Farm Products.
- Leonard, S. A.—Essential Principles of Teaching Reading and Literature in the Intermediate Grades and the High School.
- Low, S. J. M.—Governance of England.
- Lowell, Amy—John Keats. 2 v.
- McGregor, A. L.—Supervised Study in English for Junior High School Grades.
- Maitland, F. W.—Sketch of English Legal History.
- Modern Language Association of America—Report of the Committee of Twelve.
- Paine, A. B.—Mark Twain. 4 v.
- Stacpoole, H. de Vere—Beach of Dreams.
- Strachey, G. L.—Eminent Victorians.
- Wallace, D. D.—Government of England, National, Local, and Imperial.
- White, A. B.—Making of the English Constitution.
- White, H. A.—English Study and English Writing.
- Wilson, Woodrow—Woodrow Wilson's Case for the League of Nations.

THE DEATH OF MRS. ELEANOR CHILDS MEEHAN

As the students of English of the University prepare to submit essays for the Meehan Medal Essay contest, news has been received of the death of the medal donor, Mrs. Eleanor Childs Meehan. The University is grieved to learn at this late date of the death of Mrs. Meehan, which occurred March 20, at her home in Covington, Kentucky. A constant friend and benefactor of Notre Dame, Mrs. Meehan will be held in death, as she was in life, in the memory and prayers of Notre Dame.

An excerpt from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, which gives an interesting resume of her beautiful and full life, follows:

"To have lived the four score years allotted as man's span of life; to still be indispensable to a devoted family circle and to hosts of friends, is to have grown old gracefully, and not to have lived in vain. Such was the happy lot of Mrs. Eleanore Childs Meehan, the handsome, hospitable and charming mother of the late Mrs. Hall-Hagemeyer, of Mrs. W. M. Greene, Jr., of Mrs. Brookfield, and the grandmother of Mr. Lee Read. Her beautiful country place on Lexington Pike, Ky., was like a mecca of pleasure for a wide acquaintance and a refuge from the turmoil of the world, for her family connection. There a Southern grace prevailed that was ever ready to welcome the friend and the friend's friend. There among her books, her pictures and her thrilling memories, Mrs. Meehan created an atmosphere of intellectual repose and joyous greeting, last week was rudely shaken when the soul of her who had presided over its destinies for so many happy years took flight upon the uncharted seas.

"Mrs. Meehan is mourned not alone by her immediate circle but by hosts of friends in many quarters of the globe, for she was as true a comrade to the end, as she was always a fond and precious mother.

"A year ago she wrote a delightful little brochure which she called 'Old Covington.' In its engrossing pages were embodied her personal recollections of that thriving town across the tawny Ohio. It has been sent for from all parts of the world, by former

Covingtonians, who heard of its happy memorabilia, and were eager to possess its many interesting anecdotes and historic data. She is held dear by all of these as by those more closely allied with her useful and varied life, which, since it was passed in good works as in inspiring companionship, raised its own monument in the hearts of all who knew her.

"Mrs. Brookfield has come on from Pittsburgh and will remain for the present with her nephew, Mr. Read, as the chatelaine of this desolate hearth, which has been so lovely a family shrine to Mrs. Meehan and her descendants. There too for the next few months, Mrs. W. M. Greene, Jr., will remain before departing for the East, she too having come from afar at the news of her mother's fatal illness. She and Mr. Greene and their little girl have been living in Santa Barbara for the past few years on account of the latter's health, and they will later make their home beyond the Eastern Alleghenies."

IMPOTRANT ENGINEERS' MEETING

Every Engineer should be present at the next meeting of the Engineers' Club in the Carroll Hall Rec Room at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, May 6. Plans for the big Picnic will be discussed and the elections of the officers for next year will be held. If you don't have a Club card COME ANYWAY.

DR. WALSH LECTURES ON PASTEUR

Those fortunate persons who heard Dr. James J. Walsh speak in Washington Hall Thursday afternoon were quite convinced that Pasteur, the world-famous French scientist, has saved more lives than any other man ever born. Dr. Walsh's knowledge of facts and figures is amazing. He started with Pasteur as a boy and finished with Pasteur as an old man; and in the interim he told of scientific accomplishments that are without parallel in history. Never for an instant did he lose the interest of his audience.

THE SENIOR BALL

The Senior Ball program which has been arranged by the Ball Committee under the direction of George Laughlin, General Chairman, includes a reception which will be held at the Oliver Hotel from 4 to 6 Friday afternoon. Music will be by Harry Denny's Collegians.

The Ball, proper, will start with a Grand March at 10 o'clock, played by Coon-Sanders original Kansas City Nighthawk Orchestra. Previous to this, Harry Denny's Collegians will play from nine to ten for the entertainment of those guests who care to attend earlier.

On Saturday afternoon the guests will find diversion at the track meet between the Varsity and Michigan Agricultural College teams. Saturday evening a dinner will be tendered all Seniors and their guests in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel. Dinner will be served promptly at six-thirty. Tickets for the dinner may be secured from the Arrangements Committee: Charles Collins, (Chairman), Eddie Lyons, William Krider, Joseph Scalise, and Ralph Heger. The tickets will be ready for distribution Saturday, May 9, and Seniors are urged to make their reservations as soon as possible.

Attractive favors have been ordered through the Calvin Clauer Co., of South Bend. The Committee feels assured that these will meet with popular approval.

The Patrons and Patronesses for the Ball are: Professor and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Dean and Mrs. T. J. Konop, Mr. and Mrs. Knute K. Rockne, Professor Charles Phillips and Professor Paul Fenlon.

In order that proper publicity may be given the Ball, it is imperative that each Senior turn in the name of his guest, and her home address to Charles Donahue, 348 Sorin Hall.

In connection with the Ball, a limited number of pictures of guests will be published in the South Bend papers. Those who wish the picture of their guest included in this paper, are requested to give a photograph to Donahue.

Ticket sales are quite encouraging. There are some few, however, who have not as yet

made arrangements for their tickets. They are urged to do so at once, as a complete list of those attending, must be compiled on May 8.

SCRIBBLERS TO HEAR M'CREADY HUSTON

Mr. McCready Huston, associate editor of the South Bend *Tribune* and prominent short story writer, is to speak to the Scribblers at their meeting next Wednesday night. He asks that all the Scribblers read his short story in the May number of *Scribner's* before the meeting; he is to use that story as the basis of his remarks.

COACH ROCKNE ADDRESSES KNIGHTS

A defense of athletics because they contribute notably to the formation of a strong character, was offered by Coach Knute K. Rockne in his address before Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus at its regular meeting Tuesday night. He stated the charges advanced by opponents of athletics and then disproved each of them. He concluded that any kind of athletics, and particularly football, was invaluable in providing a firm mental foundation.

Grand Knight Harry McGuire announced that the golf tournament, to be sponsored by the Council for its members, had been postponed for two weeks in order that the entrants might have additional time in which to practice.

Mark Nolan was elected a delegate to the state convention to be held on June 1 at the Gibault Home for boys near Terre Haute. Grand Knight McGuire will attend the convention *ex-officio*. Joe Bach was elected first alternate and Art Bidwell second alternate.

To accommodate those candidates who are to participate in the state track meet at LaFayette on May 23, the first degree of the next initiation is to be held on Thursday evening, May 21, rather than on the following Friday evening. The second and third degrees will be exemplified on Sunday afternoon, May 24.

EDITORIAL

THE DRAMA LIVES AGAIN

Minerva is said to have sprung full-grown from the head of Jove. The rebirth of the drama at Notre Dame presents almost the same phenomenon. Or it might be likened to the legend of the Sleeping Beauty who awoke from the long years of sleep as beautiful as she was when the magic spell was cast. The simile depends upon whether you regard Harry A. McGuire as Jove or as the Prince Charming.

For it was through the efforts of Mr. McGuire, very largely, that the Players' Club came into existence and began the efficient activities that ended in the production of the two one-act plays in Washington Hall on Wednesday night. It was Mr. McGuire who wrote "The Old Man," one of the plays staged. It was Mr. McGuire who directed the play he had written. And it was Mr. McGuire who took a part in the same play. All of which represents a service to Notre Dame for which there is no possible incentive but the desire to serve Notre Dame.

Admirable support was given Mr. McGuire by officers and members of the Players' Club. And so successful was the first production of the Club that it is difficult to see how anything short of a violent death can interfere with further progress along the same lines. A revelation of talent in acting, writing, and directing, came with the production of these two plays. And a revelation of the appalling need of such work was un-

covered. Imagine a University man attending such a performance and remarking afterward that the play was probably all right but he couldn't see any connection between the first and second acts!

