

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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The Joy of Spring.

OUT with the gaunt and naked trees,
In the forest swept by Winter's breeze,
There is no joy—but gloom—despair!
There is no sound but the low-drawn groan
Of the branching sentinels catching the moan
Of chilling blasts that own the air.

But Spring!—how changed the sylvan bow'rs
New-shadow hung and fresh with flow'rs!
The song-kissed winds! The greening wood!
Abiding happiness, everywhere
An awakened hopefulness crushing despair!
Such gladness can not be withstood!

THOMAS H. BEACOM.

The Notre Dame Summer School.

THE Sleepy Hollow quiet that has ever stolen into all the precincts of Notre Dame, and held full and drowsy sway during the vacation months, will this summer be disturbed and routed. Voices will be heard in the class-rooms and the figures of men and women will be seen upon the lawns; the lakes will echo with the sound of oar and paddle, and the shaded promenades about the water's edge will not be left to the birds and squirrels; the rabbit will get himself off the golf links, the butterflies about the tennis courts will be of only the social human species, and the low rumble coming from the direction of Walsh Hall will indicate a bowling match surely enough, but not a ghostly match among departed Dutchmen. Brother Maurelius will have replenished his stock, will keep open for a full day's business, will make tanks of lemonade, and will look his own particular pleasantest. The Hill Street car crews will possibly give up their terminal snoozes, the stage curtain in Washington Hall will gather no dust, and every historic spot from the Pottawattamie cemetery down to Bertrand will receive new and various

visitors. Why? Because Notre Dame's new Summer School will be in session.

Now that the Notre Dame Summer School is a fact, the wonder is that a summer session was never held before. The climate about Notre Dame is delightful. In midsummer, true enough, there are some hot days, but nearly always a breeze is stirring, the nights are cool, and the sultriness of, say, the Atlantic seaboard or the Ohio Valley is unknown. So too has nearly every facility for the work, long been at hand. Study rooms, class rooms, laboratories, studios, libraries, chapels, post-office, stores and large modern dormitories are all on the grounds. And the grounds! Three hundred and twenty acres of beautiful campus grounds give a setting to the clustered domes and spires of the university group. Shaded lawns, mile-long avenues, sunny fields, natural woodlands, old orchards and hedgerows, stately parks and, perhaps more than anything else, two limpid lakes, close enough to the university to hold the shadow of the church spire and the golden dome, make Notre Dame's campus famous for its beauty. Beyond the campus the university lands extend far, and it is possible to walk for miles without trespassing upon another's. Scattered about the campus are baseball diamonds, running tracks, tennis courts and the like; there are golf links, boats for use upon the lakes, an indoor swimming pool, and every imaginable facility in the large gymnasium. For systematic summer work amid surroundings that all the time soothe and heal, Notre Dame is an ideal place. Why was not the summer school opened years ago? It seems to have been a matter of the table. The old "commons," which built up mighty athletes, was not good enough for the summer sessioners. Now a modern cafeteria and restaurant is found upon the campus, and the last imaginable lack of accommodation has been supplied.

When Notre Dame sets about anything, she

sets about it with energy and ideals. Therefore the curriculum for the summer session is extensive and attractive. It embraces courses in Accounting, Agriculture, Architecture, Art, Assaying, Astronomy, Biology, Botany, Chemistry, Education, English, Elocution, Geology, German, Greek, History, Journalism, Latin, Mathematics, Music, Penmanship, Philosophy, Physiology, Physics, Physical Education, Politics, Religion, Romance Languages, Economics, Engineering, and Law. Under the head of Engineering alone, fifteen subjects are offered. Altogether, the number of subjects obtainable in the curriculum is about two hundred. For special reading, investigation, and laboratory work of all kinds, there is ample provision in every department. The beautiful new library, the department libraries, the museum, the special department laboratories, the famous Notre Dame farm for the school of agriculture, and the printing office of the *Ave Maria* and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC for students of journalism, provide advantages for those who wish to supplement, by their own efforts, the regular work of the term.

To teach these subjects, sixty-three professors, all but five of whom are of the regular Notre Dame faculty, have been retained. Twenty-four of these are priests, nine are brothers of Holy Cross, and thirty are laymen. Practically all of the professors are specialists, and many of them are recognized authorities in the subjects they offer. Nearly all of the professors are in residence at the University, a fact which offers summer students the advantage, enjoyed by regular students, of association with, and the opportunity of frequently consulting, the professors, outside of the regular class or lecture periods.

Summer students are nearly always ambitious and earnest. At the same time many of them are more or less tired. Many have studied hard during the regular school term. Many are teachers who, after ten months in the class-room, are still willing to labor for perfection in a special subject. Some have in mind to make up deficiencies in past work. Still, all as a class are much in earnest, and all need to hoard their strength. Therefore it has been the aim of the summer school management to make working conditions as comfortable and as pleasant as possible. Most of the class periods are in the forenoon. Lectures and concerts will be numerous, a special committee having charge of this

program of entertainment and culture. Every source of enjoyment or amusement about the university halls and campus is thrown open to the summer sessioners. When they wish to ride into the neighboring city of South Bend, they may do so,—if they wish,—on the classic Hill Street Car.

The country about Notre Dame is such as to furnish interest without excitement. Its principal charm is the beautiful St. Joseph River, whose swift, clear waters flow between winding, wooded banks, every mile of which is historic. LaSalle's Landing, on the St. Joseph, is less than two miles away. Allouez had a chapel at what is now Notre Dame, and it is practically certain that Marquette's feet hallowed the ground that now belongs to the University. Old Fort St. Joseph is within walking distance down the river. Chief Pokagon's village, whose site is still easily defined by its well-worn trails, is nearer still to the University, and the lonely burial ground of the Christian Pottawattamies is on the Notre Dame lands.

The numerous and varied attractions of the new summer school will bring about a great variety in the summer attendance. Pale nuns and sunburnt chaps from the high schools; holy men from the monasteries and 'holy terrors' out of dusty automobiles, earnest "school-marms" and Notre Dame men working off "conditions," men and women to whom the six weeks' work is all-important, and men and women who seek change and beauty amid surroundings artistic and intellectual,—every type will find Notre Dame prepared to give it what it seeks. The Notre Dame Summer School is destined to become a great and enduring institution. Its first session promises already to be an unqualified success.

A Day.

One day with mighty throb
 A nation's heart will burst!
 Laconic news will stun
 E'en him at Washington;
 "Their last defense is won!"
 And Mars has slaked his thirst.
 Glad heart-wrenched sobs will tell
 Of answered litanies,
 And war-drenched sorrows healed;
 No leering ghoul to wield
 Death's dirk. Now hangs God's shield
 O'er all earth's panoplies. V. F. FAGAN.

Not at Home.

Tom Winslow was sitting on the veranda one afternoon in early June. The clear sunshine and the mild air flowed to him in streams, while the cool breezes brought to him the breath of flowers and the voices of birds. All about him the beautiful summer foliage seemed to be sleeping in the sun, and there was not a sound to be heard save the busy hum of the bees as they stole the honey from the flowers that were drowsing in the June sunshine. "This must have been the kind of day," thought Tom, "that the poet enjoyed when he wrote, 'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

There was but one thing and one person that claimed Tom's thoughts on such days as these, and so he decided to surprise Irene and spend the afternoon with her.

