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A HINT TO OURSELVES.

CLIFFORD B. WARD.

EMERSON, in a much-quoted passage, said: "To be great is to be misunderstood." The proposition, regardless of its logical form, permits of no conversion. When I say this, I take issue with no small portion of modern thought. There is a tendency abroad to believe that creation of doctrines capable of nothing but misunderstanding, is the achievement of greatness. To say that we know nothing about anything is to summarize modern philosophy. To laugh at the ignorant race who for centuries have believed that ink is black, is to join in, on no small chorus. Merely not to laugh, is to place oneself with the majority who cannot see just what it matters. Their failure to express a righteous wrath is no tribute to our modern schools, devoting precious hours to logic, and mind-development, humorously so-called.

To speak the obvious to-day is to be scorned and sneered at. It's not original. It's not creative. The world fails to perceive that what was, has made; that what becomes, only comforts and amuses. Rational creatures do not make amusement their end.

Worship your life away at the foot of a cross, and no one cares; throw a rock at that cross, and the world, through its press, proclaims a disciple of new thought, a blazer of a new trail. Minute observation reveals that the trail being blazed is a very old one, and running in a circle that requires eternity to travel.

Tradition, the most sacred heritage of a spiritual thing, is merely custom made rich by the spoils of time. Tradition may exist Notre Dame has laid to rest too many beautiful traditions, and I believe it has, there is need for someone not only to rejuvenate

those few living traditions that we still claim, but to exemplify and perpetuate them for the years to come.

When an institution places no value on its traditions the beginning of its decay is marked. Why does "University" always suggest to the outsider; "Harvard, Princeton, Yale?" Why these, and not Notre Dame? We are as old. We have turned out as high a quality of graduates as these universities. Why then does "Notre Dame" never suggest itself as traditionally synonymous for "University?"

This fact is not the particular fault of anyone. Certain intrinsic factors give some universities a marked advantage, yet to a great extent we are all to blame for our own backwardness. Never have we made an organized attempt to propagate Notre Dame traditions. We have allowed them merely to scatter. If they didn't scatter, well, what of it? In these days, publicity is life, not billboard advertising, nor want-ad stuff, or football news, but a resemblance of literature. The man literally able to reproduce a delightful picture of Notre Dame as it is, with all its poetry and innate beauty would win fame not only for Notre Dame, but for himself as well. We are paging a writer for the first hand-inscribed Bible of Notre Dame!

It is not an easy thing to do; and that is one reason why it's extremely worth-while doing. Think of the incident, the character, the individuality, the commonality, that could find its ways through the writer's pen—untouched before, unrestrained by previous forms, unhampered by the need of keeping off a literary predecessor's toes. We haven't the slightest intention of undertaking the task ourselves, necessarily and naturally; but in advising someone else to devote his energies to it, fully, honestly and doggedly, we exercise the Notre Dame man's traditional right to give advice."

THE BOYHOOD OF BEETHOVEN.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Stories of men's lives are tapestries for the imagination to muse upon; though most are small, pale and incomplete, a few are expansive, vivid and compelling, weaving for us a fine and colorful pageantry that spreads to a well-rounded finish. Before us mighty men work and laugh and play; their victories, their defeats and their mirth moving together with the rise and fall of nations—opening new roads that may lead humanity to splendid things or drive it into utter wretchedness.

Here we approach the story of Beethoven's boyhood; reverently, as to an ancient book, but curious, in the interests of sheer romance. In a quaint, nervous spirit, bred of an admiration for tradition, part awe and part inquisitiveness, we slowly turn over page by page, that story. The bitter drama of Beethoven's mature life has been rewarded frequently—the clown's tricks that life played upon him are well-enough known; but all through his life there ran a threnody of loneliness sad as the theme of his funeral march, and it is in his boyhood that we shall catch it up. No novelist from the exalted Dickens to the deprecated Horatio Alger has created an environment half so depressing and so real as that in which Beethoven's youth was lived. It was lonely—the loneliness of a boy whose energies are forced into an unnatural scheme; who is brought face to face with a man's vocation and must put aside the playthings of children; it was grim—with poverty, illness and dissipation so weakening the resources of the family that the boy was forced to recruit them; and then out of sorrow, and battle, and chaos, beauty came, with the young soul suddenly wrapt in the mystery and majesty of its sublime calling. Know this story and you are almost bound to take a fresh and strong, decidedly personal interest in Beethoven's music. Sometimes now, when I hear the opening strains of the Moonlight Sonata slowly weaving and interweaving about the theme until they reach a heavy pause, I think of the famous picture wherein the moon bursts through ebon clouds, flood-

ing a field across which the great, shaggy-headed man stalks alone. But oftener I think of a scrawny house in Bonn, and a little boy standing before his clavier, weeping.

Through the ancestry of Beethoven there had run a musical tradition, and he was its consummation. The tendency was strongly evident first in grandfather Ludwig, was carefully fostered and developed in Johann, and when little Ludwig was born, the flower was ready to bloom. Thirty years later and it would burst into such a towering perfection that the world would almost deny others comparison, and the youngest of the Beethovens would be measured as Dante is measured, alone and apart.

Out of lusty Belgium the grandfather came in 1733 to the court of the elector of Bonn and a salary of 400 florins. Here was a man to drink to, of mighty passions, but mightier will; of superb presence, rare voice, and that high confidence which levels opposition with the sweep of ease. It was too bad on the face of things that his son, Johann, reflected so little of his worth; but Johann became father of another Ludwig in 1770, and then the aged Kappelmeister was brought face to face with immortality. Several biographers tell us that he foresaw the eminence of his grandson, but what does this mean save that his was that genial pride which is characteristic of good grandfathers always and everywhere? And although much has been made of the masterful old fellow, it was Johann who actually chose the boy's vocation. Poor, erring Johann, with the voice of an angel, and the weak soul of a human—his the foibles and the weaknesses that the merry stars have winked at all through the broken ages—life used him shabbily indeed, and Time has refused to play generous and forgive. Thus the biographers of his son have robbed him of his nobility—denied him any credit for the supreme genius of his boy; and that copious gift which Ludwig inherited is traced to his grandfather! How these writers torment his memory! He is a drunkard who forces a tiny child into long days of practice; he is a tyrant, applying the rod with habitual viciousness. Now these things may be true, in a sense—it may be true that the boy was

roused from his slumbers at midnight to play the clavier, it is certain that "he had his daily task of musical study given him and in spite of his tears was forced to execute it," but there is a single, unavoidable law that all artists must obey, and that law is unrelenting work! That the father realized this, is reasonable to suppose, and although his motives in the first analysis may have concerned finance as much as art, without his stern guidance our Beethoven would have lived and died an ordinary musician at the court of a forgotten elector of Bonn.

