

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 29, 1921.

No. 14.

TO ROBERT E. LEE.

(Born January 19, 1807.)

KING of the chastened battle sword, and seeker of the Grail,

We bid your spirit lead our hosts to holy heights again;

It matters not the distant stars make every craven quail—

Far worse this living in the sedge, this mireland's murky stain.

If thy great blade came gleaming down the path-way to the sea

And with it stood a million men, with early morning grey,

The dross would leave our weary limbs, and our sad hearts be free—

With shining eyes a-following the Captain who could pray.

—M. E. W.

TIMOTHY EDWARD HOWARD,
PROFESSOR AND JURIST.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C., '23.

IN the jubilee commencement of 1917 Notre Dame conferred degrees on men who a few weeks before had left her halls to enter military training camps. The like had occurred before. More than half a century earlier, in 1862, when Notre Dame was just out of her teens, a young man, battle-scarred in daring service, returned to the University to receive his degree. This youth, Timothy Edward Howard, was one of a brilliant graduating class of five. One of the others was Michael Brown, afterwards a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; another was Joseph Lyons, who became a life-long companion-professor of Howard's; and a third was another Howard, who, like Timothy Howard's parents, was a native of Ireland, and who, like Timothy Howard, was severely disabled during the War of the Rebellion.

All the members of the class took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and before the end of the decade Timothy Howard and three of his classmates were Masters of Arts.

Young Howard's entrance into the Union Army and his term of military service are eminently characteristic of the man. He had come to Notre Dame in the spring of 1859 and had at once assumed the double duties of student and professor. At no trifling sacrifices he had previously made two years of his college course at the University of Michigan. But even now he was not to remain to take his degree. The Union needed his services, perhaps his life. No demonstration marked his departure for the army. The men who lived here in those days present on this point unanimous testimony. The authorities at the University heard of him a few days later: he was on his way to the South, as a member of the Michigan Infantry. He was presently to prove himself a fighting man, though he was always most careful to avoid anything like ostentation. His career before, during, and after his military experiences, showed him a warrior. As he stood for the Union at Shiloh on April 6, 1862, a Rebel rifleman prematurely ended Howard's fair promise of a brilliant military career. The bullet grudgingly spared his life. It entered his neck, came menacingly near to the jugular vein, and passed out through the left shoulder. That event definitely determined that Timothy Howard was to take up other weapons and fight on other fields. For the next month he faced death as he lay in a hospital in Evansville, Indiana. Hints suggestive of the sufferings of those days, and of the manner in which this Christian warrior bore them—"feverish sleep," "utter weakness unto death," and "Pain shall still my soul refine,"—these we find in a poem which he penned during convalescence. "He never

complained, no matter what was the matter" is the testimony of one who knew him from that time until the day of his death. The "shuffling feet" of those who carried away the bodies of other young men broke in on his restlessness to preach convincingly to him. "And I?" he questioned himself. His answer was an enviably holy life.

It seems that the wounded youth did not relish at all the fact that the soldier's life was not any longer for him. He was forced upon recovering to set himself to something else. And he was always versatile. In his very first years he learned to apply himself and to make the most of what was at hand. The scene of his assuredly difficult and invaluable early lessons was a farm near Ann Arbor, Michigan. The getting of the rudiments of education involved sacrifices that proved the quality of the man. He had at eighteen made his way through a local high school and entered the University of Michigan. Those were not easy times. Yet an ancient, recalling that period and looking out upon our own, says: "The people had no luxuries then; but they had enough to eat, anyhow,—as not everyone has now." The privations of poor students in those days are beyond our comprehension. They had no luxuries and were in many instances without the ordinary comforts and necessities. It was a stock reminiscence with the later Judge Howard that he and his room-mate once lived for an entire week on twenty-five cents worth of food. They cut wood to pay for their lodging, and in that practical task learned at least in a practical way that hickory is hard. Such difficulties, however, were not hindrances but incentives to Timothy Howard. He had overcome greater difficulties. His father's death had left him a tall stripling of fourteen; but the lad had taken the affairs in hand like a man, operated the farm, and "raised the seven children." He was wont to relate in after years that as a fifteen-year-old boy he once drove by himself a distance of fifty miles to procure a load of lumber. These initial handicaps would appear insurmountable to an ordinary youngster, but despite them young Howard progressed most admirably until his sophomore year at Michigan, when sickness at home indefinitely postponed the completion of his course. Even then he kept

up in some measure his precious studies, by teaching in the country schools and serving as inspector of schools.

From the time when Timothy Howard entered Notre Dame, in the Spring of 1859, his life and hers were intimate. He was ever an interested witness of her marvellous growth, and he was not an unimportant factor in her exterior expansion and interior integrity. Upon his return from his military service Howard for a time seriously considered the priestly vocation. A priest who knew him then and for years afterward, says, "He would have been an honor even to God's priesthood." But mature and counselled reflection urged him to remain a lay professor. In his own words, he decided to "mate with saintly men" and to "dwell apart with heroes." The life of a teacher at that time even more than now was not in every way attractive; there was in it little enough of material compensation and nothing of glamour. But Timothy Howard was prepared to devote himself to it disinterestedly, with zeal and edifying ardor. He taught successfully at various times widely differing subjects—English Literature, Astronomy, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and others. There is extant even a photograph of Professor Howard and his surveying class. His name is recorded among those who, in the St. Aloysius Literary Society, "were wont to wax warm in the debate," and among "the most distinguished editors" of the *Progress*, the forerunner of the *Scholastic*. Professor Lyons in his "History of Notre Dame" notes that "Notre Dame has a fine telescope, the gift of the Emperor Napoleon, and a resident Professor of Astronomy, Professor T. E. Howard." "Professor Howard," he comments, "is one of the best mathematicians in the West." At the organization of the Notre Dame Alumni Association in 1868, the professor was unanimously chosen as its poet, and he read "the poem" and delivered "the oration" at the silver jubilee of the University, celebrated in 1869. Father Sorin once offered a hundred dollars for the best essay on politeness, which was won by Professor Howard with a series of essays on politeness and education, "based on Christian principles." At Father Sorin's request he read his treatise to the students during meals. He

frequently contributed to various Catholic periodicals, and for an excellent poem was awarded a life subscription to the *Ave Maria*.

During all those full years Professor Howard embodied in his life the qualities all-important for the teacher. He was both master and student. He did not cease to prepare for his work after he had taken his degrees, but broadened and deepened his fund of knowledge and its applications until he was a comprehensive and accomplished scholar. Indeed he was not naturally brilliant. One who taught him in his first years at Notre Dame says: "He was a plodding man—not brilliant." No small factor in his success was the fact that the students were "his boys." "*Suaviter in modo*," he says expressly, was his motto. "What success," he asks, "will the tyrannical teacher have in winning the love of his classes?" He styles the teacher a trainer of the heart as well as of the mind—one who "does not forget the Great Teacher."

