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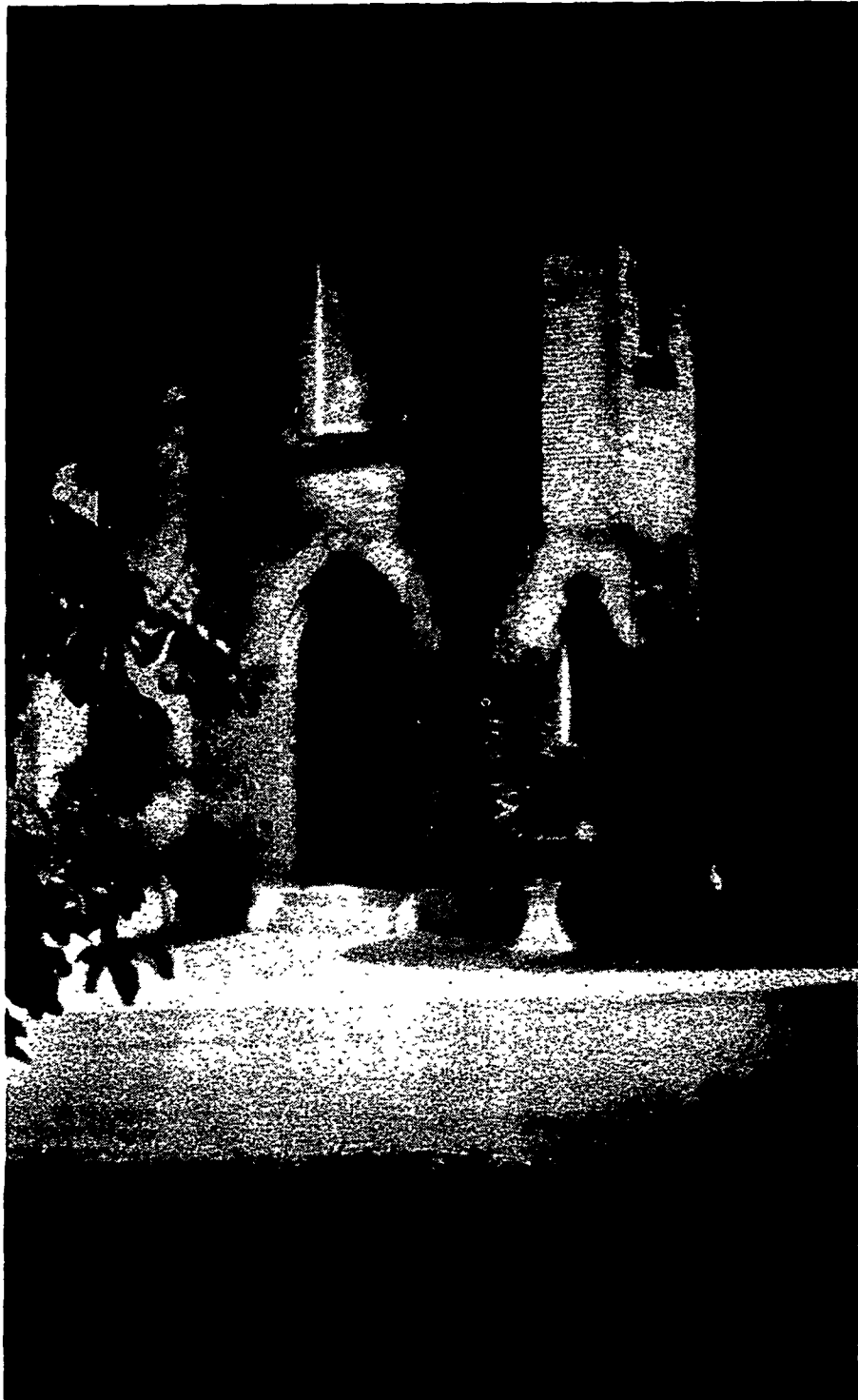
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AN ENTRANCE TO SACRED HEART CHURCH

THE WEEK

Becoming is the order of the day. After long discouragement, the grass is getting greener with every hour, the lakes bluer, the students more restless. Spring brings janitors to Walsh Hall to put up screens and to scrub, ever so carefully, the inside of the windows. Spring summons flies to the cafeteria, Seniors to long walks, and faculty members to the front porch of the Main Building.

Spring brings also elections: the first was held this week. Five hundred eager middlemen crowded into the North Basement of the Library and took the first step towards producing the *Dome* of '27. That is, they indicated their choice for editor and business manager of next year's annual. Someone objected to the new system, saying that the student nomination of two men decided nothing permanently. And someone replied that the voters had the undeniable privilege of eliminating at least four hundred prospective candidates for the offices. The election was beautifully conducted. Messrs. Robertson, Daily, and Johnson represented Dignity and the S. A. C.; the slickered crowd represented the Populace; and the Voice of the People spoke four words — Layne, Novak, Williams, Igoe. A vast improvement over the confusion which has prevailed in former years was evident in the management of the nominating and voting processes.

People who intend to graduate in June continue to turn out masterpieces of literature for their theses. Mr. Phillips has been buried for a week under an avalanche of first drafts, second drafts, and final drafts. In Sorin Hall, typewriters click steadily on; then a pause, then a word, then a furious erasing of a mistake on an original and four carbons, then into the fray once more. The Great Adventure of Thesis will be over at the end of this week. And scattered about

the campus will be wrecked nerves, empty brains, and transparent Remington ribbons.

Pan frolicked forth in a breezy number which immortalizes Mr. Vachel Lindsay and a well-known room in Walsh Hall. Exactly as it should, the magazine grows more youthful—and more poetic—with every issue. The Ladies' Edition of the *Juggler* was sold from door to door on the same night as *Pan* appeared. A copyrighted collection of the *Juggler's* own particular brand of humor was served to a clamoring public.

The Knights of Columbus must be thanked. They have furnished most of the entertainment of the week. Friday night they held the formal dance so long threatened and so long expected. In every respect it lived up to its advance notices. There was nothing spectacular about it, fortunately; just a cheerful, pleasant party which proved something which we were beginning to doubt,—namely, that Notre Dame men can give and enjoy a dance where the agony is left behind. Council 1477 also staged an interesting meeting in the middle of the week, and is prepared to initiate a large class within the next few days.

And always the end approaches. A downtown garage is already advertising twenty-five dollar cars for the trip home. The Sunday quota of golfers is growing constantly in numbers and sunburn, and some few are even smashing tennis balls about. The county primary elections next week have inspired a remarkable collection of political cards on the bulletin board in the Law School: several alumni seem to be seeking fame via the ballot-box. In the attic of the Main Building, "sink parties" have returned to popularity, and in the cellar, the accounting class has at length opened a timid window. The end approaches, but we anticipate it.

—J.A.W.

ANNOUNCE SENIOR WEEK PROGRAM

A Senior Week program, that, in point of pretentiousness, rivals anything of the kind ever formulated at Notre Dame, was announced this week by Francis J. Bon, president of the Senior Class and James A. Ronan, general chairman of the Ball committees.

The festivities will open on Friday afternoon, May 14, with a reception dance lasting from 3:30 until 5:30 in the Palais Royale. For this, the Palais Royale orchestra, one of the three engaged for the Ball, will play.

The night's activities will begin at 9:30 in the Palais Royale when Harry Denny's Collegians start their program of pre-Ball numbers. At ten, Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra will take over the musical program and play for the grand march.

Dancing will continue until twelve to be interrupted then by an intermission of an hour during which Harry Denny's Collegians will play again while lunch is being served on the mezzanine floor. From one until "Home Sweet Home" at three, the Goldkette orchestra will again hold sway.

A golf match over the Chain o' Lakes course between Indiana and Notre Dame will provide entertainment Saturday morning for those who prefer the intricacies of tees and greens to the softness of feather beds.

Saturday afternoon the Seniors and their guests will have a choice between a baseball game with Iowa and a tennis match with Carnegie Tech. In all probability a certain number of seats will be reserved for those who elect the former.

Saturday evening the men of '26 will attend the final official function of Senior Week, a tea dance to be held in the Oliver Hotel from five until seven.

Sunday,—memories!

Paul E. Miller, chairman of the Reception Committee, and his assistants are receiving reservations for hotel rooms of which they have a considerable number at their disposal, all of them especially desir-

able. Any Senior desiring to reserve a room should see one of the following men at once: Paul E. Miller, Joseph E. Broussard, James J. Glynn, John M. McMullan, Joseph B. Shea, John T. Shouse, David P. Stanton.

Those men who have not made known the name and home address of their guest should do so immediately. Omission of some names from newspaper and SCHOLASTIC stories has, in the past, caused considerable discontent. This can easily be avoided by prompt action.

The names and addresses may be given to any one of the following men: William R. Dooley, Bert V. Dunne, John J. Ryan, Keith L. Roche. Or they may be mailed to Dooley, Badin Hall.

GOLFERS DROP OPENER

There is a green track of land called the Chain o' Lakes golf course in the southwestern section of South Bend and there is a chain of championship prairie hounds from Northwestern University that completely snowed under the Gold and Blue golf team last Saturday afternoon. Adverse weather conditions were a great detriment to the Irish outfit. A high wind was blowing over the links and at times it was thought that the "snowing under" was to be true literally as well as figuratively.

Although the final score was 16 to 5, the loss of the Notre Dame tee hounds was not as great as the score would indicate. The Northwestern golfers scored eight of their points in the final hole of the afternoon matches.

The Gold and Blue outfit will meet Loyola at the Erskine park course on May 8.

