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FOLLOWING THE STAR.

JAMES P. COYLE.

A FEW days ago the Christian world celebrated the Nativity of our Lord,—God's greatest gift to men. The feast forcibly reminded us of the tender mercy of God to His children. It reminds us, too, of the gratitude we owe to our Heavenly Father for a Teacher, a Guide, a Model, a Redeemer and a King. When man was in "darkness and in the shadow of death", a star from on high lit up his path. This star was the Babe of Bethlehem. He came not in power and majesty. He came in humility and weakness. His weakness was our strength; his lowliness our exaltation. Great men have been born and great men have passed away; their impress in the world was transitory; the benefits accruing from their labors were limited by time and space. Christ came; manhood was ennobled; mankind was benefitted; the benefits reached the first human being; and will reach the last to appear on earth's stage.

Christmas itself was in its beginning, a festival of license and revelry. It was the celebration of the winter Solstice, of the time of year when days cease to shorten and nights to grow long. Life and light, the promise of returning Spring, symbolized in the sun's progress, had stirred men's minds for ages. This was the basis of the Winter Solstice orgies in worship of Mithras in Persia, Wodin, father of Thor, in the North, Apollo in Greece, and Saturn in Rome. Upon all of these, the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem was superimposed, and against all the grosser ideas that they represented, Christianity came forth—absorbing, purifying, seizing upon man's impulse upward and ennobling him, linking his intelligence with

the infinite and dignifying his efforts with ideals beyond himself.

As the struggle was in the beginning, One against the world, so it is now. Saturnalia are gone—gathered away into the dust of dissolving empires. The temple of Apollo is tenanted by the winds. Starlight filters over the ruins where archeologists poke for a token of Mithras. The Galilean is winning. But the victory is incomplete. Contemporary history reveals its unsuccess among the Nations, as well as its victory. Greed for conquest has survived, but it has been forced to mask itself against the indignation of the earth. It is still permissible for a statesman in one end of Christendom to send thousands of common folk to war in another, and then cynically abandon them to death even within harking distance of the Judean Hills. Misguided, misused loyalty to country yet reaps its toll, within and without frontiers. But the path of these is becoming less easy. And this is largely because of the ferment which the idea of Christianity set up in the minds of individuals, among whom there is growing a feeling that evil is not tempered by circumstance to be less than evil, and that to sanction it by mass action is to affront the conscience of mankind.

The task given into men's keeping by the Babe is still the task of the One against the world. It is the call to improve and protect life and thought for larger endeavor, to put away cruelty, and greed, and injustice, to dethrone the creed of the divine right of money, which succeeded that of the divine right of kings, and to substitute for both the divine right of humanity to live in peace, to create rather than to destroy.

That man has traveled so far ahead of his society in his effort is his warrant for further endeavor. For our group is as weak as each in himself suffers it to be. The ideas cradled

in Bethlehem need recognition for more than a week-end to speed the solution of our human difficulties. The Child received gifts, to be sure—but He gave His life. We find our lives weakened in individual strength by temporizing. We would be artists—if we could without sacrifice; we would be honest—if it did not mean giving up some of our property; we would be generous every day—but we are afraid of poverty; we would be kind—if it did not mean swallowing our pride.

On Xmas Day we shook off Commodity and found ourselves heartily relieved. We caught a glimpse of what might be, and recovered again the insistent demand of intelligence. We rose above ourselves, and rejoiced to find that others rose with us. The tremendous significance of individual effort blazed before us. Is not the key here, then? Why not keep open this door to the treasure house which we voluntarily threw wide a few days ago? Why not at least open it oftener?

The day lengthens, and the light. And man's circle grows on its radius. Beyond the whirling nebulae encompassing the human mind lies that infinite Idea toward which this Child's life bade us strive: Peace and Light, Trust and Love, Service and Honesty. And we know why, when there was no place for Him in the Hostelry of the Town, men took Him into the larger capacity of their hearts to abide there as a timeless Spectator of their strivings, an unfaltering Star illuminating for each his motive.

COMPESCE MENTEM!

H. A. M.

Georges Clemenceau has overlooked an exceptional opportunity for proving his wisdom and at the same time startling the nation. His reception was grandiose; bands and speeches have been piled upon him, and he has, speaking figuratively, been kissed by the greatest possible number of high-hatted dignitaries, who, it may be, would have rather been gorging on corned beef and cabbage than grazing among his whiskers to find a kissable spot.

Clemenceau's great faux pas lies in the

fact that he failed to advance his opinion of American college students as he tripped down the gang plank. Any reporter would have supplied one for him, such as "They are lazy, but have a latent power," or, "The men are growing feminine, and the women masculine." The ex-premier might even have been original, and really offered his own opinion. Anything would have done. "Their socks are too fancy," would have been greeted with as much avidity as "Their knowledge of metaphysics is regrettably cursory."

But alas, no one is given the opportunity of thrusting the Tiger's opinion in our faces, for the slight reason that he has not signified that he even has an opinion. It is queer, but true. Why, Edison has recently informed us that we dislike work, and lack imagination. For a while we feared that the electrical genius had run out of ideas on college men, and that his name would therefore be relegated to the Sunday feature sections. But fear not! Edison knows what is wrong with us, and as long as newspapers have front pages he will continue to know it, though at different times he may know different things. Geniuses, however, are entitled to know anything they wish at any time they wish.

But Georges, Georges, why *couldn't* you at least have said something, such as "Some of your students have brains, while some have not"? Such a statement would have changed the lives of many college men, and solved the problems of many a college president. Why, Prof. Albert Feuillerat says that American students are too docile; and behold, we are transformed into raving lions with blood-shot eyes and frothing mouths. The editor of the "Outlook" whispers in our ears that we lack purpose, and, miracle of miracles, we become industrious automatons, with PURPOSE written all through our knit brows. President Cutten of Colgate pats us on the back and tells us that we are members of the "intelligentsia." That leaves us unmoved, for we realize that Dr. Cutten must have been fooling, for it is not proper that public men express approval of students.

Clemenceau is too old-fashioned; he needs a press agent to say things for him. Mr.

Edison would be an admirable man for the position, only Mr. Edison is quite busy with his experiments, thank you.

But, oh well, what's the use? One man calls us dumb angels; another says we are bright devils. We should probably feel flattered at being called anything at all; but isn't it possible that we are just the children of our parents, youthful in our follies, extravagant in our hopes, enraptured with the joy of finding pennies in a world we thought miserly?

IS THERE A REASON WHY WE ARE AT COLLEGE?

(A Logical Answer.)

PIO MONTENEGRO.

Every college student had a definite purpose in view before he matriculated. He entered a university either to accomplish the tasks of a real college student, or to gain the characteristics of the social conventionalities on the campus. But most of us, anyway, are here for both these purposes and we are sacrificing time and hard-earned money in order that we may attain the end which we had in view. We aspire to lots of things to be done for our own good and for the good of others when we get out to mingle with the business world. For this reason we are trying to earn as much social prestige as we possibly can while we are at college; because in order to be successful in life, as found in the modern world, we must understand the nature of its social circumstances. Why, then, in the name of common sense, is it said that we despise the cultural side of our education when we apply its theory to practice?

We must bear in mind that when we participate at dances, banquets, and other social affairs we become more or less *tea-hounds*, because all of these gatherings imply tea, either with a piece of lemon or cream, with or without the *lumps*. If so, why talk bitter things against the participants in the social niceties of existence when you yourself are a participant? It is because we do not bear in mind that college education in a sense breeds *tea-hounds*. The first aim of educational institutions is to turn out well cultured

men and women who are destined to lead the affairs of the world. And this is the very reason why they allow associations, clubs, dances, banquets, and the like off and on the campus, in order to bring out socially what is dormant in the instinct of each student into the field of social conventionality.

As soon as the shyness and bashfulness of the timid freshman are overcome, he will begin to observe the laws of etiquette and will try to do his very best in order to conform to these laws. So long as he obeys them, surely and obviously, he has assumed the position of either a *tea-hound* or a *lounge-lizard*, because he cannot avoid escaping either horn of the social dilemma. The only thing for him to do is to agree to the rules and regulations prescribed in the book of etiquette and thereby become one of the members of the so-called higher circle.

Another thing we must bear in mind is the fact that most of us are attending college for culture. Now culture embraces all the fields of beautiful things and everything being equal, the more we appreciate the beautiful things the less we shall care for the things which are not cultured. Consequently we are aiming, at least, to get away from the normal home-life and strive to live up to the atmosphere of artificiality. So right here at college we get our starting point, because we acquire many suggestions not only from the theories in the books, but also from other individuals among us who seem to be gently cultured. So the low-brow students who realize the full value of following the example of the high-brow ones, defy the Bolshevik's idea that "the higher the brow the less it sweats." There is a reason, therefore, why we are at college, that is, to acquire a good and thorough college education, and college education implies culture and culture implies high brow and high brow breeds *tea-hounds* and *lounge-lizards*.

MYSTERY.

O wonder of brown earth, blue rain,

Gold light,

You make a rose red,

A rose white!

C. S. CROSS.

THE KU KLUX KLAN.

EUGENE F. NOON.

The Ku Klux Klan must go. Justice cannot be realized without law, and no organization can be a law unto itself, if there is to be peace and harmony in the nation. The Ku Klux Klan has for its essential the rule of terrorism, which neither knows nor recognizes law. Therefore the Ku Klux Klan is a menace to the American people and must be put down.