At any rate, Louis was four years old when his musical studies commenced. Then, too, began that poignant game at which he alternately fought, played and wept every moment of his life. He was about five when Cecelia Fischer saw him: "Such a tiny boy, weeping in front of the clavier to which the implacable severity of his father had so early condemned him." Two years of hard routine followed; he appeared in his first public concert when almost eight, and shortly afterwards there came flooding into his soul the intense and steady light that was to lead him on and up, until he should reach and command that high empyrean level where only genius dwells. Fortunately, Dr. Muller has left for us a description of him during this period. "He was a shy, taciturn boy, the necessary consequence of the life apart which he led, observing more and pondering more than he spoke, and disposed to abandon himself entirely to the feelings awakened by music and later by poetry and the pictures created by his fancy."

There is a peculiar, spiritual personality glowing from simply the names of those few men who tower over the great as the great tower over us, that so catches at our feeling for the mysterious as to make romanticists of us all. These have shaken the blood of the centuries, and the blood, and emotions, and steady, expansive traditions of centuries have been driven and heated and fused within their own giant souls. So we form unapproachable pagan gods of them, and come to believe that they were ever so. That is why we love to weave awe-inspiring tales about them, until a magnificent system of mythology hides their lives.

A collection of the incidents that have been written around Beethoven's boyhood would form an admirable complement to the stories of Grimm. They are all meant to show, of course, that he was a genius born. Mozart declares that he "will yet make a noise in the world" (ambiguous praise for a musician) and straightway, thirteen biographers proceed to make a noise about that. But when the narrative has been stripped of all legend, even the truth-searching Thayer, most accurate of biographers, must admit that signs of an unusual talent were abundant in the youthful Beethoven. Skilful enough to play in public at the age of seven, three years later he was composing pieces which were too difficult for his little hands. "Why you can't play that, Ludwig," his teacher remarked . . . "I will when I am bigger," he said. Can we not think

"His childhood must have felt the stings
Of too divine o'ershadowings—"

"I will when I am bigger." Naive expression of the power that was in him!

Composing a funeral cantata about a year later, he handed the score to Lucchesi for correction. Lucchesi declared that he could not understand it, but ordered it to be performed. At the first rehearsal, great astonishment was expressed at its originality, and approbation grew. Maurer writes that, "When Beethoven was between eleven and twelve years of age he was allowed to accompany the mass on the organ. His playing was so astonishing that one was forced to believe he had intentionally concealed his gifts. While preluding from the Credo he took a theme from the movement and developed it to the amazement of the orchestra so that he was permitted to improvise longer than is customary." Two years more elapsed, however, before he received his first material encouragement by being appointed assistant court organist, and his father could begin to realize his dreams of a "wonder child." "How easily fancy pictures them," says Thayer, "the tall man walking to chapel or rehearsal with the little boy trotting by his side, through the streets of Bonn, and the gratified expression of the father as the child takes the place and performs the duties of a man."

But the time came when the teachers of Bonn were no longer adequate for the rapidly-developing Ludwig. Johann wanted his son to replace the hard organ style of playing he had acquired there by one more suited to the character of the pianoforte. Hence—but listen to Thayer: "At what fearful cost to the father in his poverty we know not—Ludwig was sent to the most admirable pianist, the best teacher then living, Mozart, in Vienna." He was sixteen when he began his journey to the gay center of music, and intended to remain there until he felt that its favoriets could give him no more. But the illness of his mother recalled him after he had been there only two months. Shortly before he arrived, she died of consumption. Beethoven's sorrow is only faintly reflected in a letter he wrote to friends in Augsburg regarding his mother's death. "Fate is not propitious to me in Bonn," he said. Thayer paints a vivid picture of the youth on his return from Vienna. "In poverty, ill, melancholy, dependent, motherless, ashamed of and depressed by his father's ever-increasing moral infirmity, the boy, prematurely aged by the circumstances under which he had been placed since his eleventh year, had yet to bear another sling and arrow of outrageous fortune. The little sister now a year and a half old, died. And so faded the last hope that the passionate tenderness of Beethoven's nature might find scope in the purest of relations between the sexes—that of brother and sister. Thus, in sadness and gloom, Beethoven's seventeenth year ended."

And here we leave Beethoven; behind him, few pleasant boyhood memories—ahead, what pathos, what savage irony, what Titanic gloom! As he looked back into those lonely seventeen years—"fate is not propitious to me"—how dark, how bitterly dark the future must have loomed. His way was through the night, and he had never glimpsed the sun; yet I am sure that he went forward bravely, for in his heart was the deathless song of stars.

We may fear the "Greeks bearing gifts,"—but not in their restaurants.

A youth without ideals is like a beautiful cathedral with all its niches statueless.

"CHESTERTON-BELLOC."

CHARLES A. CHOUFFET.

In the study of English literature it seems strange that we should meet two men so much alike and yet at the same time so different in the form and spirit of their work as Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. These two men, living in the same age and very much in the same atmosphere, at times seem to transmit their thoughts to each other so that their actions will appear to be really determined before hand. For instance, in 1912 Mr. Chesterton put into the hands of his publisher a book of joyous, fantastically colored essays and called it "A Miscellany of Men." No later than seven days after this Mr. Belloc brought out through the same publisher a volume of the same general appearance which also contained a group of "joyous, fantastically colored essays." Mr. Belloc called his book "This, That and the Other," but if he had called it "A Miscellany of Men" it would not have made a particle of difference.

All this, however, is aside from the point, since it is my purpose here to compare the writings of this modernized version of Castor and Pollux. As Mr. George Bernard Shaw might say (though it is not likely), "The 'Chester-Belloc' like Castor and Pollux of olden times, goes forth to soothe the troubled sea and to impress the voyagers upon it with the power and dignity of Rome."

So much for Castor and Pollux. As individuals, Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc are immediately interesting. Mr. Chesterton has my lifelong admiration because of the simple fact that he is the creator of what to me is the most impulsive and most stirring poem I have ever had occasion to read. I refer to "Lepanto." Hilaire Belloc obtains my kind regard upon even a more flimsy excuse than that offered his twin. I could sit for hours in perfect bliss just letting his entrancing name roll from my lips. I can think of no two words in the English language which are more liquid or more beautifully harmonious than those which comprise the name of Hilaire Belloc. My impression of Hilaire Belloc—(before a study of his work) is strik-

ingly similar to the picture formed in my mind after reading one of Kipling's stories of India. I associate Belloc with strange tales of a heavy, oriental atmosphere. Physically I should describe Belloc as a dreamer and an artist, slim body and long fingers. Yet nothing could be further from the truth!

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, in 1874. His father was a West London agent and was also an artist and a children's poet in a small way. He received his education at Slade school and at St. Paul's school. When he had nearly finished his education he became a reviewer of art books for the *Bookman*. Later he performed the same service for the *Speaker*. It was in this sort of work that he first became known. His fresh, piquant style and his wide range of feeling soon obtained for him a large following.

