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CALENDAR

Monday, March 6—Battle of Pea Ridge, 1862.

Tuesday, March 7—Bible Society formed, 1864.

Smoker of the Palette Club in Carroll "Rec" room;
Mr. Olsen of Olsen and Roth Art Co., the
speaker.

Philosophical Banquet, 1 p. m.

Wednesday, March 8—Stamp Act passed, 1776.

Thursday, March 9—Monitor-Merrimac battle, 1862.

Meeting of the Students' Activities Committee.

"Iceland," a Newman Travelogue Lecture, in
Washington Hall, 8 o'clock.

Friday, March 10—McClellan crosses Potomac, 1862.

Election of officers of the Dome by Sophomore and
Junior classes, according to newly proposed con-
stitution.

Notre Dame Forum, 8 p. m. 219 M. B. "College
Athletics."

Saturday, March 11—Confederate Constitution
adopted, 1861.

Sunday, March 12—Grant made commander-in-chief,
1864.

"Foreign Missions," a sermon by Rev. E. Finegan,
C. S. C., in Church of Our Lady of the Sacred
Heart, 8:15 Mass.

Meeting of the Scholastic Board, Main building,
10:00 o'clock.

This solemn old season of Lent

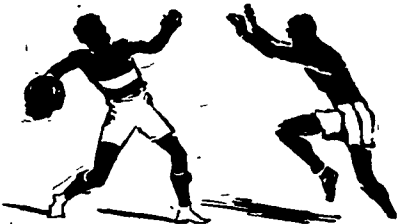
Should remove from the soul event dent.

But it's worthy of note

—As a philosopher wrote—

That at penance no penance will be spent.

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PIUS XI. AND INTERNATIONALISM.

THE Papacy has been recognized again as the supreme arbiter among nations; never have more peoples esteemed it more highly nor have more rulers looked toward it more sincerely for aid. That is because the Pope has always been the peacemaker of Christendom and because there is a mighty movement among governments in the direction of international tranquility. It is inevitable that a world effort to attain peace be identified with a greater universal esteem of the Pope, the prince of peace on earth. The papacy is not an international power, indeed, but it is a supernatural one. Its very position, however, makes it the most important agent in every movement for the betterment of nations. After these considerations we may truthfully say that the temporal position of the Vatican is highest now because the movement toward international peace is strongest.

No better man could have been chosen by the Sacred College of Cardinals to succeed Benedict XV. in the chair of St. Peter than Achilli Ratti, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. Providence had prepared him, it seems, to occupy that important position at this trying time. He has the benefit of knowledge of the Church's relations with states which he obtained in his years of work in the Vatican Library; he has the benefit of experience gained by participation in some of the most delicate diplomatic efforts of the past war. As Vatican Librarian, as Papal Nuncio to Poland when she was passing through the trials occasioned by newly regained freedom, as ecclesiastical commissioner for the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, as Archbishop of Milan when the question of the Church's relations with the Italian government were most acute, and as one of the counselors of

Benedict XV., Pope of Peace, he has trained his mind for the duties the world will ask him to perform. Nations, great and small, which will look toward him for aid to solve the troublesome problems which hinder international peace will not be disappointed; the world has learned again that it is good to heed the advice which comes from the Vatican, and everyone is confident that it will not be disappointed in this man who has been chosen to carry out the good work of his predecessors.

Pope Pius is the successor of a long line of Piuses who have done much for the peace of nations, many at times not so auspicious as this. His name recalls the Saint Pius whose prayers drove back the Turks at Lepanto; the courageous old Pius VII. who defied Napoleon when he attempted to violate the dignity of the papal power; and it recalls the kindly Pius X. "who died with a broken heart when millions of his children were forced into fratricidal strife."

There is no greater sign of the nobleness and the universality of the Church's work than the confidence of nations with the most conflicting aims in the power of that Church to help them in the task of reconciliation which leads to peace. True, since the thoroughly Catholic days of the Middle Ages individuals as well as peoples have attempted to break themselves from the influence of the Pope in temporal as well as in eternal matters; but they have done so only to find themselves lost in every conceivable kind of dissension. Now they are returning repentant; now they are prepared to hold the papacy aloft in its true greatness. Pius XI. is the Pope of Reconciliation. It has been granted him to be leader of the Church at that time when she is appealed to again as the mighty force of righteousness among nations.

KARL ARNDT.

FATHER ZAHM.*

BY JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

When Father John Augustine Zahm, C. S. C., passed away in Munich, Bavaria, early in the morning of November 10th, his friends felt that his death was premature despite his Scriptural three score years and ten. Wise men say that stature and longevity are among the qualities most surely inherited, and Father Zahm came of a long-lived family. He once told me of a grandfather of his who died at the age of one hundred and five under interesting conditions. He had walked fasting to church one Sunday morning, according to his custom, received Holy Communion, and then walked home. While waiting for breakfast, he lay down as usual on a sofa to rest, and when they came to call him shortly afterwards, they found he had passed away without sound or sign. It is probable that Father Zahm, under ordinary circumstances, would have lived into venerable years for, though his life was the most laborious I have ever known, it was also extremely abstemious and regular. But years ago his heart had been strained by physical over-exertion, and when pneumonia attacked him, he had not the machinery with which to fight back.

Piety was another inheritance of his. The Zahms came from Alsace and were of the German rather than the French flavor among that mixed people. Rugged faith, hardy character, dogged persistence, honest thrift, were their characteristics. His mother, Mary Ellen Braddock, came of the same stock as General Braddock, famous in early history in America. She was of strong Irish quality—pious, intelligent, beautiful, idealistic. I have often noted that the children of mixed German and Irish parentage have more than their fair share of mental and moral power. An aunt of Father Zahm's was a distinguished Superior among the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and three of his sisters became members of the same community. One died a few years ago in heroic sanctity. A brother, Dr. Albert F. Zahm, is chief advisor to the United States Government in aviation, and had a large part—if not the very largest part after the Wright brothers—in the invention of the aeroplane.

Father Zahm was born in the village of New Lexington, Perry Co., Ohio, June 14, 1851. Among his boyhood friends was Januarius Aloysius McGahan, the most distinguished newspaper correspondent of his time, whose revelations of the Bulgarian atrocities stirred the wrath and eloquence of Gladstone and awake the conscience of the world. McGahan and Zahm sat on the same bench in the little log school, where began the preparation for their distinguished careers. When Father Zahm came to Notre Dame to begin his college work in 1867, the venerable founder, Father Sorin, was Provincial Superior (next year to be elected Superior General), and the famous war chaplain, Father Corby, was President. The records show that John

Zahm was exceptionally studious and successful, and he graduated with honors in 1871. Shortly after he entered the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and at the end of the usual theological studies was ordained in 1875, Father D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., for nearly half a century editor of the *Ave Maria*, being the only other member of class. It was an auspicious day that gave to the young community and to the Church in America two such brilliant and zealous priests.

Father Zahm's earliest tastes were distinctly for literature, and he had pursued the course in art and letters; but there was need of a science teacher in the University of Notre Dame, and following the general and seemingly necessary way of that time, his superiors appointed the young priest Professor of Chemistry and Physics. The work was distasteful and his preparation for it had been only ordinary, but without demurring Father Zahm stepped into the breach. Undoubtedly neither he nor his superiors realized that upon that moment of necessity hung a decision that was to mean much to the Catholic Church, especially in our country. As time went on, he had to master and, occasionally, to teach geology and other sciences. Thus was providentially prepared the background for his future work. One great technical work came out of his laboratory experiments during his teaching days, the exhaustive text on *Sound and Music*, since used as a book of reference in many State universities.

Even in his seminarian days, he had given public lectures, and as a young professor he frequently published substantial and readable papers on interesting aspects of science or travel. These papers, while scholarly and valuable, were not distinguished in expression. He had not yet developed a personal style.

About the time his powers were maturing, the world was almost mad with tumultuous and angry discussion. Darwin had started the strife by his revolutionary doctrines concerning evolution. Many men of science outside of the Church had little or no Christian faith to give up, and all of them welcomed what seemed an exploding bomb in the camp of those whom they called obscurantists and reactionaries. Brilliant expositors of the new doctrine arose on all sides, the most distinguished being Huxley and Tyndall. Herbert Spencer, by an effort of genius, almost equal to Kant's, built up a philosophic system in defence of it, only to find that when his gigantic work was concluded after many years, the world had very largely abandoned his fundamental principles.

Needless to say, both the sacrilegious delight of the scientists and the alarm felt by timid Christians were equally without foundation. As the truism universally adopted at the time expressed it, God is equally the author of scientific and revealed truth, and there can be no contradiction between science and religion, both rightly understood. It is a fact that some religious writers had pushed the outposts of Faith very much farther than Catholic doctrine demanded or justified—a very natural outcome of the state of general knowledge then and theretofore. On the other hand, the scientists, be-

* Reprinted by kind permission of the editor, from the *Catholic World*, February, 1922.

wildered by what seemed a fresh vision of universal principles, and intoxicated by the rich liquor of partisanship and controversy, had undoubtedly advanced the outposts of science to absurd lengths. Between these extremists lay the field of battle, No Man's Land. There were sturdy champions on the side of Christianity, men of prodigious learning and giant intellect, but their path was not easy; it took time to clear the atmosphere and evaluate data and strip principle bare; and meantime the merry war went on.

Into this situation Father Zahm stepped at a curiously felicitous moment. The best men on the side of the iconoclasts had begun to lose the zest of attack and slaughter. Moreover, they themselves were beginning to see that in their mad fury against dogma and traditionalism, they had set up an intolerable dogmatism of their own. At the same time the theologians were acquiring poise, had emerged from their first confusion and were beginning to reply vigorously with their big guns.

Father Zahm's general background of scientific preparation, together with his theological training and his taste for literary expression made him an ideal protagonist of faith. His earliest essays as a Catholic apologist were contributions to the *Ave Maria* and the *American Catholic Quarterly* and to the *Catholic World*, and had for their general thesis the harmony between what he called "the sciences of faith and the sciences of reason." Only a quarter of a century has passed since that time, and anyone who should now write on the subject would be tolerantly regarded as an old-fashioned gentleman employed in exhuming a corpse. But it was a lively corpse in the days when Andrew D. White, a man of reputation and nimble mind, a distinguished diplomat and President of Cornell, was writing interminably on *The Warfare Between Religion and Science*, and when J. W. Draper was producing his popular *History of the Conflict Between Science and Religion*. Besides establishing his thesis, these early brochures¹ of Father Zahm's bristled with valuable and interesting facts about Catholic men of science of the past, and constituted a magazine of ammunition for busy controversialists. Of the same tenor and quality was an impressive volume (1893) entitled, *Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists*, except that problems were beginning to assume more importance in his work and persons less. This volume, though much surpassed by the quality of his later work, is still of value and importance.

Up to this point, Father Zahm had a united Catholic backing to support him. As long as he stayed within the old fortresses and ventured not into fresh battlefields nor used strange weapons, he enjoyed not only a growing fame among the faithful, but the marked approval of all Catholic scholars as well. But at this time there sprung up in our country the interesting movement which produced the still vigorous Catholic Summer School at

Plattsburg, the Western Catholic Summer School (now defunct) at Madison, Wisconsin, and the Catholic Winter School (never vigorous) at New Orleans. At all of these Father Zahm was invited to lecture, and he somewhat audaciously chose for his subject the most difficult, delicate and dangerous topics a Catholic apologist could elect. There can be no doubt about his honesty, his zeal or his lofty motives in selecting these themes. His ruling passion in all his priestly work was an intense zeal for the glory of God and the triumph of the Church. He felt that too many Catholic scholars in defending the Church had displayed a timidity which seemed almost to argue feebleness of faith. He found, as he went into the work of the old theologians and apologists, and especially the broad and profound writings of the great Fathers of the Church, a sweep, a power and a liberty which seemed equally necessary to establish in their full strength the truths of Christianity in our day. The problems he attacked had, through newspapers and magazines as well as books, sifted into the general consciences, so that he felt sure an audience like that of a summer school would be both interested and intelligent enough to receive his message. The newspapers played up his lectures somewhat sensationally, with the good result that everybody read them, and talked about them; and without doubt many who considered the Church as obsolete as pagan pathology, were constrained to revise their views, while Catholics generally felt that a new and dusty champion had entered the list for them.

A result not so good was that certain Catholic scholars took alarm, and felt that the Church might need a defender against some of her defenders. Father Zahm immediately became a storm-centre of controversy within the Church; one influential and brilliant party attacking him with spirit, while another, not so large, but probably more brilliant, as ardently defended him. The volume which contains the earliest of these lectures is entitled, *Bible, Science and Faith*, and deals with such problems as the days of Genesis, the universality of the deluge and the age of the human race. That volume still remains the best statement on these subjects in English from a Catholic scholar. Of the same period is *Scientific Theory and Catholic Doctrine*, which focused itself more particularly on the subject of evolution, the head and front of the phalanx of scientific difficulties. Father Zahm was evidently crystallizing into the mental attitude which was soon to produce the greatest of his apologetic works, the climax of this period of his life, *Evolution and Dogma*.

It required the courage of a superman for a priest to attack this question with the plainness and freedom of the ancient Fathers. Theology has become a highly organized science since their time, and there is a natural tendency in any ancient human thing to mistake ruts for roots and prejudices for principles. One considerable group of learned and well-meaning men was sure to be affronted by the boldness of this modern knight.

¹ *What the Church Has Done for Science*, and *The Catholic Church and Modern Science*. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Co.

More than that. Those who think theologians are a pacific, esoteric, compact and always harmonious group of thinkers know little of the tribe. That would be true if the Church were what some of her critics proclaim her to be, a purely human institution, dealing in quackery and deception, and with an astute and avaricious priesthood profiting by the credulity of the faithful. But the passion of the Catholic theologian is for truth. And he is seemingly just as delighted to catch a fellow-theologian napping, in order that he may—especially if he belongs to a different religious Order—acquire heavenly merit and perform an act of fraternal charity by giving a brotherly correction in clear and vigorous terms, as a football player is to recover the ball when his adversary fumbles it. If people only understood the vigilance theologians have exercised against each other through all the centuries from the earliest days of the Church, there would be less talk about innovations of doctrine and accretions and corruption of primitive Christianity. Father Zahm's position regarding evolution was clearly within the limits of regular Christian hermeneutics. He was as far from the materialistic theories associated with the modern anti-Christian movement as the drowsiest or most inquisitorial of his critics. But the controversy soon passed beyond the limits of America. His works were translated into French, Italian and Spanish, and he was as widely read in Europe and South America as he was in the United States. Non-Catholic scholars wrote of them in magazines and heterodox divines discussed them in university lectures. Controversy waxed furious and sometimes frenzied. One great Catholic publicist of international repute and of terrible—that is just the right word—influence in Rome, wrote a series of articles, proving to his own satisfaction that Father Zahm was an "atheist, a Materialist and a Modernist." Meantime, the gentle priest, whose heroic militancy for Christ was the cause of all this clamor, remained placid and pacific among his books. He knew how high was his purpose, how pure his intentions, and he was content to leave the result to the infallible arbiter of Faith. Beyond doubt, there was a large and clamorous party demanding that *Evolution and Dogma* should be placed on the Index. It was a close call, but it was never placed there;² and Father Zahm had the serene satisfaction before his life closed of finding the views he so courageously and clearly defended, accepted as the commonplaces of Catholic controversy by many of the same school of apologists who hurled theological brickbats at his devoted head a quarter century ago.

² Americans learned how reasonable and necessary is the function of the Index during the recent War, when anything likely to weaken morale or provoke dissension was vigorously suppressed. The distinguished Dominican, Father Esser, an official of the Index, once told me, in speaking of Father Zahm, that among the functions of the Congregation is the suppression of books calculated to arouse undue controversy among Catholics. The Italian translation of *Evolution and Dogma* seemed likely to do that, so Father Zahm, to use his own words "voluntarily withdrew" it in 1900.

Most of us who knew Father Zahm intimately, believed that he had prophetic instincts. He was a real seer, and people who see, always look ahead. Among other enthusiasm of his from youth was a burning zeal for the higher education of women. He did more than his share locally at Notre Dame to promote it, and with voice and pen labored incessantly to arouse a similar enthusiasm in others. *Women and Science* was a passionate defiance of the general belief that women are, by divine arrangement, incapable of original or creative mental work. Similarly, *Great Inspirers* was the story of the inspirational power of Beatrice as revealed in Dante, and of the holy women who labored with St. Jerome in Rome and Bethlehem. Both volumes are written with eloquence and fervor. Few men that ever lived had a more exalted conception of Christian womanhood. It was partly the result of a beautiful idealism that ran through all his life and work and speech. It was partly a spiritual refinement which came to him from his intense love of Our Lady, and it was partly a flowering of his sensitive and delicate purity of mind. He shrank from any suggestion of coarseness of thought, word or behavior as from a blow. This strong man, who recoiled not from battle nor from labor, was as delicate-minded as a girl. But he went beyond that and believed in the power as well as the beauty of woman's mind. He has undoubtedly written greater books, but none more pleasing and inspiring than these two which deal with the soul of woman.

Another phase of his work yielded a cycle of books so different and so brilliant as to make one marvel they could come from the same mind. In 1906 Father Zahm, long familiar with Mexico, made his first trip to South America. Four years later, the Appletons published the first of a series of delightful and universally admired works from the pen of "Dr. H. J. Mozans." The general title of the trilogy was *Following the Conquistadores*, and the special titles were *Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena* (1910), *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon* (1912), and *In South America's Southland* (1916). American book reviewers were startled out of their usual perfunctory praise to exclamations of enthusiasm and rapture. The most frigid and parsimonious critics in England, with startling unanimity, used the words *delightful, amazing, eloquent, erudite*. The jaded palates of fastidious readers found a curiously piquant flavor in these books. Catholic editors and scholars wrote in superlative praise of this fresh discoverer of the continent of South America. But who was H. J. Mozans? One day Monsignor Joseph H. McMahon of New York, a scholar of taste and culture, wrote to the Appletons, asking for information about him for the purpose of preparing a literary appreciation of the books. The Appletons replied that the identity of the author must remain a secret by his own desire, but they courteously offered to send a photograph, and the Monsignor at once recognized the familiar features of his old friend. Father Zahm told me that in his youth he always signed his name Jno.

S. Zahm, and H. J. Mozans is merely a transliteration of that form.

What induced an author who had already attained world-wide fame for writings published under his own name, to relinquish that great advantage and challenge destiny afresh under a pseudonym? I happen to know that Father Zahm had sound personal reasons for wishing to keep his first journey to South America a secret for a time. But the explanation he himself gave was that these books, if presented frankly as the work of a priest, would not appeal so convincingly to the non-Catholic public, since they were so completely a glorification of the Church in South America, a vindication of the clergy through their works, and a sympathetic portrait of Catholic Latin-Americans. No one will question the wisdom of his course, as none can doubt the thoroughness of his success.

Here again, Father Zahm's scientific background did him excellent service. Not alone cathedrals, churches, convents, monasteries and schools, but the fauna and flora of the continent, the museums and scientific establishments, the intellectual movements among the clergy especially, the natural richness of mines and agriculture, and particularly the romance and heroism of missionaries and explorers, received full justice in his sparkling and flashing pages. Colonel Roosevelt, who wrote an enthusiastic introduction to the second volume of the trilogy, expresses astonishment at his scientific and historical knowledge, but especially at his amazing richness of literary allusion and poetic quotation from writers in many languages. In these three books, Father Zahm reached the perfect flowering of his literary style. His admirers had watched it grow from his earliest works, wherein it showed the unflavored dryness and correctness of a commercial document, into a richness and a pageantry of glorious words, a rhetorical costuming which clothed remote, abstract and scholarly things with beauty and splendor. From a purely literary point of view, these books marked the peak of his large and variegated life work. Seemingly as a pastime and between whiles, he published *The Quest of El Dorado*, in which he made complete and final disposition of one of the most fascinating and elusive themes connected with the earliest exploration days.

He was an enthusiastic student of Dante, and for more than thirty years it was one of his daily pieties to read a canto of the *Divine Comedy* in the original. He assembled at Notre Dame one of the three largest (probably the most rare and valuable) of the Dante libraries in America. He rummaged through every second-hand bookstore in Italy to make this collection, and one of his unfulfilled plans was to write the definitive Life of the great Florentine in English.

During the past six years, Father Zahm was occupied with a volume which he frequently assured me was to be his best performance. Though living intimately with him in community life, walking and talking with him every day, I never could learn

from him just what was the subject of this great final effort. Nearly every day a large parcel of books would be delivered at his room from the Congressional Library, and I knew in a general way that he was writing on some such subject as the present-day status of Christians in Bible lands. The manuscript was ready for the publishers two months ago, but he wanted to visit the Levant again to freshen his eyes with local color and to verify intimate and important data and bring them up-to-date. He enjoyed a delightful and rejuvenating journey from Washington to Munich, visiting old friends and familiar haunts on the way. At Dresden, in a cold hotel, he contracted laryngitis, and shortly after he reached Munich, pneumonia set in. Father Zahm's health had been failing for three or four years. A famous specialist in New York had said his heart must have undergone a severe strain, and attributed it to the superhuman effort he made thirty-five years earlier in climbing the Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl. It had seldom, or perhaps never, been done by any traveler before, but that was only another reason why Father Zahm wanted to do it. And now, thirty-five years later Popocatepetl, with the relentlessness of material nature, was having his revenge. On November 10th, after only a few days of serious illness, Father Zahm passed away with all the rich consolations of that Faith which, throughout life, he had tenderly loved and to the defence of which he had dedicated his brilliant mind.

His personal characteristics were interesting. A spare hardy frame of middle stature had been disciplined to an iron toughness by a love of adventure, by travel in hard places and among primitive peoples. Few men ever squandered less energy on even the innocent "dissipations" of life. Though he spent many years in wine-drinking countries, he was almost ascetic in that matter, and he could never endure the smell of a pipe or cigar. He was the closest approach to pure intellect I have known in a reasonably long experience of great men. Despite his very quiet manner, he was a daring and courageous spirit, physically as well as mentally, and had in his life experienced some desperate situations in the course of travel. Few men of his period had so much energy, and none had more initiative. There was about him an innocent secretiveness regarding his works and his movements, and he liked to surprise his friends by unexpected achievements. His large, blue, innocent eyes bespoke the idealist. With strangers or others in whom his interest had not been aroused, he showed a sphinx-like reticence and a severely cold and polite manner; but as often happens, his frigid exterior was a sort of asbestos cloak to cover an unusually warm and affectionate nature. He easily forgave offences against himself, great or little, and in all ways he was remarkably charitable in speech and act. He loved to look at a baby, especially in his later years, and he had a beautiful sympathy with all young people. He never missed an opportunity of pouring his own burning love of schol-

3 Stanislaus, an abandoned middle name.

arship and achievement into the hearts of seminarians and young priests. He himself was a great inspirer.

I have lived at Notre Dame University during nearly half the eighty years of its existence. I knew nearly all the great figures who—in countless numbers, it seems to me—have moved in and out of the campus during that long space. I regard Father Zahm as the greatest mind produced by the University in its long career, and perhaps the greatest man in all respects developed within the Congregation of the Holy Cross since its foundation. Maybe Father Zahm could not have laid the foundation of Notre Dame, but undoubtedly Father Sorin never could have built upon it as Father Zahm did. To the rank and file of his brethren in the community, he was always a prophet as well as a leader. He was Vice-President of Notre Dame at twenty-five, and held the office nine years. He was Father Sorin's intimate friend, his trusted counselor; I saw him hold the venerable founder in his arms as he lay a-dying. In 1896 he was sent to Rome as Procurator-General of the community, and in cooperation with the mightiest leaders of the Church in America, he helped (sometimes not without peril to himself) to solve great problems and to direct large movements. While there he was asked to accept an appointment to a western bishopric, but he pleaded distaste and preoccupation with other work, and his plea was respected. Leo XIII., with whom he often talked freely, bestowed on him in 1895 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1898 he returned as Provincial of the community in the United States, and for eight years labored with such energy and success for its upbuilding and for the pursuit of higher studies as to inaugurate a new and brilliant era. At the end of his term as Provincial he retired to Holy Cross College in Washington, chiefly because he enjoyed there unparalleled library facilities. He never wasted an hour of time, and remained to the very end a miracle of industry, enthusiasm and zeal. His faith was of an apostolic simplicity and strength. He was scrupulous, especially in his later years, about religious exercises, and there was a beautiful note of tenderness in his personal piety. He knew and mingled with many of the greatest men of his period—Popes, prelates, the lights of literature, the savants of science. But those to whom he most generously gave his heart and from whom he received the most beautiful affection and the strongest loyalty, were the religious brethren whom he inspired and guided by word and work for half a century.

TREASURES.

The tide is low. The treasure
Chest lies open.
I find periwinkle and
Calico shells
On the strand.

C. S. CROSS.

CONFOUND COLLARS.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

I spent a splendid vacation last summer. I worked, worked hard in a lumber camp, but I did not have to wear a collar.

Confound collars, anyway.

They are of no use. Irrational horses wear theirs for a purpose, but rational man—never! Adam surely did not don one to conceal his nakedness after his shame in the Garden. If that were the case, women—except the prim spinsters—are less modest than men, because women do not wear collars. Perhaps they are less modest, but whether or no, it is a fact that men did not invent the torture until long after Adam, when some misanthrope began to elaborate on the decorations at the top of the toga. Along about the thirteenth century that accursed person must have chortled in his collarless hell at the thought of the great circular ruffs upon which suffering dandies were then reposing their little heads like little knobs of great lids. Some of the Arrow collar chaps of that period, however, cleverly rid themselves of the great cart-wheel neck enclosures when they instituted dainty lace collars that bothered no one. But the dainty lace collars unhappily descended to little Lord Fauntleroy's of just the other day, and unkind parents insisted that Johnny Fauntleroy wear all manner of dress trimmings, too, which, when the poor unfortunate met the gang, caused him added trimmings.

The young fellow nowadays treats the collar as a real decoration. He watches the street car and magazine ads to see what manner of covering for Adam's apple the incomparable heroes of those lithographs are wearing and then he slips on the latest torment. Some of the radical Greenwich Village crowd and all the poets and artists of books and movies are careful of their collars, too, and with a Byronic necktie, wear a Woolworth Building collar like that some of us wore when we were kids. Some one named that kind of collar after Outcault's Sunday feature here, Buster Brown. There is another collar some of us put on now and then—a wing collar. Some professors wear the wing collar as a perpetual mark of distinction, but

we who follow the "what to wear and when to wear it" are careful to place such a band about our neck only when the W. T. W. A. W. T. W. I. sanctions that form of band.

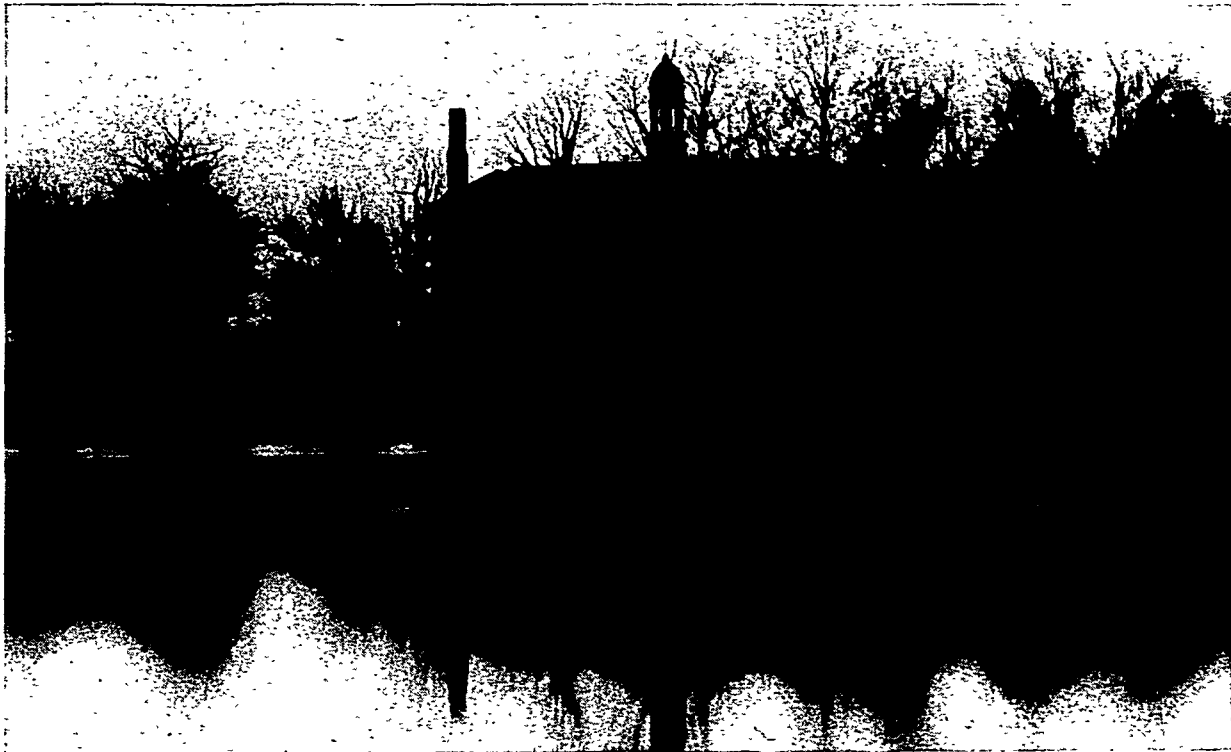
But ordinarily we lament the custom and dislike to put our neck in stocks. We do not feel happy and noble because we have one of the tight things on as I suppose the Knights of the Garter did when they buttoned up their thirty-ounce Troy insignia, "their locked and lettered braw brass collar," as Burns phrased it. We feel as miserable as the marked slave whose collar told the story of his rebellious flights.

Some years ago our collars also had inscriptions. That was when we sat in front of Jimmy Vasey in the sixth grade, and Jimmy determined, by aid of my collar, how many apples A had if he gave B six and a half and C four and a quarter. At that time collars were a bit useful—they helped to hide dirty necks from suspicious mothers. But even then nimble collar buttons caused trouble until the animated things were colored under the bureau.

When collars were first made, the buttons had not been thought of; the things were tied on with string. But that made collars

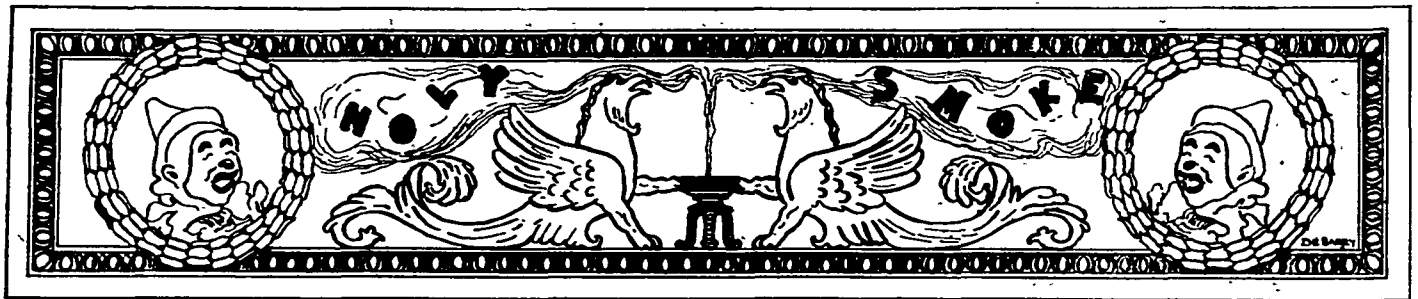
less diabolical than they might be, so, about a hundred years ago a Methodist minister quit the pulpit and began to manufacture detachable collars. I am sure the saintly gentleman never realized when he forsook his holy calling what unholy cussing, detachable collars that require vivacious collar buttons would cause, but the Rev. Ebenezer Brown did start an important industry and every man is meek enough to become a customer.

When any of us venture from our private sanctum we are now obliged to attach the collar. Warm weather makes collars even more unbearable. It is not warm tonight but I shudder, nevertheless, at the torture before me. Since I must forsake the den for the denizens of other men, before I go I must hunt my collar buttons and shine my rubber collar, despite my hatred of the thing. I long for my vacation in the lumber camps again. Men are rational there. Where the north breezes rock pines that but for man and his deeds would be as eternal as anything on earth can be, too much of freshness and vitality enters a man's system to permit any stagey confinement in tight and repressive raiment. Collars; Humbug!



*Yet is earth barren as she knew not love
And greets the day in penitential dress;
The winds deride her hermit niggardness
To whom the sun once bowed him from above.*

*She waits. For from his trysting he will come
A blooded youth of red and merry tan;
So, oh, my soul, be patient you and dumb
Till God shall play the Good Samaritan.*



Student (rehearsing Shakespeare):—Tell me where is fancy bred?

Roomate:—They have gobs of it over at Kable's.

"Where is Dolores going?"

"She's taking her beauty walk."

"What d'ya mean?"

"Down to the drug store, dearie."

Ambitious young clerk:—Do you think the boss carried out my suggestions?

Fellow clerk:—I don't think the boss did, but he told the office boy to carry them out and dump them in the wastepaper basket.

"If you've got any jokes save them for *Life*."

"I've got a bum joke—my wife—for life."

WITH APOLOGIES TO A WELL-KNOWN FURNITURE COMPANY.

We know a young guy named McSeller;
He sure is an athletic feller;
He's too tough to choke—
He's just like real oak,
And that's why we call him a Heller.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

Please tell me if Eddie Walk of Walsh Hall is any relation to Eddie Cantor.

AS HE LEFT HOME.

"I hope you get ahead my son," his kind old father said.

"I s'ppose I'll need one," said the son, "the one I have is red."

It may not be
True
But you can judge
For yourself—
It's this—
"A cotton stockinged
Girl
Never sees
A mouse."

A Freshman named Goopy McSnoop
Has sure got the prize empty coop
Of all mental slackers.
He thinks fire-crackers
Are something to eat with one's soup.

Ma: How peculiar that young man acts who calls to see daughter. Do you suppose that he was ever sun-struck?

Pa: No, more likely daughter-struck.

Hawkins: I call my wife Jolts.

Perkins: What an odd name.

Hawkins: Yes, she's something fierce to a Ford.

"Oh mama, see the funny man talking to the banana peel."

Al's friend
Says that Al
Is so lazy that
He never
Gets round to
Change
His alarm clock
And that consequently
He has
To get up
At six
Every morning.

Fresh:—And she had such wonderful slow eyes.

Soph:—But a speedy disposition.

And then too—the Booth that shot Lincoln is not the only artillery artist on record.

HEALTH HINTS.

Don't laugh at your wife when she falls down, on a slippery street.

In drinking alcohol remember that Ethel is a nicer name than Bethel.

Night walking after midnight should be done down the middle of the street.

Be sure your room-mate is not in the house when you call up his girl.

"She certainly must be a corn-fed girl."

"How do you mean?"

"She's mashed by so many of the fellows."

"What's a good example of knock-down furniture?"

"A Hill street car."

KOLARS.

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VOL.
LV.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victorius
Dicit Quasi Cras Meritorius*

No.
20

Sensible young men and women go to college to get an education. That most of them succeed is a credit to both themselves and the colleges. The instance is a rare one in which the student does not get culture and knowledge, if these are the things he is seeking. Granting there is a certain amount of soberness in the make-up of the ordinary college man, people detached from university life should find only gratification in surveying normal collegiate activity.

Not many colleges are mad-houses. Students study five or six days a week, having now and then perhaps a little fun on the side. If there weren't variety, the monotony would be unbearable. All the while, however, it is the academic life that dominates. You hear, of course, of men and women who are taking "social courses," studying Orpheum or Keith conduct, and finding *self-expression* in tea dances. Now and then you hear one boasting about it. But there are exceptions to everything. College life as a whole is made up by the contributions of earnest young people who know what they want—an education—and are trying to get it in an intelligent manner.

The newspapers, which mould the opinions of people, find nothing unusual in the more sober routine of a university. When the

bizarre is absent, there is no news. Let half a dozen students go out on a frolic at 2 a. m., however, and the reporters find good copy. That is the reason people get absurd notions of college life. The newspapers portray the frivolous, the merry-making side, as the continuous existence of the college man and woman. Professors come in for ridicule. The same papers that draw absurd word pictures of the professors fail to credit to them achievements in literature and science which they are eager to acknowledge as the work of men outside the shadow of the university. The college professor today, far from the newspaper picture, is not a bundle of idiosyncrasies.

College life is still the joke for cheap wit. The newspapers, which are largely responsible, hold nothing against the colleges, it is true; they merely admit they know how occasionally to make good reading out of them. Far be it from us to predict any change on their part in the immediate future. Those who are unacquainted with the real tenor of college life are most likely to get the truth through the urbanity and morality of students when they are away from their campuses.

MOLZ.

Looking back, it seems that only yesterday was January first. Yet already March greets

us on the calendar. And so it is. Today is gone; tomorrow THE CROWDING DAYS. rushes upon us as we speak. One day we have intentions; the next, completed work or unfilled promises that remind us of our failure. Tomorrow, when we are going to do great things, seems a long way off; "I will wait," say each of us. We place before ourselves imaginary obstacles. But tomorrow, when it comes, has merged in today. It is like our yesterdays, and so we put off our tasks again.

Youth is proverbially the optimist. The college man, because he is still preparing for life, thinks, too, in terms of the future. The morrow is more important than today because today he studies, tomorrow he acts. Well and good, if tomorrow he plays the part he has cast for himself in his own drama. If today he puts off learning, what then?

Looking back, it seems that only yesterday was January first. March greets us now. Tomorrow June will come. MOLZ.

There are a few little details about the running of the SCHOLASTIC to which we would draw your most valued attention.

First, for the benefit STOP—LOOK—LISTEN! of alumni, we should like to state again that it has been decided by the Association to send the magazine to every member. It so happens, however, that neither our records nor those of the Alumni are complete, so that we are undoubtedly sending bills to some who should get the SCHOLASTIC without being bothered with bills. If these will kindly return the statement, writing across it the word "Alumnus" with the year in which this great event occurred, our records can be changed and we can approach that condition of daylight which we so steadily long to arrive at. Now for the question of resident students. It has been determined to send a separate bill for the price of the SCHOLASTIC to every student's home address. This method was adopted because it seemed to meet best the circumstances of most students and because it was found to conform most satisfactorily with our own office system. We trust that this will meet the approval of all; exceptions will be given proper

attention upon receipt of a letter addressed to the SCHOLASTIC.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following verses, by men who knew him, together with one of his own, will serve to recall the memory of Stuart Carroll, journalist and Notre Dame man.

(Written in memory of Stuart H. Carroll by Walter Clements, 17.)

The telegraph keys click out the news,
The presses begin to hum,
The scribes in the sanctum invoke their muse
For words, but they will not come.
There's a catch in the newsies' voice tonight
As they cry their wares aloud,
For one who storied their young delight
Is wrapped in a snowy shroud.

The printers are busy at their trade,
But heavy their hearts and sore;
A desk is vacant where songs were made,
His verses they'll type no more.
Young soldier who sang war's lighter mood
To measures of marching men,
There's a gap in the ranks where once you
stood,
And the files won't fill again.

The telegraph keys click out the news
Of a day that's forever gone,
But your gallant deeds and happy muse
We'll keep, as you journey on.

TO STUART CARROLL '17.

"When I meet an N. D. fellow
As he pikes along the line,
I just wonder if his buddies
Are as loyal pals as mine;
Then the past seems kind of misty
But it seems to me as though
They are staying in the footsteps
Of the lads I used to know."

STUART CARROLL '17

When her old battalions gather
'Neath her dome, on campus green,
She will miss your eager laughter
From the ranks of 'Seventeen,
Seek in vain your rhymed devotion,
Turn to us and ask us how
We have kept our trust as "brothers
Of the lads you used to know."

And the burden of our answer
Is our plea that may acclaim
We have been as true as you have—
No more false,—to Notre Dame!
Then we'll kneel down by the grotto,
In the evening's fading glow,
With a prayer from reverent "brothers
Of the lads you used to know."

V. F. FAGAN, 1920.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

Some years ago a young man left his home in France, came to the Province of Quebec, worked on a farm, and during odd moments wrote a novel. This in itself is not so very singular; but since the accidental death of Louis Hemon—such was the young man's name—his story, *MARIA CHAPDELAINE*, has become notably famous. French criticism has found in it the "rare classic beauty" which belongs to accepted masterpieces, and an English translation by W. H. Blake, published by the Macmillans, is finding a large and discerning audience. No story could be more simple. Maria, a sterling French Canadian girl whose family has always lived close to the fringe of the north woods, is loved by Eutrope Gagnon, an honest, hard-working young neighbor with no romantic graces. It is to Francois Paradis, a voyageur gifted with the spirit of youth, that the girl's heart is given. But Paradis loses his way during a winter storm and Maria almost succumbs to the offer of Lorenzo Surprenant, who has migrated to the United States and become a successful artisan, to give her a life of ease and color. Maria however, decides to remain with her own folk and accepts Eutrope. So runs the story and its telling is as plain as its intrigue. What qualities in it have led critics to place Maria Chapdelaine confidently beside the great books?

To have fashioned a character that seems to grow with, out of, and above the details of a story that is rigidly true, and yet remains simple and universally appealing is Louis Hemon's title to remembrance. *MARIA CHAPDELAINE* is a little book about little things, dealing with a girl who suffers and is resigned, loves and accepts the smothering of her passion, almost as silently as the forests fill and are emptied of snow in her French Canadian land. The men and women about her, expecting nothing of life but duress and content to give a day's sweat for a day's living, are made to stand luminous with spiritual life against the sombre background. Those who know the French Canadian country will understand how careful of the truth Hemon is; and those who do not will find that he has seized, without recourse to any theory of art, upon the real in our common existence. His work, like his subject, is un-

modified by the outward influences of civilization, but glows at all times with a secure faith, heroically kept undimmed. *MARIA CHAPDELAINE* has that divine bitter-sweetness which is the flavor of life as carried on in the Catholic mood. By what strange Providence of literature did Hemon wander for a brief space into this lonely and beautiful land to set down a perfect record? That is a futile question; but surely we also shall make of this a book of treasure and to keep among the very best that have been written out of American life.

G. N. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Notre Dame, Ind., Feb. 4, 1922.

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Sir: In THE SCHOLASTIC of Feb. 4 there appeared an editorial by Mr. Ward on "Catholic Reading," which lays the blame for the lack of interest in Catholic literature in one big shapeless mass at the feet of the student. Mr. Ward made several worthy comments; but to my mind he failed to search for the roots of the lethargy.

When the average college student has finished with his text books for the day, he looks for the recreational reading found in contemporary fiction. Now and then he will delve into the depths of such authors as Newman. But literature of that nature lacks the entertainment which he seeks; as a consequence his travels into the greater yet deeper Catholic works are few and rather nugatory. What he does read is the fiction of popular authors—and there's the rub; for the popular authors are not Catholics.

The reason why Catholic authors do not enjoy widespread favor cannot be found by studying the public, for if a book contains the essence of popularity the people do not bother themselves with the creed of the author. The reason must be found either in Catholic writers themselves, or in the system of training them. I believe that the latter contains both the cause and the solution.

I venture no guess concerning that in which the system fails. But it does fail to produce popular Catholic authors. It is folly to argue that the public does not want virtuous, unblemished fiction—Protestant writers have disproven that theory. Why, then, should Catholic authors refrain from activity in a field almost missionary in its scope, yet enticing in its rewards? There is no answer, except that the Catholic student is not encouraged to write popular fiction. Not until he is trained in this field will his writings win the favor of the reading public; and then will Catholic principles be injected into the heart of America. Then, too, will Notre Dame students find their recreation in Catholic authors.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The College of Commerce will offer graduate courses next year, if fifteen applications for such work are received. The work contemplated will lead to the degree of Master of Commercial Science. Graduates in Commerce may complete this work in one year; graduates in other courses will be admitted to enroll for graduate study upon the completion of a year of prescribed foundation work in Commerce. Applications should be handed in before March 15, so that arrangements may be made for securing additional professors.

JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.,
Dean, College of Commerce.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Tim Galvin, Ph. B., '15, reviewed the Campus last Sunday.

Harold L. Dehner, B. S., '76, of Cascade, Iowa, is taking care of prospects for Notre Dame in that region.

Lenihan Lally, vocalist of 1921, until recently was carrying a principal part in the stage revival of Robin Hood. He is now in Chicago.

Aloysius Schmidt, Ph. B. in Commerce, 1921, was married to Miss Marcella Kuebler on the twenty-second of February. Mr. Schmidt is now working with the Kuebler & Co. Dry Goods Store of Decatur, Indiana.

More praise to our cheer leader; he saved the Library. Al Slaggert did the right thing again, if we dare contradict some students, when he discovered a fire in one of the rear rooms of the Library last Monday morning. The South Bend Fire Department put out the blaze, and all the while the sleepy students slept.

The Russian Soviet decision of the New York Court of Appeals written by the Hon. Victor Dowling, LL.D., '17, a few weeks ago enjoys the distinction of being the first of its kind handed down by an American court. In a very elaborate opinion Justice Dowling reviews the entire law on the subject. The case involves the recognition of the Russian

Soviet government's right to sue in American courts. The court held since there had been no official acknowledgment of the Russian government, there could be no jurisdiction of the person so as to maintain a suit.

Dillon Patterson, journalist of 1920, and virtuoso of the first water, has become connected with the Notre Dame Endowment Campaign. He is assistant to Al Ryan, also of '20 fame.

The SCHOLASTIC wishes to retract its statement concerning the marriage of Harold V. Whelan, old student of 1919-20. According to an authentic report, Harold is still single and is going to Constantinople. It is to be hoped that no readers will fall into the "post hoc" fallacy and draw unfair inferences about the lad from Idaho.

Mr. C. I. Krajewski, popular architect of the class of '16, has migrated from Chicago to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he is to join the firm of Damon, O'Meara and Hills, whose offices are situated at 19 East Mason Building. The firm specializes in church architecture, a matter to which "Casey" has long devoted his attention.

The 1922 Year Book of the United Press, which recently came to our attention, gives a prominent place to a picture of Paul R. Mallon, a student here in the Journalism School in 1919. Paul will be remembered by many students as a quiet, retiring sort of lad who was always ready to commend the ability of others and backward in expressing his own exceptional qualities as a gentleman and newspaper man par excellence. While at school Paul was a feature man on the *News-Times* staff. In 1919 he quietly packed his grip and with never a word to anyone slipped out of Notre Dame for New York. Today he holds one of the most responsible positions on the New York staff of the United Press. Paul "covered" all the New York angles of the Arbuckle case; Dempsey's training for the Carpentier fight, as well as the descriptive end of the fight itself, and his stories of the Army-Notre Dame, Army-Yale, and Army-Navy football games were flashed broadcast over the country. He served his apprenticeship on the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, where he handled all the big assignments.

HUGUENARD.

UNDER THE DOME.

Forty hours devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was held in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart during the fore part of the week. The devotions began with the students' Mass Sunday morning and closed Tuesday evening with Benediction.

At the students' Mass last Sunday morning, Father O'Hara announced the Lenten regulations. Every Wednesday evening during Lent there will be a sermon and Benediction in the church, and on Friday evenings the Way of the Cross will be held in the hall chapels. Mass will be heard every morning in the basement chapel at six, six-thirty, and seven o'clock to accommodate the increased number of communicants.

Until the heavy green drapes of Washington Hall draw slowly apart in the near future and reveal the immaculate presence of the Notre Dame Glee Club, the student body will be generally unaware of the excellence and versatility of this year's organization. The "Varsity Four" and the Glee Club Orchestra we have seen and remember vividly from the Blackstone vaudeville, but the delights of the organized whole we have yet to taste.

Elsewhere, however, our Glee Club has come and conquered. The hallowed halls of Mishawaka, Elkhart, Healthwin Hospital, Niles, St. Mary's, Grand Rapids and Laporte still reverberate with the applause given our youthful Carusos, Wagners and Paul White-men. Report unanimously has it that these concerts, sponsored in most cases by the local Knights of Columbus and followed usually by dancing, resulted in much praise from the audience and from the club for the entertainment each had received.

Under the direction of Professor Becker and headed by that worthy triumvirate, Messrs. Manion, Murphy and Foote, the Glee Club this year presents a program of varied appeal and universal excellence. A feature of the performance is the song, "Rouge Bouquet," Professor Becker's musical characterization of Joyce Kilmer's poem. Varieties such as the "Varsity Four," the Glee Club Orchestra, Frank Howland and his xylo-

phone, and Soloists Bowden and Furey round the program into an artistic whole.

On St. Patrick's Day, Valparaiso is to be honored, and an itinerary for Easter week including West Baden Springs, Washington, Indiana, Henderson, Kentucky, Evansville and Indianapolis has been arranged. Verily it is said that one is nowadays as proud to be a Glee-Clubber as in the days of Paul he was to be a Roman.

The St. Thomas Philosophy Society met in the Library last Tuesday evening to continue the discussion of spiritism and incidentally to consider the program for St. Thomas Day. Mr. William Donahue, C. S. C., contributed much to the information of his hearers by reading a paper in which he classified, analyzed, and explained the several phenomena which have lately caused so much discussion in the world and especially in the Society. Mr. Donahue was so well prepared for debate that not a difficulty was presented which he could not solve; even the psychic experiment performed by Mr. O'Hara with Mr. Hogan as subject was easily explained.

The exercises for St. Thomas Day, Tuesday, March 7th, were announced. In accordance with a University tradition, Juniors and Seniors who are taking the three-year course in philosophy will enjoy a complete holiday on that festive day of the lovers of wisdom. The following program has been arranged. Mass will be celebrated in Sorin Hall Chapel at ten o'clock in the morning. Father Irving, C. S. C., will preach the sermon. At eleven-thirty there will be an entertainment in the parlor of the Main Building, and at one o'clock a banquet will be served in the Junior Refectory. If you are a Junior or Senior, then, who is spending three years in the study of philosophy, remember that you are expected to attend the Mass and to be present at the entertainment, and that you are eligible for the banquet.

The current issue of *The Ecclesiastical Review* has an interesting and momentous article on "The Pastor and the Catholic Home Spirit," by the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., pastor of St. Joseph's church, South Bend, Indiana, and instructor of English at the University. Father Carroll directs his at-

tention to the apparent loss of the home spirit and delicately satirizes the boarding house spirit which has usurped its place. He points out the dangerous encroachments of governmental paternalism together with the resulting loss of individualism and usurpation of the rights of the home unit. His suggestion to pastors to have a course of Lenten sermons on the home spirit is one that could be followed with untold profit. We hope that this article will some day become a chapter of a book on the modern pastor, a subject for which Father Carroll is peculiarly fitted.

Mr. Robert McAuliffe, business manager of the South Bend *News-Times*, has been added to the journalist's faculty and is teaching "The Make-up of the Newspaper." On Tuesday afternoon the upper-classmen listened to Mr. Wm. W. Loomis lecture on the mistakes which newspaper men are likely to make. Mr. Loomis is a newspaperman from La Grange, Ill., and is the author of "Newspaper Law." Thursday afternoon there was a movie for journalists in Washington Hall, showing the make-up of a newspaper, featuring the *Detroit News* and the *Cincinnati Post*.

Brother Hugh, C. S. C., who has enjoyed the honor of seeing the "first robin" for the last decade, must bow this year before Pat Downey, supervisor of the Law Building. Pat's vulture eye did the trick early in the week, and to substantiate the fact, he caught the bird and offered it as the best evidence.

One of the most obvious indications of the success of Prof. Tiernan's *Conflict of Laws* has been the request of the publishers that he write another text, the subject to be chosen at his discretion. Prof. Tiernan, realizing the ever-growing importance of the law of principal and agent, and the lack of an appropriate book on the subject, has chosen Agency. He will begin immediately on this work.

"Gratis" was the password to gain admittance to the smoker given by the Chicago Club in Carroll Hall "Rec" room, Thursday evening, February 16. The "eats" and the entertainment which consisted of three fast

bouts, with Jimmy Kelly as master of ceremonies, and the College Melody Boys dispensing jazz, were free. Arrangements were made for the club's Easter informal in Chicago, John Stephan, president, appointing the following as heads of committees: E. F. Burke, J. C. Norton, J. R. Martin and T. J. Walsh.

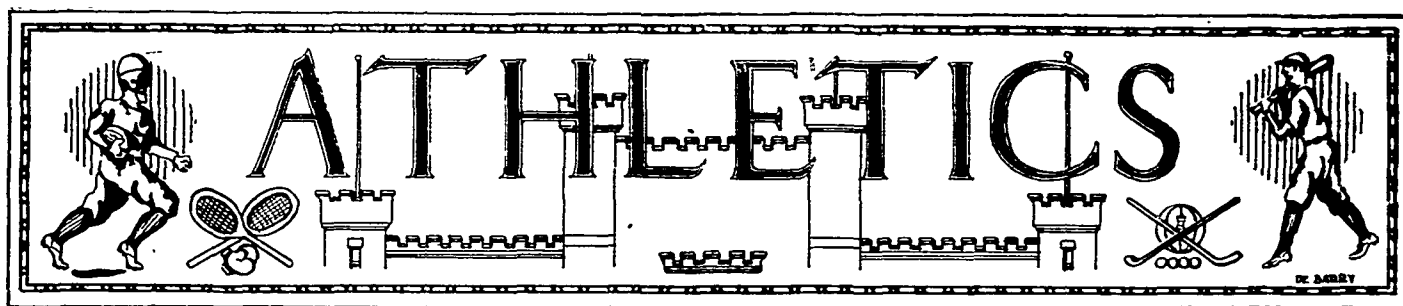
The Indianapolis Club (which Rob Rink terms one of the most popular clubs on the campus) is laying plans for an Easter Dance to be danced Easter Monday night. Two orchestras have been secured and the capital city men predict a good time for all those who are able to secure tickets. The admission pasteboards are being dispensed by Bruce Holmberg, Gene Fogarty, Rob Rink, Harold Watson and Alfred Noll.

"The best Sophomore Cotillion ever held at Notre Dame." That is the way everybody is speaking of the Annual Sophomore Cotillion which has held last Friday night at the Tribune Auditorium. This is indeed high praise; for if there has ever been an unsuccessful cotillion it must certainly have been held back in the dim past—beyond the memory of present Notre Dame men.

A large crowd of Sophomores and other upper classmen, with their ladies, many of whom were from other cities, filled the Auditorium and the music of Jordan's Louisville Orchestra would have been hard to improve upon. With this to start with it seems only reasonable that any Notre Dame dance would develop into a memorable affair. The sixth dance, a Ghost Feature, and the Mardi Gras number were probably the high spots of the evening. The programs were novel and the Auditorium itself was evidence of the painstaking work of the decorators, being transformed to such an extent that its atmosphere was distinctly "Blue and Gold."

The Indiana Intercollegiate Oratorical contest was held at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, on Friday evening, February 24. First place was awarded to Mr. Melvin James of Wabash College for his oration, "The New Frontier." Mr. James Hogan of Notre Dame University, speaking on "Saint Joan of Arc," received fourth place.

HAGAN-SHEA.



THE WEEK.

Spring football practice which begins at Notre Dame Monday, March 6, will be accompanied by the usual football lectures by which Coach Rockne demonstrates the general rudiments of the game and the peculiar applications which Notre Dame play makes of the principles. The lectures will continue as long as the spring football sessions are held outdoors.

At the conclusion of the spring season a double examination will be given to the griders in the form of a stiff scrimmage outdoors, and a mental quiz on the lectures which will be held in the classroom.

Baseball has taken over the practice hours of basketball in the gymnasium since the completion of the floor schedule last week. Coach Halas has arranged his men in shifts and every candidate is receiving proper attention during the conditioning period which consists of uniform exercises for men of all positions. Bunting and infield practice concluded the extent of the indoor work so far with the exception of light throwing for the pitchers.

The nine cripples in the track squad will be given a complete rest before any attempt is made to commence active workouts for the outdoor season which begins at the Drake Relays, April 29. The squad will make an attempt at that time to redeem an indoor season which was featured by more track injuries in two meets than the football team suffered in its eleven game schedule last fall. Capt. Murphy, Desch, Hayes, Kennedy, Barber and Montague, unavailable for various reasons at the present time, will be in shape for the April meetings.

The outdoor track schedule includes dual meets with Illinois and DePauw, the Indiana State meet, the Conference and National Intercollegiate gatherings of all-stars.

Hockey is dying a slow death. The campus rink was demolished last week and the team will lay away its skates following a two-day visit to Milwaukee where the Bob Druecker sextet will be met March 4 and 5. The team won eight consecutive college games and holds a strong claim on the western collegiate title. The freshman track team will clash with Kalamazoo varsity in the local gym Thursday, March 9.

OUR ILLS AND ILLINOIS.

The trailing jinx that has been entertaining itself with the personnel of the Notre Dame track team and interfering with the nervous systems of the entire school took a further toll at the Illinois dual meet last week by putting Gus Desch and John Montague out of, literally speaking, the running. When "it" got Gus it got the nucleus of the track team that had been left to us. We scored one point in the hurdles and dash and the relay was called off.

Illinois swamped us—80¾ to 18¾; but such a defeat failed to leave any sense of disaster because it was expected following the steady run of misfortune that has taken Wynne, Shaw, Murphy, Hayes, Desch, Montague, Disney and Barber away from the squad and has kept Paul Kennedy switching from the track to the infirmary.

In the spring, when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love—when nervous little sparrows return from the south—when automobiles shoot by in speedy silence—when the girls begin to infest the campus—possibly friend jinx will transfer his activities to these more favorable fields and permit Coach Rockne's proteges to win a meet or a championship, or at least be able to walk around without resembling a post of the G. A. R.

The Notre Dame men who did compete against the Illini performed true to form and

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LA SALLE

Illinois established six new field records. Baumer, Kennedy, Heffernan and Montague pursued the flying Illini with determination and made races out of the events if not victories. Eddie Hogan surprised the talent by copping second place in the high jump although he had never been touted as a leaper since entering the school two years ago. Cameron sprang into the limelight by tying with Hogan for first place in the pole vault—the only event in which he captured a first.

The injuries to Desch and Montague have reduced our entries in the Illinois Relays today to a medley team. The event will conclude the indoor season; and after a two months rest we hope to have the boys out there hitting 'em as in those halcyon days of yore.

The summaries:

Pole Vault—Cameron and Hogan, Notre Dame, tied for first; Mathias, McHoes and Collins, Illinois, and Hamill, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height—11 feet 6 inches.

75-Yard Dash—Ayers, Illinois, first; Nagle, Illinois, second; Brady, Notre Dame, third. Time—0:07 4-5.

75-Yard High Hurdles—Johnson, Illinois, first; S. H. Wallace, Illinois, second; H. S. Wallace, Illinois, third. Time—0:09 4-5.

One-Mile Run—McGinnis, Illinois, first; Patterson, Illinois, second; Dusenberry, Illinois, third. Time—4:26 2-5.

Shot Put—Cannon, Illinois, first; Flynn, Notre Dame, second; Lieb, Notre Dame, third. Distance—41 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

75-Yard Low Hurdles—H. S. Wallace, Illinois, first; Johnson, Illinois, second; S. H. Wallace, Illinois, third. Time—0:08 3-5.

High Jump—Osborn, Illinois, first; Hogan, Notre Dame, second; Kohlin, Notre Dame, third. Height—6 feet 4 inches. Record.

440-Yard Run—Fessenden, Illinois, first; Sweet, Illinois, second; Schlaprizzi, Illinois, third. Time—0:50 4-5. Record.

880-Yard Run—Yates, Illinois, first; Thrasher, Illinois, second; Bruington, Illinois, third. Time—1:58 4-5. Record.

Broad Jump—Osborne, Illinois, first; Johnson, Illinois, second; Brady, Notre Dame, third. Distance—22 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Two-Mile Run—Wharton, Illinois, first; Swanson, Illinois, second; Scott, Illinois, third. Time—9:39 1-5. Record.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

On the 24th of this month Texas University has a game scheduled with the Chicago White Sox who will be down that way on their training trip. The most interesting thing about the game will be the playing of the left fielder on the White Sox lineup, who is Bib Falk, an ex-varsity star from the University of Texas.

HOW TO MAKE A NEST EGG.

Chicken ranching is profitable in California. Students at Berkeley were suffering large losses in locker raids. The detectives got busy. Result: The locker looter was apprehended and admitted that he had been squandering his money on chickens (but not of the Follies type). It used to be, steal the chickens to get some food or raise some money but here it seems to be, steal the money to get the food to feed the chickens.

HONOR SYSTEM? OH MY, YES!

From a Colorado paper we glean the following information. At a certain Western University the honor system was submitted to the students for a popular vote. Argument pro and con was heated and vigorous. The final balloting showed that there were 536 for the system and 119 against—AND THE REGISTRAR STATES THAT THERE ARE 520 STUDENTS ENROLLED IN THE SCHOOL!

Leland Stanford University has a football stadium which has set a record for short-time erection and economy of construction. The stadium will seat 60,000 people, cost \$210,000 and was constructed in less than four months. In the first game played in the stadium the gate receipts paid for more than half of the construction bill after all expenses were deducted.

THE ETERNAL GALOSH.

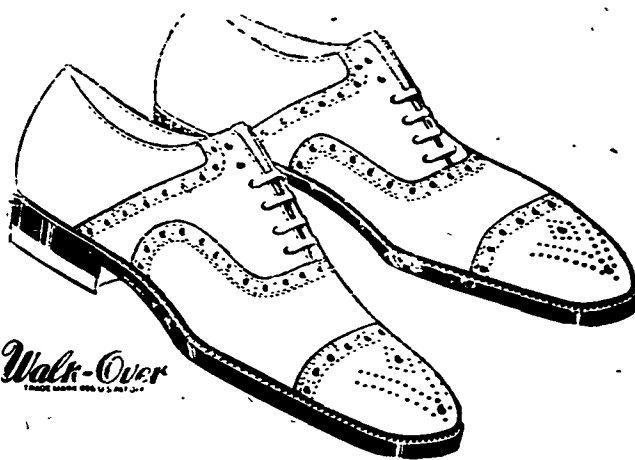
A very interesting announcement has been made at Ferris Institute. At the opening of the mid-winter term the faculty announced that no student will be allowed on the campus with her or his galoshes unbuckled!

The Greeks are bowling at Columbia. An Interfraternity League of bowlers has been formed and sixteen frats are entered. Now it was always our thought that the Greeks did all their bowling in restaurants but here we find that they go into an alley to do it.

LATEST FAD: GO TO SCHOOL WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

At the University of Kansas there is a peculiar situation. Father and daughter are both going to the same college together. Father was in the

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**GREAT
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TREAT!**

C32

Quartermaster Corps in the Big War and took advantage of the Vocational Education Law. He is a Major and is majoring in Law. His eldest daughter is a freshman. After father has put himself and his other four children through college he will have proved the statement that he is a soldier. His love of war will probably have abated after the four years of gruelling with the profs.

The down-trodden lawyers at Illinois are not allowed to put their feet on the law library tables any more and the scribes of the Daily Illini are sorrowing for the days when the bar-men used to chew blue-horse in class. We may join in the wail and bemoan the once glorious days of our own barristers something after this fashion, "Where, oh, where, are our little canes gone? Where, oh, where can they be?"

The battle-filled days of yore when Freshmen were the cats and the Sophomores were the kings, when the first-year men were but synonyms for worms and the second year were the pride and joy of the institution, the days when the "daylights" were cheerfully beaten out of the innocent Rhinie, those delightful days are no more on the campus of Rice Institute down in the Lone Star state. The student council has given its verdict and no longer will paddles and belts land forcefully on an area of tight-stretched pants. It is to weep.

IN SLEEPY NEW ENGLAND.

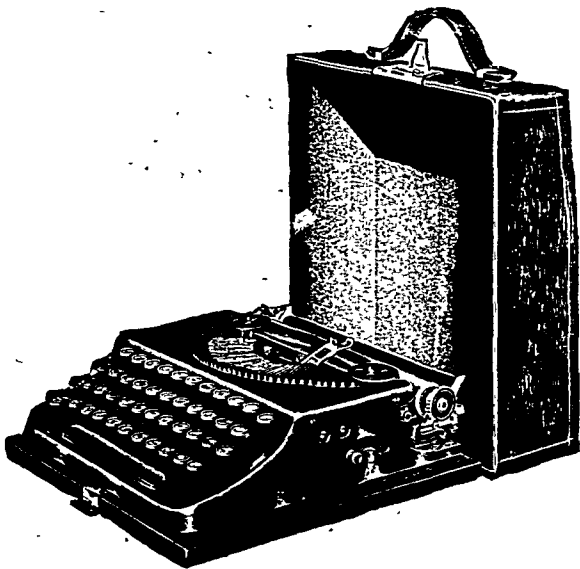
Willamette University Collegian recently conducted an investigation to determine the amount of time spent by students in doing their every-day tasks. Sleeping lead by a large margin, study was trailing second and eating and class were running neck and neck for third place. The ladies get one-half an hour more sleep per night than the men. This, we suppose, is explained by the fact that the men have a couple of miles to go after they leave the ladies' house?

The women of Northwestern University are doing handsomely with the rifles and are closely upon the heels of the men at the range. We have always contended that a woman marksman—and then lets Cupid shoot him.

THIS GIVES US A BRAIN STORM.

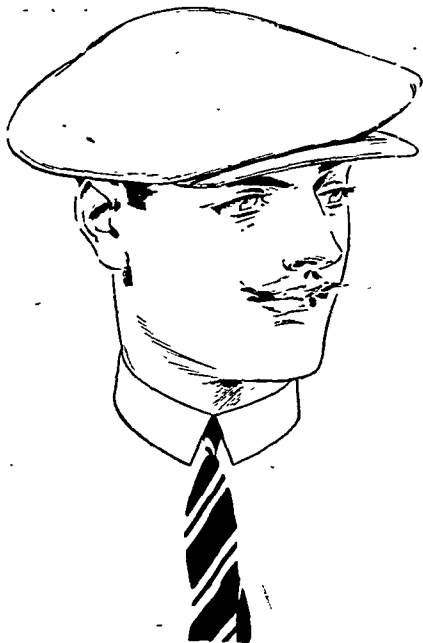
A reporter of the Oregon Daily Emerald recently walked into the psychology laboratory and asked the instructor to supply him with something to write about. The instructor did. Walking to an object which looked like a roll of jelly, he said, "This is a plethysmograph which records distention of the peripheral circulatory system in an uphosphistic tendency or a decrease in the case of disphoristic conditions." He continued in the same vein about sphygmomanometers, aesthesometers and pscendoscopes. We are not informed of the reporter's actions from that time on.

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