In the Sixties the Klan was organized. Its purpose at that time was to see that the American negro, freed by Lincoln, should keep what they considered his proper place in the scheme of things. At that time the negroes were no doubt, making themselves decidedly distasteful to the whites. It is equally true that in the days of reconstruction following the Civil War there was no direct lawful method by which either the negroes or the carpetbaggers, who incited the negroes, might be put down. A number of Southern gentlemen, angered by certain crimes which were reputed to have been committed by negroes, formed themselves into a sort of Vigilance Committee. Thus was the Ku Klux Klan born.

The negro is superstitious to a degree. Anything that savors of the unnatural or supernatural makes an impression upon him. It is this fact, coupled with the necessity of the members of the organization remaining incognito, that accounts for the weird costume adopted by the Klan.

There is no doubt that the Klan did a good work in the few years immediately following its organization. Many were the crimes which would have gone unpunished had it not been for the Klan, and many were the crimes that went forever uncommitted because of the fear of the Klan. Their system then, as it is now, was one of summary justice. Death for the serious offenses and the tar-pot for the minor ones was the code.

But abuses soon crept into the Klan. When its members consisted of loyal, law-abiding citizens, whose only aim was the administration of a justice which they felt could be administered in no other way, there

was not so much harm done. It is true that offenders were always given a fair trial, and that the evidence in most cases was looked at in the fairest possible manner at this time. But the rabble filtered in, as they always do, and then the abuses began. The declaration of a Klan member soon became the sole reason for many a good citizen being driven from his home and set upon the high-road, perhaps with a coat of tar and feathers on his back.

The Klan became an instrument for the repayment of private grudges. It was used for the fattening of the purses of certain members at the expense of non-members and even in some cases at the expense of the other members. There was graft and extortion within and without the organization. The Invisible Empire degenerated into a robber band.

The negro was the cause of the Klan's formation. There was no question that he needed disciplining, and there is no question that the Klan did a good work in disciplining him and showing him his proper place. But this negro question has in a large measure abated. The people of the South can, no doubt, keep him where he belongs without the aid of night-riders and flaming crosses and weird rites. They know how. The people of the North have made him their equal. Why, then, the Klan?

There is really no reason for the Klan as it exists to-day. There are many reasons against them. They proudly boast of their patriotism, of the fact that they are "one hundred per cent American." They are in reality the exact opposite. Is not the first principle of Americanism one of religious toleration and freedom? And they are openly against Catholicism, insofar as they are open.

When the Ku Klux Klan was first formed, it was a power for good. Now it is even greater power for evil. It teaches the principles of anarchism by preaching the ignoring of plainly good laws. It puts half truths into the minds of ignorant men and turns them out to do their worst. It gives its members a few passwords, a mystic sign and a white robe and mask in exchange for a large entrance fee. The fee goes to the

Grand Kleagle and those who are near enough to him really to understand its workings.

The Klan has done no good. The Klan is harmful. A child in kindergarten would know the proper procedure in a case of this sort.

UTOPIAN U.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

From my old brown briar rise straggling wisps of smoke. Puff—and the red embers glow in warm camaraderie, while the wisps that stray from my lips go slowly meandering off to emerge in the soft-lit haze of the room. A last persevering bit of smoke gyrates on and on and on, and is lost. My eyes close, and my pipe burns out—

This may be Utopia! Row after row of plain, neat buildings line the street, on which are a few men and women, but no children, moving leisurely. They are attired in graceful clothes, all of the same pattern, the same cloth; I glance at the multi-colored weave of my college Norfolk—how blatant it seems in comparison with the simple harmony of the clothes about me!

I make an enquiry concerning my destination. "Yes, good stranger," replies a smiling, white-haired man, "you will find the university about three miles past the city; follow this road."

The road leads me through the walls of the city, out past thriving fields of grain, and finally into the confines of a large and beautiful wood. A little way through this, and I come upon a broad expanse of grass, an enticing pleasance dotted here and there with oaks, under which lie a few young men, reading and talking. In the center of this campus rise the forms of ivy-covered buildings, crowning the mellow scene like patriarchal fathers who have reared and guarded many children.

As I walk along the campus' winding paths I feel oddly self-conscious, though the glances that follow me are kindly in their curiosity. Plucking up courage, I enter the

first building, which is not unlike the others in appearance. My first bold step brings me into a long, low-ceilinged room. In one end of the room is a cheerful fire-place, in which logs are burning merrily, around which sit several students, apparently in serious discussion. The book-cases that line the walls add an erudite touch to the pleasant intellectual atmosphere of the room.

On seeing me standing in perplexity, one of the students, a steady-eyed, smiling man, rises and comes to meet me. He introduces himself, and on learning my curious mission, invites me to a seat in a secluded corner of the library. And so we are in close conversation, like old friends in the fervor and freedom of our speech.

"Of course," says Rastel Apolodaye, "we of this pleasant island have heard of the splendor of your American nation; but of your universities this is the first word that has reached us. Tell me about them, Douglas."

Whereupon I tell him of the vast concourse of young men and women who yearly pass through our colleges, of their manner of life at school, their fraternities and clubs, their social events and athletics, their classes, examinations, marks, of the way in which they study, to what subjects they devote their time—in short, I try to make clear to my host all the intricate complexities of our American higher educational system. Nor do I shield its faults, nor fail to mention its virtues. By the time I have finished there is twilight throughout the room; the descending darkness is dispelled by a multitude of tiny lamps. There are many men in the room, some reading, some talking, and others engaged in playing a game not unlike chess, judging from the concentration of the players. A little group near the fireside must be exchanging stories, for now and then their low laughs rise above the indistinct hum of subdued voices.

Apolodaye fills up two long, large pipes, offers me one, and launches into his discourse.

"I am not surprised," he says, "at the difficulties and doubts that beset your mind. The universities which you describe are like monstrous factories, where the raw ma-

terials are received by the ton, pressed into a conventional shape but not essentially developed, then labelled with the sheepskin of Alma Mater and shoved out into the world. Your study is no study at all—it is a gigantic system of exercises and lectures, examinations and grades, all existing that the student may eventually be stamped as a college man, and take his proper social and financial place in your riotous world. Materialism is the keynote of your progress, so why should its worthless doctrines not permeate your campus life? The few men in your schools who seek true education of the mind, are dragged into the whirlpool of routine, and have soon lost the potential depth of thought which might have made them great. They are offered a cup filled with water, and when they have drained its depths they have no thirst left for the flagon of wine.

"It is thinkers, Douglas, *thinkers* that we need. And do the exercises, the examinations, the barren 'crams' that fill your curriculum make you think? Do they store your mind with ideas? Do they let you sink into a chair and wander through the unknown rooms of your own mind? Are you gathering knowledge when you scribble off five hundred words while the tune goes racing through your head, "This means five points, this means five points,?" Are not your examinations farces, in which your only purpose is to pass, with no thought of how you do it? They are intended to make you study, but do they make you do anything but stuff your head with facts that are forgotten as soon as they are put on paper? And your marks—are they not the lashes flogging you on in your search for a degree? Are they not the gods of your classroom, as money is the god of your streets?"

He pauses, while wavering tendrils of smoke rise from his pipe and wander away, silently unconcerned.

"Your system, Douglas, is too vast, too for separated from the fount of study. Your professors are able men, and some are learned, but what can they teach the chameleon-like mob that flocks into their lecture rooms? They can point the way to knowledge, but they have no time to lead you into the

paths. On the other hand, we Utopians have no strict class routine. First of all, only those are members of our university who have in some way shown a tendency toward learning. The indolent and ignorant are soon detected even if they gain admission, and are removed to some tasks more conformable to their nature. We believe it is better to nourish a rose bud into a full-grown rose than to try to graft a cabbage on a rose bush—more profitable to the nation to let the rose grow on the bush and the cabbage on the ground."

"So every man who is here is in a greater or less degree a student. He seeks learning for its own sake, and the sake of his people, and needs no threats to drive him to his books. He loves the clash of idea against idea as the soldier loves the clash of sword on sword. His mind is his glory; his heart and soul are fed with the manna of thought. To the end that the mind may be directed, and knowledge made clear we have our masters. They hold no classes, they call no roll; but at specified hours we know that they will be waiting for us in their rooms or under the trees, and there we seek them and listen to their wisdom. To us they not only point out the paths to wisdom, but they take each of us by the arm and stroll down those paths by our sides, commenting on and explaining, answering the questions that flood our brains. They are true masters, Douglas, and we venerate them as such. Yet at all times and in all places are they eager to join with us in discussion; nor are their wits dulled by erudition. They are personal guides to every man, not factory workers at gigantic machines."

"But," I object, "you are not educating the masses."

He smiles, and I suspect there is the twinkle of a rebel in his eye.

"Any man," he replies, "can study at our university if he so desires. But there is the point—he must study; and in every nation there are only a certain number who truly want an education. Why, then, lower the real student to the level of the dullard? Water and wine has the same flavor in the mouths of the masses, for God has not blessed every palate with the same taste.

If water can stimulate the average man, let him have it; but offer the wine to the man for whom water is flat and stale.

