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CALENDAR

Monday, March 20—Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727.

Tuesday, March 21—Bank of New York incorporated, 1791.

Wednesday, March 22—Stamp act signed, 1765.

Thursday, March 23—Patrick Henry makes the Liberty or Death speech, 1775.

Newman Travelogue, last of series, Switzerland, Washington Hall, 8 p. m.

Friday, March 24—Rhode Island purchased from the Indians, 1636.

Saturday, March 25—Hudson River discovered, 1609.

Feast of the Annunciation. All are expected to make the Easter duty.

Martino Concert Co., Washington Hall, 8 p. m.

Sunday, March 26—No buns and coffee in Notre Dame refectory, for breakfast, 1904.

"The Catholic Sense," by Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C., sermon in Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, 8:15 a. m. (Exposition.)

Meeting of the SCHOLASTIC board of editors.

Meeting of the Students Activities Committee.

'Tis the season when dear Brother Flo

Is always on the jump and the go,

For the ladies will hike

To see the Van Dyck,

And Flo must blow, don't you know?

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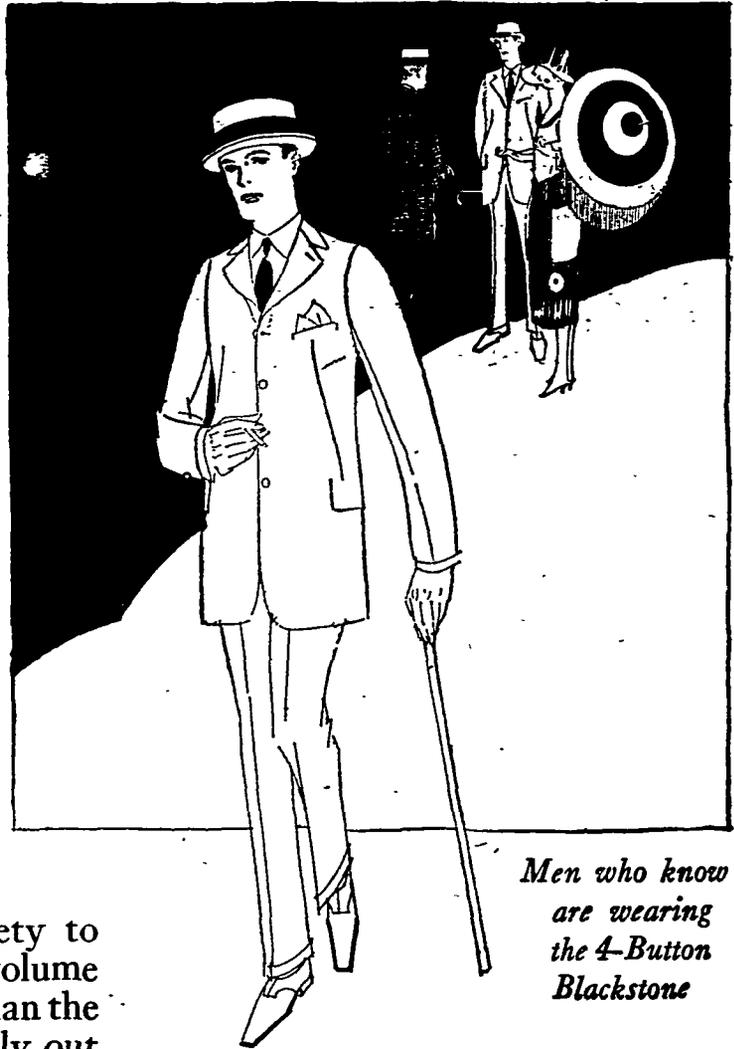
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The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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March 18, 1922

No. 22

YOUR CAMPUS AND MINE.

Poor Brother Philip! What trials the old brother bears with resignation! The other day a thawing sun and a balmy breeze presaged the timid approaches of spring. But an even surer token of the new season was the reckless abandon with which a number of fellows were batting a baseball, and still others were taking immense satisfaction from gouging clumps of turf by means of a brassie. Here and there were crowds standing around absent-mindedly digging their heels in the softened turf. We wonder what thoughts entered Brother Philip's head as he stood silently by and saw the labors of a lifetime jeopardized in such a manner.

One student was heard to remark, "It will be spring now as soon as the SCHOLASTIC prints its annual editorial about keeping off the grass." It is quite true that in former years unthinking students suffering from the premature ravages of spring fever have wandered across the campus and have left proof of their footprints in an occasional path. It is also equally true that editorials have appeared urging this practice to be stopped, and that such journalistic endeavor was not in vain. This year the situation is far worse.

When we look out upon the campus and see the thousand and one paths leading from every nook

and corner, we get an impression not unlike that given by observation of the most grotesque patch-quilt. Self-preservation is nature's first law, and students, to prove that they are not violators at least of this law, absolutely refuse to take unnecessary steps to reach the buildings in which they have classes. The result is that from every residence hall innumerable paths, in fanlike formation, lead to class buildings. Where these ways intersect, there is enough mud present to furnish an ideal Paradise for the porker.

And yet, the outlaw paths are not the only abuse. The roads amply wide enough for the ordinarily reasonable tourist are far too narrow for the class of chauffeurs and chauffeuses that infests Notre Dame's highways. Around the entire quadrangle are wretched ruts cutting deep into the lawns and giving indisputable proof of conduct,



KEEP IT LIKE THIS.

which if malicious amounts to vandalism, or if negligent shows mental incompetency on the part of the driver.

Another form of campus disease is the youth who cannot wait a few weeks until the grass has gained new life before he takes his daily exercise. His constitutional usually consists of playfully disgorging hunks of sod while attempting to develop his golfing eye or manifesting his ability as a future Babe Ruth.

The steps taken by the S. A. C. during the past week cannot be too highly recommended. The observation of campus rules should be not only suggested to but physically enforced upon the stoically obstinate. It is true that the buildings of Notre Dame are not the most imposing of their type, but her campus beauty is second to none. It cannot long remain that way, however, if we allow galoshes to trespass it at will; if we tolerate hare-brained automobilists to use it for a turn-table; if we smile condescendingly at the student carrying a golf club or a baseball bat.

There is only one remedy for the peril and that is almost too obvious to need mentioning. Let every student regard the campus as his individual property and let him take care of it as such. Let him protect it as faithfully as he would his most treasured possession and let him never hesitate to rebuke, kindly or if necessary otherwise, anyone who would mutilate it out of pure vandalism or laziness.

A. E. H.

THE MODEST MULE.

For generations divers birds have flapped and flitted about in the realms of literature.

Some of these birds, because of characteristic propensities, have become symbols of certain things. The American eagle represents the speed with which money travels. The dove, with its frayed and drooping wings, suggests peace, as it might have been—and as it probably will be. The bee that has diverted many a young man's fancy from its natural course in the spring time, is made an object of emulation. The owl that hangs on a limb while college boys play poker, is counted wise.

Animals have also won the plaudits and

praises of men. The horse has pranced and capered about in the Hall of Fame since the erection of that edifice. The lion, as always, frisks his tail complacently while basking in the sunlight of public admiration. He is thought of in conjunction with strength and collar advertisements. The world has deemed it fitting to dub him King of Beasts. Even the poodle dog, despite his apparent insignificance, has become a symbol—of small families.

Birds, beasts, insects, and other creepin', crawlin' things have been admired, praised and in turn eulogized by man.

Yet the mule with his humble modesty, his lack of ostentation, his simplicity and his perseverance, is only the object of contumely.

The mule is as peaceful as the dove, until some one ruffles his philosophic calm. He is less given to skittishness than the horse, and his bearing is always more thoughtful and sober than that of the horse. While the mule provokes general laughter at the circus, the elephant gets the peanuts. It is an historical fact that no one has ever offered the mule a peanut. The lion is admired for his strength, yet anyone who has been kicked by a mule will surely maintain that a mule has more strength in his left hind leg than the lion has in his whole body.

Many people manifest their feelings toward the horse by stroking him on the neck. Feelings toward the mule are usually manifested by strokes applied to more remote parts with a barrel stave.

The indifference toward the mule has sinister causes. Maybe his lack of vanity is one of the causes.

At one time a certain political party adopted the mule as its emblem. Some might contend that the mule's disfavor started at that time.

The mule was so popular with the Hebrews of old that it was a common sight to see him ambulating through the thoroughfares of Jerusalem, bedecked in purple. The modern Hebrew in his shining limousine, glides past the mule seemingly oblivious.

Yet despite the opprobrium of which all mules have been made the object, there is one member of the mule family that bids fair to retrieve the family name,

R. E. LIGHTFOOT.

THE SCARLET WORM OF DEATH.

EDWIN MURPHY.

As I pass the empty hours that precede my doom, there is no remorse or contrition I can feel upon pondering the details of my crime. I confess—nay, I proclaim,—I murdered the monster in cold blood, and I declare if he should live a thousand lives I should kill him a thousand times with unabated hatred. Whether, when the mask of mortality drops off, I shall encounter the demon again, in some metempsychosis, or whether I shall have to endure the agony of his presence below, is a matter that will shortly be revealed. But I go to my death, glorying in my crime, and content to die, having rid the world of a demon.

It was his eyes that made me kill him. From the moment they cast me in their horrible spell, three weeks ago, I lived in perpetual oppression. My days were one demoniac distraction, my nights, the delirium of the damned. In the excruciating brilliance of those hideous eyes, I was enthralled in torments. For days I suffered the terror of hell, mental torture that seared my thoughts like a live electric wire. Until I must either kill myself or kill my tormentor. The idea of murder took root in my mind like a vile fungus, and grew to maturity in a fateful hour. It became an obsession that for the time insinuated itself into the very purpose of my existence.

The occasion of my first meeting with my tormentor was a spiritistic seance. It was not, as has been advanced, my close association with the occult that had deranged my mind and blunted my morals to the point of murder. I am *not* mad. Do I tell my story like a madman? Do I give the details madly? *Why* will they persist in saying that I am mad?

It was in the semi-darkness of the seance chamber that our eyes first met. Like blazing jewels his orbs seemed to pierce the gloom which pervaded the apartment. They were small and deep-set and appeared in that light to be the color of purple. In many respects, he resembled an owl. The massive forehead, flat face, and short, sharp nose, the receding jaw, and unusually narrow

shoulders, all added a distinctness to the idea. But in his eyes was the venom of a serpent. Their transfixing brilliance, cold, cruel, and horribly fascinating were a power entirely irresistible. I felt myself fade out of mind in the light of that vision. I actually cringed before the man. As I think back, the memory of it almost stifles me. Do you blame me for killing him? Do you still call me mad? But wait till I tell my story.

I left the seance violently enraged at myself, resolving never to return to the place, hoping to forget the degrading experience of that night. It was three days later that I was returning home late from a social affair. On reaching the building in which I kept my apartment, I jostled another late-comer in the vestibule. I was about to ask pardon, and, as I faced the man suddenly my blood froze. Slowly, like the hand of the clock, he turned his serpentine eyes and glared at me, until I expected to see him bare his fangs. My whole being trembled in mortal terror, until very abruptly, he averted his look and went inside. Recovering my composure after some moments, reaction of rage and disgust overwhelmed me.

That night I could not sleep. I was almost horror-stricken as my imagination played on the incident, illuminating his diabolical countenance in terrifying distortions. Not for once could I forget the monster. I had lain awake several hours, on the verge of prostration, when I was aroused by a tapping at my door. I hesitated; but it continued even louder.

Finally, a voice which seemed next to my ear, commanded me: "Open it, at once, or I shall twist your brain, and torture you into madness."

For the time I was paralyzed. All at once a streak of pain like a live wire, pierced my brain. I rebounded to the door, and threw back the latch.

"Come with me," the voice ordered, and in the glare of those eyes, I was powerless to hold back. I followed him into a nearby chamber. It was dimly lighted. On a couch in a far corner I could see a woman. She was beautiful; the ivory pallor of her smooth cheeks, mingling gloriously with the sweet expression of her countenance, she looked for all a wax goddess. The movement of her

breath was almost imperceptible, and it was evident she must be in a deadly faint. Yet the scene affected me not at all. My brain was numb, it registered the appalling sight with the accuracy of a photographic plate, but feeling I had none.

An unsheathed dagger lay on a table close by. My conductor raised a forefinger, crooked like a talon, toward the weapon. I grasped it. He pointed to the corpse. With instinctive obedience, I approached the couch. I raised the dagger, and poised it with insane accuracy above the comatose woman. In my heart welled a frenzy. I glowered on her with murderous greed. One horrible moment, and I plunged the blade into her bosom with the force of a hammer. I thrust and thrust again. Then, I suddenly went rigid. It seemed as if something exploded in my brain. A crawling scarlet worm—two, three, four—were coming at me leaving as many scarlet streaks in their wake. And once more I was myself.

The ghastly yellow of the electric light pervaded the place. I glanced around and met the glassy stare of the fiend. His gaze was fastened on the wierdly tranquil countenance of the dead woman. As I watched him, a fierce anger assailed me. The memory of my vile subjection, and his absolute mastery over me drove me frantic. In an instant black murder blotted my vision. With an inarticulate shriek, I leaped at him. In one bound, I had sunk the dagger into his foul heart. The rending of his flesh filled me with supreme ecstasy. For that one moment in my life, I experienced actual happiness.

Then he reeled, tearing at the air, an instant, with his talons, and collapsed, falling face upward, the hilt of the dagger protruding. He lay quite still at my feet. The twitching of his face had now ceased, leaving a horrible grimace for the death-mask. His eyes rolled in agony, as if seeking me out. At length, with immense effort, they found mine. It was as if the fires of hell burned through those purple pools. In their impaling radiance, my mind froze. I stood over him in a daze.

He uttered not a word. But an exotic idea fiercely took hold on me. What it was I cannot remember—something beyond earth. I found myself plucking the blade from his

breast. I raised it over my own heart. I paused. My eyes wandered in fury. I saw a crawling crimson worm come out of his heart. I saw it multiply, and grow. Then the spell broke.

With a quiver, I dropped the weapon, and fled.

THE GYPSY.

S. A. JANKOWSKI.

The typical gypsy is fast disappearing. Tradition, literature, and art to which she has but a shadowy claim will never refresh or ennoble her in the world-memory. Her ancestry, as far as it is known, has never achieved anything worth writing or reading about. The gypsies try to reap where they have not sown, and humanity does not hesitate in pronouncing upon them a verdict justly unfavorable. Mysterious and fascinating as they are, they have failed to gain a lasting foothold, or extend their influence beyond the narrow scope of their evil practices in almost every country in the world. Their perverse habits are thwarted on every side, their petty disturbances are of no avail, and their ephemeral wanderings here and there amount only to a bit of excitement and curiosity.

The American idea of these people goes little beyond an occasional recognition of a gypsy. The average American knows her as a dark-featured woman, dressed in a garb whose colors rival those of the rainbow; who lives in a tent, weaves baskets, tells fortunes, cooks her meals in an iron pot suspended from two or three crossed sticks, and steals at every opportunity. She loses her charm and much of her curious aspect when she ceases to be the bugbear of childhood visions and fears, and when she is no longer the hackneyed object of threat for many a juvenile disbehavior.

In years gone by the gypsies were our most unwelcome visitors. The passing of a gypsy-wagon put the older neighborhood on its guard against these craven thieves, and the younger in a fit of excitement that its long presupposed doom had at last been fully realized. Our own experience recalls, how, when the rickety, old cart stopped at the

gate of our home, we sneaked off into the attic and peeped out to see the prodigy that seemed to have been the acme of fulfillment of all mother's dreadful promises. But she was left alone to plead our case; to be, we thought, our accuser and at the same time our defender before the gypsy. We learned, however, that the tawny black-browed creature, with her long, dark and glossy hair plaited with stolen jewels that glittered in the sunlight, with her sharp, piercing and wicked eyes, with her rapid, evil, bold and meretricious air, left her carriage not to bargain for worthless children, like ourselves, for she had plenty of her own, but to rob mother's pocketbook by trying to tell fortunes, to sell a wicker basket, a piece of crude handiwork or some other useless trifle. But mother, as mothers are wont to do, detected the wolf in the skin of this black sheep, and the visit of the gypsy proved futile in every respect and fatal in none. Without a book around, the intruder hastened back to the company awaiting her in the rude conveyance of gypsydom. It is interesting to note that gypsydom is confined to a number of these Romany vans drawn by half-starved horses. Beneath the weather-beaten shelter of each roofed cart one or two families make their movable homes. The men, swarthy individuals with long, black, shaggy hair, high cheek bones, narrow mouths, and glistening white teeth conduct their promiscuous journeys.

The origin of these strangers has puzzled learned ethnologists ever since their first appearance. They came to Europe during the fifteenth century. They were men without a home, a country or God. Deception was their only idol and their only law, formulated upon an evil tradition which they had supported and guarded by an obstinate and unrelenting secrecy. A well-grounded scheme pushed them on their way. They hoodwinked Catholic Europe with a story of their exile from Lower Egypt forced upon them by the Saracens on account of their firm religious beliefs. They had interviewed the Pope, they said, who received them cordially, but who, when they had confessed the sins they committed upon the way, imposed a penance upon them to wander from place to place, and live, if their resources failed them, upon

public charity. With this lie fresh upon their lips, they entered Europe in large numbers. France, Hungary, Spain, Germany, and Scotland especially, trusting the account of their misfortune, opened freely their gates of profound hospitality only to expose their humbler folk to the prey of these professional vagabonds whose treacherous grip held civilization spellbound for a time. The gypsies were soon discovered to have been a migratory pest composed of skilled thieves, sorcerers, pick-pockets and marauders who traveled in little caravans, feigned to be tongue-tied when asked their origin, and avoided all society except for the purpose of robbing, cheating, and preying with not a little success wherever they lingered. They spoke a dark unwritten language which is known to bear some relation to the Hindoo tongue, whence this with their Indian characteristics favors the belief that they came from Hindustan or India.

A woman with a child was in most instances the forerunner of their frequent excursions. Looking for shelter at some farmhouse she excited pity in the hearts of the inmates who gladly received her for the night. The next morning the immediate neighborhood became a scene of a portion of gypsydom. A band of vagrants pitched their tents near the farmhouse, tethered their horses upon the pastureland, and with their unintelligible protestations warded off all suspicion, and won the good will of the farmer. When they had overdone their schemes, they knew that it was time to move, and with their booty they swept out of town even before an official order was given them to leave. They were swifter than the law, but they found law and order everywhere except in their own camps.

The most remarkable feature of gypsy life rests in the fact that for centuries at least some of the more important peculiarities that surround it have been fully retained. The gypsies have always been unflinching slaves to secrecy, reticent of all hints leading to the discovery of their proper origin and their motives, so much so that even their immediate descendants of today cannot account for their absurd customs not because of a feigned ignorance like their ancestors were wont to employ, but because of a profound

and solid one. No one knows the exact motive of their fraudulent enterprises. It seems to have been the attainment of wealth by the art of trickery which law and Christianity easily overruled. Though the typical gypsies wherever one may chance upon them today may still live in tents, cook their meals in the open air, trade horses, rob hen-roosts, tell fortunes, and roam about, they know that they are a worthless lot, and that they cannot subvert the modern safeguards of public welfare.

How far they abandon religion is known from their language which has a word for the devil, but none for God, soul or immortality. The stubborn perseverance in their wierd practices checked any attempts to arouse religious feeling in the impenetrable skulls of these unfortunates. In 1768 the Empress Maria Theresa ordered them to be gathered in her dominions and christianized, but missionaries sought in vain to touch their souls. Independent of society, morals and religion these men and women have nevertheless won the hearts of others. Europeans attracted by the wanderings, unrestrained morality, adventures and the life of ease of the gypsies, mingled among the Romni, as they called themselves, and were fully initiated into gypsedom by bonds of marriage. This resulted in a compromise between the habits of the gypsy and those of the European, and brought the wanderer closer to society and civilization. The genuine full-blooded gypsy rapidly decreased in population and in most countries, in America especially, only a few can claim a direct descent from the original Romni.

Inferior in every phase of human activity the gypsies, however, were not unknown to possess great natural talents. They could acquire the language of another people without much difficulty. Though they could not speak it fluently, they understood it readily. They were invited into the courts of kings to perform, to dance for money, and play upon various musical instruments especially the violin. Their language though unwritten wove itself into melodies that bewitched the popular ear. Thus the gypsies, admitted into several gatherings and public fairs, boasting of their life and tactics, induced others to

follow them. They treasured their musical ability. Once when a gentleman in a crowd of bystanders mistook a street organ-grinder for a gypsy, a listening maiden with no other traits of a gypsy save her olive complexion, confronted him with a proud air of justification as one gravely insulted. "Gypsies do not grind their music, sir; they make it," she said, and turning upon her heel, went her way. Such incidents in which an unsuspected person accidentally betrayed his gypsism gave vent to many absurd European chronicles. Accounting for the disappearance of the typical gypsy they have exaggerated the fusion of the Romni with the Europeans, and have gone as far as to ascertain that most of the latter are today in some degree, however distant, related to the gypsy. This assumption, as foolish as it is groundless and unreasonable, merits as much faith as does the gypsy herself; and no person, though his hair be black as jet, his eyes as dark as pitch, and his teeth as white as pearl, need believe or fear that through his veins pulses even a drop of the blood of some wanton gypsy.

BOOKS TO GIVE TO YOUR LITTLE BROTHER OR SISTER.

"Kids," as they are universally called nowadays, form a very large reading class. They are particular, too, about what is provided and have their own standards of taste. The average boy likes excitement and fun, with a display of bravery and noble character. He is sure to like "Cobra Island," the story of a Boy Scout who goes to India and, owing to the most breathless series of circumstances, gets into a maze of desperate and glorious adventures. Father Neil Boyton, S. J., has managed also to put a quantity of good counsel between the lines. Benziger Brothers, publishers. Price \$1.15.

Girls are bound to dream about "Josephine-Marie," Mrs. Waggaman's latest story for them. It is a delightful little book with two little girls whose lives are described with so much charm and understanding that even grown-ups with serious literature on their minds cannot help being interested. Josephine-Marie herself is a French war-orphan; and what she does for Marjorie, a pampered, invalid child is what every nice little girl would love to do. The Ave Maria Press, publishers. Price one dollar.

THOUGHTS.

Today's thoughts are tomorrow's acts.

Luck is a thing met only by those who work.

To apologize for a weakness is not to conquer it.

Worrrk and regret are equally negative in value.

The love of men for women keeps money in circulation.

"Eventually, why not now?" is the slogan of the murderer.

Companionship is the major class in most colleges today.

Thoughts ,like acorns, must be nutured if they are to become great.

The more interest a man puts into his business the more he takes out.

The Yellow Taxicab rates refute the belief that yellow indicates timidity.

Congress is willing to give the soldiers a bonus but is not willing to spend the money.

If wrinkles are the result of smiles, then some people must have had a happy past.

It is only when we fail that we know the test of true friendship.

There is greater happiness in anticipation than in realization.

Many so-called self-made men should not boast of the part they had in the making.

He who pities the aristocrat is of the true nobility.

Every time our bill for books comes we are convinced that "In books lie buried treasures."

The Southerner will be just to the negro once he realizes that white remains white only while it avoids dirt.

The student of "Poverty and Dependency" finds himself the victim of the subject-matter when he pays \$\$.00 for the text.

DAWN IN SPRING.

G. W.

Wet her eyes with the wind's gay stinging;
Sweet her breath as the scent of rose,
Far and wide her music flinging,
Ruddy-lipped and cheep that glows,
Dawn in springtime comes with singing
Giving gladness as she goes.

Wet her eyes with the gay winds stinging,
Sweet her breath as the scent of rose,
Over the field her music flinging,
Ruddy-lipped with cheek that glows,
Comes fair Dawn in springtime, bringing
Warmth and gladness as she goes.

THE ASCETE.

C. A. R.

A bird sang from the portico,
And a girl let down her hair—
My soul, what flaming hair!

The maid looked down from the portico
With deep eyes wonder-fair;
Pale life, so burning fair.

But I passed by the portico,
No dreams of mine dwelt there—
Oh dreams, why passed we there?

MIDNIGHT.

A million stars shine forth tonight;
The rising breezes blow,
And frozen Earth is snowy clad
'Neath a full moon's silv'ry glow.

A mystic time, this calm midnight
When weary Earth's asleep,
And Winter's silence rules supreme
Man's peace and rest to keep.

J. C. RYAN.

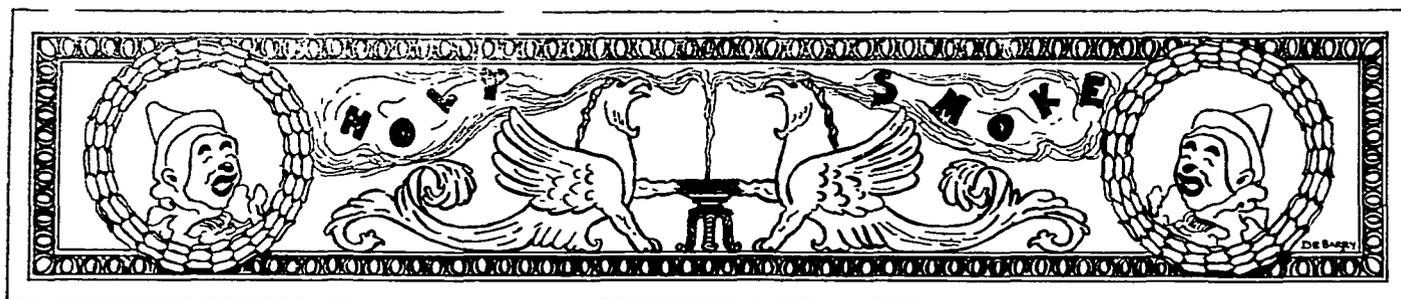
NOTRE DAME.

I gazed up at the twinkling sky,
And lo, the large pale moon rose slow,
And cast its beams upon
The silent, silver snow below.

A thousand sparkling diamonds,
It seemed, appeared within my sight,
Upon the gleaming cloak of snow,
Beneath the mantle of the night.

Indeed, 'twas nature's masterpiece,
A living picture without name,
My soul though whispered to my pen,
And so I named it—"Notre Dame."

J. C. METCALFE.



Student (Coming up to a Prof to kick on his Exam mark): Now see here, I want to know—

Prof. (Smilingly): Don't worry, you'll get one.

Thirsty Athlete (To one who is "Under the weather"): Say, can you put me next to a drink?

Inebriate: Shure, jush tshand next to me.

says: The way some people in debt get along, you have to give them credit.

Spink: I think some guys are lucky. Jim's exams will let him go home a day early in the spring.

Spunk: That's nothing, a lot of exams let fellows go home last quarter.

"What dja mean by saying that when you kneel down you feel as though you were floating?"

"Just what I say. I have water on the knee."

My wife whose name is Viol, don't like music, Leaves me with a shout.

So when I play my violin I really play

My Viol out.

Mazie: And why are you peeved with John.

Dasie: Why I invited him to go out on a fishing party with me last summer and he didn't do anything but fish.

He: I hear that Jones' wife is a wonderful cook.

Haw: Yes, and judging from the worried look he wears most of the time, I think she must make her specialty roasting.

Clara: I like Bob's pictures all righth, but he always draws so far away.

Voyance: Oh. I don't know. The other night he drew me quite close.

A wise one says: "My girl doesn't put much fruit in fruit cake she bakes, but when she makes a marble cake it is a perfect imitation."

"I hear your roommate was caught cheating in an agricultural quiz on raising corn."

"Ya, a sort of corn-crib affair."

A certain company is putting out a record that has "Everybody Steps" on one side and "Mama Whip, Mama Spank" on the other.

'Twas Essex and the Cadillacs

Did Brush and Reo in the Ford.

All Auburn were the Metz and Macks,

And the Oaklands re-bored.

Beware the Kissel-Kar, my son,

The Hupmobile, the Chevrolet;

Beware the taxi clutch and shun

The wild Cabriolet.

He took his Mercer sword in hand,

Long time the Buick foe he sought.

So rested he in his F. O. B.

All polarine in thought.

And as in Carbon thought he stood,

The Kissel-Kar, with eyes aflame,

Crept Willys through the Marmon wood,

Stutz Dodging as it came.

On two, on two, and through and through

hTe Mercer blade went nicker snack,

He left it dead and with its head

He radiatored back.

"And hast thou slain the Kissel-Kar?

Come to my arms my Peerless Boy;

Oh, Elgin day Sedan Coupe."

He throttled in his joy.

'Twas Essex and the Cadillacs

Did Brush and Reo in the Ford.

All Auburn were the Metz and Macks

And the Oaklands Re-bored.

STATISTICS.

If all the molasses that was sold last year was poured out on the ground it would make—a hideous mess.

If all the square feet of fires in nineteen twenty-one were stretched over the Pacific ocean they would—go out.

If all the rubber manufactured in the last two years was stretched out it would be ten per cent smaller in stretch than the way in which truth has been handled since the war.

If all the statistics published since the beginning of the world were sunk in the Mississippi river the general public would be in a violent state of—glee.

"What killed your dog?"

"A street roller ran over him and he died of flattery."

The
Notre Dame Scholastic
Board of Editors

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VOL.
LV.

*Discit Quasi Semper Dicturus
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
22

KEEP OFF THE GRASS! FOR THE BEAUTY OF OUR CAMPUS, WE ASK YOU—PLEASE. LET THIS BE OUR SLOGAN FOR THOSE VIOLATORS WHO WILL STILL **PLEASE!** SIST IN TRESPASSING UPON AND DESTROYING THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN OF THE QUAD.

THE PAST WINTER, WITH ITS CONSTANT CHANGE OF WEATHER HAS WROUGHT HAVOC. NEW, BUT UNNECESSARY PATHS HAVE BEEN CUT BY US, OVER THE SPOTS WHICH WE HAVE ALWAYS LOOKED UPON AS PART OF NOTRE DAME'S TRADITIONALLY FAMOUS CAMPUS. THE S. A. C. WITH HOPES OF KEEPING THIS TRADITION ALIVE HAS HAD SIGNS MADE, ASKING YOU, PLEASE BE MINDFUL. PLEASE IS THE CATCH-WORD.

PLEASE KEEP TO THE WALKS, EVEN IF IT MEANS A FEW EXTRA STEPS TO OUR DESTINATION. PLEASE DO NOT TAKE THE PATHS, WHERE WE ASK YOU NOT TO TRESPASS. ABIDE BY THE SIGNS WE HAVE PUT UP—PLEASE. JOHN HEUTHER (S. A. C.)

Yesterday, for the first time in seven hundred years, the feast of Saint Patrick, the patron saint of the Irish people, was celebrated by the sons and daughters of the Gael with a spirit of keen joy. All through these long and weary years, which are marked by the oppression of a tyrant's hand, by the injus-

tices of misrule, by the ravages of artificial famine, by the hardships of enforced ignorance, and by the greatest of all evils to a freedom-loving people, the loss of liberty, the Irish people have looked forward to the day when their beloved country "might take its place among the nations of the earth."

Many are the times these valiant Irish hurled their bodies and souls against the usurper and as many times did they, through sheer exhaustion, fall back before the onslaughts of a powerful empire; defeated in arms but victorious in that they had renewed their moral right to freedom. Poor, ignorant, and belittled, the people of Ireland fought what seemed a losing battle. Even as recently as last year they were known to the world as the 'murder gang.' But today tells a different story. Their praises are sung by those who not long ago associated the name "Irish" with all that is ignoble. Even their bitterest enemy, diplomatic in defeat, has treated with them as men, men who have a just claim to self-government. It is now a source of pride to have Irish blood coursing through one's veins. All this because the people of Erin have been partly successful in driving the alien oppressor from their shores. This half victory with the knowledge that soon, "come weal, come woe" they will cast off the remains of slavery and stand, recognized by the world, free men, brings gladness and joy to every Gael. These conditions make Saint Patrick's Day

this year resplendent with the glory of victory and enraptured by the happiness born of peace.

W. A. A. C.

Despite repeated promises of action, House leaders at Washington have been unable to bring the bonus issue to a vote. At

present the difficulty THE BONUS ISSUE. seems to be their inability to decide what form the bonus shall take and what means shall be used to pay for it. President Harding says there must be a sales tax or no bonus bill; members of the House insist a sales tax will be unpopular. The service men want cash, to which the Secretary of the Treasury objects. He objects likewise to any form of certificate on which the men may borrow.

The fact of the matter probably is that Mr. Mellon is against any form of compensation. He has something of a fortune himself and knows that any kind of tax may cut a little hole in it. Members of the House are not, however, much concerned about Mr. Mellon. They remind themselves, it is true, about what the President has said. Not being sure what the country thinks of the bonus, some of them are secretly gratified at the President's attitude. If they pass a bonus without providing for a sales tax, it will probably receive the executive veto. That will leave them with free consciences. They can say to the service men, "We passed the bonus bill, but the President vetoed it." On the other hand, they won't have to face their constituents with a record which shows votes for more taxes. This is election year, which makes it a good year to play politics. MOLZ.

In the midst of distant prospects of Easter vacation, incipient attacks of spring fever, Newman travelogues, and discussions about

Babe Ruth's sal- FLESH-TINTED OR WHITE? ary, we pause,

like the walrus, to speak of other things. We take our theme from real life. The text bobbed up when a freshman, whose name we wouldn't disclose for anything, exuberantly insisted the other day that he had just made a wonderful purchase in face powder. Exhibit A was a pink box, all tissue covered. Possibly you have

seen your sister's. The price the young man had paid was one dollar and forty-five cents. As we have said, we take our theme from real life.

The freshman in question appears, from all outward signs, to be a well-meaning chap. Nevertheless, he ought to be reprimanded. The Notre Dame man who would be satisfied with face powder at one-dollar-forty-five might accept cheap substitutes for Eskimo Pie. He might buy *Whiz Bang* when he ought to buy *Vanity Fair*. He might smoke cigarettes of his own making when the occasion demanded a gold-tipped variety. This chap, it seems to us, has failed lamentably to live up to university traditions. In Sorin, for instance, no one thinks of paying less than four ninety-five for face powder. We blush to think how much the Notre Dame boys must have slipped in the estimation of the saleslady when the dear freshman bought his powder.

We assume that it is the province of the S. A. C. to undertake investigations. The committee should immediately try to find out how many other freshmen are paying as low as a dollar forty-five for their face powder. Then the prefect of discipline should issue an edict. The good name of the student body as a whole is in question, and action should be prompt and decisive. MOLZ

IN MEMORIAM.

We note with sorrow the death of Mrs. A. C. O'Malley, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the beloved mother of John O'Malley. A few years ago John was a student in Brownson Hall and those who knew him during the years he was at Notre Dame join in sending their condolences.

We regret also to hear from Malcolm Hatfield, until recently a member of the Senior Class, of his father's death. The illness which preceded it had obliged Malcolm to withdraw from school. The University extends its sincerest sympathy.

News of the death of the father of Edward Gottry, a very prominent student, stirred the sympathies of Notre Dame recently. Mr. Gottry was a well-known citizen of Rochester, N. Y. R. I. P.

DRIVING FOR NOTRE DAME IN CHICAGO.

Note: The alumni and friends of Notre Dame in Chicago have opened a great campaign for University expansion. They have agreed to send in a section of their log-book, from time to time, for the delight of all. We present herewith the first chapter.

In the words of a homely simile, Notre Dame alumni in the territory of which Chicago is the center have taken to the raising of their quota of \$500,000 in the drive for a \$2,000,000 development and endowment fund "like ducks to water."

The first call of Alma Mater to her children is bringing them elbowing to get a place in the line. Several meetings preliminary to the work of organization were held at headquarters, 1539 Congress hotel. Their full quorums and the enthusiasm which has been displayed by everyone forecast success, visualizing rows of busy comptometers tabulating the avalanche of contributions as the drive goes over the top.

Clement C. Mitchell is general chairman for the Chicago district. Harold P. Fisher is chairman of organization. The executive committee is as follows:

Ben C. Bachrach	J. P. McEvoy
Daniel V. Casey	Francis H. McKeever
Thos. T. Cavanagh	N. J. Nelson
George J. Cooke	Daniel O'Connor
Geo. H. Crosby	J. V. O'Donnell
William P. Devine	Hugh O'Neill
Wm. E. Donohue	Francis O'Shaughnessy
Capt. Marshall Field	P. T. O'Sullivan
Harold P. Fisher	Stuyvesant Peabody
Mark M. Foote	Max Pam
John L. Gleason	George A. Rempé
Daniel E. Hilgartner, Jr.	Judge Kickham Scanlan
John S. Hummer	Thos. J. Shaughnessy
Edward N. Hurley	Jos. J. Sullivan
Byron V. Kanaley	Boetius Sullivan
Frederick Kasper	Dr. Richard J. Tivnen

DOMES HARMONY.

The 1923 *Dome* will mark the passing of that book as a Senior publication. Under the plans outlined by the S. A. C., next year's *Dome* will be published by a staff composed of Juniors and Seniors, and thereafter the book will be under the management of the Junior classes. Frank Blasius, chairman of the S. A. C., prepared the constitution which is to govern the future publications, and out-

lined the plan for the change. The Editor-in-Chief of next year's book will be a Senior, the Business Manager a Junior, and each class will elect an Art Editor. Associates will be selected on a competitive basis. The great advantage of having the *Dome* a Junior class publication lies in the fact that every year there will be an advisory board composed of the editors of the preceding year's book. Thus the Junior editors will have the advantage of the Seniors' experience and many of the irregularities connected with past publications will be eliminated. The new constitution provides compensation for the editors of the book, subject to the approval of the advisory board.

THE NOTRE DAME KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS BUILDING CORPORATION.

For the past three years the most important project confronting Notre Dame Council has been a consideration of the ways and means necessary for the accomplishment of the Council's greatest ambition—the erection of a Social Centre Building. When the project was first undertaken, it was thought that the Council, by a nation-wide drive among its members and those friends, both at Notre Dame and throughout the country, who have been intimately associated with the Council or who have been solicitous for its welfare, could raise a sufficient amount to warrant the erection of a building within a period of five years. The drive met with reasonably encouraging results. Owing, however, to the enormous amount of work involved in a campaign of this nature, it was suggested that the Council petition the Supreme Board for an amount of money sufficient to warrant the beginning of the building, which amount was to be taken out of the Supreme Board's war fund quota. Briefs were written, all the Supreme Board Directors were interviewed and the Reverend Father John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., former President of the University, was delegated to present formally the petition at the annual meeting of the Supreme Board of Directors held in New York City in January, 1920. The petition, as efficiently presented as it was, met with kindly consideration at the hands of the Supreme Directors, but

they were forced to refuse it owing to the contention that such a grant would not only set an embarrassing precedent but also that the funds at hand could scarcely be used for the specific petition.

The Council then decided again to resort to a drive but necessarily had to give way to the Endowment program which was then being planned by the University. It was then decided to incorporate, using the funds at hand as the capital stock of the corporation. The Council further planned to set aside a stipulated sum yearly from its revenues, which sum would be turned into capital stock yearly.

In pursuance of this resolution, a Declaration of Trust of the shares of stock of the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus Building Corporation, was enacted on the 28th day of February, 1922. This Declaration of Trust is a document empowering a Board of Trustees named therein to act for and on behalf of the membership of the Council and to represent at all times the stockholders of the Corporation. The members of the Board of Trustees are as follows: the duly elected and qualified Grand Knight of the Council; the duly elected and qualified Financial Secretary of the Council; Professor William L. Benitz; Professor Edward J. Maurus; Professor George N. Shuster; Reverend Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., Chaplain of the Council; and the Reverend Thomas Crumley, C. S. C.

Into the hands of this Board will be turned the two hundred shares of common stock owned by the Council's membership in trust; and the Declaration of Trust stipulates that the Board of Trustees shall be guided in substance by the following provisions: "That said trustees shall have full and free right, power, and authority at all times to vote said shares of stock at all stockholders' meetings of said corporation, either for the purpose of electing directors of said corporation, or for any other purpose in as freely and as well and truly a manner as the stockholders of said corporation could do if individually present at said meeting, and said membership of said Notre Dame Council No. 1477, does now hereby confirm and ratify any and all acts of said trustees made in pursuance of this trust agreement. It being understood and agreed that said Board of Trustees shall

continue to hold in trust said stock as aforesaid, on and after the date of the adoption of this agreement and until such time as a location for a Knights of Columbus Building is finally and permanently decided upon by a vote of said Trustees and a Knights of Columbus Clubhouse or Building erected and completed."

This Board of Trustees then is given the power by the Declaration of Trust to direct the investments of the fund and to act as a stabilizing factor in all the proceedings connected with the project. Because of the transient nature of the Council, it is believed that the plan, as enacted, is the most feasible and efficient one that could have been arranged, in view of the fact that the members will, more than likely, be constantly at hand to attend to the many matters that will necessarily arise during the years that the program is developed.

At the present time the Building Fund Committee, working in conjunction with the Entertainment Committee, is developing certain plans which should result favorably in a financial way. All monies raised by entertainments, dances and the like, shall be turned into the fund along with the stipulated amount derived from the Council's revenues yearly.

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT,
Grand Knight.

GLEE CLUB.

Local basso profundos and their helpers in the tenor section had their first opportunity of the year to exhibit before a Notre Dame audience. Notre Dame audiences are, as Professor and Soloist Manion said, the hardest in the world to please, which fact adds much to the honor and glory of the Glee Club, for they made a distinctly pleasant impression on their large audience. Except for delay at the start and a certain inexplicable backwardness on the part of the curtain man, the program was run off smoothly and to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned.

The program offered this year is of a lighter nature than that of last year, but offers nothing but the highest type of music. Professor Becker's labors in turning out a representative club for the University have

most certainly borne fruit, if the program of Saturday may be taken as a criterion. The introduction of a thoroughly first class orchestra into the program has filled out the program and the work of the musicians drew much favorable comment from the "hardest audience in the world to please." With the exception of a certain wild, weird, and wailing piece at the end their selections were well chosen.

The work of Manion as successor to Walter O'Keefe and Lenihan Lally, Francis Howland on the xylophone, the Varsity Four, and the duet of William Furey and Harold Bowden were special numbers which deserve mention for their excellence. The duet "When We Two Were Maying" was a most artistic and excellent piece of work.

The choral work of the club as a whole excelled anything heard at Notre Dame in recent years, and such work as the club is doing must prove a valuable factor in advertising the University. With a club of such quality Notre Dame should undertake trips to compare favorably with those given the clubs of other schools. HAGAN.

OURSELVES.

Last Wednesday Father O'Hara's records showed that 100,528 Holy Communions had been received since the opening of school in September and that during the first two weeks of Lent receptions of Communion averaged 813 a day.

The debaters are awaiting anxiously Ohio University's reply to Father Bolger's challenge to a contest to be held at Notre Dame. Ohio, which has strong teams this year, has also chosen the closed shop question and is prepared to send either an affirmative or a negative team. Father Bolger has also been considering Wabash's proposal that Notre Dame and Wabash meet for a dual debate in Chicago.

Another of the annual clubs to evolve itself into a perennial organization is the Society of Student Architects. Last Tuesday the designers met in one of the sky-line rooms of the Main Building to commence the

work of framing a constitution. Mr. Clarence Wack, who acted as temporary chairman, appointed a committee of seven to draw up the articles of government that will provide for clearly defined aims, a permanent organization and regular meetings.

Mr. A. A. Rhomberg read a paper on "The Engineer as a Professional Man," and Mr. John Meehan discussed "The Improvement of Land" at the meeting of the Civil Engineers' Society held Wednesday, March 8th. Both essays were of the kind that make such organizations worth the time of the progressive student. A length argument with subtle proofs, fine distinctions and cunning rebuttals on the determination of specific gravity in a place where there is no gravity ended the session.

A feature of the South Bend *Tribune's* Golden Jubilee edition, March 9, 1922, was a monumental article by Dr. James A. Burns, President of the University, outlining the history of the evolution of the University of Notre Dame. Beginning with the zeal of Father Sorin and the humble origin of Notre Dame du Lac in 1842, Dr. Burns traced the progress of what is now one of the country's foremost educational institutions, through its initial hardships, its Civil War period, its devastation by fire in 1878, the influences of Fathers Walsh, Morrissey, Zahm, and Cavanaugh, its organic development and its glories in the World War, down to its present greatness and proposed expansion. The statement that the growth of the University has ever been guided by the spirit of Notre Dame, was made; the pledge that all future greatness would be likewise guided, was given.

The lapse of time, the proximity of the approaching Beyond, were indicated to the men of '22 by the recent appointment of the Commencement Orators by the Committee of Selection. Mr. Joseph A. Rhomberg will give a last word to the class as Valedictorian. The Bachelor Trilogy, concerned with the labor problem, includes Mr. Aaron A. Hugenard treating "The History and Justification of Organized Labor," Mr. D. Worth Clark, upholding "The Case For the Open Shop,"

and Mr. James Hogan, C. S. C., supporting "The Case Against the Open Shop."

Notre Dame received during the last week its administration of culture which is given yearly in rather large quantities. Generally the word administration brings up rather unpleasant associations, but not when the administering is done by such an artist as Dr. Frederick Paulding. On Wednesday afternoon "Les Miserables" was given and on Thursday "If Winter Comes," the latter proving much more popular with the large audience which attended. One who has read "If Winter Comes" may, with the critics, pronounce it one of the finest books of the present day, but his appreciation is much greater for hearing Dr. Paulding's interpretation of it. Notre Dame looks forward to other visits from this artist.

Wednesday night the Knights of Columbus took up for consideration the presentation of the newest of the Players' Club plays, "Peaceful Valley," which is scheduled for presentation in May. No definite action has been taken by the Knights, but it is almost certain that the play will appear under KC auspices, for the benefit of the Building Fund. Father Crumley gave a very interesting lecture on "The Psychology of Knighthood."

Numerous calls on the part of President McGinnis finally succeeded in gathering together a sufficient number of enthusiastic Sophomores to consider the new *Dome* proposition. After a short discussion the heroic little group present decided to fall in line with the Juniors and accept the new constitution, which, as before explained, provides for coöperation between the Junior and Senior classes of next year in the publication of the year book, which will later develop into a strictly Junior publication. The constitution has been taken before the faculty by President Blasius of the S. A. C. and after being modified, revised, and passed on will be returned to the Junior class. Junior *Dome* elections are scheduled for the latter part of next week.

"The Making of a Newspaper," a moving

picture, showing the equipment and production of the Cincinnati *Post*, was shown in Washington Hall last week. The picture was secured by the Press Club. It began with scenes in the circulation and advertising departments, and then traced the gathering of a news story to the issuance of an "extra" on the story.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Detroit papers are carrying pictures of Johnny Mohardt in Tiger regalia. Certainly he looks the part handsomely and will no doubt be able to prove that appearances are not in this instance deceiving.

Eddie Doyle, Ph. B. in Journ., nationally known editor of the '21 *Dome*, precursor of the Senior Law canes, and a gentleman of "petty anfractuositities," paid the alma mater a visit, and incidentally witnessed the Notre-Dame-Wisconsin track meet.

Just when the Personal Department of the SCHOLASTIC was about to expire with a ghostlike wheeze, who should come along but the ubiquitous Harry McCullough, our own Harry, Commerce man of '20, and furnish us with loads of news. Now, the column will run for another week or as long as some generous person will be kind enough to furnish us with alumni history.

In a letter to the editor (written on a Waukon hotel's stationery) he begins: "Out in the wilds of Iowa a voice cometh forth and here I am!" Harry is selling municipal bonds to the unsuspecting Hawkeye farmers and he informs us that "really it is a very square and absolutely fair business."

Eddie Meehan, former track star at the University, successfully held the ears of the ambitious Advertising Club last Friday morning, March 10th., with an interesting talk on connective advertising and various means and mediums through which advertising may be propagated to produce good results.

Eddie is now employed with the Laporte-McDonald Advertising Agency of South Bend, and is out to win laurels in the advertising field, in the same manner he exhibited

many times on the cinder path of Cartier field.

Another connecting link between the University and Cincinnati (Ohio) is Richard Scallon, old student and track man '17-'19, production manager of the Goldsmith Sporting Goods Company.

News has been received of the promotion of Ralph Lathrop '16 from Assistant Manager of the State of Wisconsin, to the District Manager of the State of Illinois Travellers' Insurance Bureau, with headquarters at Peoria.

Intimately connected with wealth is C. A. McNamara, Short Commerce '21, associated with the Montana Trust and Savings Bank of Helena.

The November issue of *The Marines' Magazine and Indian* publishes an excellent likeness and a sympathetic sketch of Lieut. Charles B. Reeve, LL. B. '17.

"When in Chicago——" has been used as the caption for innumerable alluring advertisements. But according to the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, this phrase should call up in the mind of every true Notre Dame man, past or present, the fact that said Notre Dame Club of Chicago has reserved for itself and visiting members of the University, a room at the Brevoort Hotel for luncheon every Thursday noon. Failure to report if you are in the city will result in demerit upon demerit.

From far-off Marion, Indiana, Frederick Mahaffey '16, secretary-treasurer of the Rutenburg Electric Company, sends his greetings to the old stamping ground.

An old-timer appeared on the campus recently, when Charles Reardon '15-'20, for the past three years a member of the Marine Corps and stationed near Havana, Cuba, stopped off to visit his brother in the Minims.

An extraordinary human-interest story appeared in the *Detroit News* of February 24. Frank C. (Shorty) Longman, football coach at Notre Dame in '06 and '07 was in Athens, Mich., when his blooded airedale manifested symptoms of rabies. The account relates vividly how Longman drove 100 miles

at night, with the dog, in a closed car, to the Pasteur Institute at Detroit in the hope of saving the dog's life. Having been bit on the way, Longman arrived in time to save his own life, but was forced to witness the death of his beloved companion, "Brute."

Leo J. Hassenauer announces that as a member of the Board of Governors of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, he considers it his bounden duty to represent the SCHOLASTIC in Chicago and to keep it informed of all activities of the Club. Whereupon the keeper of this column rejoiceth.

Along with the pungent odor of Oregon pine comes the information, equally as pleasant, that Frank Lornegan '02 and footballer of the age, is one of the foremost lawyers of Portland.

That the Kansas City Notre Dame Club is alive and functioning is attested by a resume of its activities. This organization, headed by Russell Hardy '16 and George B. Rhinehart '16, is rendering valuable assistance in the Endowment Drive. Banquets were given last September on the occasion of the visit of Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., and Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C., and during the Christmas holidays, when plans and policies for the forthcoming year were outlined.

The many friends of Mr. Fred L. Steers, Chicago attorney, will receive with pleasure the announcement of his candidacy for State Senator in the Eleventh Senatorial District. Fred is a member of the graduating class of 1911. Besides being an industrious and successful student while in school, he was a member of the Varsity track team, winning a monogram each of the three years of his competition. Since his graduation Fred has been engaged in the practice of law in Chicago. Amidst the duties of a successful and busy career he has always found time to keep in touch with his Alma Mater, and has never lost an opportunity to return for the alumni reunions. Fidelity and sincerity have always characterized his dealings with those with whom he has come in contact. The voters of the Eleventh Senatorial district will never have reason to regret the choice which Fred's host of friends hope they will make on April 11th.

SHEA.



"GRADUATE"

Correct Clothes at Correct Prices

\$25, \$30, \$35

Crawford Shop

The Shop That Satisfies.
116 WASHINGTON STREET

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
Greatest Achievement

**"FOOL'S ::
PARADISE"**

AT THE

BLACKSTONE

IRENE CASTLE

—IN—

"FRENCH HEELS"

AT THE

LASALLE

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL THIS SEASON.

Next week we hope to present the complete schedule of games arranged for this season's group of husky diamond fighters. As it stands the program is one of the heaviest ever prepared for a Notre Dame team, and if the remaining details are settled satisfactorily, the home arrangement will be worth remembering. The prospects for a real, one-hundred-percent outfit are bright but we shall refrain from prophecy just now. Coach Halas wears an optimistic expression that every one of us can afford to trust.

THE BOUTS.

"Jimmie" Kelly, former Notre Dame boy, and Herbie Schaefer, two of the most prominent bantams in the country, furnished the big "fire works" on Tuesday night at the gymnasium, when these two top notch boys headed a fine boxing bill arranged by Brother Allan to aid the Bengal Mission Fund.

The main bout, between Kelly and Schaefer, went six rounds with Jim Mullen, well known Chicago promoter acting as the third man in the ring. The semi-windup battle in which Paddy Burns and "Kid" Hendricks met proved a hummer from start to finish. The "Kid" showed a mean left and was good enough to give Paddy a fight, which means that he was very good. It was a draw.

Danny McGowan and Young Stanley boxed a four round preliminary, which proved most soothing to all present. Pretty much of a petting contest with honors fairly even.

To start off the evening's fun four dusky battlers—"Snowball" Smith and Anthracite Mine, Florian Slap and "Lord" Justus posed a few rounds. They were an interesting study in Black and Tan and their work was comical enough to draw a good hand at the end of each fracas. Florian had a "shade" on the "Lord" in the last bout.

Kelly and Schaefer are stable mates, under the management of Mr. Mullen in Chicago, and are both serious contenders for the bantam weight title of the world.

GILCHRIST.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

The Senior Lawyers are the flappers of the University of Kansas. Recently one male Senior said to another that he would wear a "flap-wing collar on Monday" if the other would. And now the University is going to make the wearing of this distracting brand of collars by the Senior Lawyers a tradition. No matter where you investigate the species you will find that three-quarters of it is 'batty,' therefore, the bat-wings.

NEW SIGHTS ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Five hundred old and feeble guns on the Oregon campus were given a good overhauling lately and supplied with new sights. It had been so long since the students had seen the sights that they were overjoyed and straightway started out to see the sights through the new sights. Whew! We deserve a citation for that.

QUOIT EXTRAORDINARY, QUIOT!

When the ancient Greeks began the discus throw they originated a game destined to be the sport of kings and of presidents. The likewise ancient game of Quoits which was forbidden during the reign of Edward the Third because "Quoiting is too vile for scholars," has endured down the ages and is now present in the form of "Horseshoes." The University of Kansas, we fear, is planning on sponsoring a few presidents for be it known that the country pastime ther enjoys a full and indulgent favor. The one difference between the ancient and the modern pitchers is that the players no longer have to follow old Dobbin about waiting for him to divest himself of a sandal. The frats at K. U. now have their shoes (horseshoes we mean) made to order.

What in the world can be the trouble? Three whole days have gone by and not a thing has been said in the papers about some new fad at Northwestern. A subscription should be taken up on our campus for flowers to be sent to the Northwestern press agent.

DID THEY FLUNK?

We shall make a few choice selections from some of the answers to exam questions given at the University of Michigan. These very illuminating answers were compiled by the well known people who do that sort of thing and demonstrate that there are others than ourselves who are bothered by the pestiferous frosh. Proceed, Professor:

"The Spanish Inquisition was an institution for the suppression of heredity."

"Evolution is a process by which we give rise to our remote ancestors."

Here we introduce the answer that not only won first prize but broke up the meeting:

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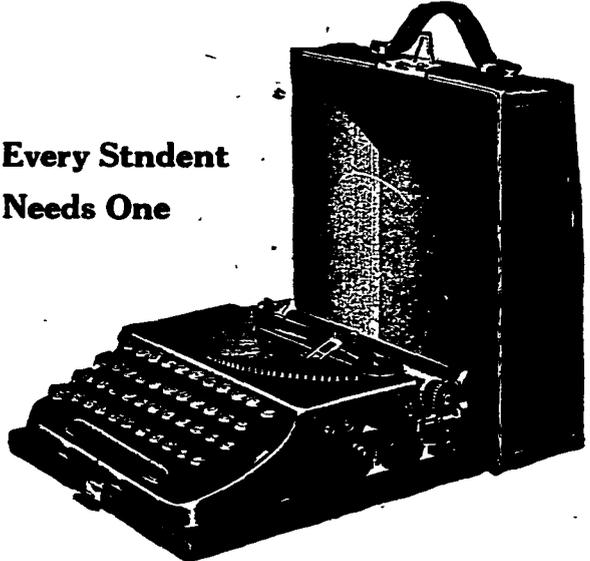
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"A potato is a vegetable. When you plant it, it sends up several shouts."

A three weeks tour meeting fifteen different teams from Kansas to Penn State is the plan of the Colorado Aggie debaters who will leave their home campus on the twenty-fifth of this month to make the eastern trip. This will be the first extensive trip the Colorado debaters have taken.

THE LEOPARD CHANGES ITS SPOTS.

A number of young chorus ladies of Northwestern University do not find it as easy to be a man as they had imagined. In the play "Milady's Mirror" the chorus ladies are chorus men and the girls are busy every day trying to walk, talk, swing a cane and dance like the swashbuckling young gentlemen of the University.

The Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore was recently the recipient of a gift of \$6,000,000 from the Rockefeller foundation. From year to year in the past the school has been supported by the foundation but this gift of six million places it on a solid foundation and allows for the erection of new buildings. This gift is said to be the largest ever made by one institution to another at one time.

CENTRE'S ABILITY.

Our exchanges yielded a very good editorial the other day and we must be allowed to quote part of it:

"Merle Crowell, in the American Magazine. . . . 'With less than a hundred graduates through much of its life. Centre College has given to the country two vice-presidents of the United States, a Supreme Court justice, eight United States senators, thirty-seven Congressmen, twenty governors, fifty-two state and federal circuit judges and twenty-six college presidents. Yet it was not until the football team flashed across the horizon like a flaming comet that the average person outside the immediate South had ever heard its name.'

Thus to see the triumph of the achievements of the body over the achievements of the brain is rather discouraging to the average college student, yet what more can be said of the situation than that it is lamentably true?

THOSE LAWYER CUT-UPS AGAIN.

Three men were fighting fiercely for the possession of the wheel of a Ford car which was slowly traveling down one of the college streets in Oregon recently. Suddenly two of the men ganged on the third and pitched him out. A crowd gathered; names, license numbers and descriptions were taken before the participants divulged the fact that they were Oregon student lawyers out making a case to be tried in "moot" court in the University. The lawyer's life is a hard one even before he begins to practice, isn't it?

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