He started off, his mind filled with all the delightful things he would say to her. Soon he reached her home, rang the bell and eagerly awaited her appearance. The girl did not come, however, and the ring was answered by her little brother, Theodore.

"Hello, Ted! Is Irene at home?"

"Hello, Tom! No, she's away and won't be home till tonight."

"I am sorry. When she comes, Ted, tell her I was here, and perhaps I'll be back tonight."

"All right, Tom! I'll tell her."

Irene all this time was upstairs in her room, reading. She had heard the sound of footsteps on the front walk and cautiously drew back the curtain and was much surprised to see Tom coming up the walk. She had been lounging about reading during the afternoon, and consequently was not dressed well enough to receive visitors; so she had hastily called her young brother to answer the bell, and to tell Tom she was not at home and would not be back till night.

After Tom had received Ted's information, he went to a nearby store to use the telephone. He took down the receiver and called 2098 M. In a second the telephone in the Tyson residence was ringing, and Irene hurried down stairs to answer it.—"Hello."

"Hello, Irene," answered Tom frigidly, "I thought you would not be home till tonight."

Irene was amazed on hearing Tom's voice and scarcely knew what to answer, but she quickly decided to smooth it over with him and pass it off good naturedly.

"Oh, is this you Tom? Why I was home when you came, but I told Ted to tell you I was out, because I wasn't prepared to see you."

"Well, you'll have plenty of time to prepare before I call again."

"Why, I hope you don't feel hurt about it. I didn't mean to slight you. I didn't expect you and wasn't prepared to see you—that's all."

"Well, you needn't be prepared any more," Tom told her emphatically.

The girl's temper now rose and she retorted quickly, "Oh, if that's the way you feel about it, all right. Be at the south end of the park tonight and you may have the ring you gave me." Before Tom could answer she had hung up the receiver.

Tom turned towards home with a heavy heart. How things had changed in a few hours. When he started out he did not think that this would be the result, and now he was sorry that he had acted so harshly. He would tell her when he saw her tonight.

Irene expected him to keep his word and she was determined to keep hers. She took the ring, put it in its little velvet box and placed it in her silver mesh bag.

At the appointed time and place the two met and greeted each other coldly. Irene handed him the little box containing the ring and as he took it their eyes met and in her look he read more than any words of hers could express.

"Irene," he said.

She extended her hand to him and he put the ring again on her finger, and in the tranquil calm of that summer night, as the stars began to light the sky, and the leaves were whispering their secrets, two persons were drinking from the one cup of happiness.

B. O.

On Shoes.

BY JOHN REUSS, '18.

How pitiable, how miserable, are the lives of shoes! Ever since the ingenuity of man brought them into being their position has been one of subjection, and forever shall they be stepped upon and crushed under foot, for they, like men, are destined to suffer for some unpardonable sin of their ancestors. Though they possess a sole, the Helozoists alone recognize the fact that shoes have life and feeling, and consequently bend beneath the indignities they

suffer. Could they but speak—yet they have tongues that speak not, yea, eyes that see not, hence they can neither protest against the disrespect they are shown, nor revel in the pleasure of viewing the surroundings into which man, step by step, leads them. That they are useful cannot be denied, for they are beings inseparable from civilized society, yet their usefulness is rewarded only by a lacing at every dawn.

The good that men find in shoes ceases to exist when that vital union of sole and body is destroyed; yet frequently life may be temporarily restored by submitting the shoes to those of our industrial workers who have specialized in the resuscitation of worn shoes. Often, however, they are but half-soled, and consequently their renewed vitality is but short-lived.

Woman, since the time of Cinderella and the golden slipper, has made it a practice to wear shoes that misrepresent considerably the size of the feet they are intended to cover, and thus it has come to pass that by the width and length of the shoe, we may at once conclude as to the sex of the owner. Unfortunately, however, no modern prince has come forward to reward her for the untold, yet undoubted suffering and discomfiture which her tendency in this respect has necessitated. Woman, again peculiar in her regard of shoes, delights in the display of new pairs, and endeavors to see that the supply of her pedal protections exceeds in number that of Mrs. X on the next flat. Man, however, despises his own shoes because they are too conspicuous, and attract undue attention to the awkwardness with which he manipulates them; and despises those of his wife or daughter, as the case may be, primarily because of the destitute condition in which his purse is left. So deadly a wound do new shoes inflict upon the bank-roll that if prices continue to seek higher altitudes, we shall have to refer to the rich old lady who lived in the shoe, instead of the poor old lady who found there a local habitation and a name.

Possibly this rise in the prices of shoes will serve to awaken man to the fact that shoes have life, and influence him to take better care of them, and have them re-soled frequently in an effort to protract their hitherto short-lived existence. Who knows but that the lowly shoe shall soon claim more lives than the proverbial nine of the cat.

The Old Home.

It is a lonely scene, and yet most lovely in its loneliness. This evening the log house on the hill-top casts its long shadow across the quiet valley, as it has done every sunny day for almost a century. The same dark pines hover about it, just a little taller and more slender than they used to be. Every spring evening revives this lonely scene in my vision and memory re-creates what it can of its loveliness.

Over in the west the setting sun tints the mellow haze, turns the little meadow pond into a pool of gold, and sends its last rays for a final frolic among the growing shadows in the orchard. The old pines, gently alive in the evening breeze, whisper and murmur to the little cabin in their midst—whispering and murmuring softly songs of the sweet springs ago.

Yonder is the old well, covered these many years with the great mill-stone, and the well bucket over the side of which hangs the gourd dipper by its long curved handle; and under that pine the swing that has held the happy ones so often, and there by the woodshed the dog house where the friendly Fido dwelt in other days. The setting sun illuminates, engoldens the loneliness of the old home, and the murmur of the pines are the faint sad echoes of the life and laughter that once rollicked there.

Yes, it is a lonely place, very lonely, indeed, to those who knew it in the halcyon days of the large family that lived in this cabin among the pines on the hill. Two of the ten young ones are dead now; five have homes of their own, and the three youngest are gone to war. Only the father and mother remain. Down the path through the orchard come the old lady now, with her basket of eggs on her arm. As she passes the wood-pile the old man follows her into the house, carrying the bucket of chips he has gathered for his morning fire.

With each day that scene grows more lonely, but withal more lovely in its homely grandeur, and my thought is ever trying to compass what it can of its quaint beauty.—M. E. C.

The Way of Hope.

After the storm, the rainbow comes,

After the winter, May.

After the chill of death is past,

The great eternal day.

F. W. WATSON.

Varsity Verse.

AT DUSK.

With all the majesty and splendor of a Queen
Whose only page or herald is an orb of gold,
Imperial evening is ushered in, amidst
The joyous songs of orioles and larks.
Her courtiers are the 'opal clouds,'
The golden beams her jewels.

And when she casts her jewels upon this lonely earth
She gives to each sad heart the hidden pearl of peace.
Good Queen, you love to watch your page at play
Upon the verdant lands and waters blue,
The pearl which you have giv'n to man
Has pierced his soul through.

But now, O Queen, will you depart because your rival
comes?

Will you reclaim that pearl of peace which soothed
the weary heart?

