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LINCOLN AND THE COLLEGE MAN.

RAYMOND MURCH, C. S. C.

ABRAM LINCOLN has long been acclaimed the ideal American. His nobleness of character has made him a model for all classes of citizens. From the cabin in the "backwoods" to the White House of Washington was not a smooth and straight road for Lincoln, and it is in the consideration of how he journeyed from his obscure position in life to the foremost dignity of the nation that the college man may find his great inspirer.

Lincoln was first and always a hard worker. Biographers relate the old stories of midnight sessions with borrowed books in the light of an open fireplace. That these stories are merely legends we cannot reasonably maintain. Biographers, some of whom were associated with Lincoln during his younger days in Indiana and Illinois, tell authenticated stories of his six-mile walks to secure a book, of the extraordinary favors granted by his friends who permitted him to study by the light of their fires until midnight, and of his having read "every book within a radius of fifty miles." When, therefore, we contrast the obstacles which Lincoln overcame with those which confront the modern college man, the latter fade into insignificance; indeed, it frequently happens that Lincoln's most valuable asset is the college man's foremost hindrance.

Another characteristic of Lincoln which calls forth admiration is that of his simplicity. There was no duplicity to Lincoln's life. He loved the truth and found it in all things. Whether writing his Gettysburg Address on a scrap of paper or signing the Emancipation Proclamation, he was the same simple and truthful Abraham Lincoln expressing his own convictions. And once a

conviction became firmly rooted, it was a principle for the defense of which he would willingly give his life.

Fidelity to small things made him the master of great activities. Whether at his books or at other work, the little things always received the attention that was their due. For Lincoln, each rule in Kirkham's *English Grammar* was so important that he took weeks in which to master it perfectly. Thirty years later when the First Inaugural Address and the Gettysburg Address were composed, the task was comparatively easy because the "little things" had long since been mastered.

And finally, there is no point in Lincoln's early writings more inspiring than that recorded in his circular petition for the support of the voting citizens of the Sangamon Country, when he was for the first time a candidate for the Illinois Legislature. This circular written when Lincoln was only twenty-three years old contains the keynote to his success in politics and may readily become the actuating principle of every college man's public life. "Every man," writes Lincoln, "is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." Time has shown how highly Lincoln has deserved the esteem of his fellow-men, and has also shown that any man who uses rightly the talents which God has given to him can succeed in reaching safely the goal of his ambitions. "A plain man of the people," says Emerson, "an extraordinary fortune attended Lincoln. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will."

A plain man of the people.

EGAN O'RAHILLY AND HIS WORKS.

EDWARD DINEEN, JR.

Among the less known, but by no means of the less important, poets of Ireland, is perhaps, where Egan O'Rahilly belongs. The lover of Irish verse is quick to admire and to delight in the works of this remarkable man who, until late years, has been almost totally neglected by even the most loyal friends of Gaelic verse. (Previous to 1900, Egan O'Rahilly had to be contented with finding himself referred to as "a Kerry bard of the Eighteenth Century.") But the publication of his collected poems in 1900 has given O'Rahilly a place in Irish literature from which he cannot be dislodged.

Even the best of historians differ in regard to the ancestry of O'Rahilly, and it is with some fear of criticism, although I have made a deep study of the matter, that I say he descended from the O'Rahillys of Kerry, rather than from the O'Reillys of Cavan. The reason for this statement is that throughout his writings we find that O'Rahilly, who had a passion for genealogy, never mentions the fact of his Cavan ancestry. Rather, he delights in the idea that he looks upon himself as one of the O'Rahilly clan, who had acknowledged the MacCarthy's as their lawful chiefs for generations. This fact, as the student of Irish history will readily recognize, is difficult to reconcile with the theory of an immediate Cavan parentage.

Thus we see that Egan O'Rahilly was a Kerry man. He was born at Scrahanaveal, a mile or two north of Meentogues, the birthplace of Eoghan Ruadh, about the year 1670. Following the death of his father, who left a widow in very comfortable circumstances, Egan lived at Stagmount for a number of years. Just how long he made his home here we do not know, but we are certain that he did not always reside at Stagmount. From his writings we learn that they show a marked intimacy with Killarney and with the districts west of Killarney, and one of his most touching lyrics is a vehement outburst of feeling on changing his residence at Duibhneacha.

The exact date of the death of the poet re-

mains in doubt, but we may be safe in saying that he died about 1724 when he was in his fifty-fourth year. Though we cannot determine the date of his last poem, we feel that the one on Valentine Brown, composed in 1720, must have been written in old age, when want had pressed heavily upon him. The circumstances attending the penning of his last poems must, indeed, be of painful interest. Despondency weighed down that great soul as his end approached. He had met with bitter disappointments. The nobles whom he immortalized had treated him with cold neglect. And although fairly rich in the beginning, he now was pressed hard by poverty. Thus we see that one of the most famous of Irish bards lay, trembling in death, in want and in loneliness. But neither disappointment nor poverty could quench the fire of genius that burned within him, and seemed to blaze ever more brightly as the clouds of sorrow thickened about him. In his last penned epistle to a friend, we recognize one of the most interesting poems in literature. With unapproachable pathos he describes his want and loneliness, and concludes with a strong condemnation of the English usurpers. Thus passed from a weary life this little-known and little-honored "Kerry bard of the Eighteenth Century."

Egan O'Rahilly's work is great in many respects. It is at all times ablaze with passion, and in its strong, fierce light we get vivid glimpses of what was mean and sordid as well as what was great and noble in the somber history of his time. Although primarily a lyric poet, his poetry is charged with historical and antiquarian lore. His works may be divided into three classes: lyrics, elegies, and satires.

As a lyric poet, Egan O'Rahilly deserves a high place. Thoughts come from his heart, and throw themselves without apparent effort into language of great beauty and precision. No idea foreign to the subject is obtruded on the reader's attention; the whole seems produced in the heat of inspiration. The rhythm is perfect, without tricks of style or metre. He pours his very soul into his verse. Most of his lyrical pieces are concerned with his country's suffering, the decay of her strength, the usurpation of her

lands by foreigners, and the expulsion of the old nobility. His mind is never off this theme. Our poet takes but little care with minor details such as the number of lines. He is only anxious to fix our attention on what is great and striking, leaving minor matters to care for themselves. He is conscious that his thoughts, glowing hot, deserve attention, and he compels it. Thus we see that Egan O'Rahilly's power as a lyric poet consists mainly in the strength of his passion, and in his unequalled pathos.

The elegies differ in style and metre from the lyrics. They are the death-songs for distinguished persons. In soothing every sorrow, the poet remembers every friend. He brings before our eyes the house, wont to be so gay, now cold and comfortless and still with the melancholy silence of death. There is something exquisitely affecting in the tender names which O'Rahilly applies to the deceased. But, in spite of their tenderness, too-frequent repetition palls. There is too much sameness in the drapery of his grief, and this, perhaps, is the one great blemish in these compositions.

In his satires, O'Rahilly was fierce and bitter. The poet takes peculiar pleasure in ridiculing his countrymen who have turned traitors to their country. In cold, bitter lampoons written in a spirited mood, Egan gives us valuable sidelights on the history of the time. His work was to proclaim in words of fire the injustice that was being committed and to divert the people's attention from present troubles by pointing to a glorious past, and, lest they should fall into despair, to kindle hopes of future deliverance. Our poet's strain is sad, and infinitely tender, but withal bold and uncompromising. He is an ardent admirer of the great Irish families that stretch back through our history into the recesses of legend; he is a believer in aristocracy; but his fiercest invectives are poured out against those who in the stress of a national crisis purchase a vulgar upstart nobility at the cost of honor and virtue. Thus, by his writings, we remember Egan O'Rahilly as an unrivalled satirist.

But the poet had fallen upon evil days; days when his reputation as an ollamh gave him no consideration. The foreign nobles

cared little for letters, and much less for Irish history or legend. Thus in estimating O'Rahilly's place in literature it must be remembered that Irish literature continued in a state of almost complete isolation down to its total extinction at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It did not imitate foreign models. It did not compete for the ear of Europe with any neighboring literature. Strange to say, it was little influenced by the invention of printing, or by the revival of learning on the continent. The desire for learning for which the Irish race was proverbial, during years of strain, operated as by a kind of instinct mainly in two directions:—the attainment of priestly orders, and the cultivation of national history and poetry. Even writers learned in classical and foreign literature showed little inclination to adopt a foreign style.

Thus Egan O'Rahilly, though some eighty years later than the well known Keating, is more truly Irish still, in metre, in style, in thought. And thus the Kerry poet is entitled to our sincerest consideration.