ALL DOME COPY IN

With all copy in the printers' hands, the *Dome* of 1926 is now going through the final stages of preparation, and it is hoped that the book will be ready for distribution on May 20, according to information received from W. W. Smith, editor of the publication. Announcements concerning the method of distribution will be posted before the day set for the appearance of the book.

CLASS ELECTIONS SOON

The nominations for representatives to the S. A. C. of the class of '27 will begin on Tuesday, May 4, when the College of Commerce will nominate in the north room of the Library and the College of Engineering in the south room. On Wednesday, May 5, the Day Students and the College of Science will nominate, in the north and south rooms respectively. On Thursday, May 6, the College of Arts and Letters and the College of Law will meet for the same purpose, the former in the north and the latter in the south room.

On Friday, May 7, in Washington Hall, the Freshman class will nominate their class officers and a one-year representative to the S. A. C.

The Sophomore class will nominate their class officers in Washington Hall on Monday, May 10, and also a two-year and a one-year representative to the S. A. C.

The Junior nominations for class officers will be held in Washington Hall on Tuesday, May 11. All nominating meetings will be held at 12:30.

All final elections will be held in the Gym on Friday, May 14. The polls will be open all day.

JUGGLER MAKES APPEARANCE

The *Juggler* made its seventh appearance on the campus last Wednesday night in the person of the Girls' Number. In keeping with the tradition of this number only drawings of girls are included.

The cover by Florence M. Thompson is a fitting gateway to the pleasures that follow within the issue. Among the girls who contributed artistically and generously are Miss Madeline Wingerter, Miss Mary Roth and Miss Kaye Culliney. These girls prove that no spring number would be complete without a few touches by the tender feminine hand.

The usual number of campus artists keep the tone of the number in complete harmony with the preceding issues of the year and make the campus sorry that there remains only the Commencement Number.

APPEARS IN CATHOLIC WORLD

"That is a fine, fine article by Father Carroll on the Easter Week heroes. They were all wonderful men—true martyrs of liberty." Thus speaks John Jerome Rooney in a letter to the editor of *The Catholic World* concerning "The Irish Men of Easter Week," an article by Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., instructor in English at the University which appeared in the April number of this monthly.

In terming his article a "reappraisal" Father Carroll describes it accurately as far as the term goes; but it is also an appreciation of the fifteen men, who gave their lives for the cause of Irish freedom. It is evident to the most casual reader that behind Father Carroll's writing is a solid background of Irish lore and history, and a sympathetic, feeling and love for the Emerald Isle. The article is more stimulative even than satisfying; it makes one wish to take a week or a month off and spend the time in delving head over heels into the beauty and the glory of Ireland.

LOSE TO WESTERN RESERVE

The negative debating team of Notre Dame was defeated by Western Reserve at Cleveland last Tuesday evening before a comparatively small crowd in the Chapel for Women. "Resolved: that the child labor amendment to the Federal Constitution should be ratified" was the subject for discussion. Arnold Williams, James C. Roy, and William Coyne represented Notre Dame and Irving Kane, W. A. Millson, and Albert Walder defended the stand of Western Reserve. Professor Ewbank, of Albion College judged the contest. After awarding the decision to the Cleveland school, the judge gave as his reason a more masterly presentation of the case on the part of Western Reserve.

The University of California through the student executive council, has refused to sanction the second foreign trip of the university glee club. They give as their reason the fact that the club's program included jazz and vaudeville, which they say "would not fairly represent the university."

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you think of the new plan of drawing for rooms?*

WHERE ASKED: *Main Building.*

JACK GRUNING, '27. Badin.

Fine. The old plan smacked of politics. Under this new system the good Father McBride has removed all dangers of partiality.

JOSEPH P. HILGER, '28. Badin.

The new method of drawing rooms is probably the best that can be used. Useless standing in line has been obviated, while the element of luck is just as much,—yes even more present.

JAMES VAUGHN, '27. Badin.

If they were conscripting men for war I'll bet my name would be the first pulled out, but when they draw for rooms I don't even get on the list. However the plan is good for those fortunate enough to be on the list. It will reduce complaints to a modicum.

CHARLES SHORT, '28. Sophomore.

I consider the new system quite an improvement. It may make a little more work for the registrar, but it is far more pleasing to the student body for it eliminates the discomforts of standing in line and gives everyone an equal chance.

RICHARD DOYLE, '28. Off-Campus.

It's almost a shame to abolish the annual class fights at Notre Dame, but beyond doubt this new system has better qualities than the old. No graft nor "gypping" can occur. There are only a few faults yet to be eliminated. The names of some men are not on the lists and others have drawn with the wrong class.

THE BEAD-MAKER

"Brother, fix these beads, will you?"

"Sure; let's see them."

The venerable religious takes the rosary, picks up a pair of pliers, twists a wire and returns the beads to the owner.

"How much, Brother?"

"That's all right." (As an afterthought.)

"Three 'Hail Marys' will do."

"Thanks a lot, Brother."

The above is a part of the daily routine of Brother Valerian, he who assembles the beads that are to become rosaries and who turns coils of wire into chains for scapular medals.

Brother Valerian has been the caretaker of the locker room of Brownson Hall for the past eleven years. His chief duty in that capacity consists in cautioning the still green Freshman against smoking in locker-land. Between times he sits near an east window and, with pliers and wire, makes rosaries and scapular medal chains.

Brother has been making rosaries for thirty years. When the battleship Maine sunk it is probable that "Aves" for some who were on that craft were fingered on Brother's handiwork. And while San Francisco was being dug out of its earthquake, beads that Brother had put together passed through hands that were praying for the earthquake's victims. Neither Brother's rosaries nor his scapular medal chains are obtainable outside of Notre Dame. The local demand for them is such that he can not make them for outside consumption.

Brother tells us that it takes fourteen feet of wire to make a rosary; and that from one to two rosaries can be made daily. Mathematics: How many rosaries is it possible for Brother to have made during the past thirty years? How many miles of wire has he used? How many beads has he put together? Don't forget the leap years! He has been making the chains for scapular medals for only the past two or three years. Working constantly, he can make two chains a day. And each chain requires ten feet of wire. If the above problem embarrassed you, try to calculate how many leagues of wire Brother has used making the chains.

Brother has been long in the building that is now occupied by the Brownson locker room. He was there when the building was the university power house. When the power house was moved to its present site, Brother Valerian's obedience took him to Chemistry Hall for a number of years. Eleven years ago he took charge of the Brownson locker room over which he has reigned since.

—J.F.O'D.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Notre Dame Glee Club appeared in concert in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on Friday evening, April 23. Dr. J. Lewis Browne, the conductor, was assisted by Mr. Casasanta, the associate director. The artists who assisted in the concert were Miss Sara McCabe, soprano, and Miss Wally Heymar, violinist. The program given was as follows:

1. Motet—Part Songs
 - (a) "Laudate Patrem" -----Gounod
 - (b) "June Time" -----Browne
 - (c) "Loch Lomond" (arr. by)-----Forsyth

THE GLEE CLUB

2. Aria—"Vissi d'Arte" (La Tosca)-----Puccini

MISS SARA M'CABE

3. Humoresque—"Italian Salad" -----Genee

In the form of the Finale to an Italian Opera
for Tenor solo (John Butler) and chorus.

THE GLEE CLUB

4. Songs for Tenor Voice—
 - (a) "Until" -----Sanderson
 - (b) "Mighty Lak a Rose" -----Nevin

ANTHONY KOPECKY

Intermission

1. Motets—
 - (a) "Ave Maria" -----Vittoria (1540-1613)
 - (b) "O Salutaris"-----Gounod

THE GLEE CLUB

2. Violin Solos—
 - (a) "Romance" -----Rehfeld
 - (b) "Rondino" -----Kreisler-Brown
 - (c) "Cradle Song" -----Reger
 - (d) "Rondo Capriccioso" -----Rehfeld

MISS WALLY HEYMAR

3. Songs for Bass Voice—
 - (a) "The Want of You"-----Vanderpool
 - (b) "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride"

O'Hara

ALFRED MEYERS

4. Songs for Soprano Voice—
 - (a) "Ave Maria" -----Browne
 - (b) "Goin' to Shout" (Negro Spiritual)

Fisher

- (c) "My Lover is a Fisherman" Strickland

MISS SARA M'CABE

5. Part Song—

"Song of the Volga Boatmen"-----Bantock

Song with Chorus—

"Come With Me to Romany"-----Browne

(Soloist—Miss McCabe)

Part Song—

"Hike, Notre Dame" -----Casasanta

THE GLEE CLUB

The music hall was filled, and a large and enthusiastic audience listened to the program. The soloists, of whom there were a great many, were well received, and encores were given following all the groups. The Latin motets, with the Club has recently recorded on a trial record for the Victor Orthophonic, were especially well sung with fine feeling and regard for expression. Popular demand forced the repetition of "Italian Salad" and "Hike, Notre Dame."

Coming attractions at the Oliver Theater, in the way of legitimate drama include, "What Price Glory" today, April 30, for one performance; and Margaret Anglin in W. Somerset Maugham's comedy "Caroline" for matinee and evening performances on Wednesday, May 5.

The George Barrere Little Symphony will give a concert in Washington Hall on Wednesday, May 12. No student should miss this concert, which is to be given by what is generally conceded to be the finest small orchestra in the world.

Attention is again called to the concert by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Stock, which will be given on Sunday afternoon, May 16, in the Palais Royale. This will be the second appearance of the orchestra in South Bend this year. The program will be completely different from the one given at the last appearance.—A. L. M.

