

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

INDEX

	PAGE
Frontispiece	868
The Week <i>James Armstrong, '25</i>	869
Rev. Frank E. McGarry (1877-1925)	870
Two Hours From El Paso	874
Editorial	877
Father Hudson's Golden Jubilee of Ordination	879
A Dual Jubilee (A Poem) <i>Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C.</i>	880
English Literature and The College Publication..... <i>J. W. Scallan, '25</i>	881
The Intellectual Advantage of Walking <i>John King Mussio</i>	884
Clouds (A Poem) <i>Joseph P. McNamara, '28</i>	885
SOPHOMORE ESSAYS	886
I. On Hobbies <i>Glen Smith, '27</i>	
II. Straight River <i>Victor Theissen, '27</i>	
III. The Ocean's Lure <i>Brother Justin, C.S.C. '27</i>	
IV. On Being Self-Conscious..... <i>Willard L. Thomas, '27</i>	
V. Observations On Wet Paint <i>Robert J. Moynihan, '27</i>	
VI. The Morning Caller <i>Julius B. Roux, Jr.</i>	
VII. "College Cut" Clothes..... <i>Paul Beretz, '27</i>	
Some Comments On Modern Art..... <i>Maurice Hedderman, '28</i>	890
Moon-beams (A Poem)..... <i>Anthony Shea</i>	891
Back Leaves	892
Sports	893

*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



Chemistry Hall—University of Notre Dame

... THE WEEK ...

The surprise element has played a large part in this year's SCHOLASTIC. Besides the contents of the magazine, which were always surprising, other revelations have included the days of appearance on the Campus, the Engineers Number, the ever-changing staff, and the unexpected longevity of this department.

You have discovered long since that this is not a simple chronicle of the news, at least not a chronicle of the news. The other applications of the surprise element have prevented that. But it really has been an attempt to point out the significant events of Campus life that might be passed over in the news columns. We are often confronted by the contention that nothing on the Campus, for SCHOLASTIC purposes, is significant. And there have been weeks when this argument seemed convincing. But upon a recapitulation of the year, we apologize to the Campus for even tolerating a passing thought of this nature.

Everything at Notre Dame is significant. Those readers who are Seniors are commencing to realize this. Those of you who are not Seniors will probably laugh at this idea until a similar occasion arises for you. This department regrets now that it did not mention all the little details of Campus life that six months ago looked so unimportant. The club meetings, the interhall games, the little celebrations that were often impromptu—these are the things that are really significant at Notre Dame. The big contests, the concerts, the plays, the lectures, and all the stories that we wasted the year in extolling are things that are common to all schools. What Notre Dame

needs to emphasize, and wherein we have failed, is the peculiar fraternity of democracy that produces customs, occasions, and individuals upon this Campus that are to be found at no other university.

It is while we are watching the clubs reorganize, the athletics come to a successful close, and individuals whom we admire prepare to sever ties that had grown to seem indissoluble, that we realize the wrong emphasis that has been placed on the commonplace. And it is our hope that if this department is continued, at least in principle, in the campus publications of next year, that some more keen observer will achieve the end that we have seen too late.

The display of hall spirit in the game between Sorin and Walsh is an example of what we should have dwelt upon in this page. And that, by the way, would be much easier to mention than the sad results of the onslaught of St. Viator's. And the concerts from Badin Hall could be more entertainingly treated than the regrettably small audience that listened to the Glee Club concert at St. Patrick's.

The path of least resistance is one of the most unfortunate principles that can guide a person. It is so easy to comment upon the topics that are on every tongue, to give them an odd little twist that makes them entertaining a second time. But the duty of the campus publications is to preserve the precious mortar of minor things that has filled the chinks of the commonplace bricks of Campus life and made Notre Dame the real, the unique Notre Dame. Our greatest regret is that we cannot say, "We seen this duty and we done it."

S. A. C. Notes

The S.A.C. took up several matters of importance at its meeting last Monday night in the Library. Chief among them, perhaps, was the appointment of Bernie Abrott of Berkely, California, to be head cheerleader next year. This appointment is subject to the approval of the Faculty Board of Athletic Control, however, inasmuch as the head cheerleader annually receives a monogram. Before coming to Notre Dame, Abrott was for two years head cheerleader at St. Mary's in California; as one of the assistant cheerleaders here his work has been noticeably consistent and productive of excellent results. He has had considerable experience in forming the cheerers into novel designs in the stands and intends to put several novel ideas of that kind into effect at Notre Dame next year.

After the cheerleader appointment had been disposed of Lester Grady, '27, was recommended for the position of Editor in Chief of next year's *Juggler* after a vote of the Council had been taken. His name, together with those of George Sadlier, '26, as Business Manager and Wilbur McElroy, '26, as Art Editor have been submitted to the Faculty Board of Publications for approval.

A recent suggestion of the S.A.C. that the various classes be allowed to tax each member in order to better finance class affairs, has been approved by the Faculty Advisory Board, and will go into effect next year. The tax is not to exceed fifty cents a year for Freshmen and Sophomores nor one dollar for Juniors and Seniors.

A letter, signed by several members of the Law Club, protesting that the recent Law Club election had been fraudulent, was read by President Bischoff and upon motion and vote was assigned to the Elections Committee for investigation with power to act. After investigating later in the week the Elections Committee sustained the charges made in the letter and declared the election void.

REV. FRANK E. M'GARRY, C.S.C.
1877-1925



Father Frank E. McGarry, C.S.C., who died at Deming, New Mexico, on June 1, holds a prominent place in the memories of many at Notre Dame. At one time he was a prefect in Corby Hall and a few years later was rector of Badin Hall. He is also remembered as a member of the Faculty, having been a professor in the Department of Religion.

Father McGarry was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on June 26, 1877. He was graduated from St. Lawrence College, Montreal, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1908, he was ordained and received the degree of S.T.B. from Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and in 1909, from the same institution, he received the degree of S.T.L.

In the Congregation of Holy Cross he acted as Vice-President and Director of Studies at Holy Cross College, New Orleans. After his career as a prefect of Corby and as Rector of Badin, Father McGarry retired from active work in 1922. Ill health was the cause of his retirement.

One of those who mourn him is an uncle, Father M. A. McGarry, Assistant General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The elder Father McGarry was President of St. Lawrence College when the deceased was a student there.

The body of Father McGarry was returned to Notre Dame Wednesday afternoon and remained in the Community House until yesterday morning when the funeral services were held in Sacred Heart Church. Burial was made in the Community Cemetery. *R. I. P.*

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES

The east entrance to Sacred Heart Church and the Community Cemetery were the scenes of Notre Dame's Memorial Day Services. At the Church, Father McKeon, C.S.C., celebrated a Military Field Mass, following which the Notre Dame Band accompanied the audience in its singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Harry McGuire then delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. The ceremonies were removed to the Community Cemetery after John W. Cavanaugh delivered Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address."

Colonial Hoynes was the Marshall of the parade to the Community Cemetery. In the parade were the color guard, the Notre Dame Band, Boy Scouts, students and other civilians.

At the graves of Notre Dame's soldier dead, the Boy Scouts laid flowers. Then Father McKeon offered a prayer for the nation's dead. "Taps" by the buglar closed the ceremonies.

BRADY CHOSEN S.A.C. PRESIDENT

Dan J. Brady of Fort Dodge, Iowa, President of the present Junior Class, is to be President of the S.A.C. next year. He was elected at a meeting of the new S.A.C. held Tuesday noon, May 26, in the Library. At the same time Tom Green, President of the present Sophomore Class, was elected Secretary and Ben Bourne, Treasurer.

The same Tuesday evening the new and old members of the S.A.C. gathered in the College Inn of the LaSalle Hotel for dinner. With Mr. Mark Nolan, a former member of the S.A.C., acting as toastmaster, there were remarks by the retiring and the incoming officers. The primary purpose of the dinner was to acquaint the recently elected members with each other and to give them some insight into their duties for next year.

BROTHER PIUS WINS BARRY MEDAL CONTEST

The finals in the Barry Medal elocution contest and the close of the class oratorical contests during the past week brought to a successful end the public speaking and oratorical year at the university. Those who survived the preliminaries for the Barry medal were Brother Pius, C.S.C., John W. Cavanaugh, Raymond Norris, C.S.C., Pierce O'Connor, and Victor Lemmer, and from these contestants Brother Pius, C.S.C., was awarded the medal after closely outpointing John Cavanaugh who placed second and Raymond Norris who finished third. The judges of the contest were: Rev. Francis Wenninger, C.S.C., Rev. Richard Collentine, C.S.C., and Rev. John Ryan, C.S.C.

The Freshman oratorical contests were held Monday afternoon in Washington Hall and Arthur Stenius was unanimously awarded the prize of ten dollars for his work. Professors A. Confrey, Riley and Nolan judged the contest. Perhaps more interest was shown among the Freshman than in the other classes; nine men competed in the contest.

On Wednesday afternoon, the Sophomore contest was won by William Coyne of the varsity debating team. Professors Nightingale and Nolan acted as judges. Victor Lemmer was unanimously awarded the decision in the Junior contest, held Thursday afternoon, by the three judges: Rev. James Gallagan, C.S.C., Professors Nightingale and Confrey.

The candidates for the contest were: Freshman, Joseph P. McNamara, Robert P. Fogarty, George Coury, Oscar Rust, Pierce J. O'Connor, Arthur Stenius, J. Charles Short, James McConagle, and John W. Cavanaugh; Sophomore, Franklin L. Conway, Edward M. Rowe, Paul N. Rowe, William Coyne, Jack Flynn, George Schill, E. M. Swiggert, Sam Privitera; Junior, Victor Lemmer, Seymour Weisberger, Sidney Eder and John T. Griffin.

Library

The Joseph C. Farrel Trophy which is to be awarded to the Hall winning the Base ball championship for 1925, is on exhibition at the Circulation Desk. The trophy was donated by Mr. A. F. Schroeder and Mr. Joseph Farrel, both officers of the Mid-West Coal Company of Chicago. Mr. Farrel was once a student at Notre Dame.

The following books were placed in the stacks for circulation, on May 27.

- Alemán, Mateo—Vida y Hechos del Picaro Guzman de Alfarache.
 Andrews, Charlton—Technique of Play Writing.
 Conrad, Joseph—Set of Six.
 Conrad, Joseph—'Twixt Land and Sea.
 Gilson, Etienne—Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas.
 Glodstein, David—Campaigning for Christ.
 Grandgent, C. H.—Discourses on Dante.
 Hinkson, Mrs. K. (T).—Rose of the Garden.
 International Conference on Boys Work. Proceedings.
 Jack, J. W.—Manual of French Pronunciation and Diction.
 Jacobs, W. W.—Ship's Company.
 Jespersen, J. O. H.—How to Teach a Foreign Language.
 Krause, C. A.—Direct Method in Modern Languages.
 Lee, F. G.—Sinless Conception of the Mother of God.
 Lopez de Ubeda, Francisco, Picara Justina.
 McIlwain, C. H.—American Revolution.
 McIlwain, C. H.—High Court of Parliament and its Supremacy.
 Martinon, P.—Comment on Pronounce le Français.
 Mendoza, Diego Hurtado de, Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes.
 Oppenheimer, Carl—Fermente und Ihre Wirkungen. 2 v. Chem. Dept.
 Patterson, Adelaide—How to Speak.
 Shotwell, J. T.—An Instruction to the History of History.
 Simons, S. E.—English Problems in the Solving.
 Tassin, Algernon de Vivier—Oral Study of Literature.
 Thomsen, Julius—Thermochemistry. Chem. Dept.

