

The University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

College of Arts and Letters.

Departments of Ancient Classics, Modern Literature, History, Political Economy, Sociology, Domestic Commerce, Foreign Commerce, Journalism, Library Science.

College of Science.

Departments of Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Pharmacy, Agriculture.

College of Architecture.

Departments of Construction, Design.

College of Engineering.

Departments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Industrial Engineering.

College of Law.

College of Fine Arts.

Departments of Artistic Drawing, Painting, Cartooning, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music.

St. Edward Hall.

For Young Boys.

Notre Dame is recognized by all educators, by the press and by the public as a college whose work is of the same grade as that of the most highly endowed colleges or the best state universities. Its atmosphere is strongly Catholic and no young man who has ever attended the University of Notre Dame can escape its influence in after life.

The discipline is paternal, and aims at giving young men the fullest liberty consistent with earnest study and manly Christian character. Rooms at reasonable rates. Catalogue sent on application.

Address:

THE REGISTRAR

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



ON THE CORNER :: THE STYLE CENTER

MAX ADLER CO.

24.75

Suit and Overcoat Sale

**Our Beautiful \$35, \$40 and \$45 Values
Go at This Price.**

**This is the Sale that Has Made
all South Bend Talk.**

**Boys: Help out that School Suit
with a Pair of Pants**

REMEMBER THESE PRICES

3.00-3.50 Values—1.95	6.50- 7.00 Values—3.95
3.75-4.00 Values—2.45	7.50- 8.00 Values—4.45
4.50-5.00 Values—2.95	8.50- 9.00 Values—4.95
5.50-6.00 Values—3.45	9.50-10.00 Values—5.45

MAX ADLER CO.
THE CAMPUS STORE

KISS, SCRATCH AND BOWL

AT
Orpheum Pool Room

And Bowling Alleys
Matinee Performance
Daily

E. S. WATERS, Manager

*Five Tables
Four Alleys*

EMPLOYS N. D. MEN

"THE OLIVER"

Indiana's Finest Hotel

Fireproof SOUTH BEND 300 ROOMS

Dining Room Open All Night

ROGERS GLASSES
FIT THE EYES

ROGERS
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

SPFLD.
ILL.

LIMA
OHIO

212 S. Michigan, Blackstone Bldg.

No. 126

The First National Bank

South Bend, Indiana
(Oliver Hotel Building)

Capital, \$600,000 Surplus and Profit, \$190,000

A. L. HUBBARD, President.
J. M. STUDEBAKER, JR., Vice-Pres.
C. L. ZIGLER, Cashier.
C. J. WHITMER, Ass't. Cashier.
J. W. BUZLEY, Ass'u. Cashier.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

WE ISSUE FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT LOWEST
MARKET RATES AND LETTERS OF CREDIT
PAYABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

TRY OUR TRAVELERS' CHEQUES.

OFFICE PHONE
Main 689

RES. PHONE
Main 1162 and 1847

DR. EDGAR S. LUCAS
Dentistry.

DR. ROBERT F. LUCAS
Extracting, and Surgery of
the Mouth and Jaws.

J. M.S. BUILDING

SOUTH BEND, IND.

DR. F. W. VAUGHN
DENTIST and
ORTHODONTIST

617 J. M. S. Building,

South Bend, Ind.

We Are Sure you will be pleased with our photographs. Special rates to students.

E. E. MANGOLD

THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER

226 NORTH MAIN STREET -- NEAR CITY HALL

Nobile's College Inn

HEADQUARTERS FOR CANDIES

FRUITS AND ICE CREAM

STUDENTS' ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

108 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

Phone: Bell. 602; Home. 965

THE WORLD'S LONGEST ELECTRIFIED RAILROAD—

649 Miles of Transcontinental Line now Operated by "White Coal."

If you want to enjoy every minute of your trip take
THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL

Ideal Laundry Company

"Get the Ideal Habit"

Three collections a week at Notre Dame. Leave your packages at the

Notre Dame News Stand

NOTRE DAME MEN

DO YOU KNOW THAT

The Campus Shoe Repairing Shop

Is one the Most Up-to-Date in the State?

Let us prove to you, our Quality, Service, Workmanship.
Town Prices.

**Notre Dame Shoe Repairing Shop and
Shining Parlor**

Rear of
Candy Store

LEAVE YOUR

AMATEUR FILMS

AT THE

NEWS STAND

With Mr. James Keegan to be developed
and finished.

THE NATIONAL PHOTO SHOPS CORPORATION

105 Lincoln Way East.

CALENDAR

Sunday, February 19—First national Thanksgiving, 1795.

"Catholic Social Service," sermon by Rev. J. Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., at 8:15 o'clock Mass.

Monday, February 20—Braddock arrives in Virginia, 1755.

Tuesday, February 21—Silver remonetized, 1878.

Wednesday, February 22—George Washington born, 1732.

National holiday.

Thursday, February 23—Battle of Beuna Vista, 1847.

Newman Travelogue on Alaska, in Washington Hall, 8:15 o'clock.

Meeting of the Students Activities Committee.

Friday, February 24—Johnson impeached, 1868.

DePauw at Notre Dame, basket-ball, 8:15 p. m.

Saturday, February 25—Conscription bill passed, 1863.

"Mid Channel," a moving picture featuring Clara Kimball Young, in Washington Hall, at 8:15 o'clock.

Sunday, February 26—Nashville surrendered, 1862.

Forty Hours devotion begins in Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at 8:15 o'clock Mass.

MR. WHITE: HIS POEM.

It fills me with the greatest delight

To blacken my lamp in a fight;

For all artists declare,

As you are aware,

That Lamp-black looks lovely on White.

It took **YEARS** *and* **YEARS** *to develop* **CAMEL QUALITY**

We worked on Camels for years before we put them on the market. Years of testing—blending—experimenting with the world's choicest tobaccos.

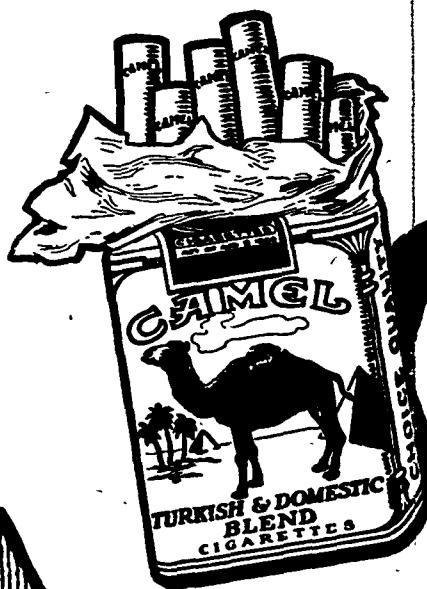
And now, EVERY DAY, all our skill, manufacturing experience and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos are concentrated on making Camel the best cigarette that can be produced.

There's nothing else like Camel QUALITY. And there's nothing else like Camels wonderful smoothness, fine tobacco flavor and FREEDOM FROM CIGARETTY AFTERTASTE.

That's why Camel popularity is growing faster than ever.

A better cigarette cannot be made.

We put the utmost quality into
THIS ONE BRAND.



Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

SPALDING



BASKET BALL

When purchasing equipment for basket ball or any athletic sport, insist upon SPALDING'S. Satisfaction is inevitable.

Catalogue on request

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

211 S. State Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Monogram
Pipes



Soda
Grille

Dentistry
Extracting

Oral Surgery and
Dental X-RAY

Dr. John A. Stoeckley

511 J. M. S Building

PHONES:
Residence.....Main 3561
OfficeMain 886



Cox Sons & Vining

72 Madison Ave., New York

CAPS AND GOWNS

Silk Faculty Gowns and Hoods
Lowest Prices. Best Workmanship.
Gowns for Judiciary, Pulpit and Choir

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
SCHOLASTIC
TO-DAY



THE PRICE IS STILL

\$2.00

BUT IT WILL SOON BE

\$3.00

THE DOME OFFICIAL PORTRAIT
PHOTOGRAPHER
McDONALD

211 MAIN STREET
Opposite Post Office, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

If you want a Good Haircut
Patronize

The Campus Barber Shop

WASHINGTON HALL
PAUL WAMPLER, Proprietor

TOILET ARTICLES FOR SALE



EYES EXAMINED

Glasses Fitted at Moderate Prices
Satisfaction Guaranteed

DR. J. BURKE

OPTOMETRIST

230 S. Michigan St.

South Bend, Indiana

THE LIGHT OF THE VISION

By **CHRISTIAN REID**

362 pp.—Price \$1.25

THE AVE MARIA

NOTRE DAME, IND.

AFTER EVERY MEAL
WRIGLEY'S

Newest
Creation



Peppermint flavored chewing gum with Peppermint Sugar Coating.

Sugar jacket "melts in your mouth," leaving the deliciously flavored gum center to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.



C32

Yellow Taxi Cab and Transfer Co.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

MAIN OFFICE

313 to 323 E. Jefferson Bld.

Call a Dependable Metered Yellow Cab.

GET A RECEIPT

CARS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Authorized Railroad Transfer.

Our Baggage Rates are reasonable.

Students' Trunks to or from Depots
or Notre Dame—

First Trunk\$1.00

Each Trunk additional50

Suit Cases, Bicycles, etc. additional .25

City Baggage according to City rates.

Show Baggage same rate.

NOTRE DAME MEN ONLY

TEN PER CENT OFF

On presentation of Athletic
Card at the

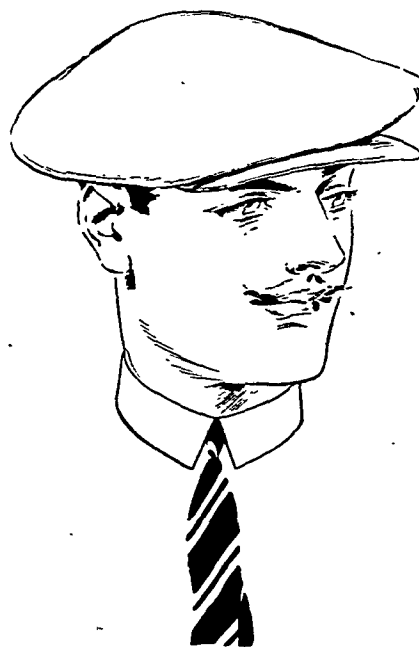
Quality Shoe Repair Co.

130 North Michigan Street

"In Middle of the Block."

"SOLE SAVERS"

Consult J. A. MOGLE, Foot Expert, on
your Foot Troubles.



"SNAP"

A new Collar that fits its Name

LION  **Collars**

UNITED SHIRT AND COLLAR CO., ALSO MAKERS OF LION SHIRTS, TROUSERS

MAX ADLER CO., South Bend, Indiana

VI

VI



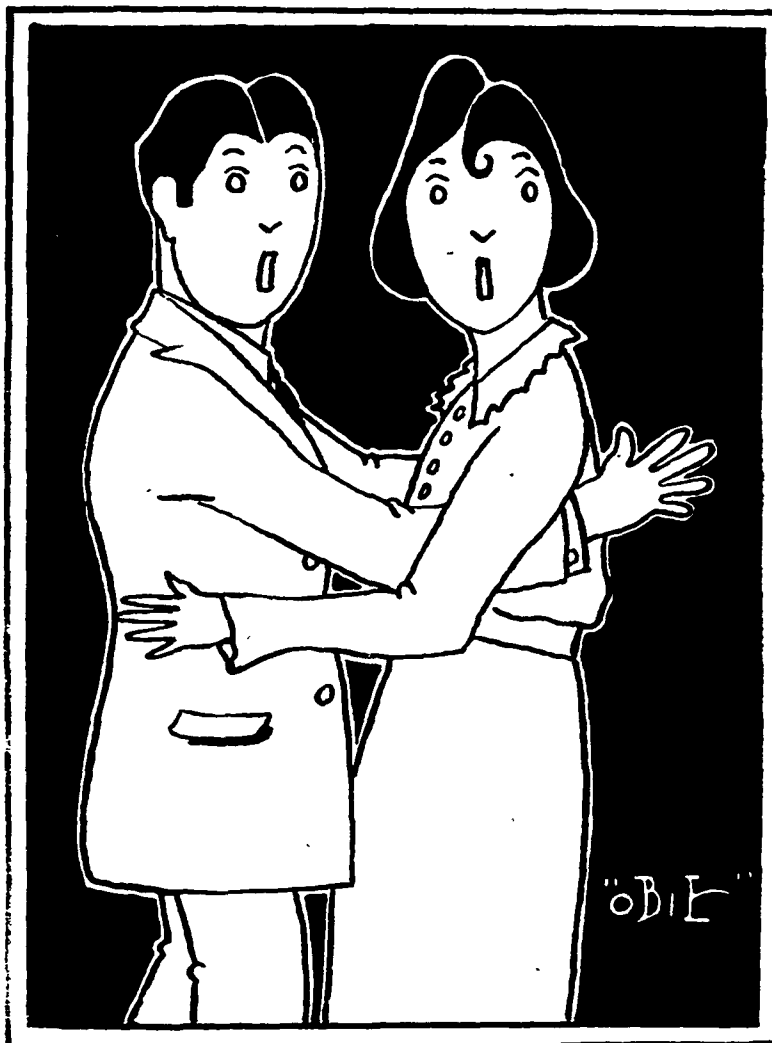
GEE!

WHAT'S THIS

6

??????

SIX



GEE!

WHAT'S THIS

6

??????

SIX



6

The Mystery Dance

—AT THE—

SOPHOMORE COTILLION

SIGN IT
UP WITH

HER

6

VI

February 24 : Tribune Auditorium

VI

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter
Published Every Saturday During the School Year.