COURSE IN PLAY WRITING

Rev. Leigh G. Hubbell, C. S. C., Director of Studies, has announced a new course in play writing, to be taught for the first time next year. Professor Charles Phillips will be the instructor. The course will be an elective for Juniors and Seniors who are specializing in English. Permission to enter must be obtained in a written note from Professor Phillips to the Dean of the College of Arts and Letters. The new course will be known as English 31, and will be taught twice a week.

LINDSAY PAN IS CIRCULATED

Prefaced by Professor Charles Phillips' "Reading Vachel Lindsay," and bodied, in part, by "Babbitt Jambouree," an octet of heretofore unpublished poems by America's foremost poet, Vachel Lindsay, *Pan* came to the public this week with the same sprightly and delicious youthfulness as of old, but with the added flavor of grown-up experience and ability. The issue is termed the special "Vachel Lindsay Number," and rightly so. "Babbitt Jambouree" deserves the quality of Phillips' introduction—and may we add, vice versa.

Again Notre Dame gives the lie to those who creak concerning the weak English of college men. Harry McGuire, '25, sings not a bit sleepily about "Two A. M.," and in addition carries on with his familiar and always pleasing "columniating." Denny O'Neill, '26, speaks "To John," an infant who is "beginning to show signs of indifference." Francis Collins Miller, '27, analyzes with uncanny acuteness the lone wolf complex of college men in a truly fine essay, "Bla! Bla! Black Sheep!" And, not contented with an introduction alone, Professor Phillips again appears, this time to answer the question "What Shall the Sonnet Be?"

ALUMNI CONFERENCE HELD

James E. Armstrong, '25, secretary of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, represented the University at the annual conference of the Associations of Alumni Secretaries and Alumni Magazines held at Columbus, Ohio, last week. The feature sessions of the conference were those of Friday morning and evening. In the earlier of these, Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan, Dr. Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College, and Prof. William J. Newlin, of Amherst College, spoke on the relations between alumni office and the undergraduates. The speakers held that contact should be established between alumni and students so that the latter may have opportunity to give some thought to alumni problems before they themselves become alumni.

At the evening session, the consensus of opinion was that professional football is not so great a menace to college athletics as has sometimes been supposed; so long as college football remains a strictly undergraduate activity it is safe from professionalism.

"BALD HEADS TO WEAK FEET"

"Got a charley-horse, Smitty." "I've a cold in my chest, fix it?" "There's a crimp in my right shoulder." I stepped into the office of "Doc" Smith in the Gym and found myself in the center of a veritable medical man's heaven. On a rubbing-table on one side of the room lay a trackman, being treated with the ultra-violet-ray machine. In the center of the room beside another table stood, "Doc" Smith, electro-therapeutic expert, and trainer for the Notre Dame athletic teams. "I have never turned away a case that has come to me," said "Smitty," as he massaged the swollen knee of a football player. "I cure any ailment from bald heads to weak feet." A casual survey of the room seemed to verify this statement. A couple of padded rubbing tables, numerous electrical machines, and a long shelf of medical supplies were the more prominent furnishings of this miniature Mayo Institute.

"This is the best equipped trainer's room that I have ever seen in any of the colleges that I have visited. I have made a special study of this work, and have visited most of the larger institutions in the country," Smith said.

"Smitty," who used to be Jack Dempsey's trainer before coming to Notre Dame, treats on an average of 600 major cases a month. Besides these he attends to numerous minor injuries such as cuts, bruises and taping jobs. Faculty members as well as athletes are cared for by this skillful doctor.

Included in the equipment of "Doc" Smith are many of the most modern medical devices. The ultra-violet-ray machine is used as a germicide, skin invigorator, and as a means of enriching the blood, which is then carried to the vital organs of the body with beneficial results. The medical-

diathermic machine is applied to relieve pain, combat infections, hasten absorption and to open arteries. For massage cases, this machine is connected with the auto-condensation pad upon which the patient sits. His body is thus charged with electricity which follows the hands of the masseur and centers the heat in that place which is rubbed, resulting in quicker relief.

The Morse Wave machine remedies muscular trouble by a process of expansion and strengthening.

The Thermo and Zoalite equipment consists of small portable lights which are taken on trips to use in relieving pain or to cure inflammation. In the corner of the office is a scale upon which athletes weigh themselves before and after practice. Since it was installed seven months ago nearly 50,000 weights have been registered on it.

That the Notre Dame athletes are given such care by an expert who has the best of equipment at his disposal no doubt explains in part their brilliant success. —F.J.P.

LAKE LEVEL RAISED

It is again our painful duty to kill a rumor. We seem to be the favorite choice of the editors for killing rumors, and you may believe us when we say that we know of easier jobs. A rumor is very much like the Hydra animal that gave the ancient Greeks so much trouble: you cut off a head, and it grins back at you with two. You carefully hack off the two, and it has four. Truly a troublesome beast. We, however, conceived the original and, we think, rather brilliant idea of figuratively stabbing this rumor in the heart, by means of the SCHOLASTIC columns.

This latest child of Dame Rumor says that the lake north of the Main Building, commonly called St. Joe Lake, has been raised about ten feet, has changed its color to a deeper blue, and has done several other things which are not commonly done by small lakes. Various people told us the story, and with each telling the level of the lake rose at least a foot.

The experience of years in rumor-killing has taught us that under such circumstances

the logical thing to do is to consult the authorities. We did, and were considerably enlightened. On March 6, a new well was opened, from which water has been pumped into the lake ever since, with the exception of two days. The level of the lake, which had been going down steadily for several years, is being restored to its former mark, where it will be held. Three quarters of a million gallons are pumped into the lake every twenty-four hours; the level has been raised a total of forty-five inches. The authorities emphatically denied that the color of the lake has in any way been changed, added to, impaired, or injured, or that the level of St. Mary's Lake has been raised; student reports to the contrary notwithstanding.—J. A. M.

AFFIRMATIVE DEBATERS WIN

Victor Lemmer, Arthur Goldberg and David Stanton, Notre Dame affirmative team, defeated Q. M. Crater, C. V. Badger, and L. L. Huxtable, Purdue negative trio, in a debate held in Washington Hall Tuesday evening. The debate centered on the question "Resolved: That the proposed twentieth amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be ratified."

The debate Tuesday was the final one of the present season for the Notre Dame team. After getting off to a bad start, the debaters came forward with a rush and have chalked up a good record for the year.

Professor W. N. Brigance, debate coach at Wabash College, judged the tilt with Purdue, and Professor Burton Confrey, of Notre Dame, acted as chairman.

From questionnaires given to 250 representative men students at the University of Indiana it was found that their ideal girl is sweet, innocent, pleasingly plump, fairly good-looking, and one who uses no lipstick. She must furthermore be a brunette of medium height, with blue eyes, and aquiline nose and bobbed hair. She would have easy manners but must not smoke or drink. And this dispels the theory that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

DOME MEN NOMINATED

Walter Layne, Sophomore Hall, and Kerwin Williams, 721 East Corby Street, were named as first choice of the Sophomore and Junior classes of the University for the offices of Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager, respectively, of the *Dome* of '27, at a meeting held in the north room of the Library Tuesday afternoon. Richard Novak, Sophomore Hall, was named as second choice for the editorship, and John Igoe, Sophomore, ran second to Williams for the position of Business Manager. The election was closely contested, and more than three hundred votes were cast.

All the men named possess previous experience on University publications. Layne is a member of the staff of the *Dome* and of the *Juggler*, and is Literary Editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*. Novak is a *Dome* staff member. Both the men named for the business managership have worked on campus publications.

The election of this year was unique in that for the first time the members of both the Sophomore and Junior classes voted; previously the election was decided by the former class alone. In addition, two men were chosen for each office; the S. A. C. is to nominate one of these for consideration by the Board of Publications. Only after finally being approved by the last-named group do the elections become official.

A meeting for the purpose of nominating men will be held Sunday by the S. A. C. and the decision of the Board of Publications will be given out as soon afterward as is possible.

DEBATERS ORGANIZE CLUB

A Debating Club was organized last week at the annual debaters' banquet held at the Morningside Club in South Bend. This action came as the result of a much felt need of some permanent organization on the campus to further forensics.

The membership will be limited. At present it is composed of only the members of the varsity debating teams but a few more applicants who have displayed an interest

in any of the forensic arts will be admitted. The question of a suitable name for the group aroused so much discussion that it was deferred until a future date.

The election of officers was unanimous. William Coyne was elected president and John A. Daily, secretary-treasurer. A committee consisting of William Craig, Arthur Goldberg and Joseph P. McNamara was appointed to investigate the possibilities of having a debate broadcast from the *Tribune* station, and of having the Notre Dame debate speeches included in the Intercollegiate Debaters' Handbook. A plan of keeping in touch with the work of the National Debating Fraternity without becoming affiliated with it was discussed. The next meeting of the club will be held Tuesday, May 4. Applications for membership may be handed to Arthur Goldberg, Pierce O'Connor, or John A. Daily.

A NOTRE DAME PRODUCT

A Notre Dame product from cover to cover, is the characteristic description of "The Doctor's Wooing," the new novel by Professor Charles Phillips, given in the publisher's announcement stating that the book will appear on the campus the first week in May.

The book, to begin with, is not only from the pen of an Notre Dame faculty man, but was written in part, and entirely revised in room 337 Sorin Hall. The cover design was made by George Palomino, and includes, we understand, the familiar "Ch. Ph." known to *SCHOLASTIC* readers. The jacket design, a pine tree, was drawn by Wilbur McElroy, '26. The sales management of the book is in the hands of Jimmy Hayes, '24, who is identified with the publishing house of Devin-Adair, New York City. The president of the publishing house, Mr. Henry Garrity, though not a Notre Dame man, is a native of the Hoosier State and deeply interested in the activities of Notre Dame students.