O Lady, you are great indeed, but not so great as night,
For this nocturnal maid envelops us in dark,
Although at times she comes in silvery robes.
Her courtiers are the stars, her page the moon.

B. EDWARD.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

A little boy about so high,
Whose name for short was "Joe,"
Came limping home from school one day,
Much looking like a "bo."

His mother said in angry voice,
"Why how became you so?"

The youngster said, "I've whipped a Hun,
I'm a patriot, you-know."

JOHN T. BALFE.

TIME.

When sometimes daring forth a step or two,
I paint fair pictures of the days to be,
And dream of what the years may bring to me,
And guess which friend be false, which friend be true.

You false! O heart of mine, reject the thought,
And fain forget, if e'er you can forget,
That Time's not ours, that Life's a game of fret,
That some things must be so, and some must not;
For all this while we rage and chafe away

Is lost; if once it could come back to show,
Oh! what strange, weird tales surely it must bear,
Such deeds and words we mortals do and say—
The spirit speaks within, and then I know
That Time's our battle-hour, to fight, our share.

LEO R. WARD.

AN OLD OAK.

For ages past and present it has stood,
Reminding one of things to come, that last,
It lies enveloped in its ivy hood:

It grows the more as time goes slipping past.
You ask me what I speak about, I say
It is the oak that stronger grows each day.

JOHN RAILTON.

REMORSE.

'Twas the years that I spent in Bohemia,
Where Life is only a sham,
That estranged me from God, and made me
The miserable wretch that I am.

How I reveled in pleasure and mockery
Till the soul within me cried;
But observe its warnings, I could not,
And flickering then—it died.

E'en the power of Will had left me,
And passions surged unrestrained;
For the beast overthrew what was human,
And no vestige of Manhood remained.

Ah! but then, like a star in the Heaven
That suddenly flashes its light,
Just a faint ray of hope came gleaming—
I clutched it, and held it so tight.

It was only the face of a mother
Delirious phantasy showed,
But her heart with Love was beaming,
And eyes with her teardrops glowed.

It was then that I gave up Bohemia,
Its swine and its pleasures too,
But a dreadful sickness o'erwhelmed me
With pain that unbearable grew.

And now, as I lie in the fever,
I wonder if ever I can
Recall that fast-dying spectre—
The long-hidden spirit of Man.

JOHN REUSS.

THE OLD MANSION.

Its greatness and glory have dwindled to wreck and
decay,

And sadness is stamped on its silent lone walls;
Where once could be heard the sweet sounds of a soul-
stirring lay,

Or voices that echoed through bright spacious halls.
Yet still in those ruins, forlorn and grey,
Are remnants of glory now crumbling to clay.

B. KILIAN.

Profit in the Production of Beef.

BY RICHARD P. DEVINE, '20.

In this day of thrift stamps, smilage books, Red Cross contributions, and the like, when patriotism is so general throughout the country and everyone is sacrificing much to the national welfare, it might at first thought seem very untimely to be considering where and how financial gain can be made in beef production. In spite of the fact, however, that the average American farmer is a real patriot, he always looks to see where profit may be made before investing in any form of livestock. If the farmer knew that he was going to lose money on his cattle before buying them it is safe to say that there would be a great decrease in the number of cattle fattened.

A fact which every patriotic farmer should have in mind is that no particle of feed or food stuff produced on the farm should be wasted. And the feeding of beef cattle is one of the most efficient ways of utilizing this feed which would otherwise be wasted. Every bit of what would ordinarily be waste feed, such as corn fodder, stover, grasses, hay and such, converted into beef is another beefsteak for one of our soldiers at the front.

Fortunately, the facts mentioned are incentives to the more general production of beef. Everyone is doing his bit, either by saving food or by producing more for our soldiers, and never was there a more favorable cast of circumstances for the profitable production of fat cattle. The sciences of War and Agriculture, which are ordinarily so much opposed, now unite to give the farmer an opportunity of securing a greater and surer gain than ever before in the history of nations.

For some years past the general practice has been to divide the production of beef between the range and the cornbelt farm. The rancher has been breeding and raising beeves and putting them on the market as feeders. Then the cornbelt farmer would buy them in the open market and complete the finishing process on his farm. Then they would be again sent to market. But now the vast plains of the West are being reclaimed by our "dry farmers" so that there is not so much grazing land left, and we have the consequent dearth of feeders of quality on the market just when they are so imperatively needed.

How is this difficulty to be remedied? Production in the West will decrease instead of increasing, and it is doubtful if the South will ever produce an actual surplus of feeders. Hence we are forced to the conclusion that the cornbelt farmer will sooner or later have to raise his own feeders. As a matter of fact this is much more economical at the present time. But many farmers, even when well situated, are timid about taking up the business because the initial expense appears too great. But it is almost sure to come in time, and the pioneers are the ones who will get the greatest gain.

The saying that the "best is the cheapest" is especially true in regard to animals selected for feeders. In buying feeders the farmer should remember that the same animal will be going back to the market later, and that as a rule no amount of feed or care will make a prime steer out of a common or inferior feeder. Furthermore the animal that has quality will more than pay the surplus amount invested. It is about as easy to buy and sell the higher grade animal as the poorer, and it is a source of much more pleasure.

Most farmers are under the impression that while cattle are on the farm they are a source of continual expense. This is true to a certain extent, but one very important compensation is often overlooked, namely, the compensation in soil fertility. The modern farmer has come to realize that to assure continued success on the farm, the soil must be kept as near its virgin state as possible. The most inexpensive and thorough way of doing this is by feeding livestock on the land. To illustrate the value of this method, let us suppose that a man has fifty head of cattle on his farm. Within a feeding period of six months these cattle will produce about two hundred loads of manure. If we value the manure as low as one dollar per load, which is certainly a very conservative valuation, he will have about \$200 worth of fertilizer. To try to produce the same benefits from \$200 worth of commercial fertilizer would be a hopeless task.

The matter of feed for fattening cattle is probably the most important from a financial standpoint. However, to set down a definite rule for the use of feeds would be ridiculous. Each individual farm requires different treatment to secure the greatest possible gain. Everyone knows that it is foolish to use a high-priced feed when a cheaper one is an ade-

quate substitute, but it is up to the man on the farm to determine the real value of a feed, and whether or not one feed is in his case a good substitute for a more expensive one. But it is not so much a question of feeding cheapest or best feeds as it is a matter of avoiding waste in feeding.

But, as said before, the problem of feeding more than any other single factor in success devolves upon the individual. He alone must be the one to judge as to whether it will or will not pay to feed this or that feed, for he is the only one who knows just what it costs to make that feed available. The personal element here is a most important one.

The item of labor is another matter in which the "best is the cheapest" and not the reverse. A quarter of a dollar more a day is well spent if by paying it you get the services of a man who is a real man and not a machine. A machine may do a certain amount of work a day satisfactorily, but it has no initiative. A merely mechanical or disinterested man is worse than a machine in this work because more is expected of him than of a machine. The laborer's degree of efficiency is of the utmost consequence both to himself and to his employer.

