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SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

Classes taught on	Will be examined
MONDAY at	at
8:10 A.M.	8:10 A. M.
10:10 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
1:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	4:30 P. M.

MONDAY, APRIL 10.

Classes taught on TUESDAY	Will be examined
(But not taught on Monday)	at
at	at
8:10 A.M.	8:10 A. M.
10:10 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
1:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	4:30 P. M.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11.

Classes taught on	Will be examined
MONDAY at	at
9:10 A. M.	8:10 A. M.
11:10 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
2:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.

Classes taught at 2:15 on Tuesday (not taught on
Monday) will be examined at 4:30 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

Classes taught on TUESDAY	Will be examined
(But not taught on Monday)	at
at	at
9:10 A. M.	8:10 A. M.
11:10 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

Professors will arrange for the examinations of
classes not provided for in this schedule. In mak-
ing these arrangements the professor should keep
in mind that the students are obliged to attend the
examinations officially published.

The Easter vacation begins at noon Wednesday,
April 12th and ends at noon Wednesday, April
19th. Unauthorized absence from class will be con-
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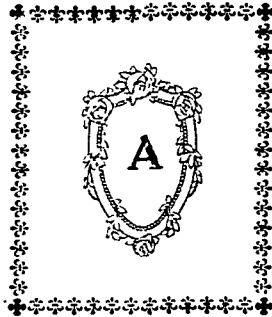
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Published Every Saturday During the School Year. Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917 authorized, June 25, 1918.

Vol. LV.

April 8, 1922

No. 25

DRESSING UP FOR EASTER.

C. O. M.

DRESSING up is one of America's pet habits. We all have it. When we come into the world, we inherit as fine a wardrobe as a mother's hands can make; when we leave it, the adornments of the grave are likely to be as expensive as the purse can afford. The child expresses the real self: and did you ever see a child, all newly attired, that was not the acme of pride and happiness? To want to be dressed up is not more unnatural than to want to be happy.

The one time when we most earnestly want to be dressed up is the springtime. We take our cue from nature, perhaps, she who is all decked out in the greenest finery. I do not know what we get intuitively, but I think the desire to imitate is one of them. To imitate perfection—and nature is perfection—is normal. Go into a playground of children and not unlikely you will find the children busy with garments they have borrowed from their elders; one of them even may have picked a few blossoms for his or her own decoration. A little less timid than the others, the latter has turned to nature as an art shop. We all tire of the commonplace. Wanting to be dressed up is only the desire to get away from it.

Because Easter comes in the very midst of spring, those who want to be dressed up think of Easter bonnets and new clothes. Easter comes to us as "the flower of olden sanctities." There is a tradition behind it expressing all the fulfilled aspirations of human kind. Springtime is the recurring resurrection of Nature, Easter is the figuration of man's resurrection. One might go farther and say that when we lay aside old

garments for new, we are merely expressing the impulse to put on the "garments of light," an impulse whose fulfillment the Resurrection has objectified. So that aside from the material viewpoint, there is a symbolism in these aspirations of ours.

For those who would condemn an Easter parade, I have no sympathy. If there is anything of vanity displayed by those who participate, these persons are out of harmony with the occasion. It is the individual, not the practice, that is at fault. Consider the robin, fresh from his winter in the South. When he hops across the lawn, casting side-long glances at you and conscious of your gaze, you are vaguely aware that he is proud of his glossy plumage. You do not condemn him because he parades before you. Nor is it likely that you hurl stones at the cardinal who sings exultantly in the tree-top in the early morning, because he has attracted your attention to his flaming color. Are men and women who pass along the avenue on Easter invested in new apparel to be censured?

There is much that our governments do nowadays that they might well leave undone. The object of the state is to promote the welfare of the whole society. When I consider this definition, I wonder whether the state might not make provision for enabling everyone to be dressed up at least once a year, and that time at Easter. The influence of government is singularly negative. A state contributes little to the life of an individual. Its laws are ever restrictive. I wonder whether it is not possible that we would consider a government more human and less abstract, if we learned that it had appropriated a couple billions for Easter bonnets. The suggestion sounds absurd and yet many billions are spent that contribute less than this would contribute toward the hap-

piness and welfare of the whole group of people. Billions spent thus, I think, might help to restore confidence in the state by proving that it is still intimately concerned with the individual happiness. And being dressed up is happiness!

"Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed." You have heard that before, if you read "Martin Chuzzlewit." To my mind, good temper and urbanity have added more than anything else to our progress from one age to another. It has only been the sour-tempered, cynical individuals who have pulled at the coat-tails of old man Progress. The advantage of being dressed up, at least once in a while, becomes doubly practical. And Easter, of all times to be dressed up, makes it trebly practical.

HOW THE WOMAN GOT HER TONGUE.

H. W. HOLDERMAN.

Long, long ago, in the village of What's-Its-Name, in the land of No-One-Knows, there lived a young man by the name of Handsome. Young Handsome, as his name implies, was good to look upon and many of the fair maidens of the village gazed upon him with more than ordinary attention. He was wealthy and seemed to have everything that his heart could possibly desire.

But he was unhappy. And he had reasons to be. Long ago, when Handsome was but a child, his father had committed the grievous sin of speaking to a woman other than his wife. Now this was indeed a serious offense in the land of No-One-Knows, because the great king, Wing-Wang-Wong, had long before issued orders that no married man should ever speak to a woman other than his wife. Why he had issued such a strange edict we do not know, but then, many strange things were done in the land of No-One-Knows.

Now we must understand that the king, Wing-Wang-Wong, was all-powerful. He knew everything. Nothing that one could do was hidden from this wonderful king. So he knew when Handsome's father committed the sin of saying "Good Morning" to his neighbor's wife over the back fence. And the punishment followed sure and swift. The very next day the king's chamberlain

arrived at the house of Handsome's father and decreed that from then and forever more Handsome's father, his sons and his son's sons should all be speechless.

So now we can understand the cause of Handsome's unhappiness. Ever since that day, years before, when his father had been stricken dumb Handsome had been unable to speak. What persons does not like to talk? And, moreover, what small boy does not like to yell and shout at the top of his voice? So we can imagine how sorrowful young Handsome's boyhood was; and now that he was a comely youth, he felt that his troubles were indeed troublesome.

For he was in love. And what young man can tell of his love to his heart's desire if he cannot speak? Oh, how he wanted to tell her! Patootie was her name and she was all that can be imagined when one thinks of the ideal maiden of the land of No-One-Knows. Small in stature, with head shaved close, as was the custom in that far-off country, with large rings of iron and zinc in her nose and through her ruby lips, she was indeed good to look upon, through Handsome's eyes, at least.

And he could not tell her of his love! Oh, how he raged and stormed without speaking, of course, when he thought how he suffered because of his father's sin so many years before. At last he could bear it no longer and he resolved to go to the great king, Wing-Wang-Wong, and beseech him to withdraw the law effecting Handsome's speech. He felt that he would do anything, give up anything, if only he could regain the use of his tongue. So he went to the king.

When he entered the throne room where the king sat with all his snakes and worms about him—another ancient and peculiar custom—young Handsome was struck with fear. Who was he to approach His Divinity, Wing-Wang-Wong, with a plea? But remembering the sweet Patootie, he dropped on his face and slowly backed or rather crawled backwards toward the king, as this was another custom originated by the wise ruler so that he could see up the arm and leg of the approaching subject in order to detect weapons, if there were any.

