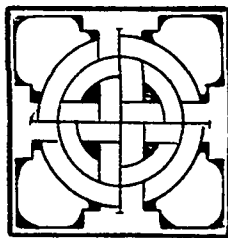


The Notre Dame Scholastic



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CALENDAR

Monday, April 3—Richmond evacuated, 1865.

Tuesday, April 4—First newspaper in U. S., 1704.

Wednesday, April 5—Yorktown besieged, 1862.

Lenten services, 7:30.

Thursday, April 6—First House of Representatives
organized, 1789.

Meeting of the Forum.

Friday, April 7—Battle of Shiloh, 1862.

Saturday, April 8—Island No. 10 taken, 1862.

"Father Tom," a moving picture, featuring Tom
Wise, in Washington Hall, 8 p. m.

Sunday, April 9—Civil Rights bill passed, 1866.
Palm Sunday.

Students Activities Committee meets.

SCHOLASTIC board of editors meets.

April the first is to fool you

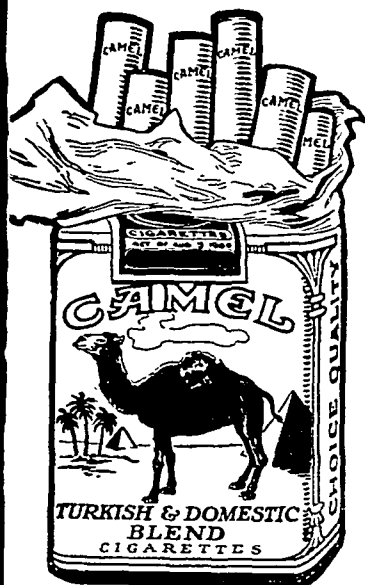
And show that the fellows still rule you—

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The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Published Every Saturday During the School Year. Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917 authorized, June 25, 1918.

Vol. LV.

April 1, 1922

No. 24

OPENING UP CANADA.

W. C. GILCHRIST.

“**O**H you live in Ontario?” said an American to me once. “Perhaps you know a friend of mine who is living in Canada now. His name is Smith and I believe he is in British Columbia. Know him?”

Even before explaining to my well meaning friend that Ontario is over three thousand miles from British Columbia, I had suspended judgment on him in spite of his, to me, appalling lack of knowledge of “the greatest land on the face of etc., etc.” The never-to-be-forgotten words of the English people—“Why, they are white men!” in 1914, when the first Canadian troops arrived in England, is still too fresh in my memory for me to be surprised if some Americans think of Canada as a far off, sparsely settled colony noted chiefly for its Blue Sundays and its wheat.

Leaving out quaint Quebec, reminiscent of the Old World with its patois and its peasantry, (for the French-Canadian “habitant” of today is much the same as his ancestors who left the shores of France to settle the New World), Canada and Canadians are like nothing so much as the United States and Americans.

The resemblance is most marked in the western provinces of the Dominion and there, in British Columbia and the vast prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, even the speaking accent of the two peoples is so much similar that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. The International Boundary across this great stretch of territory does not in any way mystify the Westerner, be he Canadian or American.

The Eastern provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick present a different problem to the American, especially the Easterner, for he seems to shy at the great lakes and rivers which divide the two countries, with the result that less is known of this section of Canada than of any other.

In spite of this, leaving out Quebec, and always remembering that one Volstead is an American citizen, Eastern Canada is as much American in customs, language and every other respect as the American States which lie opposite it.

Ontario is the manufacturing province of the Dominion, and for nearly two hundred miles north of the boundary presents the highly developed aspect of a busy American state, with its many large cities, its fertile farm lands, its well organized steam and electric railroads and many other evidences of a civilization where many a New Yorker would expect to find wild Indians being chased around by North West Mounties.

Going farther East to the Atlantic seaboard one finds in the maritime provinces the same types of cities, towns and people as he would encounter in the “wilder” sections of Maine and Massachusetts. “Herring-chokers,” these folk are, to the rest of Canada, and it is indeed doubtful if even a person blessed with a keen sense of smell could distinguish a Halifax fisherman from another of the same calling who hails from Gloucester, Mass.

However, while the visitor to Canada is pleased to find that Eskimo pies and Fords are for sale in Toronto just as they are in Chicago, and that Ontario’s roads are not surpassed by any in the United States, he is generally not content unless he has seen Quebec before he returns.

Quebec is different and its very difference from the rest of Canada is the thing which

charms the tourist, although, as noted once before, one Volstead of Minnesota is not a Canadian, and Montreal, "the Paris of America" is a Mecca for many Americans, chiefly because of the accident of the well known Congressman's birth, (geographically speaking, of course).

To begin with, the language of Quebec differs from that of the rest of Canada, for one hears nothing but French spoken in Quebec province. French is spoken in the schools, in business, in society and even the newspapers are printed in French, proof of the fact that the French-Canadian has retained his language as well as his customs.

With the language the "habitants" have guarded jealously, through many years of English rule, practically all of the customs of their native France, as well as their religion.

Church holy days are observed as legal holidays in Quebec, and the public religious processions through the streets of its towns and villages are common sights.

The love of art inherent in the French-Canadian is felt when one stands before the original Rubens painting in the little village church of Chiticoumi, at the head of the Saguenay River. Here, far from the bustle and roar of the great world, the villagers and farmers added the masterpiece to the other beauties of their little church many years ago—not for tourists to look at, but to satisfy their own natural instincts for what is fitting and proper in the decoration of a church. Few of the great cathedrals of the United States have anything to compare with this great painting.

Discovered quite by accident a few years ago, the beauty of the "*petite église*" of Chiticoumi is but one of the many things that agreeably surprise new comers in Quebec. From its long, thin counties, running down from the back woods to the St. Lawrence river, to the mighty citadel of Quebec, which frowns down upon the plains about it, Quebec is different, so different, that after having seen all of Canada one speaks forever after of Quebec as "Canada" and dimmed memories of the other parts of the Dominion fade and are forgotten beside those of the French province.

Canada is a slowly awakening giant, slow-

ly stirring into action which will some day cause it to recognize as one of the leading nations. In years to come Americans will know Canada as well as they know their own United States, for mighty industrial and commercial enterprises will force recognition from the world, but it is doubtful if Quebec will keep pace with the development which is to come. There are many who, loving Quebec as she is, hope that development will pass her by.

THE PROPHECY OF PIE.

J. C. WALSH.

Isn't it queer that woman, as a species, never takes to a business unless the devil is in it? For instance there is apple-growing and also politics. But what I have been thinking about for the last half hour is the phantom female who presided at those fairie taverns of Dickens, Thackeray and Co., handing the porter mugs round with such delicious condescension in the wave of her plump hand, that even today—well, she may have had a red nose and it's certain she owned a tongue. We have decided long since that inns are terrible dens of inefficiency and iniquity; we have entrusted their veiled orphans to gentlemen who serve drinks like undertakers and complete the simile by making it a purely impersonal business. Yes sir, the mistress of the inn picked up her palm leaf and departed for Paradise ages ago. One of these days a Dozen Wrinkles will prove that she never was there.

But I want to ask you a serious question. Are you plebian enough to buy rolls for breakfast at the corner bakery? I am. Every one of these dispensaries of Arabian spice has a buxom lady behind the counter whose talk is juicy with the raisins she put in her cake, and the apples she sliced up for those steaming pies. Of course she didn't do it herself, but the mere fact that she weighs her treasures out, with a cheery remark about the weather, and "Wouldn't you like a half-dozen cream-puffs just out of the oven, sir?" is enough to bring one back to that shop a hundred times in a row. "Thank God," I ejaculated one night to the pudding in the window, "for that riotous, immortal institution of democracy, the corner-bakery!"

A sallow support for a pair of spectacles overhead my panegyric and sneered. "Sir," he said, "I perceive that from the standpoint of science your mind is utterly mediaeval. That bakery is the haunt of evil."

At first I thought he was a detective who had connected the immediate lady in charge with a hideous adventure. But the gentleman's vistas were infinitely broader. "Obviously," he continued, "the bakery must pass. It's a stage of human evolution, a pathetic phase in the development of the Superman." I turned round and gazed at the window but it seemed utterly unconscious of its mission. "To me," I answered, "it is the hallowed descendant of cheery days when buxom lasses held tankards to the lips of fighting men; when heart-fires gleamed into the night of mystery and the snow huddling on the roofs fondled the song of heroes like wheat in the wintry fields; when—" "And where are the ladies now?" he chuckled icily. "Under the forward march of progress and industry the inns have been thrown out of the game like foul balls. They told us it couldn't be done. But a man has to hold his job now-a-days, and he can't sing tavern melodies to that tune." "Progress means—" "Alas, sir, I know all about that," I answered. "What inns we have left are mostly new and Yiddish, being made of long noses and wall-paper. But what has all this to do with the bakery?"

He stood with finger pressed reflectively upon his chin. "Friend, it's a well-established truth that eating is a greater malady than drinking. Two-thirds of the inefficiency of mankind is due to bread and cake. Let big business once master the principles of progress and diet will be regulated sensibly." "You mean that breakfast will no longer consist of rolls and coffee, that my dinner in the future will not be a riotous procession from soup to pie?" I murmured: "Bless us, what's to become of our democracy?" "The dinner of the future," he rejoined, "will be comprised of essences put up in phials. These will be served by sanitary pharmacists. It will not even be necessary to sit down. One will go into the drug-store and say, 'A dram of oxygen, please, with two capsules of nitrogen and a radium pill.' Having consumed this, one will stride forth efficient,

with brain renewed, vigor in the step, lustre in the eye. No need to waste an hour getting over the effects. Think of the time saved, the energy reserved from the stomach for enterprise, the leisure for art and intellectual recreation." I sighed. The argument was inescapable. It had me trapped like a rabbit and like that speedy animal I turned and ran. The vision of the world to be was at my heels. No drinks, no meals, two hours of sleep, an electric shock instead of a bath, universal peace, the latest news about Mars moving pictures, rubber-tired street-cars, thirteen hours a day for Wagners and Kants to be! Everybody a philosopher, bakers a la oxygen, newspapers without lies, clothes pressed by hypnotism without even being taken off! I turned round to say good-night to the future, but it followed me remorselessly like a war-debt. I looked in vain for the refuge of a tavern, but the town was efficiently arid. In desperation I rushed into the bakery and pulled down the blind. "Good lady," I implored, "give me three dozen of the most dyspeptic, indigestible, non-nitrogenous, unscientific pies you have." "Bless me," she answered, "but I'm clean sold out of pies. Won't you try one of the Vienna apple-cakes?" That the pies were completely gone filled me with melancholy, but also with a great hope. Thank God, I'll be dead when the future arrives. I hadn't thought of that.

A WORD OR TWO ON LISZT.

VINCENT ENGELS.

I do not know if the stars shone brightly over Central Europe on the night of October 22, 1811. I do not know if the autumn moon was aware, as she dreamed in her black velvet throne, of what was happening on earth. But I am sure that the Northern Lights, which are symbols of the Great Spirit, were alternately fading, blazing, drooping, and spreading their swift glory clear across the European sky. I know too, that the winds were still, for they had gone—the zephyrs and the gales with their meekness and their fierceness, their mildness and their power, to steal within the heart of a babe, and find a home there.

Franz Liszt had been born. I believe that

on the day of his birth, he was consecrated to greatness.

The result of this consecration was not immediately evident. The child grew to boyhood, and played in the streets and outlying meadows of the Hungarian village as other boys did, exhibiting no remarkable qualities of intelligence, so that no one felt obliged to prophesy his destiny. Then one day a subtle chording touched his imagination and his soul—mastered him, and he was no longer an ordinary boy. Three years later he had acquired a notable dexterity on the piano-forte, and his parents moved to Vienna, to place him under the best of music teachers. Two years after that he had appeared in a great public concert, had played an audience into rapture; had received the kiss of Beethoven.

The career of Franz Liszt had begun—Liszt who was to sweep all Europe into admiration of him within five years, into reverence in twenty, and lastly and forever, into love.

While the name of Liszt had been spreading, swift and glorious as a flame across the world, two men lived whose playing also flourished in public approval—Thalberg and Chopin. Thalberg is now but the dimmest of memories, yet in the period of his greatest activity not one judicious mind in Paris would choose between Thalberg and Liszt. And Chopin—he who was the delight of the drawing rooms of the noble—his playing has been long forgotten. It is only through the royal magic of the compositions he left behind that we of the present know Chopin as great. The wonder of all this is that Liszt who bequeathed to us no greater compositions, still appears so prominent a figure in music that his influence is as direct, as dominating as though he were sitting by the side of every pianist in the world. True, his works are remarkable, but they are not great in the sense that Mozart's and Beethoven's are great. Yet his influence is as vigorous, his name perhaps as powerful as either of these. Love has kept alive the story of this man—kept it fresh and brilliant while the names of his illustrious contemporaries have died in the yellowed pages of old musical journals. And that love was engendered by

the most sublimely magnet personality that has appeared in all modern history.

To love music is to love the memory of Liszt; to love Liszt is to love music—these things are one. The soul of Liszt was music—he sensed the subtle order and beauty of the Cosmos, knew the harmony of the human spirit, and interpreted this in music that cleared the possibilities of an earthly cause, and touched the divine. Liszt and music were one—he played not by laboriously memorized notes as if the piano were an instrument and he the operator, but improvised, altered and created as if he and the piano were one being, with his own soul the activating power. That was his genius—that the force which swept him above all other players, and branded him inspired. All art was in his playing—the freshness of Scarlatti, the brilliancy of Mozart, the melancholy of Chopin, the sorrow of Beethoven, the grandeur of Bach—these were his, and not separately, but combined. Not to be identified with one school of artists—not to be claimed by one period of musical history is Liszt, for he belongs to all periods and all ages.

It was a perfect sympathy with the hearts of men which was the meaning of Liszt's interpretative power. This sympathy grew in him as he became older, and with it grew his art. It was evident in him as a child, when, realizing that Beethoven was in his audience, he played the Master's symphonies with such a naive simplicity and understanding that the old man rose from his seat to embrace him; it was to develop through the years of adolescence and manhood until it was to reach its climax in the winter of 1842 when his recitals were to hold entire audiences fascinated until one o'clock in the morning.

Now this intimate understanding of and sympathy with all mankind which was the basis of Liszt's music, was also the secret of his personality. Few persons can love those who are unjust to them. Everyone was attracted to Liszt, because he found something to appreciate in everyone he met. He penetrated one's soul and brought out beautiful things in the same way that "he explored the innermost thought of a composer,

and brought them to the surface, so they gleamed out, one by one, like stars." The emotions of the simple gypsy he understood, and they were his; the hearts of his cultured society friends he sympathized with, for they were human.

"When I play," he said, "I play for the people in the gallery, so that those who pay only five groschen for their seats may also hear something." These characteristics of his have been treated at length by Miss Amy Fay in "*Musical Study in Germany*." I must quote from it.

"Liszt is the most interesting and striking man imaginable, tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and iron-grey hair. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him, when he smiles, a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression. Anything like the polish of his manners I never saw. When he got up to leave his box at the theatre, for instance, after his adieus to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart, and made his final bow, not with affectation or in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic. But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and change of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic, the next, insinuating, amiable, ironical, sarcastic, but always the same captivating grace of manners. All Weimar adores him, and people say that women still go perfectly crazy over him. When he goes out, every one greets him as if he were a king. Liszt looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face seamed with experience. He made me think of an old time magician and I felt that with a touch of his wand he could transform us all.

"All playing sounds barren by the side of Liszt, for he is the living, breathing impersonation of poetry, passion, grace, with coquetry, daring, and every other fascinating attribute that you can think of. His pupils adore him, as in fact every one else does, but it is impossible to do otherwise, with a person whose genius flashes out of him all the time so, and whose character is so winning."

Now Liszt's influence in modern art is at-

tributable at least as much to this ability of his to make friends as it is to his music. For the friends whom he attracted number the greatest names in musical history, and on the characters of every one of them, Liszt's personality left an indelible impression. Chopin deplored the orchestral tones which Liszt wove into his compositions, but nevertheless the brilliant Pole felt inspired by the presence of the master. All the world knows of the influence Liszt exerted on Berlioz. And Richard Wagner—that magician of the opera—his fame would never have been circulated, his best things never written had it not been for the love Liszt gave him. He found a friend in the great pianist at a time when a further rebuff would have crushed him. The two afforded a unique contrast—Liszt had success, prosperity, friendship; Wagner had been treated so harshly that he believed himself a failure. The first had scaled Everest, but he boasted no superiority to those who remained on sea level. He saw Wagner's plight; recognized his genius, became his friend, fought for him continually until that summer of 1876 when the "Nibelungen" was produced, and Wagner, speaking to a happy and enthusiastic audience, said: "Here is one who first gave me faith in my work, when no one knew anything of me. But for him perhaps you would not have heard a note from me today. It is my dear friend, Franz Liszt." To Liszt at Weimar came the pianists of the world; to each he gave encouragement and aid in his kindly, masterful fashion. From Weimar there emerged a remarkable group of musicians who were to complete the technic of modern piano playing. Each bore the mark of Liszt's influence; each in turn influenced a particular part of the world. Von Beulow, Tausig, D'Albert, Reisenaur, Wieniawsky, Langaard and Amy Fay circled around Liszt and later preached his gospel. Through them and through their pupils the art of the master has lived, and will continue to live forever.

LIMERICK.

There was a young fellow named Meyer
Who sang in the Methodist choir.
He could only sing
If his music he'd bring,
So the music we put in the fire.

J. M.

THE HOUR OF CHANGING LIGHT.

GERALD HOLLAND.

The most uncommon of the common things of life is the sunset. It is one of the few unusual things we can never get used to; for, though we pass unnumbered beauties in nature, deeming them too common, the beauty, horror or melancholy of the sunset fascinates, if only momentarily.

It is the final blessing of the day; to the miserable it brings night; to the weary, rest; but to the happy it brings a brief setting of glory to their reflections—a moment to dream of a day before it passes.

The sunset is the simile of death, fitly so, for sometimes, in those grey, morose twilight of leaden skies—days on which nothing great could happen—the sun sinks away to rest, like the passing of an ancient recluse, whose death is not even noticed; then again on certain ominous eves, nights of darkened horror, its grim and ensanguined passing, as some harsh, old, bloody rebels, warns the world in its dying gasps; but often, in a calm cloudless skies, it rolls off into the West, full hearted, like a kind, aged mother smiling away her children's tears.

The sunset is also Nature's playhour with her lights and shadows; and hers it the theatrical triad of colors: red, amber and blue, but her rimmers make them appear multitudinous.

Her effects she works with clouds, sometimes sweeping them brusquely aside, for simple, pure effects: often crushing them into light fleecy crumbs, softly dusting them with gentle tones of pink and corn silk yellow: while, at other times, she just pushes one or two aside, poking her finger, or perhaps elbow, through others, daubing their under sides in subdued tints of water colors, burnishing the upper in the richest pigments.

She always dims her reds and ambers first, stealing away their color, border by border, from fore to backstage; deepening the blues, as the others fade away; until even the last reminiscent spot of heliotrope has melted into the dark and darkening, all pervading blue.

Turner but caught his sunsets at their highest flood of color—I have seen sunsets that would pale his canvasses in comparison. There has never lived that master who could

catch one subtle moment of those constant changing values, and say—"this is the sunset;" for he has but captured one infinitesimal moment of a thousand moments.

There was one sunset I will always believe unpaintable; its memory is as vivid with me today as it was on that noisy beach while I watched it pass. It had rained that morning, but the clouds had mostly cleared away, leaving the fresh brilliance of a recent shower on the fashionable, little sea resort; a gayer blue in the sky, with a few laundered clouds, and a choppy sea of intense blue.

As the day declined, heavy clouds appeared in the eastern sky, just over the mountains that backed the city; before long the great outriders of the storm had slipped over the sea and below the horizon; followed closely by their more massed brothers, slightly broken, of course, with a few aerial ravines, which gave us an occasional glimpse at the blue behind them. The seat for several hours past, had been breaking fiercely at the shore, seemingly wishing, in a moment, to tear away the million year old restraint that kept it from the land.

Our house was right by the sea, and the flushed sky told me that this would be an unusual sunset for a place noted for the beauty of its sunsets. My vantage place was a blunt, rocky point near the house.

The wind, by this time, had risen to a dull whine, abetting the tumult of the ocean; smashing it in white anger against the rocks and lashing it turbulently into the sea-worn caverns.

Then I noticed a very peculiar thing—the clouds, which massed over the entire sea, had been hammered asunder, and, save for a few crushed fragments, had left a great space of blue between the clouds that ceilinged the sea and the great, black nimbus that enshrouded the distant east.

The sun, at that time, was invisible behind the thick blanket of clouds—but there were many holes and rents in the blanket, so the sun's colors dripped through, their passage softening and diluting them to milder tones. The flaming yellow that had trickled through the clouds near the horizon, was of the mellow gold or old jewelry; the red, which had seeped through nearer to us, was of the pink flush of seashells; the open space above was

rouged thickly, the rim of the cloud bank seeming on fire, but this color paled away to the east and died, faintly, in the heavy blue, while the clouds of pregnant darkness, which had given birth to night in the land behind, blackened, further and further, the eastern sky. The cadence of the wind and sea was, now, wilder and louder.

Then, just before the sun came tangent to the sea, it rolled into a small sky canyon, seemingly too small—the sun was like a little golden pea. Immediately a lustrous rug of yellow silk spread over the sea—a prayer rug for sun worshippers, and I turned pagan for the moment. The ruddy flare caught the clouds beneath and jewelled all the sky round with molten gold and liquid rubies, which, cooling as it came towards me, paled into the delicate pink of tourmalines; only to die in the fast freezing blue of night. The sea and wind were pounding out a Wagnerian climax, as the sun dipped into the turbulent Pacific.

The gold faded, the sea path shrunk, and the blush of the clouds died away to the West. The black cloud bank was soon above, heralded by a sprinkling of raindrops, rapidly it covered the ocean and land; the wind and sea mixed in a deafening clamor—then I turned to the lighted city and returned.

There is another sunset among many, I remember; we had climbed a tall mountain that afternoon, to see the sunset over our city, some fifty miles away, but a light fog had settled on the horizon, hiding it from view; the sun, to compensate us for our labor, painted the heavens all colors of red, but the coloring did not reach us, for above the cerulean sparkled like a field of forget-me-nots after a shower. The low fog veil that hid the face of the sun, was yellow, with little threads of crimson.

The night was tardy in coming, so the red washed slowly from the heavens; from the foot of the mountain we watched the darkness creep over the rough hewed hills into the dry canyons, and the coquettish stars peek timidly from behind their blue curtain, to wink at the grey green sagebrush.

The rest of the sunsets I remember, is a hodge-podge, all are capable of division into certain classes, like women's dresses, some possessing indefiniteness as to their true clas-

sification, all possessing something markedly individual, defying duplication; there is the sunset of brick red which covers the West like a rich velvet curtain, the footlights in front being turned off one by one; somber black and white studies, parti-colored sunsets—but it would be useless to name further, so bewildering and intricate are their beauties.

If a man would tell you there is no God—take him to a high mountain and show him Nature's hour of prayer; if a man is immune to beauty—stand him on the seashore as the sun goes down; and, if you would feel like an archangel—look to the West as the brilliant pennons of the day trail over the horizon: it is God's hour of beauty, and man's hour of prayer.

MARCHANT, O CHEVALIERS!

Now comes this gay young chevalier of spring
Spreading his Orient mantle over the pool.
And love with empire in her wantoning
Doth lead him to obeisance at her stool.
He will forget the purple-bosomed sea
And slumber, grey-haired, in the cells of doom;
But heedless of the corpse left shivering on the tree
Another knight will bow and be her groom.

Whatever hopes like tides of sunlit water
Waft blossoms to the shores of Adams' soul,
He sits at last amid the dark wind's slaughter
And drinks the cold monotony of their roll.
Yet Abel, glimpsing from his boyhoods' dreams
The mystic beauty in the fragrant morn,
Scuttles his play-ships in the meadow-streams,
To seek new argosies for her ripe scorn.

K. A.

FRIEND.

You soothed all my sorrows,
Pouring joy
Into my life's cup,
Boy.

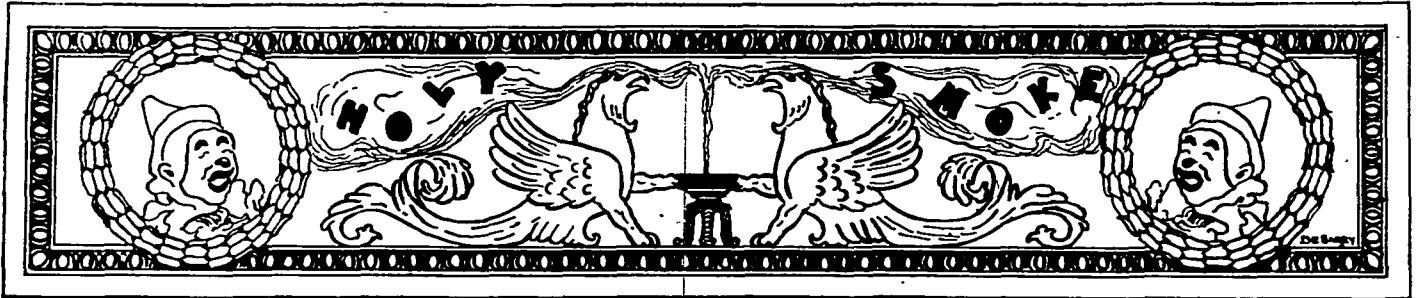
I never knew the
Roads were hard
Until we parted,
Pard.

Nor from whence my
Light had come
Till your smile was gone, my
Chum.

Tho' ways have wandered,
'Round the bend

I will meet you once more,
Friend.

C. S. CROSS.



"Just tell your friends to come with us,
The eats and show's on me."
And now of meals for some time past,
He eateth two—not three.

Father: Willy, if you don't be still I'll use some
hand-cuffs on you.

Willy (to himself): Gee, that's great; hand-cuffs
won't hurt as much as these I get with a slipper.

In the still of the night the Knight of the Still
Was greedily bulging his vest;
But now he rests under the roof of a jail
For he was placed under arrest.

A certain professor
In our school
Says that
The nearest approach to
Knowledge
That will ever be made
By some of the
Freshmen
Is the cutting
Of a
Wisdom tooth.

Sorin: How did Betty act when you bawled her
out for standing you up?

Walsh: Chagrined.

Sorin: You're lucky she didn't laugh.

We will now sing—"Her Heart was in the Right
Place but She Had a Floating Rib."

Rosie: Say, Sadie, what was the name of that
picture Jack and Harold took us to last night?

Sadies: Shame.

Rosie: Oh, you don't need to shame me. I guess
you and Harold weren't watching it so close, either.

"What do you mean, you were wounded last
night?"

"Somebody was shooting with a pair of loaded
dice."

"Why do you call your husband Harp?"

"Because he's such a lyre."

She played in a new tennis jacket.
Her friend with a mud ball did whack it.
She let out a snort,
And then on the court
We witnessed a real tennis racket.

Ku: Jim played poker for seven hours straight
last night.

Coo: I didn't think that Jim could do anything
straight for five minutes, let alone seven hours.

Last week the concrete cream puff was awarded
to the freshman who thought that type lice and a
bookworm were the same thing.

"Who is it that plans the designs on our gold
coins?"

"I'm not sure but I think that it's the Land-
lords."

Pan: Did you have any success in making her
father see that you are worthy of her?

Handle: Well, my efforts were not exactly boot-
less.

It is an unwise college youth

And he stoppeth one of three:

"I'm sorry, Jack, I can't go 'long'

I'm with my friends," said she.

THREE DATES.

First Night.

Say, this baby's different, ya' see what I mean?

She's got me guessing. Boy, she's a queen.

Spicy and snappy. CLASS that's the word.

Don't know her tricks? Say, don't be absurd.

Second Night.

She sure's a great kid, but y' know sometimes I think

She's a little extravagant—makes the purse shrink

To haul her around on a Saturday night.

Well, you can't blame the girl. Oh, I guess she's
all right.

Third Night.

What? You goin' out with that dame? Say come to.

You're wastin' your time. Gee, you must be new.

Boy, she's plumb bogus; a clinker; a coke.

I ever go with her? Ya, but just for a joke.

KOLARS.

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VOL.
LV.

*Discit Quasi Semper Dicturus
Dicit Quasi Cras Meriturus*

No.
24

It has been said that in Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Perhaps it does, but not if he has a set of quarterly examinations ahead of him. Educators consider examinations as useful things and necessary tests of proficiency. The young man in question would probably regard them as burdensome contrivances which might well be dispensed with.

This view appears to us to be a superficial one, the view of the man who wants to be with the crowd in condemning everything that means added work. No thoughtful man would want to exist without examinations—scholastic examinations, examinations of conscience, examinations of the past and of the probable courses to be travelled in the future.

Nothing shows more truly the depth of a man's thought and the sincerity of his purpose in life than the frequency of his inward examinations, when he confronts himself with the facts and figures concerning his past life and when the mental images of all his past deeds pass before him in review, some to smirk and to look scornfully at him as at one whose weaker nature has the upper hand, others to nod encouragement and to assure him that since he has done worthwhile things in the past he can do them again in the future.

Examinations always remind us of the

assay offices in mining towns. To these offices the prospector brings his ore to have it tested and evaluated. Thus it is with us when we undergo examinations—we bring to the assay office of our own minds the memories of things committed. What a feeling of pleasure we experience when our findings come up to standard, when the things we have thought and the deeds we have done are such that we can show them to the world and defy adverse criticism. Our lives would be much better ones could we only keep before us the thought of the Final Examination when all our achievements will be assayed and the last pronouncement given. HAGAN.

Finding new ways to entertain people is an interesting problem for those who make this their specialty. When our forefathers lived a less complicated existence five or six centuries ago, travelling minstrels were enough to furnish amusement if not occasional enlightenment. They would have been shocked if someone had invited them to see a woman sawed in half.

The management of the South Bend theater which has presented this miraculous act very bluntly asks of its patrons, "Do you believe your eyes?" We dislike to beg the question and yet there is no use telling here what we think of a vaudeville act. We will say, however, that every day we see fellows

playing with golf sticks and we don't believe they know how to play golf; otherwise, why do they send their golf balls through the library windows? We've seen the rudest complexions in the United States on South Bend flappers, but we've never come to the conclusion that they are natural; there are Notre Dame men who can prove that the redness comes off. If it came down to brass tacks, we would emphatically say that believing your eyes is bad business. That is what Barney Google does. MOLZ.

Because they find the burden of extra-curricular activities is carried by a limited number of students, several universities have

adopted the point system of limiting the amount of work a student may carry outside of his class schedule. Dartmouth, Penn State and California use the system in one form or another. It provides for a rating, by points, of all positions in extra-curricular work and for a definite number of points which a student may not exceed.

It is altogether true that in most universities, a few hundred students are the sponsors of everything. They carry the responsibilities of any number of organizations and when committees are to be appointed they are the first to be thought of. Through no fault of their own, their services are demanded week in, week out. This is not a picture of conditions at Notre Dame, but it is a picture of conditions which prevail beyond doubt elsewhere. It is not far wrong to say that analogous conditions can be found, also, in the business and social worlds. The cause lies probably in the apathy of the majority of students. They are content to see others do things which they could do, if they cared enough to try.

To say that you can shift part of the work to them, however, simply by limiting the amount of work which the interested students may carry seems nothing less than absurd. The system tries to change the effect without changing the cause. It goes after the difficulty backwards. Rules are likely, anyway, to be the father of confusion. The real interest of the students as a whole could more easily be enlisted, it seems to us, by

educating them to the benefits of participation in extra-curricular activities and by trying to classify freshman talent when it comes to the university, still warm with preparatory-school enthusiasm. MOLZ.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sympathy of the University is extended Gerald Hagan of Corby Hall, whose sister died last Saturday in North Dakota.

Sincere condolences are offered to Michael Adrian of Brownson Hall on the death of his brother, Laurence, at White Wings, New York.

Rupert D. Donovan '08, lawyer of Marenco, Illinois, and former captain in the 122nd Field Artillery overseas, died March 23, 1922, and was buried with full military honors from the home of his father, J. D. Donovan, of Woodstock, Illinois. His wife, who survives him, was Miss Genevieve Soisson, a graduate of St. Mary's in 1916. To her, to the father, and to the brother, Paul Donovan LL. B. '10, the sympathy and prayers of the University are offered.

Mr. Joseph Rick, C. S. C., of Moreau Seminary, was called to his home at Houston, Texas, Wednesday, by the death of his sister, Margaret, who, charitably nursing those suffering from the influenza, herself succumbed to a fatal relapse of the disease. The students are asked kindly to pray for the repose of her soul.

We regret very much to learn of the death of Mrs. Frank Mulcahey, formerly Miss Elinor Wolf, of South Bend, and wife of Frank Mulcahey, a graduate of the '16 class. She was stricken with paralysis last Autumn and had been in ill health since, but she suffered another severe attack which caused her death last Sunday, in Fredericksburg, Va.

Frank was always active in journalistic affairs on the campus, and both he and his wife were at one time employed by one of the local newspapers doing reporting and feature writing.

Those who remember Frank, or "Caesar" as he was often called by his classmates, wish to extend their sympathy and promise prayers.

DEBATING AND ITS HEROES.

Despite the fact that the season for argument may not be closed as yet—a discussion with Western Reserve University looms up just now as a possibility—we have decided to celebrate the great deeds of this year's warriors of the wrangle anyhow. Their pictures show plainly how formidable they are, and how a bit of the grace and non-chalance of Richard and Marlborough distinguishes them. We shall therefore be simply prosaic and declare that this season's team ranks with the best debating organizations of which Notre Dame has any record. The science of oratory has improved wonderfully during the past two years, and with Father Bolger to take the helm in the pursuit of skillful argumentative courses, our men are impressive performers. This season lists so far five debates, only one of which was lost, by a two to one decision in favor of Indiana Central College. The outstanding debates of the year were those with Wabash College and Colby College: how our teams clashed in these instances is set forth in this issue by Messrs. Rhomberg and Engels. Notre Dame owes a great debt to its debaters for their industry and courage, for their long, long road to the knowledge and skill which brought victory and recognition.

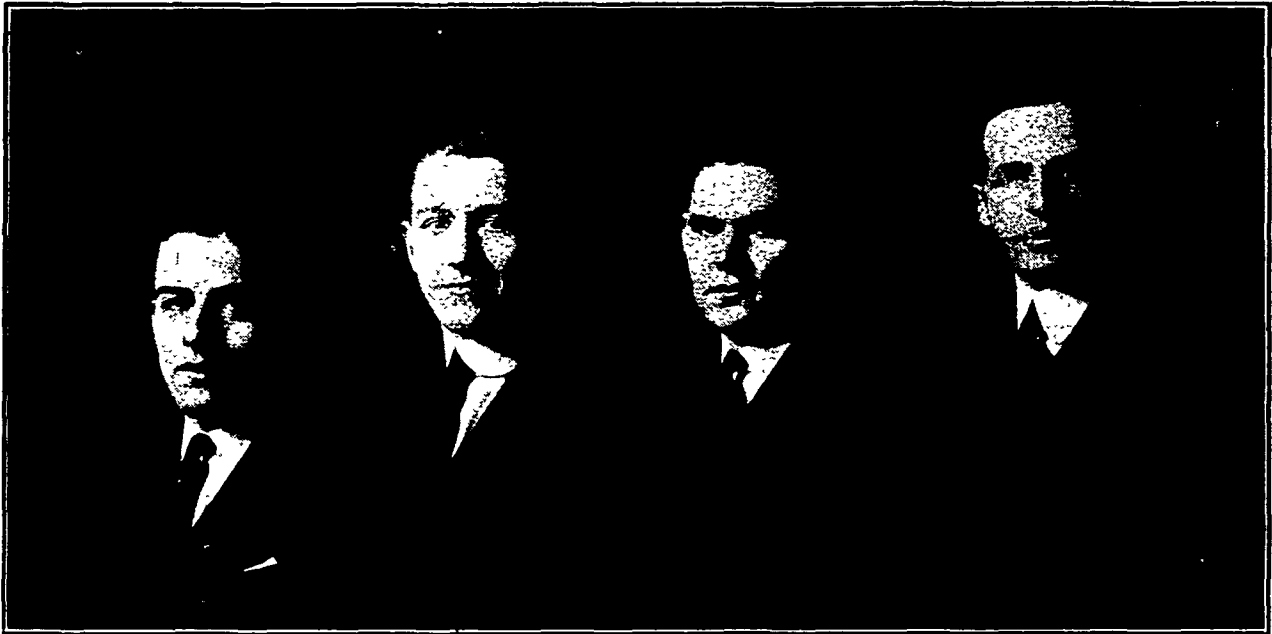
THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.

Of the three debates the affirmative team has had this year it has won two and lost one. The men who have carried the *onus probandi* are Cavanaugh, Nolan, Engels, and Drummey. Frank Cavanaugh of last year's negative team has opened the debates this year. With a whole year of experience and with fire and aggressiveness, the poise and persuasiveness, that come with experience, he has been a consistently dangerous man for the opposition. As first speaker it has been his task to show that the debating standard of Notre Dame has not declined a whit. In Mark Nolan the team has a promising speaker. From the very first try-out Mark has stood forth as a man of power and intensity. With his prodigious capacity for hard work, his accurate, minute knowledge of every phase and intricacy of the question, he has been Father Bolger's right-hand man. He

is acquiring that grace and maturity which in the next two years will undoubtedly make him one of Notre Dame's most valuable debaters. In Vincent Engels, who won first place in the final contest, the team has had a clinching, masterly closer. His experience of last year has enabled him to fit nicely and naturally into this difficult and strategic position. He is versatile, perspicacious in seeing and playing up the antinomies of opponents and unerring in detecting and answering the questions in the minds of the judges. "Vince" has a mind that easily takes a comprehensive grasp of the question, and in this ability to sum up the whole case and compel assent he is peerless. Frank Drummey, the alternate for the affirmative team this year, had the opportunity to debate two collegiate teams. His ability, as demonstrated on both occasions, amply proves Father Bolger's assertion, "He thinks." Drummey has acquired the experience and the power that will make him a valuable man for next year's team.

THE NEGATIVE TEAM.

Notre Dame's negative team was also composed of veteran debaters. With Raymond Gallagher, Breen medalist of 1921, and captain of last year's affirmative team, as a leader this year, the team has defeated representatives from two of the strongest schools in the state, Wabash College and Indiana University. Before coming to Notre Dame Gallagher debated during two years in high school. During the last two years he has smiled triumphantly at the fruitless attempts of opponent agitators to worry him, and has not lost an intercollegiate debate. He has another year in which to continue his good work for Notre Dame. James Hogan, Breen medalist and a Bachelor Orator of this year, was a member of last year's negative team. Hogan goes about debating in a business-like way, and could his Oliver speak, it would testify that it has copied every available argument on the "Closed Shop." This is his last year on the Notre Dame platform. Joseph Rhomberg, President and Valedictorian of the Class of 1922, is the third member of the negative team. He was a member of last year's affirmative team and shares with Gallagher the honor of winning every col-



RHOMBERG WITUCKI GALLAGHER HOGAN

legiate debate in which he has participated. Rhomberg's work has been thoroughly consistent and of a high standard. Notre Dame will miss him next year. Casimir Witucki, the alternate of the negative team, summed up the arguments of the opposition as few others could have done, and was special correspondent for the team. Because of the latter rôle, it has been rumored that he has become an intimate friend of Judge Gary. Witucki showed remarkable development during the preliminary contests, and his work augurs well for his advancement to an important position on next year's team.

COLBY vs. NOTRE DAME.

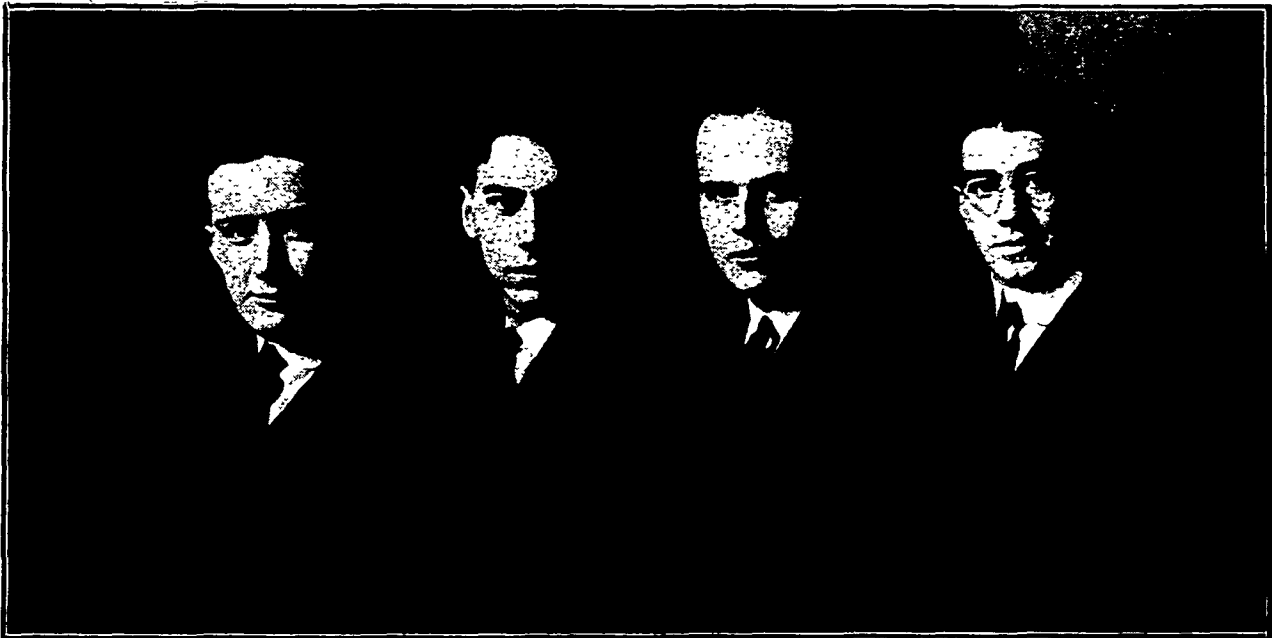
The debate was bitterly fought throughout; the teams clashing at the very beginning. It seemed as though the two cases had been built to oppose each other directly and at the end of the main speeches, it was evident that the teams were about even. Notre Dame, however, was clearly ahead in the rebuttals which followed.

Notre Dame opened the debate. The first affirmative speaker clearly and effectively showed that unionism itself was justifiable, and that the closed shop was equally justifiable as the best means of preserving organized labor. He declared the great outstanding fact of the industrial world to be that organized labor is fighting for its very existence, with its back against the wall, and used this as a groundwork upon which to

build the argument for the justifiability of the closed shop. The first negative speaker replied with the statement that the closed shop could not be justified unless it could be proved that its principle is not detrimental to the employee, the employer or the general public. The second affirmative speaker promptly took up this phrasing, and attempted to show that in operation the closed shops works no injustice either to the employee, the employer or the general public. He also showed that enumerating the abuses of labor in general bore no relevancy to the question, unless it were indisputably proved that these abuses were inherent in the closed shop as a cause, and inseparable from it in its operation.

Colby's reply was ineffective, and the affirmative directly pounced upon it, again insisting that the evils attributed to labor must be shown to be inherent in the closed shop as a cause, before the argument could have any bearing on the question.

The third affirmative speaker summed up the arguments of the affirmative and then applied them to conditions in typical industries, declaring that hostile employers were able to crush unionism unless it were backed by the closed shop. The third negative speaker attacked this argument by showing that organized labor has progressed in spite of hostility. The affirmative came back by showing that hostile employers actually were crushing unionism where it was unsupported



CAVANAUGH NOLAN ENGELS DRUMMEY

by the closed shop, and second, by insisting that the basic idea of the argument was that under open shop conditions, unions exist only at the will of the employer, and that he is powerful enough to crush them whenever he wishes to do so.

The third negative speaker developed a point concerning the right of the non-unionist laborer to work, and the right of the employer to hire whomever he wishes. This point became an interesting issue in the rebuttals. The affirmative showed that the right of either party was not an unconditional right, and further, that since the non-union man expects to reap the benefits for which organized labor has battled, he is not harmed by being asked to join the union when he wishes to work alongside a union man. They illustrated this with analogies, saying that no man can enjoy the benefits of a fraternal organization without joining that organization.

THE WABASH-NOTRE DAME DEBATE.

On March third the Notre Dame negative team clashed with Wabash College, state champions of last year, at Crawfordsville. Wabash was defended by the same team which defeated Notre Dame a year ago, their second speaker having won a state oratorical contest of the week before. The Notre Dame standardbearers were Joseph Rhomberg, Raymond Gallagher, James Hogan, and Casimir Witucki, alternate.

The first Wabash debater began by contending that because unionism and collective bargaining have been most effective instruments in abolishing child labor, in reducing hours of work, and in raising the standard of living generally, they are indispensable to the welfare of the laboring classes. The second speaker continued that with nearly all employers bound together by associations and chambers of commerce into a practical monopoly of capital, to bargain successfully there must be a counter monopoly of labor, obtained by the universal closed shop. Their case was then concluded with the argument that unionism is ineffectual without the closed shop.

The evils of restriction of output, political and economic coercion, and the prevention of industrial peace, presented by the negative as inherent defects of closed shop unionism, were made to appear as monstrous as possible by Wabash's advocacy for the universal extension of the system.

With a case of the Father Bolger stamp and several minutes direct refutation of affirmative arguments by each speaker Notre Dame was clearly superior in constructive speeches. The Wabash debaters, however, were remarkably adroit in rebuttal, scarcely touching the three main points of the negative, but showing an especial cleverness for picking out unimportant ideas and making them appear colossal blunders. Our team re-emphasized their constructive arguments and

showed that unionism functions effectively without the closed shop. The last speaker indicated that the system is at its best a war measure that would strangle all constructive movements toward industrial peace. The vote was two to one in Notre Dame's favor.

GOING IN CHICAGO.

(News of the Endowment Campaign.)

Room 1539 Congress Hotel, Chicago headquarters of the Notre Dame campaign, is a-buzz with activities these days in preparation for the Big Drive which will open the early part of May. Five hundred thousand dollars is the quota of the Chicago district in the nationwide campaign for a \$2,000,000 development and endowment fund.

Old students are dropping in every day to shake hands with Father Walsh and offer their assistance in the work to be done. There is real Notre Dame spirit manifest in the way members of the alumni have responded to the call for their support and active coöperation.

A little weekly newspaper, called "*The Five Hundred Thousand*" is now going out from headquarters to the alumni. It records the high lights of progress of the campaign and the news of the work of organization.

Since last the SCHOLASTIC heard from Chicago headquarters the following names have been added to the list of members of the executive committee: Thomas V. Brennan, Albert McMurray, John Francis Cushing and W. Gibbons Uffendell.

The work of organization has gone forward rapidly. Harold P. Fisher, president of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, is chairman of organization. He has appointed the following committee to assist him: Alderman George M. Maple, James E. Sanford and Daniel E. Hilgartner, Jr. Alumni in Chicago have been divided into three groups, representing the North, South and West sides of the city.

For the North side the following chairmen have been appointed: District chairmen, Leo Hassenauer, Ira W. Hurley, Francis H. Hayes, Alden J. Cusick and James E. Sanford.

Division Chairmen: James Brennan, Arthur

Butine, Harry L. Cagney, James Cavanaugh, John F. Clancy, Maurice J. Cooney, Eugene F. Corcoran, John Costello, Francis T. Coughlin, Ambrose T. Cuny, Harry A. Curtis, John F. Devine, Jr., Richard F. Donovan, Oscar J. Dorwin, Archibald M. Duncan, Richard Dunn, William Fitzgerald, Keene L. Fitzpatrick, James W. Foley, Chester D. Freeze, Henry Fritz, Edward J. Gainer, Leonard P. Gebasiewicz, Charles H. Joy, George Kowalski, Albert J. Leon, Lucien Locke, Jos. J. McCaffrey, Dr. Franklin McCarty, Wm. J. McGrath, Joseph Maag, Grover Malone, DeForest Matteson, J. P. Murphy, Ted Nachowicz, George O'Brien, John T. O'Malley, Ronald O'Neil, John Orminski, Joseph Paupa, John M. Quinlan, Stephen F. Riordan, Vincent Scully, Joseph Patrick Shiels, Maximilian St. George, Stephen J. Sugrue, Henry Susen, Dr. Stanley Tylman, and Gordon B. Volland.

For the South Side the District Chairmen are James V. Cunningham, Hugh J. Daly, William Cyril Henry, John Kanaley, Frank Xavier Rydzewski and William Joseph Milroy.

Division Chairmen are: Paul K. Barsaloux, Frank Binz, John H. Bowles, Russel J. Burns, Paul V. Byrne, Thomas Byrne, Jr., Mulcahy Coghlan, Wm. Jos. Corcoran, James V. Cunningham, Hugh J. Daly, Allerton Dee, Wm. A. Draper, Ralph Eberhart, Maurice Frank, Wm. M. Hanley, Arthur J. Hughes, Dr. Nicholas Johnson, Wm. Lynch, Francis J. Monaghan, Daniel Murphy, W. W. O'Brien, Marcellus M. Oshe, Joseph Pliska, Dr. E. Rush, Thomas A. Ryan, George Schuster, Robert Shenk, Richard Sparrow, Tim O. Sullivan, Ward C. Stallwell, March Forth Wells, Walter M. Wolf, and Thomas R. Woulfe.

District Chairmen for the West Side are Albert King, Austin A. McNichols, Albert O'Sullivan and Edward Roach.

Division Chairmen are: Wm. S. Allen, Norman Barry, Walter Clinnin, Richard Henry McCormick, Robert McGuire, A. VanWongerghem, George C. Witteried.

UNDER THE DOME.

In a characteristically fiery meeting last Sunday the Indianapolis Club made the final arrangements for its momentous Easter dance. The "Kelly Clowns" have been secured to furnish the music. Tickets are now on sale and can be bought from any member of the Capital City (Indiana) Club. The number is limited.

At a recent meeting of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, it was decided to lend the strength of the organization to aid the erec-

tion of the Soldiers' Memorial, a project to which much attention has been given but which many peculiar circumstances have hampered. At present the committee in charge has delegated particularly important matters to various sub-committees, and the work is developing nicely. A suitable site has been chosen, and only the approval of the University Council is needed to make it the permanent choice. Every effort will be made to erect at least a large enough part of the memorial to justify a fitting ceremony at Commencement time, in June.

Rev. Luis Ramirez, S. T. D., professor of Spanish in the College of Commerce, has contributed to the Catholic World for April an interesting article on "Catholic Social Organization in Chile."

Anyone interested in securing a bound volume of last year's SCHOLASTIC may apply at the book-store, where there are a few copies on hand. The price is reasonable.

Almost every member of the Forum attended the opening meeting for the second semester which was held last Wednesday and applauded everything on the program, including the speech of President Ficks who asked for coöperation during the coming year. The response suggested that coöperation would exist. Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., gave a talk on Cardinal Newman, his life and works, which showed an intimate knowledge of the great English churchman. The final number was a debate, the question being, Resolved, That co-education is a social evil. Mr. Coughlin upheld the affirmative and Mr. A. Thiemann, a writer of note on the subject, defended the negative. Mr. Thiemann won the decision—the first ever awarded him on this question. After a few impromptu talks by the members, the meeting was adjourned.

The Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. has made arrangements with the educational department of the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. to secure a series of its illustrated lectures. The first of these lectures will be given by R. A. Black on "Electricity in the Steel Mills." This paper will consist of a

discussion of the introduction of the electrical units now in general use; a review of the modern design and applications of both generation and utilization machinery. Thirty-three slides will be shown.

The lecture will be given Monday evening, April 3, at 7:45 p. m. in the physics classroom of Science Hall. All are cordially invited to attend.

The success of the S. A. C. campaign for the redemption of the campus has been everything one can reasonably expect. Most students are very willing to conform, but one particular form of "bug" is impervious to the plea. We refer to the aspiring golfer, whose young hopefulness in pursuit of the ball he insists upon addressing will stop at nothing—not grass, or shrubbery, or other people's heads, or windows. Well, golf is now the only kind of Scotch that unsettles the mind and must, very likely, be overlooked.

The regular meeting of the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, was held last Tuesday evening. Reverend Charles Milner, C. S. C., spoke on "Ideals and Happiness."

The Josephine Martino Concert Company gave a recital in Washington Hall, Saturday night, March 25. The program was exceptionally well balanced and the selections were rendered in a manner that justified the posters which announced, "Josephine Martino and accompanying artists."

The University Orchestra has made plans to give a concert at St. Mary's. The exact date has not been set but it will occur some time in the next three weeks.

A meeting of the Indianapolis Club was held in the library Wednesday evening at which plans were discussed for the annual Easter dance to be given by the club in Indianapolis.

Having concluded their schedule in the Indiana debating conference, the Notre Dame affirmative team went farther afield and won

new laurels by defeating Colby College of Waterville, Maine. The judges gave a two to one decision. Colby is making an extended tour sponsored by the Rotarians and prior to their coming to Notre Dame had been undefeated.

The Forum had an interesting meeting last Friday evening. Plans for a smoker were discussed, and a committee composed of Mr. Cunningham as chairman and Messrs. Watson and Miller as members was appointed to make arrangements. The smoker date will be announced later, which will close the present membership campaign. The program of the evening consisted of a debate. The question, "Resolved, That scholastic organizations are more important than athletics at college," was upheld by Messrs. Burke and Carnish on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Cunningham and Carroll on the negative. The decision was awarded to the affirmative team. An unusually interesting program is promised for next week. The question, "Resolved, That the K. K. K. was not justified" will be upheld by two men yet to be chosen, while Messrs. Starzyl and Watson will debate the negative side. Come one, come all, and hear some real talks.

Old-timers reverting to these premises and venturing into the library will be amazed to note what has happened to the book-providing department of Notre Dame. The reference room is the scene of so much bustling activity that a stranger would imagine it a place where cigars were being given away. Long rows of books have been introduced, including Murray's Dictionary and the Cambridge Histories, yea, even a rhyming dictionary, which has contributed more to the success of Notre Dame verse than fifty lectures on the subject. A commercial geography room on the mezzanine floor is likewise so crowded that all Father O'Hara's men who have big feet are investing heavily in corn-plasters. A special table of English fiction, verse and essays has met with as many visitors as an ordinary sheet of tanglefoot. Notre Dame a football club? Why, it looks very much more like a literary society.

BRENNAN-SHEA.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

FILLING THE BENCHES.

With but two weeks intervening before the southern training trip, Coach Walter Halas of the Notre Dame baseball squad will make a big cut in his squad during the present week with the purpose of simplifying the final selection of 15 men who will compose the training trip group. The most difficult selections will be necessary in the pitcher's box and outfield.

Castner and Falvey, mainstays of last year's hurling staff are considered as certainties for the squad. Two other men will be chosen from Steinle, Sharpe, Magevney, Ratchford, Degree, Higi and Deburse. The first three men are left handers and the last quartette are right-handed.

The infield jobs appear to be practically cinched. Micky Kane, best hitter on last year's team, will be located at third base. Bill Sheehan, Chicago youngster, appears to have made himself solid at shortstop. Dan Foley, utility man on last year's squad is a favorite for second base and first sack is being held down by Frank Reese. A possible switch will bring Capt. Blievernicht from behind the bat to the initial pillow. If Blied is transferred the catching assignment will be taken by Gene Murphy and Leo McGarty, who are now waging a battle for second-string receiver.

The outfield presents the great difficulty of the team. Last year's trio of gardeners, Mohardt, Barry and Morgan, left in a body at the conclusion of the season and Coach Halas has not yet seen a man who can approach the versatility of Mohardt. The one consolation in the gardens is George Prokup, utility man of two years, who is expected to make a bid for an outfield job when he recovers from an illness. If the crop of capable fielders continues to be scant, the coach may alternate Castner and Falvey in right field, as both men swing a wicked willow.

Kelly, Pfohl, Chuck Foley, Bill Murphy and Jimmy Egan are the most prominent candidates for the outskirt jobs.

FRANK WALLACE.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

STUDENTS TAKEN TO CRAZY HOUSE.

The professor was taken along too. Whether it was because the faculty thought the students were already demented or that they needed to be shown the disastrous results of too much study, the fact remains that one professor and fifteen members of a psychology class at Oregon University recently made an extended visit to an insane asylum. It is reported that all the party were present when the asylum doors closed behind them.

The University of Denver has the sweetest custom! Every year they hold a beauty contest and only the men are allowed to compete. Some homely yet practical expressionist has recently expressed the epitome of all things, useless and foolish, in one word. We beg to be allowed to use this one word here, and it is "Bla-a-a-h."

REAL PERSEVERANCE.

Though he is blind and minus one arm Frank A. Schrepfer of Chicago, who is attending Harvard, has attained an "A" in all his studies this year. When Schrepfer was in France in the Argonne a shell exploded within a foot of him and sixty pieces of shrapnel were lodged in his body. His arm was torn off, his jaw broken and his sight destroyed, and despite his afflictions this man man make "A"s.

Twenty-seven of Harvard's former students who died in the Great War have been honored with post-humous degrees. This action was taken recently to make the men who had sacrificed their lives real Harvard men despite the fact that they had not completed their full four years of study.

PEROXIDE DROPS!!!

The blondes, for so long the mistresses of Wellesley college are no longer in the ascendancy, and the cries of "The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen" are heard on the female campus, for a brunette has just been elected the mistress of the Senior Tree exercises. And the young lady comes from Nebraska.

The four dramatic fraternities of the Illinois campus are consolidated for the purpose of founding a movement for a campus theatre, a student coach devoting all of his time to student productions and a permanent paid business manager within the next five years. Example of the prosperity which can attend an enterprise similar to this is the Illini Publishing Company, which ten years ago began with nothing and this year handled a business of \$100,000.

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STUDENTS ARE ROUGH SOMETIMES.

At the University of Paris recently Roumanian students who had not received their regular monthly allowance for several months, took the matter of payment into their own hands and proceeded to imprison all the Roumanian Legates. With the help of the Roumanian Minister and the Paris police the legates were released. It doesn't pay to antagonize a student—particularly a Roumanian student.

The Board of Regents of the University of Michigan have adopted a plan providing for a fifth year to be added to the engineering course at the University. This extra year is to be optional with the students and is not to become a fact until 1923.

NO REGARD FOR MUSTAC

At Heidelberg University the Freshmen are not allowed to wear mustaches,—some did. As a consequence five Sophomores who decided that the Freshman adornments were wholly out of order and in endeavoring to remove them procured also a good slice of upper lip, were expelled from college. Undoubtedly, the Frosh said that "they wouldn't give the Sophs any of their lip," and so the Sophs took it away from them.

Music from Kansas City, Detroit and Pittsburgh with time signal from Arlington, Va., featured a banquet given on the Kansas University's campus by the engineers. A large electric sign revolved in the center of the room, showing on opposite sides, "K. U." and "A. I. E. E." The menus were blue-prints.

IN-LAID.

At Purdue University a freshman wagered that he could eat all the eggs which the poultry laboratory class had been examining. He did. The eggs numbered eighteen and were all raw. Columbus was a piker. He only stood one egg on end; this freshman stood eighteen, right on top of each other.

The Hasty Pudding Club, dramatic organization of Harvard University, is producing its play in Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia and Boston this year. The name of the play is "It's Only Natural," written by three students. It is of the typical Hasty Pudding type, a musical comedy.

ORGANIZATION—MISTLETOE—DISORGANIZATION.

Way out in Omaha some of the students at the University decided that there was too much kissing going on among the eds and co-eds. They therefore organized a purity league, one of the rules of which prohibited kissing, and enrolled a large number of members. Then came the big dance, and with the big dance came the mistletoe. And now the organization has only one member, its president.

PLACATING THE PROFESSORS.

BY A FRESHMAN.

Of course, it is taken for granted that everyone has a desire to please his professors. I have heard some few students say that they do not care what their profs think about them, but I have a sneaking suspicion that the reason for their statement is not that they are on the good side of their teachers. I believe that each student has his own way of placating his profs, and as I am a student, in name at least, I shall explain my ideas upon the subject in a negative way.

In the first place, it is my opinion that attempting to get a "drag" is a mistake. Those benighted individuals who drape their handsome anatomies over the instructor's desk after class, and lisp about anything from galoots to galoshes are on the wrong track. These same individuals are usually suffering from the delusion that when they stalk into their professor's room, puffing on their filthy furnaces, their bulletin marks for the next quarter must needs be somewhere in the vicinity of ninety-five. They forget that his room is cluttered up as it is with an over abundance of useless ornaments, and that they are only an unwelcome addition to the list. It is my humble but honest opinion that the student ought to plague his professor in his domicile only when he is invited to do so, or when he has some matter of importance to discuss.

If these students who attempt to get a "drag" are on the wrong track, those who are the sages of their class are going in the wrong direction. These particular persons think they are still in prep school, and forget they came to college because they are ignorant, not because they know the book from preface to appendix. They forget that their sole purpose in class should be to cram some vestige of knowledge into those primitive intra-skull ganglia which they are pleased to call brains. They imagine that because they are acquainted with a few Greek terms, they have the liberty to correct their professors at will. As a result they are totally oblivious of the fact that the professor is most probably chuckling up his sleeve at their ignorance.

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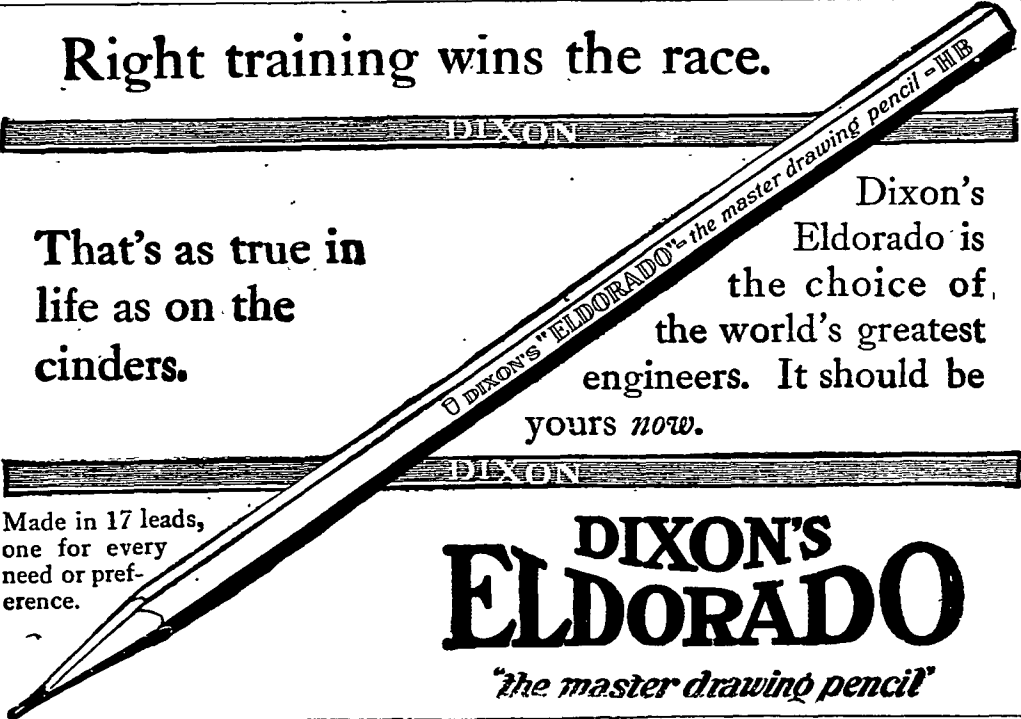


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