Finally, at the request of Professor Phillips, the publishers have consented to have the book bound in the Notre Dame colors, blue and gold. The whole book is thus a distinctively Notre Dame product.

K. OF C. TO INITIATE SUNDAY

For the purpose of conferring the second and third degrees upon a group of candidates, a K. of C. initiation will be held by the Notre Dame Council next Sunday in the Knights of Columbus Home, South Bend. The conferring of degrees will be followed by a banquet to be held in the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle, at which Dr. John M. Cooney, Ph. D., Director of the School of Journalism, will propose the toasts. The speaker of the evening has not yet been announced. Entertainment will be provided by the Varsity Quartet and by Charley Reitz and his Golden Blues Orchestra.

"Tim" Galvin, prominent Notre Dame alumnus and state deputy of the K. of C., was the speaker presented to the members of the Notre Dame Council at a meeting held Tuesday evening. The Columbian Squires, of South Bend, provided entertainment with a vaudeville act including harmonica and violin numbers and songs. The committee lived up to its promise of "more and better eats and smokes."

UNIVERSAL NIGHT CELEBRATED

The third annual Universal Notre Dame night was celebrated last Wednesday, April 21, by local Notre Dame alumni clubs all over the country. More than 20 of the clubs have already reported the success of their celebrations to James E. Armstrong, Alumni Secretary. Several of them sent telegrams carrying greetings to Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University.

At most of the meetings, favorable action was taken on the three projects suggested to the clubs for consideration by the Alumni Board: the questions of local alumni scholarships, publicity bureaus, and placement bureaus. The decisions of the clubs in regard to these projects represented marked progress in the development of a unified alumni organization which will be of greater service both to the Alumni and to the University.

Prominent alumni and guests spoke at the meetings. Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, spoke at the Chicago Club; Professor Charles Phillips at

the Indianapolis Club; and Professor Clarence Manion at the Calumet Club meeting in Hammond, Indiana.

The St. Joe Valley organization held its celebration in the Knights of Columbus Hall in South Bend. Nearby cities in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan were represented. Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, Prefect of Discipline, and Coach Knute K. Rockne were the principal speakers of the evening. After the election of officers, the speeches, and the entertainment presented by Eddie Luther, '25, a luncheon was served.

MISSION CRUSADE IN JUNE

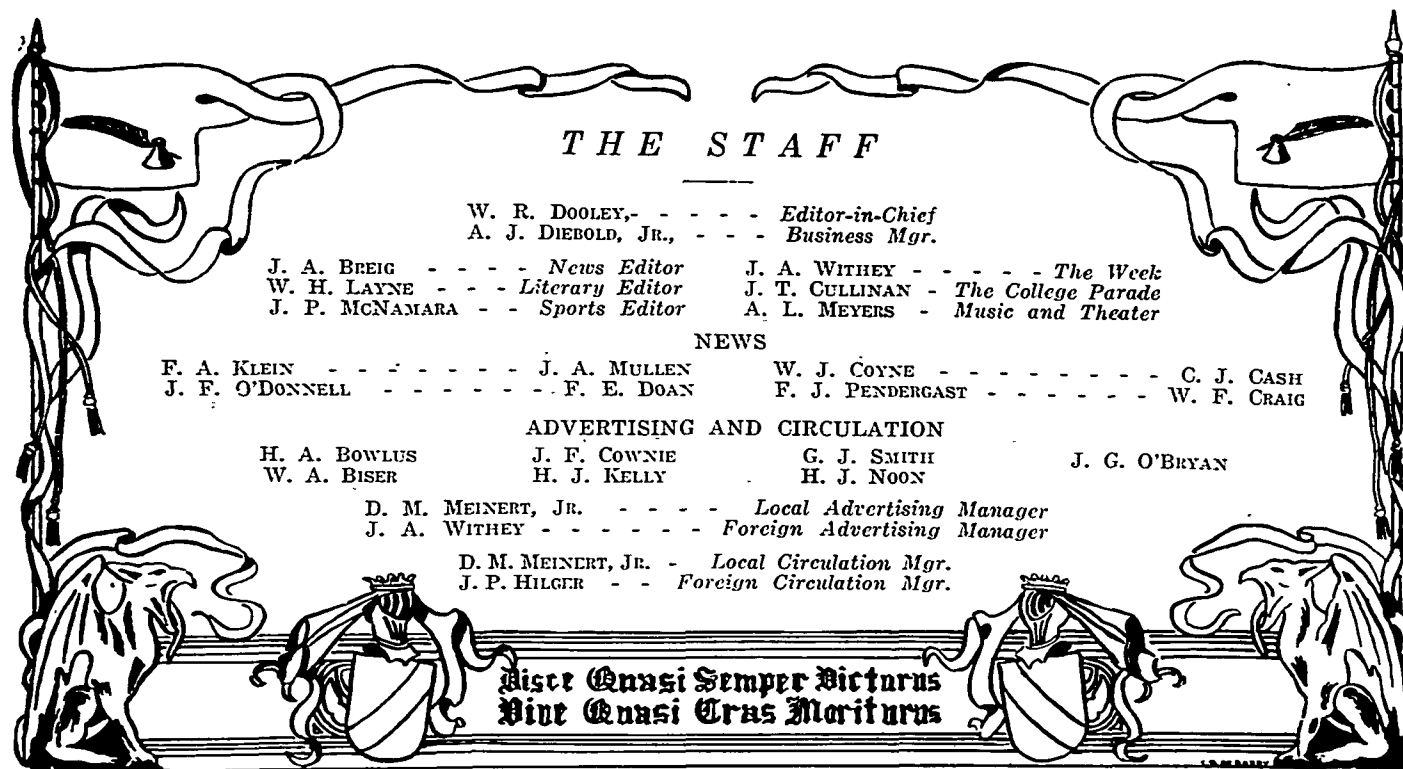
Announcement of the fifth national convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has just been received from the national headquarters at Cincinnati. The place is the University of Dayton (Dayton, Ohio) and the dates are June 25-28.

Conventions of the Crusade are held every three years. The last national assembly was held at the University of Notre Dame in the summer of 1923.

The dates of the Crusade gathering immediately precede the dates for the Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, the dates having been chosen so that educators and students who wish to attend all three of these meetings may have time to travel from one convention place to another. Efforts are being made to secure special traveling rates for those who will attend the Crusade convention and one or both of the other meetings.

MADE KNIGHT OF ST. GREGORY

Another American was admitted to the Knighthood of St. Gregory this month when Hon. Patrick A. Heney was invested as Knight Commander by the Bishop of Seattle. Mr. Heney, who is the father of Patrick A. Heney, Jr., a student here, is one of the leading Catholic business men and philanthropists of the northwest. It was in recognition of his works of piety and charity that the Pope bestowed the honor on Mr. Heney. The office of Knight Commander is a special honor in the famous order.



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**Disce Quasi Semper Dicturus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus**

INTELLIGENT VOTING

The class elections are at hand. Next week class meetings will be held at various times in the Library and in Washington Hall and choice will be made of men who will represent '27, '28, and '29, not only in class affairs, but also on the S. A. C. These elections are, therefore, important. They touch class affairs closely; on them, will depend the future spirit, organization and accomplishment of the class as a unit. Careful choice should be made of these class representatives.

Unfortunately, this has not always been so in the past. Without dealing in personalities, it can be said with confidence that there have been many such representatives who were elected hurriedly, negligently, and who were, moreover, unfitted, either by nature or temperament, for the job. This has happened in the past; it should be the duty of every undergraduate to prevent its happening at the coming class elections.

This can be done in two ways. First by a really representative turn-out of every class, not a mere handful of those who happen to be in the vicinity of the polling place at the time specified; and secondly, by the casting of an intelligent, unprejudiced vote for the man thought to be most capable of carrying out the duties of the position,—by voting regardless of “machines,” so-called

“campaigns,” and at the behest of the “vote-for-our-man” nuisances. Let every voter use his own intelligence; let him refrain from following the crowd which pushes through a candidate for reasons often personal, narrow, and selfish.

If the voting is done along some such lines as these, the various classes can be assured of representatives who of right hold their offices, and who will have the best interests of the class as a whole at heart, not simply the rewarding of a few henchmen who labored to secure their candidate the honor.

A CAMPUS UNIVERSAL NIGHT

It has been suggested that when the next Universal Notre Dame Night takes place a similar celebration be held on the campus itself, in which the students would take the major part.

This is a suggestion which should be carefully considered. A student-gathering, held in connection with those of the alumni, would do much to further the work of the latter. It would bring the two main representative bodies of the University into closer harmony, and, by so doing, make for a closer unity of interests which could not fail to prove beneficial to the University. By all means, the Universal Notre Dame Night of 1927 should have its complement on the campus.

Three Pastels

JOHN CAROLLO, '27

A Wyoming Sunrise

A GLOW appeared over Sawtooth Range. Argent shafts leaped from behind the mountains and shattered on fleeing clouds. By degrees the glow brightened and centered between two massive walls of granite. Just under the peaks the gold and silver light shaded into blue and then violet until, at their base, a deep purple mist of color softened the jagged ridges and made the darker canyons, with their wondrous shaggy pines and sagebrush, into mysterious temples for the mountain gods.

