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THE TOLLING CONVENT BELLS.*

G. D. SULLIVAN.

AS the dusk of evening settled,
And snow in flurries fell;
From a nearby convent belfry
There tolled a funeral bell.
Another body laid to rest,
Just one more spirit gay,
When mortal earth is left behind
There dawns a brighter day.

Oh God! Permit me when I die
To join Thy saints above,
And like this simple nun so pure
To share Thy sacred love.
Yea, in Thy presence, Savior kind
My spirit seems so base;
But at Thy bidding I will come
And meet Thee face to face.

*Written while listening to the tolling of the convent bells, of St. Cecilia's Convent, Nashville, Tennessee.

KNOWING THE NEIGHBORS.

F. J. MCGINNIS.

THERE are two kinds of curiosity; the kind that is curiosity for curiosity's sake and the kind that is prompted by an honest desire for knowledge. Of the first I have little to say. Begetter of scandal, bearer of falsehoods, first cousin to criminal espionage, it is relegated exclusively to those feminine sewing circles where the choicest bits of backyard gossip may be mauled about, then flung from tea cup to tea cup. The other is far the more worthy object of consideration. In fact, the habit of being curious in order that one's meagre store of knowledge may be increased is worth more than consideration. It is worth consistent and diligent imitation.

Perhaps, by this time, you have begun to wonder at what point I am trying to arrive. It is a simple one, yet it needs a little preliminary explanation. It seems that the average Notre Dame man is not curious enough.

I mean by this that he is not moved by that inquisitive, probing instinct by which we learn so many valuable things. His curiosity does not prompt investigation into the past history of things; probing the secrets of the school; learning the life story of its buildings; the meaning of its name; the origin of its haloed traditions. A wealth of buried treasure in tradition, anecdote and valorous deed lies within the walls of Sorin Hall; there is not a building upon the campus which could not furnish an interesting evening's entertainment if it were endowed with the power of articulation. But it shall remain for some more advanced seeker after knowledge to exercise sufficient patience to unearth this. What I wish to promote here is a greater interest in the more readily visible portions of the school; in its spirit of democracy and the foundation for such spirit.

The fact that some Notre Dame men bestow but passing notice on the place in which they live was brought sharply to light a few weeks ago when it developed that one student in all his six months residence at Notre Dame had not been inside the library. It would seem that the architectural beauties of the building alone would attract one to it without the natural desire to become acquainted with the surroundings of one's habitation.

Another instance which proves that curiosity is lethargic in our average student was evidenced not long ago. A Freshman was visited by his parents for the week-end and after showing them what he thought were all the points of interest, he was conducting them up and down the quadrangle when he encountered an upper classman friend of his. After the introductions the old student asked if they had seen all the interesting spots on the campus and named a few of them. The Freshman was as surprised as his

mother and father to learn that they had missed much and when the upper classman became the guide of the party, it was as much a journey of discovery for him as it was for them.

Thinking that perhaps these were but two extraordinary cases, I haunted the campus asking questions of all that I came across; and I discovered that many were suffering from chronic campus ignorance. The Grotto was unknown, the Log chapel was unheard of, the printing office might as well have been in some foreign country. How many men are there who, when back home for vacation were asked by some old grad about things here of which they knew nothing? How many men could describe to the folks at home the interior of the church in which they sit Sunday after Sunday? I venture to say very few.

The spirit of any great body of people is reflected in the spirit of an individual of that body; the interest which it has for the multitude can be measured by the interest which it holds for a single person of that multitude. The Man is the Nation; in the same way the Man is the School. Are we to presume then that because some few members of a school do not know their own surroundings that the whole is ignorant of them? The proportion of knowledge to ignorance would undoubtedly become nearer equal with the addition of numbers, yet if we were to conclude that the majority of our men were unconscious of the great interest which is latent in their surroundings, we would not be far from right.

DR. BARNES GOES AHEAD.

HENRY FANNAN.

John Barnes paused in his reading and glanced at his wife across the table as an unusually violent crash of thunder rattled the window panes.

"Thank goodness, Cora, I reached home to-night before that storm broke. The roads are so bad already that it's hard enough to drive a car over them in broad daylight."

"Let's hope that no one will have to call you out on such a night as this," responded his wife.

The man made no reply but returned to his magazine article in order to drive the

thought of such a possibility from his mind. For John Barnes, after his easy life in city and college, was finding the exacting demands of a county doctor in Stanton burdensome at times. But in spite of the many deterrents such as night calls, his wife's intelligent sympathy and his own ambition for better things kept him most faithfully at his merciful work. And his conscientious efforts were not without avail; his practise had grown so that a long drive was required for his daily visits. As usual, he had returned this night tired out and anxious for a period of rest, with his pipe and papers.

The commanding telephone, however, soon interrupted him. With unconceded impatience he dropped his magazine and arose to answer it with an unusually crisp, "Doctor Barnes."

"Oh, Doctor! Frank has been dreadfully hurt," came the voice of an excited woman over the wire." I wish you would come right away. He's unconscious and bleeding awfully."

"Yes, Yes," responded Barnes." But who is this speaking and where do you live?"

"Why, this is Mrs. Baker; Mrs. Frank Baker, you know, on the Cunningham road near Durain."

"But that must be over twelve miles from here. I never go that far from Stanton. Old Dr. Riley practices in your district," replied Barnes, thinking that he was about to escape from this responsibility.

"We couldn't get Dr. Riley tonight because he is in Chicago. One of the neighbors is here but we can't seem to do much for Frank. Please come, Doctor."

"It would be almost impossible to follow an unknown road in this storm," argued the doctor as he heard the sheets of rain lashed against the windows by the gusts of wind. It's nearly nine o' clock now, anyway. I shall try to reach you early in the morning."

"Oh, you must come tonight, right away! I'm afraid Frank will die if he is not helped before morning."

"I suppose I'll have to go," muttered John to himself, surrendering to his own generous impulse. "Very well, then, I shall start immediately." And without waiting to hear the woman's cry of relief he hung up the receiver.

As he drove out of the village into the open country, the wind seemed to howl with increased fury; and as though it had discovered a new object for attack it flung the torrents of rain against the enclosed roadster, seeking entrance to the snug interior. But the machine sped swiftly along the paved road and the doctor, almost forgetting his displeasure, hummed in unison with the purring motor.

Before long, however, the dirt roads began; then the heavy mud continually threatened to stall the physicians car. The complete attention of the driver was occupied in watching the road ahead and in guiding the pent-up power within the motor. The progress was tantalizingly slow. A half hour was spent in reaching the Rock Run bridge six miles out of Stanton. The bridge had been condemned sometime before but the lax road commissioners had kept putting off replacement. Even though the doctor drove most cautiously, it shook and rumbled dangerously as the heavy car jolled over the uneven planks. The fleeting flashes of lightning disclosed the rising flood of muddy water tugging at the frail wooden supports.

Just over the bridge a lighted farmhouse was passed.

"I wonder if Billy Sherman has completely recovered from the whooping cough." Dr. Barnes remarked almost unconsciously as he noted the gleam from the windows.

From there on the country was most sparsely inhabited so that not even a cheerful light from a farmhouse defied the supremacy of the storm. Two tedious miles, however, brought the doctor to Chandler's Corner. Chandler's home was brightly lighted and, since Barnes was uncertain of the road, he determined to enquire.

Chandler himself responded to his knock and admitted him to the kitchen dimly lighted. Beyond that, from the parlor, came sounds of music and merriment.

The farmer greeted him cheerfully with a "What's up, now Doc? You must be looney riding around on a night like this."

"Well, I've got an emergency call from Frank Baker's tonight. I'm not quite sure of where he lives so I thought I'd have you set me right about it."

"Sure, Doc, I can tell you that light but you hadn't ought to attempt to get there tonight. The road runs through Liston's Grove and you're likely, to get struck by a falling tree or limb if you don't run into one that has already blocked the road. That wind is certainly whooping things up. I hadn't noticed it so much until you called me out here away from that singing and talking."

"As long as I've come this far, I think I had better finish the trip," quietly interrupted the doctor.

"I'd make you stay here until morning but my brother John and his family are here tonight so we are pretty crowded for room. Spencer's is about the nearest place—up there on the side road. But I don't think that even your car could get through the clay hollow between here and his place. It may seem foolish to you, Barnes, but I think the safest way is for you to go back to Stanton until morning."

The opposition only aroused the young man's daring and strengthened his determination to reach the injured man.

"I'm afraid that poor Baker needs a doctor pretty badly. So, if you will direct me, I shall try to get through now."

"Alright, then, if you must, you must. Just go straight west from here for four miles. The road ends there but there is a north and a south intersection. Turn to your left there and the first house you see will be Baker's."

"Thanks, Chandler," said the doctor as he buttoned his raincoat in preparation for the dash to his car. And his parting "Good-night," as he slipped out into the darkness was followed by the farmer's encouraging "Good luck to you, Doc."

The faithful motor responded at once to the starter and again began its battle with the clinging mire. At best the road was hardly discernible to the driver through the splattered windshield. The strain of such a trip was now telling upon the fatigued man but before the farmhouse had been left very far behind another difficulty presented itself. The headlights went out as though they had abandoned their struggle with the elements.

"Well, what the Sam Hill is the matter!"

ejaculated the surprised driver. "A fine mess I'm in now. Out in this wilderness and no light."

"Well, I'll have to make the best of it," he added resignedly as he looked at his watch with the aid of his flashlight. "It's nearly ten o'clock, so we must be close to Liston's Grove, anyhow."

"I hope I shan't meet anyone on the road now," he continued as he allowed the car to move forward more swiftly again. "But nobody would be fool enough to be out on a night like this,—except me."

Before long the dark masses of trees beside the road were outlined by the flashes of lightning. As the automobile crept the blackness, the lurid lightning seemed to taunt the wayfarer while the thunder joined in with its mocking laughter. The wind raged as it impotently lashed the swaying elms, occasionally wrenching away a weakened limb which it flung to the ground while it sought for greater prey. But finally the roadster emerged safely from the dangerous lane and began the last stretch of the journey. Although the fury of the wind seemed to be at its height, the ephemeral glow of the lightning discharges became more infrequent. Deprived of even that scanty source of illumination, Barnes nearly ran into the fence at the end of the road.

"Good Lord, fellow!" he muttered to himself. "Don't be queering the game after we've come this far. Only about half a mile to go, I guess."

He carefully backed his car into the road and turned to the left; in a few minutes he caught sight of the gleam from a lighted house and knew that he was now near the injured man.

Dr. Barnes was met at the door by a neighbor who quickly told him the circumstances of the case while he divested himself of his coat and hat. In his hurry to get things in place before the storm came, Frank Baker had slipped from the ladder descending from the haymow. A number of agricultural implements had been stored on the floor below and the man fell upon some of them then cutting himself most severely as well as breaking several bones. Fortunately Mrs. Baker had discovered the accident in a short time and had called upon

this neighbor for assistance. He responded with his wife and together they had removed the unconscious man to the house where they endeavored to make him as comfortable as possible. They had apparently been unable to completely check the flow of blood; therefore they were most anxious to get a physician as soon as possible. Having learned that Dr. Riley was away, they had called upon Dr. Barnes after some delay in securing connections with him.

The physician entered the bedroom and found the injured man to be suffering greatly. He went about the work most resolutely and skillfully but a long time elapsed before the last injured member had been cared for and every wound properly bandaged. Having given his patient a sleeping potion in order to give him some relief from pain for the rest of the night, the young man declared that he had done all that could be done at that time.

Not until then had he realized how tired he was. So he sought a couch in the parlor and throwing himself upon it quickly fell asleep unmindful of the dying rumbling of the baffled thunder.

The scene which greeted the doctor as he aroused himself early in the morning and gazed out of the window was a most remarkable contrast with that which had presented itself the previous night. The rising sun beamed down upon the dripping countryside as though it had been unaware of the ravages of the summer storm. As the sleep had refreshed the body so this sparkling landscape exhilarated his spirit. His discouragements of last night were forgotten in the renewed joy of living.

Dr. Barnes sought his patient and found that he had passed the night as well as could be expected. He had scarcely finished what added attention he was able to give him when Mrs. Baker who had answered the telephone informed him that someone wished to speak to him.

In response to his questioning "Hello," came a droll "That you, Doc? This is Chandler. Thought I'd call up and see if you got through all right. How'd you find Baker?"

"Well, Chandler, he was hurt rather badly but he's so strong that he'll recover rapidly,"

replied the physician, speaking more for the benefit of Mrs. Baker than for the caller's information.

"Then it's lucky that you went on last night. There's two big elms across the road at this end of the Grove and you would have had to go around by the South road this morning."

"Yes, indeed. It was fortunate that I was able to reach him last night," said Dr. Barnes. "Every hour's delay would have lessened Mr. Baker's chances for a rapid recovery. You say that the South road will be the best on the way back to Stanton?"

"I reckon so, Doc. And say, Ezra Sherman just called me up and said that I couldn't haul my milk over the Rock Run bridge near his place because it was washed out about ten o'clock last night. His wife was up, being scared of the lightning, and so they heard it go down. You will have to keep on the South road and go on over the stone bridge below the mill. Well, so long, Doc."

"Thanks, Chandler. Goodbye."

The doctor left the phone and called Mrs. Baker to give her the final instructions for the care of her husband. It would be necessary for him to leave immediately since he had many patients whom he must visit and the roundabout course would delay him considerably. And as he was making his preparations for leaving, the doctor suddenly recalled what Chandler had said about the time the bridge had collapsed. If it was about ten o'clock, as he had said, it would have been a short time before his arrival there if he had turned back from Chandler's place. Without any lights he would probably have driven into the unbridged channel.

"Great Scott, it's a good thing for myself as well as for Mr. Baker that I didn't go back. Well, I guess it always pays to go ahead when you know you're right."

Then he called his wife upon the phone and related all his experiences. He finished by saying "And Cora, if anyone put in one of those long distance calls, tell 'em I'll be right there,—when I've finished that apple pie you're going to make for supper." In a little while the sorely tried automobile was chugging homewards.

ONE OF THREE.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

Dusk settled over the tiny kitchen until the dim outlines of the room were scarcely visible. But Mary Warren went back and forth between table and cupboard, oblivious of the encircling darkness. She hummed again and again a refrain from "Bubbles" even against the hard, rapid beats of her cake spoon. When the batter was thick and smooth, she turned to the buttered pan that was ready to receive the yellow dough. She drew it toward the edge of the table. There was a muffled thump, a semi-circle of white appeared on the floor. The woman stooped and thrust her hand into the heap of smooth baking powder.

"Pshaw," she said, holding the empty can in her hand. "It's hard. Tain't as if one could save light without spillin' something. Promisin' myself that I'd cut down for Jim's sake—and here's the kind o' things that happen. Tain't right."

She sat down for a moment and watched the tiny light, issuing from a crevice of the stove grate, that flickered and danced on the floor. The empty can fell from her lap and rolled into the corner.

"But I'm goin' to help Jim. He ain't like most brothers, workin' for me always since pa died. Seventeen dollars every week for the house and never out only Wednesday and Saturday nights. Jim was always good-hearted though, even when he was a little shaver. Tain't many of 'em got brothers like Jim."

There was a soft puff from the gas jet as she held the match over it. The kitchen unfolded slowly in the pale light.

The woman turned to the table again and emptied the dough into the pan. The oven door closed with a bang. Then she swept the floor.

Half an hour later the sizzle of potatoes in the skillet and the aroma of boiling coffee filled the room. The table was already set for supper. As Mary opened the door of the oven to look at the cake, the clock over the cupboard rattled and struck six. In a moment, the woman, dark and thinly tall, approached the window, drew the curtain aside and squinted at the darkness. Having

pulled the blind down to the sill, she hesitated, then pushed the two chairs against the table.

When the straws that she stuck into the cake came forth without dough, she drew out the pan and turned the cake into a platter. She smiled. "Jim—he'll like this. I'd ice it if it weren't—." The hands of the clock pointed to twenty minutes past six. She stirred the potatoes until they sizzled and cracked more than ever, then drew the frying pan away from the center of the stove.

Six-thirty came and the coffee-pot which had already steamed too long was coughing in asthmatic jerks. Mary had gone to the window three times, although the blackness was impenetrable.

"Jim ain't often late. His supper won't be good, if he don't come pretty soon. I hope nothing's happened at the shop. Sayin' the other day there was so much extra work—. But he needn't work so hard. Jim's a good boy, though—good Jim."

Mary had eaten her supper when her brother arrived. He entered with quick step and good-natured smile. "Hello, sis." Mary's lip curled into a smile. She kissed him and said, "Jim."

"Say, sis, you'll have to let me go this evening. I just couldn't help it. The car were slow and everything. Sorry." He washed his hands and face hurriedly, his countenance flushed with a smile.

Jim was in a talkative mood. He chattered about everything, Mary thought. And opposite him she sat, passing him the bread plate when he asked for another slice or reminding him that he wanted more coffee. Her face was colored with a delicate blush. Jim seemed to be in unusually happy spirits. He was so jovial she decided she would tell him about a rug she was going to buy for the parlor floor. She had been waiting for more than a week to tell him. She had a picture of the exact pattern she wanted, tucked away in the cupboard drawer where Jim and she put odds and ends they wanted to keep. She opened the drawer to get it.

Mary searched a moment, then stopped. Jim's savings-bank book was gone. She knew that he never took it except on Saturday. Today was Tuesday and she was sure

it had been there the day before. She started to speak of it, but thought better. The clipping she wanted was forgotten. As she put more coal into the stove, her face flushed red from the heat. She was puzzled; she stirred the coals until smoke rose into the room. She sat down only absently to study the pattern of the oil-cloth on the floor.

"Say, sis, why all the dreams? Bless you, your brother's hungry. Another piece of cake."

He smiled and broke the slice into several pieces.

"Something to tell you tonight, Mary. You're the first one. Just guess—look here." He opened a tiny blue box and held out a diamond ring. "What do you think of that? It's for Annie Morrison." He hesitated. "Surprise you, sis?" He laughed.

Mary only stared. "Annie Morrison?" That was the girl he had taken to Mrs. Crone's dance! Jim—her Jim! She leaped back in her chair and shifted her eyes from the ring.

"Why, aren't you glad, sis? Why—" He saw a tear trickle down her cheek. "Say but ain't it a beauty?" He held the ring up to the light and smiled. "It isn't as if, Mary, you won't—."

But Mary covered her face with her hands and left the kitchen.

In the darkness of her own room, she wept. She had never thought of Jim getting married. It was unthinkable!—Jim who was only a boy—her Jim! That little blonde with the blue eyes—what right had she to marry Jim? Mary had seen her wearing a pink dress the night of Mrs. Crone's dance. She knew now that she had hated her even then. And Jim who had been hers since he had toddled around in dresses, her Jim, was to marry that girl. She felt better when she cried. But how she despised the girl with her blue eyes and yellow hair!

She heard Jim leave the house at eight. He did not often go anywhere on Tuesday evening. When the sound of footsteps had died away she went to the kitchen and washed the dishes. How different the room seemed now. Here the girl would cook and

sit down with Jim to eat and wash her dishes. How hard it was! Mary's apron was wet with tears.

Throughout the long night she slept less than an hour. She heard Jim return late and she drew the covers tighter and cried into their folds. When she did sleep, she dreamed of a blonde young woman with blue eyes who had a broom with which to chase her. She got up long before daylight and cooked breakfast. Her head had never ached so painfully. At six-thirty she went down to Mrs. Aiker's grocery two blocks away and chatted until she knew that Jim had gone.

The house seemed gray and lonely now. The woman could think of it only as the place where Annie Morrison would be house-keeper instead of her. In the afternoon a short nap refreshed her and the headache disappeared. After all, she thought, perhaps she was unjust to Jim. She felt somewhat ashamed of herself. If Jim wished to marry, she must not reproach him. She cried a little again. She could not help disliking the girl: She hated the woman who would take Jim from her,—her Jim. But she would do her best. They would make arrangements regarding the house. It would be hard, but for Jim's sake—

She was happier that evening. Jim had understood. They had talked about it all at supper. Tomorrow she would go to see Annie Morrison. Perhaps, she reasoned, she could learn to like the girl, although she distrusted her now. Later she and Jim would decide what they would do about the house. She slept that night, thinking of these things.

The rain dashed down in torrents the following afternoon, but the woman did not postpone her visit. She was nervous about it, but anxious nevertheless to go. She would not get wet anyway, she insisted to herself. It was a walk of less than three squares from one street-car to another, downtown; she had only a square to go to reach the car-line from home.

Fourth street, where she left the street-car, was a sea of umbrellas. It was hard to manage her own against the beating rain and the stiff breeze that blew from the west. She could lift the umbrella only occasionally

to see ahead. Once she collided with an old man who cursed her in an undertone. She was a half a square away when she caught sight of the streetcar that she wanted to take. She quickened her steps, gripping tightly the handle of the umbrella as she tried to dodge others like herself who were struggling along in the rain.

At the corner she started to run to the opposite side of the street. Automobiles, one after another, were gliding along the wet, slippery pavement. A gust of wind caused her to draw her umbrella close to her as she ran. The sharp sound of an auto siren sounded in her ears.

She fell, thrown to the side of the street. Her eyes opened just once. Someone in the crowd heard her murmur, "Jim."

VARSAITY VERSE.

THE VIOLET.

Beneath the shadow of the dome,
Within Our Lady's glen
I live, to beautify her home,
To die, to live again.
At Nature's smiling beck, I bloom,
To take again my place
Beside the grotto's granite walls,
And win the Virgin's grace.

—E. T. D.

A LAKE BY NIGHT.

How fair the peaceful inland lake
Upon a summer night!
Scarce ruffled by the waves that break
Beneath the moon's pale light.
Such scenes are made for beauty's sake,
For restless man's delight,
To soothe the lonely heart's dull ache,
Beneath the moon's pale light.
How rich the mind which can but take
Away with its delight,
Some thought that may in future make
That life more calm and bright!
How fair the peaceful inland lake
Upon a summer night!

—H. F.

"CONSCIENCE."

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,"
Immortal Shakespeare wrote, and who can know,
To what low depths the human soul might fall
Had God not sent this gift to man below.
When roads of life are forked and we must choose,
When evil beckons with a smiling nod,
'Tis conscience then that halts us lest we lose
The way, and wander from the paths of God.

—F. G. K.

CONCERNING COLOR.

D. F. OTT.

Color is what we see. From this brief definition it may be readily deduced that the world is full of misconceptions. Almost everyone is, in good faith, making many misstatements. Persons are subject to delusions. Through the perspective of a philosophical volume these servants to inconsistency are to be regarded as bona-fide members of the misinformed mass rather than deliberate prevaricators. Their error is technical. Ask anyone if he ever saw such a common thing as a stannic Elizabeth and he will answer "yes," or perhaps in the more emphatic jargon of the day, "Sure," but take it from psychology that he has seen only the color of the aforementioned "tin Lizzie." That books says so and who dares doubt its infallibility? It is as immune from errors as a newspaper. Yes, even more so. Once in a while you may discover in some out-of-the-way corner of the gazette apologies for the errors of the previous day. This public penitence aids in promoting both domestic tranquility and the financial welfare of the paper.

To get back to our subject of color, however, should you look at the young lady of today equipped with all modern improvements, you would undoubtedly agree with the psychologist that the only thing you see is color. A little red on Johnny's coaster saves the surface, but a little red on the lateral portion of the young lady's face not only saves the surface but has about it the warning of stop, look and look again. Youth is especially susceptible to this febrile hue which threatens to overcome him as he glances at the portion of the facial stratum whereon the cheeks and lips hold enchanted sway. Red in all its intensity reigns supreme.

When a young lady thus aids nature by freely indulging in the carmine the effect upon the adolescent observer is hypnotic and is highly conducive to ecstasy. Indeed the rays of light so beat upon the retina that the unfortunate who looks upon the painted face is fairly stunned. The afflicted lotus-eater makes a mistake in not retiring to a Mercy hospital at once. He lingers and his very soul is stirred at the brilliant exhibi-

tion. He is emerged in rapture and feels a keen delight in his pathological condition. It is only when he learns what is behind this synthetic complexion that he regains his normal state and then he marvels at the proficiency of the exterior decorator. His sane conclusion is that the "varnished face" merits at least thirty days for attempting to defraud nature.

That the animated red brings the desired results is evidenced from the universality of its use, or as the book of Economics says, "from the enormous demand." Perhaps no industry has experienced such an increase in production and sales as the cosmetic one. These are the only concerns that are running to capacity in these days of retrogression. This shows that the women are doing their bit in preventing an industrial crisis, even though they may produce individual crises in the lives of some persons.

In addition to the cosmetic works, it is rumored that the paint-brush factories are having unusual demand for the large size paint-brush. Experience has shown that an instrument of this kind is much more satisfactory than an obsolete powder-puff in securing just the right color scheme in producing the artificial complexion.

Color has another aspect. The psychologist says it is psychic, and he is the master-mind. What folly to question his statements! He actually knows more about you than you do yourself. Statistics show this. In the psychic aspect of color the principal chrome involved is blue. At one time or another we all succumb to blue. Women with her favorite color of red is none the less affected by this spell of blue than her equivalent and everyone will admit that he has indulged in the indigo many times. The associations may have been unwelcomed or involuntary, but none the less real. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: 'I am blue?'"

It is the affliction of every human being, and sooner or later the innocent man is caught by this color which takes the form of a malady. Where is the man whose mental barometer has not fallen many points by it? It is the very leaven of insanity and the afflicted have at times been driven to

suicide by it. Blue in this form locks the portal to happiness and until the unwelcome visitor is shown the door marked "exit," everything in the mental market is below par.

The antidotes for such relapses vary with the persons afflicted. For the college youth there is a certain remedy in the official announcement of "no class," or a "free day" or a "St. Mary's dance." A letter from Mary will also banish this state of mental depression. In any case the cure leaves no bad effects. The elixir has worked perfectly and there is no need to apply for "money back if not satisfied." The student once more hitches himself to Apollo's buggy and leaves the haunts of *il penseroso* for the more salubrious clime of *l'allegro*.

Gold has two meanings. As an element it is very restful to the pocketbook; as a color it is very restful to the eye. When a person overcomes another with goodness the latter exclaims that the former is worth her weight in gold. A youth in his first tour of love is apt in a sudden outburst of rapture to utter some highly inflated words about "her golden hair" but such hair exists only in novels. There are no Loreli's in real life. The youth is subject to hallucinations. His words, however, do not fall on stony ground for the girl is thereby convinced that her pulchritude would out-do that of Venus any day where twentieth century connoisseurs place their opinions as to comparative beauty.

Red as a primary color is a color that finds its likes and dislikes. Red waved in the eyes of a bull will no doubt be a source of a great deal of annoyance to the animal. He will immediately try to pass his distress on to the waver, and in this he may cause the latter's downfall. The so-called he-cow cannot see "red," and is wont to do all that he can to eliminate it from the spectrum. Green on the other hand, is the "apple of his eye." He lives on it, yes thrives on it.

Red has been the cause of many inexplicable circumstances. According to archives many visitors to a clergyman's study found it difficult to talk with their pastor without his becoming excited. Of course they blamed his peculiar personality for the dis-

turbance, but the master-mind psychologist said it was all due to the bright red wallpaper. And he was right. It was.

In Russia before the "red days," it is said in the prisons they used violet-colored light for punishment of prisoners. Hospitals also used the same color for dulling and pacifying the minds of the maniacal patients. . . . And so all sorts of tales might be told about color. But let it suffice. I fear I have already gone far astray. . . . All I wanted to say was that two men came to my room today and they brought a screen for my window. The screen was new and all painted black. The men put the screen on the window and it made the room very dark. And as I look out through the screen everything has a dark appearance, as if I were looking through smoked glasses. . . . I was just wondering if that screen couldn't have been painted white just as well. That wouldn't have made the room nearly so dark and would have made it much more cheerful, I think. And everyone likes cheerful rooms. But then I don't know; I was just a-wondering, that's all.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

WILLIAM F. GREAVY.

The Church has lost a great leader, a pillar not easily replaced; one of her great sons has passed. James Cardinal Gibbons is dead. After eighty-seven years of life well-spent, one of the Church's noblest children has gone to his reward.

Cardinal Gibbons was all that his place as a servant of God implied. A nobler soul, a greater mind or a gentler heart has existed in few men. The Church and the world may grieve indeed. There will be great difficulty in filling his place.

But truly Cardinal Gibbons has not departed. The grandest part of him still lives; his spirit continues to guide us, his memory is a solace to us. The counsel that he gave shall ever lead us toward the light, upward and onward, to the attainment of our own last end, the beatific vision of Christ. We shall miss his kindly smiling face, but its absence will only remind us that we too, the greatest and the least without distinction, shall some day follow the path that he has gone. . . . *Requiescat in Pace.*

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE JOURNALISTS OF 1924.

This issue of the Scholastic constitutes the efforts of thirty-two Freshman journalists. In a sense, the appearance of this number places the WE MAKE OUR BOW. School of Journalism on trial. Those whose work it represents hope the verdict will be favorable.

The parent' eagerly watches the child to catch the first inkling of talent. Likewise we are being watched in our first work. We have undoubtedly made some mistakes. The initial efforts of everyone probably are in some way imperfect, but if they are efforts in the right direction, there is compensation enough. Our mistakes, we hope, may therefore be overlooked.

The work we present may not be so good as others have done. It may not be so good as we ourselves would have liked to do. We present it without apology, however, conscious of the knowledge that its sincerity will be recognized. Humbly, even, we submit ourselves to criticism; gladly we look forward to the time when we shall profit by these, our first efforts.

—CLIFTON MCINTOSH.

It is a known fact that to get any place in the world one has to show "fight" and spirit. There is nowhere that one should be able to develop these qualities any better than here at our own University. We go out to see the athletic contests with other schools. Naturally we want our own teams to win. At

first possibly we didn't possess that feeling so strongly, but as the days passed we found ourselves working always the same. We never give up. We put our whole heart and energy into winning, although we ourselves may not be on the field. This is the spirit that will help us when we get out into the world to fight our own battles. We will never say die. We are learning never to say it now. This is the spirit that wins.

—F. NAUGHTON.

Somewhere in the midst of the American people, be it in mine or monastery, farm or factory, there is the man whose glorious strength, and superb cour-

age could put Jack Dempsey out in one round. The possibility of bringing these two giants together, however, is as remote as the millennium, for the decisive reason that nobody knows who this prodigy is. And were it not for the unresting labors of Frank Wallace, Maurice Starret, and Freeman Sculley, a conclusive proportion of the football public would not have been convinced that Notre Dame is a name that ranks at the top of the list of leaders in the gridiron sport. George Gipp was the great idol of the gridiron yesterday, but it is easy to overlook the fact that no little part of his greatness was due to the assiduity of the varsity scribes. The 1920 squad was undoubtedly the fastest that ever represented the Gold and Blue inside the sidelines; but how many even of our own students would be certain of it if they did not see it in the newspapers? The fascination of the printed word is not the impression of ink on paper but the impression regarding Notre Dame that is conveyed to millions of readers in all parts of the country. It reaches more people than advertising of the most thorough sort; it is more emphatic than the words of an alumnus. Cartier field can accomodate 15,000; there is a vastly bigger throng of spectators, following the progress of our team. We are not inclined to appreciate the value of our publicity staff. Neither are we affected by the hardships they have to meet. We are too apt to assume that All-American selections are made

from the side-lines, more particularly than from the head-lines. The brain-throb of the scribe, his loyalty when reverses come, his elevation in time of success, may not make entirely for victory, but they surely make for bigger victory. He does not merit a monogram, true, but he certainly deserves some mention.

—E. W. M.

NOTICE OF EXAMINATION.

Clerk, Post Office Service.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on April 30, 1921, an open Competitive examination will be held at Notre Dame, Indiana, for the position of clerk in the post office.

From the elibibles resulting from this examination it is expected that certification will be made to fill an existing vacancy and any future vacancies in the position of clerk.

For particulars, address:

Fred J. Merline, Secretary,
Board of Civil Service Examiners,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Or secretary 6th Civil Service District,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

LORD MAYOR O'CALLAGHAN'S ADDRESS.

On Tuesday afternoon April 5th. Lord Mayor D. H. O'Callaghan, successor to the late martyred Terence MacSwiney in the city of Cork, spoke to a large audience in Washington Hall—his speech being a plea for the recognition of the Irish Republic by the government of the United States.

His eloquent appeal touched on all phases of the present situation in Ireland, and left in the minds of the hearers a strong conviction that Ireland's cause is one that every true lover of liberty should support.

Lord Mayor O'Callaghan kept his large audience deeply interested throughout and his sincere and decisive manner stamped him as one of those young nation-builders upon whose shoulders Ireland will ride to freedom.

Happiness here does not consist in experiencing a few big pleasures, but in making the most of many little ones.

SAMUEL T. MURDOCK.

Samuel T. Murdock, widely known as a business man and better known to the alumni and student body of Notre Dame as a trustee and graduate of our University, died at his home in Indianapolis on Monday March 22nd.

Hosts of friends and admirers gathered to join in the last sacred tribute paid to the memory of a man whose share in the business management of the State was unusually large. The University was officially represented by the Very Reverend President, who tendered to the bereaved family the sympathy which Notre Dame feels.

The following eulogy was delivered by the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., at the funeral services held Good Friday, March 25th., in St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Ind., Mr. Murdock's former home:

"To the outer world in general Mr. Murdock was known as a successful man. For the past thirty-five years he has exercised a growing influence in the world of commerce. His advice was sought on affairs of great moment, he was recognized and honored as a man of unusual judgment and insight.

No part of his success was due to accident. It was not the finding of a mine nor the sinking of an oil-well nor the invention of some useful bit of machinery; nor a lucky speculation; nor an accidental turn in the markets of the world, that enabled him to take high place among the successful men of his time. We must seek the explanation in the man himself; in the mental and moral qualities which appeared in his work, his character, and his life.

The shrewd judgment and deep insight which he had inherited from a remarkable father were in him refined by education, and strengthened by experience. His temperament was naturally energetic, and as power always delights to function, he felt a natural enjoyment and exhilaration in the employment of his talents and energies. Naturally opportunities and responsibilities, which always go hand-in-hand, came early to such a man, and he met them with a tremendous energy and earnestness which aroused both the pride and the anxiety of those who loved him most. But those who

love him never lost sight of the fact that the mere accumulation of wealth held only a secondary place in his interests.

First of all came his desire to take a man's place in the world, and to do a man's work. Then he experienced the natural joy of the strong man in the sense of success, for few men enjoy playing a losing game. But above all he had the satisfaction in the thought that he was providing for those whom he loved and to whom he was bound by duty in life. Few men have cared less than he personally cared for the material rewards of life. Money, which so often materializes and even brutalizes men, never enslaved or mastered him. He never forgot his boyhood days when life was simple; and he often told me that he would have found it no great hardship personally to return to that simple life.

Moreover, he carried through life a great sense of friendship and sympathy with the men who toil with their hands. It would have rendered him miserably unhappy if he felt that in mounting to the heights of success he had ever trampled on the rights of the laboring man. More than any man I have ever known he was free from false pretense, from posing, and from insincere preachments. He never dangled before the dazzled eyes of mankind the dreams of the Utopia, where the richest are poor, and the poorest live in abundance. He never wrote magazine articles under the form of a mock humility, telling the despairing and the unsuccessful in life and how easy it all was. He never preached and he never pretended. He was absolutely just to his employees. He was absolutely honest with his business associates. His conscience entered into every decision, and, therefore, there never was a moment when remorse could make him unhappy.

It was part of his character as a man absolutely without pose never to talk much of high ideals in business; he lived them instead. And it is a high and noble tribute to his memory today that among the thousands of employees whose work he directed, there is none who harbors any grudge or resentment, or who feels that advantage was ever taken of his weakness, poverty, or his dependence. If all captains of industry fol-

lowed that example, preaching high ideals less, and practicing high ideals more, there would be no labor problems in the world.

In his religious life, too, there was a total absence of pretense and of pose. The deep strong faith which was one of his most beautiful characteristics, was an inheritance from his Irish forefathers. In a home almost as holy as an altar; at the knees of a mother almost as pious as a Madonna; from the example of a strong christian father, he learned the lessons of faith, and these lessons remained deep and strong all his life long.

And as he never posed or pretended, or took heroic attitudes in his daily life, so honesty and sincerity, practical loyalty and fidelity, were the marks of his religious life. He never willingly failed in any duty imposed on him by the church, even when it meant hardship and sacrifice, in travel or under the strain of business. He accepted the church as the teacher and the guide of life. He never intruded his convictions upon others and he would never in any company wheresoever he might be permit disrespect or insult to the faith he professed. He honored his pastor as the representative of God in religious matters. He had no temptations, as successful men so often have, to discuss theology and lay down laws and limitations. His faith had the beautiful simplicity of a child's faith. He asked no privileges and no exemptions.

Nothing else could take the place of religion in his life. No success would have meant anything to him if it did not carry with it the approval of his christian conscience. No honor would have compensated, and no tribute that the world could have offered could have given him happiness if he did not feel that after it all he had borne himself like a loyal, obedient son of the Catholic Church.

He was a loyal and generous friend. Nature had dealt nobly with him. Who that ever knew him can ever forget his large handsome figure, the smile that radiated sunshine wherever he went, the subtle, good-natured humor that so often colored his speech. The companionable qualities that endeared him to all of his friends. The strong, manly character that made him uni-

versally loved. And here again it was his total absence of pose, his absolute honesty of speech and conduct that drew men to him and kept them loyal, devoted friends to the end. The world recognizes and honors the qualities that spring out of a loyal, religious life. When once his word was given in honor, it never was recalled. When once his heart was given in friendship to a worthy man, it never was taken back. He was a noble man, and he lived a noble life. He was a clean man, and he lived a clean life. He was an honest man, and he lived an honest life. He was a just man, and he never left a bitter memory to the world except when he departed from it. He was a kindly man, and he never willingly caused a tear or a sigh to his fellow-men. And, therefore, he passed away, the world was a poor and a sadder place to the multitude of men who knew and loved him. He was not, apart from his position as an employer, in any large sense a public man; and this, too, was a part of his abhorrence of pose and affectation. He felt that he could best serve the world by doing his own big work in a manly and Christian spirit. In a sense, his daily example of loyalty to duty was itself a public apostolate; and, I doubt, if there ever was a man who knew him who is not saying in his heart to-day that if all men were like Mr. Murdock, we would have a perfect, Christian civilization. His ideal of life was not an ascetic one. Laboring strenuously, as he always did, he felt the touch of life at every point and enjoyed its good things with a simple, natural, wholesome enjoyment, just as he met his duties with a simple, loyal, wholesome performance. And, therefore, his friends gave him a confidence and affection such as few men ever enjoy in life.

Most of all he was loved and honored in his own home. Into that sweet sanctuary in this hour of its utter desolation, we may not enter. Into that Gethesemane of sorrow, this Good Friday morning, only the angels of Love, and Remembrance, and Consolation may enter. Love is the only constructive force in human life. It is love of God that makes religion. It is love of country that makes patriotism. It is love of companionship that makes friendship. It is

love of wife and children that make the home. To all of these great loves, Mr. Murdock was singularly loyal; but nowhere did it appear more strikingly than in the ideal Christian home of which he was the head. That home sprang out of a beautiful human love: it was consecrated and illumined by the spirit of religion: it was sweetened and lightened by virtue and devotion. It felt the touch of Madonna love and Christ-like strength; and today, as another Christian family, the most perfect in all the long story of mankind, it has its Good Friday, its Calvary, and its open grave. May the tender Madonna, she whose sorrow was as deep as the sea, be a Mother of Consolation to those that are left to mourn. Let them not sorrow as those that have no hope, for they have not lost him. If he had fallen into great sin, or shame, or disgrace; if in that high position where he stood, where the world flung itself perpetually at him, where temptation smiled most seductively, he had stumbled and fallen into disgrace and dishonor; then indeed they would have lost him. They hold him still in that affection which is stronger than death. "Faith, Hope, Love, these three, and the greatest of these is Love." For him, Faith is now swallowed up in vision: Hope is now dissolved in possession: but Love remains and will continue through all eternity. What they feel to-day is only the sorrow of separation and not the sorrow of eternal death. In life he was an exemplar, an inspiration, and an ideal to his family; in death he is still with them in remembrance, in love, in prayer. And as they lift their eyes to-day to the Cross on which hangs the "Young Man Beautiful," let them look beyond the empty Cross, to the empty tomb, the symbol and assurance of their faith in everlasting life, everlasting love, everlasting reunion.

FORMER FROSH.

—We wish to extend our congratulations to Joseph S. Pliska M. E. '16, who will be remembered as one of the great halfbacks of the 1913 team, and who is now with the Chevrolet Motor Company of Chicago. It is a boy.

—William E. Cotter, an LLB man of 1913, who is sales manager of the Oxwell Acety-

lene Company in Newark, N. J. has recently been sent to Cuba in the interest of his firm. This will be a fine opportunity to combine business with real old-fashioned pleasure.

—The University is the grateful recipient of a set of books which were sent by Mrs. Edward Ryan sometime ago. In accordance with her request they have been placed in the Sorin Hall library in memory of her son George Joseph Ryan, who was a student here in 1910. George enlisted in 1917 and went to France where he took part in the battle of the Argonne Forest. He was mortally wounded and died on Oct. 7th. 1918.

—An appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission of much interest to men of '88, and thereabouts, is now awaiting confirmation by President Harding. It concerns Mr. Frank Hagenbarth of Idaho, president of the National Wool Growers' Association. He is the father of one of four present Walsh Hall students, and also of Frank Jr. who was here last year in the preparatory school.

—The marriage of Herbert M. Walsh, who graduated in Mechanical Engineering in 1920, to Mary Magdalen Lyons of Chicago has been announced. Walsh is with the Western Electric Company of Chicago. The best wishes of his many friends on the campus are extended herewith.

—We are pleased to learn that James P. Fogarty, a graduate of the Notre Dame Law School in 1900, is now one of the leading practising attorneys in Philadelphia. He has offices on the sixteenth floor of the Finance Building, four doors from the end of the corridor to the left as you get off the elevator.

—Henry J. McGlew, one of the men who made football history for the old school in his day, does not seem to have lost any of his old punch. He now has a responsible position with the Kingwood Oil Co. of Okmulgee, Oklahoma. Henry received his LL.B. in 1905.

—In a recent letter to the President, Leo J. Hassenaner, LL.B. '20, writes an enthusiastic commendation of the Notre Dame Law School. Leo has been unusually suc-

cessful since graduation, being connected with the important firm of Richberg, Ickes, Davies and Lord.

—The Rev. P. J. Crawley, student at Notre Dame from 1889 to 1894, has been transferred by his bishop from Drummond, Montana, to the pastorate of St. Mary's, at Superior, Montana.

—The radio department of the Manhattan Electrical Supply Company has as its manager Patrick Gallagher, who was with us from 1912 to 1914.

—Joseph M. Byrne Jr., who graced the campus in '14-'15, is manager with the New York branch of his father's brokerage business.

—John F. Fennessey, who accepted an A. B. in '99, is chief of the medical staff of the Carney Hospital in Boston. This very important position is the reward of long and able work on the part of an unusual man.

—Moses, Rosenthal and Kennedy, prominent Chicago lawyers announced that Oscar J. Dorwin has now taken up business headquarters with the firm. Oscar is a well-known product of Notre Dame.

—MOLZ.

UNDER THE DOME.

—Ho hum, nothing to worry about now! Exams are over.

—Add signs of spring: the followers of Izaak Walton fishing in St. Mary's lake.

—The Kentucky Club will hold its annual banquet on April 16th. The kind of drinks will be served has not been announced.

—The first of a series of explanations of the Mass which will continue for five weeks, was given in the Sorin Hall chapel last Sunday morning. Father John O'Hara, C. S. C., had charge. The student body is invited to attend these meetings.

—The Sophomore cotillion is scheduled for April 16th and the exultant second year men can scarcely restrain their glee in looking forward to the event. And someone suggests they deserve all the joy they get.

—Alden Cusick, chairman of the Student Activities Committee, Frank Blasius, president of the Junior class, and members

of the committee, spent Thursday, Friday and Saturday in attendance at the mid-west conference of student governing bodies at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. All problems pertaining to student government and activities were fully discussed by representatives from schools in twenty-eight states. The meeting is the first of its kind ever held. Both Notre Dame representatives expect to return full of new ideas that will enable them to extend their good work.

—Notre Dame Council, 1477, Knights of Columbus, will hold its second initiation of the school year in South Bend on Sunday, April 17th. Over seventy-five candidates are eagerly looking forward to the event. Immediately following the initiation a banquet will be held at the Oliver Hotel. Effort is being made to obtain as speaker for the occasion, Robert E. Crowe, states attorney of Cook county, Illinois, one of the most prominent men of the middle west.

—Monday evening, April 11th, is the date for the Minnesota Club's banquet; place, Oliver Hotel. The invited guests include Father James Burns, C. S. C., Father Joseph Burke, C. S. C., and Professor George N. Shuster. Father Burke will make the principal address. A variety of musical entertainment is promised to which the forty-one members of the club are looking forward with anticipation. The officers of the Minnesota Club include Cy Kasper, president, Danny Coughlin, vice president, Paul Castner secretary and Linus Glotzbach, treasurer.

—On last Sunday evening forty singers of the Glee Club made their South Bend debut at St. Casimir's Church, where they received an unusually generous reception. The program was offered in the way of a sacred concert. Their appearance marked the first of a series of weekly concerts that will be given in South Bend during the coming weeks.

—A Knights of Columbus dance, complimentary to the prospective candidates who will be initiated the 17th, will be given at the Oliver Hotel, Wednesday, April 13th. Several novelties are promised for this event.

—LITTLE, CORRY, MCCARTHY.

ATHLETICS.

Swede Edgrin came back to the old diamond, on which he had pitched Notre Dame to victory many times, but on this occasion he was leading a gang of ballbusters who enjoyed the cognomen of "Goat Anderson's Specials."

They gave out a few lessons in ballplaying, Sunday, with Jake Klein, Sjoberg and Swede doing most of the headlining. Jake busted up the fray with his Cobbian bat, while his teammates managed to coax the Notre Dame infield into a few errors that spelled defeat.

Hec Garvey however, couldn't bear to see them in the limelight all the while so gave a very pretty exhibition of the art of nipping base pilferers. The strong arm stuff stopped two of the path burners in one inning by such wide margins that all hope of material gain in that branch of playing was given up by the South Benders.

Rangy Miles was injected into the game just before the curtain and on his trip to the plate, connected for his first home run of the season.

From appearance Sunday Notre Dame's wealth of material is quickly rounding into shape and will be ready to give the Wisconsin aggregation the battle of their life when they stop off here Friday and Saturday for a two day stand. The pitching staff of the Halas' men is strong, the catching department one of the best ever had here and the garden berths sumptuously filled. If the infield can produce, and they seem to be very capable, we are sure of a really successful baseball season.

Brownson Hall under the guidance of the old master Jake Klein, was the first of the Halls out for practice. A lot of hopefuls exhibited what they knew in the way of playing the great American game and Brother Alan has hopes of lodging his third championship of the season for the Brownson Rec room. Burns and Samon seem to be two stellar box men, while Egan, Henneghan, Barry and Fitz Gerald look like the nucleus of a banner nine.

Badin Hall, equipped with a new field is preparing to launch a great baseball boom. Nearly a score of aspirants for positions on the freshman hall nine have been practicing daily and are rapidly showing a large amount of quality. Father Remmes is confident his boys will hand out a number of baseball lessons before the season is very far under way.

Dear old Sorin will open the Interhall season, a week from Sunday when she meets Brownson Hall. Of course its too early for the Sorinites to organize but when talking of ball teams the other half don't want to forget that Sorin must be reckoned with a very great deal.

Jabo Corcoran failed to show up to pastime with the boys from Siberia last Sunday and consequently St. Patrick's dormitory copped the bacon in the clash between the two Brownson dormitories. The score was 6-5.—KELLY.

SAFETY VALVE.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

PLACE: *A student's private room
That has never seen a broom.
On the floor two students wrestling,
In the bed a freshman nestling,
Near the desk three students smoking
Four more laughing loud and joking.*

TIME: *Just after ten o'clock.
At the door there comes a knock.
Off the lights are quickly switched,
Cigarettes at once are ditched.
Prefect enters in the dark,
Sniffs and then makes this remark.*

PREFECT.—You're smoking in this room again I see
That puts you up around two ninety three.

STUDENT.—No one's been smoking in my room
to-night.

PREFECT.—Let us be sure of that (turns on the
light.)

*Just one student stands before him
And the prefect seems to bore him.
From beneath the bed protrude
Several feet. Though it sounds crude
This young student bravely swears
He was at his evening prayers
When he heard somebody knocking
And, he says, he thought it shocking
One should knock so late at night
After he'd put out his light.*

PREFECT.—I'm sure the janitor must smoke in here
For I've discovered piled up tier on tier
The butts of cigarettes, in this old pail.

STUDENT.—Sure, he smokes here. He must spend
half his kale

On coffin nails. Sometimes he smells of booze.

PREFECT.—(Pointing to the protruding feet) I see
you've quite a number of old shoes.

And they're of different sizes, are they not?

STUDENT.—Yes, that's because my feet swell when
its hot,

And when its cold I wear two sizes smaller—
I've got more shoes than any Badin Haller.

PREFECT.—Then you've not had a visitor at all?

STUDENT.—No, Sir. There's not a fellow in the hall
I'd let into my room at time of study.

They know it, too. I'd throw out anybody.

*As he stood there unabashed
Something in the dresser crashed.
One would figure from the sound
That about three hundred pound
Hit the floor. The prefect fled
From the dresser toward the bed.*

PREFECT.—What caused that awful racket, lead or
bricks?

STUDENT.—'Twas nothing but my bag of big golf
sticks

That tumbled from the hook. One would believe

PREFECT.—The room was haunted.

STUDENT.—That noise would deceive

Most anyone but when I hung my bag
I noticed that the hook began to sag.

PREFECT.—It seemed to me when I stood by your
door

I heard the voices of two boys or more—
One time it sounded almost like a crowd.

STUDENT.—Yes, Sir. I always say my prayers out
loud

PREFECT.—You're sure then you're deserving no
demerit?

STUDENT.—I'm absolutely positive, I swear it!

PREFECT.—Get right to bed then or you may catch
cold.

STUDENT.—I always do whatever I am told.

*Then the door the prefect seeks
And as he goes out he speaks:*

PREFECT (to himself) I've heard of liars who had
some swift pace,

But no one ever threw lies in my face
As fast as this lad. I ne'er hoped to find
A boy who'd think me dumb and deaf and blind.
And what's more, if I had a roll, I'd lay
Ten dollars that he thinks he got away.

*When the prefect left the room
Like dead rising from a tomb
Heads bobbed out of every place,
Each one with a grinning face.*

1ST. STUDENT.—The rules they made for this school
are infernal.

2ND. STUDENT.—Not so, dear youth, the discipline's
paternal.

3RD. STUDENT.—Paternal heck! How often have I
said

They'll send us soon from class right into bed.

4TH. STUDENT.—Yes, and we have to rise before
the sun

And get nothing for breakfast but a bun.

5TH. STUDENT.—Bed time should be deferred when
nights are vernal.

2ND. STUDENT.—That's so but still the discipline's
paternal.

*Then they all join hands and sing
As they dance around a ring.*

We don't care how many demerits they give us,
Let everyone ride us at will,

No matter how sassy the prefect may treat us
We love our old college home still.

It's not that the campus is so dogone pretty
Or profs know the heck of a lot.

It's just because rules are so downright paternal—
They write to our folks when we're caught.

They first send a long letter off to our mother,
A telegram next to our dad,

They garnishee wages of uncles and cousins,
Whenever we chance to be bad.

They send a collector to each of our nieces

They interview nephews and aunts,

And if they suspect we are thinking of skiving
They campus us weeks in advance.

*So we're for this school, may its life be eternal
Because all the discipline here is paternal.*