"Every people must have its leaders, yet everyone cannot be a leader, any more than can every plant bear roses. It is the mission of the university to pick out the men with deep minds and forceful personalities, and train them till they are fit to cope with and solve the problems of a nation. This training cannot take the form of a memory course or a driving, superficial system—it must provide a field for the development of a man's talents, it must nourish the virtuous atmosphere that moulds character, and it must offer enough leisure for contemplation and reflection, what the clod-pools contemptuously call day-dreaming.

"A university should consist of atmosphere, some wise Englishman has said. And it is true. For there is more learning in a seat beneath a tree than in the desks of all mankind. There is more depth of thought in an old burnt pipe than in the text-books of the world. And a diploma is not worth one glance at a trickling, fern-swept stream."

I scarcely know of what my Utopian friend is speaking, for I am an American college man. But there seems to be some thought behind his words, even though they are really a bit too simple. Not once has he spoken of a faux pas or the cosmos simplex, nor has he so much as mentioned the athletics these Utopians go in for. And yet I wonder—perhaps after all may there not be more than bone behind his forehead?

But, "Let us go to the evening meal, now, Douglas," he is saying, "and afterward we will sit by the fire and ponder over the subject that fills both our minds."

And so we go in to the dining room with groups of other men like Rastel Apolodaye; and I am wondering, wondering——.

The room is almost dark. My cold pipe has fallen to the floor, like an old companion of a dog whom you find crushed in the road, mutely praying that you lift his faithful body from the blood-stained dust.

Atheism exists because the atheist cannot believe that there is a being greater than himself.

FOOTSTEPS

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

The slow dusk of an autumn afternoon was closing upon the almost deserted countryside. The day was drawing its last breath. In the haze that had spread over the hollows, the trees seemed to wear a grey foliage; across the field, fence and hedge were blotting out. Even the road, which an hour before had been yellow in the sunlight, grew wan under the paling hand of night. Occasionally a rabbit darted lightning-like across the dust. Then the road was alone again.

The sun, drunk on the wine of autumn, sank lower and lower. It hung like a drop of blood on the horizon, then moved imperceptibly of blood on the horizon; then melted into the purple sky-line downward. Its red fringe had perhaps scarcely disappeared when the silence along the roadway was interrupted by footsteps velvety in the dust.

"No—not far—no, to-night."

The words were broken and incoherent.

The man was of middle age. He gave the appearance of having travelled far, and his dust-covered clothes blended with the background of twilight. He was not tall; pushing his stick, he looked like a broken pump. His kettle hat, brim downward, was pulled low over his eyes. His trousers flapped as he walked.

"Down here—or there—to-morrow maybe."

His words were stubborn, ascetic.

As the man walked onward, he shifted the bundle and book which he carried. They went from arm to arm, restlessly but cautiously. Footprints in the dust, footprints, footprints. . . .

The man sat on the door step, his stick thrust between the boards of the broken walk. The air was heavy with dust and the odor of damp barns. A horse was stamping in the darkness.

"Now—this is true—not yesterday." He struck his hand against the door and pounded.

A dog barked within and slid across the floor scratching his claws. A child stood in the doorway, and over it a woman covered the canvas of lamp-light.

"I was here yesterday—perhaps tomorrow—they say—but what do they say?"

The man rested his bundle on the step.

"Tom." The woman's voice was like the stroke of a hammer.

The door swung back; the lamp flame trembled and smoked. A red neck and a big face was framed in the group.

"You Mel Swisher's man,—eh?"

"Time, yes—but to-night—you will let me sleep." He clutched his stick and his book.

"Sleep! Mel didn't send—But you ain't Mel's man." He paused. "Stranger—eh?"

The mother lifted the child from the doorway. Under a table the dog snarled.

"Well, any man's welcome here. Ain't many come though. We don't ever deny no man." He turned into the room, moving a chair from his path.

The man shook the dust from his hat as he entered, showing black hair that was matted in knots. His eyes were a dull brown.

"To-night—that is enough—to-morrow and yesterday."

He beat his hands against his clothes. Dust, grey dust, yellow dust. . . .

The flame of the lamp flickered and smoked. It was like a blinking child. In a corner, the dog slept and moaned in his dreams. The wind played a tune on the shutter.

"Being so, stranger, you haven't told us where you're from—eh?"

"Tomorrow and yesterday—everything is the same—what matter." The book was open on his lap.

The farmer knocked the ashes from his pipe and blew into the stem. A clock struck nine. The flame of the lamp winked.

"We're early bedders here," he said, with a twist of his red neck. "Have to do it,—maybe a verse from the Book first."

The woman carried the Bible between her big hands.

"I am the true vine," began the farmer, "and my Father is the husbandman." He read the chapter in a watery monotone.

The stranger beat his fists against his knees. From the corner, the dog uttered a choked bark.

"But that the word may be fulfilled which

is written in their law: *They hated me without cause.*"

The man in the dusty clothes was reading from his own book. He mumbled and strangled the words. The lamp flame sputtered.

Together the men climbed the squeaking stairs, the farmer leading the way. It was a gable room into which he showed the guest. Through the window, the stars winked. Against the pane, the wind whined. Moaning east wind, whining west wind. . . .

The green barns were steaming in the morning shadows. In and out, bucket in hand, went the man with the red neck and the big face. A wind-mill was purring. In the east, the clouds were losing their pinkness.

"Cakes for the man—eh?"

The flames in the stove licked and bit at the grate.

"Yes, but he's to be called. And that's for you to do."

The man was splashing his face in a pan of water.

When he mounted the stairs, his feet struck like lead against the steps. The heavy tread rattled a table below. He knocked on the door. It shook, and the knob trembled. He knocked again.

The room was empty, its gray walls grim and silent. The white bed was smooth, unruffled. On the floor lay a scrap of paper covered with Hebrew. Outside against the pane, the wind tip-tapped in even measure, telling off the footsteps. Footsteps, footsteps. . . .

AFTER THE RAIN.

Like the trough of a gigantic wave,

The valley swam in misty green;

Above rose up majestic peaks, those grave

Colossal monuments eternity unseen

Erected that the eyes of men

Beholding, must in wonder gaze

And follow up from pine-clad base

To where they mingled with the blaze

Of gorgeous clouds, that hid

The sun's exotic reveling

And set the world aglow.

Where gleaming tips broke through the sky,

Small, fluffy clouds rolled down and lay

Airily resting in the laps of the peaks. J. H. K.

THOUGHTS.

Only the willing worker works well.

The telephone is more deadly than the mail.

We like poets who recite not their own poems.

George Washington would never have been a lawyer.

The smile that wins a heart has probably broken many others.

It was not said "Leave all thou canst not carry and follow me."

A good example will convert more people than much preaching.

If we will but profit by our mistakes we need not be at a loss.

To the N. D. student a girl in South Bend is worth two at home.

Legislation and hesitation have to come to mean the same thing.

Your best friends are the enemies who tell you just what you are.

In this age of the automobile, the college boy still wants his pony.

Virtue without humility disappears like snow in the summer sun.

Too many note only the act, ignoring the purpose that prompts the act.

Our educational system may be superficial, but it is certainly not narrow.

Real thoughts are as scarce as diamonds and sometimes more precious.

Like butterflies, we flutter round for a short time and are seen no more.

Seeking good advice is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

He who loves himself loves not God; he who loves God loves not himself.

I wonder if the good books do not get tired of playing the role of ornament.

He who never judges favorably of his neighbor always uses himself as standard.

Most of us make the mistake of trying to have more instead of trying to be more.

Time and the Hill street car wait for no man.

He is a fool indeed who thinks himself wise.

An ounce of flattery is worth a pound of threats.

mal." To what species do our congressmen belong?

Indifference to personal hygiene is mediaeval.

Don't drive home a tack with a sledgehammer.

We should depend on pull only when in a row boat.

"God helps those who help themselves"—by industry.

The "innocent bystander" may also be a guilty gossip.

He who thinks his opinions the best has very poor judgment.

Everyone knows what he ought to do, but it takes a man to do it.

A night of recklessness must be followed by a morning of reckoning.

There are two classes of wage-earners: union men and workingmen.

When driving an automobile watch the one behind the one in front of you.

Everything comes to him who waits—except the meal in the cafeteria.

There are two things a woman never knows—her age and her mind.

An honest man is one who when moving send his creditors his new address.

A slanderer is one who throws stones at a neighbor who is better than himself.

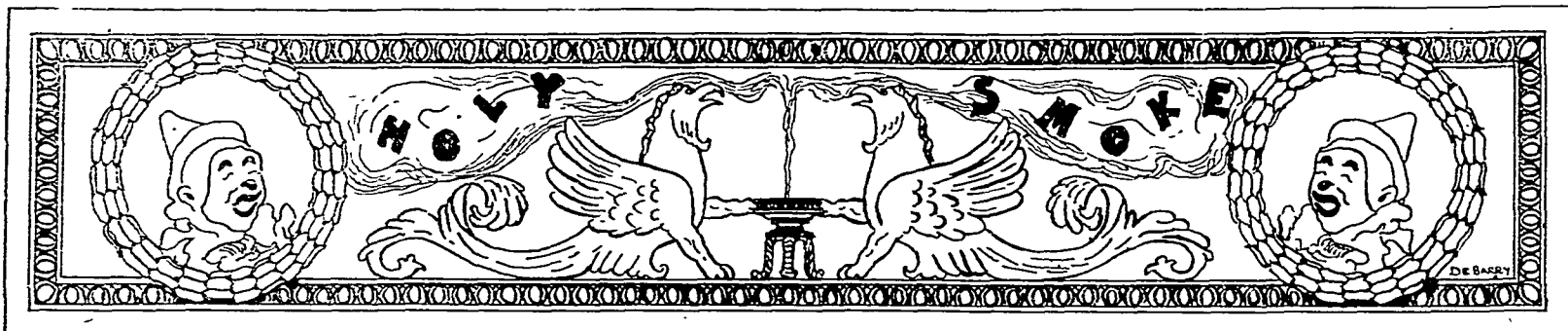
How many of us will be graduated from the school of life maxima cum laude?

In the business of reforming, the best method calls for plenty of home work.

If some business men cannot get honestly what they want they will get it legally.

If certain present policies are continued, we may soon hear of disorganized labor.

If we reduce our desires to a minimum, we shall have less reason to be dissatisfied.



GANG WAY FOR THE GREAT GALOOSH.

We forgave the pain that you
Caused our eyes and ear-drums too;
Now Gang way for the Great Galoosh,
Uneda Biscuit Coat, you're through.

CONSIDER THE SWINE. IS IT NOT TO CRY?
WHAT A FUTURE—

Hush little piggy,
Don't you cry.
You'll be a Whole Hog
By and By.

Prof: How long should the storage battery of a
car be charged?

Abie: As long as the credit's good.

Bomb: If your house is sprayed with lysol it
will keep out rats.

Dumb: Yes, and if you have glass eyes you don't
have to wear glasses.

I know they call it Moonshine,
But I can't help but think
That even were it Sunshine
It's not a real light drink.

Ping: Your slinker sure is a dear little thing.

Pong: Ya, she keeps me broke constantly.

"I hear that all the Lincoln phones in town were
ringing last night."

"Ya, some Freshman who had a tough mathe-
matics lesson mistook the dial for an adding ma-
chine."

We Will now Inflict That Song:
You May be Sweet Little Soul But You've
Made An Awful Heel Out of Me.

Chit: Why are the Smith Brothers such Beavers?

Chat: I guess its to prevent anyone from hearing
the cough drop.

Father: Son, why did you get in so late last night?

Son: I had a bad miss in the car.

Burton: What is that lovely thing you are
playing?

Catherine: A piano—Funny.

ANSER TO THE INTENSE.

Dear Editor:

I think my sweetie means to propose but
every night just as he starts to call me his "Gorgeous
Baby" and "Snuggle Puppy" our Coo Coo clock
starts a racket, and he leaves. What shall I do?

ILA.

Anser: No wonder the clock is Coo Coo. You're
lucky it isn't a Parrot.

Smoly Hoke:

I am French and Spanish, and my Sheik
tells me that I am cut out for the finer things of
life. Do you think that he means this?

MARGARET

Anser: If he tells you that he is one of the finer
things of life, he does.

Dear Editor:

We are under the care of a woman, and
she never lets us go anywhere. And when we do
get out she never lets us in again without first
stirring up all Valhalla. Her name is Ellis? ? ?

US GIRLS.

Anser: Maybe she thinks she's Ellis Island.

Dear Saintly Vapor:

A girl sent me this verse and I don't know
how to anser it. I don't know if this is just exactly
the way it runs, but I'll try to repeat it.

All to myself I practise Coue'

Thinking how easy you were to do.

Thinking of bills you used to pay

Thinking of each snappy jest—you Jay.

Sometimes I'd cry and use all my guile

But to keep you from holdin 'or scoldin' —the while
I'd Stall to myself.

N. Umb.

In bad shape is Tommy McGill

One look at a sign makes him chill

Yes—one look at a Bill Board—

He thinks of his Landlord;

Do you follow me? Bill Board—Board Bill?

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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JAMES V. EGAN

VOL.
LVI.

*Disce Quasi Semper Victor
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

NO.
II

Macbeth, pensive and dull, crowded by his enemies and oppressed by worries, lamented that "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day." He looked from Birnam wood to the edge of the world and saw only shadows. Around him were the visions of yesterday, shifting but occasionally for the bruising thoughts of what might come within the next rising of the sun.

WINTER DAYS
—AND DAZE

Macbeth was not wise. His sophomoric wisdom is at times painful. His utterance as he looked at the long vista of days expresses, however, that melancholy brooding which we so often see on the campus during January and February. The sensibilities of more than one student wear a rusty edge. Under gray skies and the sharpness of a winter wind, the days seem to stretch out interminably. We find nowhere the enthusiasms of other weeks. Initiative of every kind seems stifled.

There are students who look from their windows seeing, like Macbeth, only shadows. The windows are small. That is the reason these men see only the snow and the gray skies. If the windows were large, they would be reminded of other things than the long stretch of days. They are like the prisoner who believed it was eternal night because his cell was always dark. Unlike the

physical windows which light their rooms, the windows from which the students look depend for their size upon the men. When they are large they open upon a whole world; everywhere are sunshine and green fields. to-morrow, and to-morrow, are forgotten.

MOLZ

As the result of suggestions in the Religious Survey, the sermon course from January to June will include a series of sermons

THE PULPIT
AND LIFE.

on the place of the Catholic in all the professional paths of life.

The Catholic layman, priest, business man, physician, journalist, industrialist, educator and lawyer will be discussed; and in the middle of this series Fr. Cavanaugh will take up a more general subject, "The Moulder of Public Opinion." These topics will be considered with three purposes in mind. First, they will be intended to offer vocational guidance—a need that is deeply felt by every college man. The second purpose will be to make clear the ethical problems in the various professions; and finally the importance of supporting those men who uphold professional ethics, and of opposing the world's deviations from the course of moral duty, will be urged upon the students.

From the college man's point of view no

sermons could be better chosen. It is a fact that when the student graduates he finds the world rather a puzzling enigma to which he becomes accustomed only after being battered and bruised into subjection. But let the collegian determine his purpose in life, and know by what ethical and practical principles he can best achieve that purpose, and the ambushes of a dull daily grind will fail to swerve him from his goal. The Catholic, moreover, finds additional pitfalls awaiting him; and he is in a very special sense a missionary, whose duty it will be to carry the colors of his faith into all of life's activities, not scorning scorn nor slandering slander, but proving the beauty of the oriflame he bears by holding it high himself.

M'GUIRE.

We may learn from time to time through the press that the Ku Klux Klan lives and flourishes at this or that university. Possibly the members who gather beneath the spreading chestnut of a college campus are not so active as their more mature fellows, but nevertheless they are capable of wearing a hood and robe. Which brings us to a consideration of the Klan.

While this body of hooded posturers exists, we in America shall have a reminder of the danger that is constantly present everywhere in individuals anxious, as the members of the Ku Klux Klan are, to be hoodwinked and to hoodwink others whether posing under a banner of good or of evil. In its milder activities, the Klan is only comical. The pajama parades held annually at many universities may be taken as seriously. When the Klan tries to enforce its hoodlum will on others, then it becomes a mob of grotesque bandits, urged by cruelty and insanity. We do not believe the Klan is so powerful as its pigmy officials try to suggest. Contempt is only possible for those members of the government, whether federal, state or local, who are in fear of it. The purposes of the Klan are not hidden. When those purposes violate the law, only one path is open. Reprisals and counter organizations are futile. They are futile because the strength of the

Klan is its weakness. Grounded in bigotry in a land where bigotry has never found soil, the Klan will eventually die. It will die sooner if the fires which it is trying to feed are not given fuel by its enemies.

We do not doubt that the Klan has reached, and is reaching, into other universities. But this may recall how far away are some of these universities and their students from tolerance, truth and common sense, which they might be expected to cherish.

MOLZ

A movement has been started by the Drama League of America for the general observation of the week from January 21 to 26 as National THE SIGNIFICANCE OF Drama Week. The DRAMA WEEK purpose of the movement is to create wider interest in the American drama and to encourage amateur dramatics. "Drama for all, not for the few" might express the purpose.

If this were only another one of those "weeks" promoted for one obscure purpose or another regularly since the war, it would deserve no comment at all. If its purpose were of less general interest, it might be passed. But to-day we need the drama, and whatever will encourage and foster its development may receive commendation. The popularity of the motion picture show which is an outlet for so many dimes and quarters every week cannot lessen the importance of the stage drama. The motion picture may provide entertainment, but it rarely reaches the plane of art. There may be, of course, a divergence of opinion regarding the substantial value of contemporary American drama. It is not necessary to evaluate it here. What may be said is this, that America is preparing herself now for a great revival in the drama, a revival which may come within ten, twenty, or fifty years. Come it will, however. The community drama, the Shakespearean revival, the renewed interest in the classic stage, the symbolist movement are only a part of that interest which must eventually call forth a school of great American dramatists.

The discouraging influences under which

the drama is obliged to labor outside of the metropolis and the manner in which these influences are subdued show that the contest for more drama and for better drama is partly won. The observance of National Drama Week will invite to this the attention of individuals and of communities. It can excite a realization of the distance that America has yet to go in establishing a great national drama, giving impetus at the same time to the progress toward that goal.

Here at Notre Dame where the drama has flourished in other years, National Drama Week should be observed by the final organization of the Drama League unit which has already been started. The university needs the drama. It needs a dramatic workshop. If we receive a charter in the Drama League during the week from January 21 to 26, or before then, we shall have had an agreeable part in the observance of the week.

MOLZ.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor:

So much correspondence in re the conduct of certain members of Washington Hall audiences has appeared in recent numbers of the SCHOLASTIC that the writer would refrain from adding to it were it not for the fact that no one (so far as he can learn) has attempted to assign a reason for aforementioned conduct.

It is agreed, of course, that students actually do leave the hall before the performance is finished. Why? Simply because they do not enjoy what is happening on the stage. Is it because they don't know what worthwhile entertainment is? An affirmative reply would hardly be correct when it is known that these same students use their spending money to purchase tickets for such attractions as Heifetz, the Victor Artists, Mantell, and the Symphony Orchestra in South Bend.

How many really high-class performances have taken place in Washington Hall within the past year or two? Offer the students (who are paying the bill) something worth attending, and there will be no leaving the Hall during the program.

Sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS NOT WALKED OUT.

Europe thinks that the Turk is an enemy of Christianity, but what does it think the Turk thinks.

FATHER CARRICO LEAVES.

The departure of Rev. Dr. J. Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, for St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, is undoubtedly as big a sensation as would be a sudden decision on the part of Father Sorin's statue to spend the winter in Los Angeles. Father Carrico is now in the fifteenth year of his service as professor of English. A whole generation of Notre Dame men has studied "How to Write" and "How to Read" under his direction; a similar generation of St. Mary's women has caught from him not merely the principles of ethics but also a personal inspiration to be good. His increasingly steady grasp of the subjects to be taught, his exceptional academic genius, compelled him to accept large executive honors and responsibilities. The direction of graduate work in the College of Arts and Letters he assumed so ably that the results may safely be termed one of the most important developments of recent years.

All of this is very good, but the supreme distinction of his teaching has been the fact that in spite of the routine which class-room work involves and the criticism which a resident student body is so ready to apply to its instructors, probably no single pupil sat under him who did not bring the tribute of real personal affection and admiration. Father Carrico was always a gentleman and a priest before and while he was a taskmaster; he was these things with a simplicity which can be the product only of perfect breeding and lofty purpose.

The present removal is merely temporary and it is expected that next summer will see the Dean of the College of Arts and Letters safely reestablished in his position. Texas needs him because of the fact that sickness and untoward circumstances have decreased the number of the faculty there. Notre Dame makes its sacrifice, if not willingly, then at least hopefully, desiring that the bracing air of the Southwest may build up the health of and bring the happiness of change to him whom Notre Dame is proud to call her "Beloved Doctor."

CAMPUS COMMENT.

This Christmas vacation was probably the most deserted in history, so far as the Notre Dame campus was concerned. Even citizens from California and Saskatchewan managed to disappear, at least for a time. Alfonse of Sorin reports a great let-up on the labor.

The Notre Dame Club of Youngstown, Ohio, celebrated Christmas with a dinner dance on Wednesday, December 27th at Wyckliffe Manor House. The Varsity men, old and new, of Youngstown were later honored at a "stag" festival by Rev. Maurice Griffin, '04 (LL. D., 1922). There Buckley and Prokop united to do honor to Harvey Brown, our stalwart football captain, who was likewise the theme of a brand-new song by Ed. Raub, President of the Club. The other officers are Felix Melody, Norman Smith and Harvey Brown.

Last Monday evening there was held another meeting of the Notre Dame Branch of the A. I. E. E. After the business had been disposed of Cyril Birkbeck delivered an instructive paper on "Rectifiers", with some attention to their extensive use in our modern telephone and telegraph systems. Richard Cordray gave an interesting demonstration of some of the so-called mathematical fallacies, proving many seemingly impossible statements. Mr. Dooling and Mr. de Tarnava then astonished the audience by causing a motor to behave most unbecomingly—in words to rotate in either direction at their will—and finally favored those present with a radio concert.

These interesting meetings are held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month. Every electrical engineering student is invited to attend, and anyone else is cordially welcomed at these gatherings.

Of interest to many will be certain facts about the Art Gallery in its relation to the general public. How many people actually come to see paintings? What seasons are most favorable to the enjoyment of art? If one were to judge from the usual behavior of the student body with reference to the

gallery one might have to confess—well, anyhow, Brother Florian, veteran custodian of the Rembrandts and Van Dykes, informs us very seriously that from January first 1922, to December thirtyfirst of the same year, 10,224 people passed by the Botticellis and the rest. The monthly distribution of guests was as follows: January, 323; February, 237; March, 282; April, 523; May, 148; June, cember, 1924; July, 1671; August, 1512; September, 697; October, 848; November, 1173; December, 184;. Nuff said—Brother Florian has worn out 333 pairs of shoes but insists that his 'line' is as good as new.

Quite a number of centuries ago a gentleman named Demosthenes spent his spare time before a mirror, talking with his mouth full of pebbles. As a result he became one of Greece's most brilliant orators and the Greeks have been talking about him since then. But the Greeks had nothing on the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus; if the Greeks had one Demosthenes the Casey's have two, both of whom appeared before the council on Tuesday evening. The first was Harry McGuire, journalist of note and Lecturer of the Council, who delighted the members with a brilliant display of oratorical fireworks in introducing another and still greater orator, the Rev. Father Cavanaugh. Father Cavanaugh entertained the council for over an hour with his talk on "First One Thing and Then Another," and gave what was probably one of the most interesting talks of the year. The Varsity Quartette followed the speaker and filled the air with melody for several delightful minutes, after doughnuts and cider.

Incidentally the Caseys are busy reminding all those intrepid spirits who crave entrance to the Council that the goat has been sent to his mountain pasture and will be in excellent shape for the initiation ceremonies which will take place shortly after the Christmas vacation. An effort is being made to secure State Deputy Houlihan of Illinois for the occasion. The names of men on the membership committee have been posted, and applicants may see any of these men, or Grand Knight Barnhart.

HAGAN.

A PAGE OF REVIEWS.

Q. E. D.

Mr. Padraic Colum is an Irish poet who has introduced both himself and his poetry to the United States with great success. Essentially rough-hewn his earlier lyrics brought with them the turf, the winds, the plain stalwart farmers of the Celtic countryside. Always to be depended upon for a first-hand look at nature where she has not been primping for a spectator's benefit, Colum owns as well a mysticism and a readiness of belief that result from being able to look into the heart of man. "Dramatic Legends and Other Poems" group a number of characteristic short poems, some of them fashioned oddly but convincingly on wild animal themes, with a series of very original narrative verses. The longest of these, "The Miracle of the Corn," narrates how the wife of Fadorougha, the miserly farmer, gains a miracle and the love of her husband by venturing to be charitable. It is an old idea, given a new form here, of course, and made strikingly effective. One is always ready to admit Colum's originality and strength: but it seems quite true that these qualities suffered to exist occasionally for themselves rather than for the sake of the larger poetic reality they should inhere in, the reality which alone keeps the allegiance of the reader. "Dramatic Legends" is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.

The Macmillans are also publishing "Granite and Alabaster", a volume of poems by Raymond Holden, an American whose verse has gained attention from a wide audience of magazine readers. Here is a nature poet who reminds one occasionally of Robert Frost and occasionally again of Walt Whitman, without closely resembling either of them. His mood is prevailingly pessimistic, even in a rather eloquent "Epithalamium." We are taken into the heart of a maple-sugar camp: above the tree-line; among people who are called the Durhams—and everywhere Mr. Holden's even and, it must be confessed, rather monotonous verse etches a sharply realistic picture in dark sepia. He is a naturalist who knows both science and doubt, an unsatisfied American Abercrombie. This is New England night as our poet sees it:

"Listen! There is a soft sound of water falling
Down the dark shafted night into the trees.
Wild birds that should be quiet now are calling.
How should I sleep to-night, troubled with these?
The cool wind through the moon's invisible strings
Blows like a striking of clear silver bars;
The great peak shudders and leaps and swings
And I am blinded by the fall of stars."
Real enough, with a genuine inspiration! But we hope the sun will shine in Mr. Holden's country eventually and send a bit of dance-melody into his rhythmical legs.

A friend of ours, Mr. C. S. Mitchell, of Lolita, Texas, has favored us with a copy of "The Unveiling of the Ku Klux Klan", a pamphlet written against the most tragic-comic of American societies by W. C. Witcher, a prominent non-Catholic who loves his state and hates iniquity. The work is well done and if there are any amongst the Klan who have reached the age of reason Mr. Witcher will convince them. The Pamphlet is published by James C. Wright, Box 111, Fort Worth, Texas.

The Church of England is becoming a literary subject par excellence. Books on Unity, many in number, have reached a culmination in Lord Halifax's recent pronouncement. Two novels of importance, Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral" and Compton Mackenzie's "The Altar Steps" introduce it bodily into fiction from two quite different but really interesting points of view. All of which recalls Newman's "Loss and Gain" where the essentials of the matter have long since been set forth as cleverly as they are likely ever to be presented.

Florence Nightingale has been made the subject of a play in three acts, by Edith Gittings Reid. Miss Nightingale, the heroic nurse of the Crimean War, makes a creditably real and affecting entrance into this drama, which is probably as near to mysticism as something purely Protestant in inspiration can come. It will probably be admitted by all that the interest of the play centers round the second act, laid in the war-hospitals. The Macmillan Company; price, \$1. 25.

The death of Alice Meynell removed from English letters one of the commanding figures of the late Victorian age. She was both poet and essayist, handling the two media of expression with a tact, reticence and artistic success which brought recognition from critics throughout the world. As a Catholic woman she introduced an entirely new note into modern expression—the note of mystical surrender as that is born out of the sacraments. "Motherhood," "A General Communion" and "A Shepherdess of Sheep" are poems known everywhere. In criticism she emphasized very strongly the necessity for poise, careful thinking and writing, and grammatical sense. Perfection of form distinguishes all her work. As the wife of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell and the close friend and literary advisor of Francis Thompson she had an influence upon literary affairs which seldom falls to the lot of a busy woman. England gained much through her life, and Catholic writing prized the distinction of her talent. Her essays include "The Rhythm of Life"; "The Colour of Life"; "Hearts of Controversy"; and "The Second Person Singular." One should, however, in addition to recalling the graceful memory of her life, add a prayer for her eternal peace.

HOT STUFF FOR HIGHBROWS.

C. RIORDAN.

Behold, and withhold, for we have in our midst real honest-to-goodness intellectuals who would, through the fires kindled of verbal shrubbery, purge the American University of falseness, of shallowness, and of the old ideas. They would saunter forth at will to hold converse on the green of fields and along the quiet lanes of the forest, upon the possibilities of philosophy, self-expression, the new democracy, and what-not.

Theirs is the Idea of a neo-university wherein only Intellectuals might gather at their own discretion. Examinations would be formally tabooed as the mere piffle they are. Professors would hold no classes other than the casual meetings with the Intellectual as he (the said Intellectual) gamboled o'er the lea. Merely as a mark of courtesy to age, the professor would, of course, be allowed to express opinions upon rare occasion. Diplomas would only heap the already brimming wastebasket of grade cards, manuscripts, and class records. Wide areas above the spectacles, themselves, would be the unmistakable mark of the Intellectual who will have anticipated the psychopathic expert in "finding himself."

Dreaming? Far from it. The foregoing is merely sophomoric sophistry. Have you ever known a class of sophomortals who did not suddenly awaken to the fact that this old world has been lying dormant through the centuries to be aroused and reformed by their supermental efforts. They break forth from freshman fetters like a child taking its first tottering steps in the exploration of the unknown beyond the nursery, only in this particular instance there seem to be no freshman fetters to break, sadly to their loss in early training. This year, the sophomore year of course, the professors are dwarfed by the dynamic sparks emanating from the overcharged organs of perception above those Intellectual shoulders. This is, American youth form the stage of puppyhood to that of manhood. Surely these need paternal discipline now as never before and as they never will again. Next year they will doubtless tend toward the normal, and

in the year following, if they survive these first years, they will pass for rather rational animals. Yes, they will even smile at the revolutionary second-year men they were in 1922-23.

EN ROUTE.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Impressions of the Journey Home.

It was in the silent shadowiness of a winter dawn that we left the house and trod the snow-thick streets along which lighted windows gleamed, at intervals, like dull red sentinels challenging the night. To the station, and there, after packing away the duffle on the train, a hearty handshake; and then, grey eyes looking into brown, and no word spoken. Later—a final look from the train window—nothing discernible in the outer blackness but a strong white face above a grey fur collar.

The shore of a great river—and a length of shining ice stretching out into vague and heavy shadow. Out there, beyond sight of the shore, are open channels, perhaps—cold and moving cemeteries; and other places where the impetuous current rushes beneath ice too thin to bear a fellow. But fishermen take their luck this day and that, and I see three of them starting across the ice as the train goes by.

One can tolerate most brakemen only by serenely denying them the right to life and living. Force me to recognize the existence of one of these—to take notice of his speech—his cocky tin personality—his bungling superiority—and I will do one of two things—red handed murder, or black suicide. But lo, here is one I do not have to tolerate as a puppet, or a wooden soldier. By gum (astonishment so great that vocabulary is paralyzed—) a human being. He opens the door of our coach—he smiles—he has dimples. He speaks, clearly and a bit bashfully, not like a brakeman but more like a boy who is playing at railroad. His arms hang awkwardly—but his voice is the voice of a great joker, and there is much friendship in its tone. "The next station is—Greenleaf." Within his heart he adds, I believe, "My dearly beloved," and as I watch him I know that behind that smile is Athlone, surely.

Follows a long velvety pull through the lowlands. No variety here to catch the untutored eye—a lonely house in the distance, but mostly the brown and withered grasses breaking through the thin sweep of snow to bend toward an undiscovered Mecca. Yet men will say that there is no beauty in a land where trees are few, and hills are not, and no rivers flow. No beauty in the lowlands! as I watch this prairie I feel and know that here is a beauty compared to which the most radiant variety is a sham—the beauty of a vast and illimitable mystery that mountain and forest never can reflect—the soul of earth

lying, dim and awful, to the soul of the tremendous sky.

Now what places are these—crawling centers of factorydom-crazy, grimy, virile-armed, sick-souled cities of illusion! What depression—it steals through the walls of the train, and clogs your blood. The little human ants swarm in and out and around the long coaches; comes a terrific jerk, and we're off again,—so!

"Ears are on edge at the rattle,
Man though I am, I am pale,
Sounds like the noise of a battle,
Here we are riding the rail."

PERSONALS.

Through the efforts of Harley Kirby, track and football star of '97—'00, the Electrical Engineering Department is in receipt of one lecture wall chart, one set of bulletins in binders, and two boxes of battery forms for demonstrations from the Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Department appreciates Mr. Kirby's gift and is grateful for the interest shown in its work.

William Bradbury, Robinson, Illinois, has been elected commander of the Ernest M. Coulter Post of the American Legion. He was a delegate to the state convention at Rockford, and was also a delegate to the National American Legion Convention at New Orleans.

Through the generosity of Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, of Spring Green, Wisconsin, the Architectural Department has received the complete architectural works of the donor published in German. Besides being a valuable addition to the Architectural Library, the work will be of much help in the classroom.

John Lemmer, '17, of Escanaba, Michigan, was elected president of the University Club of that city at a meeting held during the holidays.

Daniel C. Dillon, '04, president of the

Notre Dame Club of Western Pennsylvania, died at his home at Bellevue, December 28, after an illness of two days. He was a member of the law firm of Dillon and Lauer, and gave every promise of becoming one of the most brilliant barristers in the state. The prayers of the students are requested for the repose of his soul.

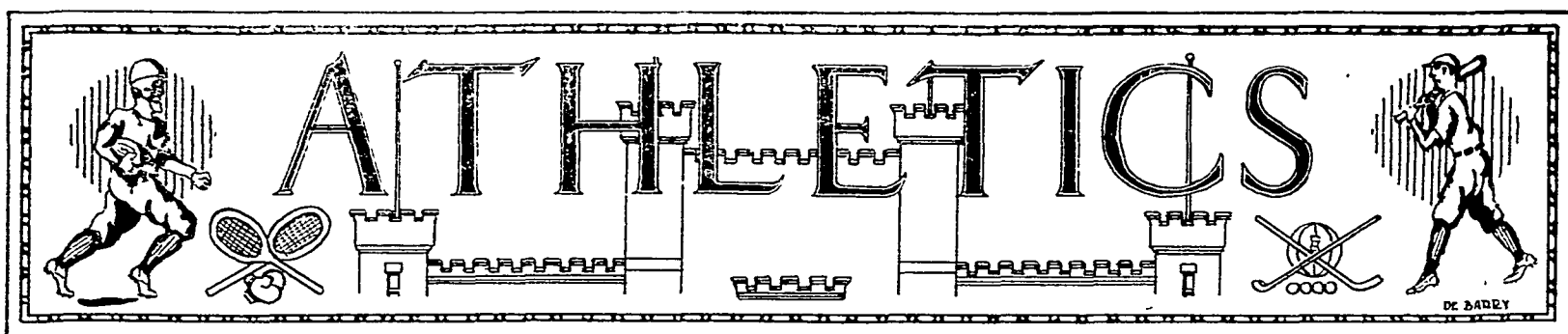
A clipping from a Vancouver paper carries this bit of information concerning Columbia University's football team. "As Notre Dame usually defeats the Army, so did Columbia defeat the Seventh Infantry in a hotly contested battle, 12 to 0, Saturday at the Post. It was a battle between two styles of football, the shifty Notre Dame style of attack and straight football played by a lighter, hard hitting Army team." The Seventh Infantry was coached by Captain Wilhoit, a West Point man who formerly played against Maurice Smith, while "Clipper Smith," as he is now known, coached the Columbia eleven.

The Guardian, the official organ of the Diocese of Little Rock, Arkansas, makes this comment on the recent religious survey:

"Those who deplore the lack of intellectual leadership which only an educated Catholic laity can supply, may derive comfort and assurance from the knowledge that the foundation of solid piety is being laid in one American college, and the fact that the college in question is one which excels in athletics as well as in piety—we refer to Notre Dame—is doubly assuring.

"As the questionnaire sent out to all the students was made use of by a large percentage of them as a splendid opportunity for self expression, the revelation of their spiritual condition was reassuring in these days when the complaint of "blasting at the rock of ages" is too often laid at the doors of institutions of higher learning and the example of Notre Dame is one that well might find imitation amongst all our Catholic Colleges."

BRENNAN.



ROUND THE TRACK.

Notre Dame track men began an earnest attack upon their physiques last week in preparation for the coming season and 120 men are now working out daily under the direction of Coach Rockne. 70 of the number are varsity candidates led by Capt. Gus Desch. The remaining 50 are freshmen.

Desch and Lieb, two remaining stars of the Desch—Lieb—Murphy—Hayes quartet of last season, are both working very slowly because of hangover injuries from the football season. A pulled tendon and chipped heel kept Desch from the gridiron all season and may result in his losing his present title of world's champion low hurdler if the weakness continues during the track season. Lieb broke a leg at Purdue early in the year but the bone has healed very well and will hardly interfere with his shot-putting or discus throwing. He holds the national college title in the discus and will make a determined effort for the world's mark during the coming spring.

Hogan in the pole vault, Montague and Walsh in the quarter mile, Flynn in the shot put, Kennedy in the mile, and Barber in the half-mile are the remaining letter men on the squad. Freshmen have added strength in some events but the loss of Bill Hayes and Johnny Murphy is expected to materially decrease the power of Rockne's 1923 team as a point winner in the big meets. Instead of a sure winner in the high jump, the Irish will now have difficulty in placing, even in a dual meet. Desch is the only man qualified to attempt to replace Hayes in the sprints.

Indoor meets have been scheduled with Illinois and Wisconsin and a tentative engagement has been carded with Nebraska. On the outdoor track the Rockmen will clash with Illinois, Depauw and Michigan Aggies in dual meets and will also take part in the

big features at Drake, Michigan and Chicago.

The basketball five will meet Armour Jan. 15 and Western State Normal on Jan. 18, both games scheduled at Notre Dame.

—WALLACE.

HALF OVER,—TIME OUT.

The Notre Dame basketball squad concluded the first half of its schedule in the game at Purdue and begins the second section with a record of seven wins and five defeats. Eleven of the first 12 games were played away from home. Ten of the remaining 12 will be fought in the gymnasium on the campus or at South Bend Y. M. C. A. The next contest will be at the gym, Jan. 15, with Armour.

The team record for the 12 games follows:

Dec. 20	Illinois.....	Notre Dame 38
Dec 8	Michigan.....	41 Notre Dame 23
Dec. 9	Michigan Aggies.....	14 Notre Dame 39
Dec. 14	Lewis Institute.....	15 Notre Dame 40
Dec. 18	Illinois Wesleyan.....	25 Notre Dame 32
Dec. 19	Milliken.....	23 Notre Dame 20
Dec. 20	Illinois.....	41 Notre Dame 38
Jan. 2	Northwestern.....	13 Notre Dame 20
Jan. 3	Iowa.....	23 Notre Dame 24
Jan. 4	Armour.....	20 Notre Dame 40
Jan. 8	Butler.....	29 Notre Dame 16
Jan. 9	Purdue.....	39 Notre Dame 21

The Four groups of games composed the first half of the sched. The first quarter series found the team battling Michigan, Michigan Aggies and Lewis without the benefit of much preliminary training because most of the men who play regular positions were also on the football squad. Michigan, which looks to be the class of the conference this season, took a big half lead out on Halas'

second string men but were played to even terms in the second half by the regulars who went into the game to get their practice under conditions of stiffest competition. Neither the Aggies nor Lewis furnished serious opposition.

The second series consisted of a four game trip just before Christmas. The services of Capt. Kane were lost to the squad because of an infected finger which sent him to the hospital but Logan replaced him so well that the Irish won over Illinois Wesleyan and Bradley by safe margins. Enright and Kiser starred in the first game and Kizer, who is the free thrower of the squad, collected 17 points against Bradley. Milliken was taken a bit too lightly and ran up an early score on the subs which the regulars, whom Coach Halas hoped to save for the Illinois game, could not overcome. The fourth straight game of the trip went to Illinois when the Suckers went out ahead after the hard-working Notre Damers had tied the score and compelled an overtime period.

Capt. Kane was still out of the contest in the next group of games which, however, thanks to the work of Logan, Enright and Miller against Iowa and Kizer and Logan against Armour and Mayl and Enright against Northwestern, resulted in a clean sweep at the beginning of the new year.

The final games were played with Butler and Purdue. Capt. Kane was available for temporary duty but both Indiana teams proved too tough in their favorite sport. The team made only two baskets against Butler but the failure was due to inability to hit the basket rather than to exceptional guarding. Purdue was simply a well-balanced outfit which last year won the conference championship and which was still too good to beat. Kizer made 15 of his team's total of 21.

The entire regular squad has been playing good ball and will come through with better results on the more familiar home floor in the long stretch of home games ahead. Reardon, Sheehan, Coffey and Laydon have been doing the bulk of the substituting. O'Boyle, and Mahoney and Murphy have also broken into the games.

FRANK WALLACE.

SHIFT.

BY A. B. MAGINNES.

The announcement from Notre Dame, Ind., to the effect that the Notre Dame eleven will come East to meet Princeton on Oct. 20, next year, is indicative of the fact that the Tigers intend to follow their policy of the past few years of scheduling a representative western team annually. The recent "Big Three" compact has been interpreted to mean only that members of the triumvirate shall not take long jumps for intersectional games and that the bringing of other colleges from long distances to be guests of the H-Y-P gridiron warriors is not frowned upon by the powers that be.

Notre Dame is accustomed to making the eastern trip and no doubt will be glad to display its wares at Princeton. For the past few years Rockne has made life miserable for Charles Daly and his Army cohorts by periodically taking a fall out of the West Pointers. Finally the future officers managed to eke out a tie game with the westerners this season and apparently will rest content on their laurels.

Rockne always has a great team. Notre Dame is one of the few colleges wherein practically every student plays the game. A system which is intended to develop every bit of latent football material in college is in vogue there, and the fact that the Indianians turn out great elevens, season after season, attests its fundamental soundness.

Starting with the dormitories, each section therein has an eleven which plays a number of elimination games for the championship of that dormitory, then the best players from the dormitory are selected to represent it in games in the interdormitory championship series, and then finally each class organizes an eleven and class championships are held.

Thus it is evident that anyone with football talent has an excellent chance to develop. Rockne's system is used throughout and if a man is raised to a position on the varsity squad, he has little trouble in picking up his assignments, and therefore fits right into the scheme of things.

The system is one of the best in the country and comparable with the famous one in vogue at Cambridge, though Rockne hasn't the great number of assistants that Fisher has.

The late George Gipp, one of the greatest players turned out anywhere in the past few years, an All-America selection, was a find of this system. He had never played the game before going to college, but was discovered during one of the interdormitory tournaments.

The Princeton-Notre Dame contest, therefore, should be one of the greatest spectacles of the gridiron season of 1923. Rockne has evolved an offense that is modern in every sense of the word. He employs the forward pass as an integral part of his attack and not as a last minute resort to stave off defeat.

Princeton, under Roper, has shown an appreciation of the modern game and the latter's success is

largely attributable to the fact that he has been sensible enough to incorporate any new idea whether advanced by another college or not, into his scheme of things.

They say that "he steals his stuff," that is copies the offensives of others and adopts them for his own team. But he wins games, which, in the final analysis, is one of the big reasons for being a coach.

The scheduling of Notre Dame probably means that the Tigers will not meet the University of Chicago eleven for the third successive season in 1923.

Herald Examiner.

The Notre Dame football team, which under Knute Rockne has ceased to be a mere gridiron outfit and has become a national institution, is to meet the Princeton Tiger in its Jersey lair next season.

In these days when great teams show an occasional tendency to protect their greatness—or the greatness of their reputation—with soft schedules the new move of the fighting Irish is somewhat refreshing.

It would appear that Knute, the super coach, searches the nation for tough nuts to crack, and his next year schedule will contain Nebraska and the Tiger principally because those two teams were among the most formidable elevens in the country the past season.

In five years Notre Dame has lost but two games in its energetic and ceaseless quest of gridiron trouble. With more care and less courage in schedule making the fighting Irish could have, in recent years, established a reputation never before equaled in consecutive seasons by an American college team.

But Rockne wants competition—not reputation—and in the course of meeting the one he has established the other automatically.

Nothing in American sport is more creditable and impressive than the tactics exhibited and the results attained by the football representatives of Notre Dame. What Say?

ED. SULLIVAN.

Chicago Herald-Examiner.

They call the Notre Dame football team "The Fighting Irish," with ample reason, and in no year of their astounding gridiron history have they better deserved the title than in the season just closed.

With eleven men gone after the development of the great team of 1921 Knute Rockne, that super-coach, backed by the fighting Irish spirit, pulled together an aggregation which went through one of the toughest schedules arranged in the country this year. They were tied by the Army, beaten by none until their last game with Nebraska and it is regarding this game that a word or two might be interesting.

Nebraska, in the opinion of Birch of Earlham, veteran conference referee, was one of the greatest

teams he ever looked upon. He saw it lose to Syracuse, the only game it lost all year, and he told the writer that it outclassed Syracuse and was defeated because it played in deep mire and had no mud cleats. Every other team it ate alive, and then along came the Fighting Irish for Thanksgiving Day.

A fifteen-hour train ride; a team outweighed twenty pounds to the man; Castner the great, Notre Dame's greatest star, and Lieb, its regular tackle, out of the lineup. On hostile ground.

In the first half Nebraska gained 171 yards and thirteen first downs and Notre Dame got but forty-three yards and one first down.

In the third period Notre Dame opened up its passing attack and had the Cornhuskers dizzy. Rockne's men got a touchdown and were piling along on the Nebraska 10-yard line when the period ended. Then in the final period, after gaining seven yards on three plays and getting to the Nebraska 3-yard line, a short pass over the line was attempted and Weller, greatest tackle in the West, smashed through and dumped Stuhldreher, who was about to heave the ball, and Nebraska was saved from defeat. It was a break and a sweet one, but the Fighting Irish haven't a kick in the world.

That team travels further than trains can take it. What say?

Pittsburgh Post.

Notre Dame's football team will be back next fall and will play Carnegie Tech probably on the same date as this season, was the cheering news given out by Graduate Manager of Athletics Frank H. Haaren this morning. The game will also be played in Forbes Field.

"Of course we have not signed contracts to play," added Mr. Haaren, "but as Notre Dame has expressed a wish to return and we want to play them I can safely say that they will be here."

In connection with this Coach Wally Steffen at the annual varsity clan banquet Saturday night, during his talk remarked: "We had been told that Notre Dame played rough, dirty football, but today's game was as cleanly played as any I ever saw. There is no reason in the world why we cannot play Notre Dame again. It is the kind of a team we want to play."

A STADIUM FOR 1924

News-Times.

Notre Dame should have an athletic stadium.

The proposal that a stadium should be built is a most meritorious civic enterprise, and it comes with characteristic foresight from the mayor of this city.

Now, while pride in Notre Dame's 1922 triumphs is dominant, now, while present limitations of the university's athletic plant are fully realized, now is the time for carrying out this proposal. Let 1924 see the dedication of this tribute of a proud South Bend to a fighting football team that has

taken a foremost stand among the leading teams of the nation.

The financial plan embodied in this suggestion of raising money on notes of the athletic association is merely that those who are not in a position to make outright donations to a stadium fund should loan money to the fund, the loans to be repaid without interest from a sinking fund to be created from the additional revenue that the acquisition of a stadium would make possible.

The financial obstacle is of course the great barrier in the way to the goal of such a stadium. It is problematical whether sufficient funds could be raised through gifts to carry out the enterprise. But certainly, through a combination of gifts and funds raised on notes of the athletic association, the goal is attainable, for there is every indication that Notre Dame has enough loyal supporters to underwrite this undertaking.

An adequate stadium would make it possible for Notre Dame to meet teams of her own caliber in South Bend instead of having to play away from home, and lack of seating accommodations is the chief reason why some of the most important games of the season have to be played on opponents' fields. South Bend, with one of the greatest teams in the country, surely wants to see its team play opponents worthy of them right here in South Bend, and it is just as much a matter of civic enterprise to bring that about as it is a matter of justified pride.

Yale's gigantic million-dollar bowl was financed in a manner almost exactly similar to the plan outlined for acquiring a stadium here. Yale, with a plant double the size of Notre Dame's present athletic field found herself in exactly the same position as Notre Dame. She was unable to accommodate all who sought to see her teams play. Her athletic authorities and her supporters had confidence in Yale and the future, and the million-dollar bowl was the expression of that confidence.

Certainly it cannot be said that South Bend has not confidence in Notre Dame and the future.

Notre Dame should have an athletic stadium. Get behind the movement and let 1924 see it a reality. Yale, West Point, Butler, Georgia Tech and now Carnegie. I have a great young team that has not yet reached its possibilities, but the gruelling schedule that we have played is beginning to tell."

For a half hour I watched the team's trainer take care of a score of minor ailments. It was apparent that some of the boys weren't fit for a strenuous battle, yet I didn't hear a single word of complaint. Every one appeared happy and good-natured and it seemed any one able to smile was doing it.

"It was a bad break to lose Paul Castner at this stage. His great speed is a wonderful asset late in the season when most of the teams are inclined to go a bit stale. However, we have worried along despite any number of reverses and the boys have overcome every obstacle that has presented itself," was Rockne's further remarks.

There was a snap to Notre Dame's play that was most pleasing. The backs ran with the ball as if they really enjoyed playing the game. Usually they

ran behind a perfect screen of interference, which made the task all the more pleasant. When tackled they often, by a bit of footwork, managed to work free; often they would sidestep and cause the opposing player or players to miss them entirely.

In Notre Dame I saw a team that was well coached in the fundamentals. Time and again, by some little action, they would make it apparent the team was composed of players able to think. The team as a whole had sublime confidence in its great power. It seemed when a certain number of yards were needed some player was always able to turn in that many or more.

Against strong opposition like Carnegie Tech it didn't seem as if Notre Dame's offensive game could have been improved upon. It opened up just enough to show how wonderfully Rockne has developed the forward pass. One pass over the goal line resulted in a score, while another long pass also made possible one of the three touchdowns.

Notre Dame showed me it was a team willing to gamble. Twice it got away with successful passes, one of them for a touchdown on the fourth down with four yards to gain. Most teams would have been content to try a goal from field. Notre Dame gambled and was rewarded with two touchdowns.

After the game Coach Wally Steffen of Carnegie Tech, former University of Chicago star, remarked:

"The Notre Dame eleven is a wonderful team. It is far and away the best eleven Tech has met this year, and in Yale and W. & J. we met two great teams. Notre Dame shows the benefit of Coach Rockne's shrewd judgment. He has a great bunch of backs, and the plays are gotten off exceedingly fast, which of course greatly increases their possibilities."

"SMILING THROUGH."

Your brave lips are deceitful
Of the smiling skies,
For I have seen deep pools of pain
Within your eyes.

F. B. S.

EVERY THORN ITS ROSE.

(From the French.)

Everything beneath the skyland
Has its meed of light;
A rose for every thorn that grows,
A dawn for every night.
God made verdure for the meadow,
With harvest, fields are blest;
He made the sky so birds could fly,
And thicket for a nest.
Every forest has its leafage;
Its murmur, every wave;
Every bee, its honey fee;
Its Heaven, every grave.

HENRI ROUSSEAU.

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CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

HIS FUMBLING CURE.

The football coach at Kalamazoo College introduced a unique method by which he cured his players from fumbling the ball during a game. It seems to have been based on this theory: No man will become excited and bungle the ball if he has familiarized himself with one before. And so after seven of his players had fumbled in a certain game he gave each one of them a football with the instructions that they were to carry it about for a whole week, and that if they were found without the ball, at any time during the week, they were to be dropped from the team.

Many students are taking advantage of their low marks and are obtaining a college education much cheaper than other students. That sounds rather paradoxical we will admit. But these students are attending college in Berlin, Germany, and are paying their tuition with the depreciated German marks. Their fees amount to ten cents while their expenditures do not exceed four dollars a month when figured in American money.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

In this column a short time ago we advised the fellows to save their old corduroys and convert them into "toreador trousers," such as the idolized movie actor, Rodolph Valentino, wears. But since then we have been hearing a lot about students in other schools who have converted their corduroys into cinema actor's type. Out in Oregon University a student wore a pair of them as the result of a wager. He understood, however, that the time limit was a half-hour and the place was inside his room. He considered it an easy bet. But a number of the campus huskies learned of it, abducted him from his room, and led him down to the main thoroughfare of the town where he caused much amusement. Then he was taken out in a dark street where he was forced to forfeit the remodelled corduroys, and was left to wend his way homeward through dark alleys and other shady spots attired in that special raiment made by a well known firm that is easily recognized by the trade mark of three letters. Maybe it would not be advisable after all to convert the old corduroys?

STILL NO DATES.

The "no-date" rules which kept in the Northwestern University co-eds on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights during the football season have

After Every Meal

**WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET**



The Flavor Lasts

C-9

been extended to include the same nights for the remainder of the school year because basketball, track, hockey, swimming and wrestling have taken football's place and it will be essential that the athletes devote their full time to the sports. We sympathize with the co-eds, but business before pleasure, you know.

TEARS DON'T MOVE PROFESSORS.

Many attractive co-eds at the University of California were unsuccessful in their attempt to vamp certain professors while offering them a hard-luck story about not doing assigned class work, and so in an ultimate hope of shirking their work they resorted to tears, but in vain. Either the co-eds are losing their deadly feminine powers of influencing men, or the professors are inhuman.

A graduation diploma seems to be more than a certificate indicating the completion of a college course. It also seems to be a guarantee against ever having to spend any time back of the bars, for according to the report of the warden at Arkansas penitentiary, of the 1302 persons at the institution during the last year only fifteen were of university or college training. Surely this is one big advantage of a college education.

NO BRAINS NECESSARY.

A census taken up among the fellows at Indiana University, to determine what qualities or accomplishments they regard as most essential in a co-ed for a "good date," revealed that none of the fellows considered brains as an attribute. The three most desirable characteristics were a "good line," a sense of humor and good looks.

AMOR MI.

There is a trysting-place I know,
Where I and my Love are wont to go,
Where incense-laden zephyrs blow,
Where I tell my Love of my love.

Shafts of shadow, dark and tall,
Shroud us as they softly fall;
And silence spreads its spell o'er all,
Where I whisper my love to my Love.

A single, slender gleam dares steal
From out the shadows, and reveal
My Love's throne at which I kneel
With my tribute of prayer and love.

He sits enshrined in loveliness.
He listens while I pray and bless.
He loads me with divine largesse
His love consumes my love.

No knight had ever greater boast
Than keeping vigil at a post
Like mine,—before the Sacred Host,—
Before my dearest Love.

J. J. S.

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