No society can exist without cooperation from within and support from without. The Players' Club needs no comment on its worth. None but a cultural moron can fail to see the benefits that the University, the interested members of the Club, and the general student body derive from such an organization. There is little need for urging men talented along the lines of acting, writing, or directing to join the society that offers the outlet for their gifts. Somewhere there is a commandment against commenting on the obvious. But there is need for a suggestion of the great need for support from without. The evils in politics, the evils in business, the evils in every form of organization come usually from a highly organized minority and an indifferent or unorganized majority. Societies, like men, need nourishment. And the nourishment of the drama is attendance. Unless the Players' Club receives the support of the student body concretized in a full house at every performance the Club presents, the organization, despite its intrinsic merit will lack a full complement of life and will become at best a tottering skeleton of its natural self.

Notre Dame is non-coeducational; but there is no bar against the Nine Muses. J. A.

THE ENGINEERS' NUMBER

The SCHOLASTIC wishes to state that the issue of last week included only a small number of articles by members of the Engineering school not through any fault of omission, or lack of interest by the engineers themselves, but rather because of the over-abundance of news which could not be delayed publication.

The editors feel, however, that this number proved conclusively that there is potential literary talent among the engineers.

—J. W. S.

THE 1925 PROM

MULTICHROMATIC forms glimmeringly gliding amidst glinting lights from coruscating chandeliers—smiling, happy faces—rippling feminine laughter—chuckling masculine voices—rhythmic orchestral cadences, exuberant, mellifluous.

Something like that—something like that is the approved form for describing the joys of a Junior Prom. And only such a lavish form is appropriate for an expression of the enjoyment of the affair, one of the great events in the university social life, and the event among those most remembered of all experienced at school.

Much was expected of Dan Brady and his Juniors and the Prom of 1925 was no disappointment to expectations. The work of the Prom committees, the music of the orchestra, the spirit of the dancers, were worth enthusiastic praise.

And now—the Prom lives only in reminiscence.

—M. C.

THE GLEE CLUB

The success of the Glee Club Easter trip, as indicated by a flood of congratulatory letters to the officers of the University, which followed the Easter concerts, has again awakened the campus to the fact that Notre Dame this year possesses an exceptional singing organization.

Requests from Pennsylvania and W. Va., for University catalogues, applications for entrance requirements, a flood of letters, congratulatory, curious, enthusiastic, from Eastern cities where the club appeared—the Glee Club Easter trip was a huge success! To present a difficult program on successive nights and score an unbroken series of hits, to consistently create a splendid impression of gentlemanliness both in concert and after concert, requires an exceptional body of men. And the Glee Club succeeded in accomplishing just these things.

In congratulating the personnel of the Glee Club, its officers, Dr. Browne and Mr. Casasanta, the SCHOLASTIC feels conservatively safe in stating that this Glee Club of 1925 is the greatest which has represented Notre Dame. This is written with full knowledge of the excellence of the Glee Clubs which have been produced at Notre Dame in the ten years of the organization's existence, and of which this club of 1925 is a culmination.

—J. W. S.

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On Our Age

JAMES F. DWYER, '26

IS this age of ours as bad as it is painted? Has our youth, in one broad sweep, tossed aside the virtues to take up the vices? One finds it irritating, if he has any pride at all, to listen to the accusations of prudish preachers that the world is going to the dogs.

The dogs, I think, have always had way-side bones to feed on. No age has suffered the animals to go hungry. Today is no worse than yesterday. God, bestowing a benediction of serene holiness upon Adam, saw Adam shirk from it and step into the darkness of sin; God, diffusing his graces today, sees some eagerly accept and others rebuke. Morality today, it is cried, is at a lower ebb than the moral sense of bygone years. But is this true? I believe in my age, have faith in its moral sense, and refuse to accept the lie that morality is a dead issue with our people. At least, no past age can produce an immaculate slate in which are recorded all the deeds of the era as just and holy ones. No age can point a clean finger at us.

The Biblical years furnish no end of moral weakness. God, in those days, suffered more repudiation, I believe, than he does in our own. The lascivious Jews, freed from the persecutions of the Pharaohs, gave God His thanks by erecting a golden calf and engaging in an orgy of lust. Today our sense of the dramatic is that forgiveness begets repentance on the part of the sinner. The Greeks, patrons of the Arts, sacrificed lives for a pot of gold. A mummy to an Egyptian was like the flag to us—it demanded respect; but the Egyptian went further—he idolized mummies—stuffed bags of dust. I know of no such stupid immorality today, unless it be the worship of Mammon. Consider the degradation of Rome. Sin. Sin. Sin. A good deed then was as common as cactus on Broadway. Why hide your face, modern? No man has been stronger than you.

"Giants are of today, not yesterday, it is a familiar shout of the pessimist. "Then

there were giants;" this is the age of pygmies," they tell us. Achilles lives in history for his speed, but children of the twenty-first century will speak of the Phantom Finn, Paavo Nurmi. Has ancient history any man who buffed a tide as John Weismuller does? The Prussian Guards, essence of finesse in military rhythm, never mowed down enemies with more precision than the Notre Dame Football Team does. Today, our athletes are more intelligent, stronger (since they are the better trained), and better acquainted with technique. The deeds of modern athletes would strike fear and shame into the hearts of the ancients. No pygmies are we.

In literature, again, we are Liliputians. We produce nothing worthy, they reprimand us. This is the age of sex in letters, say the accusers. Our case is a difficult one to outline; but one panacea for the mental ill that worried the pessimist, I offer. Today we are victims of our own inventions. The printing press offers a greater chance for publicity to all sorts of writings. Today we are numerically great in writers. Presses are always in wait for their food. It was not so in the past. The kindness of the gods shone upon those whose work was published. Fate, then, selected a few, but Fate lost its good sense long ago in matters of selective publishing. We are, however, not so badly off. At least, our writers are the greater technicians. Order now reigns where once was rebellion. Modernists adhere to known rules, that previously were buried somewhere—not in the minds of the writers of the past. No one need be ashamed to defend such a list as Barrie, Galsworthy, Bridges, Kilmer, Kipling, Tarkington, O'Neill, Yeats, France, Masfield, Shaw. In fact, they defend themselves. They are not Liliputians.

Our age is a human one; and it has its faults. But no age, perhaps, has its critics more than this. The prudish beget faults, construction only is needed. Our pride in ourselves needs bolstering.

Cardinal Newman's "*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*."

JAMES A. CARROLL, '25

TONIGHT at evening prayer I heard the responses to the litany of Mary, and it gave me something of a thrill to hear those strong young voices answer, in murmured monotone, to that loveliest of litanies, that sweetest of all prayers. What a beautiful prayer! The romance in it, the diction of those lavish praises, the music and rhythm of those lilting phrases, makes the prayer a thing of sheer poetry. And the Church, weather-beaten and scarred with the battles of centuries, claims this poem as her own. She who is so often accused of harshness and want of emotion, of being too literally a Church Militant, cherishes this tender love song which her sons sing to Mary.

We make this observation, preliminary to the discussion of our subject, to show the relation of the Church, as an artist, to John Henry Newman, as an artist. For to both these veterans of many conflicts, art was not an end in itself, or even a means in itself, but only a result. The poetry we find in the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church is altogether an unconscious poetry, the result of the heart speaking to the heart. The artistic quality of Newman's writings and sermons likewise are achieved without conscious effort; he is an artist secondarily. Newman wrote with a purpose much more lofty than mere literary perfection, and to have said he strove for the latter aim would have sounded in his ears like an accusation. This is what one must keep in mind always when he studies the writings of the great Tractarian.

That celebrated novelist and critic, Charles Kingsley, writing in the *MacMillan Magazine*, in January, 1864, a criticism of Froude's "History of England," made the fatal imputation of insincerity which was to produce Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* and his own literary disgrace.

Newman, following his conversion, had gone into retirement at Edgbaston. There he lived in peace and quiet many years,

lost to the world, as it were, and content in the simple duties of teaching young boys the classics. Kingsley's charge brought him out of this seclusion. With his spiritual autobiography, he once more became the outstanding man in England, and the center of discussion throughout the world. His book immediately took rank as a work of literature, and as the greatest spiritual autobiography ever written.

The *Apologia* deals with the life of Newman and with the spiritual convictions which run parallel with his life.

The father of John Henry Newman was a banker—as were the fathers of two other illustrious converts, Manning and Ward. His mother was of Huguenot descent, and of a family of papermakers. The boy John, who was born in 1801, was the oldest of six children. William, the youngest, also attained a reputation as a divine.

John was a thoughtful boy, "philosophical," as his sister called him. Religion early received his attention, and he tells us elsewhere of his grave discussion with his nurse, while a mere baby, concerning a married life. His youth was uneventful; he went to school, first at Ealing, then at Trinity College, Oxford. The family lived for a while at Brighton, where Newman met Hurrell Froude.

His health broke down at this time, 1832, due to overstudy, and he accompanied Froude and his father on a trip to the south of Europe. It was on this trip that Newman wrote "Lead Kindly Light." Returning home, inspired by the conviction that he had "a work to do in England," he arrived just in time to hear Keble preach the famous sermon on "National Apostasy," July 14, 1833, which marked the beginning of the Oxford Movement.