Toward us the sagebrush lightened to a green-tinted gray. Above flimsy widespread clouds scattered the lighter hues. Crowning all this the flashing darts of the advancing sun tinged with pink the flanks of the lesser masses and dyed the sides of the greater, more sluggish victims a deep crimson. These latter permeated the crepusculum with a coppery hue.

Through this glory we rushed to the lake that had caught the blood of such clouds for ages past, and we knew we would see lovely things.

An Afternoon in Arcady

I was running in and out of the sagebrush searching beneath it in the dark soil for the humble, delicate bluebell, gathering a bouquet to take home. Of all the desert flowers I like the bluebell best, and so does mother. The sage-brush scented the breath that softly shook them.

Stepping out of a dense growth I saw before me a little clearing of grass enlivened by tall hairy geraniums. It looked so cool and green and soft, the sky was so blue, that I lay on my back in the grass and watched the clouds playing "I got it," or

mimicking some wild spot on the earth, where a lion was stalking a deer. As the lion gathered for a leap the deer became a great eagle and the lion a fleeing goose. As I dreamed, a small, gray chippie skipped about noisily, skimmed the brush and quickened the air with queer little notes. A squirrel trilled sharply at me; I had invaded his feeding ground.

An Afternoon at Jenny's Lake

Gliding out on tranquil Jenny's lake I started for its mountainous side. Two ever-widening wrinkles lost themselves in the swell that followed. In the superbly calm water strange mountains fell toward a cerulean sky, and near the edge a sub-acqueous forest grew. A glance showed clearly giant boulders set in white sand with schools of trout exploring irregular fissures in the rock.

Mid-way I rested and watched large fluffy clouds sail over peaks rising abruptly from the shore. The lower vapours caught on the crags so that it appeared as if God were fashioning the multicolored wreaths that the mountains would wear at nightfall.

Soon I was scrambling up a ravine down which a stream was tripping and falling over rocks and ledges. Farther on I heard the splash and sligh rumble of a waterfall. I scurried around a massive shoulder of rock. I gasped as a cool rush of air and spray struck me.

The stream leaped from a shelf, and half way down crashed into an outjutting ledge from which it glanced into a graceful parabola. Later, from a wet perch I looked down on a thousand little rainbows. Retracing my steps I rowed back between heavens.



Life at Notre Dame

GYAN C. SCHARMA.

ONE hears much about the distinctive features of Notre Dame while taking an evening stroll on the campus in these beautiful spring days. A pleasant walk round the lakes, with their invigorating cool breeze, sets one's mind working and he wonders at the whys and wherefores of the distinctive features of Notre Dame life. An informal talk with the average student will, perhaps, bring out the religious, moral, and educational development of a young ambitious scholar at this great institution. He will in all probability point to the wonderful football team in which the University takes a just pride. If he has rather artistic tastes and is a lover of nature he will call our attention to the beautiful surroundings in which we are located.

To a stranger these features appeal to the same degree as they do to an average Notre Dame man. Yet, in addition to these, there are a few very important phases of life at Notre Dame which are the rare possessions of this institution and are not to be found in very many of the educational centers of the world. The great Indian leader Mahatama Gandhi writes in one of the recent issues of his paper as follows: "I believe in the ancient idea of teachers teaching for the love of it and receiving the barest maintenance. The Roman Catholics have retained that idea and they are responsible for some of the best educational institutions in the world." Coming, as this statement does, from a non-Catholic it should have considerable weight in this community. Mahatama Gandhi is a political leader with the largest following the world has known. His entire program is based on the power of soul force and he expects the emancipation of his land through this power alone. A man of his education, respect, experience and training could not have paid any better tribute to the cause of the true Catholic education.

So the first possession of Notre Dame is its faculty of priests who teach for the love of

teaching. They have no mercenary motives impelling them and have given their lives for this cause. What a wonderful sacrifice for the cause of education! Specialists in their respective fields, in perfect health, and competent to go out in the world and amass a fortune one comes in contact with such men at Notre Dame who believe in the cause of education and are working for it. If one gets nothing else from Notre Dame mere contact with such wonderful men will be worth one's while. What place in America can boast of such teachers? The community life on the campus has its own peculiarly attractive features which make Notre Dame stand out in a class by itself in the new world. The intimate contact with men of this caliber should be an inspiration to any mortal man. One must wonder at the self renunciation of these great souls who have taken upon themselves poverty, chastity and obedience of their own accord. No word of appreciation could be too great for such a faculty of such an institution. Turning to the lay faculty one finds a number of men who have become a part of the community and have given all their energies to the cause of education. They have grown with the institution and have become permanently attached to it. Thus one member of the faculty remarks that he teaches for the remission of his sins. What a wonderful spirit in teaching and what a noble ideal of the teacher who makes this principle his guiding force. There are not very many teachers in the world who could truthfully make a statement of this kind.

There are very few institutions in the world today where one can find the teachers teaching both by precept and by example. To an average undergraduate discipline at Notre Dame seems rather rigorous, but there is nothing harsh or brutal about it. The members of the faculty do not ask their students anything which they do not do themselves. The clerical members of the faculty live a life which anyone could fol-

low with benefit. In other words, they not only act but live what they preach. How much better this world would be if we could all practice ourselves what we preach. There is no better laboratory to learn this great maxim of life than Notre Dame. If one cannot pick it up by induction one ought to get traces of it by conduction and personal contact during his stay at the institution. As a matter of fact, if one does not consciously avoid it, it is bound to make its influence felt before one leaves the institution. One is a part of a great family at Notre Dame and therefore some common traits are bound to creep into one's character.

These are some of the greater things peculiar to Notre Dame but the greatest of

all these is the religious toleration. Ordinarily, as religious atmosphere in a community increases toleration towards other religious beliefs decreases. Notre Dame is entirely different in this respect. Profound in its own religious devotion it is broad, understanding and sympathetic towards the other religions of the earth. One has only to glance at the cosmopolitan make-up of the student body and the faculty to see how far this toleration is practiced. One may truthfully state that the campus is a melting pot of the various religions and nationalities. Would it not be a wonderful boon if all religious could practice this toleration?

Such are the distinctive features of Notre Dame life and they are worth any man's time to investigate and enjoy.

Cordelia

JOHN J. KELLY, '26.

TRUE it is that "some sorrows come from evil thought while some come when two men are near and each is blind to what is generous in the other's mind." And it matters not if one of the parties happens to be a woman. Lear, a doting old man, imperious by nature and circumstance, and Cordelia, a woman of the self-same stubborn nature as her father, could not pierce the cloud of mutual misunderstanding and as a result we have the tragedy of "King Lear." Given two such natures the conclusion is as definite as that of a mathematical problem. But we are not so much concerned with the histrionic necessities of the play as we are with the essential humanity of its characters. And of all of these no other is so complex and yet so simple as Cordelia. Lear, the gigantic personage of the play, is easily understandable for all his nuances of nature and motives, but not so with his passionless daughter. She is subtle and challenges understanding yet her character is simple when understood.

We all detest Regan and Goneril and in

degree only should we hate Cordelia the less for her treatment of her father in the early part of the tragedy. The evil machinations of the first two sisters are different from the stone-heartedness shown by the latter but all the evils are but different manifestations of essentially the same filial ingratitude. Had the youngest of the sisters but "heaved her heart into her mouth" and catered to the dotage of her failing father instead of answering, "Nothing, my lord," a terrible course of evil would have been averted.

It is impossible to suppose that Cordelia did not recognize her father's thirst for flattery; and the morality of this vanity should not concern her in the least, the consequences of its denial being known to her. But even beyond this it is entirely logical to suppose that she, no less than her sisters, knew that Lear had reached "the last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history" and that the fantastic scheme he proposed for the division of his kingdom was but a manifestation of advanced senility if not, indeed, insanity itself. A really loving

daughter would have catered to his every whim but not so with the unfeeling Cordelia. Affection is in its essence the subordination of self. Love is dormant except in adversity. Cordelia's love is not "more ponderous than her tongue" for its expression is the sacrifice of love in this case. There is no such thing as quantitative love as Cordelia would have us believe. Love is necessarily whole-hearted. When one speaks of loving with half or quarter of one's heart we may accept the statement as evidence of the absence of real love.

There can be no other conclusion reached than that Cordelia did not love her father despite her protestations to the contrary. She is selfish and stubborn in the face of certain ruin to him. We can understand the selfishness of Goneril and Regan for it had material motives, but that of Cordelia was even more deep-rooted and culpable for it sought only the gratification of an inward and ridiculous pride.

How different a woman do we find later in the play when contrition has softened her heart. No longer is she a "worse than senseless thing" but a penitent who strives to repay a hundred-fold the damage of her misguided acts. Lear says, "For as I am a man I think this lady to be my child Cordelia," and then we have the bursting forth of her new love as with tears she cries out, "And so I am, I am." In humility she admits there has been "no cause, no cause" for having treated Lear unjustly. The virtues that before lay dormant in her, stifled by an unnatural pride, have now

blossomed forth, liberated by a great humility, and we have a really beautiful character.

When she is borne dead by the king from her cruel murder we forget all her harshness of heart and for a time our sympathy forgets even the tragedy of Lear himself. But her death is a necessity of the play, for who sins must also suffer. "The wheel is come full circle" that justice might be done but not without our regret, and we hope with a hushed hope that "the chance that does redeem all sorrows" may be realized. Yet when Lear announces that "she's gone forever" reason softens anguish and we know that it must be so and we love Cordelia all the more.