ON NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

R. A. P.

Two things about newspaper clippings make them worth while: the joy one gets in collecting them and the pleasure and benefit one derives from reading what he has collected. In gathering them one is not overwhelmed by the "burdensome pangs of the anthologist," nor must he shut himself out from a life of "sedentary ease." Though the work of an anthologist is laborious from many viewpoints, and often unsatisfactory because he must strive to please so many people of various likes and dislikes, yet everyone ought to be one on a small scale for himself and his friends. When one has only himself and a few friends to please he is under no great labor to accomplish his end. It is, moreover, a pleasure from which he receives many benefits, the value of which he may never accurately estimate.

In gathering clippings one experiences real, deep, sincere, intellectual enjoyment—enjoyment which infinitely surpasses that furnished by the senses. Often in his read-

ing one meets a passage which strikes his fancy. It may be an incident, a poem, or a story that appeals to him. He feels like one who has been walking through a lone and deserted house filled with odds and ends of things: broken and dusty furniture, scattered bits of chinaware, and rusty, dirty silverware; one who, when about to leave the house in a disgusted mood, turning a corner of the hall-way, comes upon a picture which overwhelms him with its beauty. He had not expected to find it there, and so is the more astonished and pleased, because it is there. He must have that picture to admire and to show to admiring friends. He takes it home with him. So newspaper clippings are found at odd places, and sometimes when one least expects to discover them. That's why one gets so much joy in finding them.

By constantly collecting such clippings, in a short time, one has a very choice collection of literary gems, all to his own liking. They vary in length and in matter. Sometimes it is a sentence that has some hidden meaning for the reader and brings to him many recollections. Often it may be a line about some friend that one has nearly forgotten or thought dead; or it may be an account of someone's death, that attracts him. Imagine you had known Mary White, and read the story of her death in the newspaper, would not such a clipping be a very precious one? How many times you would read and re-read it, each time with greater joy and with loftier thought! They need not all be serious; cartoons or jokes belong to the collection just as well as writings of elevated thought. In fact, the clippings may consist of everything one thinks worth keeping.

Finally, when one has his little collection he handles it more fondly than a miser does his gold; he may make a book out of it—a favorite book to which he can always turn. No matter what the mood, one can always go to his book and get what he wants. Other people may not know how to spend their time, but he does. When the cold and snow and wind make outdoor life intolerable and many find it hard to amuse themselves by indoor occupation, he always has his book. With it he smiles or laughs, is gay or sad, depending on what he reads. He finds pleas-

ure in this book of variety, that never grows old. Each time he discovers something new, new thoughts come and go. It is a friend upon whom he can ever lean. When the night comes on, and all his pals have silently, one by one, slipped out of life, he loves to go to the old book; it recalls pleasant evenings spent with friends, and now that they are gone, in imagination he sees their departed spirits hovering over his shoulder and reading with him. It becomes for him now a most precious companion with whom he spends long hours, and he stays up at nights until late hours brooding over it.

THE NOBILITY OF NEWMAN.

BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

The study of the great personalities of history is always fascinating. The sense of power such men and women exercised during their careers compels our admiration. This is true not only of the real personages of history, but also of the great creations of the imagination. We read with equal pleasure and profit the dramatic delineation of a Julius Caesar and his actual accomplishments as emperor of Rome. There is another class of heroes whom we not merely admire, but truly love and reverence. These are the valiant men and women whose lives were dominated by spiritual motives. Pre-eminent among these were the Saints, but only in a greater degree than other holy persons whose lives were devoted to the good of humanity. Of such a type, indeed, was Cardinal Newman, the glory of English Catholicism in the Nineteenth century.

Three striking characteristics are noted by the student of Newman's career—his genuine sincerity, his noble courage, and his ardent zeal. These virtues are the key to his character. The first two qualities are more evident in his life as an Anglican, while as a Catholic his zeal is more conspicuous.

Newman, the Anglican, is of greater interest to the student of contemporary history than Newman, the Catholic. The important place he occupied as leader of the Oxford Movement directed the eyes of the whole world to his every step. Gifted intellectually and spiritually above his fellows, he drew

widespread attention to his life and utterances. As the course of events in the Anglican Communion progressed, the revelation of Newman's character became more beautiful. Perhaps it was the note of sincerity in everything he preached or published that brought men to the feet of Newman. He gradually began to hold a spell over their souls, for never before had they experienced the same enthralling influence as the preacher of St. Mary's exerted upon them. In those beautiful discourses, now known as "Parochial and Plain Sermons," Newman pictured to his audience the Christian life as it is revealed in the Scriptures. The atmosphere of his sermons was so spiritual that instinctively his hearers were led to follow so saintly a teacher.

It has been truly stated that Newman's sermons were the real cause of the Oxford Movement. In these discourses he brought before his congregations the Catholic teaching of the early Fathers. Newman had not been preaching many years when a select group of Oxford men gathered around him. Filled with the same sincere desire to know the truth, his disciples coöperated with him in publishing what were called "Tracts for the Time." These short studies of Catholic doctrines, which were very widely read, played an important part in the development of the Oxford Movement. At first Newman thought he might hold all Catholic teaching, and still remain an Anglican. But gradually he came to see the error of his judgment, and his logical mind and his noble heart took the one course that lay before him. He became a Catholic. In taking this step, he proved his sincerity and his courage.

To the student of Newman's life his conversion is the supreme test of his courage. His place in the Oxford Movement and the unique niche he occupied in the esteem and affection of so many persons made the surrender of much that was congenial to Newman's fine nature the greatest sacrifice of his life. Indeed the mere reading of his life-story has a strange power to affect those who dwell upon Newman's noble-hearted determination to relinquish everything he held dear on earth for the conviction that he must become a Catholic. True, his loss was not

comparable with his gain; yet for all that we cannot withhold our admiration for a man who exhibits in such a fine way his courage not to count the cost of his sacrifice too great. Newman could not foresee all that he would have to suffer during his Catholic career, but when each blow struck him he endured the pain with an unruffled soul. In truth, the long-continued endurance of disappointment and of rebuff made Newman a hero. And now that his days of sadness are passed, and the peace and light of eternity shine upon him, we must love him the more for his earthly martyrdom.

In that incomparably beautiful portrait of himself, which Newman has left us in his famous *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, his sincerity and courage are salient features. The reading of this noble work reveals the true Newman as he was never known before. It is the truthful statement of his every act and motive. He had the courage to place himself on trial before the whole world, and even the world adjudged him guiltless of insincerity. For though the wicked world does not love the truth, yet it cannot help paying its tribute to Newman's nobleness when men of all types and creeds are captivated by the story of his courage as it is told in the "Apologia."

Cardinal Newman's mission as a Catholic seems to have been one for special occasion. Nearly all of the books he published after his conversion were written not of set purpose but to meet the demands of some unlooked-for controversy. As an English apologist, Newman was supreme. He brought to his task a large experience of men and movements. With his great gifts of literary expression, he produced works of enduring value, so that what was written on special occasions has intrinsic worth and will remain so a contribution to English letters. What was the motive that induced Newman to devote his time and his talents to productions that would seem to be only the efforts of a pamphleteer or a propagandist? The underlying motive of all he published was his desire to serve the cause of truth. Knowing the value of the soul, Newman thought nothing too arduous of him to accomplish when there was question of helping a soul to learn

is glorious destiny. In his Catholic works there is manifest a thrilling eloquence in the beautiful periods that came from his inspired pen. And as the written word does not perish, Newman's pages shall remain for the enlightenment of future generations. To the vast number of the unchurched, his works will be an invitation to examine the credentials of Christianity, and with such a master groping minds should find their difficulties dissolve and disappear.

The student of Newman's life gradually becomes conscious of what was probably the most striking feature of his whole career—its pathos. In the "Parochial and Plain Sermons" there is a somberness which is akin to sorrow, and which finds its most beautiful expression in the last discourse he preached as an Anglican. Gifted with a sensitive and noble soul, Newman felt the sense of loss peculiarly poignant. His separation from early and well-loved associates must have been a real martyrdom; for despite the strength of grace, the wounds of nature are never entirely healed. Who could describe adequately that pathetic meeting, after more than thirty years of separation, of Pusey, Kible and Newman? Nor was the Catholic life of Newman less poignant than the separations of his earlier period. Often misunderstood, and sometimes suspect of disloyalty, never was there a more loyal and disinterested son of Holy Church than John Henry Newman. Sadness was his portion for long years, and only in the evening of his life was the cloud lifted. The bright days at the end serve but to bring out in greater relief the darkness of years.

MOTHER.

The eager lips of God were prest
 To the white conduit of your breast.
 His soft mouth, busy in the mart,
 Was warm above your beating heart.
 The while His virgin food He drew
 His eyes looked up and smiled at you,
 And you were glad in His content,—
 Ecstatic in the sacrament!

C. S. CROSS.

MAGIC OF PHRASES.

R. R. MACGREGOR.

De Quincey tells us of the great influence which certain passages in his reading exercised upon his mind by reason of their mystic sense of power.

In the creation of telling phrases the palm must be given to the French. The phrase is the tyrant of our century, it has been remarked by a Frenchman, and no people have been more influenced by its use. Curiously enough the French Revolutionary motto: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," was not universally popular; for though its public use was decreed by the Paris Directoire in 1791, it was dropped under the Consulate eight years later. It was, however, restored in the days of 1848—"the year of revolutions"—when telling phrases were much to the front.

Now, not infrequently the historic phrase is of undoubted authenticity, and very often its source is doubtful. It is of the latter class I wish to speak. Thus, Sieyes is supposed to have remorselessly noted the death of Louis XVI, in the exclamation, "La mort sans phrase." What he actually did was to mount the tribune and say "La mort," and on hearing the declamatory speeches of those who succeeded him, to turn to his neighbor and say, "J'ai vote la mort sans phrase." "All is lost except honor" was supposed to be the sole contents of the letter in which Francis the First announced to his mother his overthrow at Pavia; but the letter, which enters into minute details of the battle, does not contain the phrase. It was not Cambronne who answered the English command to surrender at Waterloo by exclaiming, "The Guard dies but does not surrender." The saying was invented for him by a French journalist. It comes, too, as somewhat of a shock to hear that the actual words of the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo were not, "Up Guards, and at 'em!" but simply "Stand up, Guards!" Several of the best known phrases of the present time boast a considerable antiquity. Thus "three acres and a cow" dates at least from the time of Defoe who in his "Tour" suggested that certain refugees from the Palatinate should be

transferred to the New Forest. There the government was to provide every man with three acres of ground and a certain quantity of common land capable of supporting a few sheep and cows. The more immediate origin of the saying is undoubtedly Mill in his "Political Economy," who, writing of peasant-farming in Flanders, says: "Where the land is cultivated entirely by the spade, and no horses are kept, a cow is kept to every three acres of land." The plausibly-sounding sentence: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" was employed by the philosopher, Francis Hutcheson in 1725, though usually associated with the name of Bentham. The phrase, "Measures, not men," can be traced as far back as Goldsmith. Canning in 1801 said: "Away with the cant of 'Measures not men'—the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horse that draws the chariot along." Earl Russell tells us that the cry, "The bill, the whole bill and nothing but the bill" owed its origin to Lord Brougham and was intended to prevent destructive amendments.

Even a well-worn sentence may be capable of great effect, if produced at the right moment, as when Lord Palmerston in 1850 introduced his "Civis Romanus sum" at the close of a five hours' speech in defence of his policy.

The employment of words agreeing in sound, if not in sense, is a frequent rhetorical device. To a letter of Disraeli was are indebted for the phrase "plundering and blundering" which had previously been made use of in "Coningsby"; while in 1874 Mr. Gladstone, as if in parody, spoke of the leader of the opposition as "floundering and foundering," in the Straits of Malacca, where at that date British interests were supposed to be involved. "Meddle and muddle" was a term used by Lord Derby in 1864, and like "Peace at any price" is a sample of the large collection of alliterative phrases familiar to many of us. Sir Robert Peel, speaking at Tamworth in 1839, said, "The advice which has been given by some persons was 'Agitate, agitate, agitate!' The advice which I give you is 'Register, register, register!'" The sonorous phrase "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform," seems to have

been current in the time of Earl Grey, and was referred to in a speech of John Bright in 1859 as the great watchword of thirty years ago.

Where events bear out the truth of the statement, a phrase may well become immortal as the Duc de Liancourt's remark to Louis XIV., "Sire, it is not a revolt; it is a revolution." The statement that "Providence is on the side of the big battalions" is of considerable age, being contained in a letter of Bussy Rabutin's in 1677, and repeated later by Voltaire. The term, "the sovereign people" dates probably from an incident in 1798, when a certain nobleman, presiding at a dinner of the Whig Club at the close of the evening gave as a toast, "Our sovereign—the people."

Some sentences, without the aid of alliteration, manage to strike the imagination as the "Leap in the dark," phrase attributed to Lord Derby on the third reading of the 1867 Reform Bill, and originally made use of by Hobbes in his "Leviathan." "Blood and iron" seems to sum up the policy of Bismarck; hence the popularity of the phrase, which he had employed in speaking of the position of Prussia among the states of Germany: "The deputies must place the greatest possible weight of blood and iron in the hand of the king of Prussia, in order that according to his judgment he might throw it into one scale or the other."

The "man in the street" seems to have been known on the race course in the days of Greville who in his "Memoirs" refers to the man in the street, as we call him at Newmarket. Emerson in his essay on "Self-Reliance," writes: "But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a bower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these." The phrase, "To the victor belong the spoils"—that is, the rewards of office—was employed in a speech in the Senate at Washington by Marcey, an adherent of Andrew Jackson. We must "Educate our masters" was the advice of Mr. Lowe, though his actual words on the third reading of the 1867 Reform Bill were: "I believe it will be absolutely necessary to compel our future masters to learn their letters." The

economic term, "A living wage," was first brought into prominence during a great miners' strike and has since attained considerable notoriety. "The industrial revolution" was coined by Arnold Toynbee, the English librarian.

Words, we know, are wise men's counters: but in many there is a magic, an alchemy, in the repetition of a well-known word or phrase.

IN PLEASANT PASTURES.

GERALD HASSMER.

"In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way."

So speaks the poet of the idler; the one to whom each succeeding day means nothing more than time in which to eat, sleep, and wear away the hours by engaging in useless and wasteful activity. Though perhaps none of us can be classed with the truly indolent and slothful, still we are all idlers to some degree, even if we often fail to realize it, hours upon hours are being left to slip by unemployed by us.

More obvious does this situation reveal itself among the students of an institution of learning where, surely of all places, the full value of time should be realized. There are many ways and places in which this fruitful and beneficial employment of spare time by the student can be brought about; but it seems to me that the modern university library offers the most valuable source of material for improvement and self-culture. Occasional visits to it in the hours which ordinarily are spent unemployed, afford a means for unlimited possibilities.

With this in mind, let us consider for a moment, the value of our own university library, and endeavor to understand, to some degree at least, the wonderful opportunities which it offers us.

As a place for research and study, certainly this school stands foremost among those of the university. Upon its shelves rest thousands upon thousands of volumes, each one containing upon its pages, either the advice, the method, or the encouragement to advance and improve ourselves, and thereby

pave the way for future success and accomplishment. How much, then, of this precious knowledge, as it surely is, can not we absorb if we but apply ourselves several hours a week in its pursuit. Certainly each visit will find us superior to our own selves of a few days past, each hour spent find us one step forward towards our own improvement and ultimate success.

Besides this opportunity for study and research, the library offers us most wonderful collections of paintings and works of art, which, if properly appreciated, are an education in themselves. If we can but realize and understand the effort, the sacrifice, the genius, which lies embodied within each work, certainly we shall bring ourselves to an appreciation of what is finer and nobler in life than the mere idling away of hours, oftentimes in a manner detrimental to us. We are taught the lessons of perseverance and sincere effort by the careful study of this collection, and as a result we become far better equipped to meet and overcome the struggles which await each one of us upon our entry into the world.

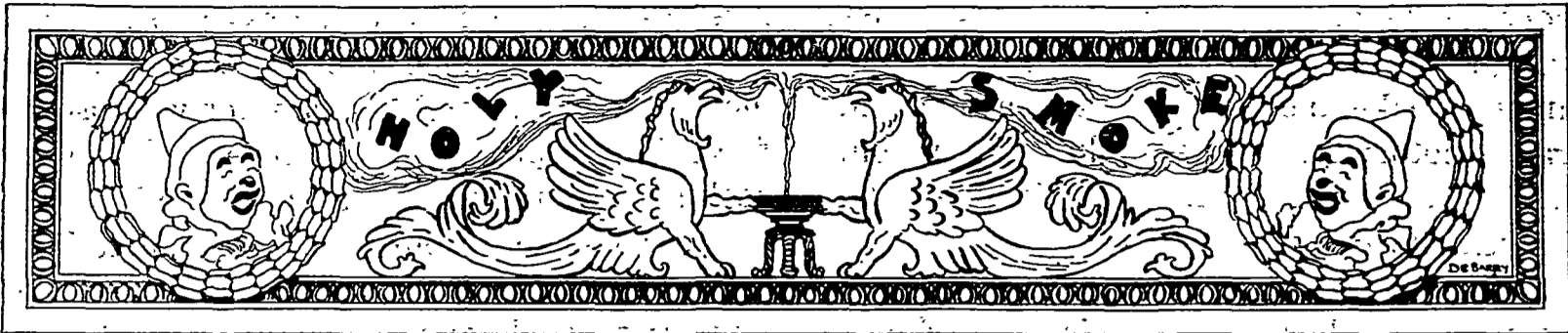
Rightly can the halls and rooms of this library be referred to as "pleasant pastures," for in them there awaits us growing, a grass of wondrous nourishing value, that of self-improvement, as it were, which is ours simply for the grazing.