Keble, whom Newman had met at Oxford, had an influence on him almost as subtle and strong as that of Hurrell Froude. Keble had already become widely known as the author of "The Christian Year." "Keble's character was amiable and so was his relig-

ion, fed as it had been on the poetry of the older Anglican divines." Newman had met Whately and had broken with him. The combination of Froude, Keble, and Newman was destined to shake Anglicanism severely. These men, speculating deeply upon ecclesiastical matters, developed a keen interest in the "primitive Church," in which religion had been more vital than it was in the England of their day.

Newman, passing from an idealist to the convictions of a liberal realist, began his part in the great revolution with his Oxford sermons. These sermons first brought him in contact with the outer world. He set out on the hopeless task of trying to reconcile the principle of the Early Faith with modern Anglicanism. To discover the reality of the Apostolic Church, he now undertook the difficult task of research. He studied minutely the Arian creed. Covertly, at first, he began to cast looks at the Roman Catholic creed; but the dye of Anglicanism and anti-Roman views was too strong and Rome at this time meant nothing to him. The trip with Hurrell Froude to southern Europe, however, made upon him an impression of Catholic life, and his regard for Rome became more kindly.

Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy" was to break the peace in Newman's life, and now he made ready for battle. From the pulpit of St. Mary's he began to hurl those thunderbolt sermons which were to rock the Church of England to its foundations, a new Prometheus, who was terribly in earnest. He employed his pen too, and the famous "Tracts For The Times" now made their appearance.

Looking back on his actions now, it seems little short of marvelous the courage and daring he showed. But Newman was probably too intense in his labor to be troubled with fear. His whole life he now dedicated to renovating the Anglican Church. Thus he began to build a house which he later saw to rest on sand. He soon saw how futile it would be to attempt to ingraft the tradition of the Apostolic Church into his own Anglican Church; at the same time, with careful observation, he saw to his amazement and dismay the whole body of

this tradition living and breathing in the Roman Catholic Church. Gradually he came to see the *via media* as only an illusion. The bent of his life now centered on what was to Anglicans distinctly unorthodox.

His "Tract 90," which interpreted the Thirty-Nine Articles in a Catholic sense, drew upon him the condemnation of his superiors, and charges of heresy were levelled at the Tractarians as a body. Slowly, as this pressure bore down upon Newman, his idea developed more broadly. Withdrawing to Littlemore to escape the slings of Anglicans and to heal his wounds, he set about the final solution of his great problem. He completed this with his "Development of Christian Doctrine." The doors of heavenly truth opened unto him, and his search was at an end. On the evening of October 8, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

This great metamorphosis, the outline of which we have so poorly and meagerly sketched, is the subject of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." Newman, a keen psychologist and a brilliant metaphysician, retrospects over a period of twenty years to heart-stirring days, and despite the span of years, has searched his mind and soul for the cause of the great change within him.

To Newman, a reserved and sensitive man, this was a task most repelling. To lay bare his innermost thoughts and feelings to a vulgar gaze he viewed with a kind of horror, and it was only because he deemed it his duty did he do so. It was like opening up old wounds, and the pain he felt at each revelation of his story can be seen written on every page of the work.

The mental tenseness under which Newman wrote the book is felt throughout the *Apologia*. It was too great a task to require of a man of his age, but Newman performed it well. All day he stood at his desk, sometimes for fourteen hours at a time, in this super-human work of analysis and arrangement. But the sacrifice involved in its execution was rewarded as completely as he could have wished. He laid down his pen and presented his apology to the world; and we can almost see the tall, wearied scho-

lar, arms thrown out and tears streaming from his eyes, beseeching us: "Now do I appear to you a liar and a knave?"

The figure of Kingsley was lost in insignificance with the appearance of the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. The volume itself immediately took rank as one of the classic works in our language. It is easy to praise it, but impossible to praise it adequately. The pure, pellucid, simple style of Newman is here most exquisitely displayed. The depth and range of thought is marvelous, and the concrete way he employs to express the idea of a *movement-to-a-goal* is very powerful. In the stiff, buckramed form of an autobiography, he sways the feelings of his readers as he did his hearers, in those memorable sermons at St. Mary's.

The sincerity of purpose which the writer displays is most striking. Here is no bit of fiction, or mere attempt at our divertisement. The man is solemnly in earnest, and we feel ourselves unconsciously taking the position of a judge of his motive, and asking what was Newman's purpose in writing his book. And surely we must acquit him, if the whole world has already done so.

The man was in earnest. Witness the note of sombreness, wanness and gloom in the retrospection over his years as an Anglican. And then see the surge of gladness that is so apparent in his account of his life after the year 1845. The long voyage is over, and the philosopher speaks out with the wisdom of years. The final chapters give the strange impression of a suppressed joy, wild and unutterable, in a heart full of peace and serenity. The sentences of the *Apologia* then grow longer and more eloquent, and the thoughts deeper, expressing the view of the world of a man now confident and sure of his destiny and purpose. The book ends with

a beautiful remembrance of his best beloved friends at Edgbaston, a passage which George Eliot thought more inspiring than anything else she had ever read.

Although his part in the matter was despicable, the world really owes Charles Kingsley a debt of gratitude because he impelled Newman to write the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. The noble Oratorian would never have made such a complete revelation of his spiritual development, a revelation which caused so much pain and embarrassment to his sensitive nature, had he not been so deeply hurt by his tormentor.

But over and beyond Kingsley's assault, was there not some essential egotism in Newman's character which accounted for his *Apologia*? He tells us that at the age of fifteen there grew upon him the conviction that there were in reality only two self-evident, luminous individuals—God and himself. This was a conviction which he never could fully throw off. Newman was, also, dimly conscious that he held a divine mission. Considerations such as these help us to get a more varied view of the man, and are perhaps, other reasons for this remarkable spiritual autobiography.

The only book which has ever been seriously compared to Newman's *Apologia* is St. Augustine's *Confessions*. Newman's prose in this work is matchless, perfect. The writings of Carlyle, London, Arnold, Ruskin, are as crude bludgeonings beside this literary gem. The deepest thought is expressed in a style which cannot be imitated. Newman's *Apologia* is *aere perennius*.

O Newman, thou great Heart, thou good, thou just, thou holy man, teach me to love, as you didst, life reasonably, art sensibly, and thy God, who made thee so fine!

TO A SONG

I tried to find my love a rose
But only found a song:
Our love had withered with the flower
That now has lived too long.

—ANTHONY SHEA.

Shakespeare's Reading

WILLIAM J. REID, '26

I WILL ask my readers to follow me to the Elizabethan period of literature, for in that age lived the greatest of playwrights: William Shakespeare. Very few facts about his life are obtainable and even fewer are known to be authentic. Interwoven about his life's history are myths, strange tales, weird incidents, enough seeming fiction to assure us his existence was an adventurous one. Never has there lived an author possessing such vivid imagination, poetical fervor, literary acumen, and variety of thought.

Ben Johnson once said of Shakespeare that he had "a little Latin and less Greek;" this may be true, but those who have studied Shakespeare can safely assert that he read widely and intelligently; that is, he read a book for its essence and suggestive thoughts and not for its mastery. We find him impatient if required to read a lengthy and abstruse volume, for he derived more pleasure from browsing. His contempt for the laborious work is seen in the following verse:

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with gloomy
looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

Considering the town of his birth, Stratford, the more credit is due him for having taken advantage of its poor and scanty collection of books. In the library of a gentleman of literary tastes may be found the Latin Classics, including Ovid and Horace. In Italian there are Petrarch, Boccaccio and Machiavelli. Medieval literature is represented by the Golden Legend and Cato's Precepts. The English list includes Chaucer, Gower, Skelton. An English Bible, Latin and Italian dictionaries, complete the collection. This is the library of a gentleman of ample means; Shakespeare was poor. From this we may gather the difficulty under which he labored to secure something readable. However, although he read many

of the above, the works of these men did not impress him, nor influence his style. He was a child of the English Renaissance, and it was the books of his own age that proved to be a greater influence upon him. Even the beloved old master Chaucer fell before this literary rampage.

When Shakespeare arrived in London he spent many hours in St. Paul's Churchyard, reading and digesting the new style of pamphlets and novels so prevalent at this time. Those who have made an intimate study of his life seem to agree that from this reading he procured many thoughts for his masterpieces, and many think that these pamphlets greatly influenced his style. From Green's story of "Dorostus and Fawnia" he took the plot of "The Winter's Tale." On Thomas Lodge's novel "Rosalynde" he based his play "As You Like It."

William Shakespeare had the admirable faculty of selecting the book he wanted; then he would abstract from it all that would be essential to him. He would do this, perhaps, in minutes, while many of us turn page after page for days seeking what we want. In this way was he capable of getting everything desired from the contents.