The long period of Timothy Howard's service to the state should not be passed over lightly. As councilman in 1878 he secured the first park for South Bend, named in gratitude by the city "Howard Park." Later he was successively county official, state senator, and supreme judge of Indiana. He was author and promoter of the Momence Bill for draining the Kankakee Swamp, and he performed the very large and exacting task of codifying the laws of Indiana.

It was not until he was forty-six years of age that he began his study of the law; yet he became a lawyer and a judge of the first rank. He was never a pleader or practitioner, but rather an interpreter and teacher of the law, and a counsellor for the poor and even for lawyers themselves. It should be noted that he never became a politician in the ordinary sense of the term. Of his own volition, "he was utterly lacking in the arts of the politician." One who was associated with him in those years says, "He laid down what the party intended to do, and I guess he thought you'd vote for him if he was good enough." He received from Notre Dame in 1893 the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and five years later he was awarded the Laetare Medal in recognition of his "services to religion and morality, education and the

law, as well as his personal worth as a man, a citizen, and a public official."

Professor Howard was a teacher at Notre Dame for a score of years before his entry into the service of the state. In 1907, after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, he returned to his Alma Mater, this time as a professor of law. Notre Dame bore exteriorly the marks of great change; but that the learned Judge could without any difficulty fit himself back into the old life, eloquently proclaims that the heart of her had not changed. The Judge went about the trying details of teaching with the same placidity as in his early years, and the same quiet success attended his diligent efforts. The students of the first years of the twentieth century, like those of the mid-nineteenth, found in Professor Howard a father as well as a preceptor. Peace of soul shone out of his every feature; the very stride of this stately and venerable Judge bespoke his great mind and heart.

Thus this veteran battled on till past the three-quarter-century mark of his age. In his early years he had chosen Notre Dame as the field for the exercise of his well-balanced powers; and here he would finish his term of service. "Press on boldly, patiently, honorably, till your life is crowned with success." For nearly four score of years he himself lived up to this his own advice to young men.

When at length he felt his end approaching he said, "I feel out of place among the boys." This was at the commencement time of 1916. The President of the University wanted him to resume his teaching in September. He would "think it over," he was "getting tired," and was thinking of retiring. The truth was that he was not well. The physicians urged a serious operation which had been long delayed, and he submitted. He was not to rally. But every temporal and spiritual affair was well in order.

The last, beautiful, serene days which Judge Howard spent upon earth were perhaps a revelation even to those who had known him longest and best. He had always been a most conscientious "Christian gentleman." "In Judge Howard," says one admirer, "you have a type of man that, humanly speaking, reaches perfection. The

eulogies of Judge Howard are true—absolutely.” “I never knew anyone who came nearer to my idea of perfection,” asserts a certain religious whose idea of perfection is not mediocre; “he was what I would consider a perfect man.” Retired and unassuming, “he was always, even on his death-bed, considerate of others.” One who lived with him intimately for eighteen years declares that he never discovered any difference between his public and his private conduct; “no divergence—always the gentleman.” “I don’t know a finer thing about Judge Howard,” says the same witness, “than the way he talked to the Blessed Virgin and Christ at the time of his death, as if They were right there. It had never come out before, but it showed what he had been thinking about.”

Judge Howard’s cardinal virtue was modesty. “He was never too forward—never!” asserts a life-long associate. It was his honest endeavor to efface himself from anything he put before the public, as his delightful essays and poems. His most unfailing characteristic—his desire and care to be unknown—is everywhere in evidence. Priests and religious were always objects of great reverence to him, and he would not transgress the least-binding law of the Church. Like most teachers and all modest politicians, he was a poor man. Yet he was always glad to share what he had with the needy, and for years was most devoted to the work of the St. Vincent of Paul Society. He often said that he had “no desire for more than the necessities of life.” In 1864 he married Miss Julia Redmond, of Detroit. For several years they lived in a small house near St. Mary’s gate at Notre Dame and subsequently in South Bend. For the golden jubilee of their wedding their ten children planned a celebration; but, characteristically, the old couple slipped away to Detroit, where they celebrated their jubilee by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion in the church in which they had been united a half century before. His wife tells that when he learned that he was to be the recipient of the Laetare Medal he was unable to sleep a wink that night—“he felt so bad about it.”

In his declining years, when his life flowed on as unruffled as a brook, Judge Howard was fond of taking the willing listener back

to the Notre Dame of the past. Her trials and triumphs had been in a very real sense his own. An important part of his life’s armor he had here forged; with that he battled, and, like his Alma Mater, he never ceased to add strength to his position. Apparently a catastrophe to both of them came in the great fire of ’79. The Professor was in the habit of attending Mass at Notre Dame; but on the Sunday following the fire he said: “I hate to go to Notre Dame to church today; I’m afraid Father Sorin will be all broken up.” The great founder of Notre Dame, however, was braver than even Professor Howard thought him. Nothing could have pleased the Judge more than the contagious pluck with which the venerable priest faced the situation. “We’ll all get together,” he said, “clear away the ruins, and build again.” Indeed Father Sorin always took pains to encourage Professor Howard. After he had passed away the Judge spoke of him as “ever partial to whatever I have tried to do, since the first day I entered these sacred precincts, now nearly forty years ago.” “I have known as dear friends,” he said, “the many modest, untiring, and devoted men of God who have wrought the great work.” And few, if any indeed, even of those men of God were more modest than Timothy Howard himself, this man of God, and few, if any of them, addressed themselves more unsparingly to “the great work” than this true son of Notre Dame.

THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN.

HAROLD E. MCKEE, '22.

The small mountain village of Wolf Crossing in Idaho was ablaze with excitement. The stage which comes up from Mackey with the mail had arrived the night before with a tenderfoot aboard for that particular town. Wells Sharkey, a red-nosed, hard-headed cowpuncher, who loved a fight as much as he hated a tenderfoot, had heard the news and was now on his way to the scene. In the Crossing saloon were several townsmen, awaiting in considerable excitement the arrival of the cowpuncher.

“He ought to be getting here purty sudden,” speculated the bartender, consulting his watch; “I wonder if”—a horse galloped up and stopped in front of the saloon, and Wells

Sharkey, his nose a trifle redder from the wild ride and the excitement, strode into the room. "Whar's that there tenderfoot?" he bellowed, glaring at each man present.

"He put up at old man Kims last night, but we aint seen nuthin of him today," volunteered one of the townsmen.

"I reckon he knows what's good for that tender hide of his," chuckled Wells as he walked over to the bar.

"Wait till you see him, Wells; he's a little feller only about five feet and a half—"

"It don't make no difference how little he is or how big," broke in Wells; "he's a tenderfoot and needs to be taught a thing or two. What you drinkin', boys? Let's have a drink, and then we'll go scoutin' for him and when we run him down, I'll—"

"Look," cried the bartender excitedly, pointing to a short but well-built young fellow in khaki who was standing in the doorway, "there he is now."

