

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus--Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

JUNE 4, 1927.

No. 30.

1872--1927

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

EIGHTY-THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

The Youth of Today - - - *William J. Coyne*
(Commencement Oration, 1927)

Valedictory - - - *Cletus S. Banwarth*

The Light Bearers (Ode) - *Lester C. Grady*

"It Happened in Rio" - - *James G. Jay*

The Immaculate Gesture - - *Francis Collins Miller*

Sunset - - - - *W. H. M.*

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



Rt. Rev. John Mark Gannon, D. D., Bishop of Erie, Pa.

PROGRAM OF THE
Eighty-third Annual Commencement
 OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, JUNE 3, 4 and 5

FRIDAY, JUNE 3

All Day—Registration of Alumni and Assignment of Rooms.

Faculty Room, First Floor, Main Building.

6:00 P. M.—1922 Reunion Class Banquet.

6:30 P. M.—Band Concert by University Band. *Main Quadrangle.*

8:00 P. M.—Dramatic Presentations by University Theater *Washington Hall.*

9:30 P. M.—Informal Commencement Dance. Sponsored by the Notre Dame Club of St. Joseph Valley.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4

All Day—Further Registration of Alumni—*Faculty Room, Main Building.*

8:00 A. M.—Solemn Requiem Mass for Notre Dame's War Dead—

At Memorial Door of Sacred Heart Church.

9:30 A. M.—Senior Last Visit (Exclusive Senior Class Religious Ceremony)—
Sacred Heart Church.

10:00 A. M.—Class Day Exercises—Welcome Address by Class President, Senior Oration, Senior Ode, and Valedictory, *Washington Hall.*

12:00 M. —Alumni Luncheon. *Senior Refectory.*

1:30 P. M.—Varsity-Alumni Baseball Game. *Cartier Field.*

6:00 P. M.—Annual Alumni Banquet. All Alumni and Former Students Invited. *Junior Refectory.*

6:30 P. M.—Band Concert by Studebaker Band. *Main Quadrangle.*

8:30 P. M.—Concert by University Musical Clubs (Glee Club and Orchestra).
Washington Hall.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

8:30 A. M.—Academic Procession. *Main Building.*

9:00 A. M.—Solemn Pontifical Mass. *Sacred Heart Church.*

Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. William A. Scullen, D.D.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Blessing of the Senior Flag.

11:00 A. M.—Senior Flag Raising Exercises. *Main Quadrangle.*

11:00 A. M. to 12:00 M.—Moving Pictures of Reunion Classes.

Main Quadrangle.

12:00 M. —Alumni Luncheon. *Senior Refectory.*

12:00 M. —Special Monogram Reunion Luncheon. *Junior Refectory.*

2:00 P. M.—Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni Association.

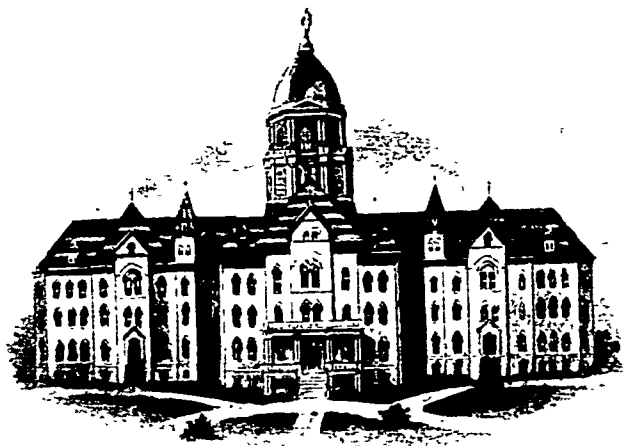
Washington Hall.

5:00 P. M.—Commencement Exercises. *The New Gymnasium.*

Awarding of Degrees.

Commencement Address by Judge Alfred J. Talley, New York City

Notre Dame Announces Commencement Plans



The Rev. William A. Scullen, D. D., Ph. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, chancellor of the Cleveland diocese, will give the baccalaureate sermon at the Notre Dame commencement exercises which will be held June 3, 4 and 5, and the Hon. Alfred J. Talley will deliver the commencement address. Solemn pontifical mass will be celebrated by the Rt. Rev. John M. Gannon, D. D., Bishop of Erie, Pa.

The program Friday, June 3, begins in the evening at 6:30 o'clock with a University band concert on the Main quadrangle. At 8 o'clock dramatic productions by the University theater will be presented in Washington hall, followed at 9:30 o'clock by an informal commencement dance sponsored by the Notre Dame club of the St. Joseph valley in the Knights of Columbus ballroom. Alumni registration and assignment of rooms will take place throughout Friday and Saturday in the lay faculty room, Main building.

On the following morning, a solemn requiem memorial mass for deceased alumni will be observed in the Sacred Heart church on the campus at 8 o'clock, and an exclusive senior religious ceremony will be held at 9:30 o'clock. Then the class day exercises will be held in Washington hall at 10 o'clock, in which Lawrence H. Hennessey, senior class president will give the address of welcome, followed by a

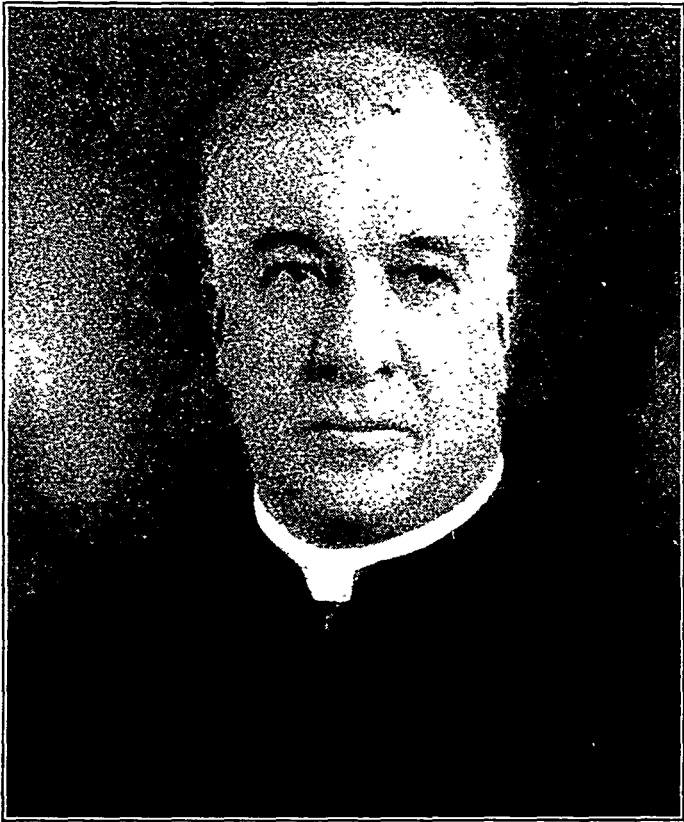
senior oration by William Coyne, the senior ode by Lester C. Grady, and the valedictory by Cletus Banwarth.

The alumni luncheon will be served at 12 o'clock noon, in the senior refectory. In the afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, the alumni will play the varsity in a baseball game on Cartier field. The evening program will begin with an alumni banquet in the junior refectory at 6 o'clock followed by a Studebaker band concert on the Main quadrangle at 6:30 o'clock, and a concert in Washington hall by the Notre Dame Glee club and orchestra at 8:30 o'clock.

The ceremonies Sunday will begin with an academic procession forming in the main building at 8:30 o'clock in the morning. Pontifical Mass will be sung by Right Rev. Mark J. Gannon, D. D., at 9 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Scullen will preach the baccalaureate sermon. Senior flag raising exercises and picture taking of reunion classes will occupy the closing hours of the morning program from 11 to 12 o'clock, after which a monogram dinner will be served in the junior refectory.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the annual alumni meeting for the election of officers and trustees will be held in Washington hall. The final commencement exercises and awarding of degrees will be held in the gymnasium at 5 o'clock when Mr. Talley will give the commencement address.

The Baccalaureate Sermon for the class of 1927 will be delivered by Rev. William



A. Scullin, D. D., J. C. D., 8328 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, pastor of Holy Name Church in that city.

William Aloysius Scullen was born October 2, 1879, in East Liverpool, Ohio, and was educated at St. Aloysius Parochial School and the public high school of East Liverpool. He later attended St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland; American College, Rome; received the degrees of Ph. D., and S. T. D. in the Propaganda University, Rome, and the degree J. C. D. from Apollinaris University, Rome. He was ordained by Cardinal Respighi, Rome, on September 21, 1907. He was appointed secretary of the diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, June 14, 1909.

The Honorable Alfred J. Talley, 165 Broadway, New York City, will deliver the Commencement Address to the graduating class of 1927, Sunday, June 5, at 5 p. m. in the new gymnasium.

Alfred J. Talley, lawyer and lecturer, was born April 18, 1877, in New York City; son of the late John J. and Catherine

Talley. He was educated at the college of St. Francis Xavier, New York. He received his A. B. degree in 1896, and his A. M. in 1897. He then attended the New York Law School, where he received the degree of LL. B., in 1898. Judge Talley was admitted to the New York bar in 1898, and for three years lectured for the Board of Education on literature, travel and elementary law.