The books that served him for his dramatic plots were Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, and the Italian novelists, in many translations, chief among which must be reckoned Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, containing a selection of the choicest novels of the great Italian masters.

So, in our very brief summary of the reading of this greatest of literary figures we see Shakespeare influenced by the events, customs and books of the period. But all his works are labeled "Shakespeare;" they are stamped with personal experience; they are carried by the poetic beauty and imagination of the author, and they are received with the joyous exultation of a surprise package.

Rankin's Radio

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

IN two weeks Phidias Rankin evolved into a "Radio Nut!" "The longest journey begins with a single step," said Confucius. The journey began for Rankin when he got a one-step amplifier. All the broadcasters hitherto indistinct and faint were brought phantom-like out of their haunts and Rankin heard them clearly.

"No," emphasized Rankin to a salesman who was desperately trying to interest him in a \$100,000 issue of City of Detroit municipal bonds, "I don't like the low voltage tubes; don't get the volume on the loud speaker. Say, what kind of a grid-leak do you use?"

"The 'Always Leak'," replied the salesman.

"Don't like 'em," jawed Rankin. "I got some home-made ones—made by myself, and believe me they're dandies. Never got a squeal out of the old detector tube. No, sir, I beat all these factory made leaks."

The conversation went on for three quarters of an hour. The salesman, tired at length by Rankin's ceaseless chatter on radio—radio—closed his brief case and beat it, almost a physical wreck.

Rankin believed in radio before business and before breakfast. And he contracted the germ all in two weeks!

Phidias Rankin had started twenty years ago as a bond salesman for a small house in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Now he was head of that bond house, fairly well-to-do, a husband, and obviously a good father—that is, before radio entered into his brain and buzzed.

On summer evenings when the atmosphere was clear, golden, and inviting Rankin's chief inspiration and appetizer was a stroll leisurely home in the twilight, stopping on the way to get the evening paper and a popular magazine.

The news-stand man began it all.

"Got something that might interest you," said the news-stand man as Rankin picked out a magazine and *Chicago Tribune* from the rack.

"What's that?" asked Rankin, not exactly unpleasantly.

"A new radio magazine with all the dope on how to build your own set. I got a radio, Mr. Rankin, and I sure have a lot of fun. Heard Pittsburgh last night loud enough to get what they were sayin'."

"Don't think I'd be interested," commented Rankin, looking at the brilliantly illustrated cover of the radio magazine which the news-stand man had shoved forward.

"You know, everybody's strong for it now. New-est thing," the news-stand man persisted.

A little more quibbling and Rankin bought the twenty-cent periodical, more to please the news-stand man than anything else.

At home he tossed it carelessly on the library

table and proceeded to forget completely about it.

"What's this wireless book?" cried son Joe Rankin, age twelve, after dinner.

"It's a radio magazine I picked up at the news-stand, son. You may read it."

Joe captured it and immersed himself in it. It was just a little mature for him and so he threw it aside when he had looked at all the pictures.

Next night Rankin picked it up. At first the thing didn't seem to appeal but he got interested. An article entitled "Radio as a Hobby for Tired Business Men," claimed his attention. He went from the more general articles to the scientific and then to one on how to build a "Regenerative Set," which meant absolutely nothing to Phidias Rankin; yet he got quite a kick out of reading about it.

At 1:30 a. m. he had finished perusing everything between the covers of the radio magazine.

"Phidias, won't you ever come to bed?" said Mrs. Rankin sleepily. "You'll be just like an old rag in the morning if you don't quit reading."

He went reluctantly. Next day he got two books, another magazine, and a set of plans. The radio bug had bitten him bitterly and deeply.

His condition grew worse as the time went on. Rankin spent every evening at home in his study poring over books, figuring, and planning.

He hated to litter up his study so he decided on a workshop. An expensive workshop was fitted up in the basement where he might browse and tinker to his heart's content.

The rest of the office force had got the bug in more or less degree, but none so badly as Rankin.

"Got my set done now," enthusiastically growled Rankin to Harry Connelly, outside bond salesman. "Going to try it out tonight. Been getting anything lately on your old machine?"

"Ya, quite a lot," affirmed Harry. "Quite a lot."

"I'll show all of you fellows when I get started!"

And he did show them.

Nightly he listened, headphones tightly clamped to his ears, his trembling figures manipulating tuner and oscillating knobs with expert precision. As new broadcasting stations came into existence he heard more and more. One night he intercepted an aeroplane dispatching its position while flying through the air. *That* was wonderful!

But his one-step regenerative failed to catch some of the noises he sought. He knew those squeaks were stations great distances away, now inaudible. So he bought a two-step amplifier and those inaudible became audible as if Aladin had charmed them out of the air.

Meanwhile the Rankin home at Scott and Broadway, Fort Wayne, became more and more cluttered with aerials and antennas. There were loop antennas, cage aerials, single wire aerials, flat-top aerials, "T" aerials, and aerials of species not yet

generally known—Rankin's own ideas on aerals.

"If that man don't get burned down with lightning, it'll be a surprise to me," said catty Mrs. Ossenheim who lived on the South side of Rankin, and who viewed with numerous misgivings this net work of wires on the Rankin domicile.

Thus Rankin progressed step by step, deeper and deeper, into the realms of the immortal, spending more time in his shop than in his office. His workshop was sanctuary to the latest types of instruments. He subscribed to every available publication on the subject and steeped himself in the mysteries of the "continuous wave," "oscillating rate," "filament heat," *et cetera*.

"Did you notice in the paper this morning where they think they can get radio messages from the inhabitants of Mars?" growled Harry Connelly one dark Tuesday as Rankin was trying to concentrate over a sales-sheet of the Banquo Wire and Explosive Company.

"No!" gasped Rankin, immediately electrified.

"Ya, they're going to get signals. Trying to get a new kind of apparatus to receive the stuff. You see, our sets won't pick it up because their wave lengths are too long, but if they can get a set with long enough wave capacity I guess they'll be able to get the Martian messages."

"The hell you say," cried Rankin, wrinkling his brow. "Now isn't that interesting. Hand me the paper, Harry!"

After reading the paper he was enthused. He put on his hat and dashed down to an electric shop.

"Send me down all the No. 32 and 28 silk covered wire you got in stock."

Rankin determined to make a tuner large enough to tune in the longest wave ever let out of a transmitter if it were 15,000,000 meters long!

For two weeks he buried himself in experiment. From night until early morn he puzzled under the yellow glare of the aching lamps, winding, figuring, and listening.

"Phidias, are you ever going to become sensible again?" complained Mrs. Rankin at the breakfast table when Rankin was even more worn and morose than ever. "You haven't been your real self since you took up radio two years ago."

"I'm not neglecting anything. It's just a *hobby*!"

"It's becoming more than a hobby with you. I'm afraid we'll be hit by lightning any day, with all those wires strung over the house!"

"Don't worry about those wires. They've all got protectors on them. Just wait! I'm going to put all those scientists to shame. I'm going to get a message from Mars. I almost got the outfit ready now."

Mrs. Rankin was surprised but she held her peace. Perhaps her husband would come down to earth soon. This Mars incident was the worst yet, however.

"Ha, I see where all the scientists are going to listen in tomorrow night in effort to hear a message from Mars," said Rankin that morning to

Harry Connelly. "I'm going to listen, too. Got a set all rigged up. If I don't get them none will!"

"Ya," chirped Harry, "they're going to listen for it. I don't believe much in it, though."

"I do," raged Rankin. "I think I'm going to hear those sky pilots, sure enough."

Harry Connelly did not directly answer. He pursed his lips and looked into the outer office. He winked absently through the open door at Bill Pattee and said:

"Tell you what I'll do, Rankin! I'll bet you a hundred iron men you don't hear Mars tomorrow night."

"Taken!" yelled Rankin. "Taken!"

There were whispered conversations among the rest of the office force of Rankin, Connelly, Pattee & Company, Stocks and Bonds. Some sort of a plot was afoot. That night Connelly and Pattee got together at Connelly's home. They figured, drew diagrams, studied, and put their heads together.

At twelve o'clock they had assembled a queer looking piece of mechanism encased in a wooden box with a telephone mouthpiece and transmitter on one side.

They smiled as they parted.

The next day Rankin did not come back to work after lunch.

"Have some final connections to make, fellows," he phoned. "Can't be down this afternoon. Come over to the house about ten tonight and we'll see what we can do about hearing Mars."

All afternoon Rankin toiled over a mass of coils, vacuum tubes, tuners, and so on. At dinner time he came grimy from his work and snatched a bit of food from the table, disappearing back into his workroom.

At nine o'clock a gleam of satisfaction spread over his visage. He was ready for the experiment. He was confident that he would be able to tune in on Mars in the silence of the night. He, Phidias Rankin, a mediocre, middle-western business man, would be immortalized along with de Forest, Marconi, and Hertz.

The phone rang in the Rankin residence. It was Harry Connelly. "Tell Phidias I can't come over tonight," said Connelly to Mrs. Rankin who answered the phone. "I'm not feeling well. Pattee will be over to see how he comes out."

Thus Connelly was not present when the test was to be made. But Pattee was there, outwardly dubious but with a mysterious twinkle in his right eye.

At ten o'clock Rankin turned on the tubes, took a deep breath and began turning knobs, manipulating dials, and stretching his long neck in expectancy. Pattee leaned forward too. He was also provided with headphones and heard every sound which came through Rankin's super-set.

The minutes dragged wearily by. Eleven o'clock came, eleven thirty, eleven forty-five, midnight, and twelve fifteen. Still nothing came out of the still

night except perhaps a crackle now and then of static of the sob of a storage battery groaning under the intense load of the twenty-six vacuum tubes Rankin had hitched up.

Pattee began to get restless. Rankin was fidgety and almost disappointed.

"Let's quit," said Pattee at one o'clock, stretching and yawning.

"I won't give up," growled Rankin. "It'll come."

But half an hour later he too decided it was useless. Despondently he gave the knobs a last turn and started disentangling the headset.

Pattee coughed loudly and long!

Suddenly a voice came through the receivers. Rankin suddenly stiffened at it. Pattee did likewise. At first it came like a low moan, then louder until it was distinctly a voice, though very low and guttural.

Rankin looked at Pattee, Pattee looked at Rankin, both in amazement.

The voice said:

"T-h-i-s i-s M-a-r-s t-r-y-i-n-g t-o s-i-g-n-a-l t-h-e e-a-r-t-h"—then faster and clearer—"Heard earth stations say they were going to try and get Mars tonight and so we are calling any earth stations. We can hear all of your broadcasting stations up here. Your jazz music is. . ."

Rankin did not await more. He gave a whoop of joy which brought Mrs. Rankin downstairs in her bathrobe to see what had happened.

He thrust the receivers triumphantly over her startled ears.

"Listen to that!" he screeched. She listened and marvelled.

Pattee sat dumb in his chair.

Rankin again put on the headphones, turned the

dials a few times and listened to the voice which went on prattling what the Martians thought of American jazz and the "King of the Ivories."

"Guess I win the bet," said Rankin grasping Pattee's limp paw. "I win the bet and everlasting fame. You're my witness."

Pattee said nothing, merely nodded.

"I would like to talk longer," went on the Martian voice from the great beyond, "but up here in Mars we can't talk over a half hour at a time without getting fatigued, and then, too, I got to get up early and go to the office as I've got a half block in the Indiana Union Traction to sell in the morning and. . ."

Rankin got red in the face.

"You got what?" he cried.

"I got to go down to work at 8:30 to-morrow morning at Rankin, Connelly, Pattee & Company. They've got a branch up here you know."

There was a laugh in Mars.

"Say, where are you?" gasped Rankin frenziedly.

"Right here," said a voice.

The cellar door was thrown open and in walked Connelly flushed and beaming, a little black box under his arm.

"I want to collect that bet," said Connelly.

Pattee laughed, Connelly roared, Rankin frowned.

Slowly he turned around, took a cheque-book from his pocket and wrote Connelly a cheque for \$100.

"Now get out," he said, a smile now beginning to relax his features.

The neighbors heard a terrible racket. It was Rankin. He carried his mammoth super-set into the kitchen and solemnly kicked it with a great crash down the back steps!

STORMS*

A secret wind has stirred the sleeping sea;
And now the waves arise in blind unrest,
Rear high in new born fervor to be free,
Roll shoreward with the passion of their quest.

Then piling up in might before the land,
Confused with zeal they rush upon the shore;
A myriad clutching fingers seek the sand,—
To slip into the swirling depths once more.

On fog-wreathed beaches of my soul, such storms
Beat madly, when dreams longing to be free
Seek radiant life within substantial forms;
But wasted, broken, all sink back on me.

ROBERT HENNES, '27

* Contributed for the "Engineers' Number."

Poetic Meditations

WALTER H. LAYNE, '28

OFTEN, when I am bending over my desk with my head buried in a book of verse, I pause a moment to repeat aloud a line or two from the poem before me. On these occasions I frequently ask myself just what there is in poetry that fasciantes as it does; just what quality has poetry that enslaves its lover in its prison of pleasure for life. It is known that once we become true lovers of poetry we are destined to partake of the fruits of poetic expression the remainder of our days.

Many men have endeavored to give us a definition of poetry; and as many have failed. Even the masters of this divine art can give us only a mere glimpse of what poetry really is. Poe, looking at it from the technical side, has called it a rhythmical creation of beauty. Milton expresses his idea of it as thoughts that move in harmonious numbers. Shelley calls it a record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. All have attempted to give us their conceptions of poetry, but they have all failed to satisfy us. One poet, when asked for a definition of his art, replied that to try to give one would be like tearing away the petals of a rose, one by one, in an effort to find the fragrance of the flower. We can only say that poetry touches the very soul of man and brings his finest powers of appreciation into play.

That poetry outlives the world is a recognized fact. We learn about the ancient world of Greece from Homer, and of Rome from Vergil. The poems of Dante are read with as much pleasure to-day as they were when first penned by that immortal poet. The poems of yesterday are the poems of to-day, for rhythmical beauty has known no death throughout the ages. Poems are treasure-vaults where each succeeding generation may break open

the bars and enjoy their beauty anew.

In poetry, as in life, there is always something new and interesting for one's mind to dwell upon. The oldest poem has lines of undiscovered beauty, as the mountain its ore, awaiting some adventurer to pry open its bed and give the world its gold. There are the reformers or rebels, who are always trying new verse schemes and attempting to improve their own writing and the literature of the world. Among these we find the exponents of *vers libre*, who occupy an important position in the literary world of today. Their productions may not be poetry (that I cannot argue) but if they are not, these free verse writers are producing some of the finest prose ever written by man.

The field of poetry covers every corner of the world and includes every drama of life. We see youth dancing merrily through the poems of Stevenson. Lovers pause long over a volume of Burns or Keats. The gravest philosopher finds consolation in the works of Swinburne and Emerson. We find tales of history and patriotism by Scott and Shakespeare that no other branch of literature can approach. Nature is treated in a manner second only to God's own way.

For many years poets did not command the attention that was their due, but for the last fifteen years there has been a revival of interest in poetry. Again it is being recognized in the manner that it should be. We have a few new poets among us to-day, possessing remarkable talent, and we are thankful to say that we also have appreciative readers for their work. The poets are never ahead of their times, for in the world of poetry there is no such thing as time. They have only been waiting, year after year, for an audience that will read, enjoy, and perhaps meditate a while over their works.

THE BLIND MAN

He sees a ghostly cloud
 Drift by on summer eve.
 He sees the silver-circled moon
 In a land of make-believe.
 We look into a vacancy
 Of only darkened skies.
 He sees through loving senses
 Though God has sealed his eyes.

—WALTER H. LAYNE, '28

Mr. Todd Takes Some Photos

JACK MULLEN, '28

MR. TODD, a contractor and construction director, had taken a day off to enjoy the sunshine and the other delights of the southern outdoors. He and his wife were picnicking in a park near Atlanta, Georgia. It was a wooded spot, featuring a gentle little stream, crossed here and there by rustic bridges. Mr. Todd regarded the scenery with approbation. He had brought his camera with the intention of taking some pictures.

The Todds had hardly finished their lunch when a tall, trim, dark-haired southerner approached and, after tipping his hat to the lady, said to Mr. Todd, in a soft, well modulated voice:

"How do you do, strangah?"

"How do you do," replied the northerner, a bit surprised at the others extreme cordiality.

"Ah see that you carry a camera. Would you mind taking my pictuah?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Todd, after a moment's hesitation. "Do you want me to take it right here?"

"Well, sah, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, you might take one of me standing on that bridge ovuh yonduh," and, with an ungraceful swing of his arm, he indicated a rustic footbridge a few yards away.

"Fine, fine!" agreed Mr. Todd. The two men proceeded to the bridge. Mrs. Todd let the packing-up go while she watched, with curiosity and amusement, the ungainly visitor who was "set" on having his picture taken.

The southerner walked out upon the bridge and struck a Napoleonic pose that was evidently supposed to be one of supreme dignity. Mr. Todd snapped the camera, and turned to go back to his wife.

"Strangah! Oh, strangah!" shouted the man on the bridge. "Won't you take one or two moah?"

Mr. Todd looked at his new acquaintance quizzically for a moment or two, and then assented. There followed about ten minutes of picture-taking, during which the southerner was snapped five times in five ludicrously dignified attitudes. Finally he said:

"Ah suppose your film is filled now. Ah'll give you my card, with mah name and address, so that you can send copies of the pictuahs to me when they have been developed. Good day, suh. Thank you very much." Politely tipping his hat again, he turned and walked away, reflecting upon how "easy" people are in general, and Mr. Todd in particular. "Took my pictuah fo' nothing. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

* * * * *

Mr. Todd walked slowly back to where his wife was standing, a slight smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"Well, Tom," she asked, is there any film left for us?

"A whole roll, Mary. The camera was empty when our friend came along."

*"Mule-Swappin' Missourians"*

W. PORTER WITTICH, '27

MISSOURI! The word sounds muddy. No doubt about it. You are reminded by it, also, of illiterate natives and slang-speaking farmers who chew tobacco and trade mules. It is only natural for you to think of such things because when the word Missouri is mentioned your mind automatically registers "Mud." I am not a deepthinker and so cannot tell you why this is so—unless it's force of habit. Nevertheless I'm proud I come from Missouri; glad I come from the southern border next to Arkansas, that's chuck full of razor-back hogs and 1913 model Fords.

A new state was admitted to the Union in 1820 and some chump named it Missouri. He must

have had a limited vocabulary. I could have done better myself. If the state had a different name I wonder what the result would be. Would it still be synonymous with mules and farmers? They say there is nothing in a name, that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." I think the name Missouri is the one exception to that rule and that whoever first suggested the name should have been taken out in the back yard and shot! But he was not and now it is all too late, and Missouri is destined to go through the ages, burdened by nothing more nor less than a name suggestive of mud.

I could write five or six pages on the scenic beauty of the state, but why waste my time? I

once knew a poet who wrote a poem about the place, and I must admit that it was a very beautiful poem despite the fact that it was written by a poet. But the editor who read it only laughed—editors have a habit of doing such things—and sent the poem back. So the inspired poet moved to California or Ohio or Massachusetts. I lost track of him after he left Missouri, but heard he was still writing poems. (I don't know what he did for a living.)

A poem about moonlight is beautiful—just so long as Missouri isn't mentioned; but the minute it is—goodbye poem!—farewell ambition!! Soft breezes and mules don't rhyme in the strict sense of the word, and stiff-bearded farmers don't furnish inspiration to the modern poet. For instance: "Indiana Moon" sounds pretty. You can almost see a silvery moon in a star-lit sky. But how about "Missouri Moon?" Merciful Heavens! (or as a Missourian would say, *Gol dern!*), the air fairly reeks with wood alcohol and in the first place it sounds too much like "Missouri mule."

I am rather doubtful about stating the fact that

I come from Missouri, and in the same breath attempting to panegyricize the state.

Missourians are much like other Americans. We drive cars and strip the gears and run over unsuspecting pedestrians in much the same manner as Chicagoans. Oh, I could name any number of things in which we are similar to you other Americans—but why spoil the ideas of the outsider?

The main thing to consider is that Missourians are handicapped—handicapped by name and location. We sit around in lazy southern fashion and chew matches while the wits of the world write jokes about us—about our mules and our mud and our stiff beards. Personally, I think most of these "wise cracks" must be manufactured in Chicago. But what can we poor abused Missourians do? We can't tell the other people they have it all wrong. The other people wouldn't believe us. So we do the only logical thing there is to do: that is, read the jokes just the same as anyone else and grin—except we Missourians grin like Country Jakes and say, "By gosh!"



The Tyranny of Remembered Melodies

THOMAS G. CARNEY, '27

*"And the song, from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend."*

"**M**USIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast." This saying is the brain-child of some ancient sage, and I am not one to deny it. No people, however savage or uncouth, are without their songs and music.

Music exercises more control over the emotions than any other outside influence. The stirring strains of a martial tune will arouse a man's passions to a mad, fighting pitch, and the gentle lilt of a ballad will soothe his excited mind with fair visions. Pleasing emotions will arise and the cadence, the harmony, and the beauty of the song will summon to his imagination delightful forms and fancies.

Fortunately, we are all victims of the tyranny of melodies. Happenings, words, phrases, or moods periodically reawaken in our minds memories of some old forgotten song. We will remember a bar or two—the words may be a bit hazy but the tune will be reincarnated—and we will greet it with a joy accorded to all old friends reunited. This

haunting song will linger with us for days, bringing back vividly events from the dim past. Snatches of the tune will be on our lips when we are busily engaged in some occupation, and almost against our will, the song will occupy our minds.

Often when we have heard a song, though perhaps only once or twice, we remember a line or two from it that literally haunts us. I heard a song a long time ago—it was an old song then—of which I can remember but one line and its tune. The line begins, "Garland of old-fashioned roses—" and the tune is that of a dreamy waltz. Associated with this song there always comes up before my mind the picture of some powdered and wigged gallant crooning this message of his heart to a fair gracious mistress. I can imagine no greater pleasure than that of having this song played through by a good violinist. It would be a long-cherished desire realized.

We are all subject to this tyranny of remembered melodies. It is somewhat like the rule of a despot. I would not have it otherwise. Songs reflect our emotions. They are the mirrors of a man's soul. They can be sad or joyous with us, or they can make us be sad or joyous with them. Truly, music is a master of men.

The Cafeteria

J. K. QUALLEY, '27

" He brought a heap
Of candied apple; quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates."

—JOHN KEATS.

THE reader is cautioned against assuming that Porphyro purchased these delicacies at the cafeteria on the campus of the University of Notre Dame. On the contrary, when Neitzsche's supermen paleontologists, some ten thousand years hence, are excavating in these regions, they will find such alleged edibles as "bismarks"—which in all probability will have retained their original elasticity—and frankfurters, whose casings of caoutchouc will have preserved them from the ravages of erosion.

These observations may suggest the conclusion that the average college man of today is a living refutation of the rule that "he who eats must

work." Most students live on paternal funds. They have been known to work only when plagued by the Nemesis of examinations. They are lilies of the field, who study not; neither do they learn.

Is this seemingly reprehensible practice justifiable? Is it not rank Epicureanism? I think not; I incline rather to the view taken by Samuel Johnson, who once said, "I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it this way that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind anything else."

Moreover, the student comes to the cafeteria not only to satisfy a material craving for food, but also to drink from the fount of knowledge, to eat of the bread of wisdom. Here in the unrestrained comradeship of his fellows he discusses such all-important subjects as religion, women, and football. Here, over a thought-provoking cup of coffee or a soothing smoke, ideas heard in the class room are debated and developed, criticized and rejected, lauded and accepted.

SPRINGTIME

Springtime, bud-time
Stepping like a feather;
Kissing flowers, bowers
Waking all the heather.

Down stream, up stream
All the pageant glows:
Old trees, young fern
Dressed in springtime clothes.

Open field, woodland
Sparkle all a gleam,
Lowland, hill-top
All in color scream!

Splashing, laughing,
Talking in the brooks;
Slyly hiding
Violets in the nooks!

—JOSEPH P. M'NAMARA, '28

The Challenge of Crag and Cliff

JAMES JAY, '27

THE sculptured turrets of Old Baldy were taking on a crown of gold, and from the sheer, rugged bluffs of the purple mass, rays of sunlight were streaming down into the valley. One golden streak slanted from the wind-worn hole in the rim. Solemn and noble the castled mountain towered in the sky. In its lonely grandeur there was strength.

As I stepped from my tent my heart was filled with such joy and contentment as I had never before experienced. My thoughts went spinning dizzily from pinnacle to pinnacle of the awe-inspiring mass which towered above me, and I felt just a little overwhelmed and awed by the magnitude of it. Here and there black specks could be seen moving against the face of the cliff, which I took to be mountain goats—the wildest of all wild creatures.

For a week we had been camping here in the mountains—hunting—without great success so far. Our goal today was to be no less than a mountain ram with its broad spread of splendid horns. How we should reach those elusive black specks high in the air above our heads, I had not the slightest idea, but I put my full trust in Bob, the guide.

About five o'clock we started. We carried nothing but our guns, a few rounds of ammunition, and enough food for a midday lunch. At first the climbing was easy enough, but it soon became arduous. We had to leap over fissures in the rock which, in many cases were hundreds of feet deep. A single misstep would have sent us headlong to the rocks below. But Bob never stopped nor hesitated long over the best route to pursue, and it was up to me to follow him to the best of my ability.

The climb was doubly hard for me as I was unaccustomed to such exertion. When I thought I would have to confess my weakness to Bob, he

suddenly turned and bade me be quiet. My weariness vanished instantly and all my faculties became keenly on the alert. I strained my vision for the first glimpse of the quarry. Finally I caught a fleeting view of a magnificent specimen of the mountain ram. My heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still, and the pounding of the blood in my veins almost choked me. Seconds passed before I was able to control my quivering nerves and to glide as stealthily as possible toward the unsuspecting beast. My hands were scratched and bleeding, and my clothes torn in a number of places before I had advanced many feet, but I was oblivious to these things. Only a few more feet and I would be close enough. The few minutes it took me to worm my way forward were the most thrilling and exciting that I had ever experienced.

The ram turned his superb head and gazed enquiringly in my direction. I sank closer to the ground and prayed that he would see or sense nothing to alarm him. After a seemingly endless time I raised my head and saw him contentedly making his dinner on the sparse grass which grows in such places.

A few feet more and I raised my rifle and fired. The ram gave a mighty jump, high into the air, and then fell headlong down the sheer face of the cliff.

As I lay in camp that night with the moon-light streaming through the hole in the rock, I reviewed the events of the day. Thus occupied, it was not long before I was conscious only of the quiet sound of falling water — of the lazy murmur of the mountain stream—of lapping waves—of roaring rapids—of gentle river currents—of water sweetly tinkling and babbling—of wind: all gently merged into one soothing sound, and I slept, as only a person can after a tiresome and immensely satisfying day in the mountains.

DISCOVERY*

A poem is a treasure hoard,
Snatched from the mist of dreams,
And hurried under gentle guard
To where the sunshine gleams.

ROBERT HENNES, '27

* Contributed for the "Engineers' Number."

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

THE GREEN HAT. By Michael Arlen. New York: H. Doran Company. 1924.

(Before discussing the individual merits of these novels, it might be well to consider them together in relation to the field of modern novels. They can hardly be regarded as representative of the general run of our novelists' work, which, if made to include a very wide scope, is truly deplorable. Yet if we take into account "The Forsythe Saga," the present status of the novel is raised by that alone and by Galsworthy's future promise, but the loss of Conrad and Anatole France and the virtual loss of Hardy are severe blows. Following Pope's sage advice concerning the new and the old, we may say that the three books under discussion stand out from the common herd; and, aside from that, each has a certain degree of intrinsic merit.)

The jacket of "The Green Hat" is covered with encomiums from our eminent journals, which could be moulded into an extremely laudatory opinion of the book, but which in the interest of truth must be greatly discounted. Mr. Arlen has a charming, insinuating style and the gift—really a gift—of seeing his characters complexly. These qualities coupled with a knowledge of sophisticated people and of smart places, clever arrogance, and a cynical attitude towards all things, constitute the accessories to Mr. Arlen's craft, which rather strangely, fashions out a romance—Lorelie and all. That is the provocative and entertaining method of Mr. Arlen.

Iris Storm, who bravely wears the green hat, is, women readers say, a penetrating and nice study of feminine psychology. She is scarcely a study, since there is no explanation of motive. The author simply observes her narrowly and then accepts her actions philosophically. Iris Storm is, however, always fascinating and sometimes bewitching. The entire story is based on an altruistic action which can hardly be explained by saying, "That's Iris Storm."

A PASSAGE TO INDIA. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. 1924.

The most conservative of critics are generally agreed that some of Kipling's Indian stories are true art, that they will live. If that be true, "A Passage to India" is real art; and it will certainly

live. Kipling's conception of India is puerile compared with that of Mr. Forster. The latter's analysis of the Indian mind is a plausible one, which has won some praise from Indians themselves. "A Passage to India" might be characterized as a scholarly treatment of the interaction between the Anglo-Saxon mind and the Indian mind, probably the best treatment this subject has received. It should do much to dispel the myth that has been built up around India by several writers, notably Kipling.

"A Passage to India" has been hailed as an artistic triumph, a triumph of technique. It has been aptly said that nothing is too subtle for Mr. Forster's pen. His ability to pursue a subtle investigation of the mind in the most delightful manner is sufficient evidence of his mastery of writing. He achieves the psychological nicety and exactness of character delineation of Henry James without the latter's complexity of style. Mr. Forster is assuredly a writer of sound merit, for he has written a serious book that has become a best-seller in spite of an almost total lack of story interest. That is a real achievement.

THE WORLD'S ILLUSION. By Jacob Wasserman.

Because "The World's Illusion" is epic in its scope, because it crystallizes so many difficult and abstruse ideas, and because of its extraordinary wealth of characters representing all phases of life, Mr. Wasserman's novel ranks first. This book gives us a complete interpretation of its age. There is an avalanche of character, personifying success, pleasure, the stage, acquisitiveness, prodigality, degeneracy, ambition, crudity, imbecility, sin, beauty, art, and culture. The number of characters who are revealed is stupendous. People in every condition of life, from the aristocrat to the criminal, are presented in this book. The wealth and culture of Central Europe and the spiritual life and hope of the world are reflected in the person of Christian Wahnschaffe. Eva Sorel is the incarnation of art. To study her character is to gain a wider conception of the meaning of art. Although far less important, Edgar Lorm especially attracted my interest, because he crystallized all my ideas of the effect of the stage upon the actor.

—W. FRANCIS REARDON.

SPORTS

NOTRE DAME 5—WESTERN STATE NORMAL 4

A three base hit, by Elmer Besten, that enlarged itself into a home run when the ball was relayed slowly from the outfield gave Notre Dame a one run margin, enough to win a ball game from the Western State Normal team of Kalamazoo, Tuesday afternoon. Besten was called from the bench in the last of the eighth, to pinch hit for Steve Ronay, and with Murray camping on third, Besten took his choice of the offerings by Ruse, and lined the ball into deep center field.

The Kalamazoo aggregation offered Notre Dame a nice game despite the rather cold air, that aggravated the pitchers' arms. The visitors from Michigan supported their hurler, Ruse, admirably, and also displayed plenty of strength at bat. The twirling of Steve Ronay held the Normal nine at a safe distance during the first eight innings, and with splendid support from his fielders, Ronay managed to hold the visitors to six hits and four runs.

Normal scored in the second, fourth and fifth, while Notre Dame bunched three runs across the plate in the third frame. The count was in the seventh, when Lee singled with Bennett on the base line. The one run lead sent the delegation of Kazoo rooters into a frenzy, and Notre Dame took hold of the game with more vengeance. Several times, the Irish were in a position to score but flied out with one and two men on the paths.

In the last of the seventh, Coach Keogan decided to try a little pinch hitting and sent "Red" Smith to the plate for O'Boyle. Prendergast and Nolan were on base, and Smith popped to Righter in the short field, and

Notre Dame put its plans on the shelf till the Irish came to bat again. The eighth inning put a touch of the spectacular into the game. Murray reached first on a single, after Silver had grounded out to the infield. Caution was discarded, and Murray made a break for second. The visitor tried to catch the Irish shortstop in the act of pilfering the base, but paid for their vigilance by a wild heave that permitted Murray to take third. Besten at bat, decided the issue with his triple, augmented by the tardy fielding of the Normal gardeners.

A single by Maher, scored Schrump in the first half of the second for Normal. Notre Dame idled until the third, when it displayed some of its characteristic form. Dunne came to bat with the bases drunk, and lined a single that scored Ronay and Prendergast.

Normal scored another counter in the fourth, when Notre Dame became just a little bit wild. A peg from Silver to Murray went for naught, and Lee rounded the keystone sack from first to third. Johnson singled, scoring Lee and Schrump lined a fast one through Murray that allowed Johnson to take third. But Schrump, not content with first base, was caught trying to steal second, and a bit of quick action on the part of Prendergast and Murray, saved the situation.

An error by Crowley let Bennett go safe to first in the fifth frame, and Lee hit a liner that drove the runner home. Both sides settled down for an inning and Normal got its last counter in the seventh which gave them a lead, but not for long.

Ruse on the mound for Normal struck out but one Notre Dame batter, and walked six. Ronay put three away and passed four.

Besten augmented his total by striking out one batter in the ninth.

Notre Dame registered a good game in every department, which can be taken to indicate the possibilities in the Notre Dame-Iowa game on Friday afternoon, at Iowa City. Iowa is billed as one of the conference pennant contenders, and has won two conference titles thus far. Many of the veterans who made the Hawks a great team last year are still with the fold, and Notre Dame will have to strike hard and often to take the count of the westerners on Friday.

NOTRE DAME (5)

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Crowley, 3b	3	0	0	4	4	1
Prendergast, 2b	2	1	1	2	3	0
Nolan, (C.) 1b	2	1	0	8	2	0
Dunne, lf.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Farrell, lf.	3	0	1	3	0	0
O'Boyle, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Silver, c.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Murray, ss.	2	1	1	4	1	0
Roney, p.	2	1	1	0	2	0
*Moore, lf.	0	0	0	1	0	0
**Smith	1	0	0	0	0	0
***Besten, p.	1	1	1	0	1	0
Total	20	5	6	27	15	1

*Substitute for O'Boyle in eighth.

**Batted for O'Boyle in eighth.

***Batted for Ronay in eighth.

WESTERN NORMAL (4)

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bennett, cf.	4	2	0	3	0	0
Miller, 2b.	3	0	0	2	1	2
Covington, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Lee, rf.	4	1	3	3	0	0
Johnson, lf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Schrump, 1b.	2	1	1	11	3	1
Righter, ss.	2	0	0	2	3	1
Hahey, (C.) c.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Ruse, p.	4	0	0	0	6	0
Total	26	4	6	24	16	3

Score by innings:

Normal	010	110	100—4	6	3
Notre Dame	003	000	02x—5	5	6

Summary: Struck out by Ronay, 3; by Besten, 1; by Ruse, 1. Base on balls by Ronay, 4; by Ruse, 6. Three base hits, Besten. Stolen bases, Notre Dame—Murray; Normal—Bennet, Lee. Sacrifice hits, Notre Dame—Prendergast, Ronay, O'Boyle, Murray, Crowley, 2; Normal—Miller, 2. Umpire Greckel.

DRAKE AND PENN GAMES

Notre Dame track activities during the past week included participation in the Drake and Penn games. Notre Dame won top honors at Penn. when Harrington took first in the pole vault at 12 feet, 6 inches.

At Drake, Barr placed in the century dash and Emmett Barron placed in the 120 yd. high hurdles in the trials. Neither placed in the finals.

Notre Dame's sprint relay team composed of Barr, Layden, Della Maria and Riley, took first place in one heat of the trials, but failed to show for a place in the finals.

Notre Dame opposes Illinois in a dual meet at Urbana Saturday afternoon, May 2.

IRISH TENNIS TEAM DEFEATS INDIANA

Notre Dame's tennis team made a clean sweep of the matches with Indiana university played at Bloomington, on Monday afternoon, April 27. This was Notre Dame's second tennis victory in two days.

Because of a slow drizzling rain, no doubles were played. Seidensticker, Crimson captain, won one set for Indiana, beating Captain Donovan of Notre Dame, 2-6. Donovan won the other two, 6-1, 6-3.

Herman Centilivre of Notre Dame won over Rothrock in two matches, 6-1, 9-7; Dorgan won from Winston, 6-4, 6-3; Velasco took Schaffer, 6-3, 6-4.

Notre Dame found no difficulty in taking the matches at Bloomington. Donovan and Seidensticker presented the best matches of the afternoon. Notre Dame goes East this week to meet the net squads of Penn State and Carnegie Tech.

WALSH HALL DEFEATS CORBY

Walsh Hall won the opening game in the Interhall Baseball League by defeating Corby 13-3. Ed. Walsh pitched the entire game for Father Haggerty's boys, and allowed but four scattered hits. Nyikos and "Spike" McAdams occupied the mound for Corby. Wozniak had a perfect afternoon

—a home run and three singles in four times at bat. Joe Sullivan's work in the infield aided greatly in keeping down the score.

WALSH HALL.	Ab.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Nolan, 3b.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Hamilton, 2b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
J. Sullivan, ss.	3	2	1	2	4	0
Wozniak, 1b.	4	3	4	11	1	0
Walsh, p.	3	3	1	11	2	0
W. Sullivan, rf.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Dehogne, lf.	3	0	2	1	0	0
Carney, lf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Kiley, c.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Cary, 3b.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Froelich, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Mann, rf.	2	1	2	0	0	0
McSorley, cf.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Dowdall, lf.	3	1	2	0	0	0

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13 19 27 10 0

CORBY HALL.	Ab.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Burke, ss.	4	0	1	2	3	0
McAdams, 3b.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Burns, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Boeringer, cf.	4	1	2	2	1	0
Dahman	3	0	0	2	2	0
Roberto, c.	3	0	0	2	0	2
Hurley, lb.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Edwards, 1b.	1	1	0	4	0	0
Nyikos, p.	1	0	0	7	0	0
Dillon, 1b.	1	0	0	2	1	0
Mayer, rf.	1	1	0	0	0	0

— — — — —
3 4 24 8 2

Two-Base Hits, Mann (2), Hurley, W. Sullivan.
Three-Base Hit—Nolan.
Home-Run—Wozniak.
Bases on Balls—Walsh 4; Nyikos 5; McAdams 2.
Strike-Outs—Walsh 11; Nyikos 7; McAdams 2.

NOTRE DAME 19, LUTHER COLLEGE 0.

Notre Dame's baseball team held a house warming with Luther college of Decorah, Ia., on Saturday afternoon, April 25, and took the measure of the western visitors, 19 to 0.

It was a great afternoon for Notre Dame at the plate and everybody was anxious to be in, on the hitting spree. Home runs triples, doubles, and base-hits flew across the score sheet with remarkable rapidity.

Notre Dame started out with gusto and hammered three Luther pitchers far and wide. Silver came to bat in the third and

hit a home run with two men on the paths, Besten pitched superb ball, hit a three bagger, scored three runs, figured in two assists and one put-out ffl ffl ffff

Coach Keogan sent in several new men in the seventh, and sent Eddie Scherer in to pinch hit Besten in the seventh. Eddie registered a two-bagger.

Notre Dame's batting strength came to the fore splendidly, even though Orwall, the Luther twirler, was reputed to have had a great career in other parts of the country.

NOTRE DAME, 15—IOWA, 2

Elmer Besten, former Iowa High school student, held Iowa university's baseball team to two lone hits at Iowa City Friday afternoon, while his team mates clouted two Iowa hurlers for a total of fifteen safeties to win the contest, 5 to 2.

Notre Dame took the lead in the second inning when they chalked up two scores and from that time on the Iowa players performed miserably. Besten continued his stellar pitching until the fifth inning when the Iowa batter got to him for two hits, which, with several errors on Notre Dame players, allowed Iowa to run in its only tallies of the game.

Notre Dame displayed remarkable strength in the batting department, but the infield work was rather ragged at times. Iowa evidently was entirely off form and the only man in the outfit who made a respectable showing was Staffleburg, left fielder who grabbed ten high flies in spectacular fashion. Score by innings:

				R	H	E
Notre Dame	020	110	001—5	11	5	
Iowa	000	020	000—2	2	5	

Batteries—Besten and Silver; Paupaw, Shavely and Fisher.

The last appearance of the 1924 National Champions will occur on Cartier Field, Saturday afternoon, when Coach Rockne sends his 1925 prospects against the team which gained the undisputed National Championship crown last fall. It will be the last appearance as a team of the "Four Horsemen" and the "Seven Mules."

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GOLF MATCHES SCHEDULED

The Notre Dame golfers have gathered to organize a team this year, which will put the Irish into the field in competition with some of the leading golf schools of the middle west.

George Ward has arranged a schedule which, includes Northwestern, at Chicago May 1; Armour at Chicago, May 2; DePaul at South Bend, May 8; Indiana at Bloomington, May 22; and Wisconsin at South Bend on May 29.

Prospects for a banner year are exceedingly good as several of the men who paraded the links in creditable fashion last year well be with the squad again this year namely Jack Adams, George Ward, John Bulger, Joseph Foglia, Joseph Dileo, Harry McGuire and several others.

**REGULATIONS FOR NOTRE DAME
GOLF TOURNAMENT**

The Notre Dame golf tournament, which will include five flights to take care of every class of player, will be played under the following regulations:

Entries close May 10.

Immediately after the entry list is closed drawings will be made and the contestants paired off. Play will start May 11.

Matches must be played within three days or be forfeited.

All matches will be played at the Municipal Course.

All matches are to be match play—not medal play.

The ground rules of the Municipal Course will govern all play. All questions and controversies that arise will be settled by the Governing Board of the Notre Dame Golf Association consisting of Tyrill Bulger, Jack Adams, and George Ward.

The entry fee is fifty cents. The money derived from this tournament will be used to maintain the School Golf Team.

Prizes, fifteen in all, donated by South Bend merchants, are on display in the lobby of the LaSalle Hotel. The following is a

list of the donors of prizes with their donations:

Loving Cup—Notre Dame Athletic Ass'n.
 Loving Cup—American Trust Co.
 Loving Cup—First National Bank.
 Loving Cup—LaSalle Hotel.
 Golf Stockings—Max Adler.
 Golf Shoes—Berman's Sporting Goods Store.

Golf Bag—Leroy Clauer Sporting Goods Store.

Golf Sweater—Livingston's.
 One dozen "Kro-Flite" Golf Balls—Hullie & Mike.
 Golf Stockings—Frank Mayer, Jeweler.
 Hitchcock Belt Buckle—Clauer, Jeweler.
 Golf Sweater—Harry Pflum, Haberdasher in Palais Royale block.

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NOTICE.

A limited number of college students will be given employment during the coming summer by the publishers of Good Housekeeping and Cosmopolitan magazines. The plan embraces the payment of a stipulated weekly salary plus tuition bonuses and travelling expenses. Men with previous magazine selling experience will be considered for team captains' positions and there will also be openings for several field supervisors. Applications are now being received by Mr. Arthur Zorn, Subscription Sales Department, 105 Court Street, Brooklyn, New York.

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Sailings from Chicago every Tues. and Sat., June 20 to Sept. 1 inc. R.R. tickets between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo, will be honored upon additional payment.

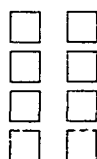
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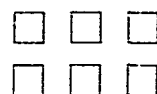
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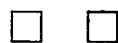
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