FRESHMAN DEBATERS SPEAK

The members of the Freshman Debating teams appeared at the regular meeting of the South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus last Monday evening to debate

the question, "Resolved that the American people should curb the Supreme Court's Judicial Veto over acts of Congress."

The affirmative side was upheld by Joseph McNamara, Robert Fogarty, Edward Burke, and Bernard Zipperer; while Donald Corbett, John W. Cavanaugh, Pierce O'Connor, and Arthur Stenius defended the negative side of the question.

This appearance marked the first of the Freshman debaters. It was planned to have the team appear before the students of St. Mary's Academy during the latter part of the week. A conflict of activities prevented this however.

SCRIBBLERS HAVE FINAL DINNER

The Scribbler's had their final dinner of the year in the Turkish room of the Oliver hotel Thursday evening, May 28, to say farewell to the eleven members who are to be graduated this June and to welcome the five new members recently elected: Paul Harrington, Alfred Meyers, John O'Donnell, Walter Layne and Frank O'Toole.

Father John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., and Professor Charles Phillips were the principal speakers. In addition each of the graduating members present and each of the new men spoke briefly on the benefits offered by the Scribblers. President Harry McGuire announced that plans for the annual Scribbler picnic on Saturday, June 6, were being formulated.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Attention of students is called to the following:

"All Library Books in circulation must be returned to the University Library not later than May 29.

"Students having unsettled accounts with the University shall not be allowed to take examinations." — University Regulations.

Failure to return books or to settle accounts with the University Library is included in the above Regulation.

"By Order of the President."

COACH ROCKNE TO SPEAK AT DAYTON

Coach Rockne will be the chief speaker at the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of the new stadium at the University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio. The exercises will take place on June 7 when the University will celebrate its diamond anniversary.

KENTUCKY CLUB ELECTION AND SMOKER

The Kentucky Club held its annual election of officers at a smoker given in Clark's Banquet Room Tuesday night, May 26. John Shouse of Lexington was elected Colonel, John F. O'Donnell of Maysville, Lieutenant-Colonel and Robert Bannon of Louisville, Revenue Collector.

The speakers were Father George McNamara, C.S.C., Mr. Richard Lightfoot, Mr. Walter Clements, a South Bend attorney and Mr. Mark Duncan of Chicago, an official of the Victor Talking Machine Company. While he was at Notre Dame, Mr. Clements distinguished himself by forming the first state club, the Kentucky Club. Mr. Duncan's track talents still hold a prominent place in the memories of the older members of the Notre Dame faculty and alumni.

LOUISIANA-MISSISSIPPI CLUB ELECTS

The men of the Louisiana-Mississippi Club dined in the Rustic Room of the La-Salle Hotel Thursday evening, May 26, honoring their fellow-members who are to be graduated this year. President Charles E. De La Vergne presided as toastmaster. Professor "Pat" Manion was the principal speaker. Brief addresses were given by Lawrence Hennessey, vice-president, and by Roland B. Menou, secretary-treasurer.

The following officers were elected for next year: Cyprian Sporl, Bay St. Louis, Miss., president; Lawrence Hennessey, Vicksburg, vice-president; Bolan Burke, New Orleans, secretary; Matthias Melsheimer, Vicksburg, treasurer.

GRADY TO HEAD SCRIBBLERS

At a special meeting of the Scribblers, held Monday noon in the Library, Lester Grady was elected president for next year and James A. Withey was elected secretary-treasurer. These men will succeed the present officers, Harry McGuire and James E. Armstrong.

CHICAGO CLUB ELECTS M'MULLEN

The Chicago Club brought its year of activity to a successful close at the final meeting of the year held in the Law Building, Tuesday evening, May 26. The following officers were elected for the scholastic year of 1925-'26: John McMullen, '26, President; John Moran, '26, Vice-President; Thomas Nash, '27, Secretary, and Frank Keefe, '27, Treasurer. McMullen, varsity football player and monogram man, has been very active in the affairs of the club, and should prove a capable leader for next

The treasurer's report which was read at the meeting revealed a very substantial balance in the treasury, an ample fund to enable the Club to play its usual part in campus activities the coming year. Following the election of officers, farewell speeches were given by the Senior members, after which refreshments were served.

The retiring officers are: Wililam J. Cerney, '25, President; Walter Metzger, '25, Vice-President; John J. Cowhey, '28, Vice-President; Charles Donahue, '25, Secretary; Charles Collins, '25, Treasurer.

CONSTITUTION OF DAUBERS AP- PROVED

The S. A. C. approved the constitution of the Daubers Club at a recent meeting. The club is composed of the students of the School of Fine Arts and is headed by two honorary officers, Father Gregory, O.S.B. and Professor E. Thompson, and four active officers elected by the members. The purpose of the club is to create a greater interest and appreciation of the Fine Arts at Notre Dame. According to its constitution, the club will meet weekly, on Friday mornings.

Music

An extensive musical program has been arranged for the last days of school year. The Glee Club and the Orchestra will both give a number of concerts in the short time remaining; the Band, after several months of non-appearance, will also give several programs for the student body.

The coming concerts can best be given in the form of a reference calendar:

June 7. Band concert on porch of Main Building at 6:30 P. M.

June 12. Band concert at 6:30 P. M.

June 13. Band concert at 2:30 P. M.

Combined Glee Club and Orchestra concert in Washington Hall at 8:30 P. M.

June 14. Glee Club will sing the Commencement Mass.

—N D S—

Officers for next year's Glee Club were elected last Tuesday as follows: President, Victor Lemmer; Vice-President, Claude Pitsenberger; Business Manager, Arthur Haley. These men will succeed the present officers.

—N D S—

The Glee Club gave its annual Chicago concert on Wednesday evening, May 27, in the Auditorium. The concert was held under the auspices of De La Salle Institute and was given in conjunction with their commencement exercises. The Club left South Bend Wednesday afternoon and returned to the campus Thursday afternoon.

—N D S—

The Orchestra appeared on the program for the graduation exercises of the Nurses Home in Mishawaka on Thursday, May 21. Three numbers were given during the course of the program. The Glee Club Quartet also appeared.

Following the exercises, the members of the Orchestra and the Quartet were guests at a dinner given in the Hospital by the Sisters and nurses. Dancing in the Nurses Home followed the dinner. —A. L. M.

TWO HOURS FROM EL PASO

Government officials were about to issue an order. Having many and obedient servants under them, there was no danger that the order would not be carried out. The government was that of the United States. The order concerned the Base Hospital connected with Camp Cody at Deming, New Mexico. It was to the effect that the hospital would be salvaged. The institution had served its purpose very well during the World War but now that the conflict was historical matter, there wasn't much use for the hospital. It had been a military sanatorium for tubercular soldiers. But such soldiers were becoming rare. Another reason for the hospital's demolition.

But the order wasn't issued. The government officials changed their minds. Something had occurred at Washington. It developed that the Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross had purchased the hospital buildings and 320 acres of land. On May 15, 1923, the papers of Deming printed accounts of the formal opening of the Holy Cross Sanatorium by the above named order of nuns.

The situation of the Sanatorium is ideal for the patients which it houses. The altitude is neither too high or too low. It is but a short distance from Deming and only a two hours ride on the Santa Fe from El Paso, Texas. There are accommodations for almost five hundred patients.

The sisters have spared no expense in remodeling the institution. The buildings are of the one story plan. It is difficult and often harmful for a tuberculosis patient to "make" stairs and elevators are not always dependable. At the south end of each building there is a sleeping porch. There are also covered promenades connecting the different buildings for the use and convenience of the patients. Water, a salable commodity in some parts of that country, is abundant at the Sanatorium. The sisters feared to chance the only well, so they dug another.

Thus we see that our good neighbors, the Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, not only conduct St. Mary's, but they

also operate a sanatorium that they might do their share in wiping out tuberculosis.

And the new sanatorium, like every beginner, requires encouragement—and advertisement. The Notre Dame student body can render a real and appreciated service by spreading abroad the news of the Holy Cross Sanatorium at Deming, New Mexico. Notre Dame sends men to every state in the Union at the end of the school year; an effort by each of these men to make known the work of the Holy Cross Sanatorium would be most effective in spreading the news that this new and complete hospital for the cure of tuberculosis is operating at Deming.

May the Sisters of Holy Cross prosper both in patients and cures!

—JOHN F. O'DONNELL, '26.

ATHLETIC MANAGERS APPOINTED

At a banquet, held for the student athletic managers, Coach Rockne appointed the following men to manage the various Varsity sports next year:

Football, John Ryan; Baseball, Charles Mooney; Track, Andrew Sleigh; Baseball, William Reid; and Minor Sports, Ed Fallon.

Leo Sutcliffe managed football last year with Harold Watson taking care of baseball and basketball. These men are both to be graduated this year.

The student manager system, which is in successful use at Notre Dame, is most important to the success of Notre Dame's athletic teams.

The Blue Circle for 1925 is Awarded to the Following:

Aigner, Don	Hartman, Paul	Neitzel, Mike
Bartley, John	Hennessy, L.	O'Neill, Dan.
Bissett, Donald	Hockwalt, Al.	Ronan, James
Butler, John	Hudson, Henry	Rowley, Edwin
Centlivre, Herman	Hurley, John	Ryan, Don
Colangelo, John F.	Hurley, W. C.	Sheerin, James
Coleman, James	Kane, Jack	Schneider, Vincent
Coman, Thomas	Kilkenny, John	Sommer, Al.
Crowe, Ed.	Klug, Robt.	Spiller, Horace
Cyr, Walter	Leach, Milton	Stoeckley, John
Cunningham, Ray	Lovier, Lester	Stuhldreher, Harry
Donahue, Charles	Luther, Edmund	Watson, Harold
Dooley, Paul J.	Lynch, John	Worth, Bob
Doyle, Al	McGuire, Harry	Benning, Jerome
Duggan, Ed.	McNulty, Maurice	Griffin, Dut
Elliott, J. A.	McQuain, James E.	Schill, George
Farrell, Thos.	McNamee, John	Hebbert, Roy
Fusz, Firmin	Mouch, Charles	Cullinan, Eustace
Gallagher, John	Murray, Frank	Armstrong, James
Haecker, Walter	Navarre, Joseph	Grady, Lester

PLAYERS CLUB HAS FINAL MEETING

The members of the Players Club held a short meeting Thursday evening when they discussed plans for dramatic productions next year. Clever gold watch charms, engraved with the Players mask and a small monogram, were presented to the following men who were engaged in the acting, directing and management of the recent Players Club production: Albert Doyle, Clarence Ruddy, John Cavanaugh, Urban Hughes, Hogan Morrissey, Kenneth Power, Lester Grady, Harry McGuire, Roy Hebert, Corbin Patrick, Jack Adams, Joseph Foglia, Gerald Holland, Edward Cunningham, and James Withey.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, SR., TO ADDRESS ALUMNI

Eustace Cullinan, Sr., '95, of San Francisco, father of Eustace Cullinan, Jr., '25, is to be the principal speaker at the annual Alumni Dinner in the Junior Refectory Saturday evening, June 13. He, together with the Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, who is to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon and the Hon. E. H. Moore, of Cleveland, who is to deliver the Commencement Address, comprise the group of Commencement speakers.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB MEDAL.

