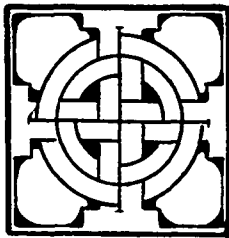


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CALENDAR

January 29, Sunday—William McKinley born, 1843.
Sermon, "The College Man in the Parish," by Rev.
Wm. Murphy, Chicago, at 8:15 Mass.

January 30, Monday—Constitution amended, 1865.
Registration day.

January 31, Tuesday—Naval battle off Charlestown,
1863.

Basket ball—Michigan Aggies vs. N. D., here.

February 1, Wednesday—Battle of Cowan's Ford,
1781.

Engels gets tip for morning prayer, 1919.

February 2, Thursday—Candlemas Day.

Sophomore smoker, Chamber of Commerce, South
Bend.

Students Activities Committee meets.

February 3, Friday—Battle of Dover, 1862.

William Wade Hinshaw's all-star opera comique,
"The Impresario," by Mozart, Washington Hall.

Wabash vs. N. D., here.

February 4, Saturday—Clinton reaches New York,
1776.

Mercer Company, Harry Yeazelle Mercer, tenor,
concert, Washington Hall.

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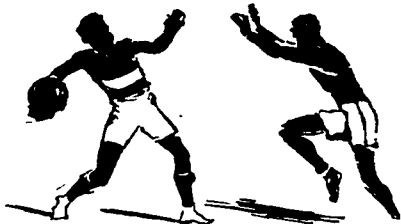
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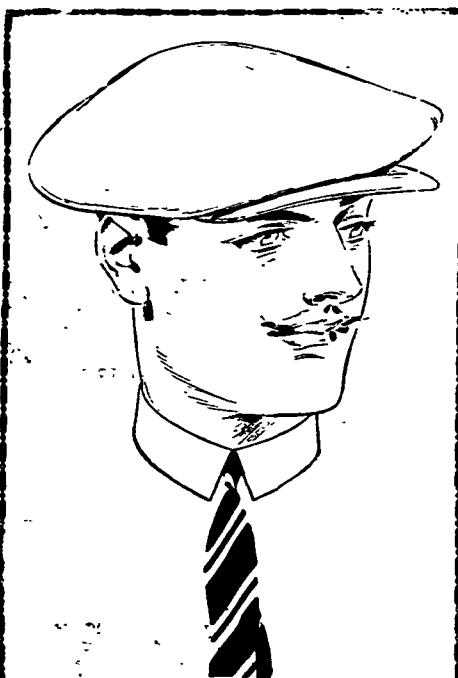
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January 28, 1922

No. 16

POPE BENEDICT XV.

DEATH has taken Pope Benedict XV, one of the most remarkable figures in the history of the age-old Church. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and atheists mourn the loss of the man who did more than any other individual to restore peace to a war-convulsed world. For his was a truly Catholic life, exemplifying the spirit of charity for all and always endeavoring to establish a closer union between God and man. Brief as his pontificate was, it was notable because of many things done for humanity and by reason of great accomplishments for the Church.

In spite of the physical handicaps with which he began his life, Giacomo Della Chiesa fought his way through a long career filled with the many obstacles that confront the progressive man. He was the descendant of a noble family which had already given a Pope to the Church, Innocent VII. When he was thirteen years old he expressed the hope of becoming a priest, but was not encouraged by his father who had planned a career as a lawyer for his son. But the boy could not be dissuaded, and after he had qualified as a lawyer at the age of twenty-one, he again mentioned his ambition. His father yielded to the desire, and Giacomo entered the Capronican college at Rome to begin his study for the priesthood. Shortly after his ordination he became secretary to Msgr. Rampolla, and by the time Della Chiesa was appointed Archbishop of Bologna he had held many important ecclesiastical positions.

On May 25, 1914, Archbishop Della Chiesa was created a cardinal by Pope Pius X, and the following September was elected Pope. The election came as a great surprise to the lay and ecclesiastical world, for at that time

little consideration had been given this man's possibilities as Pope. But here we can see the great wisdom of the leaders of the Catholic Church, for surely no more capable man could have been elected to govern the Vatican through such trying times, nor could a more profound man have been chosen to guide the Catholic Church on her new rise in influence.

When Benedict XV ascended the throne of the papacy, he confronted a condition of affairs such as few Popes have met. The world was in the midst of the greatest turmoil ever known to history, and it is little wonder that the new Pope was bewildered at the prospect of restoring peace from chaos. At first he wept for fear that he could not bear the burden so suddenly thrust upon him, and he thought the responsibility too great for "one frail mind" to assume. But his superior intellect came to the fore, and he approached the task with all the courage and all the diplomacy that had characterized his activities as priest, archbishop, and papal diplomat. With incredible skill and energy he employed the wisdom of the ages which supported his exalted position; with rare genius and statesmanship he attacked a seemingly hopeless problem, and one week after his coronation he implored the warring nations to lay down their arms. But the rulers of the world did not possess the keen vision of Benedict; they could not see as he did that the very foundations of Christian civilization were being torn apart and that untold misery was in store for the participants in the conflict and for their posterity. Consequently, Benedict's proposals were not well received. One plea followed another, all to no avail. His humane efforts were made the object of much criticism by the warring countries; the allies accused him of being influenced by Emperor Charles of Austria, and

his evident satisfaction with the capture of Jerusalem made him the target for much German abuse. But against all this he stood immovable and continued in his endeavor to bring peace to the world. And after the din of war people are beginning to see things in a less clouded way and to realize the sincerity of the Pope's work. His efforts in behalf of humanity have brought to him great honor, and have earned for him a high place in world history.

His success in building up the influence of the Church is shown by the fact that there are now at the Vatican nearly twice as many representatives of secular governments than there was prior to Benedict's ascendancy. Perhaps the most notable instance of this is the reconciliation he effected with France, for France had separated herself from the Church probably more completely than any other country. Had Benedict lived a while longer a similar reunion would no doubt have been made by him between the Vatican and Italy. For the first time since 1870 an Italian official entered the Vatican, when Minister of Justice Rodine called to present the Italian government's condolences on the death of Pope Benedict XV. By his high spirit and singleness of purpose, Benedict had shown the world the need of a closer relationship between Christianity and political affairs, and towards bringing this about he accomplished much.

In face of the many difficulties and problems which immediately concerned his Church and the world in general, Benedict was an ardent advocate for Irish independence. Many suggestions and appeals were made by His Holiness, and he took a keen interest in the negotiations which culminated in peace between England and Ireland.

Benedict was a man exceptionally well fitted to take the leadership of the Church at a time when the entire world despaired of salvation. He was possessed with high Christian ideals and had a God-given strength of high and noble character to bear them out. Born to aristocracy, he exerted a democratizing influence such as few great leaders have ever wielded, and when the history of these times is written it must record among many great works the affection of a world.

C. J. HIRSCHBUHL.

RHODES OF DESTINY.

AARON H. HUGUENARD.

If you are one of those persons always jumping at conclusions, you will immediately accuse me of plagiarizing O. Henry. Well, if you have done that, I'm sorry because I've been thinking about writing this story long before my great contemporary ever heard of the Beaupertuys or David Mignot. Many sins are committed in the name of idem sonans, and many more under the guise of post hoc, ergo, propter hoc. I couldn't help it that Anybody's published his story first.

I'm not going to apologize further; I'm going to show you how different our articles are. In the first place, his work is about a fellow who is killed three times on three different roads. Isn't that silly—killing a man three times in one story? And that isn't the worst of it: his readers think it's wonderful. In my story, there's no killing at all, let alone kill a man three times. And my Destiny isn't a thing that everybody talks about and nobody knows what it is, like O. Henry's; my Destiny is a real-for-sure town in the State of Coma.

It's just like any other town of its size; it has a business district, some "movie" shows, an opera house, and a city hall. If you ever happen to be in the State, you want to visit Destiny and see its city hall. I don't ask you to inspect the building on account of its imposing architecture but I want you to go inside and look at the picture of Jack Rhodes. Then, if you have time, read the little bronze tablet under it.

I suppose you'll be astounded to hear that Jack Rhodes, the famous misogynist author, came from Destiny. You know that he is a hermit and lives somewhere in the great State and writes all sorts of mean, bitter things about women. Did you ever hear the story of his early life?

From his youth, Jack was the hero of Destiny. His smart sayings and clever tricks were the wonder of the town. Whenever there was an entertainment, Jack of ten years was invited to speak a piece. When he reached fourteen, the girls began to fondle him, and by the time he was graduated from high school, no party was complete unless Jack was present.

Of course, it was in order for a man of his parts to go to college. When he left Destiny for the University of the Lakes, the whole town prophesied that some day Jack would be President of the United States. His college career is history now. I tell you about it because it was from his classmates there that he got certain ideas about women. I can't say with certainty how much these ideas influenced him but I do know that the Jack Rhodes of college days was not the high school boy of Destiny.

It was only a short time until he fell in love—not the kittenish, puppy love of “seventeen” days but the blind, foolish love of college years—and began to consider marriage. He had on his list of prospective mates, three. The first was a millionaire's only daughter without so much as a grain of intelligence; the second was a girl of moderate wealth and of medium brains; and the third was a girl of no wealth, but highly endowed with mental powers.

Which one would he marry? All three vowed that they would love him as long as water was wet, and the stars shone. All three swore that he was the light of their eyes, the flame of their hearts, and the rest of the drivel that goes along with such remarks. His intimate friends were morbidly curious to hear the outcome of his amours, and some of the more reckless ones bet as to the girl, Jack was going to marry.

Then, the unexpected happened. Jack Rhodes left college, friends, and the world behind him, and went into seclusion. His acquaintances were stunned but Jack offered no explanation for his action. Attempts to dissuade him from his course were useless. His mind was made up, and nothing would change it. A hermit's life was to be his.

For six months nobody heard from him. His friends knew he was alone, refusing to see anyone, and that was all. Then, a leading periodical began to publish articles, signed Rhodes of Destiny. They were radical essays, dealing with hypocrisy of women, the superficial veneer of society, and idiocy of marriage. Magazines of the iconoclastic type began to clamor for his work. Sunday feature writers sought after his life's history. Critics, who condemned the nature of his products, could not help but comment on the

brilliance of his style and the cleverness of his wit; his admirers compared him to Addison, Swift and DeQuincey, and claimed that here was a litterateur whose books would decorate the shelves of immortality.

All this time, his friends were trying to find out why he had done such a thing. Some thought that he had gone crazy and that his essays were merely the outpourings of a feverish, disordered mind. His more intimate associates, however, refused to believe this but could give no good reason for his action. I was among the latter number and I must admit that I was quite puzzled until I found an old diary of his. Perhaps it is an unpardonable breach for me to print it, but I am going to chance it, anyhow.

“February 14.

“Life is peculiar. I wonder if it's worth living. When I was in Destiny, I didn't realize the things I do now. Is there any such thing as love, and marriage founded on true love? If there is I ought to be able to find it. Whom do I love? There's Phyllis with her money buying everything but brains and personality; there's Helen, not so much money, but not so devoid of those qualities which go to make up the personal equation; there's Mary with nothing but a keen mind.

“February 17.

“I'm through with women; I'm through with everything. Ah, those dreams—what if they should come true? These last three nights, each night a terrible, wretched dream. My dreams always come true. These cannot happen. I must thwart them. Married to each of them, and happy with none. I know what I'll do; I'll quit the world. To hell with society and its sugar-coated trimmings.

FIRST DREAM.

“Jack, dear, tonight Mrs. Chomely-Smythe is holding her reception. Come, you must hurry and dress. You know the Cricthons and the VanDuysens will be there, and I've heard how wonderful they are.”

“But, dear, we've been out every night for three weeks. I'm way behind on my reading schedule. Why can't you plead illness?”

“There you go, Jack Rhodes, always trying to keep me in. Aren't you proud of me? I've just got eight new gowns from Ber-

thoud's, Paris, and I want to show Mrs. Prentess that she isn't the only one who can wear the most exclusive things."

"But, Phyllis, dear——"

"Don't dear me, Mr. Rhodes. I don't see why I married you, anyhow. Always complaining about going out with me. It's my money that——"

"Sweetheart, I tell you that I want to finish Corneille."

"You make me sick with your old classics. You chide me when I read anything, and call it trash. But let's not get off the point. I say we're going out. What good is my——"

"Dear, please don't talk about your money. I know you have it and can do many things with it, but you're not going to measure our love with money? You have too much good sense for that."

"Just like a man! Why do you argue with me, Jack? We're going out tonight because your dear Phyllis says so. Isn't she paying all the bills?"

"Why do you insist on flaunting your money before me? Don't provoke me, huddins. It's beyond question, going out tonight."

"Jack Rhodes, we're through. I thought you loved me but I see you don't. You only married me for my money, so that you could have three meals a day without working for them. I'll fool you. Not another day will live with you. Tomorrow I will apply for a divorce."

SECOND DREAM.

"Jack, dear, why aren't you making more money? You know we've been married two years now, and we're not one stride ahead. Who was the fellow that said one can't stand still; he must go either forward or backward? Which way are we going?"

"Why, Helen, that's a funny way for you to talk. Aren't you happy? We've got everything we had when we were married, and a little more. We've the cars, and the house."

"I know, Jack, but we can't be satisfied with ordinary cars. Anybody can own a Scholarbaker and a Fjord sedan. Anybody can go to a lake for a few months during the summer. But you know when you courted me, we planned bigger things."

"We were to have a limousine-brougham

and a Rolls Rice sport car, and our own golf links. We were going to travel Europe, and spend months at historic places. Where is the winter home we were to have at Miami, and the lodge on Mt. Katahdin? We can't do those things on five figures, Jack. It takes lots of money and you haven't produced."

"Helen, are you losing your mind? I thought you loved me. You realize that I've tried terribly hard to triple our modest fortune, but luck has been against me. I know I promised you those things. I intended well."

"Yes, that's all you have done is intended, but good intentions are darned poor pavement on the road of success. I could have married Reggie Gould-Brique. I wish I had."

"If that's the way you feel, Helen, you may rest assured that your husband is not going to stand in your way. I can't buy you a five-thousand dollar gown for every function that comes along."

"Jack, you're a real man. And you won't contest my divorce?"

THIRD DREAM.

"Mary, I'm all enthused about my new position."

"Do not say 'enthused,' Jack. There is no such word. And 'position.' More than likely you got a 'job'."

"Oh, Sweetheart, why are you so precise in your talk? It's only between us. Rover quit your barking and lay down."

"Jack Rhodes, your language is atrocious. If you can't order that dog to lie down, do not speak to him. Rover is not used to that kind of language."

"I'm sorry, honey, I displease. I'll try not to do it no more."

"Please, cease talking. You exasperate me. Double negatives! Why don't you curse? Perhaps you can do that correctly. Where is the steak you were to bring?"

"Mary, I didn't have the money to buy a steak; so I bought a soup bone."

"Your college education is benefitting us materially. If you continue your progress, we shall soon be able to apply for aid from the county. I thought you had the stuff of success in you, but I see now it's the stuffings. What does this job pay?"

"I am to get a salary of six hundred a year to start."

"In better form, your wages will be about two dollars a day. Do you think twelve dollars a week will keep us? I suppose we are to live on love? I used to laugh at our dean when he said it is easy to love when you have money. He was right and I certainly regret that I did not pay more heed to his words.

"When you insisted on calling four times a week, I thought you would amount to something. The fell clutch of circumstance must have blinded me. Oh, what a mistake! Would that I could have my start in life again! Such a worthless parasite! Jack Rhodes, there's only one solution—divorce."

CONCERNING THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

When in early January your teacher of philosophy or of economics would startle you into study with the invocation "Get this stuff now—examinations are less than a month away," his importunity seems hardly pertinent. You are aware that you are something more than a normal student, and you feel justified in turning upon your professor a restful eye which plainly denotes "A month away, huh? Heaven be thanked for it!" And that is the total effect of your professor's untimely warning.

A week passes, two, three of them glide away, and high marks justly anticipated are within a week of realization. Then your professor ventures to throw out another admonition. "One week in which to prepare for the quarterly," he solemnly announces. One week—the phrase catches your ear, only your ear, however; it does not reach the reason. The professor, if he but knew, might boast of a novel achievement; for that night you do prepare—your next day's work. You had even considered beginning the review. But next day some one proposes a whole day's hike, and you just then realize that you are not attending a girls' school, that you never were a house-plant; and so if you are to remain true to your character and present situation, you must postpone that review for just one day. But one day, after all what

is one day? Your mind, too, will be the clearer for a day's relaxation. "The terrible thralldom of study," you exclaim, "I've seen enough of it—books, nothing but books; nothing but tests and examinations for two months now. Give me twenty-four hours away from it all, and I'll be in tip-top shape to begin my review."

You awake with a start; your book, falling onto the floor, wakens many of your peace-loving neighbors. "Wh-what's that?" you stammer. "What's Prof saying? Exams tomorrow! George, exams tomorrow?" Now your friend George is not at all dumbfounded. The prefect, pointing out to him last night several significant truths the cumulative effect of which George might not survive, had incidentally apprised him of this staggering fact. And George had been unreasonably studious ever since. But what is there for you to do? History, economics, philosophy, you had most certainly intended to go over them all. The day and the hour have come upon you almost unawares. But surely, no fellow with anything like spirit would have missed that first decent trip to see a big game; and who had sacrificed the "Hallowe'en Prom"?—not a dozen in the class, and those most scurvy sports. Thus you salve your conscience. Some old phrases which a high school professor used to employ—not too effectively—are knocking inharmoniously at your memory: "As you sow, so shall you reap," and "You sang, and now you may dance." But those sayings are trite, and at best they were meant for boys and girls, for "preps," whereas you demand something novel and exciting, you are a man, a college man.

"The good student does not have to 'plug' for the examinations." A worthy saying, you admit, and under ordinary circumstances worthy of being warmly accepted. But just now you must cast to the winds your ordinary philosophy; you must on tomorrow morning face that awful professor of economics. "The examinations will cover the first fourteen chapters of the text," he stiffly announces, and that text he two months earlier dubbed "a man's book." Upon that subject, then, you will put all your remaining time; you will write that examination in as brief a compass as possible, and hurry

away to prepare your history or philosophy. Of course you will be able to compress your answers, for you, for one, will have the matter well in hand.

For perhaps half an hour at your desk that night you cling resolutely to your purpose. But at the end of that time another science is clamoring for recognition. "All is," "nothing is," "prime form," "flux of ideas," Democritus, Heracleite, Abelard, Quintillian, Pythagoras—how is any one mind to marshal these raw recruits and in twenty-four hours to have them all stepping orderly and effectively to martial music? And so you catch yourself lapsing from your dogged purpose of amassing what Mr. Taussig has to say in his heartless fourteen chapters. But, you admit to yourself, it is narrowing to try to see all things from one point of view, and tantalizing to have to measure the universe with a yard-stick. You will let your mind take its natural bent, you will turn for a while to the deepest causes of things. Your study of final causes resolves itself into a prolonged discussion with your roommate as to why such a great philosopher as Saint Augustine should have set off to convert England in the seventh century, and as to how old he must have been at that time. You even condescend to help your comrade in deciding that Sir James Barrie is no longer the Governor-General of the Philippines, and is pitching upon none other than Rawdon Crawley as the present incumbent. Then you stretch yourself contentedly and take an easier posture—if an easier be available,—and you are primed for two good hours' work in economics. Thus fortified, you hear the clock strike—nine, you are sure, and you are about to stretch again when—the lights go out. "They expect us to get this stuff by the light of the moon?" you ask rhetorically. "A man can't take exams tomorrow, if the lights go out at nine tonight. Tonight of all nights, when we were to have had eleven o'clock lights!"

The dread tomorrow has become fatal today; today has dragged past, and you stand at the threshold of the new quarter. Those grim expositors of economics and philosophy were unreasonable indeed. To be sure, you knew enough about minimum wage laws, but your knowledge was rather dilatory about

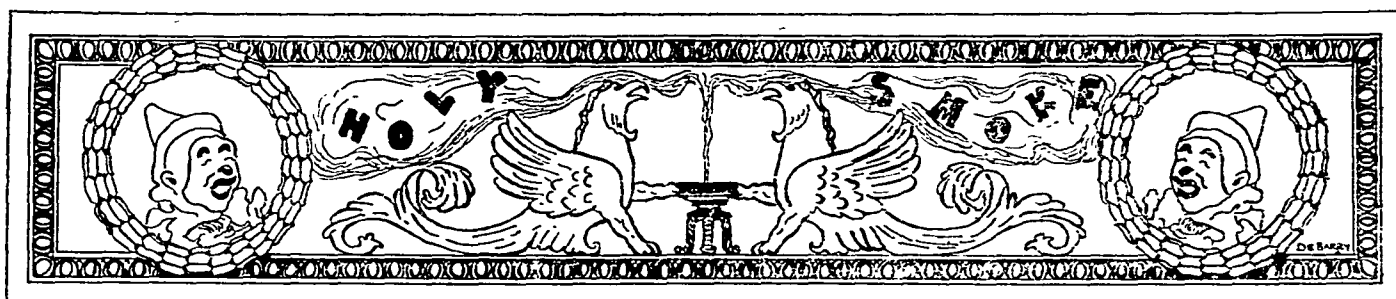
bodying itself forth upon the examination blank; and that dry economist tried to make a joke of a phrase which you accidentally and quite unaccountably committed to paper—"The Minimum Wage Waltz." As for philosophy, you knew as well as anybody what Pythagoras and other ancients taught; unfortunately, however, when you were about to transcribe the matter, all you could summon up was an elusive, visionary kind of Pythagoras calling out signals in an inter-hall gridiron duel. Due, then, to professors' spite and to the fact that eleven o'clock took you unawares last night, you will perhaps receive markings a trifle lower than you had in all reason anticipated. Such a prospect, however, is less irksome when you recollect that whereas others are after high marks and credits, you most assuredly are after an education. For two days, it is true, you lost sight of that fact, and went after the marks; but now that after all they are not within your reach, you will look upon them as sour grapes and content yourself with the education.

All that, however, is past, and you for the most part are one of those who let the dead bury their dead, and are quick to reanimate their determination to live in the present. Your period of depressed spirits is short-lived, it flows over into one of exuberant ease. "Good students don't have to plug for exam" is the apothegm which your roommate is affixing to his bookcase. "Plug for exams!" he sneers. "I'll never do it again. Culture and not credit, that's what we're here for." You rapturously proclaim that his doctrine has long been your own. "But," you say, "it's not the exams or plugging for them that's getting me; it's that steady grind of ten long weeks before, that kills a man." And thus, my dear fellow, you set leisurely forth to sow the seed which ten weeks hence will surely bring to you just such another harvest.

QUATRAIN.

Ceased be the age-old quest
For I have found the alkahest.
The golden sun's light on the sea—
Behold, what wondrous alchemy!

C. S. CROSS.



AIN'T THIS GRAND?

I once had a mine, but I mined—mind me well—
What this mine of mine to my mind would likely
sell.

So the land being dry and all minds out of sorts,
I mined and I minded the wholesale of quartz.

She: Why is a plumber like an opium smoker?

He: Why, they're both well skilled in pipe-line.

Prof: Give me an example of an impossibility?

Stude: Trying to rent false teeth.

A. Fresh wants to know what kind of an iron one
uses when one presses a friend to stay for dinner.

A friend of mine
Said what was
Truthful
When he said
That the candid
Remarks
Of a friend
Are not always
Candied.

"Good jokes are very rare."

"Yes, but rare jokes are not always good."

FOOLISH VERSE.

Around the track the racers sped.
One driver spilled. It killed him—dead.
The driver's name was Pat O'Slim.
In Earth's sweet lap they burned him—
-----Last lap.

Jim Martin, 22, home on Christmas vacation, calls
on his girl.

Jim:—Well, my dear, what have you been think-
ing about since last September?

Same Jane:—Oh, nothing much.

Jim:—I thought you might have been thinking
about me.

Same Jane:—I was.

Bruce Holmberg:—Oh I say Frank, what would
you do if you could sing like me?

Frank Blasius:—I'd have my voice trained.

Neighbor to Mr. William Clemens, Sr.:—What is
your son going into when he finishes school?"

Mr. Clemens:—"Well, I don't know, but judging
from the hours he keeps, I should think he was
naturally cut out for a Milk Man.

Merch, of Brownson:—Give me a bite of your
apple.

Miller:—You don't want any; it's full of worms.

Merch:—That's all right; it isn't Friday.

BY AMBITION.

He sat upon the Ivy vines

I never heard more noise'n

He made when he got home that night—

The Ivy vines were poison—

START SET.

Trials of a Tea Hound—Chapped lips.

It is said that during a discussion of the merits
of different cars "Wop" Berra announced that he
preferred the diner to all the rest put together.

I saw on a tombstone this following verse,

It could read much better; it could read much
worse:

"Here lies the remains of Euphrosia Young,
Thank heaven at last she holds her tongue."

It may be false, it may be true,

But just these few words between me and you:

With nothing to do in the next world but talk,

I'll bet that Euphrosia will sit and gawk,

And gossip, wrangle and make a big fuss

'Bout all the newcomers, some day, maybe us.

E. T. DINEEN.

HOLY SMOKE'S REJUVENATED PROVERBS.

Better be a square peg in a round hole than a
corkscrew in a crooked political office.

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make
him sink.

The longest way 'round is the shortest way home.
This is ridiculous.

Look before you peep.

A barking dog has no bite—but he can make it
snappy for you at times.

KOLARS.

A SETTING SUMMER SUN.

GERALD HOLLAND.

It is necessary to preface this article with a two-fold apology, first, for writing of a man and age with which I am incompletely familiar; second, for having to admit this ignorance.

It has been my misfortune on several occasions, to read, first, the somber works of poets, and, in that hasty manner of youth, to draw from these an all embracing criticism or opinion; which opinion has, just so often, suffered from the realization of another mood in this same artist.

Yesterday, after having read five of William Butler Yeats' poems that have been written since the war, I accidentally discovered three short poems of his youth; the difference is as sunset to sunrise.

The rose in Yeats' sunset has gone out, only the faint pale beauty of his genius lights his deepening blue despair. Pearse and Connolly, Easter Week, 1916, and Ireland Imprisoned, and on top of all these, the War and its dismal echoes, has surrounded the pen of this man, whose sunrise of youth brought the dancing light of Celtic joys and the softened, misted sun of Irish legend out of his ink bottle.

S. V. Ervine said of him recently, this tall man of long, dark hair that is turning gray, that he could speak the most beautiful verse in the most depressing way of anyone he knew. These same Ervine descriptions of Yeats, and visits to his house, was one of my chief sources of material, and they are not altogether, kindly done.

"He has a poetic appearance," Ervine says of Yeats, "purely physical in nature, not due to any eccentricity of dress, save for a flowing black necktie." This same necktie once prompted an English hostess to ask Yeats why he wore it.

"To match my boots," was his dry reply.

Yeats, Ervine further mentioned, needs an audience to which he can discourse in a pontifical manner. If he is compelled to remain in the company of one person for any length of time, he pretends that the individual is a crowd listening to him. He talks seldom of common place things; it is either

in a high and brilliant style or full of remembrance of dead friends.

For all his hauteur of speech and manners, however, Yeats never appears superior to poorer people, for as Ervine aptly put it—"I believe that Queen Victoria is the only woman he has ever spoken to in a condescending way."

But all this is the Yeats of today, the man who has lived beyond his contemporaries; of the Yeats of yesterday, the glorious figure of the Irish renaissance, here are his own words, written as the preface to his "Poems"—

"I have been like a traveller, who having, when newly arrived in the city, noticed nothing but the news of the market place, the songs of the workingmen and the great public buildings, has come after certain months to let his thoughts run upon some little carving in its niche, some Ooghan in stone, or the conversation of a country man, who knows more about the "Boar Without Bristles" than the daily paper. When like that traveller grown intelligent in the market place, I would explain myself, I have not been able to convince the hearer that I have been no farther than that old man who brings in the turf and creel."

It was out of his Ireland's past and people—no farther than the old man who brings in the peat could go—that he has shaped, in the foreign tongue of England, his beautiful lyrics. But drama has also had its claim upon his pen, he is, also, the superintendent of the Irish National Theatre and was, with Lady Gregory, its founder.

I could write his life (b. June 13, 1865, s. of prominent painter John B. Yeats, etc.) but you can find such things in "Who's Who," which is inhabited by engineers and lawyers and no fit place for any good poet.

ODE TO THE "Y'S."

Each teacher, when arranging his class,
Calls out the names; and I'm the last.
When grading the papers, and marking exams,
He picks up my paper with a series of d—ns.
What wonder my mark is always like lead,
When "profs" are tired, and thinking of bed.
I'll always be last 'till my turn to die;
And then, I guess, God will start with the "Y".

J. A. Y.

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VOL.
LV.

*Est Quasi Semper Victoris
Vix Quasi Cras Meritoris*

No.
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If we get to heaven, we half imagine the majority of us will sign St. Peter's social register with the same happy flourish with which we wrote the

TURNING A NEW LEAF last line of our final "exam" this morning. Both actions express the ultimate in satisfaction. Trying to figure out which has the greater meaning is a useless task right now. During the last few hours we would probably have voted for the happiness we experienced in writing our last test—and have used red ink to register our vote.

Ask the freshman what he is thinking about today and only timidity will prevent him from telling you about all the good resolutions he has made for next quarter. We know one fellow who has promised himself not to miss an eight o'clock class all quarter. Another, after struggling along for half a year, is going to buy a book to study. A resident of Walsh intends to take notes in one of his classes. This is the way our promises run—not leaving out, of course, the threat to begin cramming for the next quarterly tests three weeks before April 10th. And despite everything, we expect to keep our resolutions.

If we don't keep them, possibly we shall all pass—and live to get grades of 76 and 82. We may even fool ourselves. Only in moments of abstraction will our consciences hurt. In those moments we realize how

swiftly the days pass, crowding upon each other, and how little we actually try to accomplish. *How little we try, there's the rub—*

MOLZ.

The United State's attitude toward Mexico is one that blends with every social phase of our national life. Politics, ethics, economics, and sociology have each influenced MÉXICO. our refusal to recognise Mexico, yet few persons offer reason for our present diplomatic status. Some attribute it to the unstable state of Mexican affairs, others to economic reasons, the most weighty one being the question of Mexico's bond issues. Obregon refuses to liquidate government issues except at market value, but because of long-deferred interest payments they are far below par. His plea is financial limitations. Wall Street accuses him of deliberately withholding interest payments to deflate bond values. While both engage in vain altercations, the proverbial Bull rambles joyfully through the realms of the China Shop. The Mexican people, possessors of a country rich in natural resources, starve or else forego the ordinary comforts of life, while American manufacturers forego business which they are badly in need of. It is an unfortunate plight for all concerned. What the solution is we do not know; one thing, however, is sure, that allowed to drift on in the present fashion, affairs between United

States and Mexico will eventually culminate in either Mexican liquidation of government loans or American intervention. Economic reasons have more than once provoked national differences, shameful though it be. Obregon, if not intelligent enough to see this fact, should be made to know it, and our American people should be made to know it as well. Some form of remedial action must be formulated and adopted by both sides in the near future, if tranquility is to be preserved between our dark-skinned neighbors and ourselves.

CLIFFORD WARD.

The recent revival of the dramatic art at Notre Dame has led to considerable interest in the Little Theatre Movement, which the

local Players' Club is attempting to further. The movement

has as its aim the presentation of plays valuable both for literary quality and dramatic power which, because of the fact that they do not attempt sensational appeal, might never be produced. It is probable that no other force in the country is doing so much for the drama as is the Little Theatre. It announces itself the "arch-foe of commercialism" and is a most healthy antidote for the types of spectacles being commonly staged today. It is most commendable that the Notre Dame Players' Club has dedicated itself to the ideals of the Little Theatre.

HAGAN.

President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard says that public interest in football has over-emphasized the importance of that sport as

a part of college activity. We give

Dr. Lowell credit for believing what he says. It is hardly necessary to deny the almost limitless interest which people generally take in football. When the spectators at a single game are counted in the tens of thousands there is no question about the game's popularity. People like to go to see contests that focus their interest; football holds that interest.

Whether or not the sport, from the collegiate viewpoint, is unduly emphasized depends on the value you place on the things

which football games accomplish. Dr. Lowell admits that sports—and these include football—are not without their benefits for the college man. The sensible question is, how much benefit? We ourselves do not have to go very far afield for the answer. Notre Dame men go in for football, or other athletics, and become better morally and physically. They learn what it means to strive after things, what the standards of honest sportsmanship are. The better a man is physically, the better he is mentally.

Because the public finds it enjoys collegiate sport and shows it, there is no reflection on the colleges. It proves two things: first, that collegiate sport possesses something that professional sport does not, which is real genuine devotion of the players; second, that the public finds in this element sufficient reason to crowd into the college athletic fields. We do not know how the case can be stated in any other way. Obviously, the colleges are serving the public in presenting clean, wholesome sport. When the schools give the people something in football games which they cannot duplicate for wholesomeness elsewhere, the schools should hesitate a long time before they curtail those sports.

We do not say that colleges and universities cannot overdo football. Any activity can be overdone. We can conceive that a business man might play checkers to the detriment of his daily affairs. It would not be good policy to assume, however, that in consequence all business men ought to quit playing checkers. The analogy for football is similar. Dr. Lowell has stated an argument which appears every now and then. It is just as wise that it does, because it helps to clarify the attitude of the colleges.

MOLZ.

OBITUARY.

Joseph and Charles McAllister of Moreau Seminary received word Wednesday afternoon, January 25, of their mother's death at their home in Peru, Indiana. Mrs. McAllister had been sick but a short time, and her death was wholly unexpected. To both of them and to their relatives the students extend heartfelt sympathy and promise many prayers for the repose of her soul.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To THE SCHOLASTIC:—

I am writing with a heart filled with sorrow, not unmingled with shame, to acknowledge my grievous error in stating that a certain ambitious young man fell two thousand feet in that epochal production "Out of the Depths." However, I wonder if the writer of the letter of criticism believes that the point in question was whether an individual fell a certain number of feet, or that Washington Hall has become noted for its consistently and unchangingly feeble grade of moving pictures. Would the gentleman in the booth make so bold as to say that he would give continued patronage to a house which showed on one night a picture taken while the war was still in progress, and on another night a screed wherein the last of the Mitchells fought to the death in the Kentucky Hills, and on a third night nothing less than "Out of the Depths" itself.

The remarks in regard to human nature forgetting itself in the dark, the outcries and guffaws, the intelligence of the audience, and so on are hardly to be heeded. Perhaps we should accept them as they stand, and feel tears in our eyes and anguish in our hearts that our University has been filled with hoodlums and mental incompetents. It was worth remarking that the disgust expressed seemed almost universal with the audience—perhaps all the intellectuals were in the South Bend library that evening. Nevertheless, it looks very much like a case of "all out of step but Jim."

The line concerning Holy Smoke seems a most unmerited rebuke. "In the Booth" forgets an important distinction—that the nature of the SCHOLASTIC as a university paper is an admission of the fact that most of its workers are amateurs, whereas those who perform in the Washington Hall pictures make no such admission, although their consciences must bother them when they do not.

The reference to the "atrocities before the screen" may be humorous; likewise it might be called clever. On the other hand it may be taken to refer to all who lacked the culture to appreciate the finesse of the fall from the clouds, in which case it applies to too large a proportion of our student body to be either humorous or clever. I wonder if "In the Booth" ever paused to notice that the booth is situated just about *before* the screen. If so his frankness is to be commended.

Yours truly,

GERALD J. HAGAN.

BRINGING UP THE HOUSE.

The Notre Dame Players' Club, alive and kicking once more, rendered a program in accordance with the Little Theatre principles and also quite up to the brand of snuff we favor in these parts. On the whole, last Friday evening's performance entertained the audience and provided an insight into modern dramatics, both of which things are im-

portant. Everybody at Notre Dame hopes that the experiment will be continued with energy—even though something from the "Big Theatre" might not be unwelcome.

Richard Lightfoot, as "The Clod" in Lewis Beach's act, proved an entrancing symbol of the theory and practice of the "Little." This old lady is nothing more or less than a brilliant study in psychology and her stage-appearance is therefore absolutely dependent upon the kind of thing Mr. Lightfoot did. Without a moment's hesitancy we are willing to lay a bet that no female impersonator in the United States could have done better, that, in fact, no actress excepting possibly Nazimova could have surpassed our microscopic Kentuckian's interpretation. In passing, tribute must also be paid to the subtly effective support given by Mr. McGinnis and Mr. Edward Lennon. Unfortunately, the effect of this play was marred by little—everything about this performance excepting the quality was little—tragedies, or comedies, incident to stage-direction. The collapse of the stove-pipe must go down in Notre Dame dramatic history with the famous Julius Caesar who interrupted Anthony's remarks with a sneeze, and demonstrates again the absolute necessity for perfect handling of the properties.

What made "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill enjoyable was assuredly not the play, which is a bit tedious, but the very, very good acting of everybody concerned. We are proud of Gerald Hagan's and Vincent Engels' connection with the SCHOLASTIC, and are going to look up the literary record of everybody else in the sketch. Mr. Alfonso Scott, who looked "hard" in this playlet, appeared as a veritable Apollo in the scene, "One Man—One Moon." The rest of the title was supplied, in caricature, by the author and the afore-mentioned Mr. Lightfoot.

To be perfectly frank, we didn't think so much of "The Sweep of '98," despite the effective acting of everybody concerned, particularly that of Bernard Foley, as "Tiger Roche" and Matthew McEniry, as "Fitzpatrick." Masefield's play is, after all, closet drama; his humor is neither farcical or subtle enough for the stage. If there were sufficient time for reflection on everything and everybody, it would be made enthusias-

tically. That our heart is in the right place will be shown by the appendix to this comment. One matter remains, however, for our respectful consideration. All the stage-settings were original, which quality is due to the experience of Frank Kelly, veteran exponent of the scenic art and to the ability of Harry Richwein, genius of the brush.

The success of the evening was due in large measure to the music supplied by Hasmer's orchestra, enthusiastically applauded and very, very good, and by Cliff Randall's saxophone, which enervating instrument did yeoman's service. Above all, however, the pleasure of the occasion is due to Professor Sullivan. Those who dwelt in these parts some years back will remember "Dan" as a vigorous student of the law who confessed without ceasing to a desire for speaking "and sech." Since then he has followed out this bent, and his wealth of personality, training, and eager interest are responsible for the deliverance of Notre Dame players from a long coma. After such a beginning we may prophesy confidently great goings-on in 'varsity dramatic circles.

ALL-AMERICAN ACTORS.

IN THE ZONE.

By Eugene O'Neill.

Cast:

Smitty	Stephen C. Willson
Scotty	John Henaghan
Davis	Raymond Gallagher
Yank	Vincent Engels
Driscoll	Alfonso Scott
Cockey	Gerald Hagan

THE SWEEP OF '98.

By John Masefield.

Cast:

Tiger Roche	Bernard Foley
Fitzpatrick	Matthew McEniry
Major Sandys	Frank McGinnis
Major Kerby	Anthony Jackson
Captain of the Guards	Louis De Smet
Host	Francis Ott
Soldiers—Merlin	Rolwing, Elmer Holmberg,
Lester Brown.	

THE CLOD.

By Lewis Beach

Cast:

Mary Trask (The Clod)	Richard Lightfoot
Thadeus Trask	Edward Lennon
Northern Soldier	Matthew McEniry
Southern Sergeant	Frank McGinnis
Southern Soldier	John Higgins
Hasmer's Orchestra.	

THE DEATH OF BENEDICT XV.

To all Notre Dame the news of the Holy Father's illness came at first as something very casual and not to be taken seriously. As the bulletins began to be more pessimistic, however, a deep concern for the well-being of the great Pontiff began to make itself manifest. On Sunday morning the news of his death seemed still indefinite, but the devotions before the Blessed Sacrament, held in the afternoon, were offered for his welfare. Finally on Tuesday morning a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by the Very Reverend President of the University, assisted by Rev. Dr. Charles Doremus, C. S. C., and Rev. Dr. Paul Foik, C. S. C.

Benedict XV. was well known to several persons on the campus. For instance, Rev. L. Ramirez, professor of Spanish, met and conversed with him frequently before he was elected to the highest dignity in Christendom. For those among us, however, who did not know him—and of course, we are in the great majority—his memory is worth preserving carefully, not only as that of a Holy Father but also as that of one of the greatest benefactors to humanity lately seen in the world. Benedict XV. had an especial interest in America—one of his last official acts was the splendid tribute to the Venerable Bishop Neumann—and it is only natural that Americans should be deeply loyal to him.

AN INTERESTING BULLETIN.

The Religious Survey which Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C., has issued in the form of a University Bulletin, has merited and received much attention. We advise everybody interested in the religious life of students to consult this pamphlet with due attention. Copies may be obtained by addressing Father C'Hara.

"God rest his soul, who found the vine-field hard,
But steadily broke his furrows to the sun;
There is no blemish on his scoured shard,
The work was good; and now that day is done,
God rest his soul!"

UNDER THE DOME.

Saturday night saw another of the Pioneer Film Company's productions shown before the local audience. The latest was "Bubbles," a more or less interesting story of the dizzy career of a girl who attempts to be a son for her old "grandpop." The plot moves through various situations until the heroine is finally proposed to in an aeroplane at the height of two thousand feet (approximately). Wild maneuverings of the plane result in an acceptance and the audience filed out to the tuneful strains of the Victory March as played by Hillis Bell and his musicians. The work of the orchestra has been the cause of much favorable comment at recent performances, and undoubtedly adds greatly to the pictures.

The lecture of David Goldstein on "History in the Making," delivered to the student body last week, was one of the best and most interesting addresses lately given in Washington Hall. He dealt with the lives of three of the "greatest men of history," Dante, Columbus and Foch. Mr. Goldstein, who travels under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, is a convert to the Catholic faith and was, before his conversion, a noted Socialist. It is said that there are few other men in America as thoroughly conversant with the question of Socialism. Mr. Goldstein is also exceptionally well versed in historical matters and the brilliance of his address will be long remembered.

Mr. Arthur Ryan, a popular graduate of 1920, has suspended a profitable business career to serve as secretary to Rev. Dr. John McGinn, C. S. C., during the course of the campaign for endowment. It may be remarked in passing that this work, so vitally important to the best interests of Notre Dame, has now assumed national proportions. We hope to be able to supply before long certain valuable information that our readers have been looking forward to for some time with impatience.

On the evening of January 30th the St. Joseph Valley Chapter of the American As-

sociation of Engineers will give a banquet in honor of Mr. A. Potter, Dean of Engineering at Purdue University. The banquet room of Kable's at Notre Dame will be the scene of interesting speechmaking on that evening. Mr. Potter is nationally known as an authority on Engineering and his address should prove very interesting, due to his wide experience in Engineering circles. Those who heard his address to the Chamber of Commerce of South Bend surely did not regret their presence at that meeting.

Rev. Leo Heiser, C. S. C., in charge of entertainment for the university this year, has also engaged the Mercer Company for the following Saturday evening, in a concert with Harry Yeazelle Mercer, as soloist, including Grethen Cox, violinist, and Fredda Hiatt, piano soloist and accompanist.

The Zahm Dante collection in the University library has recently been enriched by a gift of exceptional value and beauty from St. Mary's College and Academy. This gift is nothing less than a striking bust, in white marble, of Father Zahm. At present we do not know the sculptor's name, but his conception of the subject is admirable. Notre Dame is deeply grateful to the Sisters of St. Mary's whose interest and forethought have thus been ably attested to.

The Scholarship Club of South Bend increased its fund somewhat by a benefit entertainment given during the week in the Oliver Theater. By arrangement with the management of the theater, tickets were distributed to the students and the people of South Bend which, when presented at the box office together with the necessary money, permitted the holder to see the "Son of Wallingford" and placed half the admission price in the club's coffers.

A week's business was transacted at the twenty-minute Senior meeting of last Wednesday noon. The Ball was officially postponed to May 10th, and various plans, devices and stratagems for raising money were suggested and debated. The means to the end will perhaps be an entertainment at

the Blackstone Theater. A committee composed of Ralph Coryn (chairman), Ray Kearns, Bernard McCaffery, Cletus Lynch, and Dean Fitzgerald was given the task of collecting money for the flag; and William Miner (chairman), Clarence Smith, and Al Carroll were made members of the committee of tailors which is to furnish the caps and gowns.

"The Impresario," opera comique, to be presented at Washington Hall, next Friday evening, is reputed to be the greatest American lyceum entertainment this season. During the tour of the comedy, begun last October, they have met with great success. It is produced by William Wade Hinshaw, president and general manager of the American Singers of New York, and stars Percy Hemus, baritone. The English version of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's opera is by Henry Edward Krehbiel.

Mr. Boetius H. Sullivan has founded three scholarships at Notre Dame in memory of his father, the late Roger C. Sullivan. A scholarship of \$250.00 will be given to the student in each of the three upper classes who has shown the greatest improvement in his studies during the last semester in comparison with the others in his respective class. No one who has failed in any class in the first half of this year, and no one who was not a resident student and candidate for a degree during the last semester of the 1920-21 school year is eligible for the gift. Students who believe themselves likely competitors after they have seen their bulletin marks for the second quarter should give their names in writing to Father Davis, the Registrar.

The enlightening speech of Father William Cunningham, C. S. C. on "The Business of Being Educated" was the feature of the Knights of Columbus meeting held Thursday evening, Jan. 19. Besides, there was a discussion about some new projects to be taken in the Building Fund campaign, and arrangements for the annual dance were announced. Grand Knight Slaggert will represent the local council at an important meeting at In-

dianapolis on Feb. 5th at which certain state activities are to be considered.

The Northern Indiana Branch of the American Chemistry Society held its first meeting Thursday night, Jan. 19th, in the University Library, after a banquet in Kable's campus banquet room. Notre Dame student-chemists are well represented in the new organization, which also includes among its members several South Bend specialists.

Rev. H. B. Lange, C. S. C., wishes to report: "Freshman Physical Culture measurements have been made out. Attention is called to the fact that those measurements in the "Should Be" column have reference to what the individual should and would measure were he *ideally* and *physically* perfect. These measurements are *not impossible* or *improbable*. They *can* be attained. If the student approximates some of them as nearly as two inches—the upper arms, for example, he will have made wonderful improvement. Keep your measurement sheet. Put it where you can see it. Try to develop the undeveloped parts. Keep at it; real results do not come over night. Ask questions. I shall always be willing to show you how. Before the end of the school year, I shall measure all the Freshmen again."

Father Burns, C. S. C., who presided at the meeting, gave a short talk in which he encouraged the members in their work and complimented them in their efforts in the interests of their profession. Dr. Mahin, of Purdue University delivered an illustrated lecture on the "Whys and Wherefores of Metallurgy."

If any ghosts were loitering in the Library Thursday evening, January 19th, they were undoubtedly frightened away by the mighty discussion of Spiritism which raged throughout the meeting of the St. Thomas Philosophy Society. Mr. Karl Arndt's paper on "Spiritism and Induction" caused all the disturbance. The debate will be continued at the next meeting. Messrs. Raymond Murch, Robert Gallagher, and Thomas Kelly were appointed members of the committee which

will arrange for a fitting celebration of the feast day of St. Thomas.

Twenty young men were received into the brotherhood of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Monday morning in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and at the same time, four brothers made their temporary profession and three pronounced their final vows. After a year's novitiate these twenty aspirants will enter Dujarie Institute to continue their studies and to receive degrees from the university. Later they will be assigned to colleges and high schools in charge of the order.

Those making their temporary profession were Brothers Leonard, Benigus, and Maurice, Fort Wayne, Ind., Brother Marcelinus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those who pronounced their final vows were Brother Lambert, Avon, Ohio, Brother Paulinus, Odon, Ind., and Brother Firmin, Lincoln, Ill.

The altar and sanctuary were under the direction of Brother Leander, and the Dujarie Choir chanted and sang with Brother Edwin, of Indianapolis, at the organ. Rev. James Donahue, master of novices, was celebrant of the Mass, Rev. Thos. Irving, deacon, Rev. George Marr, sub-deacon, and Rev. William Conner, master of ceremonies. Very Rev. James J. French, assistant to the superior general of the order, and head of the Holy Cross Mission zand, delivered the sermon.

The young men who received the habit and their names in religion are: Stanislaus Bozek, Grand Rapids, Mich., Brother Eusebius; Aloysius Baüll, Dubuque, Iowa, Brother Raphael; James Nelly, Bridgeport, Conn., Brother Eugene; Thaddeus Bednarczyk, Chicago, Brother Marius; Arnold Schmidt, Monroe, Mich., Brother Viator; Edward Schwartz, Massilon, Ohio, Brother Albert; Salvator Oualra, San Luis Botosi, Mexico, Brother Peter Alcantara; Frederick Craig, Indianapolis, Ind., Brother Stephen; William Ward, Cleveland, Ohio, Brother Jarlath; Joseph Nagle, Baltimore, Md., Brother Rupert; Vincent Cain, St. Louis, Mo., Brother Theophane; Stanislaus Karski, Langdon, N. D., Brother Marcian; Harold Steele, Sandusky, Ohio, Brother Jahn; Em-

manuel Steinbach, New Rockford, N. D., Brother Athanasius; George Gaiennie, New Orleans, La., Brother Justinian; Frank Snyderburn, Cleveland, Ohio, Brother Philip the Apostle; William Bies, Chicago, Brother James the Apostle; Carl Leimeister, Huron, Ohio, Brother Lewis Bertrand; James Dwyer, Tilting Fogo, Newfoundland, Brother Justin.

Glen Carberry reaped the full harvest of athletic ability and pleasing personality Monday evening when the monogram men of the greatest football team of the year picked him to lead the 1922 Notre Dame eleven. Carberry, like his predecessor, Eddie Anderson, is an end. He is a junior in the law school and is a veteran of the world war, having served as a lieutenant in the A. E. F.

The selection of Carberry met with unanimous approval on the campus and throughout the city where Carberry is well-known as he has lived the life of a "day-dog" for two years. He won monograms at end in 1920 and 1921 and was kept from the regular lineup only by the brilliance of Rodger Kiley. Carberry ranks with Eddie Anderson as a defensive wingman and is expected to develop into a pass receiver when given full opportunity.

Carberry was elected at an informal dinner for monogram men held at the Oliver Monday evening. It was thought that the absence of Eddie Anderson would cause the affair to be postponed but when the former captain returned with the basketball squad Monday morning plans for the dinner went on. He had expected to visit his home in Iowa. Gold footballs were presented to the monogram men by Coach Rockne. The balls were decorated with the school monogram and the score: Notre Dame, 28; West Point, 0. ARNDT, HAGAN, FLANNERY.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

CINDER PROSPECTS.

Indications that the Notre Dame track and field team of 1922 will prove to be a more powerful outfit than the squad which took second place in the national collegiate meet last June grow stronger as each afternoon's

practice at the gym reveals new points of strength. The most important reasons for the bright outlook might be group as follows:

Captain Wynne, Desch, Murphy, Shaw, Hogan and Hayes, the six potential winners of first places in any meet, are still with the squad and show signs of the natural evolution toward increased perfection that featured the work of Mohardt, Kiley, Shaw, Anderson and other grid stars during the last football season.

In addition to the big six, Rockne has a valuable corps of secondary scoring machines, any one of whom may flash a performance of note before the season ends. Notre Dame will have more second and third place winners this season than last.

The third and in some respects the most pleasing indication of power, is the improvement among the candidates for the runs. The tradition weakness of Notre Dame in the distance runs promises to be less glaring this season than before. Baumer in the two-mile, and Kennedy and Doran in the mile, will push any ordinary runners to the tape. Prospects for the half-mile are not so good but in the quarter Rockne will have four men who can do 54 or better indoors.

The loss of Captain Kasper, Meredith, Colgan and Hoar of last year's squad subtracted strength from the quarter-mile and relay but this loss will be retrieved by the flock of good 440 men now in training. Luke Walsh will fill Captain Cy's shoes, Montague and Desch are in top form and Disney, a new figure will step with the other three. This quartet will in all probability form the relay team which will represent the school at the Millrose games in Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1. Capt. Wynne, Murphy and Desch will also compete at New York. Later the same trio will perform in the Boston A. A. games Feb. 4 and the Newark A. C. contests Feb. 6.

WA'LACE.

THE COURT.

The basketball season at Notre Dame started out like Marshal Foch's offensive and continued in the same fashion for about 20 minutes the night of Jan. 11, when Kalamazoo met us here. At the end of the first

trouble started, for McDermitt's badly bruised elbow began to pain him, Mickey Kane's eye was almost shoved out of his head, and Logan left the court with a dislocated hip. The gang fought well, but the Kazooks were too speedy, and when the final whistle blew we trailed them 41-31.

Five days later, however, the gold and blue put up a fight to be proud of. Butler was played at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in town, and while Butler was playing great basketball, our blue jerseyed tribe kept right after them, and held the score close during the greater part of the first half. Just before the whistle blew, Butler sank three baskets, and continued sinking baskets after the second half began. Suddenly our men found themselves, however, and from then on played rings all around the boys from Indianapolis. Handicapped by twelve points, N. D. rapidly cut down Butler's lead to four, but the game did not last long enough to make the rally effective. Just before time was called, Butler sank a free toss, and won the game 28-23.

During the next three days, Coach Walter Halas took off his shirt and plunged into preparations for the Creighton trip, and the men made their appearance at Omaha, Jan. 20, they played like conquerors. With Harry Mehre back in the lineup, and everyone else in prime condition, they proved to be too good for Creighton and won that game 24-21. On the following day, however, the blue and white came back strong, and although N. D. led throughout the greater part of the game, a last minute rally gave Creighton the victory—28-25.

Armour Tech arrived here on the 25th with the avowed intention of avenging the defeat administered by Notre Dame earlier in the season. The engineers were much too slow for us. Leading 21-7 at the end of the first half, Halas injected a string of reserve men into the game as the next period opened. The reserves not only held Armour, but continued to pile up point after point. Gene Kennedy was a revelation at this part of the contest, the tall boy sinking five baskets in about ten minutes all by his lonesome. final score was 44-18 in our favor.

ENGELS.

STICKY STUFF.

Two more victories were tucked away by Notre Dame's so far unbeaten hockey squad during the last week. Michigan Aggies' sextette were met and conquered by a 3 to 1 count at East Lansing last Wednesday and on Saturday afternoon the Gold and Blue ice performers swamped Culver Military Academy's team in the Campus rink by the overwhelming score of 18 to 1.

The M. A. C. team proved to be respectable opponents for the "Fighting Irish" in the first of this brace of wins and, although the fact that the ice was soft, which hindered the speedier Notre Dame puck chasers, the Aggies turned in a hard checking game all through which promises a good contest when they play a return game on the Campus "arena" Thursday.

A large crowd of spectators, to many of whom hockey was some thing new, saw the fast travelling Irish squad snow Culver under an avalanche of goals on Saturday afternoon here.

Although Culver was hopelessly outclassed from the very first face off, the cadets kept on coming and although they lacked the speed and stick handling ability of Notre Dame's warriors they proved themselves a game crew.

Castner, Flinn, MacSorley, Gibb and the remainder of Notre Dame's forwards raced through the Culver team at will and a heavy fusillade of shots resulted in a score of 9 to 0 at the end of the first twenty minutes of play. The remaining two periods found Notre Dame beating the Culver goalie nine more times, while the cadets were able to wiggle one by the ever watchful Crowley.

The game proved decidedly popular with the large crowd present and it is certain that future games in the local hockey pen will attract large numbers of spectators.

The squad leaves for a trip to Calumet, Houghton and St. Paul on Sunday, where they will meet Michigan School of Mines, one of the best in the north country, and St. Thomas College of St. Paul, which is always represented by a fast team. A game with University of Minnesota, in St. Paul is probable.

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CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

The University of Indiana Glee Club will go to Atlanta, Florida, late in January. Twenty-four out of the forty men in the club are to make the trip. Lexington, Kentucky, and Nashville, Tennessee, are also on the list as probable stopping places.

WHERE THE FRESHMEN SHINE.

The annual freshman song-fest was held at Columbia University recently and those who were not sufficiently well versed in the songs were given a generous coat of shoe blacking. These freshmen are probably studying Greek now.

The new wireless receiving apparatus at Iowa enables a number of persons to listen to the same message at one time. Messages have been picked up from Rome, Paris, Balboa, Sweden, the Hawaiian Islands, Panama, South America and numerous ships on different oceans.

The University of Chicago Date Exchange has opened. The registration of lonely ones is heavy and success for the exchange is predicted. The applicant's preferences are stated and then the bureau gets to work to find just the right type of the opposite sex to fill the requirements. We earnestly hope that the day will never come when the sponsors of the Exchange may be seen fleeing down the road with some irate customer toting a shotgun in pursuit.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

White caps and gown for commencement instead of black will be worn by the faculty and students of the University of the Philippines on account of the tropical climate.—*Ex.*

The latest statistics show that the number of American students attending British universities is steadily increasing. There are 180 Americans at Oxford, 60 at London University, 37 at Cambridge and 21 at Edinburgh. Smaller universities throughout England also claim a few Americans each.

Though some people are probably ignorant of the fact, there are a number of other things beside stimulants made across the border. McGill University, Montreal, reports that one-half of its student body is actively engaged in athletics. In former years the percentage was even higher than this.

Charlie Paddock, besides being the world's greatest sprinter, appears to be pretty much of a hustler in other respects. He is managing editor of *The*

Trojan, University of Southern California's paper and a member of the Varsity debating team into the bargain.

JOHNS HOPKINS TO VISIT ESKIMOS.

The school of Hygiene of Johns Hopkins University plans to send out early in May an expedition of scientists whose purpose will be to study the life of the seal-skinners. The Eskimos are supposedly the most healthy people in the world and this expedition will attempt to find the cause. Perhaps it will discover that all is due to a cold shower every morning.

The *Mirage*, Depauw's year book, will hold a beauty contest and select the six most beautiful co-eds in school featuring them with full page illustrations in the book.

What a rapid age we are living in. A University of Chicago frat has installed a wireless telephone apparatus in its chapter house and by it enables its members to hear the opera from the Auditorium Theatre while poring over the well known books. As soon as periscopic invention has been advanced a bit we will no doubt hear that such an apparatus will give the Tired Student "baldheaded" row privileges at the—well let's say the Orpheum.

A recent issue of *Varsity News* (University of Detroit) mentions commendably the athletic achievements of three Notre Dame students of last year, viz: Tom "Big Muck" Maher, Marty Brennan and George Hart. "Big Muck" developed into one of the best line men ever seen at U. of D., which is saying a whole lot, while Brennan and Hart, former Carrollites, were the two regular halfbacks on the Detroit school's High School eleven.

Yale's boxing team will cross the Canadian border to engage in mortal combat the students of the manly art at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Yale is not too optimistic in view of the fact that they have only one regular from last year. Besides that the Canadian Club is reputed to have a "kick."

A REVIEW.

THE SPIRIT OF COMMON LAW. By Roscoe Pound. Preface by Ernest Martin Hopkins. Dartmouth Alumni Lectureships. Marshall Jones and Co. pp. xiv, 213. \$2.50.

In this small volume, the first set of the Dartmouth Alumni Lectures, Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, has given the scholars of Anglo-American Jurisprudence a valuable treatise on the elements which compose, and the forces that

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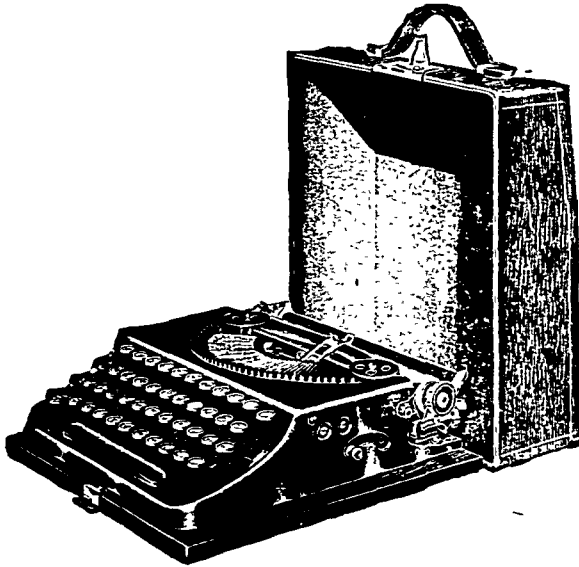
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have shaped, the manner of thinking and determining in the American law of today.

As we gather from the preface of Ernest Martin Hopkins, the book is intended for those who attend these lectures at Dartmouth and the constituency to whom attendance was impossible, but who are interested in the subject and the author. The purpose of these lectures is to give the active thinking barristers of the age "faith in the efficacy of effort and belief that the administration of justice may be improved by conscious intelligent action," for example, such as was manifested in the second decade of the present century; to abolish the pessimistic idea that improvement in the law at this time is dangerous, and lastly, to spur American jurists to immediate intelligent action in order that our legal system may be spared from any further unintelligent application of legislation by the layman, as happened in 1850, the advent of the elective bench.

The treatise is not limited to narrow doctrines, but finds in the common law a place for such concepts as natural law, etc., and takes cognizance of custom as an effective force in the formation of legal thought.

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2. Puritanism—the idea of "a willing covenant" and of consociation.
3. The Courts and the Crown—the idea of law as standing between the individual and society.
4. The Rights of Englishmen and the Rights of Man—Immemorial common law rights of Englishmen turned into the natural rights of all men.
5. The Pioneers—legal institutions made for pioneer, rural America, functioning in urban, industrial America.
6. The Philosophy of Law in the Nineteenth Century—the idea of law as a deduction from individual liberty.
7. Judicial Empiricism—the doctrine of precedents.
8. Legal Reason—moulding the law through ideas as to its purpose.

The work covers in a fair way the fashionable process of legal thought in European countries and many interesting and suggestive comparisons are made between the European and Anglo-American legal systems.

On the whole the eight lectures are a very comprehensive treatment of Anglo-American legal thought; its sources, its faults, the effects of politics and custom, and the results of purchases of territory and that gained by conquest upon the common law of today and the moulding of the law through ideas as to its purpose.

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