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HOW TO COLLEGE.

LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

(Education is important for every student. We believe in talking about it. Certain recent discussions in THE SCHOLASTIC have attracted unusual attention. Here is a word from a Senior.)

MANY a jaded student would find pleasure and comfort in the remarks on university life made by that delightful Canadian, Stephen Leacock, which we happened onto in a recent literary forage.

Leacock is a college professor and realizes his limitations in his relationship with students. He believes the big thing for the student to be the life and environment that are his for four years. All that the student learns he learns by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this operation the student needs most the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that to be the way their minds really grow.

And this common life must be rational and comfortable. The students must dine in a big dining room, with oak beams across the ceiling, and stained glass in the windows, and with a shield or tablet here and there upon the wall, to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the name of the college. If a student is to get from his college what it ought to give him, a college dormitory with the life in common that it brings, is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

"If I were founding a university," says Leacock, "I would first found a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then

after that, or more properly with that, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over, I would hire a professor and get some text books."

Professor Leacock is dead in earnest. He is a professor and knows whereof he speaks. The training of the student according to the standard of manhood and not according to the arithmetical and artificial standard of graduation requirements is what Leacock had in mind. There is in his program for a university more truth than can be imagined from one or two readings. He has put his finger on just the weakest spot in the university life of present-day Notre Dame.

Notre Dame, with its fast-disappearing traditions and fast-approaching revolutionary changes, threatens to become a large university, turning out graduates according to the precise measurements of a micrometer-like test.

All discussions of education since the days of grave debates on the banks of the Nile, which the enterprising reporters of those times took down in hieroglyphics, have arisen between those who believe that education is building and those who are convinced that it is growing. Notre Dame, fortunate by reason of its organization, its tradition, its teaching personnel, has always looked upon its young men as saplings that develop into trees. Its business has been to supply the proper atmosphere, the necessary heat and light; to train the pliable trunk into erect firmness, to guide the spreading branches into symmetrical poise. That, to our way of thinking, is the only attitude towards education at all worth while. Bricklayers are successful, necessary, highly-paid professional men: but they are not educators. Human nature has nothing in common with their methods; it is inevitably nauseated by their philosophy.

IN THE YOUTH OF THE YEAR.

JOHN J. WENZKE.

It is in satisfying man's insatiable need of change that Winter finds its chief worth. Spring has turbulence, tumultuousness; Summer a drowsy somnolence; Autumn a melancholy tranquility—and Winter austerity. Man needs that austerity after the calm and softness of the other seasons; he needs its whip to drive him on. Who shall say just how much of its superiority the white rose owes to the Winters of its northern home?

But aside from this basic worth, Winter has also a vast intrinsic value, especially for the young of both body and spirit. Its store of joy is far from scanty. Who is there who has not welcomed a long walk through a blizzard over shrouded field and wood and who even now does not glow with the memory of that glorious battle with the fierce wind? Winter is a master vinter. But of frost and silence, sweetened with death, he crushes a joyousness for which Omar himself, had he known it, would have forsaken his yellow roses in fragrant Naishayur.

Winter has its beauty, too. It is not the delicateness of Spring, nor the matureness of Summer, nor the melancholy of Fall—it is a virile beauty, one wasted on no coward. The blizzard sweeping down out of the north, the winds howling across the open, the barren trees silvered with the frozen moon, the frosty starshine on still night, the skies of metallic blue which look as if they would ring to a blow of the knuckles, the gorgeous sunsets burning over snowy hills—all have an awful beauty that sears a craven heart into dullness, but kindles manhood into divinity.

But all the charms of a Winter day, to our way of thinking, are best combined in a sledge drive. With an arrowy, gliding motion one passes through the pure serenity of the snow world as through a dream. In the dazzling sunlight the snow sparkles with its myriad stars of crystal. In the purple shadows it ceases to glisten and assumes a clear sky tint of bluish hue. Out into the open country stretches we go—past overheated dwellings with their occupants drowsing stuffily therein—and as we ride the bells at

the horses' heads keep up a sleepy, intermittent jingle.

The mood of the winter landscape is pleasant and compelling—a study in itself. Over to the left the snow-sheathed fields lie along in dim valleys, set apart by wall and copse, but grouped always in some mystic order about the house and home whose life they help maintain. Beyond the low, level spaces rises the rougher pasture, and past that the open woods, dark on the hillside but etched at the horizon against the glowing beauty of a flaming sky.

To the right, upon the hillside, stand pines in black platoons with tinges of orange and red on their sable. Some carry masses of snow; others have shaken their plumes free. On and on jog the horses—through long, woody stretches encompassed by deep snows on which the woods have written the story of their secret, mysterious wild life—a neat, legible handwriting of tiny footprints, of shy birds and furtive animals, flurrying and scurrying about in quest of their food, pecking at berries, nibbling at tender bits. To be sure it is hard to catch them at it, but to ride on a sledge or plod on snowshoes through a lonely space of forest and to find the snow all scrawled over with these tracks is like coming home to find a note scribbled by a visitor who has left not five minutes before—or who may be hiding around the corner. . . .

The day lengthens and evening's lavish hand splashes the sky with a purity of darkening gray-green-blue touches to the south with faintest rose. From the peace of a country of pure, untroubled snows whose enchantment is like a spirit mood in Shelley's lyric verse,—from the bitter cold of the hills, we descend from the sledge at home—to bask in the lavish warmth of a radiant hearth and to muse upon and ponder joy, strengthening beauty and peace, the great values Winter gives to mankind. For to live this great season through is not a penance; it is a privilege. Winter, loved of the lover of mighty things, is fit companion to the other seasons. It is like the grave old chaperone who sponsors the coming-out of the debutante-spring; it is the white angel who lifts up the dead autumn.

MYSELF.

JOHN S. BRENNAN.

Writing about one's self has its dangers as well as its advantages. To be sure, one can find no reason for pleading unfamiliarity with his subject. He should be thankful that his neighbours are not so familiar with it as he is. He can not deny that the topic is pleasing to him. It was Joseph Conrad who said, "As a general rule we do not want much encouragement to talk about ourselves." The difficulty lies in persuading others that he is a paragon of virtue, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. We have, you see, the old question of seeing ourselves as others see us.

It is, at best, a thankless task. Whenever I hear of the publication of an autobiography, I think of the story which E. H. Sothern tells in the preface to "The Melancholy Tale of Me." At a children's party Sothern said to a belated guest, "Hide behind that door and no one will know that you are here." The child answered, "Nobody cares." So it is with things written in the first person singular. In most instances, nobody cares.

As an excuse for this flow of words I call attention to the fact that I do not possess sufficient creative ability to write a short story. The shorter the story the more difficult it is to write. It is Hobson's choice. Once I wrote a short story and the ending was not happy. As I understand it, a happy ending is the *sine qua non* of the present day short-story, motion picture scenario, and novel. Perhaps the style will change.

With malice toward none and with charity toward all, particularly toward myself, I shall undertake the task of dissecting my cosmos in the next several paragraphs, when I would much rather be reading "Alice in Wonderland." Perhaps I shall stop now and then to read a few pages.

Don Marquis' famous "Old Soak" promises several times to tell exactly what the extinct bar rooms were like and never gets around to it. I have succeeded in writing a page and a half without saying anything. Words, after all, are intended to conceal thought—provided thought is present. Now to the breach.

Like a few other people, I have my faults. These I will not discuss. The reader (dear reader, gentle reader—both forms are used) may consult any standard edition of the Ten Commandments, Emily Post's "Etiquette," "Landladies' Law for Lodgers" and the University Rules of Discipline, judiciously select a number of choice shortcomings and I will unhesitatingly accept them as my own. I always smoke an acre of tobacco in bed while reading the most delightful book for all librocubicularists. (I don't think there is such a word as librocubicularist, but Mr. Christopher Morley used it to good advantage in "The Haunted Bookshop" and it has a terrifying sound to the uninitiated ear.) I enjoy the society of gentlemen with red noses and fragrant breaths, and once I missed a meeting of the W. C. T. U. which I was to cover for a newspaper because I stopped to hear old Jimmy Hartwell, who sits outside McGuire's on sunny days and inside on foul, tell how he won the battle of San Juan Hill. All these are faults which will not be found in the references I gave and it is not fair to withhold them from the public.

I intended to write five or six paragraphs on my virtues, but on second thought decided to hide my light under a bushel. Not that it would be noticed if I left it uncovered. Some one with a gift for revamping proverbs said, "Be good and you will be happy; but you will receive very little press-agenting." The remark shows penetration. If you are sceptical, read the daily newspapers.

At one time or another I have had ambitions. When I was six years old, an aunt, hoping to discover in me some sign of budding genius which has since failed to materialize, asked me what I intended to be when I grew up. After much cogitation I made the sage response, "A hack driver for a king." The march of events has cured me. The hack driver has been succeeded by the unromantic taxi-cab chauffeur and the recent disturbance in Europe has done away with royalty.