The Grand Rapids Club has made arrangements to present a gold medal for scholastic excellence at the commencement exercises of Boys' Catholic Central High School in Grand Rapids next week. The medal will be awarded to the senior with the best record for scholarship in his four years' work. Most of the club, including its Honorary President, Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, C. S. C., are graduates of Catholic Central. It is believed that the annual presentation of this medal will do much to bring the name and the reputation of Notre Dame before large groups of Catholic high school graduates at just the time when they are deciding where their college years are to be spent.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS COMMENCEMENT DINNER

The year's gathering of the Knights of Columbus, Council 1477, took place Wednesday evening in the College Inn at the Hotel LaSalle. The Commencement Dinner fulfilled a two-fold purpose: it provided a most successful method of get-together for the Council members, and at the same time partook of the nature of a festive farewell to the many Knights soon to graduate. Informality ruled, and "coats off" was the order of the day.

After the dinner, during which Harry Denny's Collegians played, Lecturer, Mark Nolan gave a message from District Deputy Fox who was unable to be present. In this message the District Deputy called the attention of the members to the excellent work that is being done by the Order in and about the small villages near Rome. Of this work, a recent Pope has said: "If the Knights of Columbus had achieved no other success, its efforts in Italy should alone have justified its existence." Mr. Fox also exhorted the senior members to become leaders in their home town councils. Professor "Pat" Manion entertained with characteristic quibs and stories and the Varsity Quartette sang several numbers. Victor Labeledz played a clever piano number and George Koch sang the favorite "Mother Machree."

Grand Knight McGuire presented the silver loving cups to the winners of the Knights of Columbus Golf Tournament; Jack Adams received a trophy as winner in the Grand Knight's Flight, and George Thomas, winner of the Warden's Flight, was given a similar cup. At the close of the meeting, Chancellor Bischoff presented two gifts, with the gratitude of the council, to two of the officers through whose efforts the success of the Council has largely been achieved. Grand Knight McGuire received a silver-mounted gavel, and Lecturer Nolan a gold Knights of Columbus ring.

EDITORIAL

SCHOLASTIC CURTAIN TALK

THIS is the last number of the SCHOLASTIC to be distributed to under-classmen. The final issue, which will be a commencement number, will appear after all except the seniors have departed from the campus. A few words, then, to end the year.

First about news: The SCHOLASTIC, because it is a weekly, is not a good reporter. The fact that our news has generally been "old stuff" may be attributed to the necessity for writing news stories three days before actual publication, and the corresponding impossibility of presenting fresh news. The news has been, however, for the most part accurate, and has provided a true record of the year.

The literary section, we believe, has been good. The purpose of our publication, however, as is the purpose of any college journal, is to develop writers. That some of the matter printed has not reached the high standard desirable has been caused by the need to encourage certain young writers, by putting the result of their effort into print, rather for the promise they held than for the actual merit of their work. The fact that the Freshman class has produced a number of promising writers, and that these men, we are audacious enough to hope, have been encouraged and assisted by the editors of the SCHOLASTIC is proof that this policy is a success. The SCHOLASTIC is a training ground for writers; that is its distinctive characteristic—nothing else.

In concluding their year's work, the editors wish to express gratitude to those who have in a special way assisted them. First of all, we thank Father Maher, who has been an ideal faculty adviser. The soundness of his advice and the encouragement of his friend-

ship have been of great assistance throughout the year. To Brother Alphonsus, too, the SCHOLASTIC is deeply indebted. His classes have provided many of the literary essays, and he, himself, has been most helpful and encouraging. Brother Alphonsus, prized teacher and beloved rector, is typical of what is greatest in Notre Dame. To Professor Charles Phillips, also, the editors express their gratitude. Possessed of a pen which is alike master of beautiful, easy-flowing prose, and exquisite poetry, Professor Phillips has most generously contributed his talent to the SCHOLASTIC. And more than this, he has been a perfect counselor, never too tired or too busy to smoke a convivial Camel with ye editor, to grow boyishly enthusiastic, to quietly encourage, and correct. Professor Phillips possesses that rare teacher-quality, the ability to tap the spring of latent power which youth possesses.

Finally, the SCHOLASTIC, making its last bow to the accompaniment of the plaudits of its friends, these plaudits not altogether unmixed with fruit and vegetables, thanks its readers for their more or less close attention throughout the year. —J. W. S.

THE DOME OF 1925

DENIS O'NEILL, editor, and his staff of associates, descended upon the campus, Thursday, May 28, with the *Dome* of 1925. Here and now, before writing further, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to congratulate the editors for their excellent work. This year's *Dome* is worthy of a place among the greatest of Notre Dame's *Dome's*; it is superior to many of them.

The art work by McElroy. embodying

the medieval wood-cut theme is effective and unique. McElroy has scored another success—has added another laurel to an already heavily-laden brow. "Art work by McElroy" is coming to have the same significance at Notre Dame, as "Bodies by Fisher" in automobile circles, or other similar marks of distinction and excellence.

The dedication to the Reverend Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., Provincial of Holy Cross, was a most happy and popular one. The SCHOLASTIC is certain that Father O'Donnell is pleased with the excellent piece of work which honors him. — J. W. S.

"A PROPHET IS NOT WITHOUT HONOR...."

NOTRE DAME is the exception to many rules, as well as the sponsor of many rules. One of the finest examples of this is the homage which the school pays her heroes. The tributes of Notre Dame are not inspired by the loss of a man whose greatness has been taken as a matter of course. Greatness is greatness here, and to him who achieves it the reward is immediate and sincere. Those of the outside world who distinguish themselves are too often allowed to live in oblivion and their blaze of glory on this earth consists usually of magnificent floral pieces at their funerals.

College life is ephemeral at its longest—men seldom rise to the heights before half of this transitory phase of their lives is past. So it is that the recognition of merit in colleges is often denied to those who are deserving and toward whom the student body bears the greatest respect and admiration simply because "time flies."

Notre Dame has overcome the obstacles that deprive heroes of the honors they have won. The fine memorial tablet dedicated on the Quadrangle last night is a fitting and timely manifestation of appreciation which the student body feels toward the National Champions of 1924. Their recognition had been abstractly present on the campus long before the nation at large was swept from its feet, but a concrete mark was lacking until last night. Now, before the regrettable passage of time takes this wonder team from the campus whose fame

it has spread and whose love it has won, the members of that team know that their work was not unappreciated and that paths of glory have several delightful stopping places this side of the grave. —J. E. A.

THE BLUE CIRCLE

THE news of the final meeting of the Blue Circle last Monday night recalls the unique service of this organization. This is not a group of men advertised by the spotlight of publicity and urged on by the plaudits of an admiring public. It is rather a society of service—of service indeed which is not always the most pleasant but nevertheless necessary.

The men of the Blue Circle get no great amount of recognition; their lot is work and more work—with a small, insignificant watch charm at the end of the year as their tangible pay. They have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that they have given to Notre Dame something which in her present development she could not well get along without. —W. R. D.

THE STAFF

J. W. SCALLAN
Editor

WILLIAM R. DOOLEY
News Editor

JAMES E. ARMSTRONG
Literary Editor

TOM COMAN
Sports Editor

GERALD HOLLAND
Ass't Literary Editor

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT

JOHN F. STOECKLEY
JOHN GALLAGHER
LESTER GRADY
MARK NEVILS
JOHN CULLINAN

ANDREW MULREANY
JAMES WITHEY
JOHN F. O'DONNELL
ALFRED MEYERS
CARLOS D. LANE, JR.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

HARRY A. MCGUIRE
R. C. CUNNINGHAM
JOSEPH P. BURKE
FRANCIS C. MILLER

ANSELM MILLER
EUSTACE CULLINAN
BERT V. DUNNE
ALBERT SOMMER

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

CORBIN PATRICK
Business Manager

ALFRED DIEBOLD
Local Advertising Mgr.

JAMES WITHEY
Foreign Adv. Manager

RUPERT WENTWORTH
Circulation Manager

BUSINESS STAFF

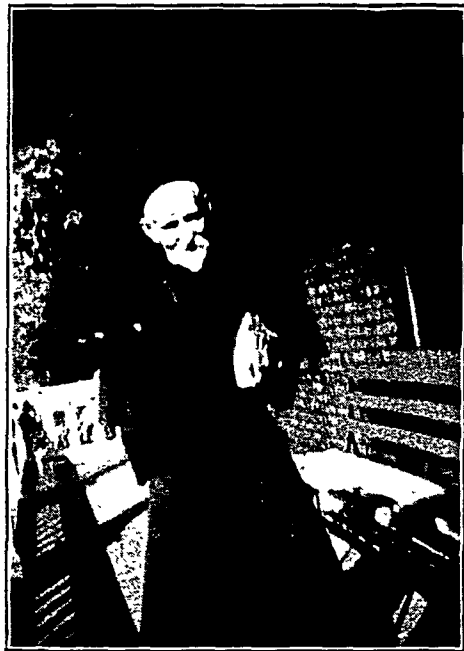
CHARLES CASEY
FRANKLIN CONWAY
CLAYTON LEROUX
BERTON TOEPP
GERARD SMITH
JOSEPH HILGER
DAVID HICKEY
WILLIAM GALLIGAN
GEORGE J. SCHILL

JOHN LOFTUS
ROBERT ROY
JOSEPH DUNN
EDWARD BRODERICK
ROBERT STRICKEL
EDWARD CUNNINGHAM
LAWRENCE WINGERTER
HERBERT WALTHER
DOROTHEUS MEINERT

Father Hudson's Golden Jubilee of Ordination



ON June 4 there was a Golden Jubilee at Notre Dame. The event could hardly be called a celebration. True, Brother Leander decorated Father Hudson's altar as only Brother Leander can decorate; and the Nocitiate gardens were taxed for a tribute of



flowers, to which Frank's greenhouse also contributed; and the Sisters sent in a sumptuous repast for this gentle old man for whom one egg is a full meal and two prunes, a banquet. Of course,

it was the jubilarian himself who insisted that the occasion be muted. There must be no loud and strident note of jubilation, and, therefore, out of respect for his wishes, there was really no celebration at all. Yet Cardinals in Rome, and Bishops and Cardinals in America, somehow learned of the happy date and sent stately letters of greeting and congratulation. One of these, which bears the signature of Cardinal Gasparri, really comes from the Father of all the Faithful. It has its place in this brief notice.

A good part of the English-speaking world knows Father Hudson as the editor of *The Ave Maria*, and has known him as such for a very long time. Few, however, have counted up the years, and perhaps none at all have known until this year that Father Hudson has been for more than fifty years the editor of this magazine dedicated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. In this home of records, of various kinds, Father

Hudson's record is unique, indeed. At the age of seventy-five he is doing the same work he did at the age of twenty-five. More wonderful still, each day of the fifty years in between he has been at the same work. Moreover, he is doing that work as well now as he did it at any time in his career. There is, perhaps, no need to point out how well he has done it at all times.