Cordelia is a person of significant actions. She speaks but few lines yet her words are so indicative of the character behind them that we have portrayed for us one of the most vivid characters of the tragedy. She is one of those strong-willed people of action who deliberate their every act and afterward hold steadfastly to it.

In the beginning of the tragedy she is a woman whom we all would love could she but banish the fault of pride. It is this vice that hides her otherwise apparent virtues and when it has been purged in the fires of a deep contrition we behold a woman almost without fault. It is in this role that she leaves us all too soon, before we have had a chance to forget (although we have already forgiven) her part in the terrible tragedy that cost such awful vengeance and her life itself.

IN SPRING

Scent of blossom fills the air
In the tiger-lily's lair.
Nodding bellworts in the dell
Curtsey to the pale bluebell.

Simple daisies on the plain
Bow themselves and pray for rain.
Proud, the aster of the hills,
Flaunts her newly-gotten frills.

—NORMAN STEYSKAL, '27.

The Return

JOHN W. CAVANAUGH, '28.

JOHN McKAY jumped from the passenger train outside of town, and walked into Kingston. His twelve years on the road had taught him never to ride into a station, and furthermore Kingston being the place of McKay's birth, he did not relish anyone seeing him. But then, the odds were in his favor, for no one would recognize him after his long absence.

"The only ones that would know me now," he exclaimed to himself, "would be the folks and they're dead, or Jim Swift lied to me, and men aren't accustomed to tell lies on such subjects."

Indifferent, lazy, and a mystery to everyone but himself, and now and then that, was John McKay. When twenty years of age he had left home to be a tramp, a hobo, an idler of the road. His disappearance caused no small comment, but as his parents died, the father four years after his departure and his mother five, it remained a puzzle to all what the real cause of his sudden going had been. The town gossip had hinted to her friends, an inestimable number, that John's continued laziness and sloth had driven his father to a terrible wrath which consummated in disowning his son. The poor mother, with her entreaties, failed to act as an arbitrator between the two, so the story ran, and one day the McKay's awoke to find their son, John, had been seen leaving on a fast train for the West that morning.

After so many years, John found himself strangely drawn to the place of his childhood. As he walked down the now bustling streets of the village he was a pitiful sight. The years had not left their mark upon his countenance, save that his hoary beard gave him a distinction that no son of rest is without. His clothes and shoes showed the effects of all the seasons. Those parts of John's clothing showed evidences of the extreme filth that had been resting upon the tender of the engine that had so admirably delivered him back home and broke. His

checkered cap was shriveled and torn, and his ill-kept hair so unruly it was growing over his ears, and turning up in the rear with an artistic curl. He was a figure at which babies cry, women repel and men look with an eye of suspicion.

John McKay shuffled along the curb glancing at all who passed, but rarely did he see one whom he recognized. The familiar sights only gnawed at his inner self, and stirred in him a hate for everybody and everything in the town. Why had he let his curiosity get the better of him, especially after having avoided the place for so many years? McKay regretted having come, but still he sauntered on, always peering, ever watchful for some old haunt or crony. He came to a halt in front of Poole's Cigar Store. He tarried for a moment, hoping that some old acquaintance would emerge. His hesitation was rewarded, for who appeared but his old school-chum, Jimmy Hunnell, who had once been called a good-for-nothing by the crowd. He seemed prosperous and happy. He passed directly in front of John, jumped into his car and was gone in a flash.

It took a lot for poker-face, indifferent John to restrain from speaking, but now, as he proceeded down the street, he was glad that he had remained silent. Yes, he would come and go but no one would know.

He entered the park in front of the old Court House, and in true loiterer's fashion, sat down on the nearest bench. Opposite sat a nurse girl, with a mischievous little tot, and on another bench were two members of his fraternal order. They, too, depicted all that is characteristic of this social class, and as he watched them a smile endeavored to erase the placidity of his face: a very unusual thing for John McKay.

"What a carefree life," he said, "but what a poor one."

Just then a man of advancing age approached and sat beside him, settled back complacently, and began to scan the pages

of a newspaper. Immediately, John's eye recalled him to be Arnold Johnson, the attorney, who, when he was a boy, used to pay frequent visits to his father. He remembered how he had admired every move of this tall, distinguished man, who was a power in the town of Kingston, and known for his wisdom and integrity throughout the surrounding country. Little had this stalwart citizen changed. His hair had turned a silver gray, and the deep furrows of his face and drooping eyelashes gave him an expression of profound judgment and knowledge. John's curiosity could not be quieted. He was soon speaking to the gentleman.

"Pardon me, but are you not Arnold Johnson?"

The attorney looked up from his paper in a slow deliberate manner. He had been entirely unconscious of McKay's presence, and so the inquiry had come as a surprise. After surveying the neglected man at his side he replied: "Indeed, my man, I am the one you say. What is it you desire?"

"You probably do not remember me, but I am John McKay."

"You, the son of Richard McKay? You, the lad that has been gone all these years, and thought by many to be dead?" Johnson had discarded the newspaper, and removed his glasses, at the same time looking at John with greatest surprise. "What brings you back to Kingston?"

John remained silent for a moment. Then, he slowly replied: "Oh, nothing in particular. I had planned not to speak to anyone, but your familiar face got the best of my other nature."

The attorney arose and addressed McKay. "Come up to my office, for I have a few things to say that may be of interest to you."

John followed him to the sixth floor of the Court House, and here Johnson ushered him into his private office.

"Sit down while I go into the vault for a moment."

John sank into one of the luxurious chairs. He was nervous, as his fidgety actions indicated. What could Johnson want with him?

The lawyer returned shortly with a letter which he fumbled in his large hands. Without a word, he sat down at his desk, which was directly facing McKay. He opened the letter, read it through, and then looking up said to McKay: "Where have you been all these years?"

"Just roaming the country and trying to stay as far from Kingston as possible." McKay felt uneasy in the presence of this man, and tried to avoid his gaze by letting his eyes wander. But try as he did he could not evade Johnson's look.

"I have here a letter which was written by your mother, just before she died." Johnson took the missive he had been holding and passed it to McKay.

The words almost felled the tramp, and with the mention of his mother's name an expression of anguish came over his face. His entire body trembled as he read the last words of his mother.

"So she kept the house, hoping that some day I would return. This is awful!" That was all he said. It was not until Johnson spoke that McKay glanced up from the letter. A wild, ghastly look was in his eyes, and had Johnson not been experienced, from long years in dealing with such men, he probably would have been terrorized.

"Yes, she kept the place to the last, and when I tried to get her to move she refused." Johnson now spoke slowly and deliberately to McKay. "The afternoon your mother died I was called to see her. I found her far gone, but conscious now and then. It was during one of her lapses into the world of knowing that she gave me that letter which you have, and also the key which you will find within the envelope. Your mother told me not to part with the house. She said to me—but you know from the letter what she requested, so I needn't go into that. The house is yours. Now you may go."

John stood up and left the office, as if under the spell of a mystic. When he reached the street he thrust the letter into his pocket. All that the family counselor had said concerning the death of his mother, together with her dying wish, had a pronounced effect upon the mood that had

seized him since he had arrived in Kingston. There awakened in his heart a desire to see his possession.

It was mid-afternoon when he left the Court House square and proceeded down Main Street. The house was located on the outskirts of the city, and as he entered this section he noticed that here an immense change had likewise been wrought. Nevertheless, he was beset with a deluge of memories at the many old sights. Reaching the last street of the town John received the first view of his boyhood home. Never changing his pace, however, he reached the gate of the picket fence. Here he paused. What a change had come about. How dilapidated everything had become. He could readily see that with his mother's passing all care of the place had ceased.

The fence and squeaking gate gave no sign of paint, and their sagging condition was proof, as was the rest of the yard, that the children of the neighborhood had unmercifully trampled and endeavored to destroy everything within reach. The grass had become smothered by the unruly weeds. It caused McKay's heart to ache to see the broken shingles and tottering chimney. The vines that had once covered the porch had long since died. The pillars were warped and decayed, and the porch stairs creaked under McKay's weight. With great exertion he finally opened the door, and upon entering was stifled by the musty smell. With the inrush of air the winged inhabitants scattered in every direction. The walls and floors groaned, and the bats in their mad flight knocked pictures clattering to the floor. All was dismal and lurid, and it had this very reaction upon McKay. As he glanced around the hall he noticed that each piece of furniture was in precisely the same place as it was when he left. There stood the umbrella rack and the tall mirror. Beneath his feet was the identical velvet rug, upon which he had crawled and played. He passed into the parlor and there, too, all was the same as his dear mother had left it.

It tortured him to see all these things that once had been part of his life, and each added a pang to his sorrowed heart.

Particularly, those things that had been the pride of his mother, like the sewing room, off the kitchen, not to mention the kitchen itself, overwhelmed him with compunction and grief.

"Oh!" he cried aloud, "why must I return after all these years to see these things, and suffer so? What a murderer and a fool I have been. What excruciating pangs of sorrow I caused her. Every fool act of mine she suffered for, and now I must pay."

He groped his way up-stairs and found interesting torments for his doleful heart. What a pitiable sight he was as he stood in the center of what had once been his room. The light, peering in through the cracks of the closed shutters and from the hall, cast a ray upon him that clearly pictured the man, broken in body and mind. There he was gloating over the things of his youth, and every now and then, breaking the stillness with an uncanny cry that reverberated to every part of the house.

He walked from the last room and staggered to the staircase. He had long since discarded his ragged cap, and his matted hair added to the distortion of his face. Slowly McKay began his descension uttering, "Yes, I did it, I did it."