The king, who we remember as being all-knowing, of course, understood why Handsome was before him. However, he did not

betray this knowledge to his young subject. After questioning the young man as to who he was and what he desired, and after our hero had described the beautiful Patootie, the king asked him what sacrifice he would be willing to make if he would regain his speech. Handsome, of course, as young lovers do, said he would or give anything and everything if he could only tell of his love to his sweet Patootie.

Right here the king made his big mistake. His error has caused more hearts to be broken, more nations to fall and more civilizations to crumble than any act of king or emperor since. He did what he thought was for the best. Ever since man could remember in the country of No-One-Knows, the women had never spoken. Always they had been like dumb driven cattle driven to the men. Now no one had ever thought this strange for it had never been any different. But the king, who was wise, had long been troubled by the dumbness of his favorite wives and so now he resolved to make the experiment of hearing a woman talk.

He ordered the beautiful Patootie to be brought before him together with the High Priest and ordered the young couple to be immediately married. Directly after the ceremony which occupied three long hours he ordered the sweet Patootie to kneel before him and then addressed Handsome.

"Handsome," he said, "Long have you been a faithful subject of the land of No-One-Knows. Long have you served your great king, Wing-Wang-Wong faithfully and well. Now you come before me with a plea for pardon of a crime committed by your father which is resting upon your shoulders, or rather tongue. Not only do I, out of the goodness of my heart, pardon your father's wrong and remit the sentence, but also out of the wiseness of my head do I grant you a most wonderful favor. No land in this wide world can boast of a talking woman, as you well know. So I am going to permit you to be the sole owner of such a creature and should the experiment work well with your family, perhaps all men shall be granted this privilege. I am about to declare the bride's tongue free."

And here he made the great mistake. When he would have uttered the words, "Let the

woman's tongue be freed," he said. "Let the women's tongues be freed."

To this day we know the result. What became of poor Handsome we know not. Probably he was driven to drink as many good men were by some woman's tongue in those days. The king immediately lost all of his wisdom and his head wife became the ruler of the country, and her loud voice was heard continually in the courtrooms.

Long ago has the language of No-One-Knows disappeared from this world. Long ago has the king, Wing-Wang-Wong rotted in his grave. But woman's tongue goes on forever.

THE LAST TRIP.

JOHN E. LIGHTNER.

The first rays of dawn appeared on the horizon. A dark hulk loomed against the sky, bobbing up and down with the rise and fall of the angry sea. Sometimes it was lost to view behind a giant comber. It came nearer and nearer and presently it began to take shape; the outlines of a freighter seemed to grow from the dark mass which had been a mere speck a few minutes before. Reaching the destination which had been sent over the wireless the ship cruised about for nearly an hour.

Had "Slim" Wilson known that it was to be his last trip out—well, his friends would tell you—that would not have kept him in port. The call of the sea was in his blood. It was the very essence of his soul: and to be buried out there on the broad expanse—many of his ancestors had chosen a locker at the bottom of the deep. He came of old Puritan stock, Slim did. His family tree grew right along the New England coast and though the waves lapped at its roots, it still fought back and sent generation after generation out to Neptune's battle-ground.

Slim only was left now, but the inherent characteristics of his forefathers were multiplied in him. Seventy inches of broad, well muscled, hardened man. That was Slim. A likeable chap, with deep blue eyes, eyes that reflected the blue of the sea, a shock of auburn hair that blended with the bronze of his skin. A smiling mouth and a square jaw

portrayed defiance to those things which cannot be accomplished. Broad of shoulder, a slim waist, slightly bow-legged, but formidable of appearance. Though his ancestors had served in every capacity known to the navigator at sea, from cabin-boy to admiral of the navy, the youngest, the last, had taken up the latest task assigned the rovers of the deep. The crackling of the wireless was a sound he loved. The short rapid tickling of his instrument was music to Slim.

As the freighter plowed through the heavy sea, he leaned against the rail on the f'o'castle deck. "Little rough today," he mused, "guess the skipper better look to the pumps if things get much worse, sure to blow heavy before long."

Four bells sounded and he went to join the crew at mess.

"How's the beans," he asked Rene, the French chef, employed to provide the three squares each day for the "Thieving Thirty," as he called the crew of the Groncroft, who occasionally stole his pies.

"Well, eff you zit, end eet, you fine out, no!" was the only rejoinder.

So Slim, took his seat at the long board table that held a miscellaneous array of pots and pans filled with everything from bully beef to beans. Unlike most galley kings, Rene, always served generous meals and the "grab for what you can get" spirit did not exist in the messroom of the Groncroft. Hardly had Slim, started his meal before a sudden lurch of the ship very efficiently sent his coffee down the outside of his throat instead of through the usual channel. A call of "All hands on deck" came through the hatch and the men scrambled up the ladder.

When he reached the deck Slim was greeted with another drenching as a comber swept the deck. The sea looked worse than Dante's Inferno. Had the waves been flames, their overlapping mad headlong rush could not have been more destructive. Life lines were quickly strung about the deck but not before a cry of "Man overboard" filled everyone with horror. If you have ever been at sea during a storm and heard that cry you know what a sickening sensation passes through you. A man over in that deluge of water, with no possible chance to be found, while the gale rages. He would probably struggle

for a time, but the water pouring over him would send him down and down, filling his lungs, then shoot him up into the trough between the waves, only to catch him again in their grasp, his lungs bursting, his strength ebbing, while he gasped for air, his limbs numbed, and no relief until a final deluge sends him towards an unmarked grave.

Slim hurries to his cabin where the skipper was already waiting for him.

"Send an S-O-S and be damned quick about it," he barked, "the pumps are gone and if someone isn't near this cargo won't ever be unloaded on a dock."

"S-O-S, S-O-S," cracked out through the air, "Groncroft, Long. 48° 2' W."

"Estonia coming," was the reply, "Hold out—we're Long. 38° 5' N. Lat. 40° 1' W."

"Say kid, you're right on our trail," flashed back Slim, "keep coming—the chef is making sandwiches—guess we're going on a picnic—hurry, you can get in on it."

An occasional call to get locations was all that Slim received after that. "Gee, that old Sphinx better open his trap before long or he's going to think we have a suffragette as operator on this tub," smiled Slim.

"E-s-t-o-n-i-a—E-s-t-o-n-i-a," cracked our Slim's transmitter, "we've got lots of kindling lying around the deck. Need some—those life boats sure burn good when they're busted—our last one just hit my door.

"We're coming," replied the Estonia.

"How does your chef cook beans?" asked Slim.

"He doesn't—but we eat them just the same," ventured the other operator.

Slim started to leave his cabin, but as he opened the door, he was greeted with a shower of spray as a fresh deluge struck the deck. The sky was inky black, the sea pounded against the ship's sides making the hugh freighter quiver from stem to stern. Water sluiced over the dcks as the vessel lurched from port to starboard. Slim grasped a life-line and made his way to the compass where the Captain had stationed himself.

"Message, sir," said Slim, "Estonia, Long. 44° 9' N, Lat. 39° 3' W."

"Well, tell them we can't hold out much longer, we're going down stern first before long."

Returning to his cabin, Slim readjusted his

headpiece and called again for the vessel steaming toward them.

"We're sinking stern first—the skipper dictated that—he ought to know—where did I leave my hat—pressing business elsewhere," he signaled.

"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at dawn with death," was the reply.

There was no answer.

The leaden sky overhung the heavy sea. The Estonia steamed ahead to Long. 40° 7' N, Lat. 38° 2' W, but there was not even a piece of driftwood to mark the sign of a vessel having been in that vicinity. The waves broke over each other in wild confusion as if to hide a secret beneath their darkness. Thirty minutes later the Estonia passed on, towards New York.

Neptune's battlefield, is not scarred by deep shell-holes; ruined villages do not confront those travelling across her bosom. No monuments rise majestically towards heaven in memory of almost forgotten events. Only an occasional piece of drift-wood is washed up on a far distant shore. The water buries the signs of conflict deep beneath the surface, where shadowy forms glide about making homes in the hulks that lie on the ocean bed.

"Slim" Wilson, the last of his house, found his locker at the bottom of the deep. His last message defied the terror of a death at sea as had the words of his forefathers, whom he joined in Davie Jones' Coffee Shop.

THE TEACHERS AT TYRONE SCHOOL.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

"Here she comes, fellas,—the new teacher," said an overgrown rustic of fifteen to a dozen smaller lads in the schoolyard. And as he spoke he indicated with a gesture of his head the young woman walking toward them down "the Big Hill," the morning sun full in her bright face.

"Wonder if she'll be any better'n the last one?" ventured an urchin, after all of them had eyed her for an instant.

"If she aint," said Larry, the first speaker, "devil take her, as ol' man McGoorty would say."

The new teacher picked her way among

the burdocks beside her path, and braved the Spanish needles which had grown up rank on the playground since schooldays in June. She came up to the group of boys with a smile for them and a cheery salutation—perhaps forged for the occasion: a year of teaching would surely tell.

As the teacher passed into the schoolhouse, Larry glanced at her face shyly, yet closely enough to make out for himself that she was starved for the bracing nectar of country life and air. That was the chief reason, so one of the "Directors" had told Larry's father, that she chose to teach a country school; her reason for teaching at all was to put herself on trial in a work which in theory appealed to her.

"If she don't beat the last one, what'll you do, Larry?" came timidly from a little lad, for Larry towered over him.

"I'll be on my horse, an' out of here, an' home before noon—you can bet on that: I hate school!" answered Larry decisively. "I, fur one, don't want any more of them pious know-it-alls."

Now it was a fact that Larry had not thrived under his last teacher. He had entered school bearing unmistakable signs of addiction to tobacco-chewing and had been chided on the first day. His faithful horse, "Diamond," had carried him to school day after day, but Larry's heart was never in the work; and only his father's threats kept him to it.

"You're going to like your new teacher, Larry?" his father asked dubiously that evening after supper. "McGoorty says she's of a different sthripe."

"Oh, she'll do—she'll have to, I guess," said Larry, extorting the half-way approval from himself. "Not as smart as some of them think they are, anyways,—pretentin' to be so pious, and never lettin' us have any fun, and havin' her own pets, and not bein' so pious in the long run."

"Larry, Larry," his mother curbed him, "is that the way we are to talk about our neighbor? The Sisters never taught you that at Cathéchism."

The father, not prepared to meet the son's tirade, and not anxious to fan the embers of his ill-will, let the matter drop.

School-life, so long unbearable to Larry, gradually became almost agreeable to him. He came to school as usual on his horse; but he was more prompt, more tidy, and less dogged. He learned very little, to be sure; he could learn little. He was no genius, and the meagre aptitude which he did possess would not respond to abrupt usage; for the lad, rough-hewn as were his appearance and his words, was sensitive and resplendently innocent.

"Larry," said his teacher one day after the Christmas holidays, "not another boy in the school could have come up on that horse as you did. You will be our Santa Claus next year." As she said this, she smiled frankly and passed on about her work.

The boys, not of Larry's size, but of his age, had just been pricking him with a rehearsal of his part in their Christmas entertainment. Larry had in that fiasco clattered on his horse over the frozen ground up to the school door. No one could have done that better; but that good beginning was spoiled by Larry's appearance, and his few words were unintelligibly uttered. He had been trying ever since to bear the goading of his fellows, and he awaited a round rating from his teacher. But the latter chagrined his companions and unburdened him, by her well-timed and brief commendation of that laudable fragment of his performance.

"What's this, Larry?" said his mother one spring morning. "Apple and peach blossoms! What in the world do you want to spoil the fruit trees for?"

"They're only a few, Mam," said Larry pettishly.

"But what do you want with them at all? Won't your Dad thrash you, though!"

Larry clutched the blossoms and said, "Dad won't care, will he, Mam? Teacher said she likes flowers, and we aint got any other ones." He was about to cry.

"Well, well, child," said the mother soothingly. "But," she cautioned him, "mind you don't let Dad see them." And she went back to her work while Larry arranged his blossoms.

"Mam!—Mam!" he called out after a brief silence.

"What now, son?—You've got your flowers hid away, have you? Dad will be coming in, you know."

"O Mam, mebbe Dad won't let me take the flowers."

"Tut! Tut! I'll tell Dad I gave them to you."

Larry was not long content. "Mam!" he called again.

"Well, what is it? I wish you wouldn't be all the time botherin' me."

"Dad wouldn't care, would he, Mam, if I took teacher some parsnips out of that row by the fence?"

"Child dear! You said teacher liked flowers."

"Yes, Mam, she does. But anybody'd like our parsnips."

"Run along now; it's time for school."

"Mam," said Larry one June day, do you think it'd hurt to ask teacher if she'd like to ride my pony?"

"Ride your pony! Ride Diamond? That scrawneen of a girl! Why, that flighty pony'd break every bone in her body!"

"I know, Mam," Larry answered with reckless inconsistency, "but she says she likes to ride."

"To ride—yes, maybe,—on an old plug. But she'd better know how to ride before she gets on Diamond."

The very next day Larry's teacher did ride Diamond. She had insisted that she could ride well. And she did ride well. For the pony knew no rider but Larry, and was not easily persuaded to bear another.

The astounded Larry was delighted. The teacher liked to ride a horse, and could ride his horse!

"Larry, my boy, school starts tomorrow."

Larry heard, but had not the heart to answer.

"Larry!"

"Yes, Dad."

"Tomorrow's the first day of school. Are you ready for it?"

"I don't want to go to school."

"Don't want to go to school! Sure, and

how are you ever going to learn anything?
I thought you liked the school last year?

Larry did not answer for a minute or two. "Dad," he said then, "I wonder if she'll ever come back to teach our school any more?"

"If who'll come back?"

"The one we had last year. I'll go if she does. But that pretendin' pious one—I can't stand her!"

"Tut! Tut! Your last year's teacher's gone for good, lad; she can't come out teaching a country school any more. But you'll have to go to the school, though, no matter who teaches it."

Larry's sigh was freighted with meaning.

"How many miles a day do you think my pony could stand, Dad?" the boy asked faltering, after a pause which at every moment threatened to crush him.

"Why, that's a strange question. Stand, my lad? Twenty, I guess. Anyway she makes that now, and more. Why, lad?"

"Oh, because," said Larry, and again silence gripped his throat.

"Dad," he soon said, "ken I go to the school over at Tyrone? I could ride Diamond."

"Sure now," said the surprised father, "that's a funny question entirely. Could you go to the Tyrone School? An' it's good six miles! Why would you want to go there?"

Larry's lips but echoed what was sounding loudly in his heart. "'Cause May says maybe she'll teach over there sometime," he said. "The one we had last year, I mean. She started her Novice year on the fifteenth, and she's called Sister —; I can never think of her-new name. But if all the Sisters is like her, I'd like to go to their school; and Mam says they are."

"Well, lad, that's it, is it? Well, they're the best teachers, anyhow. An' McGoorty says his boy's going to start over there. 'Deed then, they're the teachers; I wish I'd had them."

"They don't spend their time in running around and nonsense," put in Larry's mother anxiously.

"Try the Sisters' school, lad," continued the father, unmindful of the interruption. "And God bless you. They're the teachers."

MORNING MIST.

H. M.

Gray maiden's veil, that hides in haze
The sparkling beauty of a radiant face;
That falls, whenever morning's gaze,
Strong lover, seeks the rapture of a close
embrace.

PICTURES.

C. O. M.

Broken white clouds dip low against the gray, even horizon. A gull sweeps upward in a single movement, like the swift stroke of an artist's pencil. Green waves that are nervous beneath caresses of the wind beat against obeisant rocks. A petulant gurgle relieves the monotony of lapping waves, while the waters rush timidly along the sand and then recede, leaving only a trail of foam.

It is a narrow street full of doorsteps and robust garbage cans. In the daytime, children play on the pavements with scarred dolls and broken toy wagons; in the evening, men stand idly puffing their pipes as they search its length, looking for old familiar things. When the winds blow, whirlpools of dust rise from every corner. When it is calm, pigeons pick their way along its width undisturbed. The brick walls that are its enclosure have been worn and corroded by many hands. Shuttered windows frown upon its daily life, opening only when there is a funeral or when the cage wagon jauntily rolls up beside the curb.

The arc light shudders in the wind, shaken like a crude, illuminated censer whose smoke is burned. Sprawling into fantastic patterns, the shadows of nearby trees quiver at its spasms. Sharp footsteps on the pavement mingle with its noisy tremors. A man draws his coat around him as he hurries by; the trees shake their branches in sober whispers. But the cold iron fence is stern and impeccable. As long figures, yellowish pale among the shadows, plod silently past, the circle of light shifts impatiently. The lamp winks languidly at the trees, shivers and winks again. Its convulsive sigh is lost in darkness.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL.
LV.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victurus
Dicit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
25

To many Americans who profess no religious belief, Easter today has a meaning resembling that of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in pre-Christian times. For them it was a day of rejoicing on which was celebrated the festival of Eâstre, the goddess of spring. And for many of our neighbors, Easter means nothing more than a day of common rejoicing that winter has passed. For others it is a day officially chosen on which to display spring styles in hats, coats, and other apparel. For the younger members of many families, the day is "egg day," a day for ransacking the house for the colored prizes. Although there is something of the Christian in this latter practice, yet such persons never associate Easter with the mystery of the Resurrection.

For the practical Catholic, however, Easter has quite another meaning. It is not primarily a day on which to parade spring "fineries." On the contrary it is a day of interior joy, a day on which his clear conscience can thank God for bestowing on mankind the favor of opening heaven again. With the Church he rejoices in the greatest of Christ's miracles, the Resurrection. During forty days preceding Easter he has prepared by penance and prayer to celebrate the feast properly. And when the glad day comes, he finds that his heart is perfectly

attuned to the exhorting words of the Mass. *Gaudete cum laetitia.* MURCH.

The purpose of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade is to arouse the interest of Catholic students everywhere in the domestic and foreign missions of the Church. Students all over the country have enlisted under its banner until the missions, for tens of thousands, have assumed new meaning. Seeking to awaken, the Crusade has also inspired to action.

Literature is easily available for those who wish to study either the purpose of the accomplishments of the organization. No one, at this time, should plead ignorant of its work. It may be said, however, that the methods of the Crusade are simple and effective. They place the burden of achievement on the individual, restricting or coercing no one at any time. Both at home and abroad, the mission field is a vast, unworked vineyard where the laborers are few. To put workers into this vineyard is not the purpose of the Crusade. It is satisfied to arouse interest in providing means for increasing the number of workers and for strengthening the hands of those already in distant fields.

The season of Lent is a good time for all of us to consider what we can do toward the purpose of the Crusade. Up to the present time, the response at Notre Dame to its ap-

peal has not been what it should. First, we ought to learn about the Crusade; second, ask ourselves what we can do to help the missions; third, pay the small sum that the Crusaders ask for membership; fourth, interest others in the movement; lastly, resolve not to forget the missions today, tomorrow nor the next day. MOLZ.

Those who hear a Notre Dame debater very soon realize that he knows the subject under discussion, and that in the few minutes allotted to him he has RECOGNITION. something to say on it. But what few understand is that long period of exacting preparation which the Notre Dame debater goes through. It is a season of labor, demanding study time and leisure time, painstaking research and solid thought. It brings, of course, its own rewards. It is a fact that our debaters win in nearly every contest, but whether they win or lose the decision, is perhaps a secondary matter, soon forgotten. The important consideration is that they receive a training in the sifting of evidence, in the evaluating of arguments, and in the reducing of facts to principles,—a training which, once acquired, becomes a storehouse, and remains a part of the permanent equipment of the men.

Yet in addition it appears altogether reasonable that, for the sake of those who, here at the University or elsewhere, do not know the essential worth of the system, the men who so laudably represent Notre Dame in debate should receive some exterior recognition. The conferring of some distinctive token, too, would perhaps tend to put debating at Notre Dame on a still higher footing, and to encourage students to make a trial of this most worth while of college activities. WARD.

At Vassar, the senior who is entitled to the Phi Beta Kappa key has refused it. The honor-sorority key goes each year to the senior who has distinguished herself most by THE TROUBLE WITH GRADES. scholastic excellence, and the honor of receiving it is not small. Commenting on the young woman's rejection, the New York *Tribune* says, "She evidently believes that high or

low marks are not a fair index of success or failure. . . . It is impossible accurately to classify brains and capacity for usefulness in the percentage column."

Grades can never be an accurate barometer of knowledge. They do indicate something, but not everything. It is conceivable that a student who crams for an examination may know almost nothing about the subject after the examination is over. He may, however, get a higher grade—which is supposed to represent his knowledge—than another student who will retain the elements of the subject long after the examination has passed. Methods of grading are almost as diverse as grades themselves. No two instructors use the same system. The task under any system is not easy, because knowledge is hard to classify unless it is science or mathematics.

What is knowledge, after all, and what constitutes an education? These are pertinent questions. The present tendency away from the classics recalls the emphasis of old Thomas Gradgrind in Dickens, who insisted, "Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life." Bare facts do not, however, give understanding of principles. Even nowadays there is some value as well as satisfaction in culture. It is not required of a cultured man to know that the Mayoyaos is a native tribe of Filipinos on the island of Luzon. The *Britannica* is still sold on installments and the *World Almanac* is obtainable for sixty cents. Knowledge is of two kinds, said Johnson; we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. Johnson could have disposed of Edison and his questionnaires in short work.

The whole truth is this: Students ought to be taught to organize the knowledge they get. To know what to learn is as important as to learn itself. If quality rather than volume were emphasized in study, trying to classify a student's knowledge would be less important. Grades were unknown in medieval universities, where men read under masters and tutors; today they are often over-emphasized. Perhaps the Vassar student was mindful of this when she refused the honors that were theoretically due her.

MOLZ.

OUR DRIVE FOR NOTRE DAME

Bucking all along the line for the \$100,000 goal.

Notre Dame's present has organized for Notre Dame's future.

Following a meeting of the Students' Activities Committee with the authorities in charge of the Endowment Campaign, it was decided that the time had come for an active participation by the student body in the great present task of the University. It will be remembered that last year, when the Campaign was first



launched, a great mass meeting revealed such an abundance of enthusiasm that Coach Rockne was forced to examine the roof of the gymnasium in order to make sure that no damage had been wrought. At that time, however, the student body was asked for nothing more than moral support, nor has any further demand been made up to the present. The S. A. C. and the men it selected as assistants did yeoman's work in aiding the Drive Management, but as a whole the University almost went to sleep in so far as the campaign was concerned.

Nevertheless it is very true that the student body can help, that it ought to help, and that there is the example of a dozen other great universities for its emulation. When, therefore, Father Walsh, following the initiative of the President of the University, outlined a possible campaign, latent potentialities were revealed and appreciated. It was decided to use the S. A. C. and the existing soldiers' organizations as nerve-centers to put the vast organism of Notre Dame to bucking and kicking with enthusiasm. The method selected was chosen as the best possible one from a number tested by experience. Our goal is \$100,000.

Can it be raised? Of course. If there are still folks amongst us who are inclined to be skeptical, let them consider the plan of cam-

paign we are going to analyze briefly. First, there are a few general characteristics: this is strictly a student affair and the idea is not to ask money from students themselves—their cupboard is usually described by the well-known "bare"—but let them sell Notre Dame, in small and palatable installments, to their friends. The time is the Easter Vacation, when many chaps will be licking their chops in the parental territory and when the rest will be cursing fate because "there is nothing to do around here." May 1st will not be labor day, but rest day, when the shekels will be counted and armistice signed. Notre Dame enthusiasm, upon which this enterprise depends, will be tested and proved bonded stuff as ever and always. Rivalry between the different teams in the organization will stimulate, and old Sorin is not going to give way to old Corby or the commuting day-dodgers.

Now let's have a look at the actual machinery of organization. The supreme command has been entrusted to Father O'Hara, Dean of the College of Commerce, and Mr. Al Ryan, secretary of the "Drive." Father Walsh will be situated in the background, to become whenever need arises, a tidal-wave of "pep." Next, there is an organization committee, made up of the following doughty warriors: Flank Blasius, Lewis Murphy, Gus Desch, Eugene Payton, and James, alias "Jimmie," Murtaugh. Hall residents and off-campus men alike have been divided into groups of fifty. In charge of each hall and the o. c. troops is a major; every "fifty group" has a captain; and the basic unit is a coalition of ten, supervised by a lieutenant. The following majors have been appointed, and will be issued shoulder-bars at once: James Murphy, Sorin; William Voss, Corby; Frank ('Change') McGinnis, Walsh; Cletus Lynch, Town; Eddie Anderson, Brownson; Roger Kiley, Carroll; and James Egan, Badin. Lieutenants have also been chosen and assigned to sections. Such

is our army, and we know that each and every soldier in it is going to deserve a *croix de guerre* with stars, palms and bars.

What is this army's plan of operation? To begin with, there is an incentive, a big, imposing, beautiful, handsome, and honest-to-goodness Studebaker Sedan. 'Nuff said. Next, every Notre Dame man will be given 100 tickets in groups of ten, representing 100 semoleons. He either sells these tickets himself or gives ten to each of ten friends to sell for him, in case he is going to leave for the Easter recess. The money having been collected, he returns tickets or money to his lieutenant, who remits to the Captain, the Captain to the Major, the Major to the Main Office. This Main Office is the regular headquarters of the Campaign and is, by the way, open to students at all times for information or assistance. Wherefore if you have any doubts, worries, or conundrums, step in and see the doctor, who can cure everything except spinal meningitis—and this, of course, you won't have.

Students who remain here face a somewhat different problem. Each and every one of them is expected to hand in ten names of energetic friends to whom tickets will be sent from the main office. A letter of instruction, to accompany the tickets, will be formulated by said M. O. and the individual student is asked to sign the epistle with his official John Henry. He may add a postscript if he wishes, providing he observes the rules of spelling. These names should be handed in through proper channels—give 'em to the Louie, who will present them to the Captain, who will hand them to his particular Maple-Leaf, who will deposit them at the M. O. Everybody must hand in these names or take tickets along, regardless of his rank.

It is a simple plan and it will work. Fact is, it must work. This is Notre Dame's supreme undertaking, upon which the success of her future depends to a larger extent than any of us realize now. Without Liberty Loans our country would have been easy pickings for Von Hindenburg; Julius Caesar, in his day, would never have found out into how many parts Gaul is divided had it not been for a few thousand talents he happened to have with him. And this University,

YOUR University, can grow only if she can supply the economic fundamentals of that growth. Think of what that means—or rather, remember the spirit you saw manifest in the old gymnasium Wednesday morning and do your bit to materialize that spirit. There is nothing mysterious about it; no seance is needed. A little work, the proper adjustment of the shirt sleeves, and the deed will be done, to your credit and to the everlasting credit of this particular generation of Notre Dame men.



If everyone will look upon the next three weeks as the time of a great game, when individual comfort must be sacrificed just a little for the sake of victory and the satisfied feeling victory brings with it, the results will be everything that can reasonably be expected. Our action here will have an important influence on the conduct of the drive elsewhere: it will let the boys in Chicago and elsewhere know that the young hopefuls down here where all of them wish they could repeat college days are on the job, know their signals and mean to reach that goal or "bust." It will tell the world that Notre Dame can do what Indiana, Illinois, Purdue, Dayton and a score of other 'Varsities have managed to accomplish, that while we are unable to contribute large sums or write impressive cheques, we can and do sell the greatest school in the country. Father Walsh said enough the other morning to convince the most pessimistic of the fact that the general campaign is going to be a success. We want to help it be a complete success, which will bring to Notre Dame added facilities, better equipment, more wealth—those things which we in our time must struggle to get along without. There is a future in American education. We must help make Notre Dame's part in that future large and bright.

N. D. may stand for a lot of things. In this case let it mean "No Delay." As the old song has it,
 "Hurry up, hurry up, N. D. U.,
 Push the ball, shove the ball, right on
 through."
 S. A. C.

MID-WEST STUDENT CONFERENCE OF COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

(Important News from the S. A. C.)

"The world solves its problems today by conference." This observation by England's Prime Minister and the world's greatest statesman, Lloyd George, aptly expresses the method of attack upon the problems of the twentieth century.

It was a timely recognition of this great modern point of view that prompted students of the University of Missouri during the fall of 1920 to address a letter of inquiry to the principal colleges and universities of the west, inviting their opinion upon the advisability of a student conference for the discussion of student government and student problems in higher institutions of learning. To this inquiry came a hearty response from more than a score of representative colleges.

The plan assumed respectable form in a great conference held at Columbia, Missouri, April 7, 8 and 9, 1921. This conference was significant as expressing the generally felt need for such coöperation. A pioneer movement in college history; yet so quick was the recognition of its opportunity that 22 schools representing 14 states of the middle west were present. There the conference took a permanent form, a constitution was adopted, and an appeal made to secure during the coming year a wider representation from among western schools having an enrollment of a thousand and upwards. This conference was the natural sequence of the modern idea that some form of student self-government, or at least of coöperation between the students and faculty should exist, and the problems of student activities occupied a large share of the time at Columbia. It is in meeting the problems by open discussion, by a comparison of experiences, coöperative suggestion and then helping representatives to place this information in the hands of those who can best use it, that the Mid-West Conference will function best.

The Conference is to be held this year at the University of Kentucky, Lexington, April 20, 21 and 22, 1922. Last year the Conference was merely an idea, and twenty-two schools enrolled; this year it is an institution

and its enrollment should be tripled. At the same time, the Deans and Advisors of Men of Mid-Western institutions will be meeting there on the same days. It is indeed fortunate that these two great conferences having such similar objectives, will be able to work in harmony.

As to the duties of the delegates, they will be expected to come prepared to answer intelligently questions put to them concerning the methods and results of activities conducted by students of their own schools. In addition, they are expected to prepare outlines in writing, giving the nature and methods of regulating student activities, according to a form sent out by the secretary of the conference. They are to ascertain from their own student organization, and from other sources in the school, problems which might profitably be discussed at the conference. Delegates to the Conference will be expected to attend all of the meetings outlined in the program.

Last year, Notre Dame sent two delegates to the Conference, which was the first of its kind ever organized. The information received at this conference has been invaluable to the S. A. C. in some of its undertakings. Although the S. A. C. has been in existence for two years, it is still in the embryonic state and needs to look to others for advice based on years of experience.

This year Notre Dame will again take its place among the larger schools of the middle west. At a meeting held a short time ago, the S. A. C. elected Frank Blasius and Gus Desch to represent the school. It is their intention to attend the conference April 20-21-22, in order that the committee further the work that it has started and enable the men who are on the committee next year, to do things that inexperience has rendered impossible up to the present time. BLASIUS.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Griffin of Corning, New York, announce the arrival of a daughter on March 17, 1922. Peter was a "C. E." of 1908.

Word comes from Centerville, Iowa, that Fred Stewart, C. E., 1915, is the principal assistant engineer in the Merton G. Hall Co.,

organized for civil and sanitary engineering work. Recent contracts signed by the company insure for it a promising future.

John F. Cushing, C. E., 1906, was recently elected president of the Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Company. John began his career with this company, which incidentally is one of the best known in the country, as an engineer. Several other N. D. "C. E.'s" are holding executive positions in the same concern.

The Port Townsend (Wash.) Weekly Leader announces a change in its management. Under the new arrangement, E. Morris Starrett, ubiquitous journalist of recent years, fills the duties of city editor. Announcement is made that as soon as enough people subscribe, the Leader will be made a daily publication.

Information has just been received of the fact that John C. Shea, LL. M. '17, was recently elected president of the Dayton Bar Association. Another Notre Dame man in the officers of this association is Thomas Ford, LL. B., secretary.

O. A. Larrazola, E. M. '20, in a recent letter from Mexico, states that he is intending to make a visit at the University next Summer and that he has employment for any Notre Dame mining engineers who are graduating.

Henry P. Barry, LL.B., 1901, of the firm of Barry and Burgess, Beaumont, Texas, writes in a characteristic Notre Dame style. He is manifesting great interest in future products of the Hoynes College of Law.

James H. Brennan has regained his health and is now assistant superintendent in one of Chicago's largest social hygiene clinics. Mr. Brennan gave many lectures to clubs and factories last winter. At present, he is going like a million in the Endowment Campaign in Chicago.

The Notre Dame Club of Western Pennsylvania was formed on the eve of St. Patrick's Day (March 16th) at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., after a testimonial dinner to Father Cavanaugh tendered by the N. D. men of that section. Father Cavanaugh and Judge Ambrose B. Reid, an old student of

the seventies were the guests of honor. Father Cavanaugh's speech was a call for unity among Notre Dame men in all sections of the country and also a plea for the Notre Dame Fund. Daniel C. Dillon, '07, was toastmaster and chairman pro tem. After dinner the following officers were elected: Hon. Ambrose B. Reid, Honorary President; Leo J. Vogel, President; Eugene R. McBride, Vice President; Thomas A. Havican, Secretary; Albert J. O'Donnell, Treasurer.

Sim Flanigan has settled the Irish question. From Paris he writes to a friend, "Get back and help your friend de Valera. I just came from Ireland and he is a winner."

Persons mindful of valedictories, et cetera, will be pleased to learn that the marriage of Mr. Joseph Tierney, '21, and Miss Therma Marie Oberlies will be solemnized in Saint Joseph's Church, Rochester, on the morning of April 17. *Voilà l'homme brave.*

John L. Weisend, student here 1918-20, is a sterling Notre Dame enthusiast round and about the city of Cleveland, where he is engaged in the practise of law. He tells us that Billy Gibbons, one of Col. Hoyne's protégés is now city prosecutor, and that Walter Miller, '20, is with the legal department of the East Ohio Gas Co. SHEA-HUGUENARD.

UNDER THE DOME.

The SCHOLASTIC will celebrate the Easter recess, wherefore there will be no paper next Saturday.

The Aggies gave a smoker at Kable's Monday night, April 3. A musical program was given and several students gave talks. Andres Maletesta's explanation of why South Americans come to Notre Dame to study agriculture was one of the features of the evening.

The University Band gave a concert at the Washington School Wednesday morning. Arrangements have been made for five concerts at the Blackstone Theatre. Two will be given Friday night and three Saturday night. Through the efforts of Mr. Charles Parreant, the band has been developed into an organi-

zation which is equalled by few of its kind.

At a meeting of the Junior Class held last Monday, Harry Flannery was elected Editor-in-Chief of the 1923 Dome. Frank Pidrotty was elected Art Editor. The officers chosen by the Sophomore Class are for the 1924 Dome.

Phidelah Rice, one of the foremost readers in America, gave "David Garrick" in Washington Hall Wednesday night, March 29. Mr. Rice's performance was one of the most gratifying that has been seen in Washington Hall this year.

Robert Quinn read a paper on "Practical Chemistry" at the regular meeting of the Chemists' Club held Monday night, April 3. Mr. Quinn discussed the possibilities of an automobile whose motive power is derived from chemical compounds.

After making frenzied appeals, Frank McGinnis, president of the Sophomore Class, succeeded in gathering sixty-eight members of the class in the south room of the library, last week, to elect a business manager and an art editor for the Dome board. Tom Walsh was unanimously chosen business manager and Clifford McMullen was elected art editor. This is in conformance with the new Dome constitution decided upon recently.

The Oklahoma Club will give an informal banquet Saturday, April 8, in Kable's Banquet Room. Walter Moran is to be toastmaster and Hillis Bell and Francis Howland, whose specialties have pleased all those who have heard the Glee Club, will furnish the entertainment.

Ray Black gave an illustrated lecture on "Electricity in the Steel Mills" before the Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. Monday night, April 3. This is the first of a series of illustrated lectures which will be given as a result of arrangements which have been made with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

The Glee Club has completed plans for a

tour to be made during the Easter vacation. It will include southern Indiana and Kentucky. Concerts will be given at West Baden Springs, Washington, Henderson, Evansville, Indianapolis. The Club leaves Saturday morning, April 15, and will return Thursday, April 20.

The services for Holy Week begin with the regular students' Mass on Palm Sunday morning. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings the Tenebrae services will be held. This service consists of the chanting of the Office, Matins and Lauds. On Holy Thursday there will be a High Mass at eight o'clock and at 3:00 P. M. Father C. L. O'Donnell will celebrate the Mandatum. The services on Good Friday will consist of a High Mass at eight o'clock and the Way of the Cross at three o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. F. Remmes will sing the Paschale Praeconium on Holy Saturday morning, and High Mass will be celebrated at eight-thirty. The Passion will be sung at the Masses on Palm Sunday and Good Friday by Fathers Remmes, Davis and Moloney and the Seminary Choir.

J. P. McEvoy, author of "The Potters" and "Slams of Life" gave a lecture in Washington Hall last Tuesday under the auspices of the Notre Dame Press Club. In his own words he gave a four year course in Journalism in thirty minutes. He first sketched the mechanics of humor and then gave examples of book reviews, popular songs, newspaper verse and paragraphs of the type that has made him one of the best known feature writers in newspaperdom.

Mr. McEvoy has given up his regular work temporarily to give a number of lectures, the proceeds of which will go to the Notre Dame endowment fund.

Last Tuesday night the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain clubs met in the cafeteria banquet room for the purpose of better acquainting the men from the West with one another. Mr. Worth Clark of Pocatello, Idaho, presided as chairman and after the feast led the social part of the evening to great success. The presidents of the two clubs, Al Scott and Dave Hagenbarth, spoke

of the need of a single organization for Westerners. The men who will leave here in June were called upon for a few remarks and expressed a desire to see greater unity among the members of the clubs. Mr. Dan Sullivan, honorary president of the Rocky Mountain Club, recited a few poems appropriate to the occasion. The fun of the evening came when Mr. Pat Manion "broke loose," and the next morning students from all parts of the campus wanted to know the cause of the roaring laughter they had heard coming from the direction of Badin Hall. "Chuck" Foley gave an interesting talk on the part the clubs should perform to further the cause of the Endowment Campaign.

BRENNAN-HIRSCHBUHL.

POETS, ATTENTION.

The appended communication may be of interest to poets hereabout. Our English Department will be glad to cooperate:

Through the generosity of a prominent citizen of Dallas who wishes his name withheld, Southern Methodist University, of Dallas, Texas, is enabled to offer the following prizes for original poems:

First Prize: One Hundred Dollars. Open to all under-graduate students in American universities and colleges.

Second Prize: Fifty Dollars. Open to all residents of Texas. It is suggested, though not required, that contestants for this prize select a subject connected with the life, history, or characteristic landscape of Texas.

Poems may be entered for more than one prize, if the author is eligible; but they must be separately submitted. No contestant may submit more than one poem in competition for any one prize.

Each contestant must send in three type-written copies of the poem (or poems) which he submits. He should indicate on the outside of the envelope the prize for which he wishes to compete. The author's name should not be written on the manuscript.

The poems submitted must not have been previously published (college publications excepted).

The poems submitted must not exceed one hundred and fifty lines in length.

No subject or literary type is prescribed. Poems may be lyric, dramatic, or narrative; and they may be written in either free verse or the regular metrical forms.

Manuscripts will be returned to those who request it and enclose stamps for postage.

Each poem is to remain the property of the author; but it is stipulated that when a prize poem is published, the words *Southern Methodist University Prize Poem, 1922*, shall be added.

Poems entered for the first prize will, it is expected, be sent in by the English Department of the student's university or college. The executive officer of the Department is requested to read and send in the poems which are submitted to him. The poems sent in from each school must be accompanied by a statement from some one in an official position to the effect that the contestants are *bona fide resident* undergraduate students. Proper precautions will, it is hoped, be taken to see that no student submits a poem of which he is not the author.

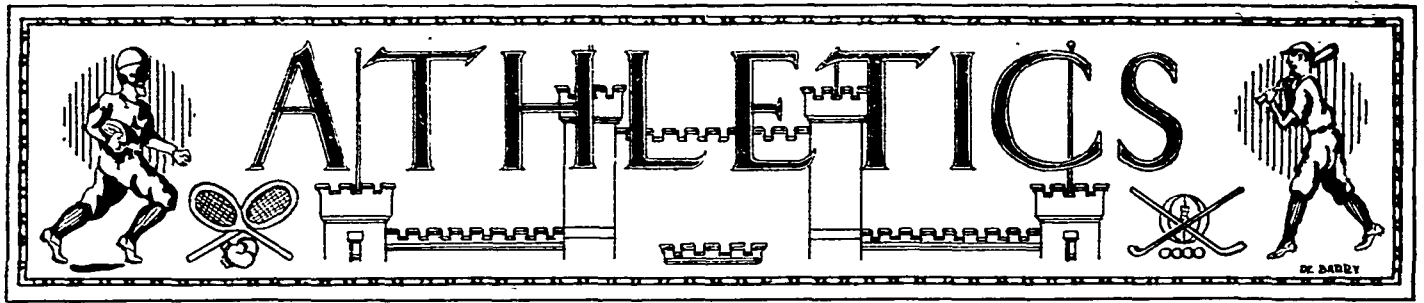
The following well-known men of letters have consented to serve as the committee of judges to award the first prize: Witter Bynner, poet, President of the Poetry Society of America, author of *Grenstone Poems* and *The New World*; John Erskine, poet and scholar, President of the Authors' Club, author of *Actaeon and Other Poems*, *The Kinds of Poetry*, *The Elizabethan Lyric*, joint editor of the *Cambridge History of American Literature*; and William Rose Benet, poet, author of *The Falconer of God*, and other poems, Associate Editor of the *Literary Review*.

The committee which will award the second prize consists of John Hall Wheelock, poet, author of *Dust and Light*, and other poems; John Farrar, editor of the *Bookman*; and Robert Adger Law, Professor of English in the University of Texas and editor of the *Texas Review*.

The University expects to offer these prizes annually.

All poems submitted must reach Dallas not later than May 15, 1922. Manuscripts should be sent to the following address:

JAY B. HUBBELL,
Professor of English, Southern
Methodist University, Dallas,
Texas.



ALL THE NEWS THERE IS.

Basketball monograms were awarded last week to eight members of the 1922 squad including Capt. McDermott, Capt.-elect Kane, Kennedy, Gilligan, Mayl, Logan, Coughlin and Burns. Kennedy and Coughlin will graduate and the other five men are expected to return for next year's five.

Coach Halas of the baseball squad will select the 15 men who will make the southern baseball trip on Wednesday of next week, when the spring vacation of the school begins. The other men on the squad will go home for the vacation period and will return Wednesday, April 19, when school resumes. The regular squad will return from the south Sunday, April 23, after a seven-game schedule with representative teams in Kentucky and southern Ohio.

They will play at St. Mary's, Louisville, Lexington and Georgetown in Kentucky, and Cincinnati and Dayton in Ohio. The team will return for the first game of the regular season at Cartier field against Wisconsin Monday, April 24.

Capt. Murphy, Gus Desch, Bill Hayes and a mile relay team composed of Desch, Montague, Heffernan and Walsh will probably represent Notre Dame at the Drake games although other men may be included in the selection if they come through. Desch broke the only world's record which was snapped at the Penn games last year and Murphy tied for first place in the high jump at the same games. Both men are potential record breakers at this year's games, as Murphy set a new world's indoor record in his first jump of the year.

The Drake games will be followed on consecutive Saturdays by dual meets with the I. A. C. of Chicago, Depauw and Illinois; the Indiana state meet and the western conference events at Iowa City. Notre Dame will

also enter a team in the national collegiate contests at Chicago.

The first real practice game of the season resulted in a ninth inning defeat for Notre Dame, by a score of 3-0. Although Anderson's All-Stars did a little more than was expected of them, the Gold and Blue squad showed lively form in the early season.

FRANK WALLACE.

GOLFERS AND TENNIS.

The sure-enough spring that is with us these days makes every tennis shark anxious to get out the old racket and swing it vigorously through unadulterated ozone. Last year work was begun on several courts, but the season ended with no complete grounds other than those in the gymnasium. We hope that this year will see the matter pressed vigorously. Students need exercise, and for the majority of them nothing is so feasible or salutary as tennis. Besides, there is material around the grounds for a representative 'Varsity team which can compete with the best schools in the neighborhood and win laurels in a minor sport as well as did the Hockey enthusiasts.

Ye golfers! stance at attention. As an end for all the enthusiasm manifested this year for the good old game of St. Andrew's and attested by the number of broken windows on the campus, the University Golf Tournament will be held the first part of May on the Municipal Links. Some worthwhile prizes have been offered by South Bend merchants, and the several flights will be so arranged as to give the respective ability of every player a chance. The list of these donors and further details will appear in this column. For information, see R. D. Shea, Sorin 209.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

NOW WE ARE IN SUSPENSE.

Suspensions always come in pairs and that is why they call them suspenders. But the supporters of the Syracuse University *Orange Peel* recently found themselves cut off and therefore the magazine was dropped. An alumnus of the University characterized the November issue of the magazine as "disgusting" and therefore the chancellor suspended its publication. This is the second time that the magazine has been "hung up." In 1920 publication was stopped due to an objectionable cover design and a short time later it was resumed with the magazine under the name of the *Vamp*. A year ago it was again published as the *Orange Peel*, but now it seems as though the editorial staff has made its last slip on the Peel and has gone down, there to remain until the fatal count of ten has been told off.

As they have no further need for crowns in Europe Columbia University has forbidden their sophomores to take the sophomore crown there. A new tradition has been formed at the New York institution. By it, the sophomores are given a crown which must be sought for by the freshmen who, if they find it, gain possession of the valuable relic. But if they fail to find it they must search all the following year and if they then fail to find it the crown is given to the freshmen. The only conditions are that the crown shall not be taken to Europe nor placed in a bank vault.

The University of Arizona may accept a two year football contract with the University of Hawaii at Honolulu. The latter college has made the offer with the understanding that the next year the game will be played at Honolulu on Christmas day, and a year later the second game will be played at Tucson. Going to Honolulu would seem to us to be a rather shaky proposition.

"Have you had your Armenian breakfast this morning?" The above interrogation, once the daily question among respectable gentleman Turks, is now the polite inquiry on the University of Texas campus. The young ladies of the institution have adopted the Armenian eating plan as a means of raising funds for student relief in the near East. But the breakfast is real food, not Armenian, and consists of a thick slice of bread and a cup of hot chocolate. The money saved in giving this breakfast is turned into the relief fund. It is needless to say that the revenue ought to be enormous.

HANGING CO-EDS AT ILLINOIS!

Twenty-six young ladies of the University of Illinois were hanged recently, and they felt better

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HERE THEY ARE:

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In "THE BEAUTIFUL LIAR"

GLORIA SWANSON

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ELLIOTT DEXTER

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Constance Talmadge

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for it. Hanging is no longer associated with tears and broken necks but with laughter and straightened spines. A new apparatus known as a head-hanger has been installed in the women's gymnasium and is used by the physical instructress to straighten the spines of her pupils. It is said to be very effective. We do hope, however, that the process will not create any female giraffes. If it should we would like to be in the cough-medicine business.

A STILL EXAM AT THAT.

The President of Washington and Lee University has a new set of college entrance examinations consisting of only four questions which can be answered by "yes" or "no." He claims them to be a better test of fitness "than a ream of entrance certificates or a hatful of Carnegie units," and they are! Allow us:

Question 1: "Are you man enough to get up promptly every morning, get to your meals and to school on time every day, and to go to bed at a fixed hour every night, all of your own initiative without a word or reminder from anybody?"

Question 2: "Are you man enough to go off yourself every day and study all your lessons until you know them, without having any one tell you to get to work?"

Question 3: "Are you man enough, when another fellow's answer is in easy reach to fail on an examination rather than obtain unlawful aid?"

Doggoneit! We can't find the fourth question, but we know how to obviate that problem. We shall make up a question. Here it is:

Question 4: Are you man enough to answer the above questions with "yes" and then not to break your word?

There is no need to fear for the success of the college student who will abide by this set of rules.

OH SUCH A FINE OLD DEAN!!!

Dean Johnson of the Wharton School says that if the vote which is being conducted by the Pennsylvanian, the daily University paper, shows a desire among the students to have the examinations discontinued, something of the sort should be done. The Wharton School has already abolished examinations and this campaign is to discover the attitude of the whole student body of the University of Pennsylvania. Now we wonder what the result will be.

If you happen to be looking at the stars on the night of April 29th you are likely to discover much disturbance in the heavens. That night is to be "Michigan Night" and the disturbance will undoubtedly be the radio cheers of the Michigan "Homecomers." The Detroit Radio news broadcasting service will send a Michigan program to all parts of the country. The President, Football Coach, members of the faculty and prominent members of the student body will speak, while the Glee club,

varsity band, and Mandolin club will make the aerials hum with gay refrain. Graduates of the future will be within "phoning" distance of their alma mater at all times.

HAVE THE FOLLIES AT HOME.

At Indiana one student is now receiving all the latest show jokes over his radio. The English Theater in Indianapolis recently sent Ziegfeld's Follies broadcast over the country by wireless and the engineers of many colleges are enjoying the performance in a much more comfortable seat than any show house could afford and at the positively wonderful price of nothing. The radio bug at Indiana has picked up messages from California, France, Germany, Norway, Canada, South America and several trans-Atlantic steamers. Peculiar, isn't it how many languages a radiophone can speak?

BE CAREFUL BADINITES.

Indiana has a lot to answer for. The man who invented the "Kissograph," an instrument which measures the "kick" of various types of kisses, by measuring the linear extent and millimeters of blood pressure, is a graduate of the Hoosier University. By means of this machine wives may test their husbands' affections. The instrument is very similar to the sphygmomanometer used to detect lies. We greatly recommend the latter machine to the hall rectors.

Dr. Frank C. Whitmore of the department of chemistry of Northwestern University said recently that the only effect the late discovery that tungsten could be changed to helium will have will be to change the definition of an atom. This definition has been changed once already but the new truth about tungsten will require a further modification.

YE EDITORS NO LONGER EDIT.

The twenty-six editors of the Williams college newspaper are following the usual procedure of the country editor who has made a gross mistake in the account of the wedding ceremony. The reason is the too snappy issue of the college paper. One of the young men is the son of a wealthy Evanston business man and when interviewed by a Chicago Tribune reporter stated that he couldn't remember any of the jokes. We wonder whether it was the reporter or the Tribune that wanted them.

"Redfles" reflecting devices are to be installed on the campus at the K. S. A. C. as highway danger signals. These signals are so devised as to reflect the light of an approaching automobile in such a way as to attract instant attention."—Ex. This we do not consider a good plan. At any school where there are co-eds it is bad management to install reflectors of any kind.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEYS

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HOLY SMOKE.

Teacher: Johnny, give me sentence using the word "Deliver."

Johnny: The lady said to the clerk: "I'll take three pounds of de pork chops and a pound of deliver."

Our idea
Of Nobody Home
Is a man
Who's
Always out.

John: What's a marathon?

Bunion: It's the result of not keeping quiet when you keep a still.

Someone
Who is not
Stupid
Says that
The Guy who wrote
"The Curse of an Aching Heart"
Was never bothered
With Corns.

The papers that advocate longer skirts
And articles urging them carry
Are really a bunch of immoral flirts;
They know that a woman's contrary.

"My girl is a regular little demon."
"You expect to see her home sometime, don't you?"

A Freshman wants to know where the Track
Meat is kept.

Bass: Has Jane an upright piano?

Cleff: I don't thing so. I detected a false note in it last night.

A SCOTCH STORY.

He (treating her to an ice cream cone on their first date after being separated for a year): Tell me, sweetheart, is there any difference in me? Do you notice any big change?

She (resignedly): No, Sandy. Just the same as ever—small change.

Charley: What are good examples of an optimist and a pessimist?

Horse: An optimist is a man boarding a Hill street car to visit his son out here. A pessimist is the same man at the end of the ride.

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