Strange as it may sound, the greatest financial gain is often made, not in the feeding of the cattle, but in allowing hogs to follow the cattle which are being fed. A man may lose money on his cattle and still clear enough on the hogs to justify the feeding of the cattle. It is generally admitted that hogs put on more rapid, satisfactory and more profitable gains when following cattle than in any other way. It is more rapid because the food is predigested before it reaches the hog, which does not have to waste time and expend energy in assimilating it. It is more satisfactory because the food is constantly before the hog and there is no need of special labor in feeding it. And lastly it is more profitable because the same corn and other feed serves to fatten two animals.

It was estimated before the war that every time the people of the United States sat down to eat a meal it required thirteen thousand beeves along with hogs, sheep, and poultry, to fill the meat order. And since the beginning of the war the demand for beef has badly overtaxed the supply, in spite of our many meatless days. The producer has tried so gallantly to meet this great demand that he has even sacrificed many of his breeding animals. And thus

the supply must in time diminish, unless something is done to avoid it and done soon. The matter depends entirely upon the American farmer. Will he be equal to the situation in spite of the fact that he is not so well supported or so highly praised as other war-workers? He will breed and feed more cattle on his farm this year than ever before. And some day the great American people will realize well the fact that the farmer has done much to win the battles of this great war, that he has clothed and fed them, and has been the firm foundation upon which their government rests.

Thoughts.

Restraint is the mark of the gentleman.

A clouded sky is no excuse for an impatient mood.

The khaki is many a man's passport into eternity.

Moral courage is an unmistakable proof of manliness.

Only the pure of heart can know earthly happiness.

Friendship is mutual understanding and appreciation.

Charity constitutes the kinship between man and mankind.

Lift up your eyes and see how much good the world contains.

Poetry is nature and life as seen by the seeing mind of the seer.

A little time should be set aside each day for reflection on the eternal truths.

All men are born equal, but few take the pains to maintain their equality.

Open-mindedness is a golden highway along which travel only the rarest souls.

A good word in season, like the timely stitch, will often avert a great deal of trouble.

Inconsequential reading is dissipation of mind; conserve your intellectual energy.

How precious must be righteousness and justice to be maintained at the price of such a war.

Administering the government of a nation at war is a large task. We might help the President more by our prayers than by our advice.

Fitful spurts of application are of no consequence in getting an education. It's the steady pace that breasts the tape first.—J. H. McD.

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Board of Editors.

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—Owing to the unusual circumstances brought about by the prosecution of the war, the civil service Commission is greatly in need of capable

The Need of the Civil Service.

stenographers, and has inaugurated a nationwide campaign to recruit a sufficient number

of applicants to supply the need. Unfortunately there has been a tendency to look upon such service as a method of avoiding the "firing line." It should be remembered that loyalty and patriotism dwell not only within the shadow of the cannon. This period is essentially a period of service; but by service is not meant merely the shouldering of the rifle, but also the generous offer of ability in capacities which will promote the efficiency of internal as well as external defense. Hence it is to be expected that there will be a liberal response to this call for applicants, since it affords to those qualified an opportunity to give inestimable aid to the government in the performance of its gigantic task. On the front the machine gunners call their machine guns "typewriters," and it is now the task of the typists to make of their typewriters "machine guns."

—President Wilson in his address to Congress on February 11th said: "The method the German chancellor proposes is the method of the Congress of Vienna. We cannot and we will not return to that. Is it possible that Count Von

Hertling does not see that, does not grasp it, is in fact living in his thought in a world dead and gone?" Von Hertling in his address to the Reichstag on February retorted as follows: "President Wilson, who reproaches the German chancellor with a certain amount of backwardness, seems to me in his view of ideas to have hurried far in advance of existing realities." What a difference in standpoint! We do demand something beyond the existing realities Germany has created—we demand the observance of the rules of civilization, honor in national conduct, justice to small nations, none of which exist in Germany to-day, because of German Kultur. The slogan of the Prussian military staff is, "German necessity knows no law." This is the principle of their warfare; and they are living up to it to the letter. Wherever that blood-thirsty machine, the German army, has trodden it has left in its wake traces which can never be wholly effaced. The flames from burning cathedrals are construed as heavenly beacons beckoning the war lord to further conquest; the cries of the lone mother, of the ravished maiden, and of the trembling child are in truth voices proclaiming the glory of Kultur. Germany is a menace, a menace to the world. This fact is only now dawning on us; it is looming larger every day. For the past fifty years Germany has been forging in devilish secrecy a weapon with which to strike at the opportune moment. When Bismark died Europe fell asleep. She is now awaking. Bismark is not dead. He still lives in the cold-blooded legacy he has bequeathed to his nation; he lives in the ancient ideas which he has ingrained on the minds of his descendants. The difference between President Wilson's statement and the blindly defiant reply of Von Hertling is the difference between a future state free and just, and a past, cruel, unjust, treacherous and barbarous; the difference between American ideals and German Kultur. This is a war between two conceptions of the world, between right and might, between love and hate. God-given right must not, cannot yield; Christian love cannot die. The future is at stake; unnumbered generations to be, hang in the balance. The benediction of the God of Battles is on us now that we have unsheathed the sword in this, the hour of the world's peril. Let the scabbard be empty until victory is ours and until freedom has come upon the peoples of the earth.—T. F. H.

Local News.

—Notice! The student who last Tuesday afternoon was seen to pick up a baseball upon which the name of a Carroll Haller is written, is asked to return the same.

—“As Men Love,” our last movie, was a Paramount in which House Peters, as a renowned surgeon, took the leading part. Myrtle Stedman, playing opposite, was especially good, and the acting of the rest of the cast was up to the standard. The plot was pleasing enough, but its denouement—an unhappy characteristic of so many movies—was apparent long before the end came. “Bobby Bumps” once more defied parental authority with impunity. An encouraging feature of the entertainment was an improvement in the handling of the film.

—In commemoration of the anniversary of the battle of Lexington and Paul Revere's ride, the members of the New England Club will give a dance at the Oliver Hotel, Friday evening, April 19. Special entertainment will be offered by members of the club during the evening and music will be furnished by the Notre Dame orchestra. The general arrangement committee includes: Thomas Lavery, chairman; William Donovan, John Ambrose and John Jolly. The dance proceeds will be contributed to the K. of C. War Fund.

—The prefect of studies announces a short course in naval architecture to begin April 27. The course includes six weeks of continuous instruction and will qualify candidates for positions as naval architects in the government service. After the launching of the government's gigantic ship building program a dearth of technical men was experienced, and the inauguration of courses in naval architecture in recognized schools throughout the country has resulted. Students interested are requested to confer with the prefect of studies for additional information.

—A campaign for the purpose of selling Third Liberty Loan Bonds among the students was launched Wednesday evening at a meeting held by hall representatives and several members of the faculty. Judge Joseph Virpillat, of the law department, who has been actively engaged in government drives throughout Indiana presided at the meeting. Up to date St. Marys and Notre Dame have subscribed five hundred dollars each to the Liberty Loan

Fund. The following committee was appointed to make a thorough canvass of the residence halls: Brownson Hall—Conrad, Massuco, Ferran, Van Ackerman and McGrain; Badin Hall—Wilhelmi, Ott, Ward, Cusick and Richardson; Corby Hall—Philbin, Godes, Ott; Sorin Hall—Lemmer, Murray, Riley, Miller; Walsh Hall—McGuire, Beacom, and Thompson.