Let us then take advantage of the force which lies inclosed within the walls of the library, and by the earnest use of it, equip ourselves, preparatory for the battles of life which are to follow. With this accomplished, surely we will enter the world stronger, and better men, for as Bacon says, "Knowledge is power," and consequently we should employ every available means to acquire it.

LINES AFTER COMMUNION.

The fox has his hole,
The bird her nest,—
And Your Head a place
Against my breast.

F. B. S.



THE GAILY EXPIRING REPORTER.

Every day he asks five asks.

Where asked: Hydraulic Avenue.

Today's Question: Should a fish be termed an Aquatic Bird?

Lotta Gaul: I'm sure I don't know. My sweetie is a bird, but on Saturday nights he acts more like a fish. I think his feet must be hollow.

Nellie Fish: I approve of it. It might help me out. As it is I can get dates only on Friday nights.

O. Boye: (Senior);—I disapprove. The word Aquatic Bird is too long a corruption of the word Freshman.

U. R. Riche: You're a bird to ask me such a question, and I'd be a fish to answer you. Imagine calling a Sardine a Robin. Or having a pillow made out of Fish Scales.

Skinny Minny: It's up to the fish. A fine fish might make a bad bird. And again, "Fine Scales do not make Fine Fish."

"We will now collect our scattered wits," said the Juggler editor, as he called a meeting of the staff.

TELEPHONE.

"—NO? He BEAT her?"

"—Under a doctor's care? And after all she's done for him!"

"Yes, I KNEW that if he didn't stop drinking something would happen."

"Certainly, it's a good thing they wouldn't let him out on bail, and if she dies the courts will see that he doesn't abuse another horse."

A:—I'd have given you a ride the other day, old man, but I had a flat tire.

B:—Ya, I saw her.

It's queer about Harvey O'Deft.
His left arm at shoulder was cleft.
Now this is his plight—
He has only his right,
But (can't you see), that one is left.

* * *

Russell: What do you mean, you're always in hard luck?

Burton: Why, I had a date with a girl the other night and while I was waiting for her to get ready to go to a show, her father died.

Russell: That sure is tough.

Burton: I'll say; we were late for the show.

IN ENGLISH.

Prof: What does this sentence mean, "He wrung a meager existence from his job?"

Stude: He was probably a sexton.

* * *

Simple Songs:—"I Hear You Calling Me," by Jack Pott and Royal Flush; "Ivy," by the Koo Koo Klan; "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," by Rip Van Winkle; "Bright Eyes," by Ben Turpin; "I Can't Resist Them When They're Beautiful," by EVERYBODY.

Oswald: If I kissed you would you think more of me?

Cerice: Well, I couldn't think less.

"Regarding the Bonus, do you think Harding will ever give the ex-service men a thought?"

"Yes, a thought!"

IN EXCHANGE.

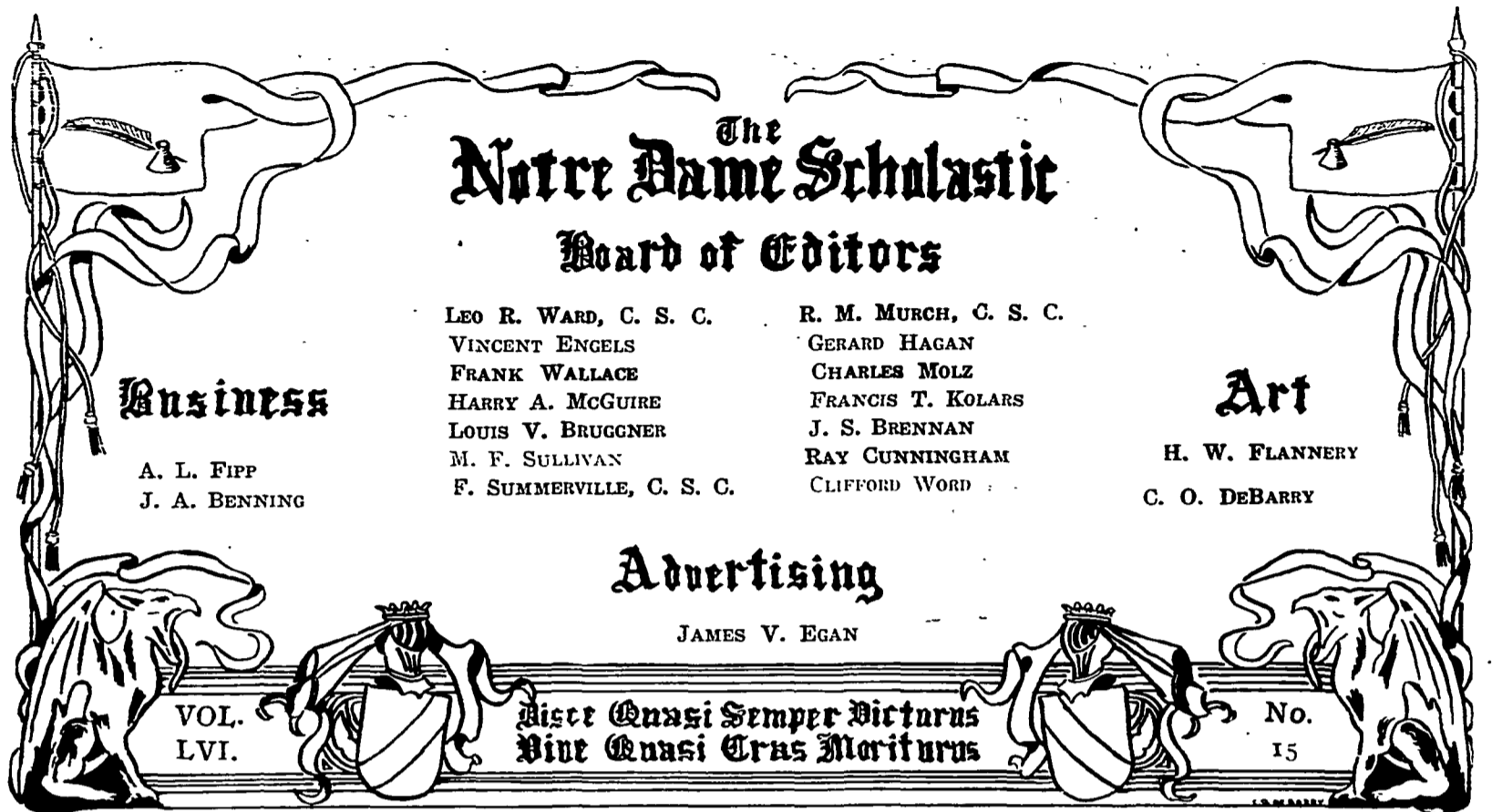
That book of verse you sent to me was sweet;
That lacquered case I gave you can't be beat;
Them roses that you gave me was the grapes;
That wrap I sent you was the best of capes;
Those kisses I gave you was the baker's cakes;
That black eye that I got for it still aches!

* * *

"Papa, what kind of wraps do women like best?"

"The ones that they take at their friends, son."

KOLARS.



**The
Notre Dame Scholastic**
Board of Editors

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Advertising
JAMES V. EGAN

VOL. LVI.
*Discit Quasi Semper Victorius
Dicit Quasi Cras Moriturus*
No. 15

Not a great many years ago there was a time when the mails were late during the second week in February simply because they were surfeited with BURSTING THE valentines and love messages. The mail carrier dreaded the approach of February 14th just as he dreaded the drudgery of late holiday deliveries. He went from door to door bent under the weight of a heavy sack full of cupid-decked cards, long pasteboard boxes and passionate red ribbons. The novelty stores in those days did a rushing business during February.

The veneration in which Valentine day is held has changed somewhat. Fancy a modern flapper crooning over the receipt of a ribbon-trimmed heart decorated with cupids and expressing amorous sentiments of an impassioned Romeo. In the old days Carroll Hall and the rest must have been the scenes of prodigious activity the week preceding the 14th. And now—hardly a one boards the refrigerating Hill street cars to visit the five-and-dime stores and finger over the valentine counters. An extra truck won't be necessary for the mail next week. And the bells will ring for the mail on time in the halls.

The ways of love do not remain always the same. Valentines are old-fashioned, some young Adonis will tell you. The business is done differently nowadays. The daily

letter that passes from hand to hand or is dropped in the box by a methodical postman takes the place of the sentimental valentine of annual appearance. Why say once a year for a dollar what you can say every day for two cents? The original sheik never saw a valentine.

MOLZ.

The Senior journalism class has been discussing the matter of a Catholic daily press—a press with papers in large cities similar in content to the usual ones A CATHOLIC PRESS. except that the matter would be selected, condensed and deleted according to Catholic moral and sociological principles. Such papers are needed, since the usual paper is managed according to but one principle: What will sell the paper? The elaborate treatment of the divorce trials of prominent movie actresses and society leaders, the extensive space given hammer murders, with diaries, pictures of the criminal's family and early life, the great spreads devoted to the story of the art model who escaped from an Arabian harem, and other matter that appeals to the animal sense rather than the rational, is sufficient argument. Catholic principles would serve as a strong foundation for the handling of the day's news. And why should not such a paper be worth at least a trial if such strict papers as the *New York*

Times and the *Boston Transcript*, which print but a modicum of scandal, are so successful that they can charge more than their competitors for advertising space?

FLANNERY.

St. Valentine's Day, which has been observed in this and other countries for many generations, is here again; and, as usual,

the mail carriers will be
VALENTINES. heavily burdened with the

thousands of valentines that shall be interchanged. The married man feels it as essentially his duty to remember his wife and children with a valentine, as does the college youth to remember his "steady" or the school boy his sweetheart. Even old maids and bachelors will imbibe a small quantity of the spirit of the day, and venture diabolically to renew old acquaintances through the medium of the valentine. Everyone will have some token of friendship to send to another. But why should this practice of sending valentines be limited in its scope? With so much unrest in Europe and Asia Minor today, could it not be beneficially extended to include a mutual exchange of friendly notes between nations as well as individuals? The psychological effect should be the same. If it were, the French and Germans would be substituting valentines for war bulletins; and the members of the Lausanne Conference would secretly be slipping each other valentines instead of secret treaties and concessions on oil fields. Surely, St. Valentine would not object to broadening the original custom to include our hypothesis if the ultimate results would be similar.

CUNNINGHAM.

When you are hungry it is confoundedly annoying to wait in a long line for service at the cafeteria during rush periods. But

some of those in line are liable to
HUNGER be more annoyed and liable to
PEEVES. anger, too, if you ignore the line

and ask a fortunate friend at the head of the file to get you "a ham and—"

The purpose of the line is convenient justice. Those who disregard it make the forma-

tion foolish. They would affect its purpose no differently if they took stations in it just behind the fortunate friends instead of getting the friends to get extra lunches. A notice by the S. A. C. would end the practice. If not, one could hardly be blamed if he changed the color of the eyes of an inconsiderate glutton from blue to black.

FLANNERY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor the SCHOLASTIC:

Dear Sir:—May I suggest that you open a new department to be devoted to jokes? As a starter let me call your attention to the criticism of the Paulist Choir's concert, which appeared in the last issue. I should think that a music critic would be acquainted with the "Chant Hindu," enough, at least, to know that it was not sung here, though it was on the program. I must commend his reference to Tchaikowsky. It was very well chosen; however, don't you think it was unpardonable of you to leave off the quotation marks? The Chicago Tribune might feel offended did they see it.

M. O'BRIEN.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

On our critic's behalf it might be said that his article was in type two days before the Chicago Tribune appeared. This Mr. O'Brien might have calculated for himself.

Editor the SCHOLASTIC:

Dear Sir. There are on our campus—they are a part of it—hundreds of varieties of trees, practically every kind that will thrive in the climate. Big trees, small trees, thick ones, scrawny ones, but all trees. There is nothing so beautiful as a tree: and trees are what make our campus the most beautiful there is, whether they be laden with heavy wet snow in winter or carrying their crowning green glory in summer.

Some years ago all the trees were marked with little iron plates that carried the common name and the Latin of the species. But the winters have rusted many of these plates and others have the name scratched or worn off.

Will someone start an agitation to have small etched copper or brass markers replace the others? The new ones would cost very little, would wear forever, and would not be molested as promiscuously as the present ones because they would appear much better.

K. W. K.

NEWMAN AT NOTRE DAME

E. M. Newman's course of Traveltalks this season is the crowning achievement of his career. This "Across Africa," Cape-to-Cairo series embraces a description of three stages of man's civilization—the newest, the most primitive and the oldest. The journey runs through all of important Africa, including the entire south country, Capetown, the Rand, Kimberley, Johannesburg, Madagascar, Mauritius, Belgian Congo, Bulawayo, Victoria Falls, Elizabethville and Bukama, along the Lualaba to Kabalo, Albertville and across Lake Tanganyika to Ujiji, where Stanley found Livingston, then to Tanora and Victoria Nyanza and down the Nile to Cairo.

The season at Notre Dame consists of five consecutive Thursday evenings, beginning February 22nd, and the Traveltalks will be presented in the following order: "Capetown to Johannesburg," "Victoria Falls," "Congo to Victoria Nyanza," "Khartoum" and "Sudan to Cairo."

In a group of sensational motion and still-colored pictures, Newman brings the country as it actually is and reveals it with a realism that is startling even to experienced travelers themselves. In addition to glimpses of the diamond and gold mines—city and veldt life and forest scenes of the many native tribes—the master traveler has included the wild jungle land in which our own Roosevelt hunted. The remarkable wild animal motion pictures are said to be magnificent examples of the photographer's art. Newman's photographer spent two years in the jungle, suffered terrible hardships and exercised patience to test the endurance of the most hardy. A large caravan was necessary, a guide, two hunters and four cameras, one of which was smashed by a charging rhinoceros. A noiseless tele-photo lens was used and every picture is clear, close-up and perfect. All the varieties of animals and birds found in Africa are in this series—lions, leopards, elephant herds so close that the tick birds can be seen on their backs, the giraffe, monkeys, zebra, wildbeeste, gnu, hyena and a family too large to list in circumscribed space. Birds of every descrip-

tion, birds of prey and gay-plumed denizens of the air, make up a phantasy of motion pictures never equalled. Intimate studies of tribal life, including Hottentots, Zulus, Fingos, Macossas, Basutos and lesser tribes take their place as the journey proceeds. Those who have seen private advance showings are unanimous in stating that the wild animal pictures are a contribution to science of the first rank.

AMONG US IMMORTALS.

Captain George A. Bischoff was finally dragged away from St. Joseph Hospital and the pretty nurses but he left part of his dental mechanism behind.

Edwin Murphy, a writer noted and notorious, slipped onto the campus again with the vitriolic pen cocked over his right ear. He signed papers to the effect that he was still pursuing an evasive Ph. B. in J.

O. A. Clark, manager and owner of the Kampus Kaff, has ordered rubber shock absorbers placed under the marble tops at the tables most frequented by the oratorical Mr. Lightfoot.

Vincent D. Engels shaved.

Did or didn't the Ground Hog?

The Juggler is receiving serious competition from the periodical of dazzling humor and wit, absolutely free—or one cent—which appears daily amongst us.

The rector of Corby Hall has faded some of his famous passers. Little Joe and Big Dick are in hiding.

Pa Perkins' Pool & Poker Parlors, run by Sanford and Blanke, suffered a change in management.

Judge Carberry has been giving expert advice in overcoats to young men newly arrived from the West. It is said that the judge represents a local pawnbroker. Not in the matter of jokes, though.

THE FIGHTIN' N. D. MINIMS.

No finer athletic record has been achieved by any team at Notre Dame than that of the Minims of St. Edward's Hall. Last year the basketball squad went through an undefeated season and this year suffered defeat but once in fourteen contests and that because the regular line-up was not available.

The game last Saturday with St. Mary's parochial school at Michigan City ended in an 18 to 10 victory for the Minims, but the spirited St. Mary's boys will be here determined to win the return battle to be staged in the big gym this evening at seven o'clock.

The following constitute the Minims squad: Tony Oneto (g.), Rus Erskine (g.), Geo. Hellmuth (c.), Harold Lynn (f.), Earl Gorman (f.), Long John Egan, Red Ditchfield, Duke Wellington, John Garrity, Howard Essig, Ed. Koontz.

Our boys were accorded a splendid reception at Michigan City, each member of the St. Mary's team entertaining in his home one of the visiting Minims. This afternoon the St. Mary's boys will be the guests of the Minims at the Gold and Blue track meet in the gym.

TIP—You are missing the basketball treat of the year if you don't see the game this evening. Come prepared to give that big U. N. D. for the fightin'est of fightin' Notre Dame.

THOUGHTS.

"Honesty," we are told, "is the best policy," but apparently it is not the best politics.

If you are inclined to be vain or proud, remember that the middle letter of *sin* is *I*.

Now that we have women in politics, why not a school for political augurs with a university course in vote forecasting?

The feet of the partner with whom you are dancing are not a matter for an *entente cordiale*. Read Washington's Farewell Address.

The difference between a Ku Klux Klansman and a non-union murderer seems to be that the former dons the black hood before the crime and the latter, after it.

S. A. C. NEWS.

There has been some delay in the shipment of the refuse receptacles for the campus, but they will be here within a week or two. They can be most advantageously used in the Spring months when everyone must cooperate in every detail to make the campus beautiful.

* * *

A water cooler for the Law Building has also been ordered. The Purchasing Agent of the University is doing everything possible to hurry its arrival and installation.

* * *

At a meeting of the S. A. C. last Tuesday, Jimmie Swift and John Cavanaugh were chosen to represent the Notre Dame student body at the annual Mid-West Student Conference of Colleges and Universities, to be held at Northwestern University, March 15, 16 and 17. Much valuable information was brought back by Notre Dame delegates from similar conferences last year and the year before, and it is hoped that many suggestions will be forthcoming to help in carrying out new projects undertaken by the Committee this year.

* * *

Gus Desch, who has fostered the idea of a Notre Dame daily, as a representative of the S. A. C. for two years, reported at the last meeting that the president of the university had given permission to the S. A. C. to publish the daily for a couple of months at the end of this scholastic year. The success—there will be no failure—of the daily for these months will greatly determine the attitude of the university authorities regarding the publication next year. A sub-committee, composed of Desch, Dacey and Gallagher will have more to announce later on behalf of the S. A. C.

* * *

The committee recently decided to present each of the members of the Boosters' Club with a fob as a token of appreciation for their distinctive and effective service during

the year. The fobs have arrived and distribution of them will take place some time during the week.

As a result of confusion in the minds of some students caused by the advertisement on the campus of the Villagers' Dance, the S. A. C. has published a bulletin announcing that neither the Villagers' Dance nor the Scholarship Dances come under the direct supervision of the Student Activities Committee. The special privileges granted by the faculty to the students, through the S. A. C., do not apply in the case of these dances. The officers of the Scholarship Club, however, made arrangements with the faculty when their dances were first begun, and Scholarship Dances have the approval of the faculty and of the S. A. C.

There is a group of people in South Bend—loyal friends of Notre Dame—who are sponsoring the South Bend Symphony Orchestra. To say that university men are in sympathy with such a high-minded movement is almost tautological, since it is so generally known that one of the main purposes of a university is to spread culture. There are good reasons, however, why Notre Dame men will be especially anxious to encourage the movement in South Bend. Some of the reasons are: that F. H. Ingersoll, conductor of the orchestra, is a former member of the faculty of the university; it will give Notre Dame men an opportunity to express their loyalty and interest in all that concerns the betterment of South Bend; and it is a very practical way of acquiring culture and of encouraging it in others.

Mrs. A. R. Erskine has kindly sent a supply of special tickets to the Student Activities Committee to be distributed among students who might like to attend the concerts but who do not feel financially able. One of these tickets will admit the owner to all five concerts, to be given on February 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11. These tickets may be procured at 227 Corby Hall.

M. N.-J. C.

CAMPUS COMMENT

"Gee Whiz! You ought to see them." Yes, and hear them, too. The fact is we should hear more of them. The Minims get little cognizance and less thought from the students than any other integral part of the university. And yet they are making the name of Notre Dame feared in their circle of sports as the Varsity is feared by other colleges. Every student should pay his fifteen cents, which goes to Bengal, and be at the gym on Saturday night to see these game little fighters battle the St. Mary's lads in basketball.

Great cheers should reverberate through all our famous old halls to greet the realization of that superb dream—the Notre Dame daily paper. It is beginning training now, getting read for its start in April, and then—watch its speed. To the S. A. C. is due all the glory and honor that should fall upon the brows of the inaugurators.

The inauspicious bulletins announcing the Fort Wayne Club smoker in Kable's banquet room last Tuesday evening gave no hint of the delightful entertainment in store for the members who attended. Jerry Arnold started the program with a few well chosen remarks after which George Hamilton, toastmaster, introduced the numerous speakers. Brother Leonard and Brother Benigius, Arnold's brother, gave interesting addresses, but the other honorary members, Brother Florian and Brother William, were unable to attend the meeting. Then each of the seniors gave a short, peppery talk, and this most successful meeting was brought to a close.

While Father Finn's choristers were demonstrating to Notre Dame at large what could be done with things musical, the local talent were diligently practicing for their trips of the week. News of the doings of our Glee Club has been almost scarcer than scarce, but it is known that on Tuesday night the canaries endured their northern exposure at Niles; while Wednesday saw the

Club journeying east for the annual Mishawaka concert. In the columns of the News-Times we find included in the features of the Glee Club's programs Judge Carberry, the Varsity Four (more pleasing than ever before), and Joe Cassasanta's Mandolin Club. Notre Dame has yet to see her singers in action.

The Forty Hours Devotion will begin at 8:30 Mass on Sunday and will close Tuesday evening. Father Stack will preach at the benediction on Monday and Tuesday at 7:30. The halls are assigned for adoration as follows:

Sunday p. m.—Walsh.

Monday a. m.—Sorin and Freshman.

Monday p. m.—Carroll.

Tuesday a. m.—Corby and Freshman.

Tuesday p. m.—Bronson.

Students are requested to fill out the lists in order to insure an even distribution of adorers.

Friday night will see the last of the Scholarship Club dances to be held before Lent. The last dance of the club brought out the largest crowd that has ever attended such a function, and it is probable that numerous trippers will be on hand waiting the starter's gun on Friday night.

While we are speaking of dances it would be imprudent not to mention the unusually successful Villagers' Dance which was held in the Oliver February third. The Villagers (as everyone should know) are Notre Dame students of native South Bend extraction, and that they never do things half-way is shown by their latest social triumph.

Great prominence has come to our Scribblers' Club, which has been mentioned frequently in the SCHOLASTIC, and even in the headlines of the religious bulletin. And it is meet and just, for the Scribblers are an active bunch and extremely alive. For February nineteenth they have scheduled a

speech by Father Healy, and for March fifth a talk by MacCready Huston of the South Bend *Tribune*. Besides holding the position of city editor on the *Tribune*, Mr. Huston contributes frequently to national magazines, and one of his articles will appear in the *March Red Book*.

Coach Oberst's Minims basketball team will make its first public appearance at Notre Dame on Saturday evening, when the youngest of Notre Dame's stars will engage the team from St. Mary's of Michigan City. Coach Oberst's men have lost but one game in two years, and that one defeat was due to the ineligibility of two stars who will return to the line-up for Saturday's game. Admission is fifteen cents and the proceeds will go to the Bengalese. The game is to be called at seven o'clock and will end before the beginning of the concert in Washington Hall.

Harry Flannery, ambitious journalist and editor of the next Dome, has issued an appeal to those interested in an artistic publication. Mr. Flannery prays that those so inclined send to him or to his authorized representatives numbers of snapshots of various subjects. The Dome is especially interested in obtaining photographs of Seniors when the present-day upper classmen were in various stages of youthfulness.

Next Tuesday night budding freshmen will get their first opportunity to breathe smoke-filled air at the Freshman smoker in the Brownson rec room. The features of the smoker have not been made known, but the All-American freshman sheik will be introduced to the public amid rings of blue haze. The more serious aspect will be furnished by the presence at the smoker of J. Frank Wallace of Bellaire, Ohio. Undoubtedly Mr. Wallace will have some words to say on what the world holds in store for the journalist, and it is whispered that he will startle the meeting with the long-awaited admission that he is the real "Joe College" whose antics have done so much to brighten the pages of the evening *Tribune*.

SULLIVAN-HAGAN.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

Almost seven thousand books—to be exact, 6,863—were published in America during 1922, not including pamphlets. The number, including pamphlets, in 1882, was 3,472. The largest increases in 1922 over 1921 in published books were in poetry, drama, religion and fiction.

* * *

If we were going to nominate a novel for the Pulitzer prize, we would suggest Kathleen Norris' "Certain People of Importance." Of last year's books of fiction which we have read, it is the best. "Certain People of Importance" may not qualify as a masterpiece, but we think as a serious attempt to portray the life of an American family it is successful. Old Reuben Crabtree and his children become actualities. We have a glowing interest in the troubles and the ambitions of these children and in the fading life of old Reuben himself. Kathleen Norris is the high priestess of American fictional domesticity and she is at her best in depicting the household life of sunshine and shadows. Give her an American home with a kitchen where a Sunday dinner is to be baked and a living room full of relatives, loving and jealous in turn, and she has a background. With those who find this book altogether different from her previous work, we cannot agree. Her characters, though drawn with greater fidelity, are still the same; so are their cares and ambitions and disappointments. Her men are always a bit lifeless. It is due more than anything else, perhaps, to the fact that she keeps old Reuben in the background as a kind of venerated ancestral shadow that he, in this book, seems a reality. "Mother" and "The Story of Julia Page," even "Saturday's Child," too, were good books. This is better, showing a maturity, a painstaking carefulness. If it is defective at all, it is in the absence of vitality in the last hundred pages. The story seems to be groping toward an end which the author cannot find even in Reuben's death. Personally we question the casualness with which the family takes the ruin which overcomes the Crabtree fortunes.

* * *

He—Do you like Kipling?

She—I don't know,—I've never tried it. How do you kipple?

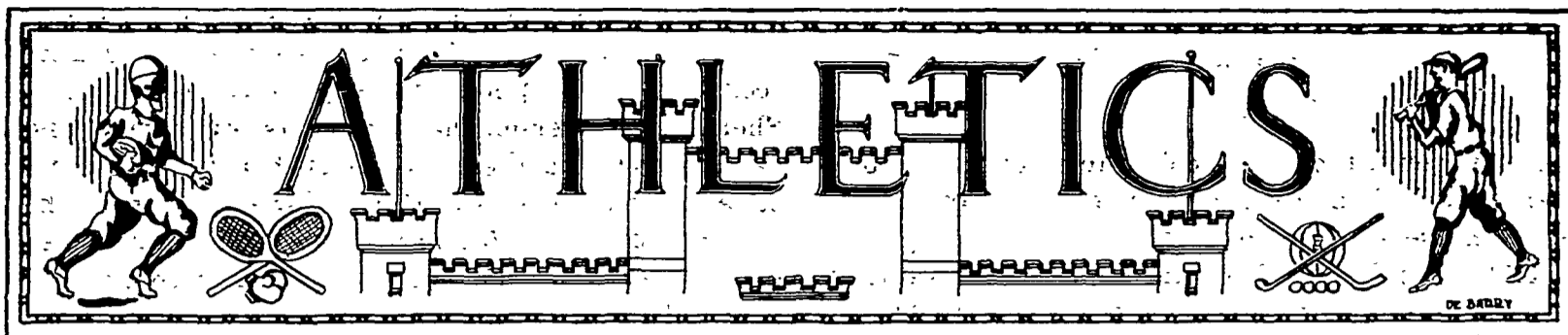
* * *

The mid-winter issues of the magazines usually have something of interest for the reader. The February issue of *Harpers* brings the first of a new series of Stephen Leacock humor, and those who look to Leacock for that which is fresh, original and natural will not be disappointed in his new drolleries, "The Drama as I See It." Leacock gets better the more he writes. "Cast Up by the Sea,"

the initial fable in his new series, will furnish a lively quarter of an hour for anyone. It is Leacockian humor applied to way down east drama. Sherwood Anderson has moments of sanity and reserve now and then, and at such a time he must have written "The Sad Horn Blowers," also in the current number of *Harpers*. Anderson has acquired for himself a unique position in contemporary letters, whatever judgments critics may pass upon him. He uses charcoal despite their imprecations. His people are still lost in monotonous existence, of course, groping tiredly along, bursting out now and then under the pressure of their instincts and their desire to express themselves, always trying to look behind the scenes. It is hard to tell whether the glad books are an antidote for Anderson or whether he is an antidote for them. If one reads much of his painful drabness, rose-tinted glasses are a necessity. He is morbid even when he is farthest away from morbidity. He preaches a monotony of life on every page.

* * *

Coueism No. 9,761, "Day by day, we are reading better and better books." . . . Within the next two months, Coue will publish in America his second book on autosuggestion, "My Method and Practice, Including American Experiences." . . . "The Cathedral," Hugh Walpole's recent novel, has sold 60,000 copies. . . . Next week we hope to review a new book with a college background which should enjoy as great a popularity as Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise." . . . Louise Pound has collected for Scribner's Modern Students' Library an Anthology called "American Ballads and Songs," and it contains many of the old-timers' like "Casey Jones," "Jesse James" and "The Baggage Coach Ahead." . . . J. P. McEvoy, who is an occasional visitor around here as an old student, has vacated his editorial chair with the P. F. Volland company in Chicago, and is now devoting all his time to writing. . . . "In expressionism," says Henry Seidel Canby, "we are dealing not so much with a new kind of interpretation as with a self-willed desire to use new knowledge as a justification for emptying out a hodge-podge of emotions, for making the hitherto inexpressible the only theme." . . . Those young women who ruined perfectly good dancing pumps in the Rotary room of the Oliver Thursday evening may send to their friends copies of "Dancing Made Easy," published by Edward J. Clode. . . . William Stanley Braithwaite, anthologist and critic on the *Boston Transcript*, lends his authority to the opinion that Father Charles L. O'Donnell, whose "Cloister and Other Poems" everyone in this neighborhood should own by now, is the successor to Father Tabb. . . . The *Nation* for February 7 contains an appreciative review of Allen Sinclair Will's "Life of Cardinal Gibbons" by the Very Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.



THE VARSITY-FROSH MEET.

The Varsity, showing excellent improvement over last year's team, easily triumphed over the Freshman combination in last Saturday's Gold and Blue meet, 63 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 37 $\frac{1}{4}$. Although Captain Gus Desch, holder of the world's 40-yard hurdle record; Tom Lieb, western discus champion and a consistent winner in the shot-put, and Elmer Layden, football star and one of the varsity's best sprinters, did not perform, the upper-classmen were not seriously threatened. In the shot-put, high and broad jumps, and the pole vault, the yearlings, however, came into their own; the handicaps given them proving too great an obstacle for the varsity to overcome, with the result that the freshmen scored heavily in these events. Paul Kennedy stepped into the star circle by running the mile in 4:32, a remarkable performance in an indoor gym such as Notre Dame's. A lad named Weeks promises to fill the brogans of Johnny Murphy before long, by jumping the bar around six feet. A newcomer on the varsity, Barr, won the 40-yard dash, while Casey beat out Adam Walsh in the final high hurdles in :05 2-5.

The summary:

40-yard dash—(first heat)—McTiernan, varsity, first; Stick, freshman, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash—(second heat)—Brady, varsity, first; Gillette, freshman, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash—(third heat)—Barr, varsity, first; Walsh, varsity, second. Time, :05.

40-yard dash—(fourth heat)—Stack, freshman, first; Griffin, freshman, second. Time, :05.

40-yard dash—(fifth heat)—Roach, freshman, first; Byrne, freshmen, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash—(sixth heat)—Livergood, varsity, first; Kintz, freshmen, second. Time, :05.

40-yard dash—(seventh heat)—Cheney, freshmen, first; Coughlin, varsity, second. Time, :05.

40-yard dash—(eighth heat)—Brown, freshmen, first; Finch, freshmen, second. Time, :05.

40-yard dash—(ninth heat)—Splain, freshmen, first; E. Miller, varsity, second. Time, :05 1-5.

40-yard dash—(tenth heat)—Gillette, freshmen, first; Brady, varsity, second. Time, :04 2-5.

40-yard dash—(eleventh heat)—Barr, varsity, first; Stack, freshmen, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash—(twelfth heat)—Livergood, varsity, first; Cheney, freshmen, second. Time, :05.

40-yard dash—(thirteenth heat)—Brown, freshmen, first; Finch, freshmen, second. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard dash—(semi-final)—Brown, freshmen, first; Brady, varsity, second. Time, :04 3-5.

40-yard dash—(semi-final)—Barr, varsity, first; Cheney, freshmen, second. Time, :04 3-5.

40-yard dash—(final)—Barr, varsity, scratch, first; Brown, freshmen, 3 feet, second; Cheney, freshmen, 3 feet, third; Brady, varsity, scratch, fourth. Time, :04 3-5.

Shot-put—Rigney, freshmen, 6 feet, first; Moes, varsity, 4 feet, second; Mason, freshmen, 5 feet, third; E. Miller, varsity, 3 feet, fourth. Distance, 41 feet.

Mile run—Kennedy, varsity, scratch, first; Cox, varsity, scratch, second; Wentland, varsity, 50 yards, third; Connell, varsity, 50 yards, fourth. Time, 4:32.

40-yard low hurdles—(semi-final)—C. Casey, varsity, first; Zilliak, freshmen, second. Time, :05 2-5.

40-yard low hurdles—(semi-final)—A. Walsh, varsity, first; Stuhldreher, varsity, second. Time, :05 1-5.

40-yard low hurdles—(final)—A. Walsh, varsity, scratch, first; C. Casey, varsity, scratch, second;

Zilliak, freshmen, scratch, third; Stuhldreher, varsity, scratch, fourth. Time, :05 1-5.

440-yard dash—Stack, freshmen, 45 yards, first; Barr, varsity, 10 yards, second; Cahill, varsity, 15 yards, third; Moynihan, freshmen, 45 yards, fourth. Time, :52 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Casey, varsity, scratch, first; Walsh, varsity, scratch, second; Johnson, varsity, scratch, third; Ross, varsity, scratch, fourth. Time, :05 2-5.

Pole vault—Carey, freshmen, 18 inches, first; Harrington, freshmen, 18 inches, second; Hogan, varsity, scratch, third; Hammill, varsity, 6 inches, fourth. Height, 12 ft. 6 inches.

High jump—Weeks, freshmen, scratch; Johnson, varsity, 4 inches; Kennedy, freshmen, 4 inches; Sobecki, freshmen, 4 inches; all tied for first. Height, 5 ft. 8 inches.

Broad jump—Johnson, varsity, 18 inches, first; Zabetsky, freshmen, 2 feet, second; Livergood, varsity, scratch, third; Kohin, 1 foot, varsity, fourth. Distance, 21 ft. 9 inches.

Half-mile run—Dowling, freshmen, 75 feet, first; Jackson, varsity, 30 feet, second; Barver, varsity, scratch, third; Conlin, freshmen, 30 feet, fourth. Time—2:02 3-5.

WALLACE.

FROM OLE KAIN TUCK.

Notre Dame has developed interesting figures in the athletic world. Rockne, Gipp, Mohardt, Castner, Desch, Hayes, Salmon, Miller, Murphy, Williams, Dubuc, Anson. Famous coaches, All-American football men, track champions and world's record holders, and major league baseball stars are included in that group.

Now the Indiana school adds another character who derives his interest from an unusual angle of athletics.

Big "Kentucky" Oberst weighs 200 pounds, measures six feet three inches in height. Big hearted and healthy voiced, this product of Kentucky went out for athletics. During his first year of eligibility the presence of experienced linemen kept him from Rockne's squad.

But he went out for track when the outdoor season began and started to throw the javelin. Track uniforms were scarce when Gene made his entry, so he entered the state meet attired in baseball pants and football

shoes. His second throw broke the state record. The next week Gene had a suit; and he paid for it by placing fifth in the national college meet just three months after he had first thrown a javelin.

Last fall Rockne needed big linemen and Gene made the second string. When Tom Lieb, discus champion and All-American tackle prospect, received a broken leg at Purdue in the third game of the year, Big Gene stepped ahead of a flock of candidates and made good. He played throughout the season with caved-in ribs which he never reported to the coach. At Nebraska, where the big Cornhuskers trampled over Rockne's kids during the first half, Oberst was the Notre Dame star on the line.

But the interesting feature of the work of this he-man of Notre Dame is his work among the Minims—100 boys, aged from five to fourteen, who remain as an heritage from the time when Notre Dame took a boy in the first grade and graduated him from college. "Kentucky" is athletic director of St. Edward's Hall—the home of the Notre Dame minim. He coaches football, baseball, track and basketball.

His football teams have been undefeated for two years. His basketball five is now in its second undefeated year. His baseball teams have never lost a game. His track teams get little competition from the grade schools of northern Indiana but are on a par with the representatives in the other sports.

Kentucky tells how he does it:

"I like the little shavers and I try to make them work for me just like "Rock" does with his teams. If they like you they will do anything for you; and when they don't do what I tell them I pretend that I am mad and then they come around ready to do anything I say to make up again. Boys are just like men—you can't treat them all alike; but I find that kindness is the surest way to get results."

Big things are expected of Oberst in the javelin throw this season and on the football field next year; but his success will be nowhere appreciated as by the group of American orphans to whom he is almost as much a parent as an athletic coach. Rockne is the idol of the college boys, but Oberst is a king to the minims.

CHANGE
BY CUNNINGHAM

MOTHER'S DAY.

The students at Mississippi University are preparing to set aside a special day during the coming spring upon which their mothers shall be invited to inspect the institution and participate in the program of entertainment especially arranged for the occasion. It is to be called "Mothers' Day." The plan is an innovation, and if it is a success it will be adopted as an annual feature. Surely, the thoughtful student who conceived the idea is to be congratulated, because at most universities a "Dads' Day" or a "Homecoming Day" is jubilantly celebrated in the company of old pals, while the greatest of pals, the mothers, seem to be unappreciated with no particular day dedicated to them.

* * *

Last semester, Woody Hewitt graduated from Kansas University with the unprecedented repute of never having cut a class during his four years' enrollment at the institution. This sounds like an inhuman fete. It is not, however, because twice in the four years he became diabolical and cut classes, but the classes failed to meet on those days, leaving him with the perfect record in class attendance. Are the Notre Dame seniors going to sit back and leave him claim this extraordinary distinction?

* * *

WHEN ATTRACTION DISTRACTS.

Professor A. R. Morse of Purdue University states that the natural bashfulness of eds is greatly increased by the presence of co-eds in the classroom, and for this reason he disfavors co-education. The co-eds actually "intimidate the men," he said. And when asked if the cases of intimidation were rare, he replied: "No, it's just the usual and expected thing. A young fellow naturally dislikes to deliver a talk before the class, say on salesmanship, but if women are present his talk will sure be shorter and less emphatic. He fears women." Notre Dame is not a co-educational university, and we are not in a position to determine how bashful the fellows would be in a class of co-eds, but if we can rely upon the established social reputation of the average N. D. man as any proof whatever, we know that Professor Morse is wrong.

* * *

SINKERS ARE LIFE-SAVERS.

Continually throughout the country we hear many young fellows state that they cannot attend college because of financial difficulties. In many instances these fellows cannot overcome their pride and accept some sort of employment to secure the desired

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education. Out in the University of Oregon, there is a certain Roland Orne, who was unable to pay for a higher education, but was willing to work to meet expenses. He could not see the advantage of working for someone else while going to school, though, and so he went into business for himself,—selling doughnuts. Last year, between the first of January and the middle of June, he made and sold 60,000 dozen "sinkers," and the gross income from this enterprise during those months was \$1,250. The amazing thing is that his work was done almost entirely on Saturdays, with the exception of special orders, and he had the remaining days in the week left for study. His foresight and ingenuity enabled him to see that which looked paradoxical to others, namely that dough makes doughnuts and doughnuts make dough.

* * *

Headline in the Northwestern Daily: "Victories due to punch in offense." Wherever that is!

* * *

Thoughts Gleaned from Exchanges: The "hock" shop merchants in Columbus report that their business has increased greatly during the past week. And they credit it to the Ohio State students,—(the Junior Prom was held yesterday.) Some similar augmented business stories might be obtained from the South Bend "brokers" now that the Cotillion is over. . . . At Seton Hill, a society for red-haired girls has been organized recently. The motive for the club is to pledge loyalty to one another and to their kind. None of those who have an artificial henna-tint, however, are admitted. . . . The freshman lawyers at Oklahoma University are growing beards. They began to let them sprout since they returned to school after the Christmas vacation, and they intend to let them grow until June. Yes, Oklahoma, not Benton Harbor. . . . Apples are sold according to the honor system at Iowa University. A sign above the box of fruit reads, "Apples, five cents—honor system." . . . It is regarded as unnecessary at Chicago University for the eds to be introduced formally to the co-eds while they are attending university dances. Faculty members there say the "roof of the university" is sufficient introduction in itself. Plainly, the reason is "over their heads."

All of the students of Franklin College who are under twenty-one years of age are barred from playing pool or billiards in any public pool room in Franklin. . . . A "Man Haters' Club" has been established at the Michigan Aggie College. There was no mention made as to how many co-eds had joined, but it looks like an advertising scheme to us. . . . Cigarettes are either going to be purchasable everywhere or nowhere in Kansas. This causes many of the students in the state university to worry. They claim that they need their smokes as a stimulant, especially during the exams. We do not doubt that the fags would help the students because they even enable the thinking man on the billboards to "smoke out the facts."