"Oh, so there you are, mister tenderfoot," snarled Sharkey, glowering at the stranger in the doorway, "Well, don't stand there blinkin' like a drunk coyote; come in!"

"Thanks," replied the young man quietly as he proceeded up to the bar. "What have you in the line of cold drinks?" he inquired of the bartender.

"Gin fizzes, ginger ale, an—"

"Aw, give him a malted milk; that's all a tenderfoot can drink without stranglin' to death," hissed Sharkey.

"By George, I shall take one at that;" "Will you have one also?" nodded the stranger to the cowpuncher.

Sharkey only growled, and one of the townsmen demanded, "Say, tenderfoot, what brought you up here? What's your business here?"

"I'm prospecting for copper."

"Oh, another one of those snooping engineers, eh?" drawled Sharkey sarcastically.

"No, you're wrong, Mr. Cowboy; I'm a mining engineer."

"Oh, but ain't you the fresh little tenderfoot!" roared Sharkey. "Say, Mr. tenderfoot, that's a nice yaller shirt you got on there; did mamma iron it so nice for you? I wonder if it would look the same with this on it"; and Wells scooped a handful of dust from the floor of the barroom and threw it on the stranger.

"Oh, I don't mind a little dust. My shirt was dirty and I was going to change anyway."

"So you've got another one, eh? Well, I'll bet you ain't got another one of these right handy," and Sharkey snatched the tenderfoot's felt hat, tore out the crown and then pushed the rim down over the stranger's ears amid shouts of derisive laughter from the natives of the Crossing.

"Say, don't you think you've gone a bit too far with this joke?" asked the tenderfoot, struggling with the hat rim.

"What if I have? Who'll stop me? I'd like to see anyone try, especially some tenderfoot," sneered the cowpuncher.

"But tearing up a man's hat is a—"

"Say, stranger, I don't take sass from nobody—"

"But you—"

"I'll show you how we treat guys that get fresh with Wolf Crossing folks," roared Sharkey rolling up his sleeves.

"Will you hold this for me, please?" asked the young man with a slight tremor in his voice, as he handed a ring to the bartender.

"What you takin' that off for?" bellowed the cowpuncher.

"Why, it might cut your jaw or put out your eye if I should happen to hit you with it."

"What you think of that, boys?—he's goin' to hit me—goin' to hit Wells Sharkey—that's a good one! But hold the darn thing for him if you want to. He probably won the old ring at a ladies' tea party for being able to drink tea without sugar."

"No, I didn't; that's—"

"Yes, you did," chirped in the bartender, examining the ring. "You won it at a tea party all right, but for dancin' instead of drinkin' tea. See here, it's got U. N. D.—means unusual nice dancer, don't it, tenderfoot?"

"No, it doesn't mean anything of the sort," hotly retorted the tenderfoot.

"Then what does it mean?" yelled Sharkey, with clenched fists as he came towards the stranger.

"It means University of Notre Dame."

"Notre Dame?" hoarsely whispered the cowpuncher with a pallor sneaking into his ruddy cheeks, "Why I—I—ah—say, I've got chores to do at the ranch, and I ain't got no

time to be monkeying with no visitor," he said in excuse as he shuffled towards the door.

"But, Wells," called the bartender—

"I ain't got no time, I tell you," insisted the cowpuncher, striding out the door followed by the disappointed villagers.

"Are you goin' to let him off scott free, Wells? Aint you goin' to scrap him an' teach him somethin'?" pleaded a grey-haired native as Wells mounted his horse.

"Scrap him nuthin'," returned Wells, picking up the reins, "that guy's from Notre Dame and I aint takin' no chances; I've heard a few things about them Finghtin' Irish before," and putting the spurs to his pony, Wells Sharkey, the red-nosed hard-header cowpuncher, disappeared down the road in a cloud of alkali dust.

VARSIITY VERSE.

MIRTH.

O Young man, Sing!—the north winds blow
And whirl and dance o'er worlds of snow
In better lands,—and blossoms rare,
All pink and white, are tossed somewhere;
And somewhere heart-flushed rubies glow.

Far off, amidst a chequered show
Of tents and spices: to and fro
Pace turbaned men without a care—
O, young man, Sing!

O'er distant seas, new vikings row,
And distant towns sink soft below
Deep skies of peacock blue and there,
With sun-tanned arms and wind-tossed hair,
Are maidens to your fancy! So,
Sad young man, Sing!

—V. E.

MA PETITE DENISE.

On the River Sevre in France
In a red-tiled Bréton manse

Once I met a demoiselle,
With Titian hair and spirit rare:
She was fair beyond compare.

Vraiment, I remember well.

While I drank her father's wine
She would rest her hand in mine,

Or my hair she'd fondly seize,
Swearing ne'er to let me go,
For, she said, she loved me so.

Then I'd squeeze petite Denise,

And reply, "Now promise you
Will remain forever true,

For I'm coming back some day."
But I fear she will forget
That we two have ever met—

She was four years old last May.

—D. C. G.

THE DIPLOMAT.

Mr. Beaucard looked up from his evening paper as his pretty young daughter tripped into the room arrayed in her best apparel. He gave her a scrutinous "once-over," removed the cigar from his mouth, and demanded in a none too affable tone, "What's up tonight, Esther?"

"Why father, hasn't mother told you? This is the evening Mr. Rombeau is calling."

The mother, who was busily engaged in sewing, stopped to explain. "Oh yes, father, I had forgotten all about it. Mr. Rombeau is coming over tonight."

"Mr. Rombeau! Mr. Rambeau! Who is Mr. Rombeau? I don't know anybody by that name! What does he want with me?" sternly inquired the head of the family.

"Oh, you don't understand, father. He is calling on *me*!" explained Esther with a little laugh.

"What's that! what's that!" returned the aroused father quickly; "do you mean to tell me some young fellow is coming here to see you tonight?"

"Yes, father," meekly replied the daughter. "He is—"

"Just wait a minute, young lady. Haven't I told you time and again that I won't allow you to go with these young scalpins? You are too young and I won't have it."

It was evident that Mr. Beaucard's temper was not of the hand-crank kind; it was automatic and off at the push of the button. Esther braved the storm and continued:

"But he is even on his way now and I can't send him home."

"Daughter, little do you realize the gravity of life. What you need is a little more discipline. You have been going out too much lately and now you top it all off by inviting some block here tonight despite my telling you that you cannot go out until you are eighteen."

"He is not that," protested Esther; "he is our new neighbor and I think it rude of you if you don't allow him to get acquainted. Besides he is a gentleman and comes from nice people."

"You heard what I said, didn't you?" snapped the father.

"I know Mrs. Rombeau," interceded the mother, "and I am sure there will be no

harm in allowing the young man to call to-night."