—Nearly a half century ago the first musical journal in the United States was founded by Freund. Last week this same man spoke in the Hall on the influence of music in every-day life. His venerable appearance seemed almost an hallucination when we heard the deep rounded tones in which he delivered his message. Mr. Freund deprecated the fact that, while our country spends \$500,000,000 annually for her music, has invented and produces the best musical instruments, we are not a musical people. Recreation is a necessary factor in keeping the young people straight, and what form of recreation is more elevating, more liberalizing than music? Such was Mr. Freund's message, and had he only time to read his whole lecture instead of handing it out to us piecemeal his talk would have been even more instructive and pleasing.

—On Wednesday evening of this week it was our privilege to hear a war-talk by Monseigneur Barnes, a man who has seen almost every side of the conflict. Monseigneur, before entering the priesthood, was a lieutenant in Queen Victoria's Royal Field Artillery, and when war started went back as a chaplain to his former companions-in-arms. He served for three years in that capacity. Some months ago at the request of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice he was transferred to the diplomatic service and came to this country.

Monseigneur's talk was full of interest and instruction. He told of crossing the Atlantic on a transport, of the air attacks on London and the difficulty of preparing for them, of the chaplains' life at the front, of the heroic and successful work of the Red Cross Service. He also described the taking of Jerusalem and the dramatic announcement of the news in London. His recountal was most interesting on account of the directness and vividness with which he related his experiences.

—The University Glee Club scored a decided hit with the concert given at the Mishawaka High School under the auspices of the Misha-

waka Council, Knights of Columbus, Wednesday evening. The various numbers of the program were enthusiastically encored. Jose Corona delighted the audience with two spirited operatic selections and Walter O'Keefe was also called back repeatedly. The proceeds are to be turned over to the K. of C. War Fund. Following is the program:

Overture, "Lustpiel"	Keler Bela
GLEE CLUB ORCHESTRA	
Land Sighting	Grieg
GLEE CLUB	
Solo—Selected	
JOSE CORONA	
Forsaken	Thomas Koschat
In Picardie	George Osgood
Specialty—Selected	
BANJO-MANDOLIN CLUB	
"Ecce Jam Noctis"	Chadwick
GLEE CLUB	
"When the Boys Come Home"	Oley Speaks
GLEE CLUB	
"A Bit of Irish"	
WALTER O'KEEFE	
The Sword of Ferrara	Ballard
GLEE CLUB	
Hawaiian Guitar Selection	
JOE ESS	
Song of Notre Dame	Rev. T. E. Burke
GLEE CLUB	

Personals.

—Another Brownsonite, Sergt. W. F. Conner of Co. F., 313th Field Engineers, Camp Dodge, Iowa, has gone to the colors.

—Brother Alphonsus has received word from a former Brownson Haller, Paul V. Duffy, who is in the medical service, stationed at Fort McPherson, Ga. Paul expects soon to be transferred to some port for passage to France.

—Edward G. Lindeman, a sergeant at Camp Zachary Taylor, informs us of two more Notre Dame men who have joined the colors. They are L. D. Keeslar (Ch. E., '15), who is now in the training school for officers, and Barney Lynch, old student, now in the 335th Ambulance Company.

—"Tim" Galvin informs us that Walter Gibbons of Chicago, a student in Walsh, 1910 to 1912, has seen twenty months of service with the French army, one year with the French Medical Corps, and some eight months with the French artillery. He is now with the United States department of Ordnance. He was in Paris when the first American soldiers arrived.

—Ira W. Hurley (LL. B., '14) in a recent

letter informs us that he is in quarantine at Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill. Ira is at present in the Quartermaster's department, but has asked to be transferred to the Naval Flying Corps. He expects to be sent into active service on the Pacific Coast soon.

—The number of stars in the N. D. Service flag is still increasing. Word comes from Mrs. Bower of Denver, Col., that her son Robert, a former student, has enlisted in the medical reserve corps, Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Also "Phil" Friederich of the same city has joined the aviation service at Kelly Fields, Texas. Mrs. Bower observes that everybody in Denver has gone to the war. Let us hope everybody will safely and quickly return to Denver when peace is again restored.

—Arnold McGrath of Brownson has recently received an interesting letter from Father Davis. Father Davis does not seem to feel that he received a very warm reception in France; he says that he has not experienced any heat since he left America. No butter encumbers their bill-of-fare and very little sugar. The old cry of the camp is again raised—mail—mail—mail. He wants the boys to write him and he wants plenty of jokes in the letters, for he says all he sees are blind men and men with wooden legs.

—Through Hugh J. Daly (LL. B., '12), who is a K. of C. secretary at Camp Logan, we have learned of two more Notre Dame men in the service—Stephen Herr (C. E., '10) and Jesse Herr (Ph. B., '13) in the Q. M. Dept. Hugh has also located three other men formerly students here, "Bob" Fischer, varsity quarter-miler in 1910 and 1911 and now a first lieutenant; Ladislaus Herman, candidate for shortstop in 1910 now a second lieutenant in France; also William ("Chubby") Corcoran, a first lieutenant on the U. S. S. Kentucky.

—The following Official Bulletin was issued by the United States Government under date of Tuesday, April 5. "Director General McAdoo announces that Angus D. McDonald, vice-president and comptroller of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has been temporarily detailed to Washington as acting treasurer for the United States Railroad Administration. The treasurer will be under the immediate supervision of the Director of Finances and Purchases." Mr. McDonald was a member of the class of 1900, and president of the Alumni

Association in 1916. In his college career he was captain of the baseball team and played as a back on the football eleven. The University and the alumni congratulate him on this latest recognition of his ability and trustworthiness.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame fight was again exemplified last Saturday afternoon in the first baseball game of the season against "Goat" Anderson's All Stars, when the Gold and Blue scored two runs in the eleventh inning after two men were out. The All Stars had shoved one run across in the forepart of the final inning, and when the first two men up in the Notre Dame half went out perfunctorily the game seemed lost. Then Bahan walked, and by beautifully sprinting scored a moment later when Sjoberg sent a slashing single between first and second. Captain Wolf walked and Philbin sent Sjoberg across the plate with the winning run by hitting a neat single to left.

Notre Dame was not very steady in the opening rounds. Errors put Murray in a bad hole in both the first and second innings, but he escaped by holding the All Stars to three runs. It was not until the fourth inning that Notre Dame got going with the bat. In that round Sjoberg started things by drawing a walk. Captain Wolf did the same. Philbin brought the crowd to attention by whaling a fast one for three sacks to deep center, scoring Sjoberg and Wolf. Barry got to first on an error. Fitzgerald struck out, but Philbin scored while the infield was retiring Andres.

With the score three up the two teams battled along on at an even pace until the eleventh. Murray was invincible, and throughout the whole game three hits was the total of the All Stars' slugging. Things looked dark for Notre Dame in the final round. With all his pinch hitters having tried to no avail in the tenth round Harper had to send in substitutes to finish the game. Murray got himself in a bad hole when he threw wild to first in an attempt to catch Koehler napping. The runner immediately scored when Bahan erred. Undismayed Notre Dame went to bat and clouted out two runs and a victory.