If history is a conspiracy against the truth, then in the history of Father Hudson's life, Father Hudson must be rated as one of the chief conspirators. In that garrulous book which is supposed to state only the important facts in the life of those whose records deserve to be kept—that is to say, in *Who's Who in America*—we learn that the Reverend Daniel E. Hudson was born at Nahant, Massachusetts, educated at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, and at the University of Notre Dame, where he received the degree of LL.D., and where he joined the Congregation of Holy Cross in 1870 and was ordained priest in 1875; that he has been the editor of *The Ave Maria* since 1875; that he has published numerous Catholic books, some of which were edited by himself, and that he is an occasional contributor to newspapers. Years ago when this entertaining volume stated the favorite recreations of the men whose names appeared in it Father Hudson's favorite recreation was set down as "reading Protestant theology." Once, in a rare mood of communicativeness, when the barriers of his reticence were completely swept away, he owned up to being an orphan. Locally, he does rate rather as the typical Melchisedech, without father or mother, so remote does he seem from the run of men. Acutely sensitive to attention, he has kept consistently in the background, yet he has hosts of friends all over the world. Of the devotion that has been his very life nobody dare speak. That is sacred ground not to be profaned by curious invaders. St. Joseph who worked for the Blessed Virgin, and the Son of God who gave the Blessed Virgin,

His Mother, to be the Mother of men, these two, Our Lord and St. Joseph, will understand and take care of this fellow-laborer of Theirs. This is the letter from the Holy Father:

THE VATICAN, May 12, 1925.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
OF STATE TO HIS HOLINESS.

To The Very Rev. Father Daniel Hudson, C.S.C.,
Notre Dame University,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Very Reverend Father:

The fourth of June will be a memorable day in your life, marking as it will, the fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood.

It affords the Holy Father a genuine pleasure to learn that you are preparing to celebrate this solemn occasion, which also happens to be the date of your Golden Jubilee as editor of *THE AVE MARIA*.

The Sovereign Pontiff is well aware of your devoted zeal throughout these many years in explaining and defending, with choice literary grace and penetrating grasp of present conditions, Catholic teaching and Catholic life under its different aspects; in clarifying minds and strengthening

wills; in pointing out and correcting excesses and defects; and achieving all this with force, wisdom, and gentleness.

In this way you have worthily fulfilled the end at which, as priest and writer, you have steadily aimed: to fight the good fight for truth and justice; to make the Church known, loved, and respected; to spread devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin; in a word, to benefit souls and lead them to Jesus Christ.

Along with His congratulations on the Apostolate in which you have courageously and nobly labored, His Holiness gladly extends his best wishes for your personal welfare, and for the ever-increasing prosperity of your interesting magazine. In testimony of His good wishes, and as a pledge of abundant favors from heaven, the Holy Father out of a full heart, sends you His Apostolic Benediction, blessing at the same time your devoted co-workers, your edifying and beloved magazine, and finally its readers.

I am happy to join my own congratulations and personal good wishes to those of His Holiness; and I gladly profit by this occasion to express to you my devotion and esteem in Our Lord.

—PETER CARDINAL GASPARI.

A Dual Jubilee

*To Father Daniel E. Hudson, for Fifty Years Priest of
Holy Cross and Editor of THE AVE MARIA.*

Though modest souls all human praises shun
And dread vain-glory, still must justice play
Its fitting part and hail this festal day
That crowns with meritorious honor one
For fifty years God's priest and Mary's son,—
True priest whose steps have trod the Saviour's way
The while he owned Our Lady's potent sway
And preached her glories as but few have done.

Five decades in such holy service spent
Nor man nor God with justice may ignore:
So praise and prayer in unison are blent,—
Praise for the past, and prayer that even more
Of fruitful years be granted unto thee,
Meek hero of this Dual Jubilee.

—ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C.S.C.

English Literature and the College Publication

J. W. SCALLAN, '25

IN a discussion of the part which the university publication has in the development of literature, it is important that literature, first of all, should be considered in the sense of its relation to publication. The basis of all writing is found in the desire of man to express himself to his fellowmen; in the primitive impulse of the one to tell others. Literature is produced primarily for publication; no man writes for himself alone, but rather with the purpose of conveying his ideas, thoughts, and emotions to others who may read his work and derive therefrom enjoyment, counsel, or instruction. Literature, then, is closely united to publication, is dependent to a limited degree upon it, and is best produced when the idea of publication is strongest in the writer. And since literature is closely joined to publication, the development of a man of letters must, too, be dependent upon publication, even in the earliest stage of his training.

Placing aside the question of genius which, no matter what training or discipline it requires, springs more or less full-grown from its environment, literature is dependent for its progress upon the men of letters which the colleges and universities produce. It is only appropriate, therefore, that the centers of intellectual and critical thought should be regarded also as founts of lofty and enduring expression, and that to the educational institutions of the world should be entrusted the duty and obligation of producing writers. And since literature is based upon the writer's desire to convey thought to others through the medium of the printed word, this obligation of the college and the university devolves largely upon the college or university publication.

The young writer at college assimilates knowledge in the classroom; he is stimulated to the expression of ideas and encouraged to trace original lines of thought. But until his ideas have grown and fermented so that they demand expression, until he has felt the overwhelming desire to convey his thoughts and emotions to his fellow-students, he has not made a beginning towards the production of literature. The classroom lecture is valuable to a limited degree in developing the man of letters but it cannot supply an outlet for the expression which is the necessary and ultimate goal of the writer. The university publication, then, in providing this means of expression, is accomplishing an important work. It has a vital influence upon the literature of the future and as such is most worthy of consideration by colleges and universities.

That the first process in the work of developing a writer is a delicate and important one may be easily shown. How many potential writers there

are who never surmount the obstacle of embarrassment involved in submitting for the first time a piece of original writing for publication. It is beyond doubting that many men, who have held within their souls the spark of genius, have lived and died "mute inglorious Miltons" because they have never learned the secret of public or published expression. The glorious powers of Francis Thompson were half wasted in the streets of London because his first writings had not received adequate publication. True, the kindly interest of the Meynells preserved to humanity the literary genius of Thompson but this was only an accident, a mere circumstance, or better, as we will say, an act of Providence, one which proves only more conclusively the truth that literary genius is often lost because it does not receive the early encouragement of publication. The college journal, accessible to the young artist, is the solution of this problem of literary waste. Its standards, not too high for the limited capabilities of the literary tyro, can be attained by the young writer who has any pronounced literary gift. Success in the field of school literature inspires to greater effort, greater ambition, and in many instances, lays the foundation for a literary career.

The college publication, moreover, is presented to the student as a goal for his literary endeavors at a time when he is anxious to try his powers. Like a fledgling, perched upon the rim of its parent nest, the youthful writer is looking expectantly over the world of literature, anxious to try his wings, to experiment in this interesting field of endeavor. If he has any inclination to literature, he will easily overcome the slight embarrassment which writing for his school publication, manifestly for amateurs, may cause. The school publication may do nothing more at first than try the quality of his pen. But that pen may contain the potentiality for great literature; it may not contain the power of writing even college classics; but its owner will have tried his powers, and the college publication will have provided an easy and accurate test. Returning again to the life of Francis Thompson, if the school which he attended as a youth had been able to publish his early work, and if his extraordinary genius, which was unmistakably active even when he was young, had been given the opportunity for and had received competent criticism, his first years, almost barren of literary fruit, spent in the unsuccessful study of medicine and in wandering about the alleys of London, would never have been wasted.

The university publication has, too, an important function in developing the "will to write." This "will to write," which is of the greatest importance to the man of letters, may be defined as an enthusiasm for expression, an enthusiasm which

will drive the mind and the body to and through the arduous task of writing. For writing requires tremendous physical as well as mental energy, both of which are developed only slowly. The laborer, new to his task, suffers excessive weariness until his muscles have become accustomed to their work. Similarly, the untrained writer, until he has accustomed his mind and body to endure the concentration, and strain of mental effort, will find literary work burdensome and discouraging. That the college publication, by training the young writer at a time when his habits of mind and body are in a formative state, develops the "will to write," as well as the necessary physical and mental energy for literary effort, is undeniably true.

Having brought the question to this point, we may now consider in detail the close association, already demonstrated, which exists between the production of literature and its publication, an association in which the college magazine plays a vital part. The most important function of the campus publication, briefly stated, is the providing for the writer, from the very beginning, a definite reading public to which his work can be addressed. And here the basis of all primitive impulse to produce literature may again be considered. Literature is, as we have shown, man speaking to man; it is the conveying of thought from one mind to another mind. As part of its very origin, then, literature presupposes an audience which the writer addresses. Without such an audience there can be no literature. Moreover, since this is true of writing in its mature state, it is, we might say, doubly true in its state of partial development. Since the writer of established reputation and merit requires a definite and tangible body of readers, the novice, learning the art, unquestionably also requires a reading public. This is supplied by the college publication.

Furthermore, the literary artist must be a conscious artist; and he cannot be a conscious artist unless he is conscious of a reading public. Poe, in his "Philosophy of Composition" sets the absolute law that no writing can be worthy unless it be effective, that is, unless a definite, predetermined effect be in the writer's mind. But such an effect presupposes a public; surely, there can be no predetermined plan in writing which is addressed to an unknown reader or to no reader at all. Work written for the university classroom is not written for any reader, beyond the person who corrects it, and such work cannot be effective in the full measure which develops the power of expression. The writer can never forget his readers nor the important place they hold in the production of literature. To acquaint the new writer with this important fact, the school publication provides a definite reading public. The college student who writes for publication does not primarily produce a mere class exercise for the sole purpose of receiving a mark, but he writes that he may be read. Whatever he writes, however

trivial it may be, is written with the desire to be effective. It is made interesting to appeal to a definite class of readers. The writer is conscious of his art and the plan he is pursuing. He knows his readers and uses his knowledge to make them want to read what he has to tell. Such writing, the writing with an effective plan for a definite reading public, is an aid to the production of literature and can be best produced through the medium of publication. Still further, the writer not only cannot write without a reading public, but he cannot forget that public; it must be established before his mind's eye as it were. Mere class-room exercise at best can produce only copy work.

The production of literature requires a vigorous criticism, which in turn, requires the presence of a reading public. Literature cannot spring, then, from writing which is aimed at the blank wall of class obligation. Cardinal Newman's "Literature" contains the following passage concerning the nature of literature and its necessary relation to an audience or body of readers, "by letters or literature is meant the expression of thought in language, where by "thought" I mean the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind. And the art of letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words worthy of his subject and sufficient for his audience or readers, the thoughts which impress him... a great author is not one who merely has a *copiosa verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it... he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him." From this explanation of the nature of literature, the need of a reading public, which the writer can address is obvious. The writer cannot effectively give forth what he has in him unless he has someone to give it to. Now, to reiterate a previously stated point, if a reading public is necessary for the mature writer, it is absolutely necessary for the novice. And since the novice is trained in the university, the university publication is essential to the development of the writer, and, correspondingly, to the development of literature.

If, then, college publications have an important part in the development of men of letters; if the function of the college publication—that of establishing a convenient medium for the first effort of the new writer, of ingraining in his immature mental fibre the "will to write," of providing a reading public which will develop in him a mental discipline, cultivate exactness and seriousness of purpose—if this function of the campus magazine is a real function, then the college publication should be regarded as an important cog in the educational machinery of the college or university. But, that the campus publication is only partially successful, or its failing entirely in achieving its obvious end,

is undoubtedly true. And this failure is caused by conditions which could be improved and changed; which are existing through neglect to recognize the real value of the college publication in the work of educating writers rather than through any great difficulty which might be involved in altering and improving them. It is this situation which we will now consider.