At the turn of the bannister his eye caught sight of a large portrait of his father. He halted, and the bent body of a sudden straightened to its fullest height. The face, a moment before filled with sorrow and remorse, in an instant, became transfixed to its old sullenness, exemplifying all that is hateful, odious and resentful in man. This burning hatred that marked his sordid life now shook his tense body from head to foot. Pointing at the picture he cried, at first in a deep thundering voice that acquired shrillness as he spoke: "You, not I, caused her death: It was your wrath that drove me from home. Yes, you are at fault, not I."

All the sentiment that a moment before had ruled him now was gone. He was again the indifferent, hateful query of the past. With a last muttering at the ghost-like figure in the picture, he descended the remaining stairs, and bolted out of the house.

In Defense of Undertakers

ROBERT E. KIRBEY, '28

AN undertaker is generally conceded to be a man of sombre countenance and pessimistic disposition whose primary function in life is to spread gloom and grief wherever he may find the opportunity; in general he believes that everything is ordered for the worst. It is true that his business is a marked contrast to that of the comedian, but this is no reason why he should be pointed out as one to be avoided during a time of merriment.

The mannerisms and eccentricities of the average small town undertaker are always of great interest to me because I have always taken notice of one of these honorable gentlemen directing a funeral. When the casket is weighing heavily upon the arms of the unfortunate pall-bearers, the undertaker, under a pretense of intense exertion, follows them closely, with both of his hands resting on the top of the casket. He tries to add to the seriousness of the occasion by casting a consoling glance at the friends and relatives of the deceased, while the poor pall-bearers march on in agony, their faces twitching with grief and suffering, and occasionally one of them venturing a muttered curse, "Why didn't I go to the office to-day." After the casket has been placed safely in the hearse, friend undertaker hastens to and fro with the flower-laden baskets, stops on the steps to wipe the "honest" sweat from his brow, and finding that basket carrying is too strenuous, leisurely calls one of the cab drivers to finish the job. The funeral then creeps slowly toward the graveyard, congesting traffic and interrupting the progress of many fretful pedestrians. The traffic cop soliloquizes: "I'd like to kill the guy that invented funerals."

The grave yard is finally reached. After

some difficulty the undertaker spies the grave and solemnly directs the hearse driver toward that spot. The pall-bearers regretfully throw away their cigarette stubs and hasten to the rear of the hearse. The undertaker places his hat above his heart and assumes the lead of the procession as it marches toward the grave. With the dignity of a monarch he directs the procedure until the casket rests peacefully in the depths of the earth. The mourners gradually disperse and leave the undertaker alone with the lowly grave diggers. Finding no one else to talk with, he tells the laborers a few jokes and climbs into the hearse with a conquering smile over his countenance.

This description of the average undertaker may be exaggerated but it is essentially true. Very few people notice these peculiarities; in fact, in a small community, the undertaker's prestige and high social standing denote that these oddities are essential to a man of authority. He is considered an aristocrat, even though his income does not permit him to live up to the standards established by the aristocrats. At times he assumes the responsibilities of the town preacher; the people confide in him, even so far as to permit him to pass the plate on Sunday mornings. He must be an honest man.

Despite this gallant defense of the undertaker, I possess an innate dread of the duties which he is forced to perform. The poor undertaker may have his slumbers interrupted at most any time of the night, merely to heed the call of duty, and perhaps this is the primary reason why undertaking is one trade that I'll never be obliged to undertake.



WIN HONORS AT RELAYS

The gold and blue of Notre Dame flashed to brilliant triumphs in the premier spring track events of the country last Saturday, the Pennsylvania and the Drake Relays.



MASTERTON

Pitted against the best that the college track world can boast, almost five thousand of them in all, the Irish dug their spikes into heavy tracks and emerged abreast the van.

Captain Paul Harrington, blonde sky pilot of the Rockmen, showed himself to be one of the best vaulters in college ranks when he tied with Stephen Bradley, of Princeton, for first place.

The height was twelve feet six inches and only the heavy condition of the vault runway prevented both men from scaling thirteen feet.

Harrington's feat established him as the best vaulter this side of the Rockies. His consistency at relay meets for the past two years has been notable and no other contender has pressed him closely. A year ago he was in a double tie for the Penn honors and for the past two years he has rated among the best at the Ohio Relays. That the Irish leader will be able to hold his own with the stars of the coast at the N. C. A. A. A. A. in June is now a prevalent opinion.

While their leader was soaring in the East, a team of 15 Irish track and field men raced to notable places in the annual Drake Relays. A second and a third in relay championships and a fourth place in the javelin throw were the prizes hung up by the local athletes.

By feet only did the quarter-mile relay team, composed of Joe Della Maria, Charley Riley, Gurnett and Morrissey, lose out at the wire. Notre Dame tied for second with Nebraska in this close event which saw three crack fours, the Illini, Irish and Cornhuskers, fight down the stretch in a brilliant

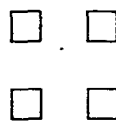
race and forge into the wire in a blanket position. Illinois, with Gratehouse, Shock, Sullivan and Hill each sprinting a 110-yard leg, was adjudged the winner. The time was :43.2.

After outclassing the field in the two-mile relay event at the Ohio Relay carnival, the Notre Dame two-mile team placed third in a gruelling competition at the Drake carnival. A dogged Ames four carried the baton to the line in 8:11 8-10, the time being slow because of the heavy going. Nebraska took second honors and Notre Dame finished third, beating Northwestern out in the final stretch. Masterson, Judge, Stack and Young ran the event.

"Ike" Moes, premier spear hurler of the Irish squad, placed fourth in the javelin throw, with a mark of 176 feet. He trailed Kuck, of Kansas Teachers, and Morgan and Cox, of Oklahoma Aggies, who are rated high among American college weight men.

Three dual meets, the state meet and the N. C. A. A. A. A. championships remain on the Irish track program.

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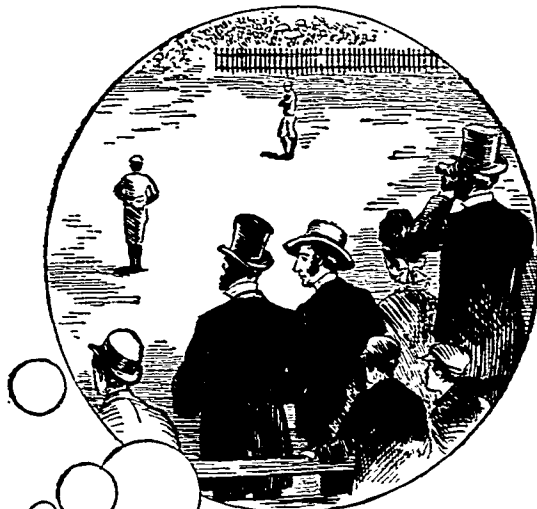
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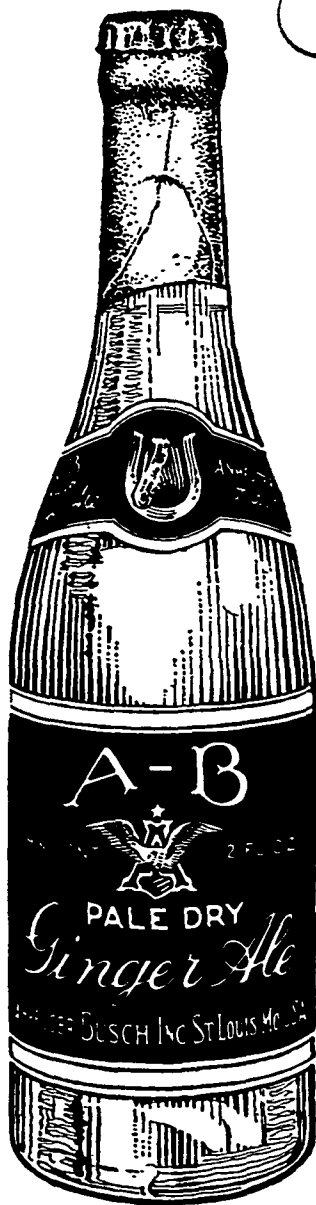


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INTERHALL SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Due to the fervent prayers of the Wet Bloc and certain erratic idiosyncrasies of the weather man, the domiciles have been somewhat hindered in their pre-season baseball training. But a stroll around the old campus any day will show that the time of starting is at hand. With this in mind the interhall baseball schedule has been drawn up. Here it is:

1926 INTER-HALL BASEBALL
SCHEDULE

MAY 2

Walsh vs. Sophomore Carroll vs. Brownson
Off-Campus vs. Badin Corby vs. Howard

MAY 9

Walsh vs. Badin Carroll vs. Howard
Sophomore vs. Sorin Brownson vs. Freshman

MAY 16

Walsh vs. Off-Campus Carroll vs. Corby
Badin vs. Sorin Howard vs. Freshman

MAY 23

Sophomore vs. Badin Brownson vs. Howard
Off-Campus vs. Sorin Corby vs. Freshman

TRACK MEET HERE TOMORROW

Notre Dame will inaugurate its home track season Saturday afternoon at Cartier Field when cinder stars from Ohio Wesleyan University (Delaware, Ohio) and the University of Illinois (Champaign, Illinois) compete with the Irish in a triangular battle.

Having tried their luck in the major spring relay carnivals of the country, all three teams will settle down to dual and triangular competition and Saturday's affair will be one of the premier track offerings of the year. Illinois and Notre Dame showed to advantage in the Drake and Ohio Relays while Wesleyan was among the topnotchers in the college division of the Ohio carnival.

Much is known of the strength of the two teams which will invade the Notre Dame track for the test. Illinois, boasting of a well-balanced entry list in every event on the program, is the favorite to cop the meet although the Irish are rated almost as strong. Loss of "Chick" Pearce, all-around star, and Jimmy Pierce, clever dash man,

MOTHER'S DAY



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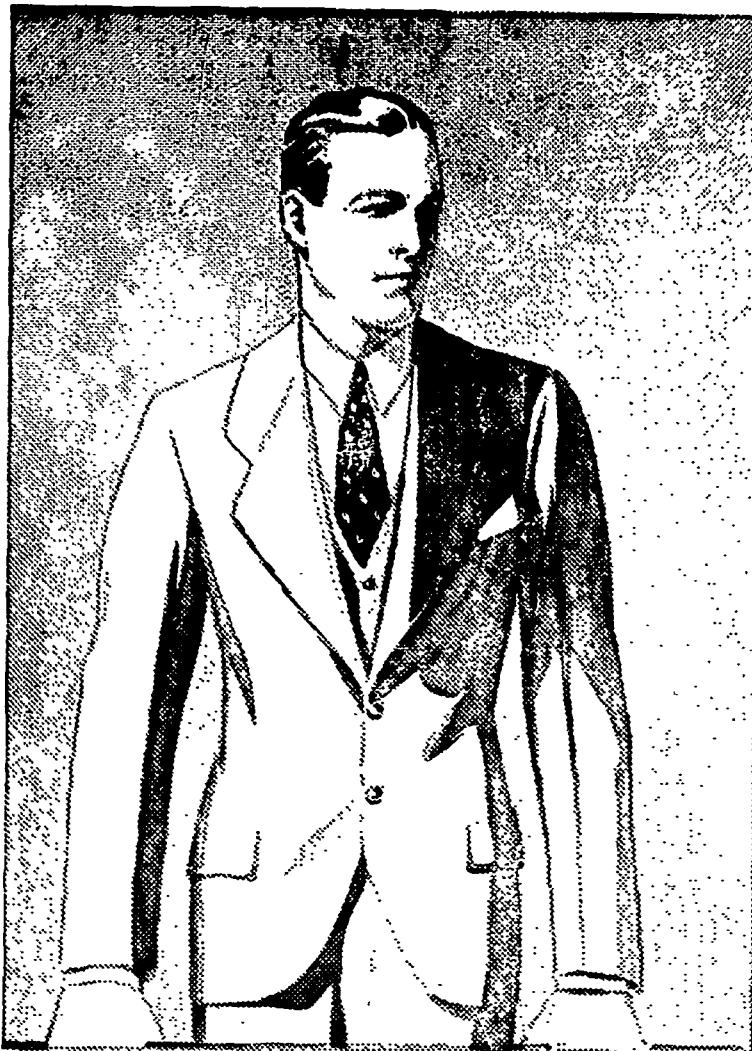
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has weakened the Ohio squad to the extent that it is very doubtful if it will seriously contend for meet honors.

Having taken Notre Dame's scalp by a doubled score in indoor competition some two months ago, the Illini come with confidence that the task can be repeated on the open air oval. Coach Harry Gill, one of the greatest track coaches in the game, has a weakness for developing men who can pull seconds and thirds in most every event and therein lies the secret of the Orange and Blue scoring ability. This year's team is no exception. From dashes to weight events, the grizzled Illini mentor can place men that make markers.

George Gauthier, the affable Frenchman, who has brought Ohio Wesleyan to the top in football and track, and not only established it at the top of Ohio Conference athletics but also among the best in national college competition, comes with a team that is somewhat weakened in ability but fully capable in stamina. The loss of Pierce and Pearce, who in themselves were a track team has handicapped Gauthier but he has made the most of conditions.

To battle the combined attack that comes to settle the dispute, Coach Knute Rockne has a team that will hold its own until the last event. Although it is weakened in some of the field events, the Irish squad has great strength on the track and sweeping triumphs there would possibly insure a victory.

Last year Notre Dame trounced Wesleyan by a slight margin, the relay deciding the issue. The Illini defeated the Rockmen last spring, also by a very uncomfortable advantage. Hence Notre Dame and the Battling Bishops have some revenge to be gotten while Illinois will have to step to hold its prestige.

Individual stars who have held their own with the best in the country in the past two years will be seen in Saturday's meet. Captain Chick Werner, one of the country's leading hurdlers, will work in both high and low barriers and is favored to annex a pair of wins. Pete Wallace, Illini broad jumper, has been going great guns as have H. R. White, miler, and Barnes, pole vaulter.

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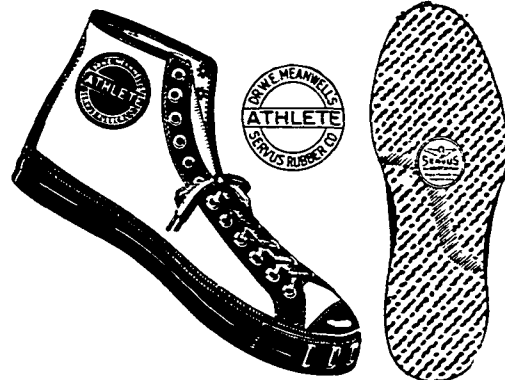
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Wesleyan brings two outstanding stars. Ellis, hurdler, pole vaulter and jumper, is the threat of the team. "Rosey" Rosser, the middle distance star of the Bishops, is in the best shape of his career.

The stars of both visiting schools will find some real Irish satellites challenging their place in the sun. Captain Paul Harrington in the pole vault; Joe Della Maria in the dashes and Charley Judge, Frank Masterson and Scrap Young in the longer distances, will be hard contenders to nose out.

Joseph P. McNamara, sports editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and a prominent campus scribe, has been appointed Director of Athletic Publicity of the University for the remainder of the year, according to information given out by the athletic office recently.

FROSH TENNIS BEGINS

Frosh racquet wielders will be given an opportunity to show their stuff in tournament play and to win a berth on the freshman tennis team as soon as the courts now being prepared are ready for use.

More than 40 men reported for the initial meeting and drawings were immediately made. Permission has been obtained to use all eight varsity courts for the playing of the first round, and after the tourney gets into the second bracket, freshmen courts will be assigned permanently. The caliber of the freshmen tennis players is the greatest in the history of the school and there is no reason why the future varsity men should not set a lasting precedent for minor activity. A match with Culver Military Academy has already been scheduled.

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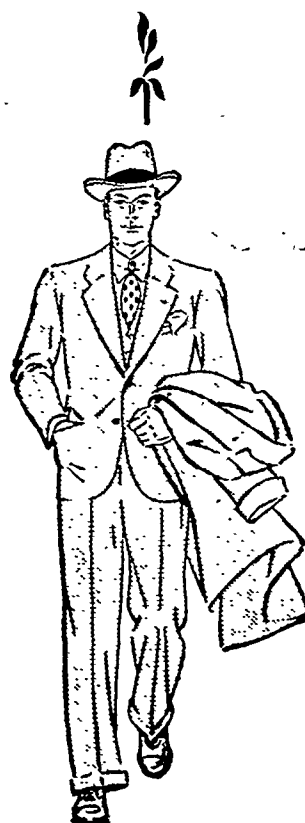
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THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.: From your heavy reading you remember great sayings of great men. Cæsar in the storm to the boatman, "You carry Cæsar and fortunes"; U. S. Grant, "We'll fight it out if it takes all summer;" Browning, "Aim at a star and hit the sun."

Well, in Badin Hall there is domiciled Jack Edward Gruning. You, perhaps, do not know Mr. Jack Edward. Or perhaps you do. In either case, Mr. Gruning one day last week in the Rookies' poetry class said something that for brevity, point, suggestiveness and volume will compare favorably with the great saws of either Julius Cæsar, U. S. Grant or Browning.

The hour was 2:30 in the waning day. Outside the sentinel pines stood like brooding pagodas in the windless heat while the new clock made it one strike. Below was the blue of the lake; above the blue of the sky. The clouds raced across the heavens like Father Carey's strip of carpet with Doug and the Queen of Sheba. A golden oriole sang hysterically out of a wild spruce, and coy oleanders nestled, secure and secretive, within the valley of the turpentine trees. Mr. Harold Hatch was appropriately making a sharp distinction between *lay* and *lie* and Mr. Joseph Boland was progressively seeing the point.

And then, while T. D. was hopelessly at sea trying to recall the name of Jack Edward Gruning, Mr. Gruning fired the great shot that will echo round the world: "Gruning is my name." Keep the words in memory. They are not many. But they are colorful, as they say. And they are significant, deep and full. Some day in the far-fleeing years, long after Mr. Bert Dunne has completed his imperishable thesis on Frank Norris, long after Mr. William Aloysius McCleary has heaved his last wild heave to first base, long after Mr. Ward Leahy has made his final journey to Cleveland, a future president of N. D. a Lacu—may be Mr. Drummy or as likely not—will say at some future commencement to some future audience, "Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Members of the Faculty, Gentlemen of the Senior Class, Most Welcome Visitors, Citizens, Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen colon It is great pleasure to present to you a Notre Dame man who is a Notre Dame man. One who has impressed his personality upon his constituency. One whom every Notre Dame man is proud to know. Do I need to name him? No. From palm to pine, wherever good government, statesmanship, personal liberty, the rights of the plain man, the man with the hoe and the man not with the hoe are loved and honored, there his name stands blazoned on the horizon of the ages. Ladies and Gentlemen, Senator Jack Edward Gruning of New York. The Gruning who said, 'Gruning is my name.'"

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