"You might meet him, anyway," added Esther.

"Yes, I'll meet him; you can bet I'll meet him! Now you go to your room, Esther, and I'll attend to this!"

With the tears forcing themselves to her eyes, the girl retired to her chamber, not knowing what else to do. The mother tried again: "The Rombeaus are strangers in the neighborhood and we must treat them with respect. They are French and their feelings are easily hurt, and they would never get over it if you should send Jack home tonight. Mr. Rombeau returned from Paris a few days ago; he frequently goes on missions there, and his son must be a boy of some consequence."

"Oh, so this Rombeau is a Frenchman and goes to France, does he? Well, well!"

An idea started to buzz in Mr. Beaucard's "sensorium." His lips smacked and unconsciously moved into a vague smile. He was awakened from his revery by a ring of the door bell, and he arose to answer it.

Esther from her room above heard the bell and her father go to answer it. She felt that something dreadful was going to happen. In her misery she could have cried aloud. Humiliated and mortified, she wept copious tears, in the midst of which she heard the door open below. She could not quite believe her ears, but she thought she heard her father say, "Oh yes, step right in, my boy! Fine evening, isn't it? Just give me your hat. I'll call Esther immediately. Step in the parlor and have a chair!" The girl quickly dried her tears and hurried down stairs in delight.

The greeting between Esther and Jack was more or less restrained, on account of the paternal censorship. Esther could not account for the sudden turn in the situation, but anyhow she rejoiced that her father had "used his head." Since that first call of Jack's, Mr. Beaucard and Mr. Rombeau, Sr., have become fast friends. We might add that when the former enters the home of his Parisian friend it is not usually through the front door but by way of the porte-cochère, which leads to a cryptic treasury of French champagnes.

—FRANCIS D. OTT, '22.

"ROOM FO' ONE."

"Room fo' one!" called out the colored waiter in the dining car of an east-bound train of the New York Central. George Reed, who was returning from his Christmas vacation to resume his school work at the University of Notre Dame, looked up from the paper which he was reading, while waiting at the entrance door.

"Right, heah, sah," beckoned the negro, pointing to a vacant place at a small table. George stepped up slowly, and having reached the table, found the place for his hat under the chair without attracting too much attention to his unfamiliarity with the etiquette of the dining-car. Before he was seated the waiter was already at his elbow. "Fo' two?" he asked, as George handed him the order for the dinner.

"Yes, sir," answered Reed absent-mindedly, being too much preoccupied with the novelty of his surroundings. When the waiter had walked away, George felt for his hat in order to make sure that it was under the right chair, and then glancing across the table he encountered a pair of searching eyes that made him feel a wave of warmth rising from the region of his heart to the roots of his hair. He looked indifferently to the other side of the car—where a lady and a little girl of six or so sat at a table.

"Don't you like creamed asparagus with meat, Mamma?" asked the young one.

George became suddenly conscious of the odor of fried steak, which reminded him of the veal chops and other things he had ordered for his own supper, and he instinctively looked to the table to see whether they had not already arrived. He had for the once forgotten the silent spectator on the opposite side of the table, but there she was, a girl of not more than twenty, now looking out of the window. For a moment he watched the fleeting lights and shadows play upon her delicate features.

"Hasn't that lady lovely hair, Mamma?" remarked the little girl across the aisle.

George looked up to his fair table-companion and could not help admiring the brown, smoothly combed hair, gathered into neat puffs over her ears. Her features were so delicate that they threatened to melt at any moment into the surrounding brightness.

"And did you see, Mamma, how pretty she looks in her blue suit?"

George glanced up again. "She does look good in that well-tailored, dark-blue suit," he assented mentally.

"Heah you ah, sah," the waiter broke in, interrupting George's observations with a shock; "veal shops, creamed asparagus, French fries fo' two."

"I ordered for one only," objected George in some confusion.

"Never mind," spoke up the girl smiling; "I ordered the same, and so I'll take the other dish."

"Thank you," George answered automatically.

The dinner went on in silence. Reed now felt that since the first word had been spoken it depended on him to further the conversation. "This meat reminds me of the porter-house steak we get every day at Notre Dame," he began; "we can smell it all over the grounds two hours before breakfast and supper."

"And the buns we get every morning," he continued, encouraged by her smile, "the S. A. T. C. students used at one time for practice in the throwing of hand-grenades." This time he succeeded admirably. She tossed her head like a thoroughbred racer crossing the line, and her merry laugh spread a crimson blush over her cheeks and her dark eyes danced merrily. "Basking in such sunlight, I could live a life time," George thought as he plunged his fork into the pie.

"Do you like that young man with that lady, Mamma?" inquired the little girl; "I don't like him; he has such a long neck."

George suddenly felt his neck extending to the length of the proverbial giraffe's. He looked across the table and met the girl's eyes fixed squarely on him, while her hand was slowly raising a spoon of ice cream to her dainty mouth. He looked down at once and at the same instant his heart gave a heavy thump that made him feel the heat of a Gary steel furnace.

"Mamma," he again heard the little girl ask, this time in a somewhat subdued tone, "hasn't that lady a pretty string of pearls around her neck?"

George glanced at the pearls, much pleased that the subject had been changed. "She

makes the pearls look pretty," he thought as he poured slowly the thick cream into his gilt-edge chocolate.

"Why does that man get so red on his face?" persisted the tattler.

"This is going too far," thought George as he sipped his chocolate; "I'll have to get out of here before she gets something foolish into her head." And just then the waiter presented the bill to him.

"I'll pay my bill," said the girl.

"Never mind," retorted George.

"But I insist," she protested.

"I am deaf," he answered, as he pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, and sending away the waiter with the "keep-the-change" farewell, he arose from the table.

"I must certainly thank you," she said quietly, without rising. "My name is Pierce—Hattie Pierce," she corrected.

"I consider it a pleasure to know you, Miss Pierce," said George in return. "I am George Reed. May we now go to the pullman and have a little chat?"

"O Arthur," she exclaimed, looking over George's shoulder; "I was afraid you wouldn't come." George stepped aside and the cause of her exclamation stepped forward.

"I want you to meet Mr. George Reed," she continued pleasantly; "he was a very entertaining companion during our dinner. Mr. Reed, this is my husband, Mr. Arthur Pierce."

"Room fo' one!" announced the Ethiopian waiter.

—B. THEOPHILUS, '21.

THOUGHTS.

BY JUNIORS.

Necessity is the mother of home-brew.

If you can't be a winner, be a good loser.

Cheerfulness can cover a multitude of ills.

He who laughs first has heard the joke before.

Actions make the "movie" which portrays the man.

An eye-glass on a stick is no proof of refinement.

A man's work is generally in proportion to his virtue.

Economy of effort is often a euphemism for laziness.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LIV. JANUARY 29, 1921. NO. 14.

Board of Editors.