The college publication is, first of all, too often entirely disregarded by the English Departments of our universities. True, individual professors are encouraged to ask their classes for contributions to the campus magazine; coöperation in the presenting for publication the best of the class work is in many instances cheerfully given. But English Departments as a rule do not recognize the campus publications as part of their work, as part of their burden of activities, as their most efficient instrument in the training of writers. And the college publication being disregarded in this way, evils have crept in which make the campus magazine too often a source of harm rather than a benefit to students with literary ambitions. Too often some particularly young writer, or at best, some small group of young writers, evidencing some capability for writing, added to ambition and energy, are burdened with the work of the campus publication; work which at first benefits them, but which eventually, because it is so disproportionate and becomes so onerous and exacting, stifles their ambitions, gives them an actual and unconquerable distaste for that profession for which they are best fitted. It is a well-known truth that college publications are for the most part the product of a few men; that a very small group bears the burden of responsibility; and that continuous effort of this kind, and the criticism, just and unjust, which is associated with most amateur publishing, in the end dulls their aspirations and nullifies their efforts.

And it will ever be so as long as present conditions obtain; the situation will not be different until the college publication is recognized as a true instrument of education, erected to its true and proper relationship to the English Departments of our universities, and linked up actually with the classroom and the lecture hall.

And, how, it is asked, can the class-room and the publication be linked together? The solution of this problem rests entirely with the professors of English in our universities. To them must be intrusted the duty of shifting the work of publication from the few to the many. In the English classes of a university, there are undoubtedly a small number of writers who have the ability to reach the standard of the campus publication if encouraged to make the initial contribution; there are, too, a much greater number, who could with practice and exceptional care in writing, attain that standard. A system of credits, devised and established by the English Department, and en-

forced by the professor, would be very effective in bringing to light these writers, who under present conditions, are hidden from the view of the editor of the campus publication. Because the standard of the college publication might be too high for the average student, and hence for the majority of students, credit under this system would not be given only for contributions published. Rather, credits would be given according to the measure in which the contribution approached the standard of publication.

But the solution does not lie wholly and altogether in the establishment of a formal credit for published work and work contributed for publication. The problem goes beyond mere formality. It must be solved by convincing the English professor that the college publication is the most efficient instrument of teaching he possesses. In a word, the enthusiastic support of the professor, founded on conviction, must be enlisted and held in favor of the college publication. Unless the professor understands and appreciates the connection between publication and the development of a writer; unless he sees in the campus publication a convenient and valuable good for his students who possess ambition to write; unless he realizes that the "will to write" must be aroused in his class; that it does not exist there naturally, and that even if it does so exist, that it must be nourished and strengthened; unless he values the presence of the tangible reading public which the college publication presents for his students to address; unless, finally, he perceives the unlimited results that would be achieved by an English Department in which every student was writing for publication—unless he sees all these things and has the conviction that the campus publication is his greatest ally in developing writers, then a system of credits will fail, and the college publication itself will fail, just as it is now failing, in accomplishing its purpose.

Let it be added that the condition in a university in which every English student is writing with publication as an immediate end is not an impossible one. Rather it should be the true and normal situation in any university which has a campus publication. Is it not absurd, this copy work in the class-room, this stilted writing to gain a credit, when the columns of the college publication are open to any young author? Surely the student prefers writing for a live, interested reading public, rather than turning out words to meet a class obligation. This is too obviously true to require demonstration. And yet, the possibilities of the campus publication are still unrecognized, still undeveloped. There is no university, it seems, which has used effectively this golden instrument which possesses, we are sure, the power to dig deep the mine of student literary treasure, the power to play a vital role in the making of the literature of the future.

The Intellectual Advantage of Walking

Written In a Spirit of Fun, by JOHN KING MUSSIO.

GOD gave man two legs and not four wheels. However, our modern age not to be daunted, has made up this deficiency. We ride now instead of walk. Legs have been discarded into the scrap-heap of other antiquated monstrosities.

Despite the philosophical axiom that nature gives us nothing in vain, modern man considers legs useless save perhaps as a means of operating brakes and clutches. But philosophy is right; legs have a higher purpose than that of an automobile accessory. Medical authorities testify that the experience of the legs in walking benefits the whole organism; heart, lungs, and blood circulation all profit by the process. Biological experts astound us with the information that if automobile riding continues future centuries will boast a legless race. In walking, then, lies our salvation.

Did you ever hear of an athletic director telling his charge to take his road work in an auto? Certainly not! The athlete not only walks but he runs and at a pretty strenuous pace at that. Undoubtedly walking is a boon to our physical make-up. It is only when we physically collapse that wheels should be employed. Walk and you won't have to ride—— in a wheel-chair.

Apart from the physical advantages of walking there is a higher benefit more in keeping with man's dignity. Modern psychologists deplore the growing ignorance of our race. We are sadly deteriorating, they tell us, and to support their contention they offer for our consideration the college intelligence tests and the automobile driver. Do they mention the walker? Never! He is the exception; the only stabilizing force in a topsy-turvy world. Here then is another triumph for walking. It is not only a body builder, an athletic training, a pleasurable exercise, but also a builder and stimulant for the intellect.

Walking stimulates thought. As you jaunt along with a whistle on your lips, a panorama unfolds before your eyes. You have been transplanted into a new world, a world

of green trees, yelping dogs, nodding violets, laughing "kids," blue-blown skies and shady lanes. Perhaps if you're fortunate a rabbit will hop in view or a red bird will welcome you from his tree-top perch. You become interested, your mind is moved, you try to answer the questions prompted by these manifestations of nature. What could be the cause of this or that; a bubbling spring or a queer shaped stone? Can you imagine an automobile rider thinking of such matters? Two things generally occupy his mind; how fast the old "bus" will go and how far it is to the next road-guide, the town pump. As each new day ushers in a new world to the walker his mind becomes more acute; he is on the alert for new things; he is prepared for an emergency. In other words, his hand is on the door-knob waiting for opportunity's knock. When the "gas-burner" arrives home he has not added an iota to his stock of ideas except perhaps that he got off with only two punctures, and made eleven miles on a gallon, a pretty good record even if he did coast half the way home. But the walker has gathered material to keep him interested for the remainder of the day.

Our intellect is broadened as a result of walking. Legs can carry us into places which an automobile could never penetrate. In walking we become part of the world; in riding we are sort of an Olympian god obscuring from afar the passing world. Rags and silk, the hungry and the full, the happy and the miserable, the proud and the humble all rub shoulders with the walker. He breathes with the world and imbues its spirit. A person who can see only one side of a question is narrow. To the walker this is impossible since the great mystery of life is so impartially unfolded before his intellect. Creed, race, social position, and financial status all seem to merge into the great human throb of fraternalism. An interest in our fellow men is aroused and their companionship is sought. By drawing out their opinions and ideas the

walker finds a refreshing viewpoint, a novel twist of thought, a bubbling humor or an inspiring personality trodding the great highway of life. He learns to love life and his fellow man and through this love his faith in God is strengthened. But ah! see how our "four wheeler" is broadened by a trip in his neighbor's Packard. He condescendingly admits that perhaps the Packard is as good as his nineteen-ten model Ford.

There is an objection which the anti-walkers delight in pushing forward. "Many walkers," they say, "do not think at all when performing their daily rite." Peculiar though it may seem this blankness of mind is one of the greatest of all the intellectual advantages of walking. The professional or business man, after a day of strenuous mental labor, forgets his worries in the exhilaration of a brisk walk. The rider merely transfers his worries from a desk to a windshield. The walker is regenerated. He is entranced with the pleasure of blue skies, golden sunbeams dancing through the verdant foliage, white expanse of the road and the cool breeze in his face. When home is reached his worn-down mental cells have been recharged and a wife and child find a

young boy for a husband and father. But oh, what a crank the automobile deposits at the door. Poor, tired hubby! Too tired to eat, to feel comfortable or to let anybody else feel so. By taking the mind off its usual track, walking makes it more efficient and able to "carry on." Hence it is the rider, thinking all the way home, who does *not* think, and the walker, not thinking during his evening hike, who *does* think of the advantage and necessity of mental conversation. The "steering wheel clutcher" really suffers from his own objection.

We need more walking in our daily life. You have met the automobile nut, the automobile crank, the automobile fiend whose wheels and cogs are out of gear and you have suffered from the ordeal. Families have been separated, homes have been wrecked, good reputation destroyed and minds unbalanced by this exacting gas-eating demon. After listening to an automobile whose tire has just blown or whose radiator has just frozen, I feel sure that walking, by so enlightening man as to keep him from buying an auto, has demonstrated its greatest intellectual advantage.



CLOUDS

Mountainlike clouds of incense,
Floating through space on their way
To the high pearly gates of Olympus;
To the very brink of the day!

—JOSEPH P. M'NAMARA, '28

Sophomore Essays

I.

ON HOBBIES

GLENN L. SMITH, '27

HAVE you a hobby? You surely have if you pretend to classify yourself with the great number of average American citizens. If you haven't—then there is something radically wrong with your mental make-up. If you have never experienced the thrill of completing a four tube radio set yourself, or that delicious sensation you get when you obtain a rare stamp that rounds off your collection, or the self-satisfaction resulting from snapping a remarkable action picture after a year of unsuccessful effort, then you have never really known the joy of living.

Hobbies are peculiar. They are tyrannical in that they exact toil and attention quite out of proportion to their importance. They serve as a sort of safety valve in everyday life. They enable fagged business folks to direct their surplus energy in directions other than their chosen field. It is an established fact that we are never quite satisfied with our niche in life—the famous surgeon is certain that he would have made a tremendous success in the field of electrical engineering. One of the leading American writers of today fondly imagines that he is a good singer. Hobbies give these people an opportunity to carry out the dreams of their youth.

Some folks make a hobby of hobbies. They flit from one avocation to another like a fickle maiden with her fancies. One day you will find them excited over mushrooms growing. They have gone to considerable expense in setting up a mushroom-growing outfit in the cellar, and spend their entire spare time down there puttering around. They enthusiastically tell you that they expect to grow beauties, and promise you a mess as soon as they are out.

When you do visit them later you discover, to your surprise, that they have quite forgotten the mushroom-growing industry. Just now their entire spare time and cash are concentrated on a new love-photography. They have turned the bathroom into a temporary developing room, and have the house littered up with chemicals. They proudly show you some poorly-developed snapshots, and try, unsuccessfully, to get you interested in their trick camera.

You leave in disgust and a week later you learn that they have sold the camera and are now collecting old beer mugs. In fact they already have a collection that is the pride of their existence.

Hobbies are interesting, absorbing—and green.

II.

STRAIGHT RIVER

VICTOR THEISSEN, '27

THE Straight River is really nothing more than a wandering, little creek which flows through a fertile farm country down to the great Mississippi. It is a pretty stream. In the summertime its grassy banks, shaded by a fringe of willow trees, invite the passerby to stop for a rest and to listen to the strange voices of the waters. Some scoffers may laugh at the idea of a river's talking, but I have often been deceived by the murmuring of the stream as it slips over the shallow, rocky bottom. One seems to hear people carrying on an animated conversation only a short distance away.