The team as a whole showed promise. The fielding was a bit ragged, and the attacking department will have to be smoothed out here and there. The chief ingredient of any athletic

team—fight—was on top in abundance, and Coach Harper may be relied upon to remedy the minor defects. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Ronchetti, cf.....	3	0	1	3	0	0
Bader, cf.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Bahan, rf.....	4	1	0	0	0	2
Sjoberg, 2b.....	2	2	1	5	4	1
Wolf, ss.....	3	1	0	2	3	1
Philbin, lf.....	6	1	3	10	2	0
Barry, lf.....	5	0	2	3	0	0
Fitzgerald, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Andres, c.....	3	0	0	7	1	0
Halloran, c.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Murray, p.....	4	0	0	1	2	1
*Mangin.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
†Morgan.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	36	5	7	33	13	5

*Mangin batted for Ronchetti in the 10th.

†Morgan batted for Andres in the 10th.

ALL STARS	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Claffey, 2b.....	5	1	0	4	5	0
Koehler, 1b.....	5	1	1	9	1	1
Toohey, cf.....	5	0	0	1	0	0
Dubois, lf.....	5	1	1	5	0	0
Aftowski, ss.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Wertz, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Baker, c.....	4	1	1	10	1	0
Bowman, rf p.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Moore, p, rf.....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	39	4	3	32*	9	2

*Two outs when winning run was scored.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame.....0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 2—5

All Stars.....2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—4

Sacrifice hit—Murray. Two-base hit, Dubois; three-base hit, Philbin. Double play, Aftowski to Claffey to Koehler. Struck out—By Murray, 7; by Moore, 4; by Bowman, 3. Base on balls—Off Murray, 1; off Moore, 3; off Bowman, 6. Umpire—Schaefer. Scorer—Szczepanik. Time of game—2:15.

Book Review.

"A FOUNDATION COURSE IN SPANISH," by L. Sinagnan. *Leyendas Historicas Mexicanas*, por Heriberto Frias, edited with Notes by James Bardin. New York. The Macmillan Co., 1918.

The two new texts will find a welcome among methodical teachers of Spanish. Prof. Sinagnan recognizes the disregard for English grammar current among high school students and makes due allowance by avoiding technicalities as far as possible and cautiously "stalking" the more difficult forms. His "Frases para uso en la clase" are a welcome innovation.

The second book is another contribution to the growing series of "Readings." It deals with the Aztecs of the time of Cortez. There is room for such a volume, but more practical interest would be aroused by readings from a later period of Mexican history.

Letters from Camp.

CAMP STANLEY, TEXAS.
January 27th, 1918.

March 17, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

Saying Mass this morning in a cathedral that St. Patrick probably saw, I felt close to Ireland and to home and you. It is a part of France that has both witnessed and made history for centuries. Kings and saints and revolutionists have had their day here, and left more or less eloquent testimony of their passing.

We had a delightful ocean voyage. I was not sick and did not miss a meal. We had Mass on shipboard and crowded attendance, also many confessions and communions. There was one first communion, that of a young soldier who had been baptised in camp, but had not, owing to quarantine, been able afterwards to get to Mass. Never have I seen a more beautiful soul. He was like John the Evangelist or the Polish trooper found upon the battlefield,—you will recall the incident described in "French Windows." Only this lad was in perfect physical condition, his martyrdom yet before him. I felt it would be that. Honestly, there was about him the consecration and the sanctity of innocence, and death, and paradise.

The port where we left the ship is one of the most interesting towns imaginable, though the streets are most abominably muddy and hilly and hotel accommodations not quite a la Blackstone or Belmont. Besides there weren't any. By the time I had told the pathetic story—at least my French was pathetic—of who we were and why we were at large, the estimable ladies in charge—ladies are in charge of everything here now—of the last hostelry we reached were ready to give us the town. They gave me their brother's room—*soldat au front*—and got rooms for Father Davis and Father Bennett at a friend's home near-by. Meals are excellent and food seems abundant.

After leaving the harbor city we travelled inland by rail through country as historic as picturesque. Everywhere we are cheered by the people, the children being especially friendly. "Good morning," they sweetly urge, with profound disregard for the actual time of day. Last night, in promenade, we were frequently greeted thus—but that is a little matter of language among friends.

We are resting here, preparatory to action, our real, big work. We are keen to go forward; we shall find our places naturally there. The priest needs no introduction to the men; they have known him always.

Personally I have met no N. D. men as yet—we are too far in the rear, perhaps, for that, but I have heard of a Stephens and a Kirby in this neighborhood.

The knowledge that we are prayerfully remembered at Notre Dame is a consolation and a joy. Those prayers are being answered hourly in our regard. Providence is so visibly with us. Affectionate greeting to the community and to all the boys (not forgetting the Minims).

Your devoted son in Christ,

Lieut. Charles E. O'Donnell, C. S. C.,

Address: Headquarters, 42nd Division,
A. E. F., France, *via* New York.Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Father Burke:

Just a word to thank you and Notre Dame for my appointment to the Third Officers' Training Camp. On January 5th, 1918, my battalion had just returned from three miserable days spent on the artillery range, and I was in the act of dismounting from a caisson, with my spirits in my shoes, when an orderly notified me to appear before the divisional chief of staff. I did so at once and was informed of my appointment by Notre Dame. Nothing could have been more opportune. The hardships of the previous five months were forgotten on the instant, and only the discipline gained during those five months, I really believe, enabled me to keep from shouting. On January 9th I arrived here, in company with the divisional contingent, and we have been working like Trojans every moment since then.

You may imagine my surprise on the day following my arrival, while at the depot rummaging around for my baggage, to run across a box with "Peter Yearn, 108th Engineers," written thereon in large letters. The following day I met him, and sure enough it was "Pete" himself. We are in the same barracks and he is certainly doing very well. He was recommended by his regiment direct, I understand.

He and I are the only Notre Dame men here, in so far as I know, though there were not a few in Camp Logan, at Houston, Texas.

Thanking you, the military committee, and the University for the kindness shown, and for the honor done me, and with an earnest determination to place another Notre Dame name on the commissioned list of Uncle Sam's army, if it lies within my power, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Russel C. Hardy.

6th Battery, Leon Springs Training Camp,

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
March 22, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:—

Unusual circumstances are the occasion of my writing to you to-night. I never attended school at Notre Dame University, but I have witnessed many a good football game there. I know quite a few of the N. D. graduates—among them Bill Mooney, Harry Scott, Ward Perrott, Fritz Slackford, "Pepper" O'Donnell and Joe Gargan. The last named is now a lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps here in France.

I know Joe very well and have had several letters from him since I arrived here in the latter part of last December. He passed through here one week ago last Sunday on his way to parts unknown, and as he will not be allowed to write for a month or so, he has asked me to write you and say he is enjoying excellent health and having one grand time. I am mailing a picture of Joe to George Hull in South Bend, and it may be that you will see it.

All indications are that the Americans will be there when the time approaches. Trusting you will hear from Joe soon, and with best wishes, I am, respectfully,
Raymond J. O'Reilly.