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21	M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21
WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21	EMMETT SWEENEY, '21
MORRIS STARRETT, '21	EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23
HENRY STEVENSON, '21	VINCENT ENGELS, '23
EDWARD B. DEGREE, '23	J. W. HOGAN, C. S. C., '22
LEO R. WARD, C. S. C., '23	FRANK WALLACE, '23
R M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23	H. W. FLANNERY, '23
CHARLES P. MOONEY, '22	

A few weeks ago, about the time the last call for "Dome" photos was first beginning to reverberate along the university signboards, the Players Club showed promising signs of life. When classes resumed following the

Christmas vacuum it became evident, however, that the organization had passed out with 1920. So it happens that Notre Dame is left with the paradox (one that only Bernard Shaw could elaborate) of a university offering classes in the course in drama and the drama at the university expiring in the course of events. Whether or not this fanciful situation is the result of a chance in national politics, it is painfully plain that the Players Club and the League of Nations are in the same limbo of innocuous desuetude. Dramatic art at Notre Dame neither for art's sake nor for goodness' sake will remain on our campus. It would seem that the nation-wide trend toward to normalcy implies a return to the usual state of histrionic affairs at our university.

It might safely be contended that the dramatis personae to enact a production worthy of Notre Dame do not haunt the halls of the university, were it not for the recent appearance of the play, "Fads and Fancies" which made such a showing at the "Oliver." The leading man and four others

were of Notre Dame stock, imbued with the Notre Dame spirit in everything but their good acting. In this connection the Players' Club, if it be looking for suggestions instead of crabbed criticism, can find them walking in any corner of the campus between classes. In fact, there is a precious supply of dramatic and comic talent in sight, modestly waiting for others than themselves to discover it. All that can really account for the feebleness of dramatics at the university is dearth of initiative. So often is it asserted on the lecture stand and around other stands that the main purpose of a college is to furnish leaders that it appears the only essential lacking to a finished college man is a sufficient following. In the Players' Club this coterie is all prepared; the only requirement is that some pied piper (not necessarily pied and possibly a tutor) sound his horn, and the rest will happen automatically. Sincerely and seriously it is hoped that cold print can arouse some heat on the subject. If nothing more, the Players' Club can claim some credit by even putting on the opera, "Rip Van Winkle." At all events, whether it is decided in the end to produce Shakespeare artistically or Belasco successfully, at least we hope it is decided.

—M. E. W.

The following reply to an editorial which was written for the SCHOLASTIC by a prominent engineering student, is interesting because it comes from another 'gineer.

"THE ENGINEER AND HIS EDUCATION." We, of course, reserve opinion; it is better to take the side of the angels.

"An article under this title was printed in the Scholastic of Nov. 13, 1920, in which the author stated that the present curriculum of the engineering school is faulty. He maintained that the engineer is confined too closely to technical work, and is not fitted by his training to cope on a social basis with other professions.

The successful engineer has been defined as one who can think clearly, and organize and execute rapidly; a man who can solve decisively whatever social problems may arise; a leader among his fellowmen. It is our belief that the modern engineering curriculum trains the student to possess these qualifications.

The technical side of the engineering curriculum is composed of the mathematical and physical sciences, and the practical applications of their principles in the laboratory. A systematic study of these sciences necessitates clear thinking; and the successful application of their principles develops ability to organize and execute accurately and swiftly.

In all schools the engineering course consists in part of a study of the basic laws of the social sciences. The technical training of the engineer has fitted him to solve all problems which may arise, once he knows the underlying principles.

A successful leader must be a speaker: an orator he need not be. The man who can present to his audience a clear and lucid array of the facts regarding a question, who can draw logical inferences from these facts, and who does not find it necessary to evade the question or resort to an appeal, as many orators do. . . . that man is bound to be the leader of public opinion in his community. And is not this precisely the manner in which the engineer is trained to present his solution of a problem to the class?

If, then, training counts for anything in the shaping of a man's future life, the engineering curriculum is fulfilling every reasonable demand made upon it; and if training counts for nothing, wherein, we may well ask, lies the value of education?

—W. SCHULTZ.

FRILLS AND FRIZZES

Notre Dame invaded society during the past week with a carnival of actual and anticipated social affairs. The annual dances of the Knights of Columbus and the association of students residing off the Campus were held on the same evening; preparations have begun for the Senior ball, and the ambitious Sophomores have plunged into the depths of psychology to decide the momentous question of making the Cotillion formal. Harry Denny announces a series of Saturday afternoon Dansants for "ND's" to be held with faculty permission at the Oliver Hotel. The Lawyers have tentative plans for a dinner dance, and the Ohio club will hold a Buckeye banquet in the same hotel at no distant date. Harry Poulin is consistently

among us with invitations to the parish of "St. Joe's," and so does the dizzy pace continue.

It is to be regretted that social affairs of the pleasing character of the Knights of Columbus' and Off-Campus students' dances are not more frequent; and that more students do not take advantage of the opportunity to forget care and worries in the relaxation of a social evening with their fellows—and others of course. Both dances were well attended, the crowds and music were so nearly on a par that one seemed an overflow from the other. Each committee furnished unique dance programs, the Knights of Columbus coat-of-arms appearing on the one, and original sketches by Notre Dame artists brightening the other. The young ladies paid tribute to both with marcel and the 'glad clothes,' the boys stretched their 'pers' as far as possible, the taxi-drivers collected royally, and the evening was voted a wonderful success. —F. W:

MOSTLY STAGE FRIGHTS.

Social life at Notre Dame is wearing, these days, with a concert and a basket-ball game on Saturday night, and a student "vaudeville" on Monday. The entertainment in behalf of the famine-stricken Chinese, though a financial success, was, so far as regards amusement, simply a failure. Alfredo de Paredes opened the bill. His voice is of rare beauty and gives promise of becoming great. The debut in South Bend last week gave him what one might call a stage personality, for he seemed to be perfectly at home before a notoriously critical audience. The pleasing thing about his performance was an evident desire to do his best. He succeeded admirably, and his "Tell Me Little Gipsy" was excellent. Alfredo was the star of the evening. The band, however, shared stellar honors with him, and it was a delight to listen to such thrilling music. The less one says about the rest of the program, the better. Not one of those taking part seemed to be interested enough in what they were doing to give even a passable performance. We congratulate Mr. Benedict Ong on his speech in English, and we hope the financial result of the evening was as gratifying to him as the

entertainment on the whole was a disappointment to us. As for those amiable gentlemen who failed to appear it may be said that they have as much of the Notre Dame spirit as a Valparaiso reporter.

The concert on Saturday was only a slight variation of the kind we have been having lately; it was another quartet, styling themselves "The Fine Arts." There was nothing fine about them unless it was the singing of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" by the soprano. The contralto possessed a voice of depth and sweetness, but she did not sing enough. The bass also possessed a voice of depth, and he sang too much.

Why do these concert people always think it is necessary to play the fool in order to amuse an audience in Washington Hall? In the last three entertainments there has been at least one in every troupe who would wink slyly and then say something asinine, under the impression, no doubt, that he was a regular devil. The bass on Saturday night, did this repeatedly and was ably seconded by the tenor who bowed very girlishly after singing something ridiculous about a frog and water. People who know a little about music imagine that nobody else knows anything and select songs they patronizingly consider suited to the uncultured intelligence. College men are not easily fooled. We know and appreciate good music, and we would rather a real artist attempted to lift us to his level than that a poor one descended to what he considers ours. The object of these concerts is to cultivate a taste for things that are beautiful. Can such culture be acquired by attending cheap concerts in which popular songs are rendered far more miserably than one can hear them sung at a despised movie, common vaudeville, or forbidden dance hall?

"The Novelty Four" entertained last Saturday a week. The name of the quartet is somewhat misleading, as hash is no novelty to the ordinary college man. But even hash can be made agreeable, and the musical variety served on this occasion proved decidedly popular. The dictionary defines hash as "matter chopped up and mixed"; and the mixed-up of classical, sacred and jazz numbers was cleverly done by an attractive young lady who played the violin and played

it well. She also played the piano, and the spontaneous applause which followed the jazz solo on the saxophone and which was the heartiest that has gladdened the hallowed walls of Washington Hall in some time, was due largely to her skilful accompaniment. Her violin interpretation of "Humoresque" and "Souvenir" was interesting, but she seemed more at home with "Margie." It is really too bad that she could not instil some "pep" into her colorless accompanist, who seemed to lack originality at all times and was positively tedious in two solos of the old-fashioned "concert piece" type.

—STEVENSON.

MEN YOU REMEMBER.

—Vince Giblin, LL.B. '18, now a member of the law department of the Florida East Post Railway Company at Jacksonville, Florida, sends regards to his many friends at the University.

—Announcement of the marriage of Miss Mary Anastasia O'Hara to Mr. Thomas Flanagan, LL. B. '14, at Teaneck, New Jersey, on the twenty-second of January has come to the University. Congratulations and best wishes!

—Recent communication from Professor Leonard Van Moppen, who lectured at Notre Dame several years ago, informs us that he is still in Europe where he is finishing his poem on evolution. He writes, "We (Professor and Mrs. Van Moppen) are still in Italy. After visiting Milano we spent six weeks in Venice and now are here at Florence. Glorious! We will soon leave to spend three months at Rome; have had great experience as Attache—saw much and felt more. I hope justice will be done to Erin as it must, before long. I hope to be remembered to all my old friends at Notre Dame."

—The Player's Club have held a meeting Monday to investigate the alleged addition to the population in Washington hall. Incidentally they will begin practise for the new production which is expected to make its first night sometime after Lent. Jack Dempsey is guiding the revived organization for the present; Rev. L. V. Broughall is director. All who have dramatic ability sufficient to encounter stage-fright and hysteria will be present.

—TIERNEY.

UNDER THE DOME.

—"Lenten is acumen in."

—Found: a sum of money. Inquire of Brother Alphonsus, Brownson Hall.

—The Sophomores have decided to hold their annual mix-up on Saturday, April 16. President Leslie Logan has appointed half a dozen committees or so to arrange for music, hall and programs. So don't begin to worry about it until the Easter vacations are over.

—Professor Scheib, dean of Agriculture, has been noticed lingering in the vicinity of the Hockey rink this past week. Rumor has it that he wants it for a hot-bed.

—The official yodelers of the University, composing the Glee Club, are preparing with evening and noon choruses for their first concert, to be held soon in Washington Hall.

—The Society for Psychical Research held an interesting meeting in Washington Hall Saturday evening, under the direction of John Buckley. Following the session an informal experience meeting was addressed by several of the new members.

—Mrs. Anna L. Sweet, the mother of Brother Alphonsus and Mr. George H. Sweet (old student), celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday on January 27th. A pleasing feature of the celebration was the reception of letters of congratulation from many of her friends in the faculty of the University and elsewhere. Mrs. Sweet, her friends say, looks twenty years younger than she is, and she herself feels twenty years younger.

—Musical Notre Dame has resumed the business of creating a rhythmical relation of tones, the Band, orchestra and Glee club rehearsing daily in Washington Hall. Professor John J. Becker, director of the singers, announced interesting plans, not yet fully completed, for the remaining months of the year. He stated that the present club was particularly well-rounded and enthusiastic, and prophesied social and artistic success for the organization.

—"Buy one and help us put it over" is the slogan adopted by the management of "Nosostros," the university annual published in Spanish by Latin American students. You may remember that "Nosostros" was founded last year, and is the only publication of its kind in these grand and glorious

United States. The staff is composed of: Rey de Castro, Directores; J. Gonzalez del Valle, Eiterarios; C. de Tarnava, Jr., Artistico, and R. Garcia Rubio, Administrado.

—R. A. Black dwelt on "The Life of John Clerc Maxwell" and W. L. Shilts spoke on "The Life of Michael Faraday" at a meeting of the engineering club, Monday evening, in the Engineering building.

—Coach Halas is determined to keep Notre Dame's present basketball standard rising by preparing for the future now. More than twenty Freshmen answered his first call for "yearling varsity" material. Drills in fundamentals, scrimmages with the Varsity and a few outside games will comprise the present program, which is to develop material for the future. Many inter-hall cage-stars have taken advantage of the opportunity to learn the new tricks of the game and to keep in excellent condition.

—In certain respects, the Ohio Club and the Democratic party are similar: both are out in the cold. The burning issue that precipitated the plight of the Buckeye organization was not the League of Nations: it was tobacco smoke in the nostrils of the librarian. The ill-starred meeting was called to hear the report of a committee working to make possible an Ohio club dance. The S. A. C. turned down the proposition forthwith, and it was shortly after reading the dire report that the librarian came upon the trail of smoke.

—A re-organization meeting of the Forum is scheduled for the coming Thursday. Officers for the present semester will be voted on and a speaking program of many fiery youths provided. Preparations for the Francis Thompson night are being made. Mr. Paul Fenlon, a Notre Dame disciple of the great Catholic poet, will read a paper on the literary rating accorded Thompson. The relation of Thompson to the late Celtic renaissance is the subject to be handled by Prof. Vincent O'Connor.

—The mighty seniors disposed of their premier arrangements for the Great Ball in half hour on Monday noon. The conference was held in the South room of the Library. Committees were organized for action, and will be expected to show real results within

a month or so. "Red" De Courcy is general chairman; Al Slaggert is chairman of ways and means; George O'Brien wields the gavel in the group charged with responsibility for music and programs, and Joe Maag is in charge of the committee on arrangements.