My "gang" has played near the river almost as far back as I can remember. At first we made long trips upstream, hunting for clam shells and pretty stones. With all the enthusiasm and ardor of a Boone we explored every corner of the tiny valley for miles above the town. We became familiar with such spots as the first and the second sand rocks, the old mill, the dam, the Rock Island divide, and the "dink's farm." We gazed awe-stricken at the bones of a deceased cow near the "haunted house," and then immediately forgot them to steal a few plums from the trees about

As we grew older and the worried threads of parents became less effective, we began to use the old swimming hole for its time-honored purpose. The pool was formed by a make-shift dam which deepened the water enough to permit of shallow diving and of very comfortable swimming if one did not mind going round and round in a forty-foot circle. The water was none too clean; in fact you expected to come out practically as dirty as you were when you went in. The blackness of the water, however, helped our game of tag, played underneath the surface, by making it easier to hide. A swimming suit was regarded with aversion and contempt by all who frequented the pool. Nothing like that must ever defile its waters, although a father might bring down all his male offspring and a bar of soap for the weekly bath

Even in the winter time we did not desert the river, for then there were "shinny" games on the rink at the foot of St. Mary's bluff or at the "F. M." dam, two or three miles upstream.

The "gang" has grown up in the river bottoms. We have skated and bathed, hunted and fished there all our lives. Now that I am away from home I realize how much the old river means in my life; and I always look forward to the times when I can visit my old haunts again.

III.

THE OCEAN'S LURE

BROTHER JUSTIN, C.S.C., '27

THE deep and mighty ocean, in its many varied moods, has always filled me with strange and profound thoughts. Its peaceful heaving bosom, its wild and rebellious tumults, and its sad, impassioned moaning has always had for me an awe-inspiring fascination. This secret charm is indescribable; therefore I can fully appreciate the emotions that struggled for expression in Tennyson's soul when he wrote:

"Break, break, break,
On thy gold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

The ocean is always alluring. It is alluring when the first rays of sun dispel the ghost-like mists of early day, and play in crimson shadows upon its broad bosom; when the mid-day sun turns the grey waters to green and blue, and when the afterglow of the reclining sun transforms its waters into a world of shimmering gold. Above all it is alluring when, convulsed and maddened by howling winds, it dashes itself with relentless fury against the rocky shore.

The ocean is oftentimes cruel, pitiless, and inconstant to those who love it. I have seen its surface change, almost instantly, from peaceful sleep to lashing fury. I have heard the winds roar and the sea moan and shudder through the day and far into the night. I have heard sea-gulls scream, a wild and mournful requiem, over the watery grave of unfortunate sailors and, instead of being horrified I was strangely captivated.

The great wealth of the ocean, its pearls and precious stones, is hidden deep down in the mighty caverns of its bed. There is another wealth, however, that is ever on the surface—dashing on the wind-tossed billows, hidden in the spray clouds, and mingling with the wild sea voices. It is the wealth of inspiration and sublime thought, and it is free to every thoughtful and meditative person.

The busy world has no place for a man who "thinketh in his heart," but the sea—the great lonely sea—beckons invitingly to the artist, the poet-dreamer, and the mystic. It is a difficult thing for man's mind to conceive anything of the immensity of God; but the ocean, more than anything else that He has created, is a constant reminder of His omnipotence. It is almost impossible for the soul to harbor anything but lofty ideas when gazing upon that surging expanse of water. When we look out over the boundless ocean and think that God holds it in the hollow of His hand, then, surely, we have at least a vague picture of the immensity of Him Who created it.

IV.

ON BEING SELF-CONSCIOUS

WILLARD L. THOMAS, '27

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS is a weakness we all possess to a greater or less extent, but I have been particularly afflicted by it. I am hopelessly and incurably self-conscious. Some have said that self-consciousness is more or less a virtue, that it ennobles its possessor and makes him humble, and hence he has a greater chance to save his soul. But these persons have never been cursed with this hateful weakness. Others say that it is caused mainly by lack of will power, but with these I disagree strenuously. I pride myself on my will power, yet, as I have stated before, I am hopelessly self-conscious.

This detestable weakness of mine assumes various forms, depending upon circumstances. For instance, I recently bought a brilliantly colored tie. The very act of purchasing it required more determination than I thought myself capable of. I tried to appear nonchalant when I selected it from among a group of conservative ties, as if purchasing yellow and red neckwear was an everyday occurrence with me, but the attempt was a miserable failure.

I stuttered when I asked the grinning clerk to wrap it up, and was certain he whispered something to the amused cashier as he transferred my newly acquired possession to her. I clutched the package and left in embarrassed haste, muttering, for the clerk's benefit, something derogatory about roommates who couldn't do their own shopping.

I am similarly affected whenever I wear a suit of clothes for the first time. I think all eyes are upon me, commenting, criticising. I tried golf—and walked off the course at the fourth tee.

However, it is a consolation to know that I am not the only self-conscious person in the world. The next time you are on a street car, gaze attentively at the shoes belonging to the chap across from you. Smile a little. After a moment he will begin to get uncomfortable. If you continue to stare, he will probably glance down, with a worried expression, to see if both of them are still there, or what the deuce you are looking at. He may even ask you. In that case use your own judgment. But he has proven to you that he is self-conscious.

Another way to prove the theory that most men are self-conscious, is to stand near a plate glass window on any street corner. Great numbers of men and youths will step up to the window, ostensibly for the purpose of inspecting the contents of the window. But if you observe them carefully you will see that their eyes are really focused on their reflection in the plate glass, and not on the neatly arranged contents within. They give their straw a new angle, straighten their tie, and are off, content, at least for the time being, that their attire is perfect.

V.

OBSERVATION ON WET PAINT

ROBERT J. MOYNIHAN, '27

CURIOSITY is said to be the immediate cause of almost every death occurring in the cat family. But if wet paint had the same deadly effect on humanity that curiosity has on our domestic tabbies, our little globe would be in the process of rapid depopulation. In such a case, legislation would have to be passed, as a last resort, suppressing painters and paint pots, in order to preserve the human race from sure extinction.

There is evidently something challenging to the general run of mankind, especially to the male of the species in a simple sign of two small words; "Wet Paint." It has been my fortune to have observed many interesting incidents tending to illustrate this peculiarity of man. And the conclusion that I have reached is that signs carrying a warning of the freshness of a recent application of paint arouse antagonism, disbelief, and an itch for exact information. I have seen these signs—and they are displayed always in prominent places—literally covered with finger prints, indicating, of course, by their besmeared appearance, that their message was a dead loss to the curious.

Passersby have noticed the signs and also the mute testimony of their truthfulness. But they felt that they must learn for themselves the truth of the written word, and not trust to the experience of others. Afterwards, they will in turn dab their wet fingers on the sign, thus leaving their mark of collaboration. The signs soon become so painted themselves that I am reasonably sure that they would form a valuable collection upon which Mr. Bertillon could well ply his art.

VI.

THE MORNING CALLER

JULIUS B. ROUX, JR.

THE morning caller is an evil that every housewife has to contend with. Her husband at his office also has to tolerate the masculine representative of the same species.

Why a person should select the hour of ten A. M. to return a social call is beyond the comprehension of every good mistress. Mrs. Jones, with a great deal of work on her hands, has to drop everything in a half-completed state, and entertain an unexpected visitor. Since she does not desire to offend her guest, she has to compose herself and listen with forced interest to the idle chatter of the other, mentally condemning her and her kind to unmentionable places. After the visit, which has, of course, ruined the entire day, she has to tell her guest, with a hypocritical smile, that she is "so glad she called, and wont she come again

soon!" The slammed door should be sufficient to warn the departing guest that the sweet words should not be accepted at face value, but her species is invulnerable to hints.

Her husband, however, handles his morning callers with tact. He, too, can not afford to offend them, so he employs a courteous secretary to handle obnoxious callers for him. This particular individual acts as sort of a buffer—a shock absorber, as it were. He must possess a fine knowledge of human nature.

Then, finally, there is the collegiate species of morning caller. He is the chap who wanders in to your room just as you have settled down to serious work, perches on your desk, smokes your cigarettes, and gets in your way.

He pesters you with his light palaver, torments you with his persistent questions, and bores you with his unsolicited opinions concerning unimportant matters.

There is only one way to handle such pests effectively: Ignore them as you would a Ku-Kluxer, or ask them to loan you a "five." They will soon remember an important engagement elsewhere.

VII.

"COLLEGE CUT" CLOTHES

PAUL BERETZ, '27

Shoulders are accentuated; wider lapels suggest more width at the chest; there's snugness at the hips and an easy, graceful drape in the wider trousers. Gothic browns, Antwerp Blues, Oxford lovat and biscuit shades are the new colors.

THAT is an advertisement which greets the eye in almost all of our newspapers and magazines. To become a truly collegiate-looking individual requires only a little boldness in the matter of choosing clothes that are strikingly different from those that adorn other men. Finchley, an authority on collegiate clothes, believes in being original; so does the Prince of Wales, but his taste should be confined to a suit of armor. The exactness of "Vanity Fair," the ever popular magazine for well-dressed men, holds no fears for the real collegiate man; his motto is: "sacrifice everything else, but comfort must be had." Is he right? Here is the proof:

His coat is either close fitting at the hips and broad at the shoulders, or loose-fitting in every detail. His wide trousers, twenty-inches at the cuffs and twenty-two inches at the knee, remind me of an extra-large size balloon tire on a dapper Ford. The cuffs are generally two inches or so wide, and carry all the dust they can pick up. A foulard tie of a loud and glaring design, with pocket handkerchief to match, is absolutely essential to make the man a typical "Joe College." Light-tan shines are the rage with any sort of

suit; and the college man is especially careful to select the most wicked and outrageous looking pair that he can possibly run across. He never picks up his feet when he walks, but scrapingly drags them along the ground, producing a noise which is like rubbing sand-paper over a piece of rusty iron. His arms swing like overworked pendulums, his shoulders have that necessary droop which typifies the college man; and, above all, his hat must be cocked on one side of his head at an absurd angle, with the brim pulled down as if to keep out the rude sun. Any topcoat with a different weave running through it will do. It should reach down to that region between his feet and knees.

During the torrid summer months the college man is seen at his best. Just to be different, he wears a pair of odd-colored flannel trousers that very few would attempt to duplicate. His "loud" sweater (which draws sighs from the girls), a flashy tie, and a short haircut are the only things needed to place him in a class by himself. He is easily distinguishable from most men by his ever evidenced art of nonchalance and carelessness, lounging around anywhere as if he were on a strike. You cannot run across a college man and fail to pick him out for what he is by the choice, and cut of his clothes. If you could fail in this—then he is a failure as a representative of college taste and fashion.



ON THE ST. JOSEPH RIVER

Three hundred years have passed since first he saw
 Thy winding silver, slipping by the hill,
 His great heart dreamt of empire; here the will
 Of Louis should impose the Salic law.
 That dream was vain. The vasty forest's maw
 Received his broken body; yea but still
 Across the plains he loved, it seemed each rill
 Whispered his name in pity and in awe.

La Salle! Ten million people walk the ways
 That your adventurous eyes first gazed upon,
 A hundred festering cities cloud the days
 With smoke and stench; the meadow lands are gone.
 I wonder, through the twilight's starry bays,
 If you still seek the shimmer of the dawn.

MICHAEL F. MALONEY, '26

Some Comments on Modern Art

MAURICE HEDDERMAN, '28

TO A PERSON who merely touches upon the different phases of modern art, impressionistic and futuristic, painting seems to be only an aimless daubing with oils, water colors, and charcoal; but to the serious-minded connoisseur, this seeming travesty on true art takes an altogether different aspect. The paintings cease to be bizarre and incomplete attempts with the brush, and take the form of something which has great value though still being in the experimental stage.

Some people have it that the artists who practice in the modern arts do so only because of the convenience of its vagueness. Indeed, one must admit that there is great room for criticism of these new stages of the fine arts, but the continual abuse and ridicule that is heaped upon the heads of the modernists is unjust, for this group is not only sincere in its contentions, but also has strong grounds upon which to have its belief.

Modern art may be divided into two main divisions; impressionistic and futuristic. Both of these might be farther sub-divided, but since it is beyond the scope of this article to elaborate in detail, these two classes should suffice. Of them, impressionistic art, has by far the greater following, but the latter is at all times advancing with great strides. At present it appears as if the leader might be overtaken in the near future.

The colors vary with the intensity of light. This theory then leads to some practical conclusions the first of which one might call erroneously local color. The impressionist states that a leaf is not green, a rose not red, and a tree trunk not brown, but that they derive their color from the light. Hence, according to the time of the day, the green of the leaf and the red of the rose, and the brown of the tree are modified. Another conclusion drawn is that shadow is not absence of light but light of a different quality, that is, it is subordinate to the light which appears more intense.

We shall now proceed in the consideration of the modernist. From these conclusions we touch upon the very foundation of the impressionist's art. They paint only in the seven colors of the spectrum, a theory which is called the dissociation of tones; this is the keystone of impressionistic technic. Because of this modernistic painting becomes purely an optic art, a sort of natural poem distinct from the expressionistic style and design.

These theories taken in conjunction with the impressions of the artist gives us different works which are obnoxious to the followers of the old form of painting. Futurism differs from impressionism in the fact that its followers introduce motion into their paintings; they are like the impressionists however in their rejection of the imitation and glorification of the original.

To a person who is a lover of the old arts the futurists seem to be a group of people attacking such words as "harmony" and good "taste." To its exponents the art strives to beautify speed which is the dominating force of modern life. James Huneker, in one of his later books "The Pathos of Distance" has stated these fundamentals of modern art rather clearly. He says that the impressionistic painter sees nature in the same light in which we look upon a dictionary. We consult such a book to find words that may be used as a medium to bring before others our thoughts and emotions. In a like manner, the modernistic artists take different forms of nature, such as a tree, a bush or a person, a medium, so that they may place their emotions and expressions upon canvas. This shows, then, that the principles of Monet, Manet, Degas and their followers are to make painting a creative art and not one of imitation.

The impressionists have also spent a great amount of time in experimenting with the different colors and their values. They have found that in nature no color exists by itself; and that the coloring of objects is a pure illusion. The creative source is sun-

light alone. And this reveals objects with distinct modifications at different periods of the day. They affirm that it is only because of color that we are able to distinguish the forms of objects.

Therefore, if light disappears, colors and form must vanish with it; color, according to the impressionist, is simply the radiation of light, so it follows that all color must be composed of the same elements, namely the seven tones of spectrum. Since these seven tones are different because of the varying wave-lengths of the light, we must admit that the tones of nature appear different for the same reason.

Tradition gives no definite or uniform account as to the origin of the appellation "impressionistic" art; there are over a dozen versions, each one differing from the rest. However, what is believed to be the most authentic of these tales assigns to Claud Monet's "The Impressionist" credit for the name. This picture is one of the rising sun, and because of its daring chromatic scheme it attracted a vast amount of attention. The critics admitted that the painting contained many forceful and attractive features, but contended that its creator was destroying his talents by deviating from the beaten path. No amount of criticism, however, could turn the mind of this struggling artist, and though his works have lately sold for enormous amounts, he died in poverty, refusing until the end to turn his talents from this new and fantastic field of art. When we consider, then, that

many other artists have lived and died with the same beliefs in mind, one is forced to admit that the followers of this new artistic development are sincere to the highest degree.

The impressionists see art, not as a matter of imitation, but rather as something which has for its chief concern, creation. That is, its aim is not at illusion but at reality. A work of art, according to this creed, is not an attempt to transfer to the canvas some phase of nature, but to give impressions of the artist's emotional experience of life, to which all other facts are made subsidiary. Briefly it subordinates representation to expression.

It might be well, in passing, to mention cubism, a form of futurism which is characterized primarily by the attempt to produce mass effects through the repeated use of a single geometrical unit. This group of modernists has for its founder Picasso, that iconoclastic Spanish artist who vigorously opposed decorative color.

In concluding, we will admit that it does not sound reasonable to place motion on canvas, to paint without shading, to annihilate distances or to disregard the ideals of old masters, but if one studies the new arts in a truly critical attitude we are sure that the views of these radicals will be seen in a more acceptable form. So let us then give heed to the impressionist and futurist, and allow them a just trial, criticising when criticism is due but praising when applause has been earned.

MOON-BEAMS

The moon was only a silver sliver
Crescent bright,
Half the night,
Dancing on a ruffled river.

—ANTHONY SHEA.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

The editor of these columns begs to acknowledge in this final number of the SCHOLASTIC—final as far as he is concerned—his grateful thanks for many “favors received” during his term of service from valiant contributors.

To Professor Charles Phillips, a “friend in need” on many a SCHOLASTIC press day and to Mr. Corbin Patrick, the bookish Business Manager of a famous campus “literary-news weekly,” we make a very sweeping bow. To less prolific subscribers but none the less kind spirits, Messrs, James A. Carroll, '25, John F. Stoeckley, '25, W. Francis Riordan, '25, Thomas A. Burke, '26, Vincent D. O'Malley, '26, Daniel F. Cunningham, '27, and Francis Collins Miller, '27, we doff our new straw chapeau.

ONE AND ALL, WE THANK YOU!

Students in Prof. Phillips' English classes will enjoy the feature article in the June *Catholic World*, “The Mystery of John Keats.” The substance of this article formed one of Prof. Phillips' recent lectures here at Notre Dame, and now that it is in print it is winning unusual praise. Father Gillis, the editor of the *Catholic World*, devotes four pages of his editorial comment to a discussion of the article and goes so far to say that it “has a dozen, or a score, of profoundly significant sentences, some entire paragraphs of most exquisite prose, suffused with the spirit of poetry, and that, all in all, though very brief, it is an appreciation of Keats not totally unworthy to be compared with Francis Thompson's famous critique of Shelley.”

THE GREAT GATSBY. By F. Scott Fitzgerald.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The latest of Fitzgerald's efforts, “The Great Gatsby,” has to do with all the things that that much heralded youth delights to write about. It hearkens back to the wild and woolly days of '22 and '23, when unrest and ennui thrived among the golden demi-monds and brazen libertines that make up (according to Fitzgerald) the upper fringe of our American society. This book is not so ambitious an undertaking as either of his previous two, the matter in it being well disposed of in a couple of hundred pages. It is merely an extra long short story, lacking several essentials that go up to make a work that would be termed a social history of the times.

The thread of plot running through the book is rather trite, with an obvious denouncement. It concerns the impressions of a young bond salesman, settled on Long Island, as he watches the unfolding of a tragedy in which he plays a passive part. Gatsby, the central figure, is a modern Captain Kidd, with designs of the person of the wife of a neighbor of his. This neighbor, while not so wealthy as Gatsby, has a mistress and several polo ponies, the former being an important figure in the story. A couple of untimely deaths serve to clear up the situation, and the young bondsalesman goes back to work quite disillusioned and sad.

For those who revel in the bizarre we recommend this as a rarity. At times the characters rise to almost lyric heights in their obscenity; nothing is left of the reader's imagination at all. Fitzgerald is always decidedly flowery in this respect. As a crude handler of delicate situation he is unexcelled. We will say for Fitzgerald, however, that he is far and away in front of his contemporaries in the realist school. He has a flair for writing, and has mastered the technique of suspense to a high degree. The style is a pleasant departure from his old, slipshod work, such as the one in which “This Side of Paradise” was written. This, however, is not recommendation enough to drag the book out of the mire it rests in; there are many other stylists whose works we should urge the student to con.

VINCENT D. O'MALLEY, '26.

SPORTS

VARSITY BASEBALL

Notre Dame's baseball team traveled to Urbana, Ill., to meet an old rival. The reception, however cordial it might have been at first, soon lost its touch of hospitality, and Illinois finished up on the long end of a 12 to 2 score. Besten starting on the mound for Notre Dame was ineffective, and Ranay replaced him.

Notre Dame had a hard day in the field, the Suckers driving balls through the infield with ease, and scoring with equal facility. Notre Dame was hard put for runs or hits with "Irish" O'Shaunessey on the hill for Illinois.

—NDS—

Notre Dame, after being rained out of a game with Bradley tech at Peoria, Ill., returned home to await the coming of Bradley to Notre Dame. The engineers came and went home on the short end of a 17 to 13 score. The Michigan State nine was also defeated in the same week, 11 to 7.

—NDS—

When St. Viator college of Kankakee sent its baseball team to Notre Dame, it sent something worthy of a high place in college baseball. Lefty Dundon on the hill for the visitors, supported by great fielding, took home the game, 12 to 2.

—NDS—

Minnesota was the latest visitor at Notre Dame, and Minnesota also took the game home, 3 to 2. Notre Dame had three men on base in the ninth, and could not hit. Even the batter could not get hit by a pitched ball.

VARSITY TRACK

For the eleventh consecutive time, Notre Dame won the Indiana intercollegiate track

and field meet, staged on Stuart field, Purdue university, May 23. Notre Dame took but two first places, and the mile relay, but the Irish athletes piled up enough points in second and third place to give the Irish the state title. Capt. Barr of Notre Dame won the 100-yard dash, and Wayne Cox of Notre Dame won the half mile race.

Notre Dame's track team was defeated by Iowa university in a dual meet at Iowa City on May 30.

INTER-HALL BASEBALL

WALSH, 10—SORIN, 4

Joseph P. McNamara, '28

The event took on the aspect of a gala day. The rival aggregations marched to the scene of struggle behind their respective bands and followed by parades that were "big time." Walsh Hall's float and Eddie Scharer's impressionistic efforts were well received as curtain raisers. Peerless pitching by Walsh, in which he struck out twenty batsmen, was the feature of the affair. Nolan of Walsh with three hits that materialized in three runs led in the batting department. Layden, going in as relief hurler for Springer, turned in a creditable record beside ringing up a double play unassisted. Wurzer at first looked good to the Sorin backers. The game went far toward proving that the hall spirit at Notre Dame is still an integral part of the campus life.