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

SUMMER SESSION, 1918

SUBJECT	DAYS	TIME	CR. HRS.	PROFESSOR
ACCOUNTING				
1S Elementary	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10-10:00	4	Bro. Cyprian
2S Intermediate	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10-10:00	4	Bro. Cyprian
3S Advanced	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	Bro. Cyprian
5S Forms, Special	Courses will be given if elected by at least five.			
AGRICULTURE				
1S General	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	W. A. Johns
2S General Horticulture	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	W. A. Johns
3S Pedagogy of Agriculture	M.T.	11:10	1	W. A. Johns
4S Home and School Gardening	W.Th.F.	11:10	1	W. A. Johns
5S Elements of Landscape Gardening	Given if elected by five.			Bro. Philip
ARCHITECTURE				
1S History of Ancient and Classic	M. T.W.Th.	8:10	1½	Francis Kervick
2S History of Medieval	M.T.W.Th.	9:10	1½	Francis Kervick
3S (a) History of Painting	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Francis Kervick
1S (a) Design, Elementary	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:00- 6:00	4	Francis Kervick
Design, Advanced				
Home Planning and Architectural Drawing				
ART				
1S-5S Freehand Drawing, Pen and Ink, Water Color. Modeling	Daily	J. Worden and V. L. O'Connor		
6S Oil Painting	Rev. Gregory Gerrer, O.S.B.			
ASSAYING				
3S Assaying	M.T.W.Th.(F. 11:10)	1:00-5:30	4	K. B. Smith
2S Assaying	M.T.W.	1:00- 5:30	2	K. B. Smith
ASTRONOMY				
1S Astronomy	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:15	3	J. Vera
BIOLOGY				
1S Plant. 3 Weeks' Course	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10-10:00	2	R. M. Kaczmarek
2S Plant (Lab.) 3 Weeks' Course	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:00- 5:30	2	R. M. Kaczmarek
3S Animal. 3 Weeks' Course	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10-10:00	2	R. M. Kaczmarek
4S Animal (Lab.) 3 Weeks' Course	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:00- 5:30	2	R. M. Kaczmarek
BOTANY				
1S (a) Organography	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	Bro. Gregory
1S (b & c) Cytology and Histology, or	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Bro. Gregory
1S (d) Ontogeny and Phylogeny				
2S (a) Plant Analysis Lab. for 1S (a)	M.T.	1:00- 6:00	1½	Bro. Gregory
2S (b & c) Lab. for 1S (b & c), or	M.T.	1:00- 6:00	1 or 1½	Bro. Gregory
2S (d) Histological Technique Lab. for 1S (d)				
Advanced Botany	If elected by five.			
CHEMISTRY				
1S General	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Rev. Leo Heiser
2S Laboratory for 1S	M.T.W.	1:00- 5:00	2	Bro. Austin
3S Advanced General	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10-10:00	4	Rev. J. Maguire
4S Qualitative Analysis	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:00- 5:30	4	Rev. Leo Heiser
5S Elementary Organic	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10	2½	Rev. J. A. Nieuwland
6S Experimental Organic	M.T.	1:00- 5:00	1½	Rev. J. A. Nieuwland
EDUCATION				
1S Philosophy of	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	Rev. W. Cunningham
2S Philosophy of Secondary Education	M.W.F.	11:10	1	J. H. Whitmarsh
3S Principles of	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	J. B. Christmann
4S Rural School Didactics	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:10	2	J. B. Christmann
5S Educational Psychology	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	J. H. Whitmarsh
6S History of Education	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	J. H. Whitmarsh
7S History of Education	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Rev. J. B. Delaunay
8S History of Modern Elem. Education	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	J. B. Christmann
9S Methods	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	J. H. Whitmarsh

SUBJECT	DAYS	TIME	CR. HRS.	PROFESSOR
10S Supervised Study	T.Th.S.	11:10	1	J. H. Whitmarsh
11S School Management	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	J. B. Christmann
ENGLISH				
1S Style	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	Rev. Thomas Lahey
2S Composition	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Rev. Thomas Lahey
3S Description, Narration	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	Rev. James McElhone
4S Exposition, Argumentation	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	Rev. James McElhone
5S The Essay	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	Rev. M. Quinlan
6S The Oration	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	Rev. M. Quinlan
7S The Short Story	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Rev. J. L. Carrico
Correct English				Rev. J. L. Carrico
ELOCUTION				
(The Speaking Voice, Expressive Movement, Interpretation, Public Reading, Impersonation, Extemporaneous Speech, Stage Art, Modern Stage Craft, Philosophy of Expression, Normal Course).				D. E. Sullivan
GEOLOGY				
1S Principles of	M.T.W.Th.	10:10-12:00	3	Knowles B. Smith
GERMAN				
1S Elementary	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Rev. Bernard Ill
2S Intermediate	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Bro. Daniel
3S Second Year	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	Rev. Bernard Ill
GREEK				
1S Elementary	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Rev. Michael Oswald
2S Greek Grammar, Xenophon	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10	2 1/2	Rev. Michael Oswald
4S Greek Epic.	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Rev. W. A. Carey
HISTORY				
1S History of Greece	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	James Hines
2S History of Greece	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	James Hines
3S History of Rome	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	James Hines
5S Medieval History	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	William Farrell
6S Modern History	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	William Farrell
7S American History	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	Rev. John O'Hara
8S South American Relations	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Rev. John O'Hara
10S Colonial History of South America	M.T.W.	11:10	1	Rev. John O'Hara
JOURNALISM				
5S Short Course in	M.T.W.Th.	8:10-10:00	3	J. M. Cooney
5S Advertising	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	J. M. Cooney
Special Courses				
LATIN				
4S Roman Epic	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10-12:00	2	Rev. W. A. Carey
Special Courses				
MATHEMATICS				
1S Trigonometry	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	A. Pino
3S Analytic Geometry	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00	5	A. Pino
4S Calculus, Differential	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Rev. Thomas Steiner
Advanced Courses				
MUSIC				
Gregorian Chant, Voice				Rev. Charles Marshall
Piano, Elementary				Bro. Basil
Piano, Advanced				John J. Becker
Violin, Cello				Frederick Ingersoll
Band and Orchestral Instruments				Charles Parreant
Theory, Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition				John J. Becker
Lectures				Hans Merx
PENMANSHIP		10:10-12:00		A. M. Heck
PHILOSOPHY				
1S Psychology (General)	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	Rev. Thomas Crumley
3S Psychology, Special Problems	Given if five elect it.			
4S Philosophy of Mind	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	Rev. W. Cunningham
5S Logic (General)	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	Rev. Thomas Crumley
7S Ethics	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10-12:00	4	Rev. Charles Miltner

SUBJECT	DAYS	TIME	CR. HRS.	PROFESSOR
PHYSIOLOGY				
1s Physiology	M.T.W.Th.	10:10-12:00	3	Rev. F. Wenninger
2s Physiology (Lab.)	M.T.	1:00- 5:00	1	Rev. F. Wenninger
PHYSICS				
1s Physics (General)	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Jesse Vera
2s Physics Lab. for 1s	M.T.W.Th.	2:00- 6:00	2	Rev. Joseph Donahue
3s Physics (General)	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00	5	Jesse Vera
4s Physics Lab. for 3s	M.T.W.Th.	2:00- 6:00	2	Rev. Joseph Donahue
5s Physics. Electrical Measurements	Given if five elect it.			
6s Physics. Calorimetry	Given if five elect it.			
7s Physics. Sound and Music	Given if five elect it.			
101s General Theory of Motion (graduate course)	Given if five elect it.			
PHYSICAL EDUCATION				
Playground Work	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00		Knute Rockne
Coaching				
Football	Daily	8:10-10:00		Knute Rockne
Track, Basketball, Baseball. Each two periods per week		1:30- 2:30		Knute Rockne
Treatment of Injuries		2:30- 3:30		Knute Rockne
RELIGION				
Apologetics	M.T.W.Th.F.	2:10- 3:00	2	Rev. Louis M. Kelly
Methods of Teaching Religion	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:10- 2:00	2	Rev. John B. Delaunay
ROMANCE LANGUAGES				
French				
Elementary	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Rev. Charles Doremus
Intermediate	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00	5	Bro. Exupere
Second Year	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	Rev. Charles Doremus
Spanish				
Elementary	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	José Corona
Intermediate	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10-12:00	5	José Corona
ECONOMICS				
6s Principles of	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	Joseph Plante
7s Elements of Transportation	M.T.W.Th.F.	11:10	2	Joseph Plante
9s Business Law	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	11:10	2½	John Tiernan
14s Commercial Geography	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	Joseph Plante
18s Socialism or Minimum Wage Legislation.	Given if elected by five.			Rev. William Bolger
POLITICS				
1s Principles of	M.T.W.Th.	8:10-10:00	3	Rev. William Bolger
2s American Government and Politics	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10-12:00	4	William Farrell
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING				
1s Projection Drawing	M.T.W.	1:00- 5:00	2	F. X. Ackerman
2s Projection Drawing	M.T.W.	2:00- 6:00	2	F. X. Ackerman
3s Machine Drawing	Th.F.S.	1:00- 5:00	2	F. X. Ackerman
5s Descriptive Geometry	Th.F.S.	2:00- 6:00	2	F. X. Ackerman
8s Analytic Mechanics	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	W. L. Benitz
5s Elements of Steam Engineering	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00	5	W. L. Benitz
4s Kinematics	M.T.W.Th.F.	1:00- 5:00	3	W. L. Benitz
20s Direct Current Motors and Generators	M.T.W.Th.F.	9:10	2	J. A. Caparo
21s Alternating Currents	M.T.W.Th.F.	10:10	2	J. A. Caparo
22s Radio	M.T.W.Th.F.	8:10	2	J. A. Caparo
3s Foundry Practice	M.T.	1:00- 6:00	1	Bro. Denis
4s Machinshop, First Year	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	1:00- 6:00	4	Bro. Denis
5s Advanced Machinshop	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	1:00- 6:00	4	Bro. Denis
Ordnance and Gunnery. Mechanics of the Airplane. If elected by five.				
COLLEGE OF LAW				
Contracts	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00	5	Judge F. J. Vurpillat
Corporations	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	5	John Tiernan
Business Law	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	11:10	2½	John Tiernan
Evidence	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	8:10-10:00	2½	John Tiernan
Real Property II	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	1:10- 3:00	5	Judge G. Farabaugh
International Law	M.T.F.	5:00- 6:00	1	William Hoynes
Constitutional Law	M.T.W.Th.F.S.	10:10-12:00	5	William Hoynes

Safety Valve.

GERALDINE—Tell me, Joseph, do you still believe in me; is your faith as strong as ever?

JOSEPH—Of course I believe in you, Geraldine. Didn't I spend seventy-five cents to buy you candy? Do you think I'd be that reckless if I didn't believe?

GER—But I don't care anything about material things. I am talking of the affections. Do you have heart hunger?

JOS—Not hunger so much as thirst since the place went dry. It's awfully dry, deary, when you're away.

GER—But I am dreadfully serious, Joe, and want you to tell me truthfully if you ever stay awake nights thinking of me and longing and pining and—

JOS—Thursday night I didn't sleep a wink, Jerry. You may not believe that, dear, but it's gospel truth.

GER—And did you think of me each minute?

JOS—No. I thought about my toothache. It was one of those jumping toothaches that stab a fellow every second.

GER—I insist, Joseph, that you be serious with me. I don't want you to joke like this.

JOS—So a toothache is a joke, is it? Wait till you get one yourself and have to jump out of bed and walk on the cold floor, and—

GER—I don't mean the toothache. You tried to deceive me—to make me think you stayed awake for me.

JOS—Didn't I stay awake for you in church last Sunday when you prodded me every minute with your umbrella. Didn't I, now, tell the truth?

GER—Joseph, I know you don't adore me. You have no more affection for me than a Hill St. motorman has for his car.

JOS—Why pick on the poor motorman? No one could love a Hill St. car.

GER—I'm not picking on anyone. I just want to tell you that I'm finished—

JOS—You're finished? I thought you would talk for an hour more.

GER—I don't mean finished talking. I mean finished with you.

JOS—You mean to say you're not going to eat any more of my candy?

GER—No, I'm not.—JOS—I'll buy you gum then.

Jimmy was a poor little Walshite who had no one to love him. He went over to St. Mary's to see his cousin, but he was turned away because he got her first name wrong, and as he fled home the stone dogs on the lawn barked at him. He then tried to enter by way of the ravine, but when he was approaching the summer house he was met by a kind looking man. "What do you want, my poor little boy," the man asked him. Then Jimmy related his sad story, how he was all alone in the cold, cold world and had no one to love him and how his cousin was dwelling in St. Mary's College and was pining to see him, but said they had been rudely torn apart. The kind man looked down into the poor boy's face. There was something in the appealing blue eyes that touched his heart. He struck him violently over the head with a club and Jimmy rolled down the hill. The kind-looking man was the watchman.

CONCEITED.

She had a very pretty face,
Her eyes were ocean blue,
She would, were it not for her way,
Have won the heart of you.
But as you passed her by you felt
Her beauty all was hid
Because she looked no better than
She really thought she did.

She had a good supply of brains
And she was clever too,
With all her cleverness she seemed
Not to appeal to you.
She got upon your nerves quite soon,
Of her you would be rid,
Because she knew not one thing more,
Than she believed she did.

MISHAPS.

It's strange that when I visit her
And try to be polite,
And make her city cousins think
That I am erudite,
That when I take my handkerchief
And open up its folds,
I find—I blush to think of it—
The darn thing full of holes.

It's strange a garter that has held
A dozen weeks or more
Should break the night I visit her
And trail across the floor,
Or that my collar should come loose
And start to climb my neck—
Her folks must think that I'm about
The crudest thing on deck.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

In calc. and trigonometry,
Some funny problems come,
With formulae so intricate
They make you figure some.
But, boys, the problem difficult,
Is musing if the right
And proper thing for you to do
Is kiss the Girl good-night.

The engineers have puzzling things
That they must figure out.
The jurist, too, must use his head
And often is in doubt.
But, boys, the problem difficult,
That makes the rest seem light,
Is musing if you'd better try
To kiss the Girl good-night.

In class and on the football field,
We find the lucky few,
Who always know in puzzling times
The proper thing to do.
But I would like to see the guy,
He surely must be bright,
Who knows if he had better try
To kiss the Girl good-night.

J. L. O'R.