—Great gusts of wind lent local color to the organization meeting of the Chicago Club, Thursday, in the Library. The gentlemen from the breezy city number 150. Already they have laid extensive plans for a dance to be held in the Hotel Drake during the Easter vacation. Jack Dempsey is president; Norman Barry vice-president; Rodger Kiley, secretary, and George Devers treasurer.

—While Percy Wilcox was gliding off the northern shores of St. Mary's lake Tuesday afternoon, the weather changed without warning and a thaw set in so suddenly that the athlete went through the ice up to the third button of his vest. An emergency was at once forwarded to Corby subway and upon Wilcox's arrival from the scene of the catastrophe something warm and aromatic was administered. It is rumored in the Brownson recreation room that it was hot lemonade.

—Our small but choice body of journalists were guests of the *News-Times* at the opening of that paper's new home in South Bend, on Thursday. The fact that examinations were taking place did not frighten the future copy-readers from the opportunity of a pleasant time in the big city. At their head marched the venerable dean, who handled his flock in true City Editor fashion. "Murphy, get out of that booth; Flannery, keep away from those presses, and Montenegro, get away from the Society desk," were some of the assignments given by him. A banquet will be held by the Press club soon after the exams. The managing editor of one of the large Chicago Dailies will probably be secured to speak at that time.

—There will never be a soviet at Notre Dame while Mr. David Weir is with us. His talk on socialism before the Knights of Columbus Tuesday night has put the quietus on any radical agitation that may be fomenting even in the dark recesses of Corby subway. Thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of Karl Marx, George Bernard Shaw, and all

the advocates of communism, modern and ultra, Mr. Weir perforated the defence of the Socialists by the words of their staunchest progenitors. Especially did he score the economic interpretation of history, the foundation teaching of communism. His powerful point was the assertion that Socialism would take power out of the hands of a few corrupt officials to turn it over to another less lawfully-constituted group of men on the assumption that they would remain immune from taint. At the business session it was decided to send Notre Dame knights to neighboring localities to create sentiment on the Smith-Towner bill soon to come up for vote in Congress. Maurice Dacey was appointed chairman of the committee. Walter O'Keefe furnished vocal harmony to the accompaniment of munching jaws. His jokes were of the kind that strike a chord in the makeup of even "Juggler" contributors.

—ENGELS.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

OUR GREAT SCHEDULE.

Notre Dame's position as a national leader in intercollegiate football has been emphasized again by the recent 1921 schedule announcement. The faculty board of athletic control has officially approved of a series of games which bears the trademark of Athletic Director Rockne's personal and diplomatic triumph. Too few realize the actual difficulties involved in arranging games for a team that has steadily climbed to the top and which is now displacing leaders of former days. A "football trust" in the Mid-west and East is more of an actuality than most of us suspect. The "big" colleges, who have in former years awarded the football laurels and profits exclusively amongst themselves, are alarmed. They are for the abolition of the forward pass and open football, which give skill and speed in "small" colleges a fighting chance against the enormous squads and super-coaching of the "big" colleges. Exclusive collegiate football circles still exist and Notre Dame's fight for thirty years has been to break them.

The 1921 schedule not only opens relations on the gridiron with at least two new universities, but it has intensified the friendly rivalry with five institutions which have

aided in Notre Dame's rapid rise as a leader in western football. Iowa and Rutgers, the newcomers on the schedule, produce teams of a sort that well-wishers of the Gold and Blue will be justified in worrying about. Both games are to be played under difficult circumstances. The Iowa game is the third on the schedule and is to be played away from home. The "Hawkeyes" will have a veteran squad led by such Conference stars as Devine, Belding and Slater. Coach Jones has always had one of the most dangerous elevens in the West, and his clash with the "Rockmen" will be a spectacle that Iowa football fans are already talking about. Rutgers is one of the smaller colleges in the East which has taken sensational advantage of open football, and for several years has defeated the "big" universities. Coach Sanford has been turning out men of All-American standard yearly and his teams are favorites with the New York fans. Notre Dame meets Rutgers three days after the crucial battle of the season with the Army. The annual classic at West Point promises to be the greatest of all intersectional struggles again, for Head Coach Daly has been lucky enough to see nearly a dozen football stars of "first-water" accept appointments. These men will be eligible for the battle on November 5th, for no one-year resident rule or three-year competition rule worries him. In New York, on the Tuesday after the Army game, Rockne's men are expected to prove that the gracious and enthusiastic sport writers of 1920 were right in their "wonder man, wonder team" declarations. Regardless of probable injuries, strain of travel and before an awe inspiring crowd of thirty or thirty-five thousand, they are bound to uphold the football reputations of the West and "Fighting Irish." The 1921 schedule even surpasses the great 1914 card when Yale, Army, Syracuse and Carlisle were the features, but at convenient intervals.

At home Notre Dame has already slated five games, every one of which will be a real battle. The Nebraska game, Oct. 22nd, heads the schedule and has been selected for the second annual home-coming celebration. Thousands are already planning to see Cartier Field perform the seemingly impossible trick of accomodating 20,000. Nebraska's

football reputation needs no advertisement. Schulte's men will not neglect the chance to increase the glory of Missouri Valley Conference football. We open with Kalamazoo College, always stubborn; Depauw follows, and the Greencastle eleven have been Indiana's secondary college champions consistently for several years. Depauw has met and lost to Notre Dame in five previous games by close scores. The Haskell Indians return after a five year interval. They are tutored by Coach Bell, a Center star who has had phenomenal success with them. Thier game, following the Army and Rutgers efforts, may be rather strenuous. The regular season closes at home with the Michigan Aggies invading with what is already declared to be their best team in a decade.

Indiana and Purdue both hold the stage in two downstate games. Next year they will both come to Cartier Field. Stiehm's men nearly repressed the irrepressible "Irish" last year and reports from the Crimson Camp indicate that the program for the accomplishment of the feat is ready. That battle-to-be following the "Cornhuskers" invasion will be no easy matter: Notre Dame will have to send every man to Indianapolis to help bring home the bacon for the third successive time. Purdue's gridiron fortunes do not look bright at present but the acquisition of the right man as coach will mean worry for "Rock". Purdue has the material.

The schedule, as passed by the faculty board on athletics, is as follows:

- Sept. 24th.—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame.
- Oct. 1st.—Depauw at Notre Dame.
- Oct. 8.—Iowa at Iowa City
- Oct. 15th.—Purdue at Lafayette.
- Oct. 22nd.—Nebraska at Notre Dame.
- Oct. 29th.—Indiana at Indianapolis.
- Nov. 5th.—Army at West Point.
- Nov. 8th.—Rutgers at New York
- Nov. 12th.—Haskell Indians at Notre Dame.
- Nov. 19th.—Marquette at Milwaukee.
- Nov. 24th.—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.

A BASKET SOCIAL.