Vol. LV.

Editor's Number

No. 18

GUILTY, YOUR HONOR.

"And here," said Major Pendennis severely, "are the villains."

ONCE more the scribes who conduct this ancient and very valuable periodical will step forward and accept the responsibility attendant upon their deeds. There will be no weakness, no tears; they will confess, one by one, to having perpetrated something or other week in and out. They are guilty and realize it; their pictures are before the public gaze: and the only thing they ask is that this display be not mistaken for a beauty contest. On the whole they have reason to be proud of the work done. It is not an easy task to set aside so and so many hours of each week for the painful business of composition, especially when the task involves very many neighbors and demands much intimacy.

In the past the SCHOLASTIC has done more for Notre Dame than is generally realized. When one stops to think that these fifty odd volumes form the only consecutive record of student life during the decades that have gone, some idea of their importance comes home. They hold as well a kind of continuous index to the thought which has prevailed here: stories, poems, essays, notes will tell all who care to look just how far the things of the spirit have engrossed the men of Notre Dame. One does not like to speak rashly of this year's work when the standard has long been difficult to maintain. But when the volume shall have been completed and the book laid away with the others, it will not, we hope, be unworthy.

Several things have been done to change slightly the character of the periodical. These have been undertaken in no high-handed or irreverent spirit, but solely because the men of long ago, as well as the men of to-day, sug-

gested that there was no madness in innovation but rather an effort to improve, that might lead, after many trials and failures, to substantial betterment. Just how far this year has been a success is an open question. We say merely that if those who follow us try as earnestly to spruce up their magazine, it cannot help finally being worthy of Notre Dame.

The success of any collegiate undertaking depends solely upon ready coöperation. It is scarcely ever a matter of theory but it is incessantly a matter of practice. Only those ideas count which get farther than the head. People are sometimes inspired with great sentiments which to the detriment of mankind are kept in secret. If you have anything to contribute to the success of the SCHOLASTIC we shall be only too happy to enact a profound kotow for your benefit; but we do ask that the contribution be made in service specie rather than in complaint paper.

The present staff is in itself an advertisement for the peculiar commingling of interests constantly manifest here. We shall not comment on individuals; it will content us to make known a few salient generalities. On the whole, this is a Western staff—the sole representative from the East being a Flat-Busher who deals in business matters essential to the journal. The far-West is represented by a Californian, a Utahite, and an Oregonian who never can discontinue advertising real estate in his tall timber. We have a lawyer, an architect, a commerce-er, five arts men, and journalists a-plenty.

Now, we are keeping all these editors waiting. Guilty though they may be, politeness is a Christian duty—a duty which we perform all the more readily because we are certain that our young lady readers, at least, are anxious to get to the next page.

THE EDITOR.

AT UNCLE PAT'S.

LEO WARD, C. S. C.

Do not those humble and ordinary surroundings of yours become dull once in a while? When you step out of them occasionally into your neighbor's abode, which by the way is quite as commonplace as your own, do you not find yourself in a totally different world, where you not unwillingly rest for an hour or two? That is precisely what I experience as often as I visit Uncle Pat's. I am so privileged on one evening in the year, and that annual soiree has become very precious to me. It is not Uncle Pat's farm that is attractive, it is Uncle Pat himself and his family.

The family, at least the greater part of it, meets me at the road gate. Two boys and three girls sally forth to besiege me; each has a favorite game in which I am to take an extremely active part, and my remonstrances are swept aside as so many straws. Balls are in the air, race courses are in readiness, and a rope is swinging frantically,—how many times I am to jump it I do not know—I who couldn't jump it if it were at rest! One boy is prepared and would be glad to go across country with me to the nearest swimming pool and to the strippling's favorite rendezvous, a watermelon patch. His brother is tumbling off a straw stack now in the barnyard; surely, he thinks, the sight of such "stunts" as his will bring me to my senses—if I have any—and take me too bounding down the great loose pile. And there is a third lad, less aggressive but no less in earnest. He stands aloof at first—he has been fashioning out of gourds men of surprising patterns, and somehow reconciling in their raiment the antipodes, orange and green. He is sheepish when addressed, yet he soon takes part in everything, but with never a comment on anything. All of which, so they say, is illustrative of the fact that he is my cousin. And the whole gay performance, as it races forward, steadies my convictions that these children are boys and girls indeed, healthy in mind and body, and that life in the country will longest keep them such.

I must not delay longer, however, to greet Uncle Pat. He has been having his part in

everything all that goes on, praising the bravado of some in the games, and laughing honestly at others of us, and declaring that with all the weight of years on his shoulders, he must be up and show us how it is done. Aunt Sadie, too, as she comes and goes—flitting almost, for she is getting supper—is not uninterested, sympathizing with the child that falls and loses the race. Aunt Sadie and Uncle Pat are not old and are not gray; they have seen many years, to be sure, and have worked, but their hearts are young,—young because one with those six rollicking gamesters. Aunt Sadie's gait is as smart and resilient as a girl's, and Uncle Pat can catch a ball or throw it better than many a man of half his years. I remember hearing him say that he wouldn't give a snap for a boy who couldn't play a game, and that to estimate exactly the weight of a pig or a calf is not the end of an agricultural education.

Aunt Sadie has supper ready for us, and we come decidedly ready for it. Supper it is, mind you, and not dinner delayed till night; and supper it assuredly is, and not insipid apologies for what might have been. At table indeed all the children prove their kinship to me, and I unceremoniously return the compliment.

Then comes chatting and story-telling. The girls, though they are tots, set to work to "ready up" the dining-room, but they hurry, for they would not think of missing one of Dad's time-honored jokes. Uncle Pat abounds in creditable and living tales, so thoroughly saturated with local color that no one could mistake them. There is the story of "Wright's Singing School," and of "Nell McCullough's Drake," and of "High Money," stories which have little meaning for the uninitiated, but which I have relished any time these twelve years and of which I do not grow tired. Standing jokes about members of the family and remarkable personages in the neighborhood go round; and even a far-fetched allusion to one of these is scarcely lost on me, for I am an old acquaintance of the most of them. Then I probe the lads to discover the whereabouts of their watermelon patch. United we stand, divided we fall—they are mum; you couldn't with rack and torch wring a hint out of them on that



McGINNIS—HUGUENARD—McKEE—ENGELS

topic. I tell them with all the show of sincerity I can muster that I went once with a crowd of rustics and riddled their melon patch at night. But my testimony, otherwise trustworthy enough, contains for them in this case an obvious contradiction, and they look at each other smiling incredulously, as much as to query, "And how could anybody ever find our melon patch?"

The boys, I am glad to say, are fond of the most roistering adventures. Stories of the sea are meat and drink to them—"Treasure Island" is the common favorite; and close after them follow tales of hunting, trapping and canoeing, of rough-riders and railroaders. Lately I left with them a ten-cent copy of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." One of the boys tells me that he doesn't care for it. I am not discouraged, however, for I know that before my long year rolls round he will have made it a part of himself. It is their custom to assimilate what they read; the few simple books which they possess are known and prized, and they bear the earmarks of honorable service.

Many of my friends often twit me about being slow. Uncle Pat never does. I press the point now that I must be off for home. But Uncle Pat insists that I must see the lads' "strong box"; bolted and barred we find it, containing no scalps, I hope, but dirks, no doubt, and firearms, the necessary companions of young blood which will scatter sparrows and decimate rodents. The youngest boy—most truly my cousin—is long ago asleep, stretched on three steps of the stairway. Uncle Pat laughs as he puts the lad to bed, and still he says and believes "What's your hurry? Sure, it's early yet."

To meet Aunt Sadie's admonition early in the evening that he had better milk the cows before supper, he had used an argument which sounded very like "The cows we have always with us."

"Going home without a lantern?" he expostulates, as at last I am getting away. "Say, it's awful dark! Darn it! you'd better stay all night." Meanwhile, edging toward the gate and beginning to make out objects in the dark, I am soon upon the path whose many little turns will not let me come back this pleasant way for another year. What an unconstrained and leisurely pace I commit myself to! And reflections,—what a sea of them floods in upon me! How free, how noble, how blessed is the rearing and educating of children, not in pent-up places, but in God's open air and under the smiling sun, not in luxury and pretentious affluence, but in pinching sacrifice and the sweat of honest toil.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

ROBERT D. SHEA.

As the fourteenth of February every year gently stirs up fond memories of those dainty paper confections, the Valentines, we used to receive, and of the heart-flutterings with which we opened them, there is little idea in our minds of classifying Valentines with the civilization of ancient Rome and the treasures it has left us. We revere the city of Caesar and Cicero and Scipio for having extended and unified the civilization of the ancient world, for having preserved that civilization in immortal literature, for the prin-

ciples of justice upon which every law-code in Western Europe is based, and for innumerable other and priceless heritages.

But when it comes to the pretty little custom of sending heart-bedecked pictures of the youthful archer and Hymen's altar to our sweethearts on St. Valentine's Day, there is no associating it with the majesty of imperial Rome. We trace the fashion with the aid of Chaucer and Samuel Pepys back to the frivolities of merrie England, and there our curiosity dies. Not only, however, did the customs of Valentine Day originate in Roman days, but, as an integral activity of their religion, these customs afford us a direct insight into the practices of that polytheistic age.

The month of February was one of great significance to the Romans. The feasts of Venus, goddess of Spring, of Juno, and of Pan, the protecting deity of agriculture, all came at this time. To propitiate these Olympians and to insure a successful season, the feast of the Lupercalia was instituted. Its celebration occurred in the middle of the month. As Venus is always coupled with the perennial youth of her son, that tiny yet titanic Cupid, god of love, the festival came to have a sentimental import. One of the features of that day was a parade of all the Roman youths to the temple of the Sacred Urn, when they drew slips inscribed with the name of a maiden. This was the one to whom as his daily partner for the next twelvemonth, each Roman youth must plan all pleasant happening. The custom was prevalent in the country as well as in the city, and on that day many were the happy youths who had had their hearts' desire fulfilled.

The celebration, however, degenerated into an orgy of scandalous nature, and during the fifth century after Christ the pastors of the early Church sought to abolish it. Recognizing the impossibility of extirpating outright a custom so deeply seated as this, and the universal insistence of mankind upon falling in love, they sought out means to give the custom a Christian significance. By happy coincidence, the altar of the Sacred Urn was discovered to rest on the very spot where St. Valentine, a pious bishop of Rome, had been martyred several centuries before, on February 14, the day of the Lupercalia.

Accordingly, the Church announced the celebration of the martyrdom of St. Valentine on this day. To preserve a certain similitude, the boys were allowed to draw slips on which were written the suffering of St. Valentine, whom they were admonished to admire. The boys also read a feminine significance into the slips.

Thus the outline of the ancient ceremony was preserved with a Christian significance—thus the outburst of springtime rejoicing remained.

There seems to have been no intrinsic appropriateness in choosing St. Valentine as the patron of the little ceremony. Contrary to current representation of a rollicking old individual whose joyous intent is to unite youth and life and love into oneness, St. Valentine was an austere theologian, grave, stern, and pious. But the place and day of the former pagan feast fortunately coinciding with the place and day of his martyrdom, he was thankfully selected.

The petty superstitions of England and Scotland have contributed most to preserving the celebration of St. Valentine's Day after its Roman origin. An old belief enduring in these countries that February 14 is the day on which the birds fly about and choose their mates strengthened the permanence of the custom and added to its importance as a day of love-choosing. The ceremony of the day was the drawing by lot of the maidens' names by the boys, followed by games of forfeits, balls and treats. The boys wore their billets upon their sleeves or hearts and sought the company of their "Valentines." Often this pretty sport ended in love. There was supposed to be an influence inherent in the day, rendering in some degree binding the love by which a youth or maid was now led to fix his attentions upon a member of the opposite sex. Other charming little customs included sewing five bay-leaves on the pillow in hope of dreaming of one's lover, believing that the first unmarried man met on that day was to be one's lover, and the like.

Presents were sometimes sent to one's "Valentine," and out of this has grown the custom which forms so intimate a part of our childhood, of greeting sweethearts and friends with the very affectionate and very

frilly "Valentines." Foolish we may now in our staidness call the practice, and one worthy only of the merest children. But, arising spontaneously in the innocence of our early years, the practice was founded upon things pure and clean. And so, with these constituents, St. Valentine's Day in some form will live forever.

"TAXI——"

CHARLES MOLZ.

Among his friends, Arthur Dinsmore was called "a successful business man." Perhaps he was all of that, and more. He possessed a well-fashioned suite at the Union League Club, he owned a sedan, a cabriolet and a sport roadster, said grace over the *Investment Review*, was on the board of directors of the Third National, and went to Hot Springs in the winter. But behind his back, friends occasionally smiled and shook their heads. The reason?—because "Art" was unmarried. They believed that when a man was forty and still unmarried, there was cause for concern.

Dinsmore, it might be said, took a philosophical viewpoint of the whole thing (this matter of marriage) as he labored between the hours of ten and three every day. As president of the Dinsmore Electric Washing Machine Company he was not weighed down with affairs. Occasionally he enjoyed moments of reflection. "You know," he would say to himself, "Mencken was right. *'Bachelors have consciences. Married men have wives.'*" As for himself, he believed that he did have a conscience—enough, too, to keep him from being a fool.

There was only one other class of things in the world, besides women, that he disliked. It was taxis. He never rode in them. He hated the sight of one. When he was an alderman from the fourteenth, he had introduced a resolution in the council to revoke the franchise of the taxi companies; when he ran for re-election, he was defeated. The dislike was inherent in him, bred at birth. The taxi, he felt, was the descendant of the cab. When you spoke of cabs,—well, he had been born in one. And there lay the root of it all. His mother had

been on the way to a hospital when he was born, and he often fancied that even at forty he could remember the dismal carriage in which he had let out his first wail. He wished sometimes that he saw no relation between taxis and the cabs of 40 years ago. But he did, so how was he going to get around it? Anyway, he would always hold his own promise never to ride in one.

If Dinsmore had kept a diary, he might have written in red ink his entry for October 21, 1921. Perhaps it is just as wise that forty-year old business men do not keep diaries. In this particular instance—But the story tells itself.

The day was Friday, the very day when the contest for testimonials which the Dinsmore Electric Washing Machine Company had been conducting had closed. The president of the company had always believed in testimonials—except in the case of marriages, when they didn't count. They worked well into advertising, he insisted. On this day he was going to give away five thousand dollars for the best letter that had been submitted during the previous month. The name of the winner was written on his desk calendar. It didn't sound so badly when it was pronounced—Millicent T. Wells. He always insisted that a name should be easily spoken; he liked his own for that reason. As for who the woman was, there was less concern on his part. She was probably married. He noted the 92nd street address.

Dinsmore was busy with a report from the sales manager at two-thirty, when his secretary brought in a card. It was engraved script—very neat, he thought. He recognized the name. He was glad now that he had reserved to himself the act of presenting the check to the winner.

"Very well, Conklin," he said to his secretary. "Show her in."

Arthur Dinsmore had never tried to analyze women. He knew very little about what was likeable in one woman and unlikeable in another. There was something pleasing, he felt, however, about this trim young woman who entered his office. He did not reason about ages. Had he been a judge of them, he would have understood that she was not more than twenty-five.

But Dinsmore was a man of business al-



WARD—BREEN—MOLZ—WALLACE

ways. He shook hands with the young woman. The perfume she used was good, he thought; all perfumes seemed alike to him and he rarely considered them, but he did like the scent of this. He was glad that she had come, he told her. Then he reached for the check. There were compliments about the kind of testimonial she had written. The company was going to get out a series of advertisements embodying the points she had made. The sales manager had begun to consider building an advertising film around her letter, too.

The young woman was pleased. Dinsmore saw that. When she smiled she became pleasant to watch; he wasn't sure that he might not use the term "good looking." She surprised him when she told him she was unmarried. He imagined that good-looking young women always got married young. But she was explaining further. She managed the house for "the others," and she mentioned two brothers and a sister. Her sister was a model at Ruffini's. It was she who had insisted on buying a Dinsmore machine. The man at the desk liked the way she told these things; his fingers drummed against the arm of his chair. It was nearly three o'clock, though, and time for him to go; his day's work was finished. Perhaps he might go down with this Miss Wells. That was a good idea, he reasoned. Perhaps she would like it too.

When they two had stepped out of the elevator downstairs, Dinsmore wasn't sure just what he should do next. This was a new situation, he thought, as he made a few quick conclusions. He felt oddly foolish and yet pleased with himself. Yet it was not foolishness that made him wonder why he had

forgotten to call his chauffeur before he left the office. There was the chance to go back, but he rejected that. Pointing out a new model of washing machine the company was putting on sale, a sample of which had been placed in the corridor for advertising, he hesitated.

"We're putting much confidence in this new machine."

She only nodded and smiled.

"It will do the work quickly. Every operation will be simplified."

"That is what we need in everything," she said. "I like quick results."

It was his turn to nod.

They studied the model intently.

He cleared his throat.

"Possibly you believe in love at first sight."

"Well——" She smiled, but did not complete the words.

Dinsmore was surprised at himself. "You don't deny it. You know I've been convinced, since an hour ago."

He noticed how pink her cheeks were. She became prettier still.

He drew closer. "Can you make decisions quickly?"

"I've studied 'Control of the Will.' Do you remember the ninth chapter?"

It was evident she was a business woman too. He liked her for that.

"Then you can decide whether you'll marry me or not."

"It's easier to say yes than no."

She was holding his arm rather tensely as they stood at the curb a moment later.

"This is something new for me," he said. He paused. The ground seemed to be giving way beneath his feet. When he looked down

at the figure beside him, however, all the prejudices of a lifetime were swept away. "Here, taxi——," he called. And then he added, "Take us to the nearest church."

WHEN IS A MAN?

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

I could vote last year. That is, I was twenty-one, and the law says I am a man; but many of us, and most of all myself, would doubt that a bit. Even the law is not sure about it. The Belgians, for instance, consider twenty-five the age when one becomes a man. But it is legitimate to wonder if one is a man even at twenty-five, if any certain age may be set as the age of manhood. There is a perpetual variation in progress from the cradle to the grave and we cannot mark an definite time for any one of the periods of development, least of all this coming at manhood. We may determine when a certain man is old. Most baseball players are said to be old at thirty; but Hindenburg and Joffre were more than twice thirty in the Great War and, considering what they did in it, who can say they were old, although twice as aged as the retiring baseball star? They are of the kind of men with enough courage to break the ice in the tub for the morning plunge. Nature can not destroy such early in life.

But can we suppose a certain time for the coming of any of the ages? When we were younger the period of manhood seemed marked by something quite exact, not long trousers, nor perhaps just being twenty-one, though both had something to do with it, but being-out-of-the-teens seemed a very unusual and romantic period in life, absolutely appalling in significance. From childhood perspective most beings who had passed the twenty post seemed to be marked as an indefinable being, "man." Now, since we are over twenty, those who are with us at this ordinary age, seem merely children of a larger growth.

There is greater exactness in bounding ages from a comfortable perspective. As a child, manhood seems to be a limited enough period. As an old man, it seems again quite marked. We have a habit of judging ages by

what we are in contrast with what we were, and when we are not in or not just entering a certain period it is easy to point it out. And for all men, the period differs. Mozart was a great man, was in manhood, early. So with Kipling. But most men are not in their full strength of life so early. McFee thinks any time before twenty-five is too early for elaborate efforts as a Man, for men are not men, he thinks, until they are twenty-five or more.

Even in one man, manhood is not a constant period. A few years ago I was older than I am now. I felt older. At that time I had finished high school and was out in the world of persons who were thirty years old, more or less, and the cold calculating cares of serious life formed in association with elder people, made me feel nearer my conception of my present age than I do now. The fellow who goes off to a university does not sober to realities and grow old as quickly as his brothers in the shop and office.

And if the saying is true, the dad who delights in the Christmas engine and the Sandy Andy, is a child too. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells of an old man who used to delight in hearing nursery stories read over and over to him. It is easy to conceive of a man in the ripest period of life liking nursery stories, but it is hard to imagine him a child for such a reason. But this prattle becomes senseless. The reasoning is foolish. Most logic based on catchword phrases is foolish.

Perhaps intellect, considered more broadly than in our last musings, marks a difference between childhood and manhood. On the face of it, the supposition seems reasonable, but reflection reminds one that the untutored laborer in the ditch reaches manhood as surely as the professor in the university. Some laborers reach manhood even more surely than do great scholars. And men cannot ask deeper questions than does the simple child. "Why do people blow whistles?" four-year-old Joseph asks me, turning his soft, blue earnest eyes toward me. There is an answer to that question, an answer in the most profound of studies—Man, human nature. "Why do we live?"; "What happens when he die?" he asks.

But sometime or other, youth passes.

When? The old know it has gone but they never know when it went. The old man who hobbles by makes me imagine his bent figure searching for something lost, something gone, that something—youth. That is a poignant thought. All old wish to be young, all young to be old. The child imagines the elder has reached a coveted point in life. The old man sees the laughing child as supremely happy, all the days full of melody.

" those hours
When every pathway led to flowers,
When sticks of peppermint possessed
A sceptre's power to sway the breast,
And heaven was round us while we fed
On rich ambrosial gingerbread."

This gay spring of life has passed when manhood comes; ripe summer has begun. Sometime in one of the two seasons is the grand imagination and enthusiasm of youth—the youth that sees visions, as Carol Kennicott did. But Carol had to contend with those who were content to dream dreams and who scoffed at possible realization or need of realization of idealistic visions. Ideals, formed in university or other cloistered life, are so often destroyed by a scoffing world. But now and then some strong man pushes an ideal through scoffing Gopher Prairie and lands it at successful realization; and so, men progress. That is the worth of all ideals. The world makes a football of them. After a time ideals and young men are kicked about so much that definite opinions become formed. Perhaps the time when this comes about is manhood. But it cannot be so, for the ideals of great men sometimes persist till death, and sometimes this period of undefinable manhood is the time when men can best accomplish ideals.

Manhood is an insolvable riddle. The answer to the question of the sphinx, "What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two at midday, and on three in the evening?" is said to be Man, crawling in the morning of life, upright at noon, limping with the aid of a cane in the evening of life. But Man, the answer, is in itself a greater riddle. When is a Man?

ON LOOKING A POTATO IN THE EYE.

FRANK MCGINNIS.

Though the once lowly "spud" is more useful than the rubber lightning-rod, still a *Solanum Tuberosum* of the family of Solanaceae has not risen to the heights of usefulness of the two-quart derby.

Esconced in kingly bowers by the eatless days of one puritanical American statesman and serenaded upon the harp by opulent profiteers until the Kaiser became a Dutchman, this mighty tuber has gazed down upon us from the haughty heights of its starchy dignity. The "apple of the earth" came to compose the "staff of life" and brought untold internal wars to those whose stomachs were not built for pancakes and kindred leaden foods. Necessity of the occasion, however, filled with pride the small soul of the potato to the size of a British Blimp and but one more puff of hot air was wanting to send it off into unmeasurable heights of vegetable fame. The necessary gust, i. e., the rhyming of the potato with the New Yawk pronunciation of tomato, never came. But a short time and the *Tuberosum* would have been placed upon the kitchen catalog as a delicacy. By the breadth of the w. k. hair it missed being placed upon the list of taxable luxuries. Had the hot draught been working properly the potato might have had children crying for it; but the tots are tearless. The rascal of the family might have been climbing precariously to the upper shelves of the parental pantry, not to besmear his visage with the fruits of his mother's canning season, but to secure a toothsome morsel culled from the earth's grudging crust; but the pantry shelf-paper remains unscathed. The saddest words are but those four in minds of men: "It might have been."

Unfortunately or fortunately (according as you regard it from the potato's point of view or no) the world had conquered the disciples of sauer-kraut and the war was over. Out of the struggle came the potato with one of its eyes exhibiting a black-blue discoloration. Had it been liquid, as the egg, it would have been totally disorganized, as Humpty Dumpty, in its fall from the pedestal.

Fallen from its high estate, the perennial herb once more took its place among the level-headed vegetables of which the cabbage is prime head-worker. Only the most delicate of engraving in the cuisiniere's art upon the newly mortised platter of mashed Murphys could make them palatable to the discriminating eater. Lords and Ladies of Avoirdupois cast baneful glances upon the machinations of the "eye planter" and intriguing potato wholesaler. It became unwise to speak of potatoes because cussing was not polite. Unfortunate parcel of starch and water that it is—it had lost its charm and the aesthetic attraction it possesses when mingled in Irish stew. Though remnants of the potato race are still evident at picnics and at outings of The Red-Headed Children's League, the potato no longer possesses the speed in high society with which it was once blessed; thereby supplying us with the reason for its name being in the past tense,—"*spud*."

Until the time when this unfortunate essay was begun it had always been an impossible problem with the author to account for the origin of the term "*Sweet Patootie*," so much used by college students and other slangsters. Now, however, the parentage of the expression is clear, for could there be any other possible supposition than that it came from "*sweet potato*"? And assuredly the *sweet* potato must be regarded as the female of the potato family. All its attributes, its delicate pinkness, its delicious sweetness, its graceful shapeliness, support this theory. Yes, yes. It is a certainty. We all rejoice at the settling of this weighty matter.

Sweet, fried, browned, boiled, baked, scalloped, creamed potatoes, potato-chips, all are children of the Father *Solanum Tuberosum* potato, and it is indeed an intelligent family. There *are* French fried, American fried, *were* German fried and every Notre Dame student is familiar with badly fried.

Despite the fact that the potato has lost in esteem as a fodder, if one wishes to see a man begin the day wrong one has only to say to that man in an abusing tone of voice, "I hope you find lumps in your mashed-potatoes." The nearest policeman will call the ambulance after the slaughter.

Everything must have an ultimate end, even this atrocity, and philosophers who have

cogitated upon the subject agree that the ultimate end of the potato is that hopeless culinary jumble,—hash. Yet would we look the potato mournfully in the eye and declare:

"Will you be my Valentine?"

THE SWINGING DOOR AND THE POETS OF THE FUTURE.

GERALD HAGAN.

"Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high.

COWLEY.

New York book reviews have recently carried articles about a book by Michael Monahan named "*Dry America*." The work is not one intended to inspire the prohibition agent or to urge on to the performance of his duty the lax guardian of the peace, but rather it is a sombre and funereal description of the years to come. In the book the inspired Michael warns us of the danger to the literature of the future, a danger arising from the eternal thirstiness of the poets of this generation and from the "disgusting innocence" of the writers of the next.

Serious perusal of the book brings up thoughts most appalling to the lover of literature. One wonders what we can rightfully demand or expect from the poet whose greatest heights of impassioned utterances are reached during the exhilaration consequent upon swallowing two nut sundaes "*straight*." What will the bard of tomorrow find within the floating tea leaves to inspire him to produce another "*Ode to a Nightingale*" wherein the singer's very soul cries out for a "*draught of vintage*"? How lifeless and spiritless would have been the works of this poet of promise had he never known the exquisite pain of being pierced with Bacchus' ivy-dart! Even Thomas Gray, who held forth within the cheerless confines of the church yard, broke away from these dismal surroundings long enough to deliver his eulogy to the sparkling bowl. It is almost unnecessary to mention Bobby Burns, the Scot's own poet, whose "*we'll take a right guid-willie waught*" in "*Auld Lang Syne*"

seems almost a sentiment of the present day in America.

Enough for those whose poetic sentiments warmed and expanded under the influence of the "drink divine." What of the poet born into the dreary age when he may never learn that "Bacchus with the sunshine of the bowl thaws the winter of the soul"? Will the ice-bound spirit of poesy in the new American poets be loosed by the sunhsine of a strong banana split? Can the fiery "coke" or the tongue-loosening soda call forth other "Odes to Anacreon"? What can the future bard, who goes to the museum to gaze with wondering eyes upon the meaningless spirals of a rusting corkscrew, pour in upon his soul to wake the Aeolian lyre?

But there may be brighter aspects. Perhaps all is not yet lost. The prophecy is made in the Anthologia that,

"If with water you fill up your glasses
You'll never write anything wise."

but no mention is made of other beverages which the poet who lives in a time when the "very mince pies are censored" may use to wake the slumbering spirit. The writer of the Anthologia confined his remarks to water, but that does not mean that he who fills the glass with foaming root beer or sparkling loganberry juice shall never write bits of wisdom. Herein lies our greatest hope that the swinging door and all its tremendous import may be retained, that the future poet may leave his wife and family weeping without while he crushes the last spark of conscience and rushes through the swinging door. Once in a while he puts all thoughts of home and family behind and, dashing up to the counter, fills himself to the bursting point with rare old Whistle or Arrow, draws forth his notebook and while in the dizziest throes of the intoxication pens his lines which are destined to be immortal. For the good of literature we pray most fervently that the swinging door may be preserved in reality, that its significance may be kept in "deathless marble" so that the coming Horace or Moore or any one of a score of others may not begin his labors under a crushing handicap. May he "drink, and smile, and learn to think" and, downing his Coco-Cola, rise to a veritable poetic frenzy behind the swinging door.

THE FOLLIES OF '22.

HAROLD E. MCKEE.

Scene—(The room of the committee on absentees in an Australian university.)

Time—(Any.)

Characters—(A student who is on trial for missing six classes. The chairman of the committee on absentees and his committee.)

ACT I.

Chairman—

Now young man, please tell me why
You skived six classes on the sly.

Student—

I broke my leg and couldn't ply.

Chairman—

That's no excuse, for that's just talk.

Student—But my dear sir, I couldn't walk.

Chairman—

You're not informed, so I see,
How one acquires an absentee.

(Picks up catalogue and reads.)

Seats are placed in class-rooms
On which the students should sit,
For walking around the class-room
Is hardly proper and fit.
So each man must be seated
And so it comes to pass
That inability to walk
Is no excuse from class.

(Closes book and glances at student.)

Have you anything more to say?

Student—

I was unconscious all that day.

Chairman—

Weak one, weak one,
Weak as a straw.

(Laughs out loud.)

Tee hee, haw haw.

So are others that I can name
But they go to their classes, just the same.
Have you other excuses, or is that all?

Student—

My arm was fractured by a fall.

Chairman—

Which one was fractured, tell me that?

Student—

My left one sir, 'twas most smashed flat.

Chairman—

Is that the one with which you write?

Student—

No sir, I've always written with my right.

Chairman—(*Rising to his feet, his anger soaring around blood heat.*)

Don't you know at least one rule,
About skiving classes at this school?
Now let this soak into your ear
The words I read from rule book here.

(*Picks up catalogue and reads again.*)

A broad expanse of chest
Separates the arms,
So injury to one
No way the other harms.
So right handed students
Who have a broken left
Can write as well as ever
With the same degree of deft.
Then a broken arm is no excuse
And will not give the right
To skive away from any class
On grounds, "Not able to write."

(*Throws book on table.*)

Spring a new one, your's are old.

Student—

I couldn't talk, I had a cold.

Chairman—

You aren't supposed to talk in class
It's against the rules, you silly ass.
Is there something more you wish to say?

Student—

No; otherwise I was well that day.

Chairman—(*Rises to his feet and then addresses thus his committee men.*)

Gentlemen, you've heard what this man said

You've also heard the rules I read.
Take this book and accumulate
In yonder room to deliberate.

(*The chairman pedagogue tosses to them the catalogue.*)

If he has broken any rule
You will find him "Canned from school,"
But if you find that he has not,
Amend the rules right on the spot.

(*A look at the clock gives him a shock.*)

It's way past noon, I have a hunch
It's time I'm going out to lunch.

(*Exit the chairman. The committee-men file into adjacent den.*)

Curtain Falls and rises again—indicating a lapse of four hours.

ACT II.

(*Chairman re-enters there and glaring at his victim, sits down into a chair. A loud fist is heard, a-pounding on the door. The chairman bellows out in tones almost a roar*)

Have you reached a verdict men
While cooped up in your jury den?

(*From within comes words*)

We have. Amen.

Chairman—(*rises from his seat and stands upright upon his feet.*)

I'm glad to hear it, so let's begin

Men of the jury, come in, come in.

(*Committee files into the room. The student's face is abloom with doom.*)

Chairman—

Distributors of justice, what did you find?

Committee (*In chorus*)—

His guilt is of the obvious kind.

Chairman—(*With a look of joy, addresses thus the convicted boy.*)

Did you hear what these men said?

They've placed a guilt upon your head.

So I pronounce upon your dome

The sentence of one letter home.

(*Enter boy, cutting capers, waving high a bunch of papers.*)

Boy tell me pray, what there do you convey?

Boy—

A list of absentees, today.

Chairman—

Give that to me

So I can see

Who had the gas

To skive a class

(*Over the list his two eyes pore, then turns to the student, dog-gone sore.*)

Tell me quick, without delay

Why you cut classes on this day?

Student—

Why in this room I've had to stay.

Chairman—

Your logic's loose, that's no excuse.

Student—(*In stage whisper.*)

Now I suppose I'll get the noose.

Chairman—(*To committee.*)

I think the case is rather clear

That all day this boy's been here

And being here all day, alas,

He certainly not was at his class.
To back the words which I have said
I'll read the line which Coffee spread.

*(The chairman then proceeds to open
Coffee's book. He reads.)*

A thing can not, it appears to me
Be not and at the same time be.

(With triumphant look he closes book.)

I think the proof is rather clear
That he cut class today,
But judgment men is up to you.
Committee men what do you say?

Committee—*(In chant.)*

Knee deep on him the guilt does lay.

Chairman—

Cutting twelve classes is a serious offense
So serious, in fact, there's no defense
So I can say right off my hand
You're out of luck, get out, you're canned.
But wait, stay,
Hold on I pray.

(His fingers dwell upon a bell.)

(Enter boy in school's employ.)

Chairman—

Here boy hike and make some breeze
Tell registrar to join me, please.

(Exit boy in school's employ.)

(Enter the star, the registrar.)

Chairman—*(Moans and groans in low stage
tones.)*

Oh registrar please give me aid
Is this boy's bill completely paid?

(Registrar looks aghast and exits fast.)

(Re-enter the star, the registrar.)

*(Registrar leans upon chairman's ear
And whispers words no one can hear.)*

*Chairman blinks and swallows hard
Then forces a smile wide as a yard.)*

Chairman—

My dear boy
It gives me joy
To say to you
Your trial is through
And that we've found
Your excuses sound.

*(Committee-men don looks of gloom
As student rushes from the room
Chairman and registrar sing duet
Song entitled, "We'll get him yet,"
As from the stage they slowly crawl.
And the curtains slowly fall.)*

TERMINANDIBUS.

A FANTASY OF SHADOWS.

VINCENT ENGELS.

There are those who have already discovered how a little lonely lake, or the wooded bank of a stream, by night, is the most bewitching place imaginable. The halls, the prairies, any of the country places—humanity has long known how to treasure them when under the shadowy, brooding spell of darkness. It is not so generally known that a city, too, may become very entrancing in the wee, forbidden hours. For while a landscape is transformed from a thing of beauty into something more beautiful by the gloom, a city is sometimes changed from an ugly camp to a citadel of pleasing fancy. If you happen to be a reporter on a morning newspaper you are in position to realize the truth of this. Often perhaps, on a warm night you decide to walk home after the sheet has gone to press. It is two o'clock, and you swing along through the empty streets, beneath the pale light of the insect-surrounded arc lamps. You cross the lighted bridge. Far below the blackish water swirls in anticipation. The roar of the mighty dam upstream, unmixed with grind of motor, clash of wheels or shout of truckman, sounds unnatural. You cannot but think that this man-made noise should cease with the others while man sleeps. Beyond the bridge now, and into the residence district, past rows and rows of darkened houses. Past forty thousand forgotten cares and sleeping heartaches. A little bungalow set far back from the street attracts your attention. Two rows of elms lead to its door; bushes reach against its very windows—it is a house of shadows. But it stirs you nevertheless, for you know that within it human hearts are sleeping, precious souls with joys and griefs as real as your own. And so you murmur a prayer that the good Lord bless them and watch them to the shaded hour, and hurry on. More darkened windows—more houses set in gloom—more blessings on the unconscious comrades of your walk. You are in the midst of sleep. Sleep—nay, Death, for at such an hour you feel (although you do not admit that sleep is death) that those dreaming forms are of another world, a world beyond



GILCHRIST—HIRSCHBUHL—SHEA—ARNDT

the clouds hanging like black omens in the sky. They are lost to earth. Now this does seem strange to you, for you feel yourself the intruder—the impious violator of a sacred state. And you hurry on, for fear that some avenging angel will swoop from the air to strike you down for the trespasser that you are.

Thus you tread the streets of death—awake—and realize what a poor thing awaking is. For night wraps the city with a magic robe; the ugly details of the day are unseen, and trees, bushes and houses are touched with shadows and made large, beautiful things. Just so sleep bathes the heart with an ointment in which bitterness cannot live, and the sordidnesses of living make place for a large and beautiful peace. Never to sleep—to dream—to forget it would be a poor thing, a poor thing, indeed. Now in your walk, you pass a drug store and pause a while. A dim yellow light discloses shelves of long-necked bottles and squat humidors, waiting dumbly upon the day and some order to give them opportunity and service. And the service may be for good or for bad—that does not matter so much. You think of that. Then you think that we all are waiting so—ranged side by side, classified by generations on the shelves of time. To the alien spectator—able to distinguish between us only by size and labelling—we are alike. He does not discern the soul within which makes us beings apart. He is unable to realize that our stationary condition is not lifeless inertia—it is potential energy—it is waiting. Waiting for the day, and with the day will come the inspiration either for good or for bad which shall transform us forever.

The drug store is behind you now—and so are the houses. The cement walk has given way to a clay path, and the wind wafts to your nostrils the sweetness of a clover meadow. Here you first begin to hear faint noises on either side—rustlings in the clover, whisperings in the air above. There are fairies, you suppose, meeting in the night, or shades of the dead, which slipping back again to earth, meet somewhere in the dusky silences the unleashed souls of dreaming men. Somewhere in that dark disport your sleepers, through scenes of pleasant romance or wild adventure—lovely scenes, terrible scenes, a thousand times more gorgeous than anything the day can offer. More gorgeous, because the night is the symbol of two fantastic things—the Past and the Future, and daylight represents only the tangible Present. For example, the graveyard, frequented by scores of mourners in the daylight, is presented to us then as a place of living sorrows. Cover it with night, and you observe it only as an abode of the dead, a gloomy reminder of the Past. And dreaming over it all, stuck in the heavens like translucent jewels are stars—stars which always have been symbols of the future to the human race. And the stars have an eloquence to stir the heart of man beyond anything else in nature.

There are things of terror, too, in the night, for the timid ones. To the infrequent companion of the dusk, graveyards are things to be shunned; noises in the shadows set the very blood a-tingling in his veins. Repeated walks at night however, soon dispel this fear. There is something in the warm twinkling of a heavenly body which is so friendly and hospitable that our convert cannot but notice and be assured at the sight. Once he catches

this camaraderie—ah then, though his way be past a score of graveyards and beset by a thousand mysterious noises, he throws his face to the vaulted skies and steps forward, confident in the promise of a star.

ON BEING GOOD-NATURED.

C. J. HURSCHBUHL.

Although no one has ever accused me of being good-natured, I have selected this subject because it is unusual. Not that good-natured people are unusual, but talking about them is. You read a great deal about cynics; everyone talks about cynics; and if a man gives a new definition of a cynic he is called a philosopher. But the truth of the matter is that he is a cynic himself or he would not be able to define the word. Good-natured people are simply taken for granted; they are made the object of every conceivable kind of joke, and we all jolly them along because they do not make a fuss about it. And so it is only just that some comment should be made in their behalf. Even a cynical comment is better than none: but as only good-natured people will read this, I can say almost anything just so it agrees with their sentiments. That is one secret of being good-natured:—seeing the other man's point of view. And since I am talking about being good-natured, anyhow, I might as well be good-natured about it and not hurt any feelings.

Good-nature is a very peculiar characteristic of the human species; its causes involve deeply intellectual principles of physiology and psychology, and in order to disprove the attitude of the cynics that good-natured people have no right to existence, we shall endeavor to establish (ahem!) the fundamental reasons for good-nature. According to the most eminent physiologists, persons who have the happy faculty of being able to sleep at any hour of the day soon acquire a certain obesity which, to be maintained, demands increased amounts of food. Of course, sleep is a mental state, while the circumference of the waistline is condition by material things. But we are told that the mind governs the body, and can thus justify ourselves in accepting the theory of these students of

the body as beyond question. No doubt you are wondering what all of this has to do with being good-natured; it is very important that we understand the physical basis before we examine the mental causes of this trait. That is why many people are not good-natured:—they jump at conclusions too quickly.

The psychology of good-nature is quite simple. Technically, it is explained by the action of the intellect as influenced by the corpulence resulting from sleeping and eating, as explained before. If a person is exceedingly stout, he must be jovial for his self-preservation. Consequently a weighty individual will actually cultivate a sensibility to the ridiculous, wear an ever-present smile on his pudgy face, and by his words, actions, and looks will spread joy whenever he is in company. What he does and says behind the scenes is purely a matter of conjecture, and interests only the cynics, pessimists, iconoclasts, etc.

The real philosophy of good-nature is, however, based on neither physical nor mental premises, although it was in these that we found the concepts underlying it. It is very possible for a man unfortunately lean to be good-natured, provided he can assume the proper attitude. Good-natured people are found everywhere; cynics are not. We should not look for a good-natured man in a morgue, nor would we expect to find one in the House of Congress. You can all remember where most good-natured men used to be found, but constitutional amendments have changed that pleasant condition of the State. Since this alteration there has been a marked increase in the number of cynical people throughout the country. But even a pessimistic government can not entirely destroy good-nature;—good-nature does not require a bond.

I have often observed that nearly all good-natured men are called "Doc" whether they know anything about medicine or not. The reasons for this are quite obvious. The very word "doctor" means much more than a mender of broken bones or a dispenser of ill-tasting concoctions. It connotes cheerfulness, sympathy, humor, kindness, and in general a very pleasing disposition. Therefore, whenever we find these traits reflected in any of our friends, we say they are good-

natured and call them "Doc." I know a man called "Doc" and he certainly complies with the material qualifications for good-nature; he never assumes a vertical position unless it is absolutely necessary, and if the food supply of this country were suddenly stopped, "Doc" would just have time to dig his grave. But he is always ready to see the point in a joke whether there is a point or not, and in every way makes himself agreeable to his companions. The outlook of such men on life is interesting; they never worry until it is too late, and then what's the use of worrying?

It is just as easy to be good-natured as it is to be gloomy. If mere worrying or fretting would rebuild tumbled castles, then this old world would far surpass Utopia; it might even equal a Hoosier's conception of Indiana. I had this principle of good-nature impressed upon me very forcibly one time. I was on a lake in a rowboat and while enjoying the grandeur of the mountains surrounding the lake, I let the oars slip from their locks. I was soon in a predicament. Finally I saw a man walking along the shore, and I began to shout lustily for assistance. He bellowed: "What's the trouble?" I shouted "My oars are gone!" The reply, "Well, what d'ya want to talk about it for?" convinced me that this individual must indeed be a good-natured man. He was, for he procured a boat and came out to tow me in. There isn't much point to this story except that it happened in Oregon, which is the best-natured state in the Union. By that I mean anybody that can live in Oregon must be good-natured.

If you want to be good-natured, you can. I have in mind a man who must have been born under a dark cloud. He could never see why people could smile, and the muscles of his face had become so sternly set that if he had been forced to laugh the face would have been completely ruined. But for some unknown reason he suddenly determined to change his attitude by gently smiling at the things he heard and saw. Now he is called "Doc" by his friends, and can laugh heartily whenever occasion demands. It was very simple—he just learned the secrets of being good-natured: seeing the other fellow's point of view, and learning to laugh at trouble instead of with it.

THE COMMONNESS OF INDIVIDUALISM.

KARL ARNDT.

The dialogue which follows is a translation of a fragmentary document found in 1903 by an American archaeologist in the ruins of the ancient Piraeus. It is a record of a discussion, a phase of education, between Pylorous, a Stoic, and a man named Nikos, evidently a student. Though historians of philosophy have no record of Pylorous, we can deduce from the nature of the argument that he was one of the many insignificant teachers of the fifth century of the Christian era. The carelessness with which the original was composed made translation rather difficult, perhaps the writer, who is unknown, took notes while the argument was in progress and set them aside without any attempt to revise them.

TRANSLATOR.

Nikos and I promise to pay the fee next time. And say, if you are willing, I shall go to the shop of Glausso before you give the lesson to buy some of his Thracian wine, for I really believe that when I am a little drunk I am the better able to follow your thought and answer your questions.

Pyl. By the gods, Nikos, what have you said? Wine is the food of poets, but for us, whose only concern is to perfect ourselves according to the demand of nature, it is poison. Indeed, we have nothing to do with idle and deceitful imaginations and dreams. So forget Glausso, son, and pay attention to what I have to say.

Nik. That I'll do, doctor, but let us make the discussion brief today, for I have promised Aristippus to go with him to the races at the Piraeus this afternoon.

Pyl. Very well, we'll get to the subject immediately. Tell me this first, is not all education the development of the individual, a progress from the common starting point of our nature to the full realization of the self?

Nik. That is my view.

Pyl. And is not the center of the self the will, and the intellect merely the world in the mind, a miniature, representative universe in which the will lives?

Nik. Let me think a moment, I don't understand what you are talking about.

Pyl. This is the point I wish to make. Man is Will and he resides in a special world created by the intellect.

Nik. That is not much better, but I think I see what you mean.

Pyl. It follows, doesn't it, that the development of the person is essentially development of the will, because though it is necessary that the intellect re-create a complete and true image of the real world in us, it is how we live in the one we have that makes us good or bad, great or small?

Nik. Quite true.

Pyl. And would you be so kind as to tell me, then, who is the educated man, the man who has carried to the highest degree the natural impulse to realize the individual?

Nik. The individualist, of course, the person who does what he wills and when he wills it, without regard to opinion, tradition or law.

Pyl. Come now, consider what you have said. Have I not told you that individualism is the greatest enemy of the individual. Individualism avoids the commonplace; it is itself the common. For the most perfect self-expression is self-repression; discipline of the will, if it is effected by our own efforts, is more perfect than license.

Nik. How, then, would you distinguish between the individualist and the true individual?

Pyl. That is easy. The individualist wishes to master, and he objects to being his own: the completely individuated self is his own boss, and having seen the evils of unbridled liberty, he has come to realize that to control the world is to control oneself, (for each man has in himself an image of the universe) and that a large part of mastering the will is obeying others.

Nik. You are a sophist; you are confusing me by a play on words.

Phyl. Not at all. Turn around the teachings of the individualists and you understand how to evolve yourself into the complete individual, the apex of creation. For is it not common and vulgar to be a free-thinker, an anarchist, a man who acknowledges no master and who turns himself loose in society?

Nik. I think you are right.

Pyl. And cannot anyone do what he wants, and only one in a thousand do what he must?

Nik. That is equally true.

Pyl. Then you must agree with the philosopher of old who says, "He has conquered himself who has surrendered to Zeus—that man is the perfected Ego—; but he who thinks that he has conquered Zeus has lost himself in the base multitude of unmade men."

HOT, HEAVY AND THEN SOME.

W. C. GILGHRIST.

While riding on a train not long ago, I stepped into the smoking compartment to have what I thought would be a quiet, peaceful smoke, and five minutes after I had seated myself thus tranquilly, I had become embroiled in a foot-ball argument.

A large bulbous man, equipped with spectacles and a voice which seemed to grate on my ears, delivered himself, with an air of tremendous authority, of the information that there were five better teams than Notre Dame during the late lamented season of 1921.

Seeing at once that the situation had all the earmarks of a public argument, and cognizant of the fact that it is the duty of every loyal man to defend the fair name of his University at all times, I "chipped in."

You know what I said in answer to the over-fed man's declaration, and you probably know just how I said it.

The words may have differed from those used by you at the corner grocery store, barber shop, billiard parlor, club, friend's house, hotel lobby, Nth hole, or wherever you have "chipped" into one of "them," but the context remains the same. It has always been the same since long after the day of "Red" Salmon, and it will be the same long after the great concrete bowl on Cartier Field has been reared toweringly toward the heavens.

There was only one answer to such a challenge, and the fact that the loyal supporter of every worth-while foot-ball eleven has it trembling on his lips always had led me to believe that often these poor misguided

champions of other teams than mine were really sincere when they intimated that the Fighting Irish were not the best team in the world.

But let us get back into the Pullman again.

The adipose man peered coldly at me through his glasses and retorted, with an air of finality, that he would bet every stitch of his wearing apparel on at least two well-known foot-ball teams, should they ever play Notre Dame.

From this point on, proceedings were regular, if slightly warmer than usual. We passed from one well known stage to another. Comparative scores had their innings, debate upon the individual ability of players and coaches became more torrid as the minutes passed and the authority of leading experts was dragged in and exaggerated or scoffed at, as it pleased the speaker. Nice little personalities began to be bandied back and forth until it reached the point where I found myself wondering if the fat man's wind was good and if he had ever taken up boxing very seriously.

Finally, glaring balefully at each other, we stopped, more from lack of breath than from anything else; and after one more withering glance at my purple faced adversary, I stamped off to my berth and tossed about for an hour thinking up mean things I might have said and had not.

As my anger subsided, and my ruffled feelings were soothed by the rhythmical rattling of the flat wheel directly under me, a great sympathy for the undeveloped intelligence of the poor fat man of the spectacles and short-sighted foot-ball views came over me.

I remember now that he had appeared quite normal when I had first seen him. In fact, just before he had made that foolish remark about foot-ball he had seemed like a jolly fat man whose spectacles added to rather than detracted from the good natured geniality of his expression.

Of course that unfortunate comment of his, and my attempt to put him right, had utterly disintegrated his personal charms as far as I was concerned, and naturally enough I had become incensed when he had had the audacity to reveal and uphold a belief which seemed to me contrary to all common sense.

Then, in the stuffy darkness of that berth,

with the heat pouring up from the radiator on the inner side and the chilly drafts leaking in through the swaying curtains on the other side, as I plumbed the depths of my soul to discover some excuse for the crass stupidity of my late opponent, a great light dawned upon me.

Just how the thing happened I cannot say.

It is certain that if I arrived at my conclusion by means of logical reasoning I can not now recall the steps which I took in doing so, and the hours I have spent in reverie since have not been fruitful in clearing up the mystery to any extent.

Probably it was another such inspiration as has caused all the great reforms and reactions since the beginning of time, which forced me to see the light.

In whatever way the discovery of any great trust is made, the most important thing to mankind is simply that it has been discovered. That satisfied me at the time and has been a great source of satisfaction ever since.

Wrong or right that harmless, plump man had been entitled to his opinion, and since all men are given the right of free speech, especially in foot-ball arguments, we had both been veering far from the paths of common sense when we had lost our heads in the attempt to convince each other of something which was contrary to our biased belief.

And do you know, I believe my corpulent friend had thought it all out the same way before resigning himself to dreamless sleep, for, next morning, as I made "no gain" through the mass of washing humanity which closely packed the previous night's forum, he actually smiled at me.

SORIN DAZE AND SORIN KNIGHTS.

AARON HUGUENARD.

College memories are most delightful, and I know of no better way to pass an evening than to indulge in reminscences of Notre Dame. When I think of the years spent in the shade of the Dome, the more unwelcome situations of life fade away like night before the dazzling onslaught of the morning sun, or to be less extravagant, like a little game



HAGAN—FLANNERY—KOLARS—MURCH

before the prefect's knock. The demerits and the permissions, the recreation and the study, the whole-hearted joys and the ephemeral worries of the youthful mind; all that was sweet and all that was bitter in those days blend in an artistic chiaroscuro which cannot help but "wipe the wrinkles from the brow of care."

It is rejuvenating to look back upon the incidents of university life; to see the freshmen lolling on the porch of the Administration Building, pulling, with an air of senility, at a smelly pipe; to watch the unsuspecting Walshite purchase the radiator in his room; to observe the verdant newcomer prepared to gild the Dome. Those are the experiences of the wild-eyed innocent. The activities of the self-assured upper-classmen are far more interesting and educating. Consider the informal "feast of reason and flow of soul" extending far past the midnight hour; the perpetual chant of the senior that he has so much work to do, he doesn't know where to begin; the "last car" habit.

Ah! such a habit. Of course, most of you readers who didn't go to morning-prayer were not acquainted with the tradition of the last car because—oh well, because you didn't stay out late at nights. But while you were wrapped in communion with the deified Morpheus, a great drama was being acted on a stage even so "weary, stale; flat, and unprofitable" as a street-car.

The Hill car that runs during the day is far different from the one that makes the last trip to Notre Dame at night. For you, who came out to school on it in daytime, the car held only a fifteen minute reign of terror, a ride of stops and jerks and jolts. But at night the taint of the earth disappeared

from it. Then, romance reigned. The bumps were softened into delightful punctuations; the terrific swerving of the car was turned into a dreamy sway, like the wave of golden wheat under a gentle breeze.

Perhaps, I am vague, indefinite. Take yourself back to that yonder year, and catch the "last car" any Tuesday, Thursday or Sunday night. The clock on the corner strikes the quarter hour. The motorman clangs his bell, and the car starts. Just as it turns on Michigan street, a fleeting shadow, a will-o-the-wisp hurdles into the conveyance and the first character of the romance steps forth upon the scene. We would call him Billy Bones but Stephenson's creation is a villain, whereas this lad is guileless. As he stands in the vestibule, searching for the fare, you can see he is out of breath. He is paying the price of lingering too long at the front door. But when you look into his sky-blue eyes and observe his golden hair and fair complexion, you can easily realize how hard it would be for any one to part with him.

We scarcely go a hundred yards farther when the second actor presents himself. He is tall, sedate, attractive, and on the program his is called, Lowland. As he steps forth into the car, there is an elasticity of carriage that indubitably bespeaks a happy individual. He, too, has evidently been under an influence, more ethereal than mundane.

Again, we start and the reverie of the scene is unbroken for some few blocks. Then, lest the swaying of the car grow monotonous, a third character flashes before us. His step is snappy, his smile is winning, and were we writing an allegory about him, he should be dubbed, Youth. There is only one thing funereal about him: Fate has christened

him, Embalmer. He nods to the men who have preceded him on the stage and passes to a secluded corner where he may study, without distraction, not hydraulics or bridges but cozy cottages and beautiful homes.

The fourth interruption of the car's progress marks the entrance of one Sole. He has the features of a man of strong character. His powerful eyes, his firm jaw, his sharply chiselled nose—all bespeak the fact that he would do nothing unless he entered upon it with heart and soul. If we allow ourselves to be generous in conjecture, we can easily conclude that he has done more than nothing to-night, but there! let us stop.

Our journey is now on its last lap, or rather two more laps have to be considered. The owner of the first of these is an actor of rotund proportions. His perfect composure assures us that he did not have far to run to catch the car. His name would suggest that he is a maker of asinine remarks, and for fear you will be inclined to horselaugh, it will not be mentioned.

The last lap is really not to be considered as an integral part of the romance. Its possessor is merely ye reporter, who keeps a check on the youthful Lochinvars, and chalks up their absences. As he steps forward to his seat, he quietly makes the roll-call, and—the curtain falls.

THE PASSING OF THE STAIRS.

FRANCIS J. KOLARS.

Before launching out and into this discussion it may be well to give the reader some idea of what is to be discussed. Then if he choose, he may read farther. The discourse will be well seasoned with quotations—any thorough discussion is. They may mean nothing. Their mere presence is enough. Ask any essayist. Besides quotations, technical terms from the Encyclopedia Britannica will be defined and explained. I shall prove that the stairs must be.—To the topic.

The word stairway was probably coined shortly after the introduction of the stairs itself. There is a certain type of individual who is unable to make use of this means of access from one floor to another without com-

pletely wrecking himself or at least making himself a poor investment for insurance companies. He positively cannot walk up or down the steps without incurring risk. It is a habit with him. This unfortunate is said to have *stair ways*, or, better still, he is known to doctors and men of science as a Stair Case. It is with this unlucky being that we shall deal solely in our argument for the abolition of stairs.

The Stair Case (for such will be the name of the stumbling knight of the steps from now on) is from the first a victim of a losing game. The very make-up of the Stairs show us this. He is the bearer of an architectural structure that is demoniac in its form. He might as well give up. Let us see: square, circular, rectangular or elliptical—he hasn't a chance! If he masters the circular stairs, the square will get him; if not the square, the rectangular is bound to. But these are only the types of stairs. Take any stair proper. The first term encountered is two *flights*. Nothing could be plainer. The Stair Case starts down; he stumbles and reaches the first landing. This is the first *flight*. The second flight is much the same with the exception that he brings up at the bottom. It has been my pleasure, however, to know Stair Cases who totally ignored the *landing* and made it all in one *flight*. It may have been this class to which Shakespeare referred in "Much Ado About Nothing" when he wrote, "Swift and strong as new-fledged eagles."

The individual steps are called *treads* or *risers*. The first word need not concern us insofar as the typical Stair Case does not use *treads* to any extent after, say, the first two two or three. In the case of the *riser*, it is different. Pope tells us, "Who falls, shall rise a star." It is very simple. This, then, is the *riser*. It is worth mentioning that had Pope been afflicted with *Stairways* he would have put the word "stars" in the plural form.

At the turn of the first landing we become acquainted with the *ramp*. The *ramp* is concave and is the turn itself. It is sometimes called the *easing*. The etymology of the word is simple. It is most likely a corruption of the word *romp*. Thus we have the end of the first flight or *romp*. The exact meaning of the word *easing* is more puzzling but numerous people afflicted with *stairways* appar-

ently believe it refers to the rug on the landing. Along with the *ramp* or *romp* goes the *knee*, this being convex. The fact that it is convex is self-explanatory when we remember that the *ramp* is concave. Imagine a *knee* making the first landing in one flight and bringing up against the concave *ramp*. When removed from the *ramp*, it is bound to be convex. We are informed by the Encyclopedia Britannica that the *knee* plus the *ramp* makes a *swan-neck*. This is not hard to believe. We shall pass on with the comment that the name *swan-neck* is probably the first record we have of the *swan-dive*.

The last term to be dealt with is the *wreath*—a sad thing. What could be plainer: the wreath, signifying last rites. This, then, is the end of the Stair Case, a funeral wreath to bear out the word of Beaumont and Fletcher, "For though they kill but slow, they are certain."

But is there a substitute? In "Cymbeline," Shakespeare in declaring "Reverence, that angel of earth, doth make distinction between high and low," makes clear the necessity for some mode of passage from basement to attic. But if the stair is abolished will Pope's words "Shall gravitation cease if you go by?" come true. Presumably not. Gravity we have always had. If ever it ceases, Stair Case will have nothing to fear. Still, the Stair must go. Hamlet realized its danger (especially because there was no prohibition in Denmark) when he said, "Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve." Schelling was aware of the slipperiness of the stairs and wrote, "Architecture is frozen music." Even the ancient Egyptians were wise and we find them completely discarding the stair in favor of inclined planes.

And now it has been shown to you what an evil thing is the stair. I would ask you, in your headlong pace of the twentieth century with its disarmament, conferences, taxes, inventions and Hollywood letters,—I would ask you to pause in your rush and give a serious thought, perhaps shed a tear for our blind and stumbling brother, the Stair Case.

Philosophy is the original art of disappearing. It deals with appearances which, it says, do not exist, and with existences which, it maintains, do not appear.

VERSE.

NIGHT.

Night is a black charger
With stars shod,
Broken the stables of Heaven
Fleeing God.

C. S. CROSS.

PILGRIMAGE.

All night I trod hopeless, grey paths along;
Past misty marshes where the wild grass swayed
In rhythm slow that caught my soul. No song
Came from those wastes, but lone fiends strayed
On the wind and weighted it with doom. The way
Led on. Up naked hills I bore my pride
Till the black void vanished, while the sweet grey
Dawn filled heaven, and I was satisfied.

Again I find hope stolen in a night
Black as despair. With desperate prayers I go
Past trees of gloom that hide the light
Of stars. Past frost that hides the earth below
Treading the awful way with strength o'erdrawn,
Daring the night to meet hope in the dawn.

ENGELS.

MARCH.

It shleets, it snows; the river's froze.
It storms, it warms; out comes the larch.
The tempest blows, the river flows,
All nature aken, for it's March.

The birds return; the lowly fern
Again outcrops from every fen.
The woods bloom forth and soon we learn
That prophets song, the early wren.

The bluebirds call, the raindrops fall,
And soon the tulip buds appear,
Again majestic pines so tall.
That prophet's song, the early wren.

CHARLES P. CARROLL.

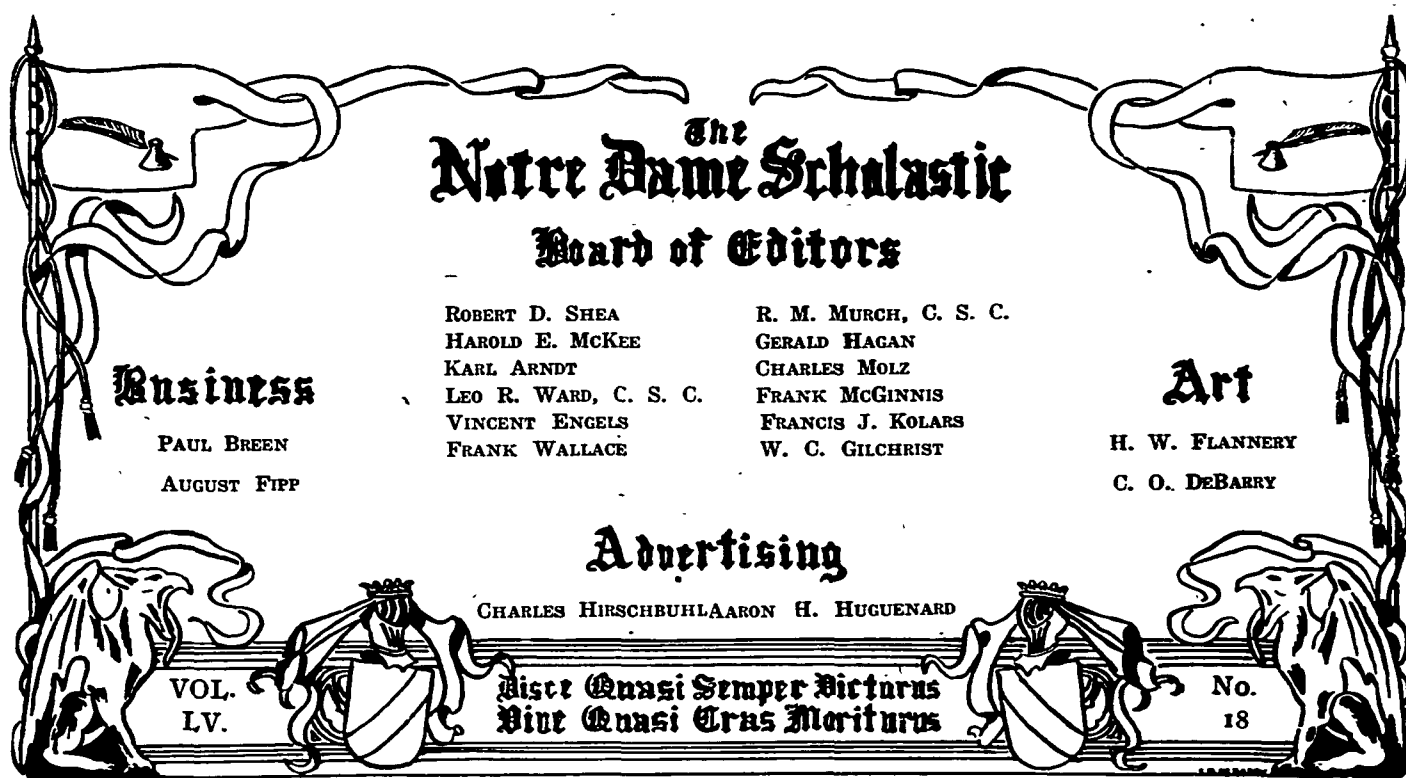
A SONG OF WINTER MOODS.

They say that this is winter; that long days
Of ice and wind and frozen sedge must pass
Ere soft-heeled spring walks lovely on the grass;
Grim times while withered winter perversely delays.

They say that this is winter; still last night
I heard the wind hum a wild gypsy tune,
And felt the earth warm to the loving moon—
Close was their caress; heaven flamed with eager
light.

They say that this is winter—they are wrong.
This morn I sensed a fragrance in the air
And took the road, and Beauty found me there;
Then in my heart I knew 'twas Spring, and in my
heart was song.

VINCENT ENGELS.



Although February is the shortest month in the year, it contains the birthdays of the two great American statesmen with whom all of us are most thoroughly acquainted. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln need no introduction, for practically every school child could relate the story of the "Cherry tree" or narrate an anecdote of "Honest Abe." As we study the character of these former presidents of the United States, we see that it is not exactly their executive ability for which we greatly admire and remember them, but rather their integrity. Their whole lives were wound about incidents which prove that they were guided incessantly by the aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy." They inherited that noble uprightness from their progenitors, and have given to their posterity the finest examples of an honesty manifested at all times, in both private and political life.

For us they leave an unequalled record in civil affairs, obtained chiefly through their upright intercourse with their fellowmen. The question of honesty was always paramount in their lives, and when there arose a dispute concerning right or wrong, they never hesitated to abide by the truth. We, then, should strive to imitate them and profit by the trustworthy conduct which they exhibited. It would make of us, better students, better citizens.

R. C.

On the throne of St. Peter sits a new figure. Out of Desio in Italy has come Pius XI., the newly-crowned pontiff. Those who know him say he is a THE NEW PONTIFF. modest man, retiring, scholarly, courageous. Friends commend his earnestness and zeal.

The tasks which confront Pius XI. are perhaps not more difficult than those which confronted his predecessor when he was crowned. Because, however, of the influence to which Benedict lifted the papacy during the seven years of his reign, the difficulties of Pius' position appear magnified. Possibly not since the Middle Ages has the papacy enjoyed such dignity as belongs to it today. To continue to strengthen this dignity is the apparent wish of the new pontiff.

The accession of Pius gives us opportunity to reflect on the unbroken strength of the papacy. Kingdoms and empires pass; the papacy remains. Fifty years ago its power appeared to be waning. Men predicted that before long its influence in councils of political and social authority would cease. Conditions have changed since then. Today it has achieved a place, detached from temporal influences, where the esteem in which it is held rises from the whole world.

MOLZ.

To disregard the opinions of others is not wisdom; true wisdom lies rather in the acceptance, correction and assimilation of other men's ideas.

EXPERIENCE.

The moving spirit of the local Players' Club, namely Professor Sullivan, entertained a large audience in Washington Hall Wednesday with a most pleasing presentation of the play "Experience," in six episodes. The play is an allegorical one, dealing with the fortunes of Youth, who goes out into the world with Ambition and passes through all the vicissitudes and pleasures ordinarily to be encountered. While the play is naturally difficult by reason of its allegorical nature, the interpretation of Professor Sullivan was so vivid and natural that interest was sustained throughout.

At present the club is working on some new plays, including one three act production which may be seen before Easter. The Players' Club is going to prove itself altogether active.

IN MEMORIAM.

Seldom has the death of a Notre Dame man caused such deep sorrow on the campus as when the news came of the passing of Mr. Edward Kennedy, Litt. B., of the class of '08. Edward was quite unusually endowed with all the graces of body, mind and spirit. He had won a large measure of success and a bright future stretched away before him. To his parents, his brother John (A. B. '09), and to the other members of the family we give assurance of sympathy and prayers.

Notre Dame regretted most deeply the news of the death of Mr. George H. Rempe of Chicago, during many years an intimate friend and benefactor of the University. As a staunch Catholic and a successful business man Mr. Rempe left the imprint of a lovable personality on the community in which his life was spent, and the memory of a long friendship here. Three sons—George, Harold and Lester—are Notre Dame men, and five daughters have attended Saint Mary's College. The Vice-President of the University attended the funeral, as will be learned from the appended account. We assure the bereaved family of Notre Dame's prayers and steadfast remembrance.

Born in Freedom, Ill., in 1866, Mr. Rempe spent his early days in Leland to which place his family moved soon after his birth. When he was about twelve years old, the family removed to Chicago and he had ever since made his residence there. As a boy he went to work for the Crane Co. but shortly after his marriage to Miss Annie White of Chicago, he decided to strike out for himself and with the late Thomas Farrell of Chicago, formed the partnership of Farrell & Rempe for the manufacture of iron pipe coils. His business judgment was evidenced by the success of the undertaking. In 1902 following the death of Mr. Farrell, Mr. Rempe became sole owner of the business.

Mr. Rempe was a highly practical Catholic and a devout attendant at St. Patrick's church. He was also a close friend of Rev. Robert Carse and a supporter of all movements for the good of the parish. He was a member of the Chicago Athletic Club, Illinois Council Knights of Columbus, and Westward-Ho Golf Club.

The funeral was held from his home in Chicago on Thursday morning, January 19th at 9:30 o'clock, followed by solemn requiem mass at St. Catharine's Church at 10 o'clock. Monsignor Rempe, cousin of the deceased, was celebrant at mass, assisted by Rev. Christian Rempe, another cousin, deacon, and Fr. Robert Carse, sub-deacon. Rev. S. Morrisson, was master of ceremonies. Within the altar-rail were a number of priests, among them Rev. Fr. Walsh of St. Patrick's church, Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, Vice-President of Notre Dame University; Rev. James Hynes of Chicago, Rev. Fr. McCormick of Barrington and Rev. Fr. Donovan of Aurora. Rev. Michael J. Shea of New York was also one of the mourners at the funeral. The last named priest while a student at Notre Dame University, was a frequent summer visitor at St. Charles as the guest of the Rempe boys. Burial was in Calvary cemetery, Chicago.

Mr. Rempe is survived by his widow, three sons, George A., Harold R., now a resident of St. Charles, and Lester; and seven daughters, Mrs. John A. Cronin and Catherine, Gladys, Mercedes, Marion, Virginia and Dorothy.

LOCALS.

The Chemists Club meeting of Monday, February 6th, was made decidedly worth while by the speech of Mr. Weber of the Mishawaka Rubber Company on the chemistry of rubber. The officers of the Club and the natural interest students usually have in such a fascinating study as chemistry worked in conjunction to secure a large and enthusiastic attendance. Mr. Doll combined science and skill in a series of stunts.

The Junior Prom committee went into secret conclave Wednesday noon to hold further discussion on the Prom which is scheduled for May fifth. Little has been known of what covenants were arrived at during the session, but Secretary Barnhart, of Marion, Ohio, became effusive long enough to let the secret leak out that the Prom will be bigger and better than ever before.

If you have not noticed it before this, we might say that the weather has been erratic lately. The cause for this wavering can be definitely assigned. The Hockey players have been making a novena for cold weather, and certain Corbyites, with warmer inclinations, have foregone many hours of peaceful slumber to make a counteracting one.

McCabe's Agricultural Club gathered for a memorable smoker Thursday evening, February 9th, in the campus banquet room. Smokes of the rural kind were plentiful and the entertainment, though it made the affair financially unsuccessful, was all that one could desire. Hillis Bell's orchestra furnished the music. The most pleasant evening did not end until each of the clubmen had given a speech.

South Bend theater-goers will have an opportunity to enjoy a bit of real college amusement next Monday and Tuesday evenings when the Notre Dame Knights entertain at the Blackstone Theater. Beside the Kollege Kapers, which will be presented by the best talent at the University, there will be a first-rate "movie." The Senior Ball Committee is in charge of the Notre Dame part of the show. Judging from the success of the Hard

Times Dance, this means something entirely original as well as unsurpassable.

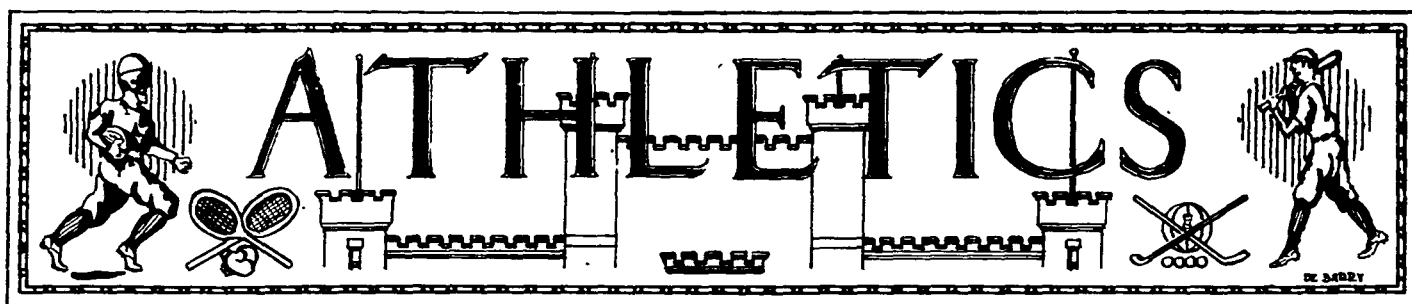
Mr. Frank Hagenbarth, president of the National Wool-Growers Association, addressed the Commerce students on the evening of February 5th, in regard to the recent war as it affected Foreign and Domestic Commerce. He related the possibilities of China, as a commercial venture, in such a light that unless Father O'Hara increases his efforts the number of his proteges eating rice will be greater than the number of those eating tamales.

One of the most bitter basket-ball feuds "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant" was fought to a finish last Sunday morning in the Carroll Hall gym. The engineers of the second floor of Sorin acknowledged the superiority of the engineers of the Sorin Subway in a game which was very much like the death struggle of two wild animals. Aaron Hugenard and Mark Foote championed the cause of the losers and the intrepid Young-Mahoney-Kellet combination established itself as the first engineers' team on the campus. The intensity of the struggle is suggested by the fact that referee Harry Mehre found it necessary to call time out after each minute of play.

Each year on Washington Day the patriotism of Notre Dame is symbolized at a general assembly when the Senior Class presents a flag to the University. This wonderful old tradition will be maintained next Wednesday in Washington Hall at nine-thirty in the morning. The program follows:

Overture.....University Orchestra
Song....."The Star Spangled Banner"
Presentation of the Flag.....
.....Joseph A. Rhomberg, Com., '22
Acceptance of the Flag.....

The Very Reverend Dr. James Burns,
C. S. C., President of the University
Selection.....University Orchestra
Song....."Columbia"
Selections from the "Farewell Address".....
.....William A. Castellini, Jour. '22.
"Washington, the American".....
.....Aaron H. Huguenard, Law, '22
Song....."Notre Dame"
March.....University Orchestra



TRACK SCHEDULES.

INDOOR TRACK.

Feb. 18—Wisconsin at Notre Dame.
 Feb. 25—N. D. at Illinois.
 March 4—Illinois Relays.
 March 10-11—First Regiment Meet, Chicago.

OUT DOOR TRACK.

April 29—Drake Relays, Des Moines.
 May 13—DePauw at N. D.
 May 19—Illinois at Illinois.
 May 27—State Meet at Greencastle.
 June 2-3 Conference Meet, Iowa City.

THE WEEK.

Important contests in track, basketball and hockey will feature the coming week in sports. The depleted track squad will compete in a dual meet with Illinois at Urbana on Saturday, the basketball five will meet DePauw in the last home game of the season Friday and the hockey sextet will clash with the Canadian Club at Chicago, Sunday, Feb. 19.

The track team will journey to Urbana minus Wynne, Hayes, Shaw and Murphy, four of the famous Notre Dame quintet of track stars who took second place in the national college meet and who were looked upon as the nucleus of the team which would win the title for Notre Dame this year. Hayes is out with a pulled tendon and Murphy has been declared ineligible.

DePauw is expected to furnish basket-ball competition that will rank with the sensational games against Butler and Wabash that have been staged on the board floor of the South Bend "Y" in the last few weeks. The remnant of the local floor squad, which lost three men by disqualification, has been fighting with a spirit that has resulted in three victories and losses to only Wabash and Butler by margins of two and three points respectively. DePauw won from the Irish in the first game of the season by a big score but will be compelled to travel all the way

against Halas' crew of fighting basketeers.

STICKY STUFF.

Although by far the best college team yet encountered, Michigan College of Mines hockey sextette proved not quite good enough to dint Notre Dame's undefeated ice record and the two games at Houghton, Michigan, last Monday and Tuesday evenings saw a good combination of puck chasers beaten in both contests by a slightly better team. The score on Monday night was 4 to 1, and on Tuesday night, a hard fought over-time battle resulted in another Notre Dame victory, the score this time being 2 to 1.

The pity of it all is that those who have bedecked the improvised bleachers of Notre Dame's fresh air arena this season and have thereby been converted into rabid hockey fans, could not have lined the seats of the Houghton Amphidrome and witnessed these two games, because with real opposition, the hitherto unruffled Gold and Blue warriors had to fight every inch of the way to win. The resulting brand of hockey played was thrilling, even to the old calloused fans of the Copper Country, accustomed as they are to great hockey games.

On Monday night, with a glassy surface to play on, the Fighting Irish combination, after a scoreless opening period, set a dizzy pace for the first few minutes of the second session of the game and had pounded four shots by the Miners' goalie before the Northerners' defense was able to stop them. Paul Castner accounted for three of the goals, two being the result of hair-raising zig-zag rushes, while McSorley notched the fourth goal after a pretty combination play in which the whole forward line took part, with "Spike" Flinn leading the way.

Elderbe, M. C. M.'s big defense man accounted for their only goal of the evening after a fast rush and a hard shot which beat

the well nigh unbeatable "Honest Jim" Crowley.

A stiff defense kept the hard fighting M. C. M. team away from the citadel throughout the last period and it was in this period that many a spectacular miner rush ended in failure and piled up harmlessly against Gorman and Wilcox.

LePage was probably the best M. C. M. man on the ice and his claim to this distinction comes because of his hard back checking at all times.

The score on Tuesday night was 2 to 1, and it was only after the hardest kind of fighting that Notre Dame finally sagged the M. C. M. net for the winning goal in the over time period.

Tuesday night's victory was probably due to the superior condition of the Fighting Irish more than anything else, because the Northern team, with their backs to the wall, uncorked a tearing, rushing attack which was very dangerous up to the last whistle.

As on Monday night, the opening twenty minutes of play was without a score. Both teams were fresh, and close and consistent checking wrecked all scoring attempts.

The second period produced some hockey which brought the crowd to its feet and it was not far gone before Castner drilled a bullet like shot past Rogers, the M. C. M. goal tender, whose educated feet and body seemed always a bulwark hard to pass.

Joe LePage, M. C. M.'s speedy center, was the author of the Northern team's counter a few minutes before the end of the period when he duplicated Paul's effort.

The third period found the teams at each other's throats in determined style and the spectators were treated to the most exciting play of the evening at this time, although the result in the scoring line was nil, chiefly because of the crashing checking of both defenders and over-anxiety on the part of the two sets of forwards.

With the score a tie, an extra period was decided upon by the two clubs and after a five-minute rest the "war" was on again, this time to a finish.

Little "Mac" McSorley had the honor of scoring the winner about the middle of the session, after a clever bit of boring in on the M. C. M. defense, and the fact that we

had more "go" left in our legs saved the day at last, for the Miners were unable to score again. Thus ended the best and hardest game of the season.

Michigan College of Mines team proved itself to be the most worthy opponents of the season thus far; they proved themselves to be sportsmen and gentlemen both on and off the ice and the two victories accumulated at their expense are perhaps the most prized of the season—they had a team worth beating.

Notre Dame's first defeat of the year in hockey was suffered on Saturday afternoon before the largest crowd this season, when the Canadian Club of Chicago slipped (or should we say "shovelled?") over a 5-3 win on the Fighting Irish in the campus ozone arena.

A balmy, Spring-like atmosphere made the day a delightful one for the spectators but it played havoc with the ice and the result was that the game, close though it was, took on the aspect of an old fashioned "shinny" game after the first five minutes of play and the mushy playing surface proved a factor that could not result in anything but wild and uncertain hockey.

The Canucks shouted "Fore" on four occasions, swung in true golfing form and scored the same number of times, while their fifth goal was the result of the rubber taking reverse English at an inopportune time. Notre Dame's goals were also scored after perfect "approaches" and energetic waving of the willow club.

The Canadians look like a good team, and they must be, since they are champions of Chicago, and it is almost certain that they will return for another tilt when the Campus pen's surface is more glassy. It will be a game worth going miles to see.

A return game with Michigan was postponed once on account of a warm spell (attended with blue-jays) which misled our youth into thinking Spring had got on the train. The match was staged, however, on Tuesday the 14th, ended in our favor after a hot over-time session, and was featured by the play of Castner and the sensational sliding of Percy Wilcox, who, it must be added, shot one of the prettiest goals of the season and almost got inside the cage himself.

GILCHRIST.

FUTURISTIC FOOT-BALL.*

J. FRANK WALLACE.

The telegraph editor of the "Sulphuric Breeze" whistled softly:

"Here's a hot one."

The staff of the Breeze was accustomed to hot stuff and refused to be bothered. The telegraph editor passed his message on to Greed the city editor who read it and declared:

"I'm d——d."

This was no news and the typewriters clicked merrily. The city editor called Flop Dara, the cub reporter.

"See what Coach Lucifer says about this."

Two centuries later the cub reported.

"He says this is awful."

"He ought to know; but if we don't do something to stop it he'll make it hotter for us. Get in touch with some alumnus of this University up on the earth and see if you can get anything on these fellows. This will be a fine scoop on the 'Tribulation.' If we put it over maybe we can check a couple of these sheepskins."

Two million years later the cub returned.

"I called Heza Snake, who led his class in persecution down here in '3456789. On a Milwaukee paper now. And maybe he didn't put out the dope. Get this."

Greed got it.

"Pretty swell, Floppo. The Old Man might even take some of the stoves out of the press box when he gets this dope. You call him and then hustle around and bring back a story on how he makes it hot for the angels. We'll use all of the words that the paper will stand. Some of these subscribers seem to think they are getting cheated since the Egg-slaminer began to send mail editions down here. If you are late phone the story in."

Ages went by and Greed began to fume. A shaft of flame shot through the office and lingered softly for a moment on his asbestos gloves. It was plainly nearing press time and the engineer was getting up fire for the staff. The phone rang:

* This is a real inspiration; don't ask where we got it.

"Hello, Greed,—Floppo. How much time I got to get this story in?"

"Shoot it over the wire now."

"Boy, you can't take this story over the wire. It's too hot."

"I've taken the worst old Lucifer ever said before. Shoot it."

Floppo shot it—the wire melted and Greed fell back on a stove.

"Never happened before. The Old Man sure must have zipped it into 'em. Hope that confounded Flop has enough brains un-scorched to get a fast machine down here."

The automobile has not been described as an agency of perdition without some foundation in reality. Floppo arrived—perspiring, dejectedly, and fell into a seat of hot spikes. He uttered:

"Hell was never like this before."

"Get going, you cub. The composing room is yelling for copy. Eternity is slipping. You've got to get that story written in ten million years or we will all be fired."

"You don't got to do nothin' down here only burn and even that is superfluous now. Wait till you get this dope."

"Cut the kidding. Play up what the Old Man said that burnt up the wires."

"It wasn't what the Old Man said—they carried him back down here on a steamboat boiler. But boy—that new coach up above—I don't see how he ever got by this place."

He began to write. The city editor looked over his shoulder awaiting the first sheet to send to the printer.

"Prospects for a local victory in the annual grid game with the University of Heaven were burnt up last century when eight all-Americans who arrived from Notre Dame prep school on earth were admitted by Peter, the Registrar. A protest was entered against them by Coach Lucifer of the local eleven, but President Solomon of the Athletic Board overruled the objection."

"The men were charged with professionalism by Coach Lucifer through information received from a Breeze correspondent in Milwaukee. Not only did the Athletic Board of the Celestials refuse to admit this evidence but an unheard of precedent was created when the men were declared eligible for varsity competition immediately without serving

their freshman year in purgatory. The evidence for this decision was furnished by the new coach of the Celestials who maintained that the men had already more than condoned for their offense while still on the earth. The meeting at which the case was decided developed into a bitter personal affair between Coach Lucifer and the new mentor of the Celestials who is looked upon as the man to put Heaven on the athletic map. If last century's test is a criterion he will do it. Coach Lucifer looked like a scorched tomato when he was carried back home and we don't expect to be checked up for at least a week."

"Good news but cut out the editorializing," crabbed Greed as he tore off the first sheet and rushed it to the composing room. Floppo took advantage of his absence by peeking his nose out from under his gas mask just in time to feel the caress of a bursting ball of flame.

"Hell's fire," he estimated, and went on.

"The charge of professionalism developed an interesting situation as neither President Solomon nor the Judges who decided the case had ever heard the term. It was not even in the Talmud and the meeting threatened to go into a deadlock until it was decided that the definition of the term be left to a committee of philosophers. While they were in conference Coach Lucifer and the new Celestial mentor, the toughest looking mug that has ever entered heaven, for all of his flowing robes and shining halo, which seems to be a natural one, indulged in personalities that were highly amusing to the reporters and other gentlemen.

"The men were admitted after the committee of philosophers had decided that the evidence stamped the idea of professionalism as almost an abstraction. It was subjected to the X-ray light of truth which revealed only traces of a deliberate fault and the committee formally declared the charge of professionalism an "ens rationis" after having satisfied themselves that whatever reality it had possessed had long since been atoned for.

"At this juncture the new coach of the Celestials sprung his sensation by presenting sufficient credits for the men to play on this year's team without having first played on the purgatorial eleven. Good-fellowship, re-

THE GATES SCHOOL FOR DANCING

Located in the business center of South Bend
120 East Wayne Street. Phone Lincoln 6491

Has been established in the city of South Bend for three years and has attained the highest success in the Art of teaching dancing.

WE GUARANTEE TO TEACH YOU TO
DANCE

Private lessons where all embarrassment of learning is eliminated. Two large private studios, open daily 2 to 10 p. m.

SPECIAL COURSE RATES WITHIN THE
REACH OF EVERYONE.

When you have tried all others and failed, try the GATES SYSTEM, better still, begin with GATES and have no more trouble or worry about failure, or waste of time and money.

PROF. CHARLES C. GATES, Director
MISS ESTHER MURRAY, Assistant

Adventure

—on the Sea!

"Shadows of the Sea"

Conway Tearle
Doris Kenyon

—in the Northwest

**"Cameron of the
Royal Mounted"**

By **RALPH CONNOR**

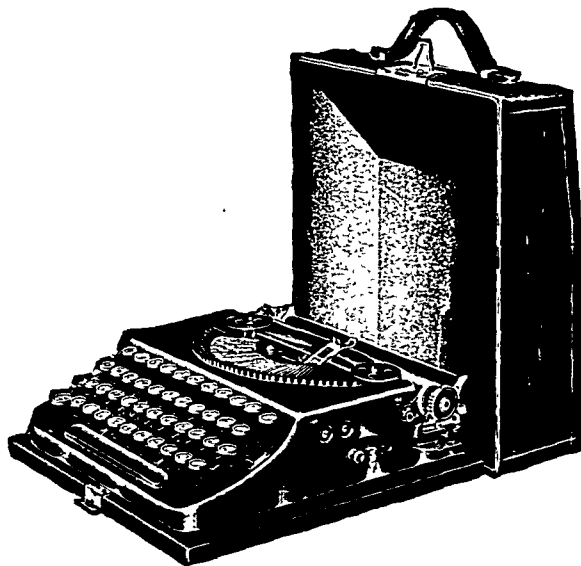
—in Matrimony

**"Why Announce
Your Marriage?"**

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

L A S A L L E

REMINGTON



PORTABLE TYPEWRITER
10 POUNDS 10 OUNCES

FARMERS TRUST BUILDING
SOUTH BEND
Main 620

The John Hale Hat Store



SNAPPY HATS AND CAPS
Haberdashery That Will Please You.

Howard Schrop,
THE HATTER

127 Washington Ave.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

ligion, modesty, manhood and sportsmanship were the subjects in which the candidates were particularly pleasing to the Athletic Board; and when their scars of punishment were shown they were able to produce more than enough to convince the Board that further discipline would be unjust. Merely to comply with the spirit of the rules the men were asked to sign an agreement not to leave Heaven for any other school.

"The new men come from Notre Dame, one of the most prominent schools on earth. Coach Lucifer gets an occasional man from that institution but the alumni of the Celestial college are so active at the St. Joe County school that few men escape them."

A bell clanged and a fresh volume of sulphuric flame rolled into the room as the elevator door opened and the printer's devil yelled:

"Going down! Fall in."

The city editor rushed the last of Flop's copy to the composing room and joined the staff. Going down he questioned the cub.

"How did they look? Think they'll beat us?"

"They look pretty swell, boy, and I'm not betting much Eskimo Pie on the game. This new coach is supposed to have a bag of tricks and Dante has given him our plays and the dope on our new men. I followed 'em out on the playing cloud and would almost swear I heard 'em mention the name of Burnaman. When the players heard that they began chasing around like a gang of Fighting Irish, and yelling: "When you get in there, *crack* em." They got one guy in particular whose name sounded like Wind that ought to go good up among those clouds."

"Did they work out any?"

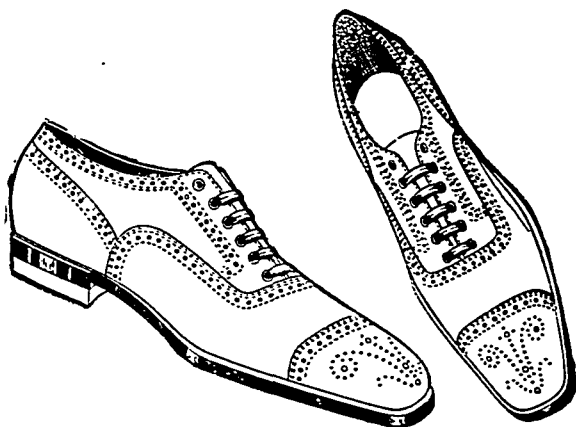
"They were doing some queer kind of a shift and shooting a bunch of passes until the coach saw me snooping around. Then he stopped them long enough to hang up a sign on the gate."

"What did the sign say?"

"Secret practice tomorrow. Come and bring your note books."

Don't flatter yourself that the first "pony" is a college creature. Look what the Athenians did with one at the siege of Troy.

WALK = OVER



THE NEWEST STYLE FOR MEN

See These New Spring Oxfords
in Our Window.



Auditorium Hotel

CHICAGO

On the corner of Michigan
Boulevard and Congress
Street, in the theatre and bus-
iness center.

Special attention shown stu-
dents and alumni of Notre
Dame.

JOHN T. CALVEY, Manager



Advance Showing of Spring Caps

Crawford Shop

The Shop That Satisfies.
116 WASHINGTON STREET

A BANK THAT WELCOMES YOUNG MEN

THE small account is just as welcome here
as the big one—this bank has but one
grade of service, of courtesy and of ap-
preciation.

CITIZENS BANK
Trust and Savings
NEXT TO POST OFFICE

BRUBAKER'S *All-American Restaurant*

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Three Reasons Why You Will Like It.

1. Pure Food
2. Reasonable Price
3. Quick Service

LASALLE & HYDRAULIC
—Across the Bridge—
Employs Notre Dame Men.

Finest Suits and Overcoats

Back to Pre-War Prices

AT VERNON'S

\$18.75 \$24.75

\$33.75 \$44.75

VERNON'S

"EVERY INCH A CLOTHING STORE"

Kable's Restaurants

104-106 N. Michigan St.
122 W. Washington Ave.

119 W. Jefferson Blvd.
206 So. Michigan St.

The
Gift
Shop

The Ries Co.
306-308-310 S. MICHIGAN ST. SOUTH BEND INDIANA

Room
Furnish-
ings

Special attention to the furnishing of students rooms
THE "GIFT SHOP" OF THE BETTER SORT

Students' Note Books

Lefax Forms and Date Sheets at

The Herr & Herr Co. 120 South Michigan St.

CLAUER'S

Jewelers, Silversmiths and Diamond

Merchants 105 S. Michigan

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

Come and See Us

The South Bend Home for Better Luggage.

N. V. P. Trunks—Indestructo Trunks
Fine Hand Bags, Brief Cases, etc.

National Grocer Company

WHOLESALE GROCERS

402-3 South St. Joseph Street, South Bend, Indiana
"LIGHT HOUSE BRANDS"

For juicy Steaks and Chops

try

"THE GRILL"—"MIKES"

125 W. Wash. St. 105 E. Jeff. St.
H. E. GROSS & SONS, Props.

TRY

The Kellsworth Store

Men's Row for High-Grade Shirts, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.
Men's Row entrance—Center Street

We "Say It With Values" in
This Annual

Half-Price Sale

Any Overcoat, and over 200
Suits, including the finest
Kuppenheimer Clothes

\$40.00	SUITS AND OVERCOATS	\$20.00
\$50.00	SUITS AND OVERCOATS	\$25.00
\$60.00	SUITS AND OVERCOATS	\$30.00
\$75.00	FINEST OVERCOATS	\$37.50

Sweaters	} 10
Underwear	
Shirts	
Neckwear	
Hosiery	} 2 F



LIVINGSTON'S

The House of Kuppenheimer Clothes

The University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

College of Arts and Letters.

Departments of Ancient Classics, Modern Literature, History, Political Economy, Sociology, Domestic Commerce, Foreign Commerce, Journalism, Library Science.

College of Science.

Departments of Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Pharmacy, Agriculture.

College of Architecture.

Departments of Construction, Design.

College of Engineering.

Departments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Industrial Engineering.

College of Law.

College of Fine Arts.

Departments of Artistic Drawing, Painting, Cartooning, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music.

St. Edward Hall.

For Young Boys.

Notre Dame is recognized by all educators, by the press and by the public as a college whose work is of the same grade as that of the most highly endowed colleges or the best state universities. Its atmosphere is strongly Catholic and no young man who has ever attended the University of Notre Dame can escape its influence in after life.

The discipline is paternal, and aims at giving young men the fullest liberty consistent with earnest study and manly Christian character. Rooms at reasonable rates. Catalogue sent on application.

Address:

THE REGISTRAR

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA