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CALENDAR

Monday, March 13—Red River expedition, 1864.

Tuesday, March 14—Newbern captured, 1862.

Veterans of Foreign Wars meet Walsh Hall, K.
of C. rooms, 7:45 p. m.

Bengalese Smoker in Gymnasium, 7:30 p. m., with
all-pro program.

Wednesday, March 15—Andrew Jackson born, 1767.

Thursday, March 16—Battle of Guilford, 1781.

Newman Travelogue, Switzerland, Washington
Hall, 8 p. m.

Friday, March 17—St. Patrick's Day.

Saturday, March 18—Grover Cleveland born, 1837.

Filipino Concert Troupe, Washington Hall,
8 p. m.

Sunday, March 19—St. Joseph.

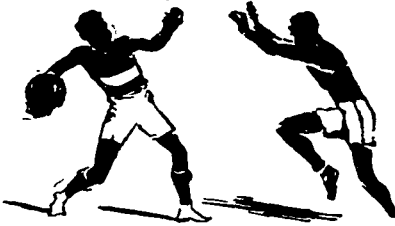
Sermon, "St. Joseph," by Rev. Joseph Burke,
C. S. C., in Church of Our Lady of the Sacred
Heart, 8 a. m.

Meeting of the Students Activities Committee,
10:30 o'clock.

Meeting of the SCHOLASTIC editorial board, 9:45
o'clock.

March is sometimes a lion but often a hare
As citizens of these portions may well be aware:—
But a "poem" can't be
Both a limerick and me,
And so I'll be a hare of a scare well aware.

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ON THE EMINENT CHRISTIAN DUTY OF GIVING ALMS.

DURING the season of Lent believing minds go naturally to that most beautiful chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians in which Saint Paul sets forth the exalted virtue of charity. "Charity never falleth away," he says; "whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed." Some years ago we heard a great deal about the inadequacy of charity. It was affirmed that what the world needed and craved was justice only—justice giving to every man born of woman reasonable recompense for his toil and freedom in which to live. There is something to be said for this point of view, of course, and the lover of mankind will always insist upon the fulfillment of legitimate aspirations. But these latter years have proved, as Saint Paul tells us the centuries must always prove, the supreme necessity for charity.

The break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for instance, was insisted upon and carried out by men of very good intentions. It was thought that here, if anywhere, opportunity existed for putting into practise the law that every nation shall determine its own form of government. Justice was the aim, but what has been the result? "The industrial life of the Central European nations," a writer in the *March Atlantic Monthly* tells us, "whatever there is of it, is unhealthy and insecure. Trading and manufacturing are impaired by the political customs barriers of the newly formed small states. A decent living is out of the question for the masses. There is every inducement for graft, corruption, and other forms of dishonesty, to which many must turn their wits for a living which is, in fact, semi-starv-

ation. Conditions get increasingly worse, and this winter will probably see them at their worst! and there seems to be no remedy for them. What will be the end?"

What indeed, unless Christian charity can once more reach the pinnacle of sacrifice and prevent the threatened holocaust from becoming a reality. Russia, which began its revolution proudly amid the acclamations of those people who deified justice, has well-nigh ended in a tragedy too horrible for even the ministrations of mercy. We shall never know the full story of that tremendous debacle in which, had it not been for the practical kindness of the surrounding world, millions of men must have perished. Armenia, too, upon the succor of which we have spent fortunes, is shrouded from our eyes by the veil of distance. Catastrophic as these woes are, they are scarcely greater than the wretchedness that clings universally to industrialism amongst us and all nations of the earth. Despite a great deal of superficial well-being the daily hymn of Christendom has become the *Dè Profundis*.

Every moment of the day brings us in contact with human misery and suffering, needless so often, which can only be alleviated by the hand that moves in response to the impulse of the heart. We are not speaking now of distress of spirit, or sickness of mind, which always requiring the therapeutics of sympathy, but only of those more material straits which can be made easier by the wise purse of the "friend of man." There are a million places where we can help; a thousand where we must help.

How necessary, therefore, is the observance of the blessed law of charity; how rigorously there rests upon us the duty of giving what we can, at the cost of pleasure, in the coin of sacrifice, with the straining of all that we have and are!

J. J. C.

TRY-OUTS.

In regard to employing college men, an employment manager of a large New York corporation states that he concerns himself not so much with the prospect's college accomplishments in their entirety, as with the particular things that he did which he "didn't have to do." The student's activity in athletics, debating, writing, dramatics, class politics and other activities where ambition, initiative and organizing ability are requisite, form the basis of this manager's estimate of the college graduate as a prospective employee. Such an opinion voiced by so prominent a man is proper food for thought on the part of the undergraduate.

Educators admit that in the majority of cases the first part of a college education must be "crammed down the throat" of the student. After a while the student grasps a relation between his studies, himself and the general scheme of things. At that point he performs not only those duties required of him but also shows an inclination to get into other activities as well. According to the New York manager the student reveals his real character at that moment of transition. He begins to find himself. Certainly, each individual cannot expect to win the first position, or even to place at all in many activities, but in trying out he is testing himself and discovering what he can do best. That activity in which he has the most aptitude he naturally follows and in many cases it becomes the means of choosing the work whereby he lives.

Making the team is a mark of great distinction among college men. Trying out for the team and making it requires more than mere physical qualification to play a particular game. The possession of physique sufficient to perform the mechanics of the game or mastery of the game itself does not insure the individual the coveted position. In order to "make the team" one must "make the coach" and "make the fellows" with whom he is to play.

Try-outs for debating are likewise interesting. The aspirant pictures himself talking eloquently to a spellbound audience. He draws a place in the last preliminary, congratulates himself for being so lucky and

goes away from the meeting mirthful about the director's very forceful admonition to "show up with a speech." About fifty per cent of the aspirants put in an appearance at their scheduled preliminary. The proposition looks easy. Two nights before his preliminary the ambitious one begins to write his speech. Argument after argument is written, but they fail to stand against even his own convictions. The aspirant grows weary and says, "What's the use?" The admonition to "show up with a speech" has a new significance. Then a fight begins within himself; a conflict between the forces of inertia and the forces of aspiration. He resolves to have a speech at any cost. After his elimination, when he compares what he has done with his previous estimate of his power to do, the chasm between them has a sobering effect. Relativity then possessed a tangible meaning to him. He had never realized the importance of what one thinks and the manner in which one expresses the thought. Proper preparation for any task has an increased value in his estimation.

The tryouts continue—writing, dramatics, music, politics, etc. Each tryout gives to the individual contact with a variety of interests and a new group of acquaintances. Each new acquaintance is the source of fresh ideas. New ideas and an enlarged vision form a plane of sympathy broad enough to include the other man's point of view.

The college recruit has an individuality that may be likened to Cinderella's slipper. He finds that he has some sort of personality, and endeavors to fit it to all the attractive activities of college life. After some disappointment on his part as well as a drawing out of his talents his personality fits some phase of life and that particular aspect becomes the object of his hopes and ambitions.

In the processes of trying out you find yourself and also lose yourself: you find yourself insofar as you gain a proper conception of your capacities; after getting the proper estimate of your powers you lose yourself in striving to attain those qualities which make up the universal personality.

If you would know yourself, try out for something; if you desire to forget yourself, do likewise.

JOHN HIGGINS.

ON NONSENSE, TRUE AND FALSE.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

Emerson has said that "in skating over thin ice our safety is our speed." In treating of a subject such as this it would appear at first glance that the ice is, indeed, very thin. But on further examination we discover that the ice will not only bear the weight of a skater, but will also allow him to cut capers and figures, and jump and slide, without the least evidence of a crack. Therefore the speed of which Emerson speaks is scarcely required. But let the skater be careful (this is a self-warning) lest in his confidence he try some fancy strokes which will bring his feet up and his head down. Furthermore, the spectator should remember that if the fall comes, the calamity is due, not to any imperfections of the ice, but to those of the skater.

"Nonsense," says G. K. Chesterton, "is not only stronger than sense, but stronger than the senses. The idea in a man's head can eclipse the eyes in his head."

In my opinion Mr. Chesterton is so far the intellectual superior of the average of mankind, that when a lowly student has the presumption to comment on his work he is in imminent danger of a bad fall, resulting from the very dizziness of the heights to which he aspires. If this, then, is to be my fate, I shall not grieve—to forestall a well-meant attempt because of possible failure is but one form of true nonsense.

We have all heard sound, logical statements; and we have all at some time or other heard these statements answered by a laconic, "Nonsense!" But how many of us have realized that such a reply, unsupported by proof, is an admission that the laconic individual is unable to recognize sense when he hear it? To say "Nonsense" to everything that displeases you may serve as an admirable introduction to a process of reasoning which follows, but by itself it is apt to prove a virulent boomerang. It is like sitting down on a park bench and shouting "Idiot!" at every passerby who does not do likewise. In this case it is very apparent who the idiot would be.

To my mind there are two classes of non-

sense—one a blessing, the other a bane. And if only the power of genius can produce great literature, then surely only a genius of a special sort can bring forth great nonsense of the first kind. An example, though a mediocre one, is the following:

"The night was growing cold
As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold;
And her shoes were full of feet."

I admit having laughed heartily over that, and over many other such scraps of facetiousness. But why not? If everything were meant to serve a high and noble purpose, why must we be confronted with the exquisite literary perfection of "Snappy Stories"? If periodicals of that kind afforded us a wholesome laugh, there might be a shred of excuse for their existence. But as they stand they are as conducive to good as the pest-bearing swamps from which they sprang.

A healthy laugh at something funny is a heaven-sent bit of happiness—it seems to strike a resonant chord in our very nature. If there lives a man who does not feel the least interior giggle on reading "Some Verses to Snaix," he should hie his way into the wilderness accompanied by a library of telephone directories. For laughter makes humanity human, and gives the serious side of man the opportunity of preserving solemnity for the right occasion. Take away laughter and smiles and Notre Dame would resemble nothing so much as a school of monkeys. Yet nonsense often puts the gladness in smiles; and the merriment in laughter; it is indispensable, for it brings relaxation and restored good feeling—it is a cooling shower after a hot run.

The second type of nonsense, which is fraught with carelessness and inadvertence, is quite common among college men. I should lack any understanding of justice if I did not advance the opinion that the college student of today exposes, not only the best in nonsense, but also the worst. Give him credit for his clever humor and mirthful sketches; but at the foot of the column make a deduction for the nonsensical things which bring no good and much harm. It appears, for instance, to be considered quite proper

for a hilarious crowd of college celebrators to wreck a street car now and then; though of course all this is done in a manner most refined and courteous, even the conductor being allowed to remain on the car, provided he also is refined and courteous. Undoubtedly such generous condescension on the part of the students is praiseworthy—only a law-abiding cynic who has been mauled in the fracas would deny that. But, truly, there is no rose without a thorn.

My main point regarding nonsense is summarized in Mr. Chesterton's statement: "Nonsense is stronger than sense." That does not necessarily mean it is more true, nor more sensible, than sense; but it does mean that many times when sense has no power of impression, nonsense can turn the trick with a deep and permanent dent. That fact is similar to the odd way in which a thing is often entirely lost to view at the very moment at which it is most apparent. Witness the manner in which a dear old lady will upset a household in a vain search for her glasses, only to discover finally that the illusive spectacles have been perched upon her nose all the while.

In a similar manner reason and sense are sometimes too close to us to be seen—like a man's neck, which he himself cannot perceive except by reflection. Let a person close his eyes, then lead him right up next to the Woolworth Building, until his eyes are not more than three or four inches from it. If that person then opens his eyes, he will not be able to distinguish whether the building is a stone quarry or a garden wall, even though he is enjoying an exceedingly close view of the structure. Thus it often is with facts and ideas; plain sense is apt to shove them straight into our face, where they are imperceptible; but nonsense removes them to a little pedestal where we can unknowingly view them, and study them. I say unknowingly because it is in that way that a great deal of our knowledge is attained, and our ideas born. And it would seem that human nature prefers it so—I have in mind a student who goes to sleep at the very mention of the word "honesty," yet will enjoy a play at which the moral "Honesty is the best policy" is unconsciously yet indelibly impressed upon him. How true it is that we like to

perceive our ideas in an attractive form. We dread taking them unless they are covered with sugar and washed down with a Coca-Cola; and since this is so, why find fault with human nature when the remedy is at hand? For nonsense presents sense in an attractive, digestible, and nutritive form—it serves as a malted milk in which a yeast tablet is dissolved.

Herriman's screaming creation, "Krazy Kat" would probably be called the most nonsensical of nonsense; if that is so, then it is a pity we have not more nonsense, and a little less of the inspired sense of H. G. Wells. Since this dissertation attempts to present a few thoughts on nonsense, it is most appropriate to here mention Mr. Wells. His novels are above my feeble criticism; but as a reporter Mr. Wells is a splendid futurist painter. His deep-seated prejudices and scepticism fit him for an international correspondent in much the same manner as W. J. Bryan is fitted for a bootlegger. In short, Mr. Wells is quite adept at clothing nonsense in the sophisticated garments of wisdom.

On the other hand, neither Krazy Kat nor Ignatz have ever posed as personifiers of sagacity. Yet there is a moral in every brick that Ignatz flings, and food for thought in every star that Krazy Kat sees thereby. The lesson need not be sought through intensive study—it silently steals into our minds as we chuckle at the absurdity of the cat and mouse. The world would most certainly not suffer from a little more of Krazy Kat's supreme optimism, even though it entailed the presence of some of Ignatz's desultory, good-natured pessimism.

In my mind there is a clear picture of the scene created by Columbus' embarkation for the "end of the world." Three neat little ships are moored just off a sunny beach, which is crowded with gaudy figures. There are the sailors, looking shoreward with a doubtful, longing gaze, as if it were the last time they would behold their friends and relatives; of the latter, some are meditating, some are only crying; a swarthy, dark-browed don exclaims in disgust, "That fool Columbus!" as his wife bows her head to hide the tears from the smiling sun. She is thinking of the two brave sons whom she

has raised to manhood with tender, loving care—only to see them snatched into the cadaverous whirlpool of a fool's idea. And in her heart, as in the hearts of all, a buzzing clamor whirls, and roars incessantly: "It is nonsense, nonsense, nonsense!"

Yet Columbus did not fail; the idea in his head eclipsed the eyes in his head—folly overthrew judgment. And so the world goes on learning—even Columbus could learn if he were with us today; but there was one thing that the Discoverer of America knew well, and in the future may we acquire the knowledge too: that all is not nonsense which appears absurd.

WANDERLUST.

J. R. SHERIFF.

With it we are all too familiar; for who of us, I wonder, has not, at one time or another, felt the burning fever of restlessness surge through his veins? Perhaps we, no matter how graciously fate has blessed us, can attribute this common trait of human dissatisfaction to the fall of our first father, Adam, who, the Bible tells us, as a result of his unconquerable curiosity and disobedience, was banished from the gates of Paradise to roam for the remainder of a weary life in lasting anxiety and discontent.

The first in time and the first in influence upon the mind, is that of nature. Wanderlust is but the beckon of this nature urging us to burst the shackles that bind to overly monotonous habits to seek rest, perhaps, in the incensed winds of the Orient or the fathomless purple of a Venetian night. How stirring are the first signs of spring! Nature at this time is just awakening from her blanketed slumber and in the warmth of balmy sunbeams sends forth a myriad of fragrant little blossoms; bids the trees clothe themselves in their gaudy gowns of green and the birds to return and charm the perfumed air with liquid notes of joy; then it is that restlessness entices a wearied mind into the fairy realms of Imagination.

The moon descending her stair-case of clouds, it is said, enters into the chamber of the new-born child and whispers into his dreams: "Thou shalt love all that loves me,

the vast shores of a distant sea, the place thou shalt never be in and the woman thou shalt never know." Those of us thus blessed or cursed at our nativity, nostalgic and fanciful dreams will forever haunt.

What a delightful world this would be without the entangled web of human moods! But as no air pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither shall there ever be a perfect blending of emotions. They must always be mixed; for shall we not admit that there are traits of character worthy of admiration even in our most bitter enemy and, sad though it may seem, can we not detect little frailties in the sweet personage of an adored fiancée? In our dreams, however, we find that perfection so lacking in flesh and blood. To these little restless moods of wanderlust, leading us as they do to picture the perfect, must go, perhaps, in no small measure, an appreciation of the hereafter, the complete perfection of heaven and the magnificence of its Maker.

There are certain peoples more susceptible to the ravages of this lust for roving. Look to those warm-blooded countries where nature's beauties are not dimmed in the dusty scramble for gold; there see the creations resultant from an amplitude of imagination. Cold-hearted, narrow minded we business-intoxicated Americans are; our works in literature, in art and in institutions abound in reeking conventionalities and hackneyed form. We are slow in finding that the most beautiful of man-made things are always the fruits of unburdened minds wandering in the search for perfection.

To those of us not fortunate enough to possess romantic blood, wanderlust with its influence stimulates and invigorates, constantly spurring us on toward our goal in life. Often times the rumble of traffic on sweltering pavements; the scrambling mobs in pursuit of elusive dollars; those roaring machines with sinews of brass and fevered hearts of steam and steel everywhere belching forth their blackened breath into the clear blue skies above, sicken us of our surroundings and set us weaving dreams on the magic loom of Imagination.

Where the body cannot go the mind will venture.

The tired father, sitting before his fire in

the dusk of evening, throws aside the crime-laden columns of a city paper, lights his pipe and settling back a little farther into the soft depths of a favorite chair, gazes fixedly into the glowing coals; his thoughts are far, far away from that little house on Sycamore street. Quietly along the reedy shore of a northern lake his paddle breaks the placid ripples; a cast amid the lily pads near that half-sunken log—a strike—and then after anxious moments replete with many thrills, his aquatic majesty lies vanquished but still raising his shining sides in feeble attempts for freedom. In fancy he can taste the fish baked in an open fire and flavored with balsam or the green boughs of pine. Such are the dreams of wanderlust that fight the boredom of daily routine, giving renewed hopes so very essential in the pursuit of all success.

Wanderlust—may its fancies long enchant us!

PREMONITION.

J. C. RYAN.

It is night. . . . night on a battlefield. A large lustrous sombre moon looks down, but not upon a silent scene. The business of war is being carried on. Great flashes of light shatter the darkness of the war-scarred plains, and the earth shudders under the might of terrific machines. Their roar is tremendous. In the trenches, men work feverishly at their seemingly endless labor. Lurking over it all, is the ghastly shadow of Death. Far out in that hellish area called "No Man's Land," a boy lies dying. For long agonizing minutes he has been there, or has it been hours? He is semi-conscious, and he awaits help. Time passes, oh so slowly. The trembling earth pains his feverish body, and the white flashes weary his already tired eyes. He is sick of it all. Why doesn't help come? Maybe. . . . maybe it won't come. He forces the thought away, but it recurs and absorbs his mind. The waiting becomes unbearable. He feels weaker and his sight is less distinct. Too late now for help and he knows it. The horrors of modern warfare rage on and a homesick boy thinks of a girl who is waiting for him at home. He com-

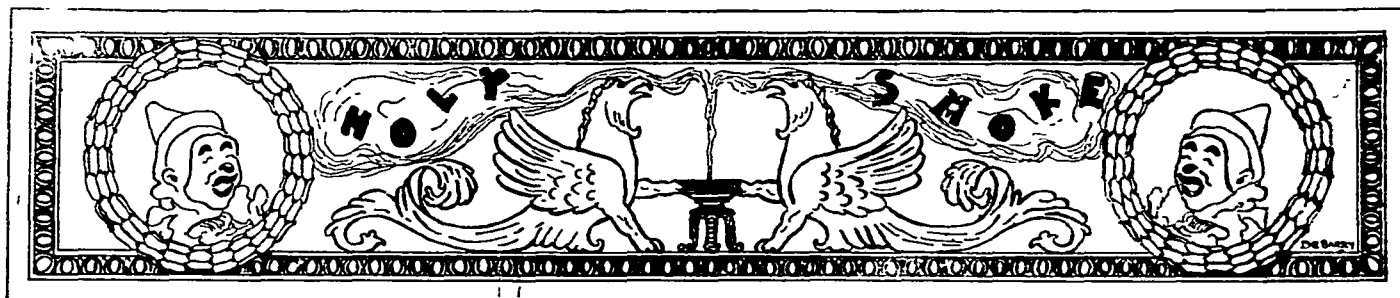
mits himself to God and waits for the end.

High cypress trees sway with the late afternoon breeze and an inclining weeping-willow bends at the wind's advance. Winding through the low Alabama fields, a clear brook wends a path to greater streams. The water trickles gently. Under a glorious magnolia, a tiny nook conceals itself from the other beauty spots of a Southern estate. In this nook a girl sits, knitting. Knitting for the soldiers, for it is wartime. And as she knits, dream-fancies come, and she seems to see him near her, as in the day before he went away. His smiling countenance fills her vision. The sun declines and Southern twilight sets in. But the girl knits and dreams. Two boys are passing on the other side of the nook and their voices break the reverie. Only a few words of their talk reach her ears, but these are enough. "New casualty list. . . . two boys from town." In a flash she knows. Dropping her knitting, she sinks back into the arbor seat. She can hardly think; the dreadfulness of the news stuns her. The dreams of years are shattered now, and what remains? Nothing. It is becoming darker and the birds have gone to slumber. The brook trickles on, its bubbling the only sound of the summer evening. A few magnolia blossoms fall. But the girl remains motionless. They will come soon to tell her of his death, and they will try to comfort her. But he is gone. That is all. . . . A luminous full moon begins to appear and night settles over the land. The quiet of the nook is in harmony with her sorrow. Someone is coming now. Why must anyone come? She knows.

TO A MOUNTAIN POND.

You lie so placid and so cool,
As gentle ripples stir your breast;
So snugly, cozily at rest
Between two hillocks, little pool.
At last I know I am a fool
To waste my years against life's test,
So far away from what is best
In nature's omnipresent rule.

H. M.



Said Doughie Dobb, the Baker's Ace: "The nicest way I've found to make a jelly-roll is this; just make it nice and round."

The near-saxophone player
Next door
Is puzzled.
He is to play
At a concert
Next week,
And he wants to have
His picture taken,
And someone suggested
To him
That he get
The picture taken
Before he plays
The concert.

Dear Holy Smoke: What is the best way to make oneself slim? Does walking help?
Answer: Why, cor-set does.

"I know that Mike must have a clean mind."
"Why so?"
"He changes it so much."

Fresh: 'Dja get by in German.
Green: . No, I got caught.

She stepped into a phone booth
And she rang and rang and rang.
But she received no answer
So with a muttered "Dang"
She left the booth and her thoughts
Had best remain unsung.
But it was really her own fault;
Her hands were what she wrung.

COLLEGE LIFE IN CUBIST FORM.

Got an eight o'clock?—Wonder if he saw me—
Swell game—Gimme a nickel, I hate to break this
dollar—not prepared—no, but she was a swell
dancer—go easy, he's watching—Orpheum, no
classes this afternoon—quiz today—missed break-
fast—Oliver lobby—get her phone number?—
Juggler's out—got any ink?—game tonight—next
quarter I'm going to WORK.

THE ADVERTISING LATIN VERSE.

U-Need-a Shaw-knit beller Tauro.
Carona klearflax samico,
Arcola relax Omar knark.
Fisk mavis skookum Pebeco.
Lux maddock kardix Presto-lite
Quay-morris pheonix resinole.
Linoleum Madza justo-lite.
Tak-hom-a tarvia daval.

Fresh: Jim is certainly taking up a stiff subject
this year.

Soph: What is it?

Fresh: Undertaking.

"—and believe me I don't make no fool of myself."
"Ya, but a lot of other people do."

Beech: What would you call a girl if you once
lost her and then found her again.

Nut: I'd say she was a re-fined girl.

It is said that almost all the co-ed colleges in
this land are opposed to disarmament.

A bold bad bandit mouse
Once chanced upon a house
Where the woman's club did sup,
And said, "Now put 'em up."

A Hill street conductor says that Notre Dame stu-
dents do not believe in fare methods.

Soph: So you were to a movie this afternoon.
What was the name of it?

Fresh: I think it was called the Matinee.

"My, what a striking looking young man."

"Yes, he is a striking looking young man. He
is Jack Dempsey."

I. Kno Witt says: "Many people are filled with
the milk of human kindness, but others are full of
cheese."

Jack: How would you ask a girl to dance?

Jill: It depends upon the girl you ask.

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic Board of Editors

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VOL.
LV.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victurus.
Vincit Quasi Cras Meriturus*

No.
21

The time has come when you can buy, the mail-order way, anything from a Ford to a patent remedy to cure little Tommy's colic.

The latest specialty MAIL-ORDER ORATORY. is oratory. Enterprising firms now offer to

prepare speeches for bank presidents, city council members, mayors, salesmen, Rotary club secretaries, school superintendents or any others who desire to say something without knowing just what that something is. Modestly and ungrammatically, the circular of one of these firms insists that "everyone of our speeches is so arranged that any person may deliver them." Pitiful salesman-ship!

Back in Athens one may find precedent for ready-made speeches. Lysias has left speeches which he prepared and sold to all kinds of persons, from crippled war veterans applying for pensions to senators prosecuting grain profiteers. There was no secrecy about the business, however; nor was it conducted mail-order style. Lysias studied his subject, then wrote a speech to fit the personality. In those days, the men who wrote speeches constituted a profession.

Mail-order oratory would not have been taken more seriously in Athens than it will be taken in twentieth century America. Standardization of thought is close enough. It is not necessary to bring it nearer through the establishment of mills for turn-

ing out ready-made speeches. Speech-making is apt to be bad enough without putting it into a stereotype cast. Mail-order commerce can more appropriately be confined to the buying and selling of useful articles like tooth paste and shoe polish.

MOLZ.

Spring, that annual house cleaning time, is upon us. It is the season when the busy housewife commences to take up carpets and shift furniture to get at the accumulation of dirt. But not only for the housewife with her domain is it a time of renovation; for all of us it is a time of spiritual carpet beating.

Knowing the weaknesses of her children, the Church has set aside the Lenten season for us to dig into the dark corners of our mental house and bring to light the dirty little deeds and omissions that have been overlooked during the rush and bustle of a year spent in worldly business. She, the Church, does not leave it to us to set our own time, knowing full well that we are prone to postpone these unpleasant jobs.

What satisfaction there is in being able to present an immaculate conscience, only the good housewife knows after she is able to survey the results of laborious scrubbing and polishing. Well can we play the scrub woman on our own soul castle and anticipate the reward of a work well done.

Then, spick and span, we can start out on the journey of a new year as a ship slipping forth from dry dock with sails trimmed, barnacles scraped and deck holystoned. It is joy commensurate with the labor.

ROBT. O'RIORDAN.

This is a hard-boiled age. People disregard everybody except themselves. They grow self-centered, callous, egotistic. They destroy their emotions, lose their imaginations. If you're not hard-boiled you are out-of-date.

It has remained for college students to admit the necessity of being hard-boiled. Heretofore, it was a fad; now it becomes a necessity. Realizing the exact requirements of the times, students at Chicago have organized the "Five-Minute Egg Club." The name signifies, of course, the degree to which they are hard-boiled. Woe to the community that houses a "thirty-minute egg" club!

The immediate reason for the organization of the "Five-Minute Egg Club" at Chicago appears to have been the increasing mannishness of women students at the university. For instance, they smoke, wear knickerbockers, play pool and mix cocktails of bootleg whiskey and orange juice. They have fixed new standards for the feminine. These are hard-boiled standards.

The boys who inhabit fraternity houses at Chicago naturally shrink from being feminine. They are hard-boiled, you know. Previously they had been only moderately hard-boiled; now they are ultra hard. They were three-minute eggs. When they were compelled to share a place with the women in the three-minute class, they became five-minute eggs.

Being hard-boiled implies trying to be harder than anyone else. That is where so many of the neophytes fail. The Chicago students hope to succeed, but trying to keep ahead of the women is a hard task these days. The men set an ambitious pace; the women try to keep up. The race to see who can be the hardest-boiled egg soon becomes a fool's carnival.

MOLZ.

Thoughts are the results of thinking.

IN MEMORIAM.

The condolences of the University are extended to Mr. Daniel O'Connor, '06 and family, on the death of Mrs. O'Connor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Notre Dame, Indiana, March 7, 1922.

To the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

Dear Mr. Editor: I have read with keen relish the letter of Mr. Harry A. McGuire in last week's SCHOLASTIC. That sane philosopher, Mr. McGuire, is to be commended for his dispassionate writing and for the fact that he is not ashamed or afraid to sign his article. I have not at hand the original with which Mr. McGuire would take issue, but I feel that I know the purport of it. My interest, however, and my sympathy lie rather with the field opened up by the several significant remarks made by Mr. McGuire, and I beg some little space to enlarge upon them.

Mr. McGuire very properly, I think, shifts the burden of blame for the conceded neglect of Catholic reading, from the shoulders of the student; and just as properly he fixes that burden upon the scrawny shoulders of Catholic literature itself. His assigning of causes is something after this fashion: the Catholic student reads popular authors; but "the popular authors are not Catholics." Ergo.

Now let me say that we all deprecate the fact that the student, who has little leisure for fiction, should spend most of that precious time in browsing over the light and innutritious provender of modern magazine lore. But here as everywhere we must deal with things, not as we might like to see them, but just as in practice we do stumble upon them. Yet what we here deplore is that, when the student becomes nauseated on the garbage that is too often shovelled to him he can not fly from it to vast and lavish fields of wholesome ailments. It is no strange thing that the children should clamor for bread and even for cake; but it is mightily strange and monstrous that the mothers should refuse them the cake and even the bread, and yet should bewail the fact that the children manage somehow to survive upon the bread and cake made and broken for them by foreign hands, as though indeed the children must not eat.

The reason why there is not a large and up-to-the-minute Catholic literature is perhaps deep-rooted; in fact, I think it is; at least the plain truth is that some reason or body of reasons has for centuries held the Catholic pen spellbound. Pick up, if you will, the least prejudiced history of English and American Literature, and run through the centuries since the English tongue was in the making; count on the fingers of one hand the great Catholic authors, and see how you exhaust the sources. Pick

up, not the best sellers, but the present-day novels and short stories which bear some promise of long life, and see how few, how very few, are the notable productions by Catholic authors. If as a student I want to read a good short-story or a good novel, I scarcely know to which Catholic author I might reasonably turn: and the short-story and the novel are distinctively the types of the literature which is being read today, and which consequently are doing something toward moulding men's minds and hearts.

And yet Catholic thought and belief and life can, as everyone knows, be wrought into literature as into any other art. Catholic literature is, of course, not necessarily or even advisedly brass-band propaganda and bombast; it is, for all that, most substantial propaganda. Catholic literature, as any Catholic art, is, I take it, that which exudes with all naturalness from the Catholic mind and heart. Is such art an impossibility? Fortunately, even in literature, a few striking examples prove that it is not. Literary men, for instance, are fairly well agreed that Dante, a Catholic, is the supreme literary artist of all time. Yet the author of a textbook used here in the University goes out of his way to state explicitly that the religion of which the "Divine Comedy" "is the monument has fallen into disbelief." In our own times, too, a half dozen or so clear-voiced Catholic authors—most of them converts to the Faith—are listened to, and listened to with respect. We need others, scores of them, to sing in that same glorious strain; we need Catholic men and women to dispel, by their writings as by their lives, the shadows which have settled down upon so many a sincere mind. Just as Scholastic Philosophy, as reanimated by Pope Leo XIII., and championed by a large and lovable man, whom even in his lifetime all even-minded persons venerated, is regaining the favor it ever should have held; just as Catholic social ethics, as sanely and timely applied by the organizers of the Welfare Council, is taking the breath quite out of standpat objectors to our Faith, so too must a distinct and voluminous Catholic literature second the work of those laudable movements, aid in teaching that the Church is not dead but indeed liveth, and—surely not its least service—fructify the Catholic reader's leisure hours, so long made barren, or worse than barren, by the stacks of non-Catholic fiction with which the Catholic student is hedged in. The field in fact is yet "missionary in its scope."

I hope I am not unduly a pessimist, a reactionist, or a revolutionist. I don't want to be any of those terrifying things. I would like nevertheless to interest some capable men, and even provoke discussion among them on this very topic, which to me and to those whom I have consulted appears so eminently worth while and so vital. I am convinced that there are here at the University men and young men who could profitably and not too inconveniently sift this matter, and, from a local point of view, do something to rectify it.

Sincerely,

R. O. DEWAL, '23.

BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION.

Notre Dame's well-known reputation for winning debates is being valiantly upheld this year by two strong teams. Ever since participation in inter-collegiate debates was instituted here in 1899, defeat has been an almost unknown visitor to Notre Dame teams. This season was begun on March 3 with a double victory.

The question selected by Indiana colleges this year is "Resolved, That the principle of the closed shop is justifiable." The affirmative side is being defended by Frank Cavanaugh, Mark Nolan, and Vincent Engels, with Frank Drummey as alternate. This team made its first appearance of the year in Washington Hall against Valparaiso University and won by a unanimous decision. The debate was very interesting, and the close logic, sound reasoning, and excellent delivery of the Notre Dame speakers made them certain winners in the opinions of both audience and judges.

The speakers on the negative team are Joseph Rhomberg, Raymond Gallagher, and James Hogan, with Casimir Witucki as alternate. While the affirmative team was debating at home, these men were in Crawfordsville, Ind., proving to the debaters of Wabash College that closed shops are not justifiable. They were successful in doing this, and won the debate by a two to one vote. This victory meant much to the Notre Dame team, for Wabash has long been a leader in debate in Indiana, and this year they had an exceptionally strong team.

On St. Patrick's Day the negative team will meet Indiana University here, and the affirmative team will go to Indianapolis to debate against Indiana Central College. Colby College, of Waterville, Me., is sending a team on a tour of Middle-Western colleges and will meet our affirmative team here on March 23.

Arrangements are being made with Ohio State and with Wisconsin University, but as yet these dates are not definite. The present schedule, however, permits the student body to hear both Notre Dame teams. And although there were plenty of seats in Washington Hall at the Valparaiso debate, there is undoubtedly a greater interest being taken in such affairs by the students.

Much credit must be given to Father William A. Bolger, C. S. C., for the success of Notre Dame's debating teams, past and present. For twelve years Father Bolger has coached our debaters with the greatest success, and to him more than to any other man does Notre Dame owe her long string of victories in debates. Under his training have been developed men who now appear in public life, debating and orating as he taught them. He accompanied the negative team to Wabash, and, as one of the men said, who couldn't win with Father Bolger there?

C. J. H.

THOMISTS AND EPICURES.

Last Tuesday, the feast day of St. Thomas Aquinas, patrons of philosophers, was fittingly observed at Notre Dame. The traditional tribute to the greatest exponent of scholasticism is part of the University's effort to maintain the interest of the students in the great Philosophy of the Schools and to show the importance which it attaches to it as a preparation for a good Christian life—but never before have the exercises of the day revealed a greater appreciation on the part of the students of that most important subject. More than a hundred Juniors and Seniors attended a Mass in Corby Hall Chapel at ten o'clock, an entertainment in the university parlors at eleven-thirty, and a banquet in the college refectory at one o'clock marked the day. The entire celebration reflected the greatness of Notre Dame as a philosophical stronghold.

After the Mass in Corby Hall, which was celebrated by the Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., a short sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Irvin, C. S. C. He reviewed briefly the life of the great saint and traced through it his two outstanding virtues, wisdom and modesty.

Mr. Lightfoot commenced the entertainment in the parlors by a clever impersonation of a negro preacher. When he had preached his "sermon" on the text of Old Mother Hubbard, the Varsity Quartet (Messrs. Manion, Mudd, Fischer, and Raub) sang several well-applauded songs and the Glee Club Orchestra (Messrs. Toth, Gallagher, Harding and Unger), played long and

merrily. Following the social affair Mr. Raymond Gallagher was elected president of the St. Thomas Philosophical Society for the ensuing year and Mr. Thomas Brennan, C. S. C., was chosen secretary-treasurer. Dr. Charles Mercier concluded the program with a speech in which he explained the personality of St. Thomas and told of his powerful influence on the world today.

The banquet was served at one o'clock in the junior refectory. The Rev. Dr. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., spoke immediately afterward on the importance of Scholastic Philosophy in combating prevalent social and moral evils and on the work of the St. Thomas Philosophy Society.

K. A.

OURSELVES.

At their last business meeting the Knights of Columbus transacted what Lecturer Barnhart of Marion, Ohio, calls the most important piece of business since the organization of the council. In the meeting articles of incorporation were passed creating a permanent board of seven trustees who are to have complete charge of the council building fund. The business session closed with the appointment of Degnan to the position of Grand Concertmaster of the council.

The two latest features at Washington Hall were the Alaskan Travelogue of Newman and the picture, "Mid-Channel," featuring Clara Kimball Young. Mid-Channel was easily the best of the motion pictures shown here this season and is based upon the book by Arthur Wing Pinero. While the story is slightly overdrawn it is admirably suited as a vehicle for this favorite emotional actress.

Newman's Travelogue is probably the most interesting educational feature which appears in Washington Hall. The excellent scenes shown are alone sufficient to constitute an entertaining and instructive travelogue, but added to this was Newman's characteristically pleasing discussion and explanation which is far above the ordinary run of travel talks.

Junior Dome enthusiasts gathered twice

during last week to consider the new Dome constitution which has been drawn up by the ever-active S. A. C. The new plans call for a gradual conversion of the Dome into a Junior year book, and next year's Seniors voted almost unanimously to cooperate with next year's Juniors in the production of the book. Standardization of the Senior pin was also favored in the class vote.

Fifteen years apprenticeship in life chasing news and a dollar or two, is the path to success or mediocrity at the age of 45, for the young man in journalism, said McCready Huston, associate editor of the *South Bend Tribune*, in his talk to the Scribblers, newly donned name of the Writers Club. He spoke in Kable's banquet hall on Tuesday evening, preceded by Louis Bruggner, who prefaced sonnets and rondeaus with an *Apologia pro Poetry Sua* in which he outlined the ideals he means to observe in his musings. Mr. Bruggner was followed by Ray Cunningham, artist and writer, with an essay, "Flat on the Back." J. Randolph Adams, of the *Tribune*, and general publicity man of the university, introduced Mr. Huston, and said that Mr. Huston was editorial writer of the *Tribune*, regular contributor to *Life*, and writer for *Judge*, *Colliers*, and other publications. A sketch by Mr. Huston appears in the current *Juggler*. Mr. Huston prophesied the passing of the present fad of morbid realism as written by Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Benet, Hergesheimer in *Cytherea*, and others, to come about within a few years. His words were illustrated from his own experiences, sketching early attempts of modern writers to achieve success, and advising means of improving work done. His injunction in short, was that repeated by all writers, the single rule: Write and read.

"Engraving" was the subject chosen by Mr. Olsen of the Olsen-Roth Co., of South Bend, in talking to the Palette Club at the "smoker" held in the Carroll Rec room last Tuesday evening. The last part of the meeting consisted of sandwiches and dancing. Harry Flannery led the grand march.

Newman's Travelogue on the Canadian

Rockies was the chief of the Washington Hall pictorial attractions of last week. The Rockies and the Selkirks, which like a symphony of nature hold us spellbound" have many scenes of unusual beauty and grandeur which are unknown to most Americans. Mr. Newman lectures most interestingly on his subjects, and will return again this week.

The inquiring reporter secured from Secretary Barnhart of Marion, Ohio, the information that the Players' Club is working on several plays which may be presented at Notre Dame during the local theatrical season. "The Man on the Kerb" is an intensely dramatic play which calls forth the best work of Lightfoot and McGinnis, the well-known stars. In "Miss Civilization" Gerald Howland, '25, takes the leading part of Alice, while B. B. Vogle, Francis Zeller, and George LeSage act most desperately as burglars who enter the home of a wealthy citizen on the night after Christmas. This play is one of the most amusing which the players have attempted thus far. The cast is being selected for the initial rehearsals of "Peaceful Valley," which will be produced as a Knights of Columbus benefit show early in May.

The Official U. S. War Films, showing the American troops in action in France were exhibited Monday night to a big audience, a large proportion of which was composed of Notre Dame's many ex-service men. Corporal Ingleson, an official photographer who was attached to the Signal Corps, explained parts of the film and pointed out various interesting features which would escape the attention of the uninitiated. A feature of the corporal's remarks was the "Hebrew 30-2" story, which was introduced locally by Pio Montenegro.

Annually for several decades the birthday of a well-known priest has been celebrated with extra food in the refectory, a large cake on the head table, and other evidences of Notre Dame's good will to the venerable Father Timothy Maher, C. S. C., who on the third of this month celebrated his ninety-first birthday. At the age of twenty Father Maher emigrated from Tipperary County to America, and arrived at Notre Dame in 1856.

For twenty-five years Father Maher held the position of secretary and treasurer of the University, and for twenty-seven years he was postmaster of Notre Dame. His zealous work was an important factor in the reconstruction of the University after the second fire.

The skillful work of their experienced stage manager, Frank Kelly, was the first bit of artistry displayed by our own Players' Club on their St. Mary's tour Tuesday night. The second bit came in the opening play, "The Man on the Kerb," in which R. Edwin Lightfoot and Frank McGinnis with great fortitude resisted the temptations which beset the poverty-stricken. The resisters were followed by Alfonso Scott and Cliff Randall in the locally famous sketch, "One Man, One Girl, One Word, One Moon." Four first year men gave the dramatic outlook at the University a bright aspect by their work in "Miss Civilization," which was written by the late Richard Harding Davis. "The Clod" concluded the program and was highly successful, due largely to the fact that the cup broke at the proper moment and the stove remained in a perpendicular position. The costuming of the players was especially good, and for this the club is indebted to the Ellsworth Store and Alfred J. Klingel Company of South Bend. The College Melody Boys harmonized between acts and their efforts were greatly appreciated by the audience. Bernard B. Foley and John R. Flynn were Notre Dame representatives at the performance.

Sixty-six percent of the students of the University of Notre Dame spent last summer vacation working and 70 per cent of those who worked saved amounts varying from \$10 to \$1,000, according to a survey recently made among the students. Nineteen students saved \$300 or more while the vast majority saved between \$50 and \$200. Of the 30 per cent who saved nothing, many stated that their work was for their parents who took care of their expenses but gave them no fixed wages.

A similar survey made last year showed that 73 per cent of the students worked and the falling off this year seems to be accounted

for by the statement frequently found that work was not available. The work done by the students showed great variety. There were day laborers, section hands, lumberjacks, seamen, waiters at summer resorts, ushers in theaters, chauffeurs, automobile mechanics, blacksmiths, clerks in stores and offices, stenographers, private secretaries, business men, and newspaper reporters. One student saved \$450 as a linotype operator, and another made a commission of \$1,000 on a successful business deal.

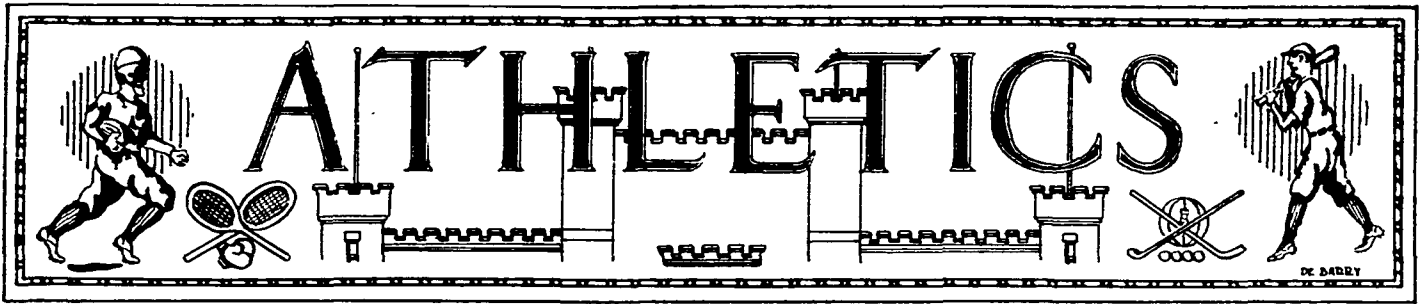
The investigation which brought this information to light was part of a religious survey conducted annually by the university for the purpose of determining certain pertinent facts in the religious life of the students. A close study has been made of the vacation period in order to determine its influence on the student's conduct and views of life, and the university authorities are making an effort to instill into the minds of students the idea that a habit of saving is an important part of character development.

One of every four men at the University of Notre Dame is working his way through school according to reports of the university employment bureau. Two hundred and ten men are working as waiters in the refectory, as library clerks, as secretaries, as office men, as book store clerks, as prefects, as janitors, etc., while other men, who are not considered in the report, are also earning parts of their expenses. These latter are waiters in city restaurants, clerks in stores, reporters for newspapers, etc.

The Oklahoma Club is also preparing for a "banquet in the near future." The majority of the members convened in the Library last Monday evening, talked matters over, and came to the conclusion that a committee should be appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The banquet, which will perhaps be given a week or so after Easter, is expected to aid considerably in making the Club one of the permanent and useful organizations on the campus.

FLANNERY-HOGAN.

The University Librarian announces the gift by Rev. Stewart P. McDonnell, of Chicago, a copy of Hutton's *Newman*.



UNDER THE BASKET.

Notre Dame, 21	De Pauw, 47.
Notre Dame, 33	Armour, 17.
Notre Dame, 16	Northwestern, 18.
Notre Dame, 38	Illinois, 49.
Notre Dame, 27	Illinois, 40.
Notre Dame, 21	Butler, 37.
Notre Dame, 30	Kalamazoo, 41.
Notre Dame, 23	Butler, 28.
Notre Dame, 25	Creighton, 23.
Notre Dame, 25	Creighton, 27.
Notre Dame, 44	Armour, 18.
Notre Dame, 31	Michigan Aggies, 22.
Notre Dame, 25	Wabash, 27.
Notre Dame, 32	Columbia, 20.
Notre Dame, 30	Northwestern, 20.
Notre Dame, 14	Kalamazoo, 23.
Notre Dame, 24	De Pauw, 45.
Notre Dame, 27	Wabash, 38

Monogram members of the Notre Dame basketball squad celebrated the end of a remarkable season by electing Micky Kane, the scrappy little forward, captain for the coming year. The election followed a dinner to the team which was given by Coach Walter Halas at his home.

"Micky" has served two splendid years for the gold and blue. In the season just past, his services were indispensable. The more formidable the foe, the harder "Micky" fought, and his captaincy is a well deserved recognition. He has made his mark in football and baseball, also. In the latter game he is supreme at third base. Although last spring marked his first season in varsity baseball, he became recognized as one of the best third basemen in collegiate circles.

But to return to our remarkable basketball season. It was a remarkable season in more than one way. From start to finish, Coach Halas was confronted with serious difficulties, and no sooner had he disposed of one than another bobbed up. In the first place, he was forced to delay the start of the training season because a number of his men were playing with the football squad. Finally, however, all chances for a post-season football game were disposed of, and Coach Rockne released the men for basketball training. This did not occur until the day before the pre-vacation basketball trip had been scheduled to begin. With his poorly prepared team, Halas made the trip, and succeeded in winning one game out of three, losing one to Northwestern by one basket.

Harry Mehre had broken an arm in almost the first basketball workout of the year, and he was not available until late in January. By that time, the coach had had the opportunity to develop the team play, and prospects for the remainder of the season were bright, indeed. Armour Tech was defeated by a tremendous score, and then came the catastrophe. Three regular members of the squad were declared ineligible because of participation in a professional football game. The outlook was discouraging, to say the very least. With characteristic energy, however, Halas whipped a team together within two days that was good enough to defeat the Michigan Aggies, one of the fastest quintets in the middle west.

The Wabash game was approaching. Prophets confidently expected the gold and blue to lose by a humiliating score. Notre Dame had other ideas, however, and when the game was played, almost a thousand rooters crowded the sidelines to give one of the finest demonstrations that has ever been tendered a basketball team. The men fought desperately, and although the "Little Giants"

were much superior in playing ability, they were held to a two point victory. And throughout the rest of the schedule the men maintained that fighting spirit, winning several games over opponents who knew more about the game of basketball, but who could not cope with our spirit.

CROSSING THE STICKS.

Notre Dame's 1922 hockey squad have laid their sticks and skates away until another winter rolls around. The Campus rink, scene of some of their decisive victories, has faded away before the onslaughts of warmer weather and a crew of carpenters. The sight of ambitious Badinites throwing a base ball near the Library warns us that Spring is at hand, and thus endeth the hockey season.

It was the most successful in the hockey history of Notre Dame.

Captain "Spike" Flinn's ice warriors bow off the stage with the title of Western Champions theirs after a summing up of their and other teams' efforts during the late season.

While Notre Dame did not meet all the teams in the West, the fact still remains that they are the only undefeated college sextette, and a team which they conquered—Michigan College of Mines—was obliging enough (and also good enough) to defeat the only other strong contenders, namely St. Thomas College and the University of Minnesota.

Hockey as a sport "caught on" with the student body of the University from the very start, when Father Cunningham's team swamped Culver early in the season here at Notre Dame.

Poor ice marred the Canadian Club game, in which the team met its only defeat and for this reason the game was not so much from the spectators' viewpoint, but a perfect playing surface greeted the teams for the University of Michigan battle here in February, and the largest crowd of the season saw the Fighting Irish puck chasers show their real wares against stiff opposition.

Of the several games played in other cities, all of which were close, the two victories over Michigan College of Mines were the most prized and at the same time the hardest fought. In both of these contests Notre Dame showed the qualities which mark a real championship team, for although the first game was merely a demonstration of their superior class, the second was a tribute to their gameness. They out gamed the Miners in an overtime period to win by a 2-1 score.

Although all the snow is not yet gone and Spring has not yet really arrived, the powers that be in hockey circles are laying plans for a real triumph on the ice next season.

Every man on the squad will be back in harness again, with whatever additions next year's registration brings. This insures an even better team for 1923.

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\$25, \$30, \$35

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ETHEL CLAYTON

"Exit the Vamp"

Conway Tearle

"A Wide Open Town"

Thomas Meighan

"A Prince There Was"

Charles Dickens'

"Our Mutual Friends"

LA SALLE

An Eastern trip, in which the best hockey squads which that effete district boasts, will be encountered, is in the making, while the Western Championship will in all likelihood also find a resting place here again.

GILCHRIST.

THE ILLINOIS RELAYS.

The story of the Illinois relays, from the Notre Dame point of view, need not take up a great deal of space. Eddie Hogan got a point in the pole-vault, and in doing so distinguished himself. The squad that left South Bend for the nicely chalked soil of the Urbana gym was about the most seriously crippled outfit that was ever asked to represent the Gold and Blue. Everything that can happen to a track team, even in the twentieth century, had happened; and the men who made the trip distinguished themselves by going into the fray gamely and offering grim opposition. Every one of them deserves to be remembered for the determination he manifested.

These games, as is the general rule with them, brought out much exceptional talent of various sorts. Records were shattered and other records were established. It begins to look as if track were going to become the favorite sport of Ajaxes and Hector of unusual eminence. Formerly running, jumping and wrestling, with all sorts of similar cavortings, seemed to provide a splendid opportunity for the average man to get into athletics. It may still be so. Coach Rockne, at all events, is carefully grooming every handsome beginner and is gradually rounding out several interesting chaps. We hope that when the outdoor season comes into view, Notre Dame will be represented by fleet-footed Apollos galore.

The coming week does not offer much in the way of novelty excepting a brace of interhall track meets that ought to furnish clever entertainment for the E. S. B. With the coming of spring the average student is sure to repeat the question: "What's going to be done about tennis courts?" We sincerely hope it will be something, because tennis is more or less everybody's game, and everybody can't get on two courts in the gymnasium.

THOMPSON.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT.

William Kemp of Columbia University has been a student there for eighty-two semesters. He is sixty years old and forty-one of these he has been a student. Kemp has taken practically every course in the college but he still plods on. The degrees behind his name would fill an ordinary calling card and the last degree to be added was a "D. P. M." or a Doctor of Perpetual Motion conferred by his classmates. There is a rumor to the effect that Kemp was not studious when a youth and his uncle willed him a sum of money which would be paid in regular installments as long as he stayed in college.

The Phoenix of the University of Chicago published an interesting list of figures lately showing that university men spend \$175,000 for dances, \$66,000 for books, \$323,000 for suits and overcoats, \$10,000 for hats, \$50,000 for candy, \$66,000 for gasoline, \$42,000 for cigarettes, \$10,000 for theatres and \$8,663 for cosmetics. Questionnaires were sent out by the editors of the paper and these figures compiled from the answers.

A number of students acted very strangely on the campus of the University of Idaho not far in the past. They wore derby hats, ties made of shoe-strings and very very loudly spotted collars and carried enormous clothing boxes. Their movements were peculiar; between buildings they always ran as fast as possible. Yes, it was initiation day.

IMPOSTORS.

Many students at Michigan find it impossible to get positions in the town because there have been a number of men lately declaring themselves to be college students who have taken most of the available positions. On investigation it was found that these men had no connection with the university.

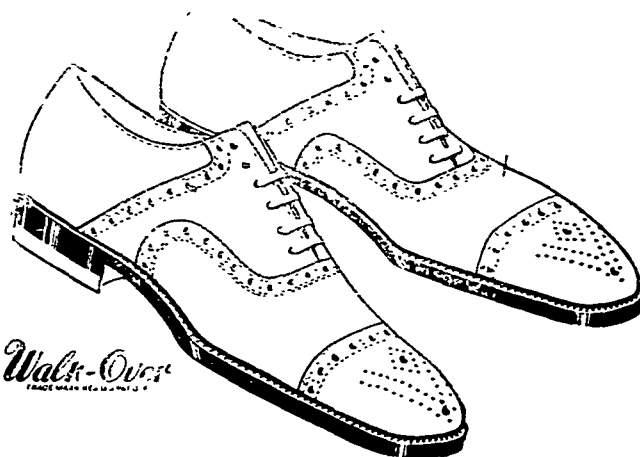
The Thespians of Ohio State University are in for a real trip. They are to take their play "Many Moons" to the Panama Canal Zone. The Scarlet Mask is the name of the dramatic organization and the cast of "Many Moons" numbers forty-two.

The Princeton chapel which burned down two years ago is to be replaced. The replacing structure is to cost over a million dollars and shall really be a cathedral in size.

THE U. OF I.'S HARD TIMES DANCE.

The University of Idaho Muckers Club gave a tough house dance. "Stag" shirts but not stags were in order. Those who were well dressed and the unfortunate stags were given very harsh treatment by the Muckers in charge.

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GREAT 5¢ TREAT!

C32

The Co-s and the Co-eds of Northwestern are again persecuted. The young ladies can no longer show that they are engaged. When the ban was placed upon engagement rings the flappers showed their ingenuity and devised this one. A girl who was engaged was to wear her galoshes buckled-up and those who were unattached were to leave 'em flap. The young ladies are again defeated. In the modern list of the ten commandments issued by the justice of the peace in Evanston, the first commandment is that no one shall wear sloppy (i. e. un-buckled) slushers.

Up in Oregon the colleges are already conducting "off-the-grass" campaigns. A foot-print expert on the staff of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* discovered bicycle, horse and faculty tracks on the soft mud of the campus. It might be well for the students of Notre Dame to begin now and keep their campus beautiful.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THIS ???

The *Columbia Spectator* states: "Last week went by without a newspaper reporting some new fad being instigated by the students at Northwestern University. The police are working on the case." Surely the *Spectator* is not so rash as to say the *Chicago* police are working!

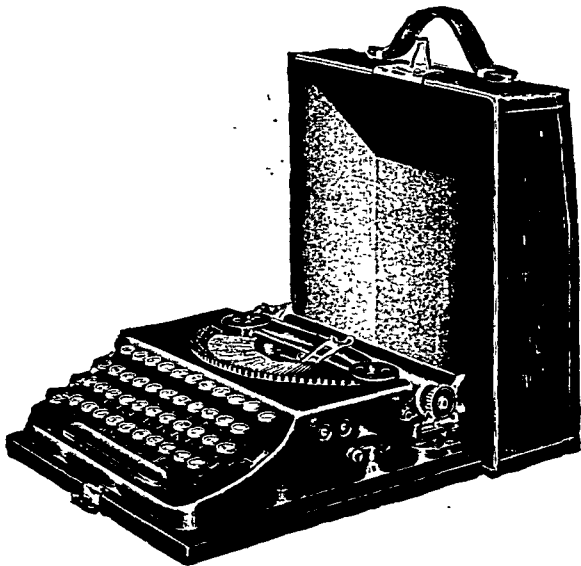
The Freshment at Wellesley College all received a coat of nose paint recently. The Sophomores decided that the yearlings were carrying their noses too high and therefore forced them to wear a strip of green crepe on their proboscis for a day. The next day the noses were again normally powdered and pink. One thing remains to be explained. If crepe was used why wasn't it black?

THIS MAN DESERVES COMMENDATION.

Crip Tomey of the University of California and a star on the diamond and gridiron is out of college athletics due to professionalism. He volunteered the information that he had played in a professional game at Exeter for the American Legion. He literally signed his own athletic death-warrant.

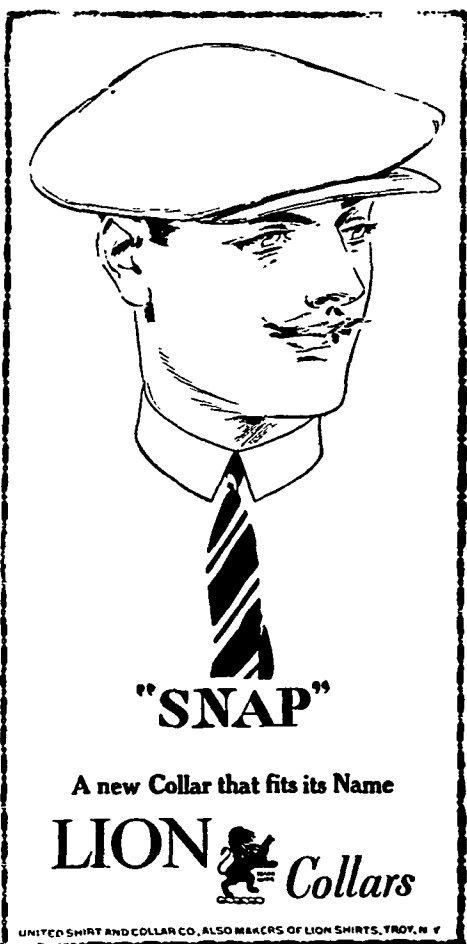
The Freshmen at Columbia decided recently to have a "big party." The Sophomores decided that they should not. Result: Ten men in jail. The party was to be given over on Long Island and fifty Sophomores stood in the way of one hundred and fifty Freshmen. The police were called and badly battered up; the fire department was called out and the hose turned on the mob; the inn was turned upside down. If one does not consider these minor details, it was a very nice party indeed.

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