"When you grow up," my aunt said. Why grow up at all? I have always been grateful for the whimsies of the author of "Peter

Pan" and to Philip Guedalla who spoke of the "cheerful clatter of Sir James Barrie's cans as he went around with the milk of human kindness." It is much more agreeable to be a Peter Pan than to be the senile gentleman who said, "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight." Now that I feel old age coming upon me I manage to remain youthful by associating with youthful people. During the past summer one of my boon companions was almost two years old. We were often together for hours without speaking a word. He intimated his wants by screeching. I have always admired Von Moltke because he could be silent in half a dozen languages and so I taught this child the value of silence. The languages will come later, I suppose.

Then, too, I have my likes and dislikes. *Vers libre* I abhor. I have always admired Theodore Roosevelt. Howard Pyle is my favourite illustrator because no man could paint pirates as he could. I respect Rimsky-Korsakow because he wrote "Sadko" and "The Snow Maiden." I dislike dining cars because I can not smoke in them and do not patronize restaurants because indignant waiters attempt to throw me out when I smoke a pipe. I frequent the theatre but avoid the movies—the kind of music which accompanies the pictures is atrocious. I can read Holliday, Manzoni, Alice Meynell, Rosstand, Conrad and J. P. McEvoy with pleasure but am bored by Mencken, Nathan, Chesterton and Edward Bok. I have unintentionally placed Mr. Chesterton in bad company. No doubt I am not clever enough to appreciate him.

There are things to which I am indifferent—futuristic painting, public libraries (they are too efficient. Efficiency is the curse of the age.), dancing, work (lack of experience accounts for this indifferent attitude) Rudyard Kipling and radio concerts.

Thus ends the spasm. After reading it several times I realize that it is incoherent, disorderly and chaotic. I have said nothing worth while but there is nothing worth while to say upon such a subject. I fear that the essay has not been successful, but I am comforted by Christopher Morley's remark that the word "essay" means "to attempt."

CAVEAT EMPTOR!

EUGENE F. NOON.

Jim Callahan never knowingly and willingly broke a law. Yet five years ago Jim was one of the best "con" artists in the game. College educated, he had his LL. B. from one of the best universities in the country. He wanted money, and he could find no generally accepted method of acquiring it fast enough to suit him. He tried them all, and while selling advertising to men who "really thought that they were carrying all that they could afford at present" he met someone who got him interested in the possibilities of the "promoting" game.

He worked out a system of his own, "made his pile," and quit. His line was inventions. He would buy some plausible looking contraption from a dispirited inventor, shine it up, and sell it as a favor to some friend whom he would allow, as a special favor, to become enthusiastic over it. He would promise nothing, but his whole attitude would radiate optimism and confidence, and several little fifty-dollar investments of his netted him five figure inscriptions in the bank-book.

Jim was not given much to reminiscence. I imagine he thought it savored too much of bragging. Nevertheless, I have a few good stories from him, and when he starts, I am all attention.

It was the first week in December and a little snow was flurrying up and down the streets, riding a wind that had teeth. Jim and I were sitting in front of a grate fire at the club, smoking our cigars and talking of everything and nothing as men who have time to kill will do.

A mild Volstead argument was interrupted by the "Telegram for you, sir," of one of the attendants. Jim took the yellow envelope that was extended to him, excused himself, and opened it. I sat back, watching his face.

As he read a queer look came over his face, as if he wasn't sure whether it was good news or not. Then he smiled slowly, and gazed into the fire.

I cleared my throat, and he started.

"I'm sorry," he said, "for my rudeness."

This"—he waved the telegram—"was from a man I never expected to hear from again, and—well, it surprised me, to say the least."

I nodded, and he went on.

"It was the last stunt I ever pulled. You know, when I started, I set a certain sum for my goal, and vowed that when I had reached that I was through. This telegram was from the man who contributed the last little pile to the heap."

"I had the niftiest little proposition at that time that any man ever had to work with. I had never shown it to any one, being almost afraid to try it. It was a little thing that I had bought from a garage helper who had worked up his idea in off hours. The thing was simple enough, a device for keeping automobile radiators from freezing when they were standing out in the cold. It consisted of a small apparatus that had the working principles of an electric bread toaster. There were a number of resistance wires wound around porcelain, through which an electric current could be sent. This would heat the wires red hot, and when the whole device was fastened to the inside of the radiator of the car, would serve to keep the water reasonably warm. A turn of a switch on the dash as you leave the car, and your engine would start without difficulty on your return."

"It's a wonder someone has not thought of that before," I said. "It sounds simple and practical enough, and ought to work. How did you ever get the thing from the garage man?"

"Yes, it sounds fine. That's what I was banking on. I got the whole thing from the man, patents, model—everything, for just one hundred dollars. And I think he would have sold for fifty."

"But, man, something like that is worth millions to its possessor. Why, a few months after that was put on the market, a car that didn't have one would be a back number."

"But it will never be put on the market, for the simple reason that it is one of the most impractical inventions that I have ever come into contact with, or ever tried to sell. Why, to heat enough wires to keep an ordinary automobile radiator warm at anything near zero weather would require a whole

fleet of batteries of ordinary standard size. The cost would be absolutely prohibitive. But the thing would work for a few days on the storage battery of a car. That was all I wanted—a day or so to demonstrate."

"All the action of this story took place in Cleveland. I had the inventor put the device on my car, and on second thought had an extra battery mounted to run the thing. It would be embarrassing if the starter should refuse to operate after a few hours test of the heater." Then I started out.

"Through a mutual acquaintance I met George Dawes, a wealthy real estate man, who was reputed to have more money than he could handle comfortably. I worked up to 'my' little invention, told him just what it would do, and let him inspect it. Of course he never was allowed to see the extra battery. I never lied to him, even admitting that there were still several improvements to be made on the thing. He became enthusiastic, and wanted to have a share in the formation of a stock company to manufacture the thing.

"I steered him away from this, intimating that I might sell if the price was right. He countered with a flat offer of fifty thousand for a half interest in the device, himself to erect the factory and market the product. After a lot of talk back and forth, I sold for seventy-five thousand. We finished up the deal at once, I getting my check in return for a transfer of the half interest. The first thing that I did was to transfer the money from his bank to my own.

"It wasn't many days after that he discovered the hitch, but he didn't have a leg to stand on. I had made no misrepresentation, as the device would do all that was claimed for it. So, like a man, he kept his mouth shut, and pondered over his foolishness.

"I had practically forgotten the whole affair, it had happened so long ago. But now there comes to me tonight a telegram from Dawes, asking me to name my price for the half interest which I still possess. What do you think of that?"

"Maybe he has a sucker on a string," I ventured.

"No, I don't think so. Have you seen the

evening paper? Here, look at this and see if you can get any connection?"

He passed me the back page of the newspaper. It was the conventional picture page that is so common among dailies of the time. My eye wandered over the page, until it was arrested by the caption under a picture of a pretty girl in cook's costume, bending over a chafing dish. The wording under the picture was:

Cook by Radio!—A new invention coming from the Edison laboratories enables the housewife to take energy from the air and transform it into heat which can be used for chafing dishes, electric irons, bread dishes, hot plates, etc.

SOCIOLOGY AND SUCCESS.

R. R. MACGREGOR.

Success has been concisely defined as 10 per cent inspiration and 90 per cent perspiration. The only flaw in this definition is that it does not state clearly the necessity for both factors being applied to the one individual; consequently we meet many in this enterprising world who make it a company's job allotting to themselves the necessary inspiration and calling on some one else to supply the perspiration. Nevertheless, success—in whatever way the word may be defined—means the expenditure of energy, either physical or mental or both, and we can all agree with the wisdom of the advice given by the west of England man: "Du zummat! Du gude if ye can. But du zummat." True success, however, cannot be separated from those labors which, while devoted to the honorable advancement of the individual have a due and fitting regard for the interests of our fellow creatures and the general uplift of humanity.

Success is too often solely associated with the amassing of wealth, and consequently those better qualities and high ideals, which, if cultivated, would rise above the more selfish aims, are sacrificed on the altar of spectacular riches. If some of the misery consequent on many of the shrewd business deals which command so much admiration were to come home to roost, there would be many people feeling a decided kinship with the

doleful boy who, with a gloomy and despondent voice, asked the druggist for a "very small" dose of castoria as he had to take it himself.

There are many roads to those altitudes which the world rewards with riches; but unfortunately, a third of humanity very often fails to see success in its softest form moving from the common rut, but whose goal is the summit of honorable citizenship. There is such a thing as selfishness, the striving for an end, which according to the evolutionist is consistent with the over-riding of everything in the way. There is also, thank heaven, such a thing as unselfishness, with a renunciation as wonderful as it is commendable, living obscure and unnoticed in a world whose plaudits go unstintingly to the successful amassing of lucre and its concomitants. To "get on" in the world does not always carry with it the stamp of greatness. It is an old story in human affairs that colossal intellects whose fruits were lauded in the schools and universities of a successful generation, gained no reward for their labors in their own lifetime, owing the blindness of the humanity to which they gave their all. True success should be the effort expended, not the material gained. The nation which lacks vision in its national definition of the term to gratifying for that impressive and descriptive title which Ruskin gives anything lacking utility and lofty purpose—"dead architecture."

An undue struggle for wealth as the summum bonum will develop national acquisitiveness to the detriment of its more unselfish and noble qualities. The world at present needs persistence of aspiration and consistency of purpose, but it also needs purity of intentions and a sagacious judgment which will give success where it is due. There is a dignity in all labor which puts its best into the work, and there is imperative need to recognize the true spirit of successful effort wherever it may be found. A stone mason may be only working for wages, but if he has the sense of the true dignity of labor he is helping to build a cathedral. A wise writer once said that it behooved men to attempt an easy task as if it were hard, and a difficult one as if it were simple. Only

in this way could our best be given to all things we touched. Most ambitious people have been greeted with the trite encouragement: "There's plenty of room at the top"—which presupposes a mountain round the base of which gather the mediocre folk of the world, and to whose heights only a few venture with the cry "Excelsior." But like many another proverbial saying, it proves itself fallacious, as the great economic system of the world is the structure itself, formed of every factor and influence in economic life, and the great foundations are composed of the force of endeavors which contribute to or supply the fundamental needs of humanity. Food, clothing and shelter are the necessities of life and mean the primary strength of the economic structure. All else in life takes its place in successive shape until the great edifice is encircled with the tenets and spires of wealth and authority. Consequently there is never a notable manager's position without a few hundred operatives, or a member of Congress without a state electorate of mediocre citizens.

There is, therefore, an imperative need to revise the national impression of success and to make it co-existent with the true dignity of labor for we are inculcating at present the dangerous and vision-destroying fallacy that success lies only in those higher altitudes of economic life which really depend solely on the stability of the foundation rank beneath them. A group of acrobats building a pyramid is an excellent example of the position. The man at the top is the most spectacular, but he is absolutely dependent on the quiet steadiness of the men beneath. He has skill and fearlessness of a noteworthy quality, but he may not use them unless the others have patience and contentment for a quality. Surely their steadiness has need of the top man's intrepidity to make the grouping of the pyramid a spectacular success. Were each man ambitious to step out from his niche, as it were, chaos would be the result and the impossibility of rearing any structure at all worthy or otherwise would be evident. Yet all our learning seems to be one-sided, all our world and educational skill is devoted to forming a desire and inspiration for the high places in our economic

life of whereas there is no inducing contentment with the position as foundations of the great economic structure. There is dignity in both positions and our aim should be to recognize the two ideas in our general conception of our great national unity. The ambiguous phrase, "other fellows" will then have its fine meaning for each of us.

"HORACE AND WINE."

J. W. SCALLAN.

"And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel
Shape,
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid we taste of it; and 'twas—the
Grape!"

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam contains many such passages, but none sums up more aptly or more happily the classical delver's impression of Horace. Omar's philosophy is false. Moreover, we all know that merry Bacchus is an outcast, snubbed by a world unbelievably changed and reformed. But it must be admitted that the influence of wine has been deeply felt in the world of literature. It has been the theme and the inspiration of famous literary men; the ruination of countless unsung others. Thus, probably unattuned to the great themes of Horace, I have opened his mind agape, read and found, not war; nor love, nor glory but—the Grape!

Horace pictures for his reader a simple and apparently flawless philosophy of life. When dull cares oppress, drink wine; when cutting grief assails, quaff wine; when disappointment saddens, "blind the temples with the verdant vineleaf," and so does mellow wine put an end to all troubles. Who, asks he, can resist "innocent Lesbian," warming virtue itself? Who under the spell of the very names, "Old Massic" and "Sabine jars," does not feel his lips pucker, e'en though they be inexperienced lips? Who, however virtuous, does not somehow thrill at mention of the "Calenian vineyards" and "mellow wine four years old from the Sabine jars"? But the Bacchus of Horace was not a god of excess. On the contrary, Horace,

though loving his cup, conformed his actions to the Greek philosophy of "nothing in excess." Repeatedly he swears reverence to the untouched mysteries of Bacchus, with promises never to abuse them.

"Non ego te, candide Bassareu, invitum quatiam."

Passing from Horace, who used wine principally as a theme, we find many later authors who have made of it an inspiration. Thus we have Charles Dickens, who, it is said, had more thirst than theory; Poe, whose genius was blighted before it was full-grown; Gilbert Chesterton, seeking ideas in the frothy beer mug, and many others. Fearing, however, that in speaking of wine I tread hazardous paths, I will write no further. If I have already extolled too highly the virtues of the "grape," or spoken too ardently as in defense of an old friend, pray find excuse for me in the words of Robert Burns:

"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!"

JUNIOR THOUGHTS.

Opportunity is man-made.
Your trouble is what you brew.
The tongue of gossip never tires.
What is a home without a hatrack?
Good wives make the best husbands.
Be sure the reward is worth the cost.
A man can think his way into Heaven.
Be a self-made, not a tailor-made, man.
Studying is made easier—by studying.
The paint and powder, and then what?
Many a dirty shirt covers a clean heart.
A fellow is known by the duties he copies.
Football is easily played on the sidelines.
It is cheaper for two to live than one—
provided one of them is not living on the
other's alimony.

VERSE.

A CHILD'S STORM.

God is striking matches on the sky;
Angels throwing moth-balls down below;
White popped rain beats at the window pane. . .
(Lightning, hail, and snow!)

F. B. S.

MAKE-BELIEVE.

Where the meadland river ran,
I have heard your pipes, O Pan!

Your soft laughter in the trees
Has betrayed you, Dryades.

Echo, raimented with air,
I have sought you everywhere.

(Let the ancients think they know,
I will just pretend it's so.)

F. B. S.

MY FRIEND.

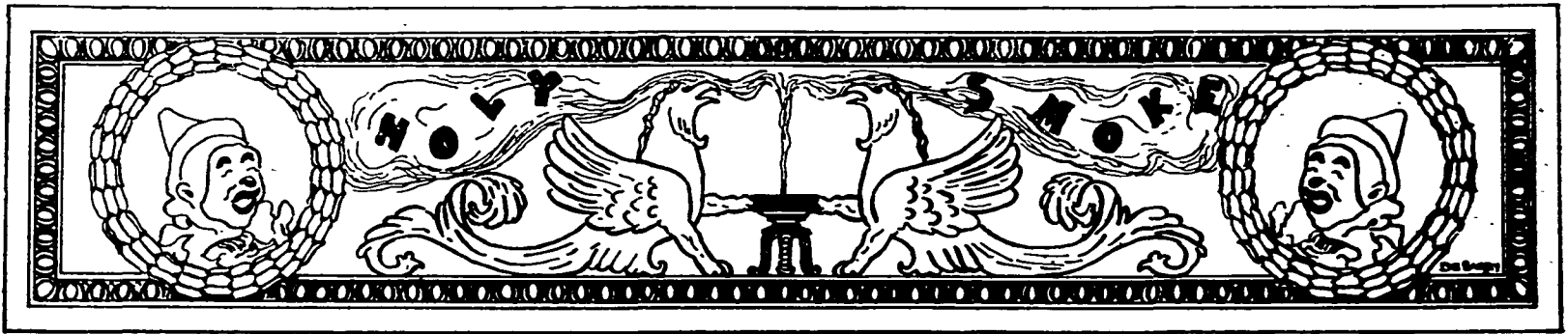
He was a man whose soul
Was linked with mine
In close communion, like
A tree and vine;
His were the eyes that saw
My deepest flaws,
Yet beamed the kindlier, since
There was no cause;
He's gone! but then I'm glad
That God would lend
To any man the love
Of such a friend.

H. A. M.

ALTIORA PETO.

O God above, I humbly pray
Not to make me strong each day,
To shelter me from danger's way;
But with heart and soul close-knit,
Fearless in opposing it.
Let me not to still my pain
Beg of Thee again, again—
May I not in anguish sit
Without the grit to conquer it.
Thus on the battlefield of life
May I look not in the strife
For the standards of ally
Nor upon his power rely—
But by my own strength, grant I win,
The strength to fight a battle in.
And let me not, as coward, be
Who, in success, Thy mercies praise
But, grant, I grasp the hand of Thee
Through failure's dreary days!

R. R. MACGREGOR.



NUMB.

Sen: You say that you gave the taxi driver your watch for security, for a one dollar fare? Did you redeem it yet?