WALSH (10)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dohogne, cf.	5	2	2	0	1	0
Nolan, 3b.	4	3	3	1	1	0
L. Sullivan, ss.	5	2	2	1	1	1
Wozniak, 1b.	5	1	3	2	0	0
Walsh, p.	5	1	4	21	1	0
Peterschmitt, lf.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Cullinan, 2b.	4	0	1	0	0	1

Kiley, c.	2	0	0	0	0	1
W. Sullivan, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	39	10	17	27	4	3

SORIN (4)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Collins, cf.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Enright, 3b.	5	1	1	3	0	0
Hunsinger, lf.	5	0	0	0	0	0
McMullen, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Layden, 2b, p.	3	1	2	12	3	1
Burns, ss.	3	0	0	0	3	1
McNamee, 2b.	2	0	0	0	2	1
Roach, c.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Wurzer, 1b.	4	1	1	8	0	0
Springer, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	36	4	7	27	9	3

Score by innings:

Walsh	103	010	041—10	17	3
Sorin	000	000	400—4	7	3

CORBY, 8—DAY DOGS, 6

It took Corby hall's horsehide pastimers exactly eleven innings in which to tame the slugging Day outfit on Brownson field, Tuesday. To bring home the bacon Dahman and Roberta of Corby were forced to express the sphere to the far precincts while they circled the bags for timely homers. Roberta's high, wide and hand-

some poke came in the tenth and tied the score for Corby. The first frame saw the campus lads collect two tallies, while they retired the Villagers runless, to take the game. For Corby, Bud Boeringer played his usual stellar game both with the bat and in the field. He clubbed out a two-station ticker, as did Moran and Edwards. For the Day nine Murphy and Klein, each with a triple, led in the batting division. Noppenberger for Corby pitched his usual heady game and struck out some thirteen of the opposition. The eighth inning saw the big rally from the town-men when they hammered Noppenberger's offerings for four counters and tied the score.

CORBY (8)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Burke, ss.	7	1	2	2	4	0
Dahman, 3b.	5	1	2	4	4	0
Boeringer, cf.	6	2	3	3	0	0
Moran, lf.	6	1	2	2	0	1
Noppenberger, p.	6	1	2	2	5	1
Edwards, 1b.	4	1	1	16	1	0
Hurley, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Burns	2	0	0	0	0	0
Roberta, c.	5	1	2	2	0	4
McAdams, 2b.	5	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	50	8	15	33	18	6

Do College Students Insure Their Lives? The Answer Seems to be "Yes"

Do You Know

That in a test recently made with upper-class students of both sexes in fourteen representative colleges, 140 out of 351 said they carried life insurance policies?

It is significant that 40% of undergraduates have insurance on their lives—a notable advance over what prevailed twenty, or even ten, years ago.

The John Hancock is particularly interested in insuring college men and women and in obtaining college graduates for the personnel of the field staff.

Over Sixty Years in Business. Now Insuring Over Two Billion Dollars in Policies on 3,500,000 lives

This shows that college students and their parents think life insurance is of considerable use in connection with the educational program.

Parents believe in it because they have something invested for the benefit of their children. Students realize that their lives have an economic value. Taking life insurance is an expression of faith in the value of a college education.

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Write Your Name with
SANFORD'S INK
It Will Last Forever



SANFORD'S
Fountain Pen Ink
"The Ink that Made the
Fountain Pen Possible"

Patronize Our Advertisers

DAY (6)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wagner, 3b.	5	2	3	3	4	1
Wozniak, 2b.	6	0	1	0	0	0
Gorman, lf.	5	0	1	1	1	2
Murphy, cf.	6	1	3	2	1	1
Corroy, 1b.	5	0	1	15	3	1
Neville, c.	5	0	0	5	1	2
O'Brien, rf.	6	0	0	2	0	0
Enright, ss.	5	2	1	3	3	1
Klein, p.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Totals	48	6	13	33	13	7

Strike outs: Noppenberger 13, Klein 5.

Score by innings:

Corby	000	210	101	12—8	15	6
Day	100	000	040	10—6	13	7

CORBY, 14—WALSH, 5

Corby hall's horsehide pastimers eliminated one angle of the triple tie in the

western sector when they clubbed out a 14 to 5 victory over Walsh. This entitles them to the right to play Badin with whom they are tied for first honors in their division. The winner of this contest in turn will meet Carroll Hall, eastern circuit champs, for the Campus championship next Sunday. This will mark the closing of a lively season of inter-hall ball on the campus.

The Corby aggregation presented a nicely balanced performance. Noppenberger accounted for twelve strik-outs in his usual reliable manner. Boeringer and Dahman kept up the good work in collecting non-stop, round trip hits that added substantially to the Corby score. Moran and Nykos each collected a three station hoist in their trips to the rubber, while Edward's as first turned in a nice record for the game. Walsh, of Walsh, pitched a nice game in



Now on Sale

Life

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

(June 4th)

GET it—and enjoy the last laugh of the college year with this truly marvelous number—by, for and of college men.

An unusually brilliant array of contributors includes **RING LARDNER, WALLACE MORGAN, ROBERT BENCHLEY, COREY FORD, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, GLUYAS WILLIAMS, ELLISON HOOVER, PERCY CROSBY and JOHN HELD.**

Go to the nearest news-stand, and—

15 cents a copy

O, boy! That Impulse!

presenting his tempting wares successfully for fourteen strike-outs. Sixteen errors by his teammates proved too great a handicap and cost Walsh the battle. Cullinan was the battling ace for the losers and accounted for one three bagger among his hit-

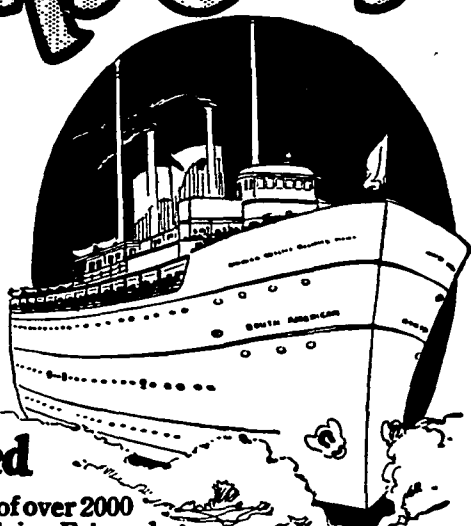
ting efforts. Wozniak showed up well although not quite up to his standard of previous performances. The game was a good contest throughout and the Corby-Badin go promises to be a hammer and tongs affair from start to finish.

A Week's Cruise

Con 4 Great Lakes and Georgian Bay

\$74.50

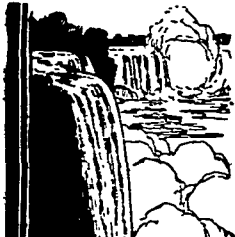
Meals and Berth Included



A restful, invigorating cruise De Luxe of over 2000 miles on Lakes Michigan, Huron, St. Claire, Erie and Georgian Bay (30,000 Islands). Alluring scenery en-route—a chance to visit Mackinac Island, Parry Sound, Can., Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo—the gateway to all Eastern, Canadian and St. Lawrence River Points. Spend a full day at Niagara Falls. Enjoy an entire week of new scenes—new experiences and thrills. You will eat well and sleep well and return home thoroughly rested and refreshed. A trip you'll be glad to tell your friends about.

The Great Oil-Burning White Liners North American and South American

in comforts and luxury equal the finest Atlantic Steamers. Promenade and Sun Decks of unusual width; large Grand Salon & Lounge Rooms; Palm Garden, etc.



Staterooms and Parlor Rooms are all outside rooms with windows or port holes for perfect ventilation. Beds comfortable and restful. Excellent meals by expert chef—daintily served by waitresses. For those who enjoy Gaiety there are Deck Games, Entertainments, Music and Dancing—with a social hostess to look after the enjoyment of guests. Restful secluded nooks for those who seek quiet. Open air playground screened in with attendant for children.

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

Call or write for pamphlet any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or
W. H. BLACK, G. P. A.

Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Co.
110 W. Adams Street Chicago, Illinois

Betting odds on the SCHOLASTIC-Pan baseball game to be held Saturday afternoon favors the SCHOLASTIC, 25-1. The announcement that McGuire will pitch for Pan was responsible for the odds.

CORBY, (14)	AB	H	R
F. Burke, ss.	4	0	1
R. Dahman, 3b.	5	2	2
Moran, lf.	5	1	2
Boerringer, cf.	2	1	2
Noppenberger, p.	5	1	2
Edwards, 1b.	5	2	2
Nykos, rf.	5	1	2
McAdams, 2b.	5	0	0
Shouse, c.	5	0	1

Totals 41 8 14

WALSH (5)	AB	H	R
Dohogne, 1b.	4	1	1
Nolan, 3b.	4	1	1
J. Sullivan, ss.	4	0	1
Wozniak, 1b.	4	1	0
Walsh, p.	3	1	0
Peterschmitt, lf.	4	0	0
Cullinan, 2b.	4	2	2
Kiley, c.	4	0	0
W. Sullivan, rf.	3	1	0
Adrian 1	0	0	0

Total 35 7 5

A Sweet Breath at all times!

THE FLAVOR LASTS



Always carry Wrigley's to freshen the mouth and sweeten the breath. Soothes nerves, refreshes throat and aids digestion.

WRIGLEY'S

- after every meal!

Miller-Mueller

Oliver Hotel Shop

103 North Main Street



*Our effort is to carry merchandise
especially adapted to the Notre
Dame man's needs.*

Scheyer Clothes

Ayres and Smith Caps

Star Shirts

Knap-Felt Hats

Imported Neckwear

Sweaters and Golf Hose



Imported and Domestic Men's Wear

DR. F. L. AXTELL

DENTIST

315 UNION TRUST BLDG.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

S. R. EDWARDS, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat



209 NORTH MAIN ST., SOUTH BEND
TELEPHONE L-2122

American Trust Company



A Convenient Bank

Dr. Frank J. Powers

University Physician

Office: Main 887

Residence: Main 3561

Dr. John A. Stoeckley

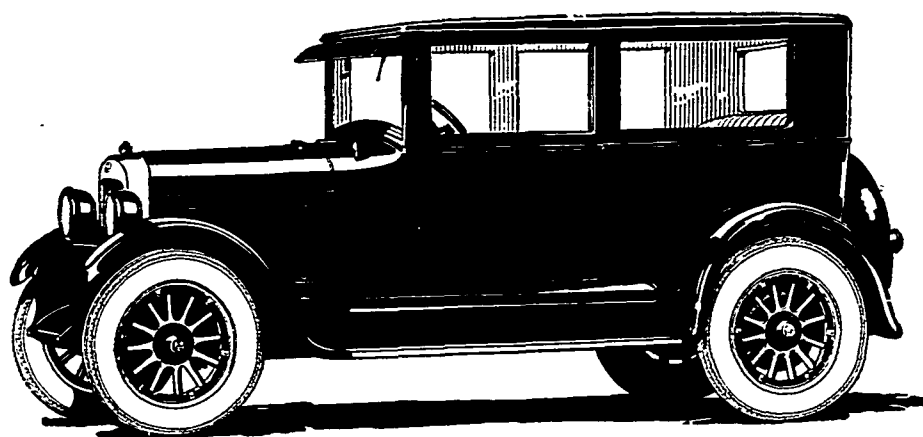
Extracting and Dental Surgery

Dr. Leo J. Quinlan

Dentistry

511 J. M. S. Building

IT'S HERE!



The New
**STUDEBAKER
COACH \$1295**

SEARCH where you will, there is no coach on the market that equals the Studebaker Standard Six—in appearance, roominess, comfort and performance.

Yet it sells for the remarkably low price of \$1295, f. o. b. factory.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Retail Factory Branch and Service Station: Lafayette and South Streets

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR
