Notre Dame Scholastic

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CALENDAR

Monday, February 27—Battle of Morris Neck, 1776.

Smoker of the Palette Club, Carroll Hall.

Tuesday, February 28—Privateer Nashville destroyed, 1863.

Wednesday, March 1—Articles of Confederation ratified, 1781.

Ash Wednesday, Lent begins.

Thursday, March 2—Grant made lieutenant-general, 1864.

"Canadian Rockies," Newman Travelogue in Washington Hall, at 8 o'clock.

Friday, March 3—Battle of Brier Creek, 1789.

Notre Dame Forum 8 p. m. 219 M. B. "Co-education."

Saturday, March 4—First Congress met, 1789.

"Road to London," moving picture with Bryant Washburn, in Washington Hall, at 8 o'clock.

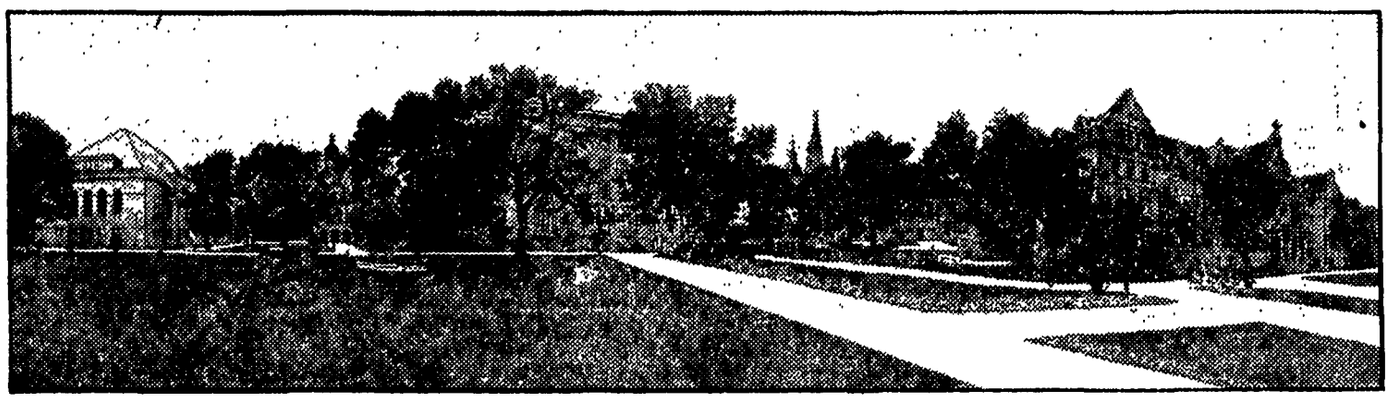
Sunday, March 5—Boston Massacre, 1770.

"The Lay Apostolate," sermon by Rev. Thos. Lahey, C. S. C., in Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, 8:15 o'clock.

Not every young person is glad
When the earth with greenness is clad;
For old people insidious
Make comparisons invidious
'Twixt the green of the land and the lad.

St. Mary's College and Academy

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



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Recognition by the Indiana State Board of Education

College—Standard; Normal Department—Accredited; Academy (High School)—Commissioned;
Credits accepted by the leading Universities

An institution where your daughter is assured of all the benefits of an exclusive school, while surrounded with all the comforts and protection of home life. St. Mary's is devoted to the development of the highest type of womanhood in the girls entrusted to her care.

Many features of this school of high ideals, its broad campus and well equipped commodious buildings, cannot be touched upon in the limited space of this announcement. The President, therefore, cordially invites correspondence from parents having daughters to educate, and will take pleasure in mailing an illustrated catalog and descriptive literature. Address the President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY NOTRE DAME P. O., INDIANA

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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THE AMERICANISM OF WASHINGTON.

AARON HUGUENARD.

IT would be quite impossible to say anything new about Washington, but there are many things said about him which should be left unsaid. Unscrupulous historians realize the broad field open to their discretion, and in many instances write history not as a truthful record of the past but as a medium of propaganda for the future.

Some of these men have even gone so far as to say that Washington entered the Revolutionary war only to satisfy a personal grudge against the mother country. One historian remarks: "If you had called him an 'American' he would have thought you were using a nickname." Another writes: "He was a conspicuously lazy man." Still a third falsely pictures him in the House of Burgesses as the King's toady. That we should allow such literature to be scattered throughout the country is serious reflection upon our loyalty to America.

The story of Washington is the story of one who sacrificed everything for American ideals. The experiences of his youth and young manhood peculiarly fitted him for this after life. The military skill he showed in the Seven Years' War was but a harbinger of his achievements in the great struggle.

When we review his brilliant campaigns, with an army of raw volunteers, hungry to the edge of famine, ragged almost to nakedness, and see him defeat the trained regiments and veteran generals of Europe, we get a fair idea of his military genius. The finest horseman and knightliest figure of his time, he seemed designed by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come when the battle lies with a single man — those critical situations, when, if the mind hesitates or a nerve flinches, all is lost.

And yet there is a greater theatre in which Washington appears, although its curtain has not so often been lifted. Milton well wrote: "War has made many men great whom peace makes small." But of Washington we may say that while war made him great, peace made him greater. For it was as a statesman that the true test of Washington's Americanism was shown.

Britain had not yet concluded peace when intoxicated liberty gave way to license. An unpaid army clamored around a poverty-stricken Congress, and conspired to "appeal from the justice to the fears of the govern-

ment." Washington did not hesitate a moment. Convening his officers at Newburgh, he addressed them in his sincere way with the result that the storm passed by.

But Washington's greatest work was still to be accomplished. Maryland and Virginia entered into a treaty to regulate the commerce of the Great Bay, and, at the instigation of Washington, a convention was called at Annapolis. This convention resulted directly in the convention over which Washington presided, and which produced "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." His years as president form a fitting climax to his life. He entered office, the head of a chaotic, disorganized group of states; he left a prosperous, unified nation.

When we look back on the life of Washington, it seems almost sacriligious that there should be men who would claim him un-American, and one of mediocre ability. Surely, we are lax to tolerate such slander upon the founder of America.

SPIRIT OF PEACE.*

KARL ARNDT.

Our fingers touch again the mindful lyre
And draw the music of its ancient praise
As, dust-bestrewn, we cease from glorious ways
Which we have come with chivalrous desire,
Bearing the flag you bore.

When we still faltered, stateily you led,—
Fearless, through anxious days till Liberty
Had blazed the destined highway that we tread.
As selflessly you vowed that we be free,
Your selfless spirit leads.

Spirit of peace! No ruthless flag of war
You gave in heritage, to unscaled heights
Leading the standard peace with vision lights—
Peace, hungry for the future's sceptered shore
Where mightily we shall be.

Our hope is stronger for the hope that died
In those whose youth was squandered for the weak,
And lost in misty Acheron. Our guide
You are again, as steadily we seek
The blessed land of peace.

But hushed be praise. The treasured flag we bring
Is monument enough, this shield of glory
That high in holy air shall shine and swing
A field of stars on which is sown your story,
Our Father, Washington.

* Read in Washington Hall, February 22, 1922.

T. DART WALKER AS WE KNEW HIM.

MALCOLM KEITH HATSFIELD.

Among the two thousand students who are enrolled at Notre Dame University there are probably not more than two score who have ever heard of the great artist who resided here during the years of 1906-1907-1908, as a member of the University faculty. It may even be possible that many Notre Dame men have never heard of the canvas entitled "Saluting the Rising Sun," which Mr. Walker himself presented to the University during his sojourn here. This painting is considered a masterpiece of decorative art.

As we stand before this painting, "Saluting the Rising Sun," in the University Art Gallery, we are suprised at its magnificence and artistic excellence which were admired in France, England and Germany before being brought to the attention of America. No description we may give can do justice to the painting, yet we feel impelled to say something about it. To the right, through the morning mists, are dimly seen the roofs and towers of the city of Babylon. Then appears a part of the city wall, and high on a parapet are four figures. Embroidered drapery of deep blue falls loosely about a female form. Beyond her is another female figure playing upon a harp, while towering above these stand two men with trumpets raised high in the air: and so full of life do these figures seem, with heads thrown back, that you imagine you can hear the clarion notes as they salute the rising sun, to them an object of worship. The smoke of incense rises lazily from the base below and shadows for the time wonderful hieroglyphics and figures in bas relief upon the face of the citadel. The red light of the rising sun falls like a glory not of earth over figures, walls, and the town and mist below.

Comparatively little has been written of the life of T. Dart Walker. The fact of his having lived and worked in so many different countries has kept him somewhat aloof from writers of his native land. The little that is known can be briefly stated. T. Dart's father was a veteran of the Civil War who at the time of his son's birth, on December 11th, 1869, was a druggist in Middlebury, a small

Northern Indiana village. With his wife he occupied the second floor of the drug store, and here it was that their only child was born.

It is, perhaps, to Mr. Walker's ancestry that we may trace his love for the sea. The grandfather Walker, it is said, when coming from Yorkshire, England, drew several remarkable paintings of the sea. His mother, a niece of President Millard Filmore, was a a lady who possessed a certain amount of artistic taste.

When T. Dart was a lad of six his father sold his drug store and moved to Goshen, Indiana, where he became a stockholder in a furniture compony. The boy was sent to the public schools of that city but, instead of devoting himself to his books, he consumed the whole day in drawing his teachers, classmates and various other fancies, on his books and different papers, — an occupation to which he felt himself impelled by nature.

The father was a kind man and considerate of his family but took to drink and died a few years later. The mother, who was in poor health was left a small income, besides her home, just sufficient to eke out a meager existence. At the age of twelve T. Dart sought to alleviate the strain by peddling papers for one of the local weeklies. One evening while peddling these papers he became acquainted with Edward Blue, a New York artist. Mr. Blue saw possibilities in the boy, believed him to be well endowed for painting, and thought that much might be hoped from his future efforts if he devoted himself to the art. While early in his teens he was sent to a special school at Poughkeepsie, New York, because of an impediment in his speech. He later joined Mr. Blue in Gotham and for the following two years studied art in that city. From this time on he labored incessantly, and was so far aid by his natural powers that he soon greatly surpassed his teachers both in design and coloring. Returning home he made preparations for a three years' course in Paris, France.

On September 16th, 1888, at the age seventeen, he sailed for Paris, where he entered the Ecole Des Beaux Arts, under Lefebre and Benjamin Constant, two celebrated artists of the time. His first vacation season abroad he spent at the seashore where he was the guest of August Biesel, the American Consul, and the next season was spent on the coast of the Mediterranean and in Italy. During his second year he attained the honor of being the most promising scholar in a school of 1200 art students. It was during his third year in the French capital that he painted his celebrated canvas, "Saluting the Rising Sun." The great artist Farrier saw the picture, and not only complimented him very highly on the merit of the production (an honor which was highly prized by the students), but urged T. Dart to place it on exhibition at the Palais Royal, Paris. "Saluting the Rising Sun" was submitted with 11,000 other paintings. But 1,800 were accepted and the canvas which now hangs in the Notre Dame Art Gallery was finally decided upon as the one to receive the award of excellence.

While the canvas was yet in the great gallery in Paris, the young artist was urged to place it on exhibition in London, and it was later sent to Berlin, where it won singular honors.

While his picture was yet on exhibition in Paris, he traveled over Central Europe on a bicycle with a companion, taking sketches for improvement and use at the Julian Academy in Paris. I take the following extracts from a letter which he wrote his mother while crossing Holland. The letter is postmarked Markem. He says:

"I am in one of the most out of the way places you can imagine. Looking on the map you will see that Marken is situated on a little island in the Zuider Zee, just northeast of Amsterdam. This is the most picturesque place I have ever been in. The people are so quaint and old-fashioned. They are the only people in Holland who have kept up the national custom and dressed the same for almost 400 years. The island is very small. Can walk around it in two hours. In the winter time it is entirely covered with water leaving nothing but the houses out of the water. The men are all fishermen and go out for days and leave the women alone. The fishing boats you might call yachts, they are made so nicely and are kept so clear. The cabins are all carpeted and are fixed up in swell style. I am surprised at the cleanli-

SALUTING THE RISING SUN.

ness of these people, in fact all of the Hollandish people in general; you never see any dirt on these persons. The houses shine like gold they are so clean. The people all wear wooden shoes, with great thick woolen stockings. When they enter a house the wooden shoes are left outside, and they walk in their stocking feet. You never see a person with shoes on in a house. I invested in a pair of wooden shoes and woolen stockings that go above my knees, the whole cost me fifty cents. We are a source of wonder to these people. They will stand around for hours and look at us. The ornaments that the people wear are either gold or silver, and are very old, being handed down from generation to generation. They always keep everything in the family and take great pride in showing these old things. They have some of the most magnificent carved furniture that I ever saw. Some pieces like they have would bring thousands of dollars in America.

"We left Antwerp about a week ago, spent a day in Rotterdam. That is such an interesting place. Canals run through almost every street, and all traffic and travel is done on these canals. From Rotterdam we went to La Hage, from there to Scheveninger and next to Leyden, then to Haarlem and from Haarlem to Amsterdam. In Haarlem we met another American about fifty years old, he has been with us ever since. He has been all over Europe on a bicycle and has ridden thousands of miles.

"I met my countrymen all over. People in America generally have a wrong opinion of the Dutch. They are the most interesting, and smartest class of people you will find in Europe. They are honest and upright in their dealings. As for good looks I have never seen such a handsome class of people in all my life. Their beauty and fine form of figure is something wonderful. You seldom see a homely woman on the streets. Everybody is nicely dressed even to the poor. The young ladies dress with exquisite taste, and dress their hair beautifully."

Some two months later the following article appeared in the *Goshen Democrat*:

"In Honor of Goshen's Young Artist.
Brilliant Reception to T. Dart Walker on His Return From Abroad.

Madame M. Jennie Walker,
requests the pleasure of your company
Thursday, June 25th, 1891
to meet her son on his return home from
Paris, France.
Eight O'clock. 308 E. Lincoln Ave.
Goshen, Indiana.

"In response to the above card issued about a fortnight ago nearly five hundred guests assembled at Madame Walker's home and were participants in a social event that for brilliancy probably stands unrivaled in the memory of Goshen's elite."

The *Indianapolis News* contained the following article concerning T. Hart's return:

"A young artist of Goshen is home from Paris with honors that are not only creditable to the artist but to the state.

"Mr. Walker scored a great success by not only having one of his pictures hung in the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, but also by receiving the grand prize for excellence."

Upon his return from Paris, T. Dart had become a lion, and the banquets in his honor were as frequent as had been the great banquets in Europe. His talents, his sociability and his general demeanor had won him many friends in Europe, who deeply regretted his departure for America. Mr. Augustus Biesel, a member of the United States legation at Paris, wrote on June 26th of the same year to Mrs. Walker:

"I hope your son has had a pleasant trip homeward. He is much regretted here by his many friends. We hope to see him again, though, on this side of the water."

After remaining a short time with his friends in Goshen he went to New York to continue his studies. He soon found his way into the large establishment of Harper & Brothers, the publishers, and a few months later was permanently situated on the artistic staff and elevated to the responsible position of representing alone the leading illustrated journal of this country, an honor that can not be overestimated. One of his earliest paintings for Harper's *Weekly* was a two-page picture, referring to the dynamite explosion in Russell Sage's office. I will let T. Dart tell the story in regard to this work.

"I was not very far away when it happened, and in twenty minutes I was on the

spot. I rushed back to the office, got my material, and was back hard at work sketching all afternoon. When I returned to the office they were discussing how to get the thing in the paper. Well, I soon settled that question for them, for while they were talking I had been working, and walked in triumphantly with everything complete. The editors, Harpers' artist and myself had a hasty consultation, but I had the whole run and management of things. Thulstrup, the great artist, was there, and together we arranged the front page. I gave him the idea and drew the things in for him. So far one page was settled for. But I had enough material for another and it was now night. I took all of my things home and worked almost all night long, drawing the things from my sketches. At nine o'clock I was at the office everything prepared, and had four artists to help me draw them out in pen and ink, for the work had to be finished by one o'clock."

T. Dart was on time. The work was a great newspaper accomplishment, and he received many compliments. "I was the only artist or reporter allowed in Mr. Sage's office after the explosion," T. Dart continues, "and I trampled over bonds and checks regardless of their value."

Shortly following this T. Dart's painting entitled "Departure of the New York Mails," appeared and Harpers *Weekly* says of this production of his genius:

"T. Dart Walker's sketch is absolutely correct, with a true realism. The team of three horses hauling the heavy wagon must be the big western mail, and the driver, fully impressed with the dignity of his calling, is looking to see whether the track is clear, so that he may hasten on his way. The single horse in the foreground, who is blanketed, is the personification of patience. He has had his neck in his collar for many hours, and is quite indifferent as to how soon his load will be ready."

In September of 1893 appeared one of T. Dart's paintings entitled "A Hoosier Harvest Jubilee." Certain sons of Indiana, solicitous for the dignity of their state had maintained that the picture gave a mistaken impression of their state, representing them as a much ruder people than they really were. A page of pictures represented young Hoosiers climbing greased poles, chasing greased pigs, running sack races and dancing with Hoosier maidens to the music of fiddles on a lamp-lit platform. The supplementary press had averred that Indiana and Southern Indiana especially abounded in harvest jubilees, where the country folks gathered by thousands, and calves and sheep were barbecued and such simple sports as the artist had depicted were arranged for the amusement of the crowd. The impression which T. Dart left by both his picture and description was that a great many people enjoyed themselves innocently and at a small cost.

At this point in T. Dart's life we become aware of his proud and impetuous nature, his craving for notice and pleasure. His leading trait at this time and even through his whole career was to be in love with one or more of the fairer sex. There was not a comely maid in the village whose picture he had not painted. He piqued himself on his ability at courtship. He seemed forever entangled in the meshes of some fair enslaver, but it can be positively asserted that he was "governed by the strictest rules of virtue."

T. Dart met his future wife, Miss Elizabeth Schioler, of Copenhagen, Denmark, while yet a student in Paris. Miss Schioler and her sister later came to America and became instructors in the European School of Music and Art at Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Both being of an artistic temperament, they were mutually interested in each other and were married at Ft. Wayne, on April 14th, 1893. For a few short years they were very happy together, and two daughters were born to them, Ruth and Eleanor.

These were the days of congeniality, and T. Dart always took a leading part in the hilarity, which was later to bring very dire consequences for himself and cause the estrangement of his family. He made resolution after resolution, but temperance was a rare thing during those early days and T. Dart was expected to drink as much as any one. The consequence was that his genius suffered from his irregular life, and he was incapable of doing justice to himself in his painting. He was always overborne in his struggle against temptation, even though he felt his degradation very deeply. It is ap-

palling when only pride and kind heartedness survive the agony. He strove with heroic effort many times, but was beaten. He knew how his family suffered for his sake, yet he loved them dearly. We cannot blame him for defeat, for to such a man defeat is inevitable.

Every one speaks of his geniality, his devotion to his children and their devotion to him, also of his generosity and good nature. He was a man out of the ordinary, for whenever caught coming in during the wee hours of the morning he would not only turn his wife's rebukes aside but would keep her for hours beside the open hearth by the charm of his merry talk.

During the Spanish-American war he went as a representative of Harpers *Weekly* with General Miles' army to Porto Rico. Here he underwent severe hardships and for a period of four days the command he was with was forced to eat roots. T. Dart afterwards said, "At this time I had a thousand dollars in my pocket and couldn't spent a cent, I determined then that if I ever again reached civilization, I would never hoard my money but would enjoy life."

The following year he went with the fleet on a long practice cruise to the Gulf of Mexico. This was the beginning of an irresponsible mode of living which he never afterwards seemed able to shake off. The Navy became an obsession with him and he lost no opportunity to secure commissions which took him from home and placed him aboard battleships for months at a time. These long absences coupled with intervening periods at home, during which he could not seem to interest himself in home life, led to the departure of Mrs. Walker and her two small daughters for her home in Denmark.

Following his wife's departure he went with the American fleet on its cruise around the world. In 1906, 1907 and 1908 he came to Notre Dame and was a member of the class of 1906.

The *Dome,* which he helped to edit that year has never been equalled.

T. Dart Walker died in the Bellevue hospital, in New York City on July 21, 1914, and was interred with his father and mother at the Oak Ridge Cemetery near Goshen, Indiana, on July, 28th, 1914.

The following article appeared in the New York *Sun,* at the time of his death:

"New York City, July 28 (Special).—T. Dart Walker, 44 years old, until a few years ago prominent as an illustrator and artist, died in Bellevue hospital here yesterday morning. Mr. Walker's home was at No. 123 Tenth Avenue. He was a pupil at the Julian Art school in Paris, France, and a pioneer in high class drawing for magazines and newspapers. He circled the globe with the United States fleet. At the time of President McKinley's death in 1901, Mr. Walker was completing a portrait of him. Part of his employment was on the New York *Herald* and various other daily newspapers and weeklies, including *Leslie's* and *Collier's.*"

What masterpieces of his genius we might have had he not burned out the flame of that brilliant intellect at the age of forty-four. What paintings he might have painted during the recent world war, he who did such wonderful work with all his failings. To what heights he might have soared, had he but moved at a slower pace during those reckless years. Had he but kept his brain clear and those eyes bright—those eyes which could grasp the beauties which the immortals have left for us to revel in.

The world has judged him leniently, knowing the story of his early childhood, and the temptations which at the early days in Indiana surrounded his life. No one can pass judgment on his youthful follies, for the temptations were great for a youth of his temperament, especially in an art school in Paris.

CINQUAINS.

C. S. CROSS.

Dreams

The orchids are abloom,
Rose-gold
And purple. A moth
Strikes my window pane.
It is winter.

Silences

White wastes of snow
Solitude—
A tattered tapestry
Of song—And my
Love for you.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

RAYMOND M. MURCH.

A short time ago a writer of charming essays offered a strange suggestion to biographers. The writer says that modern biographers attach too much importance to the death-scene. In fact, it is stated that "every life is a death," for in the stories of most lives a whole chapter is devoted to picturing the subject during those few moments preceding death. Every movement is detected, every word recorded, and in some way the whole scene is exposed to public criticism. Why cannot a man die as unnoticed as the birds and other animals? Those very moments when he desires solitude are reanimated and dragged before the public. Why should this be so?

At first thought the argument seems sound; it seems unreasonable to give such prominence to the death-scene. But death considered in its truest aspect reveals the faultiness of the suggestion.

"Every man is a volume if you know how to read him," says Channing. Every man speaks by his actions, and, if his actions speak louder than his words, surely they are far more eloquent than the passing description of another. In this respect every man composes his own biography. At best the biographer can only record his actions. During life, moreover, it may be almost impossible for one man to understand fully and to appreciate another's character, for some men strive to conceal their natural propensities even from their intimate friends, and not infrequently they are successful. But a times comes when character reveals itself, when the tongue speaks freely and the will is unrestrained. On his death-bed a man shows truly what he is.

"The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
When words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain:
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain."

To the death-scene, therefore, may we reasonably turn for the true character of a man. Holy Scripture says that 'as a man lives, so will he die,' and history bears testimony to the truth of this statement. The violent Herod, whose cruelty was synonymous with all that was beastly and degrading, closed his life by a most violent death. On the other hand the late Primate of America, James Cardinal Gibbons, whose life had been spent in acts of kindness and gentleness, passed so calmly to his reward that for nearly five minutes only the nurse knew of his death. In the death of the late Holy Father, Benedict XV, we have another striking example. Throughout his Pontificate the late Pope pleaded daily with the powers of the world for peace. And when he died a few weeks ago his last words were: "I gladly die for peace."

The last chapter of a biography, then, should picture the death-scene completely and in proper proportion. Nothing could be more logical. We wish to know the truth about a man, to know at least in a small degree the faults and the virtues of his life. We are interested in him, and we could never have a better opportunity to see him as he is, to see him stripped of all show of unreality. What do we care for the animals of the field or the birds of the air? Let them die in solitude and let no one record their lives and their deaths. But precious in our sight is the death of a fellow-man,—invariably far more precious than a dozen years of his life. And as a result we will continue to turn to the last chapter for an epitome of his life, so long as the death-scene, the last chapter of life, is faithfully described in the last chapter of the biography.

THOUGHTS.

Clothes break the man.

It's the second mistake that counts.

A man either works hard or loafs hard.

The only man we willingly pay to trim us is the barber.

The champion of principles should be the first to apply them.

Many men suspected of being good fellows are only wearing masks.

The Seniors do not relish the thought of having to enter the world of financing themselves.

The
Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL. LV.

Vivet Quasi Semper Victurus
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No. 19

Noah Webster, who enjoyed considerable fame because of his ability to define words, one time said of the noun "appreciation" that it means a just estimate of the valuation of something. Accepting Mr. Webster's definition, how many of us have any proper appreciation of the circumstances which make it possible for us to be in college? How many of us ever pause to think just how great is the privilege of attending an institution of higher learning? How many of us know that the price we owe for this privelege must be paid in the form of accepted responsibility?

PRIVILIEGE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Despite our boast of popular education, we know that the educated person is the exception; that within the circle of our limited individual acquaintances there are dozens of young men in the factory, on the farm, in the office, and behind the counter for each and every one in college. We must not, of course, for a moment presume to look down upon our less fortunate brethren; but we may recognize a face without risk of seeming haughty. And we know, with the history ofa race to confirm us, that our college education, provided we are average in other respects, will give us a great advantage in the struggle against the opposing forces in life.

We should apppreciate this fact; we should be something akin to humble in accepting this responsibility and privilege, remembering always that every man owes a debt of responsibility for the good things which come his way.

If the world supports us during four, six, or eight years while we are learning the things which are reserved for the few, we should certainly go forth into the world at the end of our college life with something to share with the less fortunate. A man should be ashamed to come out of college without knowledge how to live better, and without knowing how to assist others in living better.

ADAMS.

"Is your name lucky?" asks a Chicago newspaper. If it is, the newspaper sends you a check which turns into real money when presented at your bank (providing you have one). On an average sixty thousand people send their names to the newspaper every day. Extra mail trucks have to be hired to convey the letters away from the post office, while clerks work overtime sorting the envelopes.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

How many of the 60,000 odd letters are ever opened is a matter only for curious people, and we're not that kind. We didn't even know that Mabel Normand liked peanuts. However, if your name is John Smith, if you were born on May 7th and sent your name to the newspaper on February 16th,

you might get a glossy, pink check. But if you happened to be John Smith who was born on May 8th, it wouldn't do any good to send your name to the newspaper on the 5th of February. If you were still another John Smith who was born on June 10th, you might send your name, but even then it wouldn't be a lucky name. Everything depends on whether you were born on the date of the Battle of Bull Run and whether you write to the newspaper on the anniversary of the invention of toothpicks. If Juliet lived nowadays, she wouldn't lift her arms to Romeo and ask, "What's in a name?"

Personally, we don't believe in lucky names. We've never got a prize yet. Nevertheless, the government gets a neat little sum out of the postage which honest people who live in places like Elgin and Goshen spend every day when they deposit their names in the mail. Figuring it out yesterday, we discovered that eventually the government can pay off the war debt and establish a home for lonesome movie stars. Charles A. Dana said the function of a newspaper was to "print the news." The Chicago publishers prove he was all wrong. The function of the newspaper is to sell stamps. MOLZ.

IN MEMORIAM.

James Patrick Kane, a Sophomore in the College of Commerce, died Feb. 22, 1922, at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana. Joseph is another of Notre Dame's sons to pay the price of patriotism in the Great War. His death was caused by sickness resulting from war gas. To his parents and relatives, the University extends heartfelt sympathy.

We have just learned of the death of Evaristo Battle, B. S. in Arch., 1906, at Brightwaters, New York. An excellent and a popular student, the news of his death has come as a blow to his many friends. R. I. P.

News has just been received of the death, at his home in Kansas City, of Stuart Carroll, popular journalist of the class of '17. The fatal illness was Bright's disease. We hope later to be able to pay some tribute to his memory; meanwhile we assure his relatives of our prayers.

THE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY PROGRAM.

Since the first years of the University, Washington's birthday has been set aside annually as the day in which Notre Dame might give adequate expression to her staunch patriotism. In keeping with the tradition, the University commemorated last Wednesday morning for the seventy-eighth time the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the father of our country. This expression of Americanism is symbolized in the presentation of a flag to the University by the Senior Class. The speech of presentation was made by Joseph Rhomberg, the president of the class. He said:

PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!"

This last stanza of Byron's "Ode to Napoleon" is a fitting tribute to the inspiring character in whose honor we have assembled this morning. It expresses the universal admiration for the genius, the unfailing energy, and above all, for the high purpose, of the Father of our country. It reminds us that George Washington stands apart from all the other political and military personages of history, shining with a truer luster and with a purer glory.

Few men have had the opportunity of serving their countries in such important times but never has anyone else risen so equally to the demands of the hour. As a warrior Washington is acclaimed one of the greatest generals of all time. His deliverance from annihilation of the defeated army of Braddock, his strategy at Long Island, and his feats at Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and Yorktown kept the whole world breathless. With a discontented and insubordinate army of half-armed farmers and backwoodsmen he brought to submission the world's dominant power.

And then, after the smoke of battle had cleared away, he was called to a task, which, while not so spectacular as his military career, was in no sense less important, that of serving as the nation's chief executive. The general had no preparation for this colossal undertaking but he had the essentials of high statesmanship—dignity, sobriety, knowledge of men, and a character which compelled respect and love. As our first president he held the reins of

government firmly and made few mistakes. His prudence won for the new nation the respect of foreign powers; his diplomacy prevented foreign complications and mitigated domestic discontent; his justice kept political parties in balance and induced their leaders to serve the state. And as a result of it all he ranks among the supreme statesmen of the world. A famous leader has declared: "George Washington's character alone, more than any other influence, secured the freshly made union, assured the freedom and dignity of the new courts, and confirmed a whole people in the blessings of their new found liberty."

But what most impressed Lord Byron, and what we should all impress upon ourselves is that glory, honor, and power equal to that attained by so few men in history never for a moment tempted Washington from his straight course of modesty and righteousness. His willingness to sacrifice everything for his country and for his fellowmen, his perseverance in his tasks despite the most bitter criticism and opposition, his sincerity and his fidelity,—these were the traits which give him a unique place among the world's heroes. The greatness of the patriot whose memory we venerate comes from his marvelous character. And the lesson that we learn from his life is the one that we learn every day here at Notre Dame. This old school cares much less about the principles and formulas that we memorize, about the excellence of our report cards, or about what size of fortune we are going to accumulate, than it is concerned about how our characters are developing. Notre Dame is dedicated to the building of strong characters, characters like that of George Washington.

It is for this reason that the birthday of the great hero is a most fitting time for the presentation of the Senior flag to the University, and that this hall, dedicated to his memory, is a most fitting place. The members of the Senior Class of 1922, following a beautiful custom inaugurated many years ago, offer this flag to the University as a pledge that they will go into the business and the professional worlds preaching and practicing the doctrines of their Alma Mater.

To your care, Father Burns, and to that of you other members of the faculty, we entrust this beautiful emblem as a souvenir of our gratitude to you and of our affection for this dear old place. We graduates of 1922 can never forget Notre Dame and we want to leave something by which Notre Dame will remember us, and our spirit, as long as she will. On Commencement Day we shall raise aloft this flag upon the University flagpole and for a year it will wave as a symbol to all that the class of '22 will be keeping faith with Alma Mater; then it will be treasured away sacredly with the venerable flags of the classes of other years as a perpetual pledge that the men of this class are doing in the name of Notre Dame life-long battle for God and country.

The Rev. Dr. Burns, C. S. C., president of the University, formally accepted the flag in the following address:

On behalf of the University, Gentlemen of the Senior Class, I accept this beautiful flag from your hands, and I thank you. The generous spirit which has prompted you to make this presentation is, I assure you, warmly appreciated by the Faculty; but even more deeply appreciated, even more highly valued, is the fine spirit of patriotism, the genuine love of America and of all that America stands for: a patriotism which is the underlying motive of this ceremony.

The Flag Presentation on Washington's Birthday has become a very distinctive feature of the traditions of the senior class at Notre Dame. The other day I received a letter from a university president who was making inquiry about senior traditions in the various colleges and universities, and who wished to know what ones we have here. I must say that I felt proud in being able to tell him about our Flag exercises, which include the presentation of this flag today, the solemn blessing of it at the final religious service of the school year, the academic procession to the flagstaff, and the raising of the flag to its place high above the campus, where it will remind the succeeding class of its patriotic duties and privileges. I do not know of any custom among American college students which is more beautiful, impressive or significant.

It is a fine thing too, it seems to me, that this cherished custom of ours is interwoven with those glorious national traditions which are, each year, recalled and revivified on this day. To Washington more than to any other man we owe those just, generous, and humane policies, both national and international, which have for more than a century made our land a refuge for the oppressed peoples of the earth and our flag a symbol of their hopes. Is America still faithful to the teachings of Washington? Many good men among us have some doubts on this score. The world war drew us for a time into the maelstrom of European politics, and there undoubtedly was real danger that we might abandon or lose sight of some of our American traditions. Let us, however, glance at some recent events in the light of the policies advocated by Washington.

The cardinal principle of Washington's international policy was, that a war of conquest is utterly incompatible with the spirit of true democracy and that any war in which we might engage should be for defensive purposes only. When Secretary of State Hughes, therefore, at the first session of the Disarmament Conference, made his proposal to scrap the better part of the navies of the world, he was simply reaffirming, under most impressive, if not dramatic circumstances, Washington's principle of war for defensive purposes only, and attempting to give this principle a wider application. The acceptance of this startling proposal by the other great powers, with its further extension, in the Five-Power Treaty, to the question of fortifications in

the Pacific, was doubtless made easier by the terrible experiences of the war; but would such a proposal ever have been made, would it ever have been given practical consideration by European or Japanese statesmen, if the United States had forgotten the teachings of the Fathers of the Republic?

The proposal of Secretary Hughes was in line with America's attitude at the Peace Conference. It was our armed forces and our resources that turned the scale and thus really determined the outcome of the great war. Nevertheless, although we had sacrificed many thousands of our bravest lives and expended many billions of dollars in the struggle, we asked absolutely nothing at Versailles by way of indemnity—neither land, nor ships, nor money, nor concessions. The American people have rejected the Treaty of Versailles; but I have still to hear any criticism of President Wilson on the ground that he neither received, nor asked for, any compensation for the heavy losses which the nation had suffered.

Another principle which Washington regarded as essential to the welfare of our country was, the maintainence of peace and good will toward all other nations, without entangling alliances with any of them. "Observe good faith and justice," he said, "towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it?" Let me now quote, alongside of this passage, the fine words of welcome spoken by President Harding at the opening of the International Disarmament Conference: "The United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest. Content with what we have, we seek nothing that is another's. We only want to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone."

Whatever may be the value of the treaties framed at the Disarmament Conference, the Conference has already produced two results which can hardly fail to be of permanent benefit to mankind as well as of lasting glory to America. One of these consists in the fact that our traditional stand against wars of aggression and conquest has now been definitely adopted by the leading civilized nations. Statesmen may, when occasion tempts, repudiate that great humanitarian principle; but it has already penetrated the conscience of their peoples and become recognized as essential to civilization. Japan is often pointed to as a nation whose government is thoroughly imperialistic. However, the discussions which took place in the Japanese Diet following the proposals of Secretary Hughes, showed how welcome the idea of disarmament is to the liberal elements in the Diet and to the great masses of the Japanese people. It may be that British statesmen have little sympathy in their hearts with the idea of the rights of small nations, especially when those nations happen to be within the British Empire. Nevertheless, the creation of the Irish Free State, with the termination of the struggle, which has lasted through centuries, to deprive the Irish people of self-government, is due in so far as regards England's action in the matter, not so much to the will of British statesmen as to the aroused feelings of the English people. It was the pressure of public opinion, voiced by the great English journals and reflecting the deeper thought and conscience of the people, that caused Lloyd-George to turn overnight from the policy of bloody coercion to that of compromise and adjustment. And it looks now as if those same influences are destined to bring about a somewhat similar settlement in Egypt.

Another outstanding result of the Disarmament Conference has been the practical demonstration of the fact that it is possible for the leading nations of the world to join in friendly association for the discussion of their interests and their grievances, in order to forestall the danger of war. America has rejected the League of Nations. However, President Harding has pleaded for an Association of Nations, and in this policy the President has, I believe, the support of the country. Is not the President, in the broad view, simply furthering the widest possible application of Washington's policy of peace and good will with respect to all nations? It was Washington's hope that, as a result of such a policy, our newly organized and still unstable Republic would one day become so strong that it might defy material injury from external annoyance. That hope has been more than realized. Through faithful adherence to that policy, joined to the special blessings of Divine Providence, the United States has become the richest and most prosperous of nations. It has now before it opportunities for beneficient leadership in the world such as Washington probably never dreamed of and such as we may safely say have never come to any people before.

The Disarmament Conference represents a great and successful effort to realize those opportunities. This Conference will, no doubt, be followed by other conferences of the same kind. It is the beginning of a new movement in the world, a movement which can really be traced back to our own inherited political principles and traditions. This movement is the embodiment of an ideal which ought to appeal very specially to young men at college, and most of all to young men at a place like Notre Dame. In the new and larger sphere in which America has come to live and act we would not, it appears to me, be true either to the spirit of our holy faith or to the teachings of the immortal Washington if we should not do everything in our power to promote among the peoples of the earth the adoption of those

benevolent, humanitarian policies of international relationship, to which is due, in such large measure, our own national growth, prosperity, and happiness.

Following the acceptance of the flag, Mr. Karl Arndt read a Washington Day ode, and Mr. William Castellini delivered selections from the "Farewell Address." The tenor solos of Mr. Harold Bowden revealed talent that cannot fail to please. The oration of the day was eloquently delivered by Mr. Aaron Huguenard, who ably defended the universally acclaimed glory of the great president against the belittling utterances of certain recent historians. Overtures by the University Orchestra and the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Notre Dame" by the audience completed the program.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

As junior member of the law firm of Rice and Lyons, Tulsa and New York City, Thomas D. Lyons, Litt. B., '04 ,is making notable progress in his profession.

Among the old timers who will grace the campus next Commencement is William S. Wilkin, '95, a prominent merchant tailor of Bay City, Michigan.

"Vanished out of existence" into Maryknoll Seminary, Ossining, N. Y., is Edward Barron, student here in 1917, and pursuing his studies for the priesthood.

Thomas H. O'Connor, Universitas in '12 and '13, as a prominent Knight of Columbus of Rochester, N. Y., is editor-in-chief of the local council's paper, *The Columbian.*

Ray McGarry, student here in architecture, '18 and '19, is connected with the firm of Hutman, Gardner Company, of Cleveland.

In constructing its far-famed good roads, the city of Toledo has found a capable executive in Tom VanAarle, C. E. '21.

Charles Crowley, former law student and varsity tackle in '19 is pursuing fame in the wholesale grocery business at Boston, Mass.

The celluloid presence of a former Notre Dame man returned to the vicinity recently when Leon P. Gendron, former student and star in amateur theatricals, appeared at the Blackstone, co-starring with Marguerite Clarke. Our worthy Players' Club thereupon adjusted its mask with a pardonable flourish, for Gendron was a member of the club back in '13 and '14 and to it gives the credit for his rapid rise to stardom.

The social abilities of the members of the Notre Dame Club of Rochester were exploited recently in their third semi-annual dance at the Rochester Club. Among the social lions were the president, Joseph P. Flynn, the vice-president, Harold Burke, and treasurer, Emil J. Reidmann.

Rev. John A. McNamara, A. B. '94 and a great Booster for Notre Dame, sends assurance of alumni loyalty and support in the Endowment Drive in eastern Massachusetts.

Among Akron, Ohio's, latest newly weds are Mr .and Mrs. John Miller. The groom left the University for the army in '17 and coached here in '19. The bride was Miss Ruth Vogel of Monticello, Indiana, and a graduate of St. Mary's in 1916. Leo Vogel, alumnus of the '17 issue, oversaw the ceremony as best man and gave the pair the felicitations of the University.

The General Electric Company of Schenectady has assured its future success by the employment of Oscar Siedenfaden, E. E. '20 and George Sullivan, ditto.

Wendell Phillips, Arch. '13, former varsity baseballer, is rendering valuable service to the nationally known architectural firm of Maginnis and Walsh of Boston.

The February number of the *Catholic World* has as the leading article, "Father John A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D.," by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., former President of Notre Dame, and at present a lecturer in the Department of English. Father Cavanaugh was an intimate friend of Doctor Zahm, and his article is one of appreciation for his friend's abilities as a student of science and literature, as an author of charming books, and as a pathfinder in fields of controversy. Readers will find this article a rather complete compendium of a busy life, and welcome its appearance in the form of a neat brochure.

SHEA.

UNDER THE DOME.

The Juggler has appeared again. This latest issue has been called the "Loafer's Number," and to some it would seem that it has fulfilled expectations. It is two weeks late. An excuse, the printers' strike, is offered for the tardiness.

Mr. George Robertson, proprietor of the Robertson store in South Bend, and one of the biggest merchandisers in the West, addressed the class in Commercial Organization on Tuesday, discussing thoroughly the methods in use in a modern department store. Mr. Robertson's years of experience make him unusually conversant with business methods and problems and his talk was thoroughly enjoyed by all the members of the class.

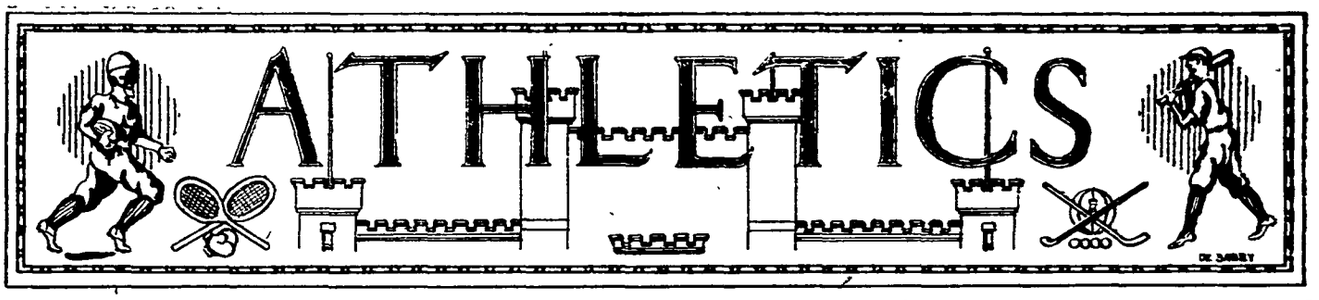
The members of the Chicago Club gave further expression of their social inclinations by gathering for a smoker last week. Boxing was the chief entertainment of the evening and music was furnished by Hassmer's Melody Boys. The Melody Boys include in their ranks Trainer Buck Hennes. Business followed pleasure and initial steps were taken in arranging for the Easter dance. Arnold McGrath was among those chosen for committee positions.

Since the SCHOLASTIC has last appeared Bill Minor has gathered together his Pennsylvania boys for their annual banquet which was held in the Cafeteria Banquet Room. Father Haggerty was the principal speaker of the evening, while amusement was furnished by John Peter Cray, whose efforts to resist psychological forces as directed by Prof. Payton held the members spellbound. Reports have it that John Peter handled the forces with ease.

Two concerts stand out sharply from the many pre-Lenten activities of the Glee Club. The first is the entertainment given Wednesday evening, February 15th, in Niles, Michigan, under the auspices of the Niles Council of the Knights of Columbus. The most spacious hall in the city was hardly able to hold the fully pleased audience. After the concert the Glee Club orchestra played at the dance given in Moose Hall. The second affair is the long-anticipated performance given in St. Angela's Auditorium at St. Mary's. Needless to say, the well arranged combination of solos, overtures, and chorus numbers added much to the reputation of the club.

In his sermon on "Catholic Social Service" last Sunday, Father Carrico explained very clearly what a man owes to society. Were it not for society throughout the ages, man would still be in a very primitive stage of development. Society has raised him to his present status, and for this reason every man has the duty of contributing in every way he can to the upkeep of society. Especially is this true of the college man; he owes a duty to the society of the past for the civilization it has brought and to present society for making possible the higher education he has received. Father Carrico stated that the National Welfare Council affords to Catholic men the greatest opportunity to be of genuine service to society. By means of this organization Catholics have already done much and its influence should be greatly increased by the active interest on the part of Catholic college men.

Under the auspices of the Senior Class the Notre Dame Novelty Knights staged their vaudeville show at the Blackstone Theatre last Monday and Tuesday nights. The program consisted of five splendid acts of comics, music, and songs. On Monday night the Big Five Orchestra showed why it is considered one of the finest in Indiana, and at the Tuesday night show the Glee Club Orchestra followed Toth into great favor with the audience. Joe Thomas entertained with several piano solos the first night, and accompanied the other acts. The next night Hillis Bell managed the piano with his well known ability, and thus the musical part of the program was a great success. The popular Glee Club Quartette, Manion, Fischer, Raub, and Mudd, harmonized on a number of pieces and the encores they received attest their success. Walter O'Keefe and Charles Butterworth were the remaining acts and their jokes and comic songs nicely balanced the program.



THE BADGER MEET.

Wisconsin won the opening event of the indoor track season at the local gym Saturday afternoon 52-34. The meet was one of the most exciting events staged in the gym in recent years and plainly pleased the home crowd that displayed its ability to support a game loser and encourage visiting men with equal warmth.

The afternoon came to a tragic climax in the two mile. Fritz Baumer was leading Finkle, Badger star, who had already won the mile, in the last 250 yards and both men were working into their sprint for the tape. Finkle went down suddenly with both bones of his right leg broken just above the ankle. He was taken to the St. Joseph hospital immediately and will remain there until March 2. Offerings of fruits and flowers were sent by the Students' Activities Committee and a constant stream of visitors called to see the injured lad Sunday. He will be out for the year but will probably be able to run next season.

The two positive thrills of the meet were provided by Merrick of the Badgers, winner of the pole vault at the Penn Relays and the outdoor conference, who vaulted 12 feet 5¾ inches for a new gym record. His performance was warmly cheered by the local crowd and a sigh of disappointment broke when he failed at three attempts to set a new conference record.

The Notre Dame relay team provided the other thrill by tearing around the 12 lap track for a 3:30 2-5 mile and a new gym record that bettered by two seconds the mark set by the Illinois relay team last February. Red Heffernan gave the race a beautiful beginning when he sprinted past the Badger leader on the home stretch and gave Walsh a five yard lead. Walsh and Montague were challenged in turn by the Wisconsin runners but the local men were the cagier and speedier runners and gave Gus Desch a ten yard lead that he retained.

Fritz Baumer, known to recent students as one of the hardest working athletes that ever spiked a toe into a local track, came into his own after three years of effort when he outran Finkle in the two mile. Even though Finkle was injured Baumer would in all probability have won the race. He had a five yard lead when Finkle went down and stepped the remaining lap and a half in good time and was comparatively fresh at the finish. Baumer's victory drove more enthusiasm from the crowd than any track event held at Notre Dame since Eddie Meehan showed clean heels to Joie Ray on Cartier field. The boy worked hard and long; he has been one of the very few who has attempted to overcome the traditional Notre Dame weakness in the distance runs. Rumor credits him with running two miles every day of last summer school—how can you stop a boy like that?

Paul Kennedy justified the nice things that have been said of him by finishing in second place in the mile and half-mile although he was disqualified in the latter event. Disney showed promise in the half-mile and O'Hara, another of Rockne's hard-working distance men, tallied in the two mile. Eddie Hogan vaulted to form although he was pitted against one of the best men in college. Flynn, Lieb and Moes continue to run closely bunched in the shot put at a figure near 40 feet.

Gus Desch turned in his usual hard day's work which was capped by a win in the 40 yard dash. Bill Hayes went into the meet with a weak ankle and took second place in a bunched finish. Johnny Murphy has been disqualified until the outdoor season. Kohin and Brady placed in the high jump. The broad jump was not included in the events and Brady lost his first shot at a monogram.

One objectionable feature marred the day.

Certain individuals resting comfortably in the bleachers as per usual, took it upon themselves to "razz" the efforts of certain Notre Dame men who were giving their best efforts at the time. We hope it was thoughtless. Personality is lost when a man puts on a track suit; he merges himself into the team and the spectator is always cheering or razzing Notre Dame. The effect upon visiting athletes must be edifying when the human hyenas get going.

The summaries:

40 yard dash—Won by Desch, Notre Dame; Hayes, Notre Dame, second; Spetz, Wisconsin, third. Time—0:04 3-5.

One mile run—Won by Finkle, Wisconsin; Kennedy, Notre Dame, second; Schneider, Wisconsin, third. Time—4:32 2-5.

40 yard high hurdles—Won by Knollin, Wisconsin; Stolley, Wisconsin, second; Newell, Wisconsin,third. Time—0:05 2-5.

440 yard run—Won by Johnson, Wisconsin; Spetz, Wisconsin, second; Heffernan, Notre Dame, third. Time 0:52 2-5.

880 yard run—Won by Wade, Wisconsin; Ramsay, Wisconsin, second; Disney, Notre Dame, third. Time—2:03 3-5.

High jump—Won by Platten, Wisconsin; Kohin, Notre Dame, and Brady, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height—6 feet.

Shot put—Won by Sundt, Wisconsin; Lieb, Notre Dame, second; Flynn, Notre Dame, third. Distance —41 feet 2¾ inches.

Pole vault—Won by Merrick, Wisconsin; Hogan, Notre Dame and Hamman, Wisconsin, tied for second. Height—12 feet 5¾ inches.

Two mile run—Won by Baumer, Notre Dame; Rossmeissel, Wisconsin, second; O'Hare, Notre Dame, third. Time—10:04.

One mile relay—Won by Notre Dame. (Heffernan, Walsh, Montague, Desch). Time—3:30 2-5.

THE COURT.

During the course of the athletic history of Notre Dame, her teams have made for themselves a reputation of being game, of being fighters, of battling hardest when defeat loomed imminent. This reputation was never sustained in more brilliant fashion than when the gold and blue basketball team met Wabash on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. in South Bend.

Throughout the middle west, sporting critics expected an easy victory to result for Wabash. Notre Dame had been crippled by the loss of three regulars. Wabash was in fine condition, and was considered one of the very strongest teams in the middle west, having lost but two games at that time. But Notre Dame refused to be frightened by the prowess of the "Little Giants" and went into the struggle not in an attempt to hold Wabash to a low score, but in a determined effort to win. It is to their everlasting credit that they did not lose that determination in the blackest moments of he game, when Wabash had amassed a lead of 12 points, but fought like demons until they had cut that lead to 5 points, and seemed on the verge of victory. The end of the game interrupted a rally that gave Notre Dame 6 points within two minutes, and the final score was 28-23 in favor of Wabash.

The invaders displayed just about the niftiest brand of basketball that we have witnessed this season. They were immeasurably more experienced than the gold and blue, but they were simply swept off their feet by the power of our attack. It is interesting to note that Wabash won the game on points scored through free throws. Each team had 11 baskets to its credit, but the Little Giants made 6 points on free throws while Notre Dame made but 1.

The following Tuesday the Columbia College quintet from Iowa came to the gymnasium. They bore with them the reputation of having held Iowa and Creighton to small point victories, and of having defeated DePaul and Loyola by large scores upon the same day. Notre Dame easily mastered them, however, and won by a 32-20 score.

Last Saturday Northwestern journeyed to South Bend, determined to avenge a long series of defeats by the conference teams by winning from Notre Dame. On this occasion our men displayed more knowledge of the science of basketball than ever before. Their passing game was much improved; the weeks of hard drill had finally made of them as good a basketball team, as the one which

had been wrecked by disqualifications, if not better. Soon after the game began, Northwestern ran up a large lead on Notre Dame. We got warmed up, however, and before the first half ended the score had been tied at 15 all. Captain McDermitt was playing irresistible ball, and during the course of the game he sank 10 free throws out of 12 chances. The second half found Notre Dame far outclassing the purple. During this frame, we made 15 points while Northwestern was adding 5 to its former total, and the game ended 30-20 in our favor.

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HOCKEY HOLIDAYS.

After one of the hardest battles of the season, and incidentally a battle which thrilled an overflow crowd at the Campus Arena, Notre Dame's Western Hockey Champions defeated the good University of Michigan team, the score being 7 to 4.

Far from being as one-sided as the score would indicate, the game was only decided in over time when the regular three periods had ended with the score a tie, 4-4.

Michigan showed a fighting team from the very first face off and combined a speedy forward line with a heavy close checking defense which was enough to keep the Fighting Irish sharpshooters well away from the goal during the regular periods.

Overtime periods seem to be made to order for Father Cunningham's men, however, and it was a different story after the beginning of the extra session, during which they were continually boring in on the Michigan net and keeping the Wolverine goalie stopping shots.

During the first three periods the game see-sawed, first one team and then the other forging ahead and at this time the crowd saw for the first time this season an evenly contested match.

Percy Wilcox featured with a fast rush followed by a shot during the second period and this particular piece of work stood out from the performances of the rest, although Paul Castner was getting away with some speedy rushes in spite of heavy checking by the visitors, whose best performer was their captain and center, MacDuff.

MacDuff was dangerous at all times and had a habit of leading a parade down the ice and scoring just when the game seemed definitely won.

He managed to do this just before the full time whistle blew, and his goal tied the score and forced the game into extra periods.

From the very start of the extra session however, Notre Dame's superiority was evident and Michigan went down fighting to stop a better team. Castner nicked the twine twice during the ten minutes while McSorley, the Badin prodigy, poked the other goal.

With the playing surface a veritable lake of slush and a few hundred of the faithful draped on the dripping bleachers, Notre Dame's Western Hockey Champions submarined University of Wisconsin's hockey team on Saturday afternoon, the score being three "direct hits" to none for the enemy.

Rain fell throughout the three periods, adding materially to the pond-like expanses of the arena and the spectators were treated to many fancy dives and hook slides while the athletes struggled with each other.

Notre Dame's apparent superiority over Wisconsin was offset by the fact that it was practically impossible to shoot the rubber any distance and time after time an Irish rush ended in a shower of slush at the end of the rink, with a panic among the fans in the immediate vicinity as they rushed for safety from the showers caused by the swinging sticks.

"Tony" Gorman navigated the course early in the game and lodged the flying disc in the Badger goal for the first Notre Dame counter and Paul Castner galloped down successfully twice at later stages of the contest.

Wisconsin did not look like a strong team, even in the heavy going and it is certain that the score would have been tripled had the ice been harder.

At any rate it is one more victory added to the already imposing list gathered by Notre Dame on the ice and it marks the eighth college game without a defeat.

Michigan College of Mines, twice stopped by Father Cunningham's men, last week humbled both Minnesota and St. Thomas College in St. Paul and this as a result excludes them from all Western title aspirations and leaves Notre Dame the only undefeated college team in the West. GILCHRIST.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

THE MEN HAD A CIRCUS.

Every year at the University of Kansas the women students give a "Ladies Circus" which is, of course, a strictly ladies' affair. Seven men who attended the last circus met an humiliating end in a nearby swimming pool when it was discovered that their hair was false. From all indications we presume that the boys will now realize that Julian Eltinge earns his money.

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At Rice, down in Texas, the Freshmen know more than the profs—about basketball. At least a team composed of the Slimes (as first year men are called at Rice) soundly trounced another team composed of the professors. The reports of the game state that the encounter was marked by an abundance of "fight" in both teams. This, we surmise, was only natural and to be expected.

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YOWITZ A CRIME!!

At Chicago University the debaters must not only be able to chin their opponents but also must also be able to chin themselves. Milton Yowitz was disqualified from participation in the debates by his gymnasium professor because he could not chin himself ten times. Here, gentlemen, we see the great advantage of diverse chin movement.

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By means of a gift of $7,000 the University of California plans to test Einstein's Theory of Relativity on September 24th of this year. On this date there will be a total eclipse of the sun and the scientists have selected "Ninety Mile Beach," Australia, as the place from which they will make their observations. A number of other expeditions are being started out with the same purpose in view.

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100% IN LOGIC.

A Freshman, a brilliant Freshman, at West Virginia University has discovered the reason for the colossal ignorance among the profs. He explains it thus: Someone who intends to be a college teacher—goes to college. He attends classes and takes notes on lectures. Then he graduates and becomes a teacher. He subsequently gives lectures from the notes he took in college, to students who in their turn expect to become teachers.

This process goes on ad infinitum. Naturally every time the notes are heard and copied by the student—he makes errors or loses a sentence now and then. So bit by bit the professors lose their store of wisdom. Remarkable explanation. Isn't it.

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The Tar Baby Five, a University of North Carolina Orchestra, has been selected to play on the Guy Sengal, a ship carrying a group of Winston-Salem excursionists on a tour of the Mediterranean, according to the Daily Kansan. Somehow it looks as if it is going to be a whale of a party.

IN RE THE FLAPPERS, FLOPPERS, ETC.

Statistics compiled by some one of the w. k. clan of foolish figurers show that three thousand two hundred and twenty-eight poems have been written, two thousand six hundred and eight jokes told, five hundred and thirty-two foolish essays inscribed and three hundred and seventy bright remarks squibbed, in our college papers for last year, on the elevating subject of Milady's galoshes.

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The University of Washington is benevolent in its campus organizations. There they think of the men whom nobody else thinks about. They "give the poor dog a home." We have the statement of their college paper for proof, for here, they have the only Defeated Candidates Club in America.

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JUST LIKE US.

Let us analyze for you Vassar College, the chief stronghold of the wealthy college women of America. Vassar is democratic—just like us. She has no sororities—neither have we. All the rooms in the dormitories are the same price—same as ours. Every girl dresses so much like every other girl on the campus that you cannot tell the difference between the millionaire's daughter and the girl who is working her way through school—our campus is just like this. No student is allowed to own her own automobile nor to have her own saddle horse and NEITHER ARE WE.

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The women are always the sufferers of the human race. Merely because a young gentleman in passing one of the dormitory buildings at Chicago University was hit by a lighted cigarette end which was thrown from a window, the "horrid" lawmakers had to go and have an investigation and now the poor girls are strictly forbidden to smoke in their halls.

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A QUICK BUNCH AT LUNCH.

Out in Oklahoma (where the bad men are) the Dean of the Medical college sent four observers to the cafeteria to note the time consumed by the average student in his noon-day consuming. The average time was eight and one-half minutes and with the boys leading the girls by one and one-half minutes. The shortest meal observed took only four and one-half minutes and consisted of a piece of pie, a doughnut and a glass of water.

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ENGINEERING EFFICIENCY.

The Aggies at West Virginia recently had a fracture of the ice cream freezer and their knowledge of machinery was not sufficient for the occasion. At least, they had to appeal to the engineers to fix the apparatus and when the job was completed the mechanics received a freezer full of frozen delicacy in reciprocity. The rashness of untimely generosity was demonstrated to the Aggies. They now find that the freezer always refuses to work until the engineers are called in.

"NOTHING."

DOUGLAS D. McEACHIN.

You'll find nothing in this essay, nothing to think about, nothing to laugh at, and nothing to bore you—for this paper is about Nothing!

Nothing is a very intangible creature. He continually eludes you. Only the most unfortunate individuals succeed in getting hold of him. I happen to be one of the unfortunates. For the past three weeks I've been in possession of nothing. I've eaten nothing; I've talked about nothing; I've thought of nothing.

Free verse writers seem to be very fond of this creature. The continually write about him. I don't think they do so intentionally. They think that they are writing soul-poetry, while in reality they are writing about our dear friend, Nothing.

The fervent expounders of all the "isms" fill their speeches and dissertations with nothing. They do so intentionally.

Haeckel gave us a wonderful theory about Nothing. He insisted that all life came from nothing. Therefore, everything is, essentially nothing. Consequently, I can talk about anything, and still be talking about Nothing. But I can think of nothing to talk about.

It's wonderful the way some people succeed in talking about Nothing. Nine women can get together on a Saturday afternoon, on a sun-porch, with their sewing, knitting tatting, crocheting, embroidery, or whatever they happen to like best, and sit in a circle, and discuss nothing from one in the afternoon until five-thirty. They talk and talk and talk; they discuss Mrs. Jones' new hat, Mrs. Smith's twins, the iceman, the servant problem, the price of eggs, and the immorality of modern dress; they argue about Mrs. Harding's shoes, the value of the church social, and the evil of the movies. And after they're exhausted, what have they said or decided? Nothing!

The worst discussers of nothing that I can think of are the two young things, who imagine they are in love. They can do it to perfection. They sit in the movies behind you and call each other "Ucky-doo" all evening. They are firm believers in the once popular

song, "Take Your Girlie to the Movies, if You Can't Make Love at Home."

When the old farmers gather on the porch of the General Store, and see who can spit the farthest ,and discuss the year's crop, and the chorus girl who has just moved into town, succeed admirably in saying Nothing.

I'm not talking about these various groups in order to shield myself. I'm far from immune. I talk about nothing every day. When the Walsh Hall crew gets out on the steps and suns itself, nothing is discussed from every possible angle. Some of the fellows try to dodge nothing by pitching pennies to a crack in the sidewalk. But soon some priest comes out and confiscates the money for Poor Ben, and leaves the unfortunate victims, inevitably, with—Nothing!

A person can buy Nothing anywhere. Any first-class cafeteria has it for sale. But the prices are outrageous. Nothing sometimes costs as high as seventy-five cents, and when one has to buy it three timès a day, it empties one's pockets in a hurry—and when one comes to eat it, it is anything but satisfying.

Nothing is as easy to do as it is to say or possess or to eat. The best do-ers of Nothing are College students. They have the art down to a fine point. They can sit in a class room with a studious and earnest expression on their face, and do—Nothing! Everything that the Professor says goes through one ear and out the other. Their minds are blanks. After they come out of the class room, they know—Nothing!

A certain group of men elected from each state to represent the people in Washington are very adept in the art of doing nothing. They sit and discuss, and stand and argue various questions, but when it comes to acting on their decisions, they do—Nothing!

On the whole, Nothing seems to be a very popular diversion. With students it is very popular. Students seem to be about the best versed sect in the subject of nothing. They know it in all its phases. They know it from all possible angles. They do Nothing; they think about Nothing; they talk about Nothing; sometimes they eat Nothing; they buy Nothing three times a day. They are wonderful.