Fresh: No. I'm going to fool him and not redeem it.

* * *

No: I tell you
That Freshman is
Hopeless:
Who can look
In a mirror
And get
Thrills.

* * *

"You tell 'em, Dormitory Cigaretts; you got de merits."

* * *

WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

One: —Well, are you going to call up your steady and invite her to attend that five dollar banquet to-night?

Two: Not so early in the evening. It'd be just my luck to find her in.

The Blackstone advertises prices for a coming attraction at \$250; \$1.50; and \$1.00:

About that \$250 seat—

Must include a Ford to go home in afterwards.

* * *

Or maybe there are effigies of Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and other breath-takers in alternate seats in that row to make it look like you're in with the real "Hot Stuff."

* * *

Or maybe it's a wild west play and the \$250 seat is Indian proof.

Or a meal at the Oliver.

* * *

Bet the telephone operators won't be bothered much by Sheiks calling up their Shebas for dates that night.

* * *

And the \$250 bunch in the audience can all come on one roller skate.

* * *

It'd be cheaper to buy a \$1.50 seat and wall paper

the house with German Marks for the difference.

* * *

Thought the war was over.

* * *

The orchestra will probably play the "Mint" scene from "On the Banks of St. Joe.

* * *

"Onward the Height Brigade. Oh, What a Charge They Made."

* * *

It's too much. Why for \$250, you could get a quart of Anti-Volstead, and have enough left to go your bail.

* * *

Wonder how big the seat is?

* * *

OR NEXT DAY.

Saxophone Tormentor: Would you like to hear a piece?

The Sacrifice: Yes, please play "Tomorrow."

* * *

"I thought that you left last night for "parts unknown!"

The Rum Village busses wern't running last night."

* * *

First Prof: What do you mean, your class is too modest?

Sec. Prof: Why, they are loafers, and won't even listen to the Naked Truth about themselves.

* * *

Baron: When her father came home and walked into the room, did the wine party break up?

Bleak: No, out!

* * *

Florid Stude: Penny for your thoughts.

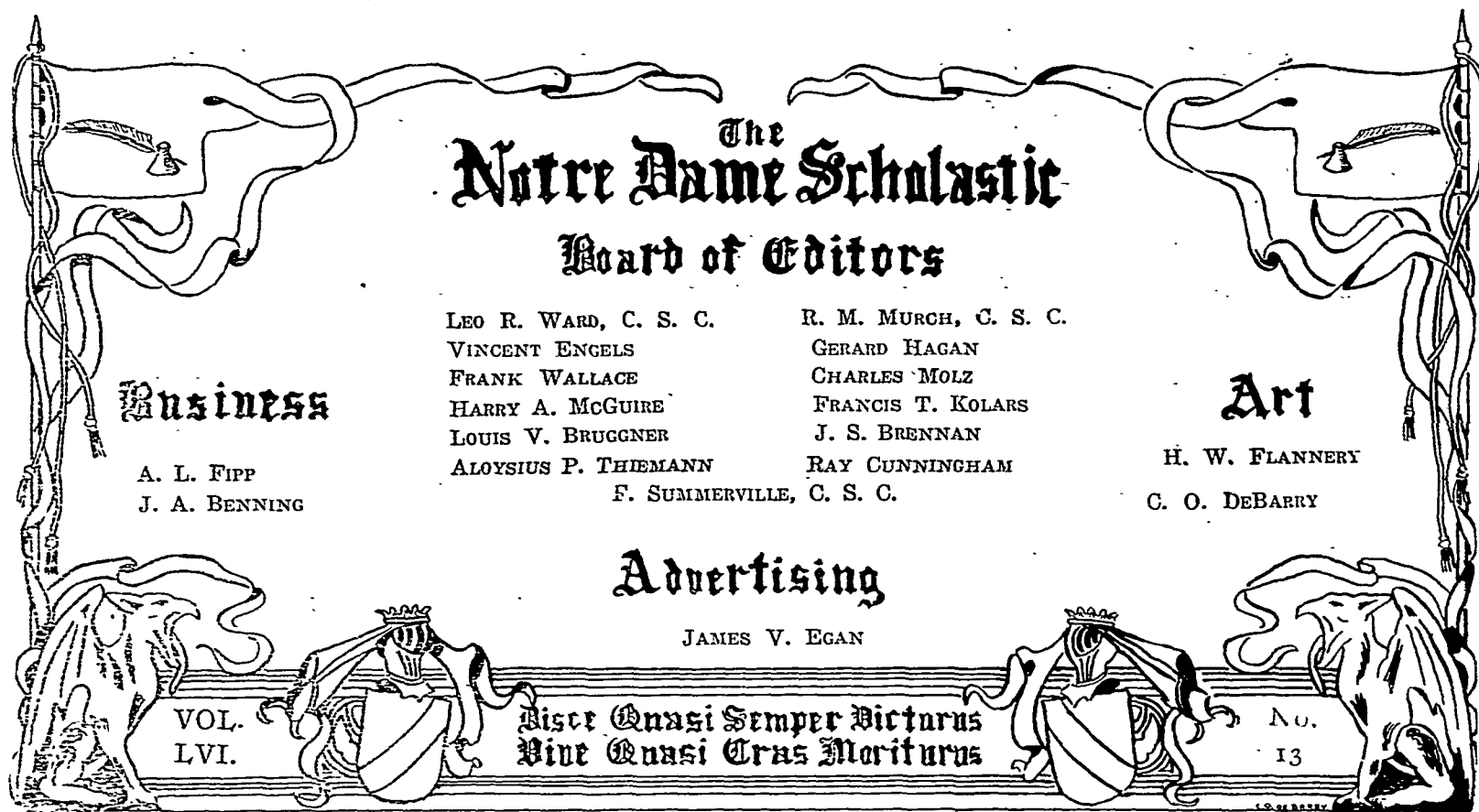
Starved Stude: Add a meal to that and you can have 'em.

* * *

First Flapper: Are you sure that they're students?

Second Flapper: Well, they have mud on their shoes, haven't they?

KOLARS:



The Notre Dame Scholastic
Board of Editors

<p>Business</p> <p>A. L. FIPP J. A. BENNING</p>	<p>LEO R. WARD, C. S. C. VINCENT ENGELS FRANK WALLACE HARRY A. MCGUIRE LOUIS V. BRUGGNER ALOYSIUS P. THIEMANN F. SUMMERVILLE, C. S. C.</p>	<p>Art</p> <p>H. W. FLANNERY C. O. DEBARRY</p>
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Advertising
JAMES V. EGAN

VOL.
LVI.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victurus
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

NO.
13

A university, like a city, gathers within it a thousand different kinds of men. The dullard lives beside the wit, the ignorant may be the neighbor of the wise.

IN OUR CHANG- Presumably, at a univer-
ING WORLD. sity, all are seeking the
same end, an education.

Well, someone will say, an education is a good thing to have. And it is—.

When is an education not an education, we might ask, however, in riddle fashion? The answer comes off-hand, when one is a tattooist. One might be the husband of a chorus girl, a street sweeper, or a shirt model, and still get an education, but to be a tattooist and to be the pursuer of knowledge are contradictory ideas. Yet one could find on the bulletin boards recently:

NOTICE

First Class Tattooing

Original Designs

While You Wait

—and—

— Freshman Hall.

Office Hours, 7:30 to 9:00.

For ingenuity, this is better than the sophomoric intellectualism of which we hear something. It reveals an interesting specimen of college psychology.

The enterprising freshmen are trying, no

doubt, to give us a carnival side-show atmosphere. Education? No, tattooing, comes first. Tattooing harmonizes properly with ten-cent shows, fortune-telling booths, and colored pop, but what matter. It may be made to harmonize with philosophy, or economics, or criminal procedure in the same way that the *Poultry Journal* harmonizes with *Vogue*. If the freshmen will only employ an advertising manager, we may be startled by such signs as "Have you a little tattoo on your back?" or "No education complete without one."

If Utopianism means freedom from tattooing freshmen and snake charmers (next!), give us Utopianism. We commend the fellows who wear monogram pins, but deliver us from the initiate who wear monograms tattooed on their chins. And that is what is coming.

MOLZ.

The dark clouds of war that have been hovering over Europe for the past few weeks seem to be getting darker. France, in the hopes of frightening the Germans into submission, and ultimately of receiving payment, has mustered all her forces and is gradually ordering them into Germany to take military possession of the chief industrial regions. The French believe the Germans are feigning finan-

EUROPE AND
ETHICS.

cial sickness as a means of escaping their payment of the reparations. The Germans, however, do not deny the validity of their obligations, but maintain that the amount set is beyond their ability to pay. Whom are we to believe? If the French contention is correct, we should show no sympathy towards Germany and should not criticize France's militaristic procedure in collecting what is due her. If the German statement is true, we cannot see how France shall profit by her actions, because she is only complicating matters which surely will cause even much more racial hatred between the two nations in the generations to come than is apparent today. Regardless of what is done or what is left undone in Europe during this pending crisis, we should rejoice that our Doughboys on the Rhine have been called home, and be content to remain forever on this side of the Atlantic.

Here at Notre Dame, many of us, like Martha, often busy ourselves with many things. Of so many is this true that now and then someone stands back for a little perspective and a breath of fresh air, and wonders wherefore we are so busy.

The Indian does not realize why a man having twenty-four hours at his disposal should go to a place in twelve hours and return in the other twelve, for the sake of saying that he had gone a thousand miles, when it was possible for him to sit under a tree and think.

But this going from place to place, this eternal activity, has its effects. There is a story of uncertain legendry which tells the tale of three balls, one of solid gold, the other two of brass with a thin plating of gold over them. These three balls were together in a box and, so the story runs, were being carried on a long and jolting journey.

The rough trip caused the balls to tumble about in their box and to rub against one another, so that one of the gold-plated balls cried out in protest.

"What is the matter with you," retorted the solid gold ball, "we must go where we are taken, and if we rub against each other, what harm?"

"But I shall lose it!" wailed the brass ball.

"Lose what?" questioned the gold.

LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

Most commendable of all the work which *Tolerance*, organ of the American Unity League, is performing, is the publication of names of members of the UNMASKING Ku Klux Klan. This far outshadows in importance the THE KLAN. information which the paper offers against the Klan. The organization of nightgown marauders prizes secrecy as one of its forces; its members try to shield their identity. When *Tolerance* publishes names of members, therefore, it is drawing the Klan out into the open where it becomes most uncomfortable. It forces the men whose names are published to admit their allegiance to the fiery cross.

Evil projects hug the darkness. Nothing brands the purposes of the Klan as insidious so quickly as the secrecy with which it is enshrouded. Fair-minded Americans have a right to question the identity of those who belong to such an organization. They may reasonably be interested in knowing whether their neighbors are Kluxers, whether the men with whom they do business are foolish hypocrites. That is why we shall have some interest in awaiting the names of South Bend members of the Klan, which *Tolerance* promises to publish next week. The list may be worth reading.

MOLZ.

CORRESPONDENCE.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA.

Dear Editor:

"Hot Stuff for Highbrows" (thanks for the title) seems to have been like a peanut thrown into a cage of monkeys. It got action. And the Scholastic profits thereby.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. For instance, it gave Harry's fertile brain the impulse for "Utopia, continued," written in his inimitable style. You're wrong, Harry, about the villain's age. Why, darnit, he remembers the Spanish-American war and was lugging a musket himself when the Disciples of Vanity Fair were matriculating in the Home Town High School.

My friend of Corby who signs himself, on one occasion, "A Sophomoric Sophist," rose to the ingenious heights of writing an answer on pink paper,

and another on blue, each answer over a different signature to insure getting into print. Yet, he calls me *clever*. Flattery, Bob, flattery! You get the lace nightie for cleverness. I step down to make way for perspiring youth.

To "one who can no longer lie dormant." Try it when awake.

Et tu Eddie? I cannot disagree with you, Eddie, because I know that we *have* realized our Utopia. See the youths strolling through the groves and about the lakes pondering upon Prof. Hines' historical disclosures, Father Bolger's economical discourse on the poor working girl, or Dr. Kaczmarek's biology. Even class attendance is optional, Eddie, when proxy answers "here." We sit in our Utopian rooms, before radiating fireplaces and gaze contemplatively into clouds of smoke. Nor do we insist upon educating the masses; witness the exodus after this semester.

Thanks, Eddie, for your encouraging words.

Sincerely,

RIORDAN.

"JUST FOR TRYIN'."

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, and, if necessary, to Mr. Riordan.)

"Why are the presses grinding so?" asked the little maid.

"To show them up, to show them up," the frowning printer said.

"What makes you look so grim, so grim?" asked the little maid.

"I'm hatin' what I've got to do," the frowning printer said.

For he's slammin' every sophomore, the hot stuff's on the way,

The article is all made up, he's slammin' 'em today; He's taken of their highbrows off and shown their minds astray,

And he's slammin' every sophomore just for tryin'.

"What makes the pressman look so warm?" asked the little maid.

"The type is hot, the type is hot," the frowning printer said.

"Why raves the young man at the door?" asked the sunny maid.

"Hot stuff will out, hot stuff will out," the frowning printer said.

He is slammin' every sophomore; why should such creatures think?

He is soothin' every cool highbrow with tons of seethin' ink.

He is teachin' in his wisdom, every new idea to shrink.

O he's slammin' every sophomore just for tryin'!

JACK SCALLAN.

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC:

Our little argument grows personal, withal: here we are at a point where our low-brow commentator

—low-brow only in contradistinction to our "high-brow" selves—is beginning to admit that he is on friendly terms with us. In his latest manuscript he calls us by name, Harry, Ed, and Bob, we understand. And effusive! Why, even now his Apologia is prepared.

But, Robert, really I didn't write last week's letters on differently colored paper; only the size of the sheet was changed, and that for variety's sake. We got that idea from *Vanity Fair*, which is an authority on good usage, and we just must be correct. Tell me, what would the Editor have thought had he received two letters from the same person, on the same stationery, the same day?

And, old dear, we're glad you're coming around and aren't going to be too severe on us, though you do have the reputation of being a warrior bold—oh, say, old man, I forget: how did the smart little Parisiennes like that collection of bristles that grace your upper lip? You know, Bob, we all are just as proud of it as you are: in fact, day by day, while you hold sway, we become more and more your sycophants.

BOB WORTH.

AMONG US IMMORTALS.

Editor's Note: Herewith we introduce a new column, very likely, to rival the Letters of Junius. The author's name is a mystery, being withheld even from the Editor. The column was arranged for by anonymous correspondence. AMONG US IMMORTALS will be allowed liberty and (we hope) spared from death.

"I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little the more as I grow older."

Those whose curiosity may be piqued by what they see in this column, are begged to believe that we are extremely solicitous of the welfare of all whose names will be found here, and all whose names will not be found here. It is true that there will be some instances of damning with faint praise. It is also true that some sub-cutaneous jibes and jests will appear now and then, but it is not intended that they should penetrate much deeper than the epidermis.

Our quiver is full of arrows which we will use occasionally, taking care never to dip them in poison.

We have made our quills somewhat sharp—but not too sharp.

We have a new ink pot which we shall keep filled with nothing but ink, taking care that not even a particle of vitriol falls into it.

We shall use the spot-light now and then, but never for the purpose of finding some one to throw mud at.

Above all, we shall be critical, for we are nothing if not critical.

* * *

Mr. Pio Monte Negro and Mr. E. Clarence Rolwing are making preparations for their annual lecture tour to St. Mary's, Bertrand and other remote parts. Mr. Monte Negro confines his lectures to the Philippines. We are informed, however, that Mr. Rolwing is prepared to lecture on any subject. (This is not an advertisement).

Our mercurial reporter dashed breathlessly into our office yesterday with information to the effect that petite and pudgy Ferdie Holland will not make his next contribution to the Atlantic Monthly, until he recovers from an attack of choea scriptorum occasioned by answering letters from innumerable literary admirers.

Representatives of Father Quinlan's Visible Empire convened in the imperial throne room one day last week for the purpose of doling out a few loaves of the bread of banishment to some needy subject of the empire.

We notice that goggles and galoshes are not seen much on the campus these days. All sartorial superfluities such as shoe string and neckties apparently have been relegated to the scrap heap. Hobnails, army shirts and corduroy trousers are the rage at present. There is not doubt that many of us, like Mr. Engels, every day, in every way, are getting harder and harder.

It is only when the ice melts on the campus, that we fully understand why the old school is called Notre Dame du Lac.

We took a walk out to the University paddocks yesterday, where we noticed that the ponies are being carefully groomed for the handicap which will be held at the University next week.

"Thereby hangs a tale."

The co-respondent in the divorce case is a pirate jealous of the success of others on the sea of matrimony.

HOW ABOUT A NOTRE DAME DAY?

Every once in a while ideas—like prefects—show up where they are least expected. This has nothing to do with the S. A. C. of our University. We want only to insist that this august and useful body has had an idea, a splendid idea. Studying the relations that might exist between the student-body, the alumni and Notre Dame, it has decided that there ought to be, every year, a Notre Dame Day.

What's that?

Simply a day set apart from the rest for the purpose of remembering the academic mother whose name is Notre Dame. That loving thankfulness for the fostering of our youth which increases with each year that brings us nearer to graduation, and farther from school life in the world, demands some means of suitable expression. Our affection ought to be dramatized, encouraged to speak out and act. Notre Dame is old enough not to be spoiled by valentines. Why not get together and send valentines on some specially appointed day?

These tokens of affection could take many forms. They might be books for the library, curios for the museums, pictures for the gallery, flowers for the altar, money for one of a variety of needs and purposes, or even messages from a glad hand. The extent and value of the gift has nothing whatever to do with its being a gift. No mother loves her son less because he sends a carnation instead of a car. But mother and son are brought closer because something has been sent. Besides, that book in the library, that Innes landscape on the wall, that rose before Our Lady's statue, won't merely beautify Notre Dame. It will beautify you, restore memories, make the heart beat more quickly for a cherished instant.

Think it over. Next week a day will be announced by S. A. C. bulletins on which the student body will be asked to adopt the day formally and to pledge themselves to observe it. That will start the movement and later it will grow. Alumni are expected to view the idea with sympathy, and after a while their formal opinion of it will be requested. Everything that will bring Notre Dame men of the past and present into closer

union with their school is an important matter. To make this day more significant it has been suggested that a solemn requiem mass be read in the Chapel for all university men no longer living. At present the sponsors of the movement believe that Founder's Day would be the most appropriate occasion, but upon this point and upon all phases of the project suggestions are welcomed and awaited.

Remember: it isn't a question of giving much, but simply of giving something. Affection is the purpose, and Notre Dame will be glad to publish a list of the articles received and another separate list of the names of donors. It is to be the institution of Alma Mater's hope-chest and memory-book. Not so long ago the *Columbia Spectator* published a leading editorial declaring that Columbia would remain a second-rate school in athletics until it became an institution like Notre Dame. Fine. We believe there never can be another school like ours.

Think it over, won't you?

CAMPUS COMMENT.

Great glory belongs to Harry Flannery, editor-in-chief of the 1923 Dome, for he has realized a long-felt want by securing for the Dome an office all of its own. The fact that important looking papers, old Domes, and other college annuals now grace the tables in the former music-room of the Walsh Hall rec room is due entirely to Mr. Flannery's energy and persistence. The office hours are from eight to nine in the morning and from three to five in the afternoon. Anyone who has any contributions, or has any business to transact will receive attention during these hours.

Mr. George Shuster, who spoke at the meeting of the Scribblers on Monday night, January 15, impressed the aspiring young men of that organization with the scope of the profession they have taken up. Ed. Lyons read his satire on the modern novel and John Showell read a literary paper. Gerry Holland started a vigorous discussion on pagan art, in which all the members had something to say.

Honored guests of the evening were Henry Barnhart, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, and Clifford Ward, well-known senior journalist.

Ohioans from every part of the state met in the South Room of the Library on Wednesday, January 17, at 12:30, and after much discussion and more politics succeeded in electing Howard Haley as president of the Ohio Club, with John Powers as vice-president, and "Jack" Scallan as secretary-treasurer.

Evidently these boys from Indianapolis are planning to "strut their stuff" this spring, for the meeting the Indianapolis Club held in the basement of Walsh Hall at 10 o'clock Sunday morning was full of pep and plans to make their Easter dance a huge success.

Mr. Fred Steele, a senior in B. S. in Chemistry, gave a learned discussion on "Hydrogen Ion Concentration" at the meeting of the Chemistry Club on Wednesday evening, January 24.

Disappointment and a keen wind was all that awaited the large number of people crowding around the locked doors on Washington Hall last Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, when Father Finn's Paulist Choir of New York was scheduled to entertain. No explanation was given for the failure of the appearance of the choir other than there had been an evident misunderstanding.

The latest additions to campus organizations, Professor Hines' Shakespeare Historical Club, read and discussed Richard II. at their weekly meeting held Thursday evening, January 18, at 6:30 in the South Room of the Library. Professor Hines' knowledge of Shakespeare and the students' interest made the evening both entertaining and instructive.

Last year Notre Dame experienced its first golf tournament, which came off with a few

delays and no casualties. For a first attempt it was not bad; but a coterie of "golf bugs" have recently decided that this year's tournament will be made a masterpiece. The contest will be run as follows: There will be a championship, or A flight; next will come flight B and after that flight C; then the "duffer's" flight, and lastly the Consolation flight for all those eliminated in the first two rounds of the A, B and C flights. A handsome prize will be given to the gentleman turning in the lowest (best) qualifying score.

Father Wenniger gave an excellent address at the K. C. meeting held Wednesday night, January 24, in the Library. Prominent members of the South Bend and Mishawaka councils also spoke. All members of the Notre Dame Council were invited to attend the minstrel and stag party to be given at the Mishawaka council chambers next Wednesday evening, January 31.

During the week notices have appeared on the bulletin boards warning all concerned of the dire results which attend the wearing of first-class clothing at the Hard Times dance to be given by the Senior Class. Chairmen Stephan and Felix Logan have put in long hours in planning the arrangements and state that the dance can be nothing but a success.

The annual initiation banquet of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus that was held at the Hotel LaSalle last Sunday evening, January 21, proved to be the occasion of one of the greatest speeches ever given here. Mr. Peter Collins of Boston, Mass., national lecturer of the Knights of Columbus, and the principal speaker of the evening, gave an exceptional oration in which he showed that the fair minds of America are not with the Ku Klux Klan, and that Catholics have nothing to fear as long as truth and American fair play exist.

Mr. William E. Fox of Indianapolis, Timothy P. Galvin of Valparaiso and L. Dolan, John P. Cooney and George Howland of the degree team from Chicago, also spoke to the 68 new members and the 150 old men who

were present at the banquet. Professor John M. Cooney, head of the journalism department, acted as toastmaster. The Music Masters and the Glee Club Quartette furnished syncopation and melodies that delight everyone. On the whole, the banquet was declared to have been the best ever witnessed in the history of Notre Dame Council. The committee on arrangements was composed of Henry Barnhart, Harry A. McGuire, and John R. Flynn.

On the evening of Friday, the nineteenth, Scholastic reporters observed an unusual number of neatly attired collegians on their way to the city. When questioned, one of the number admitted that this was the night of the first Scholarship Club dance of the year. All previous attendance records were broken, and an unusually successful dance was given. While Harry Denny's musicians diligently carried on their work of creating sounds, stately seniors could be seen gliding hither and yon in the manner of big game hunters stalking their prey, and many of them were successful in bagging dates for the Hard Times dance, of which we will hear more later.

News concerning the Junior Prom has been exceedingly scarce, but when discovered in his room on Tuesday evening President Swift of the Juniors grudgingly admitted that there is to be such an event some time in the spring, April 27 being the favored date. A grueling examination brought out the fact that this is to be the greatest Prom ever seen at Notre Dame. Chairmen of the committees in charge are: J. Farrell Johnston of Dayton, dance committee; James Hurley of Ladd, Illinois, finance; Joe Green of Newcastle, Pa., arrangements; Tom Hodgson of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, programs; and Matt Rotherth of Huntingburg, Indiana, reception. The numerous chairmen have been hard at work and agree with President Swift that there never has been a Prom like the one they are planning.

A motion passed at a recent K. C. meeting calls for the appointment by the executive

committee of an advisory board to supervise the publication of a council quarterly to be known as the Santa Maria. While the quarterly will of necessity carry council news, it is understood that articles by nationally known writers are to form a large part of the material. The first number is to appear in the latter part of February.

At a meeting of the special committee appointed by the Local Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, to decide upon the form of the proposed Soldiers' Memorial, it was voted to accept the idea of a new side-entrance to the chapel, an idea sponsored by Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., president of the university. This entrance will replace the small wooden approach now existing on the eastern facade of the chapel, and will be designed appropriately by Mr. Vincent Fagan. The executive committee to represent the Veterans in the execution of the project consists of Mr. Payton, Mr. Bishoff and Mr. Riordan.

SULLIVAN-HAGAN.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

The Reverend Thomas A. Steiner, C. S. C., left last week for St. Edward's, Austin, Texas, where he will supervise the school's building program. Father Steiner was to have gone to Texas last September, but owing to the absence of Professor Martin J. McCue, Dean of the College of Engineering, he remained at Notre Dame to take over Professor McCue's duties until he returned.

* * *

The Library has just received from Justice Dowling of the New York Supreme Court, three valuable books for the Dante Collection. Justice Dowling makes it a point to send books every few months dealing especially with Dante and kindred subjects.

* * *

Again the University has been made the benefactor of a collection of books on American History sent by Mr. John P. Bath of Mount Vernon, New York. The last shipment was made sometime in November, and another lot is now on the way here. Mr. Bath apparently takes as much pleasure in

donating these books as the University does in receiving them.

We are indebted to Dr. J. Lewis Brown for several works for the Library Department of Music. These books include, among other things: Grove's Dictionary of Music; Musical Analysis, by Goodrich; A Popular History of Music, by Mathews; Pipe and Strings, by Gates; The Great in Music (first and second years), by Mathews.

* * *

Monsignor John F. Noll, editor of the *Sunday Visitor*, will deliver a sermon in the Sacred Heart Church, February 18, on "The Catholic Journalist." This is the subject on which Father Carrico was to have preached last Sunday. Notre Dame is fortunate in being able to procure a man of Monsignor Noll's experience and ability to fill the vacancy.

* * *

Edward L. Doheny, president of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, has accepted membership on the advisory board of the College of Commerce. A full list of the members is to be made public later.

* * *

Students who are about to graduate will be pleased at the interest shown by Edward P. Costigan, a member of the United States Tariff Commission, who has offered to aid those who intend to take up his line of work in finding positions.

* * *

Reverend Julius A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., Dean of the College of Science, has been made a member of Phi Sigma, the honorary biological fraternity of the United States. This is a distinction conferred on few men, and it comes deservedly to Father Nieuwland in recognition of the notable work he has done during the time he has spent in the scientific world.

* * *

Mike Schwarz, Nill Neary, Cletus Lynch, and Morgan Sheedy have finally made known their whereabouts in New York. The nucleus of the Notre Dame colony is at 378 Ninth Street, Brooklyn.

BRENNAN.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

"At Christmas time," writes K. R. T., "I gave one of my friends a copy of 'Maria Chapdelaine.' In the note of thanks which the recipient sent me, she said she liked the book so much because it reminded her of James Oliver Curwood. What is this the height of?"

* * *

Caroline Ticknor has written "Glimpses of Authors" somewhat in the fashion of Ellsworth's "Golden Age of Authors." It is full of anecdotes and sketches of many important literary figures of the nineteenth century and again of many who are not so important. There are chapters about authors as different as Lafcadio Hearn and Joel Chandler Harris, Whittier and DuMaurier. The book is written, nevertheless, with the same care with which one would expect Miss Ticknor to make lace, and if there is a thread dropped here and there, the pattern will hardly show it. Chapters like those on Dickens and the Dickens family are worth the whole book. The authority of the work is derived from Miss Ticknor's association with her father, the publisher, who was intimate with innumerable writers.

* * *

Did you know, referring again to "Glimpses of Authors," that: the receipts from the lectures Dickens gave on his second visit to America were \$228,000; Nathaniel Hawthorne was responsible for the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy because he sponsored Delia Bacon's volume, "The Shakespeare Problem," the first book on the subject; that within two weeks after its publication in October, 1858, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" had sold 25,000 copies; that in 1873, Longfellow received three thousand dollars for writing a single poem, "Hanging of the Crane," for the New York *Ledger*; that Henry James always cherished the ambition to be a playwright?

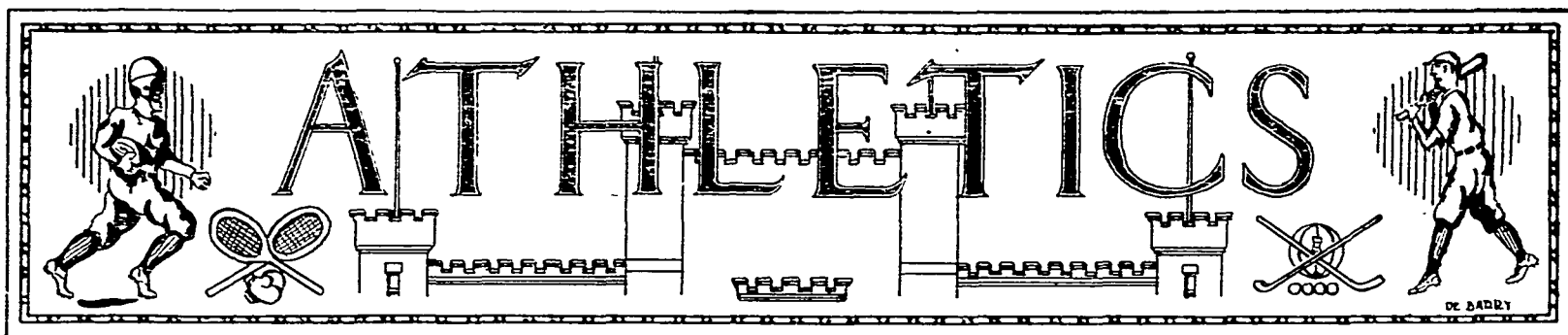
* * *

The success of "Scaramouche" and "Cap-

tain Blood" by Rafael Sabatini has impelled his publishers, Houghton Mifflin, to issue new editions of earlier works, including "The Snare" and "The Banner of the Bull."

* * *

Katherine Fullerton Gerould is the author of a new volume of short stories called "Valiant Dust" . . . "Chesterton," says St. John Ervine in his "Impressions of My Elders," "was sent into the world by an All-Just God for the exclusive purpose of saying the opposite to Shaw." . . . The English James-Tait Black Memorial prize, the equivalent of the Goncourt prize of France, has been awarded to Walter de la Mare for his novel, "Memoirs of a Midget" . . . The first edition of H. E. Housman's "Last Poems" numbered 10,000 and the whole edition was sold within one week . . . Those who desire to read an excellent article on the Ku Klux Klan may refer to the January *Catholic World* . . . In England, a total of 6,708 new books were published during 1922. . . . This is the week to read a book or two on the drama. . . . "The London Spy" is the title of Thomas Burke's new book of stories about London streets. . . . "I am convinced," says P. W. Covici of the new publishing enterprise, Covici-McGee, Chicago, in the new company's announcement, "that in another five years Chicago will not only be the literary center of America, as H. L. Mencken and other shrewd observers have already proclaimed, but it will be the literary market as well." . . . Twenty-five years ago "David Harum" was first published and this month, therefore, the publishers, D. Appleton & Company, are issuing an elaborate illustrated edition. . . . The issuance of "Free Verse Songs," a group of musical settings to contemporary free verse, may raise considerable discussion regarding the musical qualities of vers libre and its adaptability to music. . . . H. L. Mencken's third book of "Prejudices," recently published, contains a tribute to the late James Gibbons Huneker. . . . "All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been is lying, as in magic preservation, in the pages of books."



WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

SPRING TRAINING IN BASEBALL.

A training trip to Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio for the baseball squad is expected to attract a record crowd of candidates to the first meeting of the year which Coach Halas has called for Monday. The trip will be made during the Easter holidays and will include nine games with Vanderbilt, U. of Tennessee, Kentucky State, St. Xavier's, Carson-Newman, St. Mary's, and Purdue. The Boilermaker contest will be played on the return to Notre Dame.

Coach Halas will face a stiff task in selecting a new outfield and catching staff but is fortified by a veteran pitchers' group and an airtight infield which seems impregnable from freshman assault.

Capt. Paul Castner and Dick Falvey have been the regular heavies of the club for two seasons and were aided last year by Red Magevney. Castner, a southpaw, is the star of the trio, as a no-hit game against Purdue and a shutout victory over Michigan will testify. He also plays the outfield, and is one of the best batters on the club. He received major league offers last year, but declined. Falvey is a dependable right-hander who also has a big league contract depending upon his showing this season. Magevney is developing nicely.

Micky Kane, basketball captain, is the strong man of a good infield. Kane also turned down flirtations from the majors in order to finish his college career. He hits well over .300, is a good fielder and carries a steel arm and lots of pep. Foley at second base, and Sheehan at short, played steady ball last year. First base is open but seems apparently cinched by Nolan, a flashy sophomore.

The southern training trip follows:

Notre Dame Spring Training Trip.

March 30—St. Mary's at St. Mary's, Ky.
 March 31—St. Mary's at St. Mary's, Ky.
 April 1—No game; Easter Sunday.
 April 2—Vanderbilt at Nashville, Tenn.
 April 3—Vanderbilt at Nashville, Tenn.
 April 4—U. of Tennessee at Knoxville, Tenn.
 April 5—Carson-Newman College at Jefferson City, Tenn.
 April 6—U. of Kentucky at Lexington.
 April 7—St. Xavier at Cincinnati.
 April 8—No game; Sunday.
 April 9—Purdue at Lafayette.

WALLACE.

SHIFT.

BY HUGH FULLERTON.

In the Chicago Tribune.

Notre Dame has no football problem, beyond developing teams and winning games, and that one is solved fairly well every year. The question of good or evil effect of athletics, the problem of whether football is a menace to scholarship, and whether it should be annihilated or merely cured of its self-evident evils is not disturbing the school across the river from South Bend.

Further, at Notre Dame president, priests, students and the athletic body declare football one of the strongest forces of good, one of the finest man-builders, and not only not an evil but an inspiration and a valuable aid to academic work. Further, they prove it—prove it by producing lists of the men of affairs, judges, leaders in business and in the clergy who in their day bore the colors of Notre Dame on track and field, on grid and diamond.

Of all the schools I have visited I think this stately, ancient school, with its silent, gliding, gowned instructors, its 2,000 boys, mostly poor boys, is the finest example of the value of athletics I have found, and perhaps the best proof to be found that athletics are good. It is the most inspiring example of the worth of teamwork and a lesson in the democracy of education.

First, it is a self-made school which, without endowment, with few gifts, without outside help, and with one of the lowest fees in America, has grown from a log shrine of learning into a great university.

Second, it is a school which, after wallowing in the mire of athletics for years because of ignorance, not only cleaned its own athletic skirts but today is

exerting perhaps the strongest influence in the United States upon its fellow Roman Catholic colleges to bring them to clean athletic sports.

Third, without sufficient funds, with one of the smallest coaching staffs and one of the most poorly paid in the country, it develops every year football, baseball, track, hockey and basketball teams that compare with the best in the land.

Here is a great school, grown from small beginnings by its own efforts into a national force; 70 per cent Roman Catholic, 20 per cent Protestant, 10 per cent Jews. The priests of the Order of Notre Dame, who constitute the bulk of the teaching force, are pledged to poverty, receive nothing save food and lodging for their services, by the conditions, and both priests and coaches work together for the same end—the education of boys to take their proper place in the world; mostly poor boys.

There is no difference of opinion in Notre Dame as to what constitutes education. Priests, profs and coaches believe that education means the preparation for life and service in body, mind and spirit.

The priests are the staunchest helpers in the physical education department, and it is their testimony that the physical department has the good of the academic department at heart as much as it has the welfare of the physical department.

There are reasons for all this: The first reason is Rockne. Probably no man, with the possible exception of Percy Haughton of Harvard and Glenn Warner of here and there, has exerted as much influence upon football as has Rockne. No man of my acquaintance, excepting possibly Huff of Illinois, has so strong and vital an effect upon the student body.

Quite a man: A Protestant who can step into a Roman Catholic school and command the respect and admiration of all; who can make himself so vital and secure such strong and unwavering backing from the priests, who can make of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants one democracy of men, is some man.

Rockne was a poor kid on the northwest side of Chicago, hungry for education. He fired in the stokehole of a car ferry on Lake Michigan, pulled beans in the fields in Michigan, washed dishes, helped cook in a lumber camp, worked his way through Notre Dame helping in the chemistry laboratory, learned chemistry, became a professor of chemistry. Weighing 140 pounds, he made the Notre Dame team.

Then, after Harper had quit after starting the reform at Notre Dame, Rockne became coach—coach of everything—and for a salary that the professors who are kicking on “high salaries” would scorn.

A decade or so ago Notre Dame was in evil odor in athletics. Harper started the cleanup by throwing out three of his baseball stars the day before a big game with Michigan because they had played professional ball.

The priests supported him. When Rockne took charge he swept the decks. He insisted upon adopt-

ing every rule adopted by the Western Conference and living up to them. He explained his moral reasons and was supported. He has cleaned house thoroughly, refused to accept tainted athletes, and adhered more stringently to scholastic standards than the majority of schools.

The influence of this man, ardently supported by the priests, is one of the most powerful factors, but the spirit of Notre Dame, which he has helped build, has done the rest. Today, with 2,000 boys enrolled, about 1,700 eligible to play, he not only is producing great intercollegiate teams, but has universal physical education in the school.

How can it be done?

Firstly, because Notre Dame is ideal for intramural sports. There are eight halls and the “townies,” so that the student body is split into nine naturally rival groups, and intramural sport has the spirit of intercollegiate contests.

I have been asked, sneeringly, a score of times, where Notre Dame recruits its stars. I have seen the records, both of the school and of the coaches, and am convinced that Notre Dame gets less “help” from alumni than any school I know. The parochial schools, the prep schools and the priests who were athletes frequently influence promising men to go to Notre Dame—and not with money.

The secret of it is teamwork, spirit and Rockne. His teaching is simple; half an hour of blackboard drill at noon, less than an hour and a half of practice a day during the season, and more than 35 minutes of actual scrimmage per man each week condition and determination to win.

In answer to the charge that Notre Dame seldom declares a player ineligible: Having seen the records, I know it to be untrue. Rockne drops every man he catches violating any Conference rule. Further, the priests are extraordinarily severe on athletes in the classroom. Their theory is that the slightest favoritism would hurt discipline. Also, they will not make public any suspension of an athlete unless it be for a public offense. Men are dropped and suspended for the small slips in studies.

Just one more fact: The accusation is hurled at football that the “undue praise” hurts the individual and, besides affecting studies, often results in swelled heads and other harmful results. The other day I met a boy who is the greatest hockey player in the West, a pitcher who is of major league caliber and a football player who would have been an All-American but for injuries last season. He was pleading and teasing like a boy to be permitted to play hockey with one leg still weak from hurts.

“How are you getting along?” I asked, meaning his leg and his football.

“Fine,” he said, glowing with pride. “I’ll show you.”

And he dragged from his pocket the report of the results of his mid-year examinations and pointed out his standing in each subject.

His pride was in his scholastic work. You cannot hurt a kid like that, either by or in a game.

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CHANGE

By CUNNINGHAM

WE DON'T ENVY HIM.

A truly loyal father of a football player on the Princeton University squad will sail for India this month to capture a Bengal tiger which he will present as a mascot for the team. He will make this long voyage because he promised his son that he would obtain the animal if Princeton beat Harvard on the gridiron. We admire his fidelity, and wish him success in his hunt through the jungle, but we cannot help recalling to mind the limerick about the "Old Lady from Niger."

* * *

Woman was made from a rib of man to be his companion throughout life. She was not instructed, however, to be closely associated with him while he is going to college trying to get an education. As it appears today, many co-eds go to college for social purposes alone and naturally distract men from their studies. Because of this the *Raspberry Press* and the *Stanford Press*, student publications of the University of California and Stanford University respectively, are sponsors of a movement to eject all co-eds from their institutions. If the campaign is a success within the next two weeks the eds might send the co-eds notices in the form of valentines to evacuate.

* * *

HEY, SKNNY! COME ON IN—

No longer need the students at Iowa University have any fear of contracting a disease while swimming in the university natatorium. An apparatus is now being installed that purifies the water by the action of ultra-violet rays. The water will circulate through three successive containers, each of which is supplied with a high power electric bulb emitting powerful ultra-violet rays, which will destroy all germs.

* * *

It seems to be a rather common opinion among some persons that nature's treasures in the northern woods can be found and enjoyed only by the brawny, the he-men and the lumber-jacks. In spite of this fact, and in hopes of regaining the health he lost when stricken with paralysis, Milton Erickson, student of the University of Wisconsin, set out alone last summer in a small canoe that was laden only with the necessary provisions, and he paddled 1,200 miles in the crooked, rapid flowing trout streams that wend their way through the Northland. When his journey was concluded he found

that he had completely recovered. Even Dr. Coue would have to acknowledge the merits of such a treatment.

* * *

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO BE SEATED!

We learn from the *Anthenaeum*, West Virginia University, that the co-eds there have formed a debating team and are to discuss the Allied Debt question,—the same one our debaters have chosen. If it could be arranged to meet them on this issue there is a probability that the hottest of arguments would result. Figure it out for yourself!

* * *

The time-worn maxim says, that one is never too old to learn. It must have been with that axiom in mind that the seventy-year-old John B. Cragg enrolled as a student at the Illinois State Normal University. He was recently elected superintendent of the schools in the county in which he resides, and he intends to take a short course to "brush up" on various studies that may be helpful in his new appointment.

* * *

KING WINTER TO TAKE A QUEEN.

All of the splendor, pomp and grandeur of an ancient coronation will be surpassed at the University of Wisconsin next week when the ice carnival queen will be crowned. All of the co-eds and the girls in Madison are eligible for nomination, and anyone may vote at the rate of one cent a vote. Even stuffing of the ballot box is permitted. The chief events of the day will be hockey, ski tournaments, ice boat racing and skate contests.

* * *

Numerous methods have been adopted by students to get a "drag" with the professors, but none seem to obtain the satisfactory results that the afternoon tea party does for the Harvard student. Yes, it is an innovation. A series of teas is now being given,—one every Friday afternoon, by the students at Harvard University, and it is to these that the professor is invited while the student makes good use of the time impressing his guest. Rawlly, the idea is a bully one!

* * *

THIS IS THE BIG QUESTION.

Questionnaires were sent out recently by the students' publishing board at the University of Kansas to the co-eds attending the university in order that they might learn what the co-eds considered the proper age to marry. Twenty-three years seemed to be the average age choice. One of the co-eds, however, believed that the marriageable age was any time one got a chance. Fortunately, none of them believed that it was every time one got a chance.

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D8

**QUARTERLY EXAMINATIONS
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31.**

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.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Classes taught on TUESDAY (But not taught on Monday)	Will be examined
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.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

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.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

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