Judge Talley was appointed a member of the municipal Civil Service Commission by Mayor McClellan, in October 1904, and was reappointed in January 1906. He has been a delegate to numerous Democratic State conventions, and was chamberlain of the law commission of the Tammany Hall organization in the seventh assembly district. Judge Talley is a member of the New York Bar Association, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Catholic Historical Society, Xavier Alumni Sodality, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

MONOGRAM MEN DANCE

Seventy-five couples swayed to the melodies of the Miami Lucky Seven Orchestra at the Monogram Formal, held in the Palais Royal, Friday, May 7. Major and minor monogram men were eligible to attend the dance, and many took advantage of the opportunity. The hall was cleverly transformed into a gay Country Club scene in which the athletes constituted the frolickers. The strains of dance music came through radio loud speakers from the concealed orchestra. Other loud speakers used for the purpose of "wise-cracking" at passing dancers provided much amusement. Rock, alias John Dugan, lent a touch to the scene with his many categorical imperatives given in familiar tones.

Patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Wendland, Mr. Thomas Mills, and Mr. George Keogan.

The committee in charge of the dance were: Chile Walsh, chairman; Joe Bereda, Joe Maxwell, Dan Moore and Eugene Young.

ROCHESTER CLUB BANQUET

The Rochester Club held its last banquet of the school year at the Morningside on the evening of May tenth, Toastmaster John D. Stewart, presiding.

Harry Engels, the Corby Houdini, amazed and mystified the boys by his dexterity with the cards and his magic in the use of Japanese hapkins. His glib tongue amused as much as his swift fingers fascinated.

Underneath the joy and happiness ran a note of sadness. For President, John Brennan; Treasurer Sam Frinzi, Secretary, Phil Doell, Russ Voyer and Art Hohmann, it was the last college banquet. The Club expressed its appreciation for the splendid work that was done by these men during the past year and wished them success in their future vocations.

With the passing of John Brennan the Club loses the most capable and active president it has had in years. His untiring effort and inspiring spirit have carried the Rochester Club to a place on a par with any non-scholastic organization on the campus.

Plans for the summer vacation were discussed. Tentative arrangements were made for a dance and a house-party which will be held sometime in July in the vicinity of Rochester. —D. J. C.

WISCONSIN CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

F. Earl Lamboley, first year law student, of Monroe, Wis., was elected president of the Wisconsin Club for 1927-28, at their last meeting held Friday night, May 20.

Other officers elected were: Jean La Boule of Milwaukee, Vice-President; Frank Holddamph of Milwaukee, Secretary; John Brannon of Mt. Horeb, Treasurer.

Rev. Wm. Carey, assistant Dean of the Arts and Letters, is the honorary president of the Wisconsin Club, while Dean Konop of the Law School in the honorary member. He was a former Congressman from Wisconsin representing the Green Bay District.

Last Christmas the Wisconsin Club gave their annual formal dinner dance at the

Elks Club Milwaukee, which was considered the outstanding social event of the year.

Sheridan McCabe of Milwaukee was the former president of the Club.

JUGGLER FAREWELL BANQUET

An au revoir banquet of the Juggler Staff was held in the Gold Room of the Oliver Hotel last Thursday night. Tribute was paid to the graduating members to wit, Lester C. Grady, editor, Donald Wilkins, business manager, John Harwood, art editor, and George Dougherty, circulation manager. Juggler charms were awarded to Richard Novak, Arthur Stenius, Leo McIntire, and William Craig, associate editors of this years staff as well as to Richard Harrington, Larry Culliney, Harold Ruppel, George Byrne, Jack Sonhalter, Ralph Clemmens, Donald Sehl, and Lester Carrig, members of the art and business staffs.

BROTHERS PRESENT PLAY

The students of the class in Public Speaking at Dujarie Hall, the normal school of the Brothers of Holy Cross, presented the three-act tragedy, Blessed Thomas More, recently to an appreciative audience. The production was in every sense a most creditable one. Brother Matthew, C. S. C., professor in Dujarie, directed the play.

The second part of the program was a "Cantata," with Brother Nicholas, C. S. C., as conductor. The singing of the various numbers were excellent.

Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., First Assistant to the Superior General, in a short talk praised the fine work of the young Brothers, complimenting especially the cast of the play on their fine interpretation of the tragedy.

William Kelly, ex '27 Commerce Student of Springfield, Mass., was married to Miss Estella McHugh of South Bend early this spring according to recent reports. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will reside in South Bend.

WRANGLERS' BANQUET

Silver Loving Cups were awarded to the graduating members of the Wranglers Club at their last meeting which was held at a banquet in the Morningside Apartments last week. William J. Coyne, past president, Jack Dailey, past secretary-treasurer, Luther Swygart and Marc Freher were the men who received the emblems. Joseph P. McNamara president-elect acted as toastmaster in a very able manner.

ENGINEERS' ELECTION

At a smoker held Tuesday evening in the K. C. chambers in Walsh Hall the following officers in the Engineers' Club were chosen for the school year of 1927-28: president, Charles Schuessler; vice-president, Thomas Bov; secretary, Rodolfi Garza; treasurer, Edward Boyle.

The entertainment of the evening was supplied by Jack Curtis and his orchestra. and the entire proceedings of the evening were viewed through the mellow haze arising from good ten cent cigars. Refreshments were served at the close of the program.

BROWNSON BEATS MOREAU

Closing the most successful season Brownson baseball team has had in years the Bearcats downed Moreau seminary Sunday 2-1. The game went twelve innings before the purple and white could claim their ninth successive victory. The game was featured by the masterful twirling of Captain Bickel of Brownson and Fitzgerald of the Seminary.

Nine victories and no defeats was the season record for the Brownson boys. The success is laid to the fast, hard-hitting outfield of Shigracasse, Fitzsimmons, and Reidy and to a smooth infield rounded out with Conway on third, Heineman on short Crooks at the keystone sack with Bloom on first. The big defensive power was

the battery with "Red" Kolski behind the plate receiving the fancy assortment of curves thrown up by Bickel, Kelly and Grimm. The latter was forced from the game when he received a broken ankle sliding in the Carroll game.

The purple and white holds victories over every organized team on the campus. The list of wins includes two each from Carroll, Holy Cross and Moreau with single victories over Freshman and Sophomore and a forfeit from Howard. This record of nine victories, no defeats and unaccepted challenges by the other halls gives the Brownson nine the Campus Championship of 1927 and the unofficial interhall title.

SCRIBBLERS' FAREWELL BANQUET

Led by their new officers, President Walter Layne and Secretary James Roy, the Scribblers met Thursday evening in the gold room of the Oliver to say *bon voyage* to the departing members.

The highlight of the affair was a talk from Charles Phillips, who said good-bye in the name of the club to past President Lester Grady, past Secretary Joseph Breig, and to Clarence Ruddy and Frank Pendergast.

During the course of the evening speeches from each of the graduating members and from Murray Young and John DeRoulet, newly elected Scribblers, were heard. Young is the "Prospero Image" of THE SCHOLASTIC whose poetry has attracted so much attention this year. DeRoulet is the winner of third prize in the Scribblers' poetry contest and a writer of humorous parodies.

In his talk Charles Phillips outlined the work that has been done by the club since its organization under Harry McGuire five years ago, and the tasks that lie ahead. He placed particular stress upon the Notre Dame Anthology, terming it a book "of which any university in the country might well be proud."

The Youth of Today

Commencement Oration, 1927

WILLIAM J. COYNE

THERE is at least one subject upon which the college graduate may speak from experience without being thought purely academic. That subject is the plight of the youth of to-day. Since college students are usually considered the leaders of their generation, they probably understand the reasons for its faults and follies as well as any one.

Who is fool enough to deny that the youth of to-day has some serious defects? Still, which one of us is coward enough to assent to the vilifying criticisms constantly made of our generation? Many allegations in the diatribe which Wilfred Cross published about a year ago against the modern youth, particularly against the college student, are probably true. We do not object to condemning the orgies Cross reported; but we do object to judging the standards of young America by the actions of a group of irresponsible, pleasure-seeking college students at the height of their indiscretion and folly on a football trip. The criticism of Cross is a typical criticism of the modern youth. It magnifies one instance to a false generalization; it condemns without pointing out the remedy.

Is the child of to-day some mutant, some sudden variation from a pure and puritanical age? How can we improve the moral standards of our youth? To answer these questions it is necessary to understand the influences which have molded the character of our young. To the parent and the teacher may be traced all the actions, all the failings, all the sins of the modern youth.

The modern parent has only to look into the mirror to see the modern youth. If Hawthorne's: "Doctor Heidiger's Experiment" were actually possible, the rejuvenated parent of to-day would be the reincarnated modern youth. How strange it is that the age which

is scarcely old enough to enjoy the franchise is blamed for the open licentiousness of the time, for perverted morals, for loose marriages, for disrupted homes, for a moral decadence in the land? When the elder generation stands aghast at the youth of to-day the gesture is prudish. It was not the modern youth who introduced a pragmatic philosophy into our schools, who wrote loose divorce laws upon our statute books, who first favored childless marriages, who justified marital practices which make of the sacred institution of marriage, as Stevenson terms it "simply a friendship recognized by the police."

The trouble with the modern youth is that he has been educated to love liberty, and then restricted by prohibitory laws that make personal liberty a political relic. He has been taught the repulsiveness of public improprieties, but he has been reared in an age which exalts divorce as freedom and glorifies "birth control" as good economics. He has heard some vague talk of God and religion, but he has studied under teachers who believe that to be original is more than to be truthful, that to be God-fearing is to be slavish, that to be sensational is better than to be good.

Second only to the influence of the parent in the development of the character of the child is the influence of his teacher or school. The system of public schools and state universities has been generally accepted to-day as the best and most practicable means of popular education for the American people. But the public school system, good as it is, is of its very nature incomplete. Because America is a land of many religions the public school is of necessity a Godless school. No elaboration is needed to show that the school which teaches God in history, in literature, in philosophy, and in science, makes

for men with firmer convictions than the school which must exclude the Deity from its curriculum.

It may seem narrow to urge parents to send their children to Christian schools rather than to those in which no religion is stressed. But it is certainly wiser to follow the common consensus of mankind from the beginning of time and instill into the boy and the girl a firm faith in God and in the first principles of life, than it is to let him wander down the paths of the various minorities and educate him in a hodge-podge of conflicting opinions, which can lead him only to illogical eclecticism or meaningless skepticism. Concerning this Alfred E. Smith in his recent reply to Marshall said:

"What we need is more religion for our young people, not less; and the way to get more religion is to stop bickering among our sects, which can only have for its effect the creation of doubt in the minds of youth as to whether or not it is necessary to pay attention to religion at all."

If America wishes to improve the moral tone of her young, she must find some means of bringing them into closer contact with a personal God, and to educate them to do right and avoid evil because of a Supreme Authority Whose sanction is perfect, Who inexorably rewards right and punishes wrong.

It is time for a reaction in the disposition to treat our generation as a "black sheep." The phrase "flaming youth" is not the coinage of any modern author; it was invented by Shakespeare three hundred years ago. Drinking among college students is not solely the sin of this age; it was quite as bad at the time of the Student Prince of Heidel-

berg. The modern youth is not a "throw back" to a primitive civilization; he is the product of an age of luxury and over-refinement. He is no worse than his predecessors, but he has been less fortunate in his environment.

What the youth of to-day needs is ideals. The ideals provided him by the previous generation have not been the right sort. He can never add glory to his nation nor render homage to his God if his ideals be pleasure, excitement, a childless marriage, a home life based on passion rather than reason. He needs the ideal of a true home which is the key-stone in the Arc de Triomphe of every nation. He needs the ideal of a noble woman for a wife, a woman whom he can love and respect; he needs the ideal of children whom he takes pride in rearing; he needs the ideal of a home life which is as near to Heaven as he can get on earth. He needs the ideal of a nation clean politically which invades not his rights, but affords him protection and liberty. He needs the ideal of a God, awe-inspiring yet merciful, to whom he prays, beseeching in trouble, thanking in joy.

We, my classmates, are the modern youth. But we are more fortunate than most members of our generation. If any group of young men should have ideals, surely we, students under the Dome of Our Lady, should have them. We have had set before us ideals that will pull our age out of the mire into which it has fallen. It is our privilege to hold these ideals, and correspondingly it is our duty to live up to them. There is no better ideal to cherish and adhere to during life, to regulate all our actions, to guide all our ambitions, than the ideal of the mother of God, the ideal of Our Lady, Notre Dame.



The Light Bearers

LESTER C. GRADY

"And God said, Be light made, and light was made."—Genesis, 1; 3.

"And light was made"—light from highest
heaven,
Borne down to earth on wings of God's own
Willing:

So from that first creation dawn the light
Of God has come to man, as from the stars—
Even from the uttermost galaxy that beams
and glows

Before the Face Ineffable, down to that star
That lights the going of the wayfarer,
The pilgrim on the road, the mariner
Venturing the further seas. And in the eyes
And in the hearts and in the souls of man
Forever burns that light—greater or less;
Or in your soul or mine—still light and light.

II.

But some are little stars;—and some are suns
Bright beacon fires of God's ordaining,
Who lift aloft for all the earth's discerning
The pure unquenchable ray, caught from the
Word

Beyond Eternity, before all darkness:
Suns that are Sons of Light—the blessed ones,
The givers and the keepers of the Light:
Prophets of old, forseeing and foretelling;
Apostles and disciples.... through the ages
They move, they lead, advance, as day ad-
vances

From peak to peak, from summit on to sum-
mit,
Discovering the darkness with affright,
Destroying the shadows, on and on
Till all the world is kindled and the noon
Finds continents unknown, wide flung shores,
Hid lands and hidden people,—bathed in light.

III.

So on the seas, daring and unafraid,
Under the plunging stars, behold that one
Light-stricken at Damascus—Paul the Brave;
So from Assisi's vale to Egypt's shore
Francis the Seraph goes, and in his eyes
The light that Pharaoh's shadow cannot dim;
Augustine to the English coasts; and west
To Ireland's greening wave and greener hills

Patrick the princely one; and westward still
Riding the deep in storm-tossed caravel,
Columbus—Christopher, the Christ Bearer,
Nor of grim conquest nor of gold nor power,
But of the Light for long-benighted souls,
Dreaming and striving through the tempest-
uous tides:

The blessed ones, they and their company,
True sons of the Sun Eternal, bringing Light.

IV.

Thus through the ages, innumerable hosts,
Unnumbered heralds of the Day of God,
Till from the shores of that fair sunlit France
That sent crusading Louis to the lands
Of Sultan and of shadow—France the Fair
That gave the lillied banner of the Maid
To light the heavens with a lovelier morning—
From France he comes, that Patriarch and
Father

Of this our happy day, Sorin the Daring,
Another Paul, a second Christopher,
Friend of the Friend of Friends, Bearer of
Christ,
Son of the Mother of the Son Divine,
Bringing his golden dream of golden days,
Dream that ensphered the stars and set them
above

The Indiana prairie star on star
To light unnumbered children of the Light
Along the way of life; Sorin the Brave
Whose soul was mighty with the strength of
dreams,
Whose dream was of the Light that we, his
children,
Behold now gloriously illumining,
As sun-rays flash upon Our Lady's dome,
The highroads of our going.

Light and light!

Blest be the givers of the Light, and blessed
The souls of those of us the Sons of Light,
Who even though we be but little stars
Still keep the ray undiminished and the sun
Undimmed within our beings, go where we
may.

Valedictory

CLETUS S. BANWARTH

Right Reverend Bishop, Reverend Fathers, Professors, Classmates, and Friends:

NOTRE DAME has set aside a chapter in the book of her glorious history for us, the class of '27. Our story has been written eagerly and joyously. The pages are crowded with names and events, for the least of us has won a place in the heart of Alma Mater. In four hurried years we have filled our allotted space, and we are modestly proud as the last page is finished. We are conscious of a sense of achievement: we have added our bit to the epic of Notre Dame. But now that the time has come to inscribe our farewell, to sign our names for the last time in the Notre Dame book of memories, we do so with hesitation and sadness.

The sorrow of our leave-taking is of the kind that a man feels on parting from a cherished friend. It is not a sorrow of regret, unless a regret that we could not be as receptive of Notre Dame's gifts as she has been lavish of them. Many have stood where we are to-day, all with the same sense of gratitude and affection toward this school. Notre Dame has seen some eighty classes pass from her halls, but she has not grown callous to the emotions of her graduates. The youngest is always closest to her heart.

We have completed a cycle of our lives. In leaving as seniors, we become freshmen again in the sterner school of life. We have spent four years in an American Catholic university in which there is a real democracy, in a college home in which the ideal is a reality. Alma Mater has inspired in us a courage to face the future, the courage of Christian manhood. She has trained us as to body and mind and soul; she has taught us to judge the values in human life by a true standard. Now that the time of preparation is over,

we are ready for the test of the world. The Notre Dame that stands firm forever will guide us securely amid the uncertainties of life. Notre Dame shall not be forgotten, shall not be crowded out of our hearts.

We go forth into the world as representatives of an educational system that counts its age in centuries. The Notre Dame diploma is the banner of the Catholic ideal, an emblem of a mighty faith. Our education, of which that diploma is a certificate, is a legacy that has come down through the ages. The teaching of the Fathers is the substance of it, and so we are made sharers in the work of a friar and saint, of missionary and martyr, part possessors of a noble art and literature, heirs to the science of Christian life. We are indeed the guardians of a great treasure, which we must cherish and defend valiantly throughout our lives.

To-day we are formally graduated as men of Notre Dame. The spirit and tradition of the place are ours, and now Alma Mater adjudges us worthy to bear her name out into the world. A part of her great soul goes with us, as Notre Dame extends her arms in final benediction and we leave consecrated to the work of the educated Catholic.

We must not longer delay our farewell. Others are waiting to take our places, to worship at our shrines. Our life at Notre Dame has been a beautiful experience. There are in our minds and hearts memories of our college days, memories that are very dear, memories that shall be with us forever sacred. It is not easy at all to end with a mere handclasp the four-year pact of free and ready comradeship that we have enjoyed here in the great school of Our Lady. It is not easy to leave Notre Dame with a mere word of parting, and yet to linger could be of no purpose. We shall not stop to analyze the meaning of

Notre Dame, to estimate the value of her training. To-day, better than ever before, each of us appreciates what she has done for us. And to-day each of us makes a promise, each murmurs a prayer, each expresses a hope that he may be worthy of

the trust and confidence that his school reposes in him. And so, to you, Notre Dame, and to all whom we leave here, we say a fond farewell. To each other, we of the class of '27 say good-bye—God be with you.



Laetare Medal Conferred

On the feast of the Ascension, May 26, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Laetare Medal was conferred at New York upon Margaret Anglin, actress, in the parlors of the residence of His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes. An introductory address was delivered by Mr. De Cordaba, past president of the Actors Guild, in which he outlined the splendid achievements of the recipient in her dramatic roles.

The Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., representing the University read the address of presentation, which is, in part, as follows:

MADAM,

The Laetare Medal, instituted in the year 1883 by the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, Founder and First President of the University of Notre Dame, is awarded annually to some distinguished member of the American Catholic laity. Notable service to religion, philosophy, science, art or to any other worthy activity of life or division of knowledge, serves as the reason of selection and bestowal.

This year the University of Notre Dame has voted you as her choice. In your art and profession you have played many parts conspicuously well; and always in your portrayal beauty and virtue have gone together. This, we think, is not faint praise. For it is no small accomplishment to have always followed the guiding of an ideal, waving aside the hour's popular favor for the permanent recognition of the wise and for the comfort that comes from an approving conscience. Indeed, it is hardly less than heroic in these days to fight the good fight against the allurements of a success that is measured in money, and to stand in the ranks of those who patiently carry on the best traditions of a very venerable art. You, whose name is already secure in the roster of theatrical nobility, are to prove yet again that there is no greatness but that which is erected on truth, no worthiness but that which is established upon virtue.

The medal, then, which the University of Notre Dame confers upon you is not a gesture of encouragement for the rich promise of a flowering,

but an act of recognition for the fullness of a fruitage. In bestowing this most cherished honor to which she gives her richest benediction, the University of Notre Dame has not now, or ever, permitted power, section of country, accident of wealth, or high estate to limit or to obscure her vision. She seeks, and has always sought, the most worthy in her own Faith and nationhood on whom to confer this her most favored distinction. And so the University of Notre Dame this year sets her choice upon you. She invites you to enter the select company of her Laetare Medalists, that your name may add to its luster.

In recognition of signal devotion to Church and to Country, in consideration of personal worth as a Catholic and as an artist, the University of Notre Dame, a seat of learning devoted to religion, science, and to whatever makes for the uplift of American youth, asks you, Margaret Anglin, to accept the Laetare Medal for this year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty seven. May you have length of days and strength, and great blessings to carry on the work which God has given you to do.

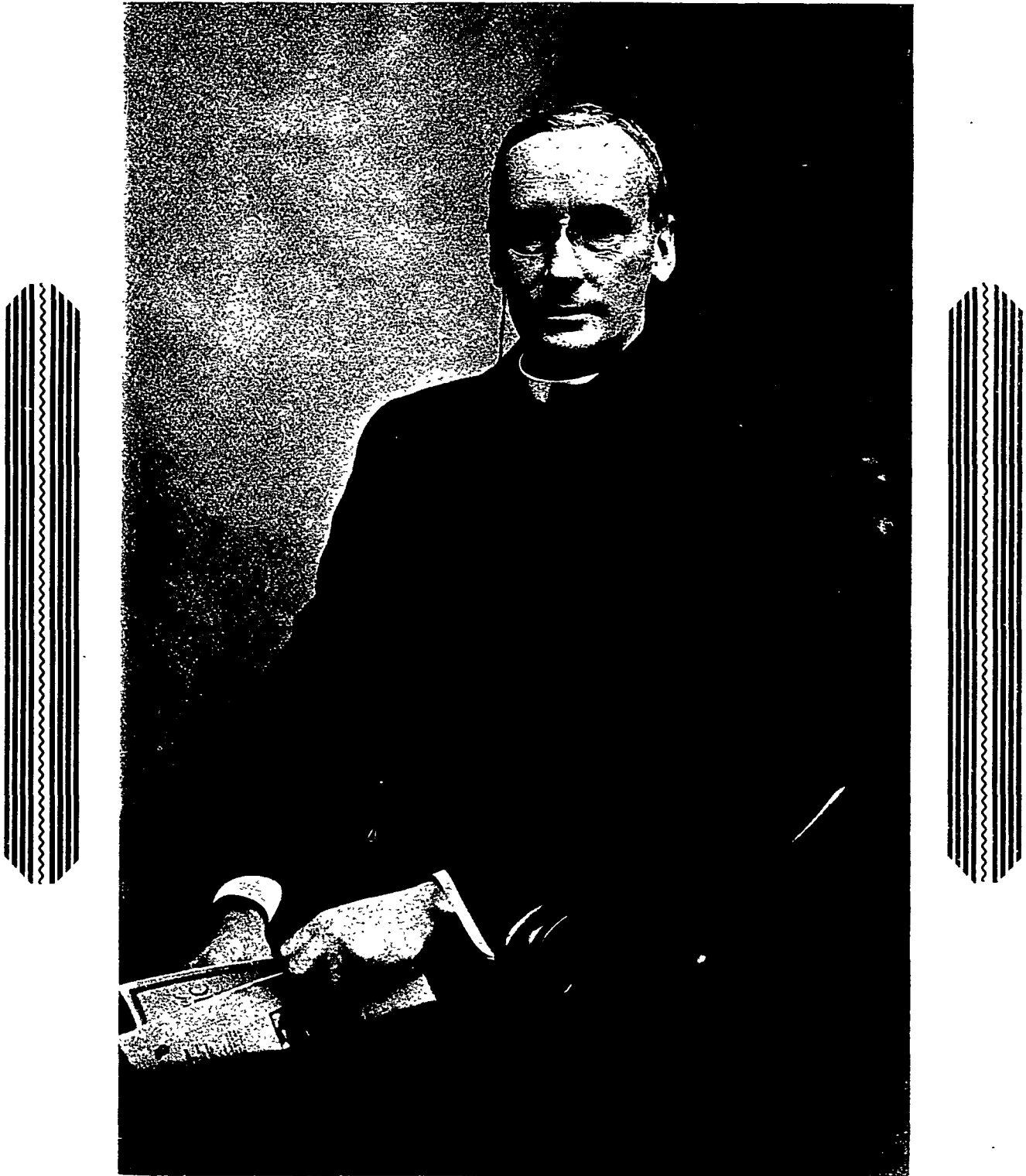
Miss Anglin's response was gracious and sympathetic. She spoke of her deep sense of gratitude to the University for its recognition of her work, and gave assurance that the reward would be an incentive to added efforts on her part for the uplift and advance of dramatic art.

His Eminence Cardinal Hayes concluded the program with a very appreciative and touching reference to Miss Anglin's work and assured her it was to him a personal privilege to preside at the program, both as the Archbishop of New York and as a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

Among those present at the bestowal were Mr. Hugh O'Donnell '93, Mr. William Cotter '12, Dr. Francis Quinlan Laetare Medalist '06, Monsignor Lavelle, Monsignor Donahue, Judge and Mrs. Morgan O'Brien.

Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., New Provincial

Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., President Emeritus of the University of Notre Dame, has been appointed Provincial of the Indiana, February 13, 1867. He received his A. B. from University of Notre Dame in 1888 and his master's degree from the



Congregation of Holy Cross, a position left open by the recent appointment by the Holy Father of the Very Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C., to the bishopric of Helena, Montana.

Father Burns was born in Michigan City,

same university six years later. In 1907 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Catholic University of America, and in 1917 the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Notre Dame. In 1888 he

became a teacher at Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wisconsin, where he remained for two years. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1893 and spent the next seven years of his life as a professor of sciences at Notre Dame. In 1900 he was made President of Holy Cross College at Washington, D. C. There he remained for nineteen years when he came to Notre Dame as President of the University. He was made President Emeritus of the University of Notre Dame and General Director of the University Expansion and Endowment Campaign by the Provincial Chapter of 1922. In 1925 he was again made President of Holy Cross College where he has remained until the present time.

Father Burns was one of the founders in 1904 of the National Catholic Educational Association and later became Vice-President of the same. This body numbers in its enrollment all of the prominent figures in American Catholic Educational Association and the Committee of Faculty and Student Scholarships of the Association of American Colleges. As a member of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Father Burns has contributed to the great development of American Catholic Education which characterized this period.

Father Burns has been identified with South Bend activities since 1919. He is a member of the Knife and Fork Club and also the Round Table. He received his monogram as a baseball catcher at Notre Dame in 1887.

Shortly after his appointment to the presidency of Notre Dame, he reorganized academic conditions to cope with the demand for increased enrollment. The entire endowment fund of the University was raised under his able direction.

Father Burns is an author of repute. In 1908 the *Origin and Establishment of the Catholic School System* appeared, followed in 1912, by *The Growth and Development of the Catholic School System; Catholic Education;*

—A *Study of Conditions* appeared in 1917. He was a contributor to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* and to *Universal Knowledge Library*. Notre Dame welcomes him back.

—R. M. W.

GREETINGS FROM CARDINAL O'DONNELL

Rev. Matthew Walsh, President of the University, received the following greeting during his recent visit to Cork, Ireland, to be extended to Notre Dame from Cardinal O'Donnell, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. Cardinal O'Donnell visited the University during his attendance at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago last year.

The letter, which is dated April 10, 1927, reads:

Dear Father Walsh, A week has passed since I had the pleasure of seeing you here, and I must not allow you to quit the shores of Ireland without requesting you to bear from me a message of warm remembrance to the great University of which you are the highly esteemed President. Your visit to Armagh brought back vividly the recollections of the happy day I spent in Notre Dame last June.

Only the summer school was then in session, but I had the advantage of meeting, under the guidance of Father O'Donnell, some of the students, a great number of the staff and community, and last, but not least, the fine body of novices who were then just entering on retreat.

In your kindness, convey to all my earnest best wishes for themselves and the University, coupled with every blessing from Ireland of Patrick and Columbkille.

I am, dear Father Walsh, faithfully yours,

✠ Cardinal O'Donnell, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland.

Every blessing to the nuns and their college.

EDITORIAL

Good-bye.

Every week we've come, as inevitable as death, to lie on your bed and talk things over. We've come to know you well, and you've learned much about us. Now we're dropping in to sit on your trunk and to say good-bye.

It's a queer business, this going to college. You and I and the rest come together from far places, strangers in a new land. Through four years we work, fight and think together. We grow closer than brothers. We learn to know and to love each other's hopes and fears. Your laugh becomes something dear to me; you come to look for my grin as something without which the day is drab. You never said so, but I know it's true. Together we've shrugged our shoulders at disappointment and trouble. Now we're saying good-bye.

It's a queer business; of course it is. It's life. That's what we came here for—to learn to know life. Right now we're learning the biggest lesson of our four years at college; we're learning how to part. It isn't sad. It's glorious! The part of me that you love is yours forever; the things in you that belong to me I'll always keep. Each of us will take with him a part of the other, and we'll never let go. Parting is life; refusing to part is something above life. What if our bodies go away? Our souls remain each within the other, and that is ruling life and conquering death. More no man can do.

A fellow graduated from a large university not so long ago. He left with the wanderlust in his heart. In Paris, ten years later, he wrote these lines:

*We are caught in the toils of a god's romance,
We come from old lands and we go afar;
I have missed you again in earth's wild chance—
Now for another star!*

There's courage—a glorious snapping of the fingers at fate! But we haven't missed each other. We've come together

and fused our several strengths into one. We are ready. It is not well for us to sorrow, but rather to turn our faces apart (while keeping our hands clasped together) and to face our new lives with the memory of old friendships sweet in our hearts.

Hilaire Belloc has said it best:

*"From quiet homes and first beginnings
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter, and the love of friends."*

—J. A. B.

LET'S COMMENCE!

Tomorrow a lot of us will go through that terrific period of inane clichés and crocodile tears which, for want of a more deceiving name, is called Commencement. We'll wear pasteboard squares and flowing garments and expressions of serious wisdom, and the folks will stand off and admire — what?

Knowledge? They have more of it than we. Good looks? Any ham vaudeville dancer could give us cards and spades when it comes to a comparison of profiles. Carriage? Most of us drag our feet when we walk. Dignity? Look at any floor-walker and acknowledge your superior. Polish? When we wear lumberjack shirts the year round!

There is only one reason for their admiring us—that's mother-and-father-love. We really don't amount to much—except in their eyes. But that should be incentive enough.

Are we going to fulfill our parents' hopes for us?

A Kentucky mountaineer explained the four holes in his cabin door by the fact that he had four cats.

"But," said the visitor, "Can't all the cats use the same hole?"

"H—," said the mountaineer, "when I say scat, I mean scat!"

So with us. One side, Obstacles! When we say scat, we mean scat!—J.A.B.

LITERARY

*"It Happened in Rio"**In Which Mama Isn't Mama*

JAMES G. JAY

THE long grey shadows of evening were stealing into the room through the French windows,—like grey phantoms they were, as they crept slowly across the room. They crept over the expensive thick-napped carpet on the floor and stole up the heavily carved legs of the ancient piano, whose keys were yellowed with age and usage. They left the carpet and gradually crossed the polished floor, and then onto a number of thick, soft rugs. A huge sofa, or lounge, sprawled comfortably before a delightful-looking fire-place. The figures in the paper on the walls seemed to flee before the steady advance of the intruder, their delicate colors blending into the grey shadows. The grotesque and distorted figure of an Indian god leered evilly in the dusk up over the fire-place. A heavily carved sacrificial knife of by-gone ages gleamed for a moment in the twilight and was then swallowed up with the rest.

Patricia had often pictured this room filled with the grandees of old Spain. With haughty ladies in their stiff mantillas of various colors! The cold luster of their black eyes, which could change so swiftly into smouldering embers in a moment of passion.—The slow, dreamy music.—The sharp clicking of castinets in the white fingers of a lithe, swaying dancer.—Her half-closed eyes! Her free, easy, animal-like movements of the dance.—The fierce-lipped, white-bearded old cabelleros in their tight-fitting dress.—The eager eyed younger men, straining for adventure and love!

Patricia sighed as she stood looking through the iron grating of the window. Outside, a pale yellow moon sailed majestically through a maze of white billowy clouds. Like a huge Chinese lantern it loomed, as it hung suspended in the sky. Romance was in the air! Romance was wafted gently on the breath of the slight breeze which stirred the leaves of the trees ever so softly. The scent of flowers in the air, sweet and cloying. The suppressed desire in the faint music of a serenader somewhere in the distance below her. The evening breeze caressed her cheeks tenderly with a touch as light as the fluttering descent of a rose petal!

How slim and tall she looked as she leaned lazily against the drapes of the window, languidly smoking a long white cigarette! Her hair was brown, with a hint of copper hidden in it. It clung closely about her face which was uplifted to the moon. Her hair was a mood! Sometimes it made her look young as a child, and again, as sophisticated as a woman of maturer years. To-night it was neither! It too, reflected the spirit of romance stirring in the heart of the lonely girl.

"Shall I light the lights, Miss?" Patricia turned from the window and crossed the room.

"I suppose so," she said wearily, as she seated herself at the little writing-desk and picked up a pen preparatory to finishing a letter she had already started and which was lying unfinished on the desk before her.

"I shall be really glad when I finish my

novel," she wrote. "For daddy dear, I am getting frightfully lonesome here. I do really believe I am lonesome for Tom and his terrible foolishness. But I would never acknowledge it to another living soul! The nights are so wonderful. So soft!—so—"

"Of course, Mrs. Hall has been a dear friend to me, and I think very fondly of her. She is such a dear old lady, and with such delightfully old-fashioned ways that one cannot help loving her! Her droll humor keeps me continually laughing at her. But she seems so frail, so delicate, with her white hair piled up high on her dear forehead. I am afraid sometimes that the slight breeze will waft her gently away from me!

"At times I think she is about to tell me something, but she always stops in time and changes the subject. I wonder what it could be?"

A slight rap on the door caused Patricia to look up from her writing and to follow the trim black figure of her maid as she went to answer it. When she returned alone, Patricia sighed and turned again to her desk. What had she expected? What had she wanted? She hardly knew herself,—yet—she was conscious of a feeling of disappointment! A slight tap on the door,—the ringing of a door-bell always carries with it a delicious feeling of suspense.

"El señor doctor!" the maid said with a slight Irish accent, as she paused before the slight figure at the desk. She was always using every available chance to air her slight knowledge of the Spanish language. Her slight Irish accent, and her piquant smile lent to her words a singular charm which was hard to resist. She was very, very proud of her learning, as she had only been in the city of Rio for four months and she considered herself quite advanced already.

"Yes?" Patricia said, not looking up from her writing. "What did he want?"

"He was enquiring for Mrs. Hall, Miss," she said. "I—"

"For Mrs. Hall?" Patricia looked up worried. "She is ill, then?"

"I guess so. Is there anything else, Miss?" Patricia shook her head.

Patricia lingered for a time over her letter, then finishing it and stamping it, she threw it carelessly on the desk and stood up. She crossed over to the window and stood looking out for a time. Then she walked restlessly over to the table, chose a cigarette and carefully lighted it. For a time she watched the smoke curling upward in a dozen lazy ringlets, a worried expression on her face.

What could be the matter with Mrs. Hall? She was really worried about her, without quite knowing why. Perhaps she had a headache or something, she told herself. But that didn't seem to help, and so, after extinguishing her cigarette, she opened the door and crossed the hall. She knocked lightly on the door, just above the little white card that bore the legend, "Mrs. Gregory Hall." She was admitted almost at once into the dimly lighted room, much like her own.

"I am really quite ill," a voice greeted her as she entered. "You see, the doctor told me he had knocked at the wrong door."

The worried expression vanished from Patricia's face at the words and she walked over and patted the delicate hand lying on the chair.

"Are you, dear?" she asked with a smile. "I was frightfully worried about you. You see, you must not be ill at all!"

"That was sweet of you Pat, to be worried about a little old thing like me," Mrs. Hall said as she motioned Patricia to draw up a chair near her.

"Nonsense!" Patricia answered. "You are not old! You are as young as I am!"

"I wish I could be!" Her eyes were warm as she gazed at the fresh young beauty of the girl before her. "But why aren't you out 'galivantin' around, with some nice youngster?"

"Because— Oh, just because, I guess," Patricia replied with a little smile.

"Lonely, Pat?" the other said looking at her closely.

"I guess I was, rather," Patricia answered, looking away from the kind old eyes, filled with sympathy. She *was* lonely, she told herself.

"Nonsense, child! You are too young to be lonesome! When you get to be as old as I am, you might have some reason to talk that way. Why, when I was your age—"

An hour passed rapidly before either was conscious of the passage of time. Finally, there was a long pause in the conversation and each was busy with her own thoughts. The low drone of the great city came faintly to their ears. The playground of New America! Second only to Paris itself! Millions of people seeking for pleasure after a long, hot, busy day!

"Do you ever wonder why I am here?" Mrs. Hall asked abruptly, breaking the silence.

"Why—why—you are here on pleasure, or for a rest, I suppose," Patricia answered wondering what the other could mean. Mrs. Hall shook her head rather sadly.

"I suppose the 'rest' part of it is true enough," she said. "But not all of it! Not even the greater part of it." Patricia was sure there were tiny tears in her eyes.

"Tell me about it!" she said, impulsively laying her hand on the other's. The fingers closed about her hand tightly.

"I wonder if you will think me a foolish old woman?" she asked, a far-a-way look in her eyes, a tremor in her voice.

"Of course I shall not!" Patricia assured her.

"Well—." She took a fresh start. "A year and a half ago, my boy took it into his head to go to South America and find a position. I hated to see him go, but his father thought it would be good for him, so I consented. He was my only boy, and maybe some day you will realize what it cost me to send him so far away from me," she smiled sadly. Patricia nodded, not daring to speak.

"He came here to Rio, and secured a

good position he said, from his letter. Then—three months ago his father died! I wired him to come home, but I guess he never received it, for a few weeks after that, I received a letter from him and he said nothing about his father's death! I was feeling so lonely, that I just packed up and came over here to find him," she finished bravely.

"I think you are the sweetest soul alive!" Patricia told her warmly. "Did you find him at once?"

"No! No, he had moved and the consul here didn't know where to find him. He told me that he would let me know as soon as he should find out. Word came from him this very evening that he had found him at last." She motioned to a letter lying open on the table.

"—and here I am feeling badly and not able to reach him! I wonder—"

"—if I would call him for you!" Patricia finished up triumphantly. "What is his number?" After she learned it, she crossed over to the phone and rang up the number. As she listened expectantly to the voice which came over the wire, a shadow of disappointment crossed her face.

"What is it dear? Isn't he there?" her companion asked her anxiously as she hung up the receiver.

"No. No,—he has gone out to dinner," she answered trying to think.

"Did they say where he had gone?" Mrs. Hall asked, trying to hide the disappointment in her voice.

"They said he had gone to the Café del Rey," Patricia answered, a frown on her face.

"Oh!" That one little expression decided Patricia what to do.

"Have you a picture of him?" she asked after a moment.

"Why,—yes! On the writing-desk. But why—"

"Never you mind, dear," Patricia said as she brought the picture under the light. The smiling face of a young man in a dark suit looked back at her. It was a face that she could easily remember, and,

after a minute's swift survey, she replaced it on the desk.

"I'll be back in a little while," she smiled, as she kissed the soft lips of the older woman, and left the room. The other's eyes looked after her with a happy light in their depths.

"If she can only find him!" she said softly as the door closed after the departing girl.

Half an hour later, Patricia was ready and had ordered a cab. She gave the address of the *Café del Rey* and then settled back on the cushions to enjoy the ride through the city. Rio was much like any other large city. The same noisy street-cars, the same impatient blowing of automobile horns, and the same hurrying crowds. A few minutes drive and Patricia had reached her destination. She alighted in front of a well-lighted café in the heart of the city, and after paying and dismissing her cab, she entered. As she did so, she was conscious of a little feeling of excitement which sent a slight tremor of adventure through her body.

After she had entered, and stood surveying the crowded room her heart sank a little. However could she find the man she was seeking, among all these strange faces? There were faces of all nationalities sprinkled about the large room. Brown faces, white faces, lean hardened faces.—The startling white of a woman's face, broken by the scarlet of her lips and the blackness of her hair.—Black and white and red.—Vivid. Impassioned! The swirl of cigarette smoke.—The shrill subdued laughter of the women.—The deeper, lower notes of the men.—The gay colors of the women's dress —The sober black of the men,—broken by the startling white of their dress-shirts! All combined into one big pool of moving color and life!

A little man with a waxed mustache was bowing before her. Would the señorita have a table near the floor? She would!

The obsequious one led fervently. Following him, Patricia made her way between the tables until she reached hers,

close to the dance floor and in the shelter of a green plant of some kind.

An American jazz band was playing in one corner of the floor. Now the floor was jammed with swaying bodies! The shrill notes of the instruments made Patricia feel a moment of homesickness. How like her home it was! And yet, it was different —It had a foreign air—The crowd was not the same. No! Everything was different!

With a start Patricia remembered her errand, and she glanced around her anxiously. Most of the people were dancing and maybe she could see the man she sought,—if he was not dancing! She could never be able to find him in that swaying crowd. Her eyes rested for a moment on the figure of a young man seated close behind her. He was alone, and Patricia's eyes slid away from him,—and then back again! Could it be? Yes, it was! He had grown a little mustache, but the features were the same! Yes, that must be he! The same wavy hair. The same blue eyes.

Patricia made a move to arise, and then sank back again in her chair. The idea of moving over to him and speaking to him was repulsive to her. Well bred young ladies did not go to tables of unknown young men and start a conversation! She bit her lip in perplexity. What should she do?

A waiter was bobbing before her. What would the young señorita have? Patricia asked for a glass of wine and then fell to studying the face of the other again. He did not look up, but appeared to be sunk into deep thought. He did not notice the people around him as he toyed with his cigarette. Patricia watched him, racking her brains to think of a way to secure his attention.

Suddenly, he looked at his wrist-watch and then called a waiter. She would have to act quickly! He was leaving and then she might not have another chance to talk to him. Patricia signaled a waiter and asked for her check. An idea entered her head and she acted upon it immediately. She employed broken Spanish when the waiter arrived.

"Come mucho?" she asked.

"Un dolor, y tres pesetas," the waiter replied.

"Patricia affected not to understand him.

"Que? What?"

The waiter repeated. Patricia was evidently in much confusion by this time. She was becoming rapidly embarrassed. She glanced helplessly around her, and encountered the enquiring gaze of the man she sought upon her. She smiled at him a little. Instantly he approached her table.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked bowing.

"Oh dear! It seems as tho I shall never learn this dreadful language," Patricia replied with a little shrug. "I can't seem to understand what he—."

The young man smiled and turning to the waiter asked him how much the young lady owed him. Receiving the answer in rapid Spanish he pulled out his pocket-book and gave him the required amount. Patricia demurred at this, but he paid no attention to her. When the matter had been dismissed he turned to her again.

"May I help you with your wrap?" he asked picking it up from the back of the chair on which Patricia had been seated. Deftly he placed it about her shoulders and she thanked him with a smile. Denny thought he had never seen such an adorable girl in all his life! He must find out her name, and where she lived, and all about her, he told himself.

To-gether they walked to the street and looked about for a cab.

"May I escort you home?" he asked. "That is, if you are going home, of course."

He was doing exactly as she wanted him to do, Patricia told herself exultingly. Aloud she said,

"But really I—"

"Please don't think I want to intrude on so slight an introduction," he said rather stiffly. "I only thought that—thought that—I—"

"Of course! I understand! If you wish," she said as she entered a cab which had drawn up in answer to Denny's hail.

As they rode slowly through the traffic,

Patricia thought of another scheme to work out! What fun it would be to take him to Mrs. Hall's room instead of her own, and to surprise him when he saw his Mother. The more she thought of it the more it appealed to her. She almost laughed aloud in her enjoyment of the situation.

"I beg your pardon?" her companion asked as he thought she was about to speak.

"Nothing! I was merely going to remark what a perfectly gorgeous evening this is!" Patricia said.

"It certainly is gorgeous! Beautiful!" he said not taking his eyes from Patricia's face. Her eyes grew suddenly cold, and he sat back in his corner abashed at his own enthusiasm. Patricia smiled a little to herself.

Reaching the apartment, they entered together. When they reached Mrs. Hall's door, Patricia tapped on it lightly. A moment later it opened, and she led the way into the room. Then she stopped, waiting to see the effect of her surprise upon her companion. But she was not prepared for the look she saw on his face! Instead of the joy and surprise she had expected to see, she saw something like amazement clearly written there! His mouth dropped open in surprise, then he closed it with a snap! Jamming his hat on his head he turned and left the room abruptly! Patricia was so startled by the sudden turn of events that for a moment she stood helpless. It was so utterly unexpected and sudden that she couldn't quite grasp its meaning.

Then she turned and ran down the hall after him. There must be some mistake! Surely he saw his mother there waiting for him, a glad smile upon her delicate face! What could his abrupt departure mean?

She reached the street in time to see him entering a cab. She ran down the steps and caught at his coat as he entered.

"But — but — didn't you see — ?" she asked breathlessly as she caught up to him.

"I'll take a chance," he said to himself as he pulled her into the car after him.

"What?"

"It's rather a long story," he answered her as they were seated. "But let's move away from here and I'll tell you about it." How lovely she looked, with her face drawn with anxiety! "Let's go to some quiet place where I can tell you." His eyes pleaded with her. She nodded her head. He gave an address to the driver and they rolled swiftly away.

Not a word was spoken between them until they had reached their destination. The cab stopped before a little cafe whose windows advertised the fact that this was the "Café de los Moros." Entering, they made their way to a quiet little table, and the man ordered a cooling drink.

"Now! Tell me!" Patricia demanded as they were seated.

"It's rather a long story," he told her, rather sadly she thought. "Are you sure you want to hear it?"

"Yes! Oh yes!" Patricia breathed, resting her chin in her hands and gazing at the man before her. But your—"

"All right then! Listen! Two years ago a very dear friend of mine, worth a perfectly absurd lot of money, died without leaving a will. Many times he had told me that he intended to leave the entire fortune to me, as he had no other heirs. I told him that was foolish but he insisted! Then one night, he died suddenly, alone, in his study. On the desk was found a little piece of paper, evidently torn from a magazine he had been reading when the attack struck him. On the

paper was written, "I leave everything to my dear friend Denny—." That was all! Nothing else! He had evidently known what was about to happen and had tried to make a will, leaving everything to me! My name is Denny you see! But the poor chap died before he could finish it!"

"Yes, yes! But what has that to do?" Patricia asked, wondering what his story had to do with it all."

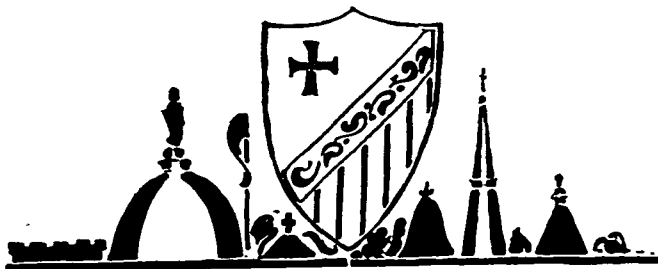
"I'm coming to that! I knew that I could never prove my right to his money in a court, so—I did a very foolish thing! I attempted to forge a will leaving everything to me! It was mine anyway," he finished defensively. Shortly after, I found out that my fraud had been discovered, so I fled to South America." He looked away.

Patricia reflected for a moment. Yes! The money should have been his, without a doubt. But he should not have tried to secure it in the way he had. Obviously not! But still,— the money should have been his—! Patricia caught herself up! Was she trying to defend him?

"But—but why did you run away from your mother?" she asked.

"My Mother?" he asked, a puzzled look upon his face. "My Mother?" He seemed to be trying to understand. "You mean the lady in the room?" Patricia nodded. The puzzled expression left his face and in place of it came a look of admiration. She *was* clever!

"That lady was Jo Fields, the cleverest detective in the United States!" he said taking her hand in both of his.



The Immaculate Gesture

Life Defeats Love

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

THE tea tables were all crowded with yapping, preoccupied, idle men and women. The conversation that shrilled through the graceful interior of the *Samovar* was pregnant with gossip and stories and scandal.

Quite apart from the group, at a small lacquered trivet, sat a young man, a youth in lyric bronze. He wore a grey golf suit and appeared as if he had finished a warm eighteen holes, for the day was sweltering.

From time to time he gazed lazily about and sometimes he peered expectantly up and down the long, stone driveway, visible through the wide French windows. His blue eyes suddenly glistened. An olive-colored roadster swung rapidly up the drive. An arrestingly pretty girl in a white linen sport dress was at the wheel. She swerved up in front of the tea room and parked with daring indiscreetness. At the door she looked around and then discovered the man of lyric bronze. He got up as she came to his table. His eyes caressed her as she approached.

"Bob," she said impulsively, "I'm late a little bit, I guess. But I really had a tremendous time getting away . . . the family is horrible about that, you know. Mother has the Van Wharton's over for the weekend and I'm just *employed* entertaining them. No time to slip away at all."

"Betsy, you're more beautiful than ever," Bob whispered, taking her hand. "Let's go down to the gardens for a walk . . . these chattering people drive me wild."

"But we can't be long," she said. "I must go back in a few moments. The Van Wharton's want to go sailing and mother will miss me."

"It will take me a few minutes," he laughed grimly.

"Betty," he began as they passed outside, "I've been thinking our problem over. When we met at the Prom this spring I thought it would be possible but now I

know it never will be. You are a Travis and your folks have lots of money; I am a mere Bob Stackpool without a cent or a job. Last month when I got my sheepskin I shivered and felt how helpless I was . . . how insane in my complacency."

"Don't talk that way, Bob," she interrupted putting her arm through his as they walked. "Money shouldn't stand in our way. Mother's opposition doesn't alter my mind in the least. I shant ever marry that foolish Dick Morgan because he lives on Park avenue and has a pedigree as long as our police dogs have. We love each other, Bob, and I'll go with you . . . I'll cook and mend, and keep house on twenty-five a week if you say so."

"Awfully nice of you, honey," he said slowly. "But, you see, it wouldn't work. After the novelty wore off you would be unhappy, and I'd be unhappy because you were."

"Then you won't give me a chance?"

There was pleading in her voice.

"It's not a chance, darling. It is a certainty. Kiss me good-bye now! The Van Whartons are waiting."

He drew her up and kissed her.

"You don't love me, Bob, or you'd go through with it!" She was crying.

"Don't cry, Bet. I love you with all my heart. That's why I *can't* see it through."

"No, you don't love me. You don't . . . you *don't*—"

With a sob she was gone. In a moment he heard the roar of her motor down the grey stone road.

For an instant he stood inert gazing after the cloud of departing dust, then he turned despairingly toward the club-house a half mile away. He had done his duty, made the only clean, immaculate gesture of his life; kicked Love, a mere pebble, into oblivion.

Sunset

A Description

W. H. M.

SWEETLY the breezes played over my brow as I lay upon the hillside. Tempered they were with the last warm, fragrant breath of the fading day. The scent of June roses mingled with the odor of freshly-turned turf came to me with the soft whisper of the wind and pervaded my being with a sense of heavenly delight and thankfulness to my Almighty Maker for the life he had given me.

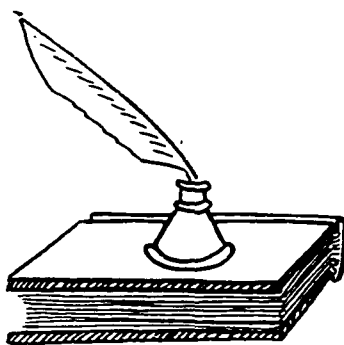
The rays of the sun, streaming from light, yellow-rifted clouds, flickered through the trees and cast their ruddy hues upon my face, bathing all about me in a subdued tone of peace and contentment. Below, the river glittered dimly in the newly-forming shadows and was like to a ribbon of molten gold threading its way through deep emerald pasture.

Here and there some bird, with figure melting into the gathering dusk, winged upward, and then, as though sensing the hour, slowly dropped to earth and was lost from

sight in the gloom now so stealthily enveloping the once verdant foliage. A tinkling cow-bell I heard and the laughter of little children treading their way to the evening meal in some valley home.

The sun, a great shining disk of gold, rested for a moment upon the crest of the far off mountains and then began to sink slowly from my sight. The birds ceased their joyous songs and nature seemed to be rendering silent homage to the departing day as to a friend never more to return.

The last glint of fading light glimmered through the tree-tops and was gone. All was hushed, for the death of day was at hand. The sable wings of Night were enfolding the scene, bearing with them a feeling of loneliness and sadness which tore my heart. The valley I could no longer see, nor the river meandering along its bottom. No more could I see the distant snow-capped hills, or feel the pleasant warmth of the sunshine. All was dark, I was alone.



SPORT NEWS

Irish Hand Wisconsin Second Beating: 6--5

Continuing in the brilliant stride that has enabled them to win a majority of the games played this season, Notre Dame baseball men added Wisconsin to their victory belt for a second time this season, Tuesday afternoon at Cartier Field. The count was 6 to 5 and it took eleven innings, two of which were played under grey shadows, to decide the thing.

Inasmuch as it was the second time that the Irish have romped away with the right end of a Badger-Notre Dame game, Coach Tom Mills and his men feel that the thing has been done up purple.

The game was not of the ordinary kind. After nine innings had been battled off and not a few spectacular brands of baseball had been mixed with some choice boots and wobbles, the score was tied at four all.

Throughout the tenth inning Ralston, Wisconsin lyarboard pitcher, and Young Ed Walsh, speedball king of the Irish mound staff, had the pellet well under control, and retired the respective sides in order.

It was the eleventh inning that provided the fireworks. Wisconsin hoped into the lead when its "murderers row" nicked Walsh for a pair of safeties, which, coupled with a fielder's choice, provided a tally.

LUCKY ELEVENTH

Until the Millsmen opened up a battling rampage in the half of the eleventh, the lone Wisconsin run looked like the winning ticket. After the bags had been loaded, Johnny Colerick, Notre Dame first sacker, hushed one down the first base line and squeezed the tying run through. The winning run was scored a moment later when Moore drove one into the deep shortfield and Sullivan scored.

The first part of the game was marked by ordinary pitching, listless fielding and leisurely hitting. Notre Dame blew the lid off

in the second frame when a single run was scored. Wisconsin came back with a brace of tallies in the third, only to be tied by the Irish in their half of the fourth. In the eighth the Badgers got to Walsh quite handily and made two runs, establishing a comfortable lead. An Irish run in the eighth and another in the ninth tied the count and caused the battle to continue until the eleventh when the affair was sewed up.

No one on either club collected a wagon load of base hits. Ed Walsh, besides serving them up for eleven frames, got a pair of singles out of five trips. The longest hit of the day went to Johnny Niemic who poled one to the left field wall. It was good for three sacks. Barnum was the Badger star both on the hitting and fielding end. The score by innings and batteries:

Wisconsin	002 000 020 01—5
Notre Dame	001 100 011 02—6

Ralston and Barnum; Walsh and Vaughan.

MICHIGAN STATE FALLS**BEFORE IRISH NETMEN**

The most successful tennis season in the history of the sport at Notre Dame ended auspiciously last Saturday when the Blue and Gold racquetters conquered Michigan State by a 6 to 1 count.

Playing a consistent and heady game throughout, the Irish raquetmen copped four of the five singles matches and had little trouble in winning the doubles events. One Michigan State man was able to wrest a match from the Irish.

Six victories were won by the Irish this year and not a single defeat was recorded against them. Culver, Ohio State, Northwestern, Carnegie Tech and Michigan State were defeated in rather easy fashion.

Many of this year's stars will return to form the 1928 squad.

FIVE ATHLETES TO RUN IN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Notre Dame will be represented at the annual track and field championships of the National Intercollegiate Athletic Association by five athletes, Coach Knute K. Rockne announced Wednesday. The meet is to be held at Chicago on June 10 and June 11.

Of the five who will represent the Irish in the biggest meet of the year, four are graduating Seniors while one is a sophomore. All have been outstanding in their work on the track during the season just closing.

Captain Joe DellaMaria will run in the 100 and 200 yards dashes in which events he has won many laurels during the past three years. Tom Quigley, a new member of the squad, will fight the field in the quarter mile. Quigley's real possibilities as a quarter miler came to the surface in the Indiana State Meet and Rockne will develop him carefully for the event.

Emmett Barron, for three years a mainstay of the Irish squad in the hurdle events, will run the high sticks at Chicago. Barron was in the running at the Indiana State Meet and should be at the top of his form for the nationals.

"Scrap" Young and Charley Judge, consistent point-winners in the distance events, will remain at the university a week extra to train for the grinds in the national meet. Young will run in the two mile while Judge will defend the mile championship which he earned at the nationals a year ago.

29 INDUCTED TO MONOGRAM CLUB

All the thrill that terror and the unexpected imply, was administered to twenty nine new members of the Monogram Club in the gym and adjacent lands, last Saturday night and Sunday afternoon.

Initiation of new monogram men was the cause of the "party" and thirty outgoing wearers of the "N. D." amused themselves at the expense of the incoming athletes.

Last week's initiation was one of the largest ever held at the university. Basketball, track, baseball and swimming men were taken into the organization. Festivities began with the annual Monogram Ball which

was held at the Palais Royale Friday night. The yearly "tombstone" hunt featured Saturday's program while final initiation took place Sunday afternoon in the gym. A banquet at the LaSalle Hotel College Inn was attended by old and new members of the club after the initiation.

New officers for the Club were elected as follows: Charles W. Walsh, Los Angeles, California, president, to succeed John W. Wallace, Gary, Indiana; Francis J. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Penn., vice-president, to succeed John McManmon, Lowell, Mass.; Joseph Griffin, Highland Park, Michigan, secretary-treasurer, to succeed Francis J. Masterson, Rosell, New Jersey.

Those who were admitted to the club after the initiation are: Football, John Chevingney; Baseball, Leo Schrall, Bill McCleary, Bill Yore; Basketball, Joe Jachym, John Colerick, Frank Crowe, Jim Bray; Track, Jack Elder, Jack Reilly, Tom Quigley, Don Kelly, Ed McGauley, Joe Abbott, Frank Doan, John Lahey, Jack Lavelle, Ed McSwinney and Joe Norton; Swimming, Hughie McCaffrey, Bill Cronin, Ed Bryczenski, Jerry Rhodes and Monte Tennes.

Duke University suggests that it would be real news if one college newspaper would report, for once, one college social that was not really delightful.

A student at Campion College who was so rash as to wear a vivid green shirt to class, experienced the questionable thrill of having the garment torn from his back and hoisted aloft on the campus flagpole where it still remains. And as Shakespeare would say, "thereby hangs a tale."

University of Illinois, in company with many others, has taken to roller skating. Even professors and co-eds have adopted the fad, the latter much to the distress of their dads who have to replace the silk hose with holes in the knees. Someone suggested that the craze was started by a sleepy youth who borrowed his younger brother's skates to make an 8 o'clock.

NOTRE DAME SCANTICLADS TO END SEASON WITH CONFERENCE MEET

Notre Dame trackmen will wind up the season Friday and Saturday in the Michigan State Stadium at East Lansing, Michigan, when they compete against other mid-western teams in the annual Central Conference outdoor championships.

Even though the Blue and Gold season has been rather unsuccessful from a standpoint of wins and losses, the Irish team is favored to win the Lansing event for DellaMaria and his outfit won the indoor championships, held in the Notre Dame gym last March, by a comfortable margin.

The Irish will find themselves confronted with an array of individual stars who will push them to the limit in each of the seventeen events on the card. Ability to score a few points in each of the events should bring the Notre Dame crew out in front of Michigan State and Marquette who are figured as close contenders.

STAR DASHERS MEET AGAIN

A battle for honors looms in every event. To begin with, four of the best dashmen in the country will fight it out in the century and furlong dashes. Alderman and Grim, of Michigan State and Riley and DellaMaria will meet once again in the dash events. The Michigan State pair have been figuring in the breaks during the past two times they have met the Irish runners but Saturday's event is expected to settle supremacy definitely.

Melvin Shimek, the Marquette distance ace, will be back in his old favorite, the two mile event. Shimek won the gruell at the indoor championships and is expected to repeat at Lansing. In the mile Charley Judge, Irish champion, will defend his laurels against Wylie, of Michigan State, who has one 1927 victory over Judge to his credit. Dick Sturtridge, DePauw jump and hurdle ace, will be entered in the meet as will Ken Spence, Detroit low hurdler who has made consistently good time in

the past two years. Barron, Griffin and Doan will represent the Irish in the timber events.

FIELD EVENTS IMPORTANT

Field events may be more decisive in this year's meet than they have in the past. With track strength so evenly distributed, results of the weight and jump events may decide the victory. Bov. of Notre Dame, and McAtee of Michigan State are pole vault favorites while Griffin of Notre Dame Griffins expected to take the high jump from Doherty of Detroit. Lavelle, Repeti, McGrath and McSwinney will fly the Irish colors in the shot put, discus throw and javelin.

FROSH TRACKMEN BEAT

FROEBEL HIGH

Notre Dame freshmen asserted real strength on track and field last Saturday when they humbled the strong Froebel High School squad of Gary, Indiana, 80 to 55.

At the offset, the Notre Dame yearlings piled up points in every event and gradually drew away from the Gary team. At no time during the meet were the 1930 men in danger of being passed.

The meet revealed some unusual strength within the Irish ranks. "Dixie" Hardaker, a southern lad with a weakness for speed, copped the hundred and two-twenty yards dashes in :10 seconds and :22.7 seconds, respectively. Walsh won the shot put when he heaved the ball 47 feet 10 inches. Johnson, Froebel's colored star, won both hurdle events.

Fifty men and women students of the Homeopathic Medical College, New York, have volunteered to be artificially stung by bees and spiders in an attempt to determine whether the venom can be put to medical use. Scientists believe that poisons of insects may be a remedy for kidney disease.

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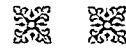


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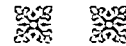
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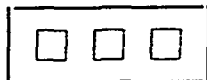


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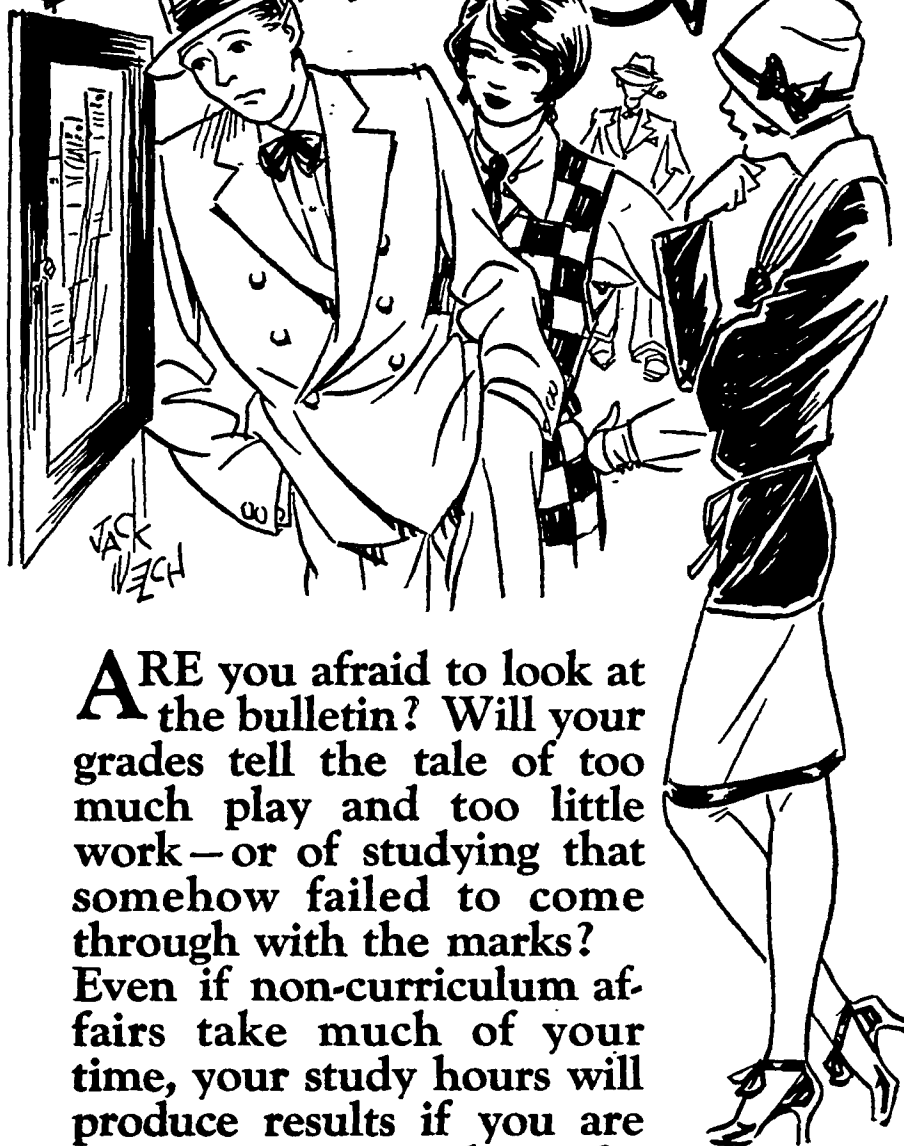
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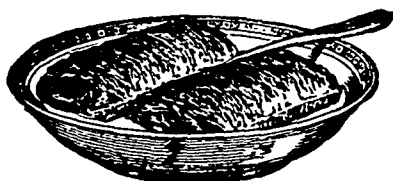
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