Notre Dame defeated the Armour Tech quintet in the first game of the regular collegiate basketball season at Chicago on January 12, by a score of 46 to 28. Armour started with a roar, ringing three baskets from long lunges before the Varsity could

locate the hoop. Armour's period of glory was quickly ended with Armour trailing eight points behind. Mehre's playing was remarkable, the crafty court chief being successful in finding the wire twelve times. Frank McDermott, a member of the 1916-17 Varsity, played his first game with the Gold and Blue in three years, having but recently returned to school, and demonstrated that he is the same star on the rectangle as of old. Kiley, Anderson and Grant were especially strong on defence.

Coming up from behind on the wings of a sensational rally, the Varsity defeated Valparaiso in the second game of the regular schedule on January 13, by a 21 to 17 count. The first half ended with the Valps leading, 12 to 9, and the Varsity continued to trail their opponents well into the second period. With six minutes of play left, the locals braced. The offensive, up to this point, had shown only a few flashes of real form and the defense had wobbled disastrously several times. Then came the lightning rally that netted the Varsity nine points in four minutes, and with it went the Valparaiso hopes. Mehre and McDermott carried the brunt of Notre Dame's ring play. Anderson, Kiley, Grant and Garvey were consistently good on the defense.

Notre Dame opened up its home season by registering a slashing victory over the Kalamazoo College five last Tuesday, 49 to 22. Although the opposition of the Celery City basketeters was not exceptionally staunch, everything seemed to indicate that the Gold and Blue Court scrappers are developing by leaps and bounds and will be more than able to cope successfully with the coming big-time aggregations. McDermott dropped eight shots through the net and hung up four free throws. Captain Mehre found the loop for seven from difficult angles. Kiley and Anderson kept the Kalamazoo lungers rods from the goal on every offensive formation. Halas gave every man on the squad a chance after the game was well sewed up, and every one conducted himself in remarkable early season form. Hinga played brilliantly for Kalamazoo, rivaling Mehre and McDermott in point coralling.

The Halas cagers romped over the St. Mary's College quintet last Friday night, registering a 44 to 19 win. The locals demonstrated wide superiority over their opponents particularly during the last half of the contest, yet a ragged departure from former court-play was frequently apparent. McDermott and Mehre each found the ring for five baskets during the first frame and threatened on several more occasions. McDermott opened up with a long lunge from a difficult angle and Captain Mehre quickly followed suit with several neat ringers. Confident that the long range game would work, the Gold and Blue tossers began shooting them the full length of the court; as a consequence matters slowed up a bit. Tactics were suddenly changed and as a result twenty-three points were amassed at the half-way whistle. Halas injected his second string men into the argument early in the second half, and their work was equally effective against the Ohio crowd. Kennedy, Logan and Coughlin performed like seasoned veterans, tolling ring after ring through the hoop. For the visitors Emerick, Supenski and Farley did especially well.

Notre Dame downed the Michigan Aggies in a fast, aggressive game last Saturday night, 36 to 23. There was hardly a straw of difference between the two teams during the scrappy first half, which ended with the Gold and Blue only 4 points better than the Wolverines. Extreme caution was the watchword in the early minutes of play, each team angling for a scoring advantage. The Aggies drew first blood when Gilkey found the hoop for the first score and followed it up with a neat free throw. The Wolverines were five to the good before Mehre and his court chargers got into scoring action, but then a zig-zag battle followed for the remainder of the half, gaining speed and accuracy every minute. Everything was Notre Dame's during the second stage. Mehre, Kiley and McDermott solved every Wolverine defensive formation and found the hoop an easy target. Mehre, with eight baskets was the individual star of the fray. Gilkey was the bright light of the visiting quintet.

—SLAGGERT-STARRETT.

SAFETY VALVE.

"That explanation may be all very well," said the studious Sophomore, "but you have contradicted the text book at every point.

"Quite so," replied the excited professor, "but please do not forget how many times the text book has contradicted me."

"May I hold," the shy youth stammered,
But she handed him a crack,
And while sobbing he continued
"May I hold my judgment back.

MOTHER.—Didn't that mustache of your gentleman friend make you mad?

DAUGHTER.—Not at all, Mother, it quite tickled me.

WAITER.—How did you like the grape juice?

CUSTOMER.—I have no kick coming.

FAIR ONE (*at the basket ball game*). It seems perfectly ridiculous for men to be spending their time putting the ball into that basket when it comes right out again through the bottom.

"So fa' so good," said the eastern youth to the fair one.

"Yes," she replied, leading him to it, "I always liked the sofa."

GOING UP.

I bet you five that I would kiss
Loretto on the chin
But when I tried to pull the stunt
She raised me one—you win.

1ST STUDENT.—The man who invented examinations will certainly have something to answer for.

2ND STUDENT.—yes, indeed, he'll have to answer for me because I didn't know one of those questions.

ASTRONOMY PROF.—Can anyone tell me what it is that sets off stars to best advantage?

STUDENT.—Chorus girls.

DAUGHTER.—After we have been married a week, I'll have John eating out of my hand.

FATHER.—That's the only way he'll ever get a meal. He certainly can't earn one.

If the suffering of the Chinese is any greater than that inflicted upon Monday night's audience in Washington Hall, let's get together at once and send them relief.

"Tell me," said the doctor, as he felt the pulse of the patient who was threatened with pneumonia, "do you ever cough up anything?"

"Why you haven't even written a prescription" shot back the angry patient, "and you're looking for money already."

WHY NOT ENJOY LIFE?

Two may be able to live cheaper than one but who wants to live cheap?

STUDENT (*in history class*): I can't answer your question, professor, until I consult my lawyer.

MRS.—I'm sure that boy over there is a college student.

MR.—What makes you think so? I don't see anything queer about him.

MRS.—I think she's queer.

IN THE DINING CAR.

HE.—What would you say to a little broiled lobster?

SHE (*indignantly*): Nothing.

TEACHER.—What do you mean by Subjunctive mode?

STUDENT.—I'll bite. What do I mean?

HOLD 'EM.

WALSHITE.—I actually believe you are the tightest fellow I ever met.

CORBYITE.—That's what my girl told me last night.

WHY NOT?

SOPH.—Does Geraldine enjoy baseball?

FRESH.—She sure does. She likes to see me pull that old play where a man starts home from third base and the batter bunts.

"I may not be good looking," said the maid, "but I have other compensations."

"That may be true," replied the disappointed student, "but no one can grow enthusiastic about compensations."

HER FATHER.—(*Entering the parlor*). "So here you are, and I thought all the time that both of you had gone out to a movie."

(*George jumps up from the sofa and takes five steps backwards*)

HER FATHER.—Why the retreat, George?

HE.—I thought you were going to penalize me fifteen yards for holding.

HE.—I know a man who has been married for a quarter of a century and has never yet had a word with his wife.

SHE.—They are both true lovers, are they not?

HE.—No, deaf and dumb.