Hilaire Belloc was born at St. Cloud, France, in July, 1870. He was the son of a French lawyer, and a mother who had been born in the United States. He first attended school at Edgbaston and completed his education at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1900 he joined the French artillery at Toul and when he was mustered out became a candidate for the English Parliament from South Salford. He was elected and served four years from 1906 to 1910. From 1911 to 1913 he was a lecturer on English literature at East London College and while there helped to establish the *Eye Witness*. In the European war of 1914 he became world famous as a military commentator and nearly all of his articles were widely quoted.

Both Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc have been labelled mediaevalists and without a doubt they have been labelled correctly. This simple statement, however, does not end matters. Mr. Chesterton uses an entirely different method from Belloc in proclaiming his philosophy. Mr. Chesterton seems to be much more tolerant of the vices and ills of his fellow beings. When he mounts the rostrum to berate the present age or its politics or its religion he seems to console his fellow man with a jovial, charitable and altogether seemingly unreasonable affection which has always been associated with the immortal Dickens. Mr. Chesterton's work is not with-

out life and sparkle. He is capable of an eloquent anger, when defending the cause of the poor and oppressed against the greedy money barons.

Though presenting the same sort of philosophy, Mr. Belloc does so in a strikingly different manner. If Hilaire Belloc denounces the present age he also seems to be denouncing the human race. Where Chesterton is jovial and democratic Belloc is moody and autocratic. Mr. Belloc has, instead of any of the warmth and friendliness of Dickens or Chesterton, a swift, hard fierceness which is always capable of piercing the heart of his enemy. Where Chesterton distributes Christian charity, Mr. Belloc in an ungovernable temper distributes a contemptuous sneer to those who have incurred his wrath.

Chesterton and Belloc are alike in several ways but no one of these is more striking than the likeness which exists between them in all matters political. Both hold as a part of their religious views and as a basis for their stand in modern politics, that organized society was made for man and man was not made to fill the needs of society. Belloc and Chesterton are first, last and always democratic. That is the keynote of all of Chesterton's prose work and the greater part of his verse. In his history of England he constantly decries the lack of democracy which exists, and is forever attacking Parliament for its lack of justice to the people. In a chapter devoted to the reign of Richard soon after the inception of Parliament he says, "Already Parliament is not merely a governing body but a governing class." In this book Chesterton has a tendency to start out, wander a little bit, then come back to his subject and wander some more. Chesterton will see the humorous side of things, including history, and will put on paper what he thinks, regardless of the shocks he may cause his learned countrymen. Belloc, on the other hand, if he is writing history will start out quite sedately and go on in that manner until he found something he could argue about. He will then wax hot, but not merry, to the extreme delight of his followers and to the discomfiture of Chesterton's countrymen. In this tendency of each writer to follow the other closely it is my belief that if Belloc

were to write an essay advocating pink postage stamps trimmed with yellow polka dots and George Bernard Shaw were to oppose his views, Chesterton would immediately break out with a brilliant paper favoring pink and yellow postage stamps and denouncing everything concerning George Bernard Shaw from the size of his hat to his views on the relations which should exist between the state and the Church.

Last but not the least in importance we come to that element in their work which has caused these men to be denied criticism entirely favorable. The form in which the work is written, the spirit which permeates it, is granted by most critics to be very nearly perfect. Both of these men are recognized as supreme in the lists of present-day writers, are excelled rarely and equalled by but a few writers of any period. The one strain of discord which may be found in all criticisms by non-Catholic writers may be traced back to the unflinching devotion of both Chesterton and Belloc to the Roman Catholic Church. The likeness of these two leading writers of the time in religious matters is so unusual that it could furnish the basis for an article of many volumes. To me the religion of the forceful, scornful Belloc is the exact opposite from what one would expect from many of his works. In his verse his true religious character comes to the front. It is of a soft, tender nature very much the opposite from what one would expect from the author of such a work as "Servants of the Rich."

Chesterton, the writer who always sees the sunny side of things, who has a quip and a jest for every tradition, is entirely changed when religion enters his work. Chesterton is not now the carefree, the wit, the utopian dreamer. He is a different Chesterton, serious, stalwart and almost savage in his devotion to and defense of the Roman Catholic Church.

A LONGING.

When my leaves have fallen
 And I am free from loam,
 I hope that I may find
 As the Mother of my home
 The Lady of the Dome.

P. J. R.

IRRELEVANCIES: NIRVANA FOR NEWS-MONGERS.

EDWIN MURPHY.

There is a class of people who read newspapers for the news that is in them. It is pathetic, of course. This is the same class that is convinced that the world is round, that Ireland is a nation, and that Wilson will go down in history beside Washington (Booker T.) and Lincoln (Elmo). In a way, certainly, the world is round—a long way round, especially via Fort Wayne. Neither can it be categorically denied that Ireland is a nation, unless you are prepared to admit that it is two nations. Wilson, we must admit, has in fact already gone down in history, even if history now and then seems to surge back.

But it is now 400 years since men discovered just how long the world is round. What do we find? Some of us do not even find time to shave. Four hundred years ago men had time to lavish on any trifle they considered all important—wine, sonnets, Sorbonne. Now time is money, and equally as scarce. We never have time, cannot find time, must steal time. To-day the only people who have time are in jail. The rest of us are engrossed in bookkeeping, bootlegging, and distributive justice, coining minutes into money. In the matter of money it is reported that the Willard is down to 297 pounds. If Congress had passed the bill establishing the metric system, such a pun would have been impossible. Such is the incompetence of our time-serving legislators who spend hours and hours of dollars on sauce for the goose, pork pie, and investigation. In any event, to insist that the world is round is to take a position diagonally opposed to cubism, and to show yourself an invidious philistine. So much for world problems.

Now for journalism. It is a peculiar fact that some of our most magnificent literary figures would be sure to fail in newspaper work. In fact, certain prominent authors who have endowed American letters with the breath of life have met with mediocrity as reporters. This allows but one inference. The tenor of our journalism in the 20th cen-

tury has been inferiority and vulgarity. We have a mediocre set of newspaper men, by and large, and a vapid, harrowing kind of journalism. The reporter of to-day needs little more culture than a farm hand. It is surprising the number of farm hands you will meet in newspaperdom.

The people who read newspapers for their news value taken upon themselves a tedious business. The prevalent idea of news is anything unusual. It is a sad mistake. The easiest thing you can do is be unusual. There is a coterie of public characters that devote themselves almost entirely to self-exhibition. They form a class from which the press every day casts the personnel of its drama. Illicit liquor dealers, reverend heresiarchs, budding divorcees, unconventional educators, politicians, athletes, and murderers; all these people take pleasure in being unusual, and in return experience the feeling that possesses men whose names for whatever reason are on every tongue. This is the journalism of the day. It has got to learn that the most sensational news is not the most unusual, but the most commonplace.

Any newspaper in America predominates in crime news. Judging from the press, our appetite for the ghastly is voracious. This kind of news is generally of purely indigenous interest. But you see in all city papers accounts of scandal, defalcations, killings, and robberies, from every other part of the nation and the world. This sort of thing is unnatural.

It is a question whether readers want this genealogy of crime. It appears because editors have to fill a stated quantity of space every day, often not knowing how much until a few minutes before the forms close. A newspaper, being a purely commercial enterprise, exists on advertising. The advertising determines the number of pages, and the amount of reading matter. As crime news is most available, and has an epic fascination requiring no reportorial skill, it is used indiscriminately.

Repetition of isolated activities of depraved persons is distortion of truth. The last place to look for truth about American life is in the public prints. It is not that the press does not try to find truth, it is that the

press tries too hard. Journalism with us is fact finding, and in drudgingly seeking facts, we miss the broad truth. The reporter is scrupulous in taking names and addresses, but is innocently oblivious of such a thing as point of view or state of mind. The criminal usually gets a fair trial by jury but is nearly always roughly handled at the bar of public opinion.

This is because in the matter of selection distortion enters. In writing a news story you must get facts that are hooked together like a pontoon bridge. They are pressed into use principally because they are available. You get a structure of a kind, but not architecture, where facts should support each other symmetrically.

The function of the press, supposedly, is to keep people informed. But that is not the reason why newspapers are published, nor even why they are read. Newspapers are published nowadays to give body to the advertising columns. This, of course, was not always so. People, all in all, read the press not so much for news as relaxation. They glance at the news like a man looks out of the window of a pullman car going sixty miles an hour. Then they turn to Don Marquis, or Damon Runyon, or the "Line O'Type." When (About) Ben Hecht did the town for the back page of the Chicago "Daily News" you could, going home on the car, find the headlines frequently spread out before your eyes.

Hearst, who has ever been eager to find new ways of appeal, is developing a regiment of feature writers—such as Princess Pat—and allows them each his individual style. Mr. McCutcheon illustrates a serial novel over a large portion of precious front-page space of the Chicago "Tribune."

All this is a proof of the passing of mechanical, impersonal form of journalism, an indication of the drift to a different plane of news presentation. Heretofore our journalism has been morbid and prosy that has not often succeeded in entering into the reality of things. Eventually newspaper men will have more liberty to work out their art impulses. Journalists will be impressionists, instead of photographers, or statisticians.

You will find more people interested in what a traffic officer's horse thinks about

than what Senator Lodge talks about. If journalism is the cradle of literature, this must necessarily be so. It is for journalism to forego the bizarre and renew the common things in the iridescent light of a Robert Cortes Holliday or a Thomas Daly.



THE MEADOW.

One summer's evening as I was strolling through a valley, I came upon a meadow that presented a wonderful picture, as inspiring as any I had ever seen.

There was a wonderful background of trees, which had reached the heights of that glory only God can make; heavily clothed in a mantel of rich foliage, with a patch of brown here and there that varied their verdure. Some with great spreading branches that hung low upon the ground, were massed closely together, while tall and stately elms and deep-toned pines mingled with the group in harmonious splendor, as if the very soul of nature were visible there.

Between me and the trees lay a stretch of the greenest grass, cool and soft and broken only by a twisting, winding brook, that came calling forth as if to greet me with its evening sparkle, then swept slowly past me, winding down through the valley. On the faintly rippled surface shone the blue and gold of the evening sky that would soon fade into dusk. Added to this wonderful scene was a charming, soul-inspiring stillness, that even the doughty crow or singing water-bug dared not break. It was all a silent melody.

T. C.

TO WASHINGTON.

VINCENT ENGELS.

No star to guide you, with the shaggy night
Spread vast away—
Your merit was to know what healing light
Must flood the day!

Others you left, the desperate blackness trod
With sabres drawn.
Your faith it was that prayed all night to God
And fought at dawn!

THE PROPHET.

(AFTER PUSHKIN.)

With wearied spirit and forlorn,
With throat athirst and dry,
I wandered in a wilderness
And thought I was to die:

But at the crossing of the ways
With six wings shining bright
The Holy Seraphin appeared
To fill my world with light.

He touched my eyelids and his hands
Were soft as gentle sleep,
And as a frightened eagle wakes—
Mine eyes his glance did keep.

And when he touched my ears, the noise
He filled them with, and sound,
Caused me to sense the shuddering
In heaven and earth around.

Of flights of angels in the sky,
Of beasts on sea and land,
Of growing leaves in vales below,
And all things man had planned.

And bending low, he stopped my lips,
My sinful-tongue he tore,
He tore away the evil, vile—
His hands were stained with gore—

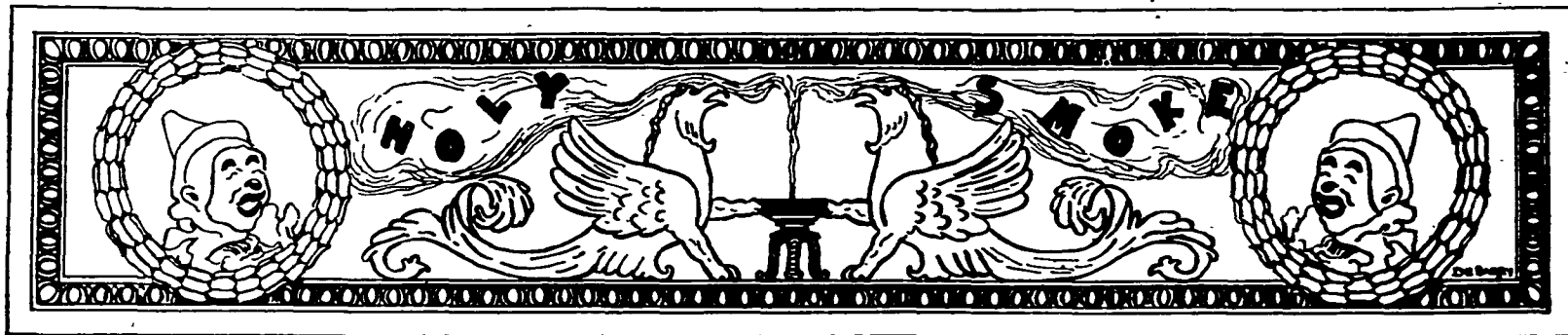
And in their stead he gave to me
A wise old serpent's tongue;
He placed it 'tween my perishing lips
To be the prophet's tongue.

With sword he clove my wretched breast,
He plucked the inmost part;
And in it set a burning coal
To be a future heart.

To me, as corpse-like yet I lay,
The voice of Heaven breathed still—
"Prophet rise, and take, and heed,
The master's royal will:

Go forth, o'er sea and many lands,
And light, by words divine,
The hearts of peoples everywhere
Till all hearts beat as thine!"

R. R. MACGREGOR.



THEY RAIL AND RAIL.

Highway Inspector: See here, what's that "Look Out for the Cars" sign doing in that front yard? There isn't a railroad within a mile of here?

Yokel: There's a tough family lives there by that name, sir.

AS I WAS SAYING:

Every Time
I meet some Old
Fried, he
Always says,
"My! You're looking
Much better
Than when
I last saw you."
So I can't
Help
But wonder how
I must have
Looked
Three years or so
Back.

She (while they are visiting the old homestead)—
Do you want to see where I got my first spanking?

He—Er, pardon; I must be going.

Rich Miss (to clerk in clothing store): The price
is too high. Do you think I'm made of money?

Clerk: Yes, miss; maid of money.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

Prof: Now, how did Caesar see ahead so far?

Stude: Maybe it was a red one.

Mother: Willy, if you keep on misbehaving and
I whip you, you won't be so smart in the end.

Willy: You mean I will.

IN METAPHYSICS.

Prof: When is a being not truthful?

Stude: When it's a loin.

ACROSS THE TANK.

Turf Enthusiast: That horse came over from
France.

Freshman: My, he must be some swimmer.

Notice: There will be a meeting of the Fest Club
at 307 Walsh Hall. Please bring pitchforks.

First Stude: What was Hank's landlady following
him down the street for this morning?

Sec. Stude: Hank managed to get up for an eight
o'clock this morning, and she thought he was walk-
ing in his sleep.

A young rum-hound named Olie O. Ratchett
Led a very free life, for he's batch it.

When he wed those times fled,

For they say his wife said:

"Just let me catch you cache booze and you'll
catch it."

ZAT'S DIFFERENT.

Husband: See here, I thought you said you
wouldn't breathe that business secret to a single
soul.
Club.

Wife: I didn't, John; I told it at the Mothers'

Rap: We're studying the 18th amendment.

Tap: Rather dry subject, eh?

LIM'RICKS.

A bilious young damsel named Rider
Had something the matter inside her.

She said, "I just hate

To take a pill straight."

So she swallowed them all down in cider.

There was a fat fellow named Stout
Who won a suit of clothes in a bout.

The coat was a sight,

And the pants were so tight

That when he was in he was out.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL.
LVI.

*Vixit Quasi Semper Victurus
Vixit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
18

There is no activity, we suppose, of which the student body hears or knows so little as the work the DOME staff puts forth in assembling the year-book. Men who buy the book— and that should include everyone — find pleasure enough in turning the varied pages when the book comes from the press and when later their days at Notre Dame are only a memory. They prize the book as a treasure whose value only they can understand. In the pleasure they find in its pages there is, however, slight room for thoughts of the labor and the time which have been spent in arranging them. The men who contribute these factors are probably not looking for praise. The completed work is its own reward. And yet it is worth considering that they do an amount of work whose size is not easily comprehended.

Organizing the pages of the DOME has occupied its editors for many weeks already, yet the date of publication is by no means near. They are facing work even now for many weeks to come. The headquarters of the staff in the basement of Walsh hall is a hive of industry. Paste-pots and scissors, typewriters and pens are going all the time. It would be unjust not to give credit to the man who labors hardest, to the editor-in-chief. The responsibilities are his. On his shoulders fall a thousand and one details

which cannot be overlooked. His chief qualification for the position he fills is his zest for work, and this year's editor-in-chief has that qualification. When the DOME is ready for distribution, it will be he who will deserve honor for its success. We believe he should receive honor just as those who are responsible for success of other endeavors receive it.

MOLZ.

“Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm,” said Emerson. Enthusiasm connotes the vision to see the goal, confidence in our powers to achieve, the buoyant heart to meet and overcome obstacles.

No task is mean to him who performs the labor his hands find to do with all his might. The head of a great business, when asked the secret of his success, answered: “I always whistled on my way to a job I didn't like. By doing things I hated to do the very best I knew how, I got a chance at better jobs.”

Enthusiasts may err from an excess of zeal, but better so than never to experience the glow and rapture of high consecration to an undertaking we attack joyfully with a determination to put it through.

Believe in something! Do something! Be somebody!

Notre Dame was founded by enthusiasts, and her security and prosperity were won and preserved through the faith of devoted priests and Brothers who passed on the flaming torch from generation to generation.

Every Notre Dame man should be identified with some cause that looks to a more perfect realization of Notre Dame ideals. Notre Dame's best interests are not furthered by vociferous shouting, but by an intelligent, enthusiastic loyalty that translates itself into terms of understanding and service.

Boost; don't knock! Help; don't hinder!

Yesterday I saw a student walk to the middle of a corridor in the Main Building, pick up a piece of paper, and deposit it in the litter-box of a neighboring class-room. He didn't have to do that; it was my business quite as much as his. That lad exemplified the Notre Dame spirit that is always on the job.

In the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem, every man labored "over against his house." In like manner, a Notre Dame student's duty to his university is immediate and personal, and lies at his own door.

Each Notre Dame man must labor for Notre Dame with the enthusiasm he brings to his private affairs. When a student says to himself, "I hold an inalienable partnership in this great university; its prosperity and happiness rest with me," then he has caught the true spirit of Notre Dame. Then, indeed, he is a worthy son of Alma Mater and a contributor to the forces that make for her perpetuity.

JAMES P. COYLE.

In Memoriam.

Arthur Zimmer, Goodland, Indiana, a Freshman Commerce student, died at the St. Joseph Hospital, Friday, February 25, after an attack of pneumonia. He was a very earnest student and a good boy. Since moving to the campus last December he had been a daily communicant. His resignation to death, for which he was so well prepared, was beautiful. A Solemn Requiem High Mass was said in Sacred Heart Church last Monday for the repose of his soul.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GOWNS AND GLORY."

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC:

Dear Sir:—The exercises in Washington Hall were impressive; they were not pompous, but solemn. On glimpsing the men who are about to receive their degrees one could not but help admiring these sons of Notre Dame, who, clad in their caps and gowns, the attire of scholars, formally presented the university with the flag as a symbol of their patriotism.

But I could not help wondering why it is that only twice in his four-year career does a man wear the cap and gown. Why is not the student more familiar with the garb that belongs to him, with the style that is so distinctive of his mental excellencies? Why cannot we establish some custom such as exists at other schools? Say, the upper-classmen would wear the robes to Church on Sunday, and at certain exercises which are formal but not social in their nature?

K. W. K.

A PLEASING VIOLINIST.

Miss Helen Gerrer, violinist, visited Notre Dame Saturday evening and played to a small but distinguished audience. We regret that more students have not bestirred themselves to hear some of the splendid concerts recently given in Washington Hall. They would, for instance, have been pleased by Miss Gerrer's musicianship and her personality. It is true that many of the numbers were unknown to a large part of the audience, but it is only through frequent attendance at these concerts that one can become familiar with such excellent music as Wieniawski's "Romance (D Minor Concerto)" and the "Waltz in A Major" by Brahms-Hochstein, as played by Miss Gerrer.

Concerning Miss Gerrer's playing, what more can be said than that she pleased her hearers? In the "Sonata in A Major" by Handel, she displayed a fineness of interpretation supported by a tone of rich, fine quality, and in Wieniawski's "Mazurka" she showed every virtue of technique essential to a good violinist. It is hoped that Notre Dame will be able to welcome her back in the near future.

N. A. E.

THE ORATORICAL BACON.

For the first time in fifteen years Notre Dame won the Indiana State Oratorical Contest. Raymond Gallagher, Litt. B. '23, who represented this university, took the honors with the speech he delivered here on Washington's Birthday, entitled, "A Century of Isolation." His was not an easy victory, but one that required long preparation and a hard fight; it was the fruit of years of trying. The contest was held at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, on February 23, and the field was composed of the best orators each of the seven colleges entered could produce.



The competing colleges were: Notre Dame, Butler, Earlham, Purdue, Evansville, Franklin and Wabash.

Mr. Gallagher's oration was "considered as one of the best pieces of logic and eloquence ever given at Notre Dame." His text was the Monroe doctrine, and he urged emphatically that we stick to this time-proved defender. He proved his point with numerous examples, showing how the Doctrine had saved us from battles with foreign nations and, what is more, from entangling ourselves in the mesh of European politics.

Much of the credit for the success ought to go directly to the doorstep of professor William Farrell, who has coached Notre Dame representatives—and Mr. Gallagher in particular—during quite a few years. Professor Farrell was present at the victory.

"Mr. Gallagher's oration," says the Crawfordsville *Review* for February 24, "was easily the class of the contest and his powerful delivery echoed into the most remote crevices of the building."

We shall reprint the oration next week.

OUR OWN DRAMATICS.

The magic name of Harold Haynes, erst-

while successor of Delmar Edmondson as Notre Dame's actor, author, and producer, proved sufficiently captivating to draw an appreciable crowd of the artistically inclined to Washington Hall last Tuesday night. The able pen of Mr. Haynes evolved a playlet worthy of the company of Percival Wilde, and after hearing Mr. Haynes and marking his ability we felt amply repaid for postponing our duties and succumbing to the spell of the drama.

"The Crook Complex" was an ingenious battle of wits between the "Gentleman Crook" and his friend, Haywood, of the secret service. Mr. Haynes, as Frank Allan, was as versatile a crook as the fictitious Moriarity. Mr. George E. Farrell, whose past experience on the stage made him the logical man for the part he played, possessed a most delightfully elastic voice, that charmed his audience at once. He was the most finished actor of the group. And though the unfortunate omission of a few final cues made "The Complex" somewhat more complex, the air of mystery and the gun-play were satisfactory.

The second episode, "Brothers," marked the return to our stage of that inimitable combination, Messrs. Lennon and Lightfoot. As two suspicious and self-centered solons of the Michigan jungles, they truly presented a sardonic comedy. Real brothers, Lon and Seth were,—under the skin. Mr. Lightfoot, as always, was worth hearing, while Mr. Lennon's make-up was a marvel of bucolicism. Jack Higgins, as Pa, was well heard, though unseen.

Finally, came another of Wilde's products, "The Finger of God," in which R. Manus Gallagher, of oratorical renown, Ralph Senn, and Lewis Murphy of Linden, Ind., took part. Mr. Gallagher as Strickland gained added fame as a disciple of Booth, and Mr. Senn, as Benson, was just as capable. Youth, as portrayed by Mr. Murphy, could not have been better.

But the man who deserves the greatest praise is Professor Sullivan, who has untiringly devoted himself to coaching his players in the actor's art. No better student of human psychology can be found, none more thoroughly trained in his chosen profession.

Notre Dame is fortunate in having his services, and the enthusiastic applause that was accorded the initial 1923 appearance of the Drama League was indicative of the welcome that will greet the next program to be given, which will include an all-Senior cast in "The Merchant of Venice" and a modern three-act play with the all-stars. ROLWING.

S. A. C. NEWS.

Much has been said in the last five years about the changes in Notre Dame life. To be sure, many have accepted the loss of excellent features of the old Notre Dame, because they believed the loss to be inherent in Notre Dame's transformation. Others, instead of accepting undesirable conditions as being inevitable, have loudly and freely criticised.

It is natural—and perhaps good—that students should complain when conditions fall below their ideals, but it becomes an unhealthy situation when everyone does not give himself as whole-heartedly to the meeting of difficulties in the concrete and to the overcoming of them. It is one thing to see flaws and to suggest remedies; it is another to make the remedies effective. In seeing the flaws and in making the suggestions a man relies on his own faculties, but in having the suggestions carried out, he must depend upon the good disposition of a considerable number.

With these facts in mind, the Committee has decided to consider with many prominent Notre Dame organizations their peculiar needs and prospects, in the hope that by a better intercourse between each separate student organization and the student body as a whole, the general standard of student activities may be improved. Perhaps it is not judicious to conclude that when a group generally wants better expression of its abilities, it can have such improvement; it might be wiser to say that the group can bring about the improvement, if the members put forth their best efforts, and providing their efforts are properly organized.

It is evident that in all activities each man

is giving his best energies. Whatever deficiency exists is, therefore, likely due to the fact that the separate organizations do not derive full student support, because they are not in constant, close touch with the student body.

There is still at Notre Dame the characteristically loyal Notre Dame spirit. The chief aim of the S. A. C. in conferring with the separate student organizations is to find the best means of manifesting that spirit in the different student organizations. Another reason for considering the questions now is that within a short time representatives of the S. A. C. will attend the Mid-West Student Conference, when suggestions will be interchanged among the representatives of different colleges, for the purpose of solving such difficulties. It will be a great help to have our problems well in mind so that inquiries may be made and helpful suggestions noted.

Dr. Frederick Paulding.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Paulding will be at Notre Dame next week for a duet of readings. "This Freedom" features the offerings. The dates are Thursday, March 8, and Friday, March 9, at 1:15. All students of English are to attend, by order of the president.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

The friends of W. E. Bradbury are rejoicing in new honors thrust upon him. It was recently reported even that our Bill was aiding the Klan! He is Commander of the Ernest M. Coulter Post of the American Legion, Robinson, Illinois, and was a factor in the election of Reverend Joseph A. Lonergan, of Durant, as state chaplain at the last convention held at Rockford. He has been seriously considered as a candidate for county judge and also for state's attorney.

Miss Lois Johnson, Ashbury Park, New Jersey, and Gene Gilligan of Newark, were married last week. Gene belonged to the class of 1924.

The best wishes of their many friends are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayes, who were married on February 15. Frank will be remembered as having received his LL. B. in 1914. He is now associated with the city administration of Chicago in a legal capacity.

The Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., sailed for the Mediterranean last Saturday on the steamship *Adriatic*. The list of passengers on the same boat includes Senator Underwood and Mary Garden.

According to the latest reports, Sylvester Steinle is at Concrete, Washington. Concrete is described as "a cement town, one hundred miles north of Seattle."

Bill Neary and Mike Schwarz will leave Baltimore, March 15, on the steamship *Atlantic City* for the Straits Settlements via the Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Honolulu, and the Philippines. They will return by way of the Mediterranean in about six months when they will resume their more or less strenuous duties in New York. They are ostensibly making a tour of investigation for the United States Steel Corporation.

Dutch Bergman, II., who is now coaching the Arizona Aggies, was an official at the recent Illinois track-meet. Tom Shaughnessy officiated at the same event.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

"Knut Rockne" was the name that drew to the K. of C. council chambers last Tuesday evening a monstrous, enthusiastic crowd that cheered and cheered America's greatest coach. Rockne's talk was characteristic. He contrasted the campus unity of the past with the disunity of to-day, which is largely due to the off-campus atmosphere. The main portion of his address he spent in drawing the analogy between a football player and the "seven deadly sins of the game," and the college graduate and the similar difficulties he will have to conquer when he enters the fight out in the world. Nor was Notre

Dame's speaker-Professor-coach without his usual uproarious stories.

The meeting was closed with the serving of sandwiches and coffee, and an impromptu piano recital by Harold Haynes.

Mr. E. C. McClintock, representing a large paving concern of Boston, delivered an interesting lecture before the Engineers in Washington Hall Wednesday afternoon. With the aid of slides he illustrated the advantages of asphaltic concrete over other materials in the building of pavements.

A week or two ago the members of all the branches of engineering held a meeting and organized the Engineers' Club. Its purpose is to provide social activities as well as technical instruction. The officers of the new club are: C. A. Rauh, president; B. F. Meagher, vice-president; Ed. Sullivan, secretary; W. F. Ryan, treasurer; Leo Mixson, sergeant-at-arms.

At a second meeting a constitution was adopted, and plans were formulated for a smoker and general get-together meeting in the near future.

Those mighty laborers, the Boosters, had proved to them last Monday that "everything comes to him who waits." After a fervid address by the chairman of the Boosters, Henry Barnhart, John Cavanaugh presented the members with a smart watch-charm on behalf of the S. A. C. and the student body.

At the meeting Fr. Hugh O'Donnell appealed for the help of the Boosters in curbing what he termed "the growing spirit of commercialism" which has been slowly but steadily creeping into the ranks of the students. His words were strong and direct, and they produced a strong and direct effect. The evil he pointed out is only too evident, and while it cannot be totally eradicated until all but a few men are once more living on the campus, still a student opinion which realizes that it is an evil will do much to stop its growth until that time.

The Toledo Club raised itself to a perilous height when it announced that its Easter

dance would be formal—and lo, it found the group up there so icy that it slipped back. The dance will be informal, and will be held at the Salesian Club on Tuesday evening, April 3.

The Glee Club, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, will sing in the Coliseum for the benefit of all the school children of the city that afternoon. In the evening they will give a concert in Moose Hall, and then the members will be the guests of the Toledo Club at their dance, for which the Music Masters will furnish the harmony. It is to be regretted that the Coliseum, which is one of the finest halls you could find in any town, could not be procured for the festivities.

During the week the Indianapolis Club distinguished itself by holding a meeting at which there was no threatened warfare. Such an unusual state of affairs may have been due to the rotund imperturbability of President Bob Rink, who is succeeding very well in living up to his election platform of "Hot, But Harmonious." The club, at this meeting, decided to hold an Easter dance on April 3rd, and elected a dance committee consisting of Rink, Fogarty, Harmon, McCarthy and Sexton.

On Friday evening, Feb. 23, the Forum held its semi-annual election of officers. Joseph Burke, the energetic upholder of the Forum's literary traditions, was elected to the presidency. In appreciation of his untiring efforts as president during the first term, Lyle Miller was made vice-president. Charles Sollo, whose efforts toward securing interesting programs have been unceasing, was selected as secretary. Dan Sammon was given the duties of publicity agent.

The Forum offers something that is extended by no other organization on the campus—the opportunity for the aspiring and earnest speaker to get his preliminary training. Those men who have undeveloped or even partly developed talent for speaking, and have the foresight to look to the future, should join the Forum now.

At the next regular meeting, on Tuesday,

March 6, the following proposition will be debated by John Sheehan and Jack Scallan (affirmative) and Maurice Coughlin and John Gallagher (negative): "Resolved, that the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence river project will be beneficial to the United States." Such illustrious names should draw all of the old and lots of new members.

The Mining Engineering Club held its regular meeting Tuesday night. Professor Northcott, of the electrical department, gave a short lecture on the principles of the Radio. The meeting was concluded with a Radio concert which was enjoyed by the large number present.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Students and instructors in Notre Dame University are invited to participate in the Students' Tours which have been organized for the coming summer under the general auspices of the Institute of International Education: Art Students' Tour. Students' Tour to France, under the special auspices of Federation de l'Alliance Francaise. Students' Tour to Italy, under the special auspices of The Italy-America Society.

The International Students' Tours have been established as a non-commercial undertaking for the purpose of enabling American college students and instructors to travel in foreign countries at minimum cost, under dignified auspices, and under conditions which permit a close contact with the people and institutions of the countries visited. They represent merely a new application of the program which the Institute of International Education has been carrying out for many years in the direction of a closer international understanding through educational opportunities—a program which in the past has been characterized by such activities as international exchange professorships and scholarships, the exchange of scholarly periodicals, and the promotion of the study of international problems.

For information address: The Institute of International Education, 419 West 117th Street, New York City.

FOUND—An overcoat belt at the DePauw game. Apply at Brownson.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

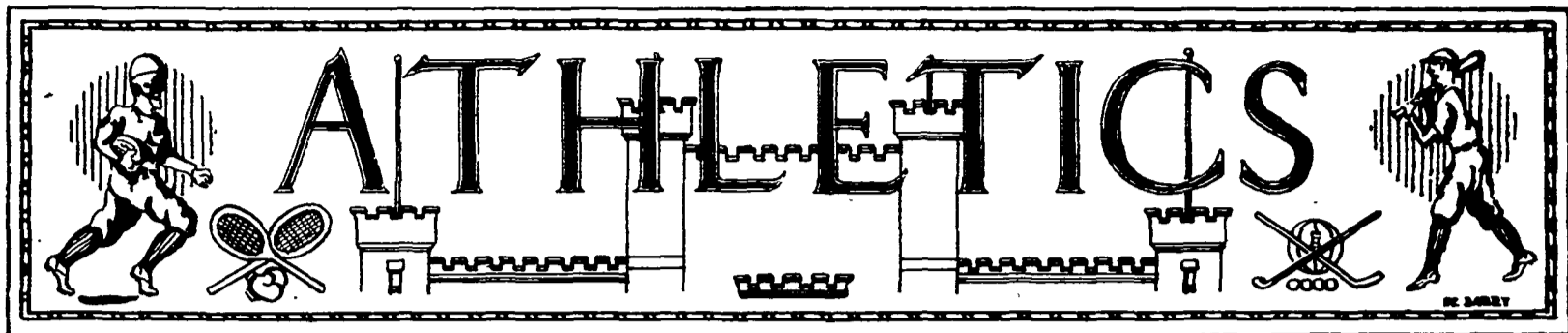
For honest reading we recommend the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has more than its quota of good essays and contemporary reviews. "A Woman's Laugh and a Singed Cat," by Edward W. Bok, for many years editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is one of a series of articles about Cyrus H. K. Curtis and his publishing experience. Bok brings to these narratives the same entertaining style that has made his "Americanization of Edward Bok" so popular. S. J. Whitmore writes "Tusitala," which contains memories of Robert Louis Stevenson and his Samoan life. "Poetry Considered," a two-page symposium by Carl Sandburg, is an attempt to express figuratively the definition of poetry. Looking back over two years of the Harding administration, William Bennett Munro of Harvard writes an estimate entitled "Two Years of President Harding." Then, among the more important contributions, there is last and best, "The Anglo-Saxon and the Catholic Church" by Hilaire Belloc. Writing from the viewpoint of the Catholic, Belloc analyzes the relation of England and the Englishman to the Church. The article is timely, interesting, and certainly authoritative.

Almost everyone knows that Belloc is now in America traveling the lecture circuit, delivering a militant Bellocian message. We envy those who are able to hear him. Belloc is, to recall what everyone knows, one of England's foremost essayists and historians. Born of French extraction, he has brought into English letters a peculiar vigor of his own, and travel and study have given him a keen perspective of life and history. His essays possess a beauty that is a combination of charming style and convincing thought. His works, to mention only a few, include "On Nothing," "On Everything," "On Something," "The Path to Rome," "Hills and the Sea," "First and Last," "Caliban's Guide to Letters," "Europe and the Faith," "The French Revolution," "The Four Men," "Marie Antoinette," and "Danton." He has also published several books of fiction and a volume of poems or two. Of all his books, we are partial most to "The Path to Rome" and "The Four Men." As a historian, Belloc deserves merit for his ability to marshal not half-facts, but truth, and to understand historical relations. As a militant writer, he can, given a thesis, build logical arguments better than anyone we have ever read.

Speaking of Belloc reminds us that a couple of months ago, we saw in a Chicago book-shop a copy of "Caliban's Guide to Letters." The book was a second-hand one and ordinarily might have sold for about seventy-five cents. But because it was a first edition, it was marked up to five dollars—so we

didn't buy it. The traffic in first editions has become quite an industry during the last couple of years, and it is responsible for the high prices that first editions of any kind bring. In fact, the growth has given a great impetus to the practice of publishers' indicating first editions on the title pages of new books. Some publishers, Knopf, for instance, have gone so far as to issue special first editions for the benefit of first-edition speculators. In the larger cities one can find book-stores that deal in nothing but first editions and nowadays almost all book-shops have a few shelves on which these books are arrayed. It has become the hobby of many to search the racks and bargain counters for initial printings that book stores are unwittingly passing off. By this time, however, book-sellers scrutinize their stocks very carefully for first-edition treasures, even though not all the books offered in first editions are worth high prices. Buying any first edition is only a form of speculation plus bibliomania. First printings of Thackeray, Dickens, Lamb, Stevenson, or any other master are, of course, worth to-day untold sums. But where to-day have we any authors whose works will years hence be valued as theirs are.

From New York comes the news that *Harpers Weekly*, in former days an important journal of literature and opinion, is to be revived. . . . June 19 will be the ter-centenary of Blaise Pascal's birth, and June 11 may be remembered as the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Ben Johnson's birth. . . . Sooner or later the fiction writers will be flooding us with Egyptian stories about old King Tut. . . . Between a visit to Father Crumley's philosophy classes and trips to the golf links, we expect soon to see the golfers devouring "The Psychology of Golf" by Leslie Schon. . . . Reading "The Judge" by Rebecca West we came to the conclusion that not all the unpalatable literature is being written in America. . . . Unless someone minds, we'll remark that next week is Religious Book Week—for the publishers. . . . "The Significance of the Fine Arts" is a new book on the arts, containing in all ten essays by such men as Lorado Taft, Frederick Law Olmsted, Ralph Adams Cram and Edward H. Bennett. . . . Among the new books we note "A Study of American Intelligence." And sometimes you'd never know it. . . . In the East the "Shelfless Library" idea has gained many followers. The "Shelfless Library" is the chain letter system applied to reading books. When you have finished reading a new book which you have bought you put a sticker into it which pledges the party to whom it is given to read it and pass it on. So the book is always in new company. And the plan is said to work. . . . This should be more satisfactory than simply lending a book to some of the folks we know. Once one lends them a book one never sees it again. . . . But if someone insists on keeping one of your most treasured books, what can you do about it? We'll bite, what can you?



AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH THE HOCKEY TEAM.

The Hockey team, the unbaptized infant of Notre Dame's athletic family, wandered out of our front yard a short while ago for a diminutive sight-seeing tour of the near Northwest. So modest is its nature and so myopic our vision, that before we were aware of its departure, it returned covered with blood and gore, one of its hands dragging four worthy scalps, and the other hand soothing two minor wounds of the kind which all who fight must feel. It seems as if the prodigy stopped off at a city called Minneapolis, on Monday, February 12, and provoked a losing fight with St. Thomas. Despite the clever playing of Captain Wilcox and Paul Castner, the star actions of Houle and Conroy, of St. Thomas, resulted in a two-to-one defeat for our unrecognized standard-bearers. The following evening the child was embraced by Castner's home town, St. Paul, and inspired by the sympathy of the home-town folk, Paul registered much knowledge of puck-pushing, succeeding in defeating Ramsey Tech by a score of four to one, Castner making three of the decorations, and a Mr. Lebell one. Two evenings later, on February 15, the fireside fans of Houghton, Michigan, suffered the sight of seeing the Michigan College of Mines, legitimate gold-diggers, beaten by a score of five to two, Castner playing a wonderful offense, with Flinn, Lebell, and Wilcox playing conspicuously. On the second night in Houghton, the Gaelic coterie decided that a five-to-one score would be about right as a conclusion to their vanquishing week-end at the College of Mines, and with Captain Wilcox and Neil Flinn playing a wonderful defense for Notre Dame, breaking up rush after rush by the miners, the dream was realized.

After this two-day layover, Notre Dame's silver-winged Hermes, flew into the camp of

the University of Michigan, and in a fast contest there on Thursday night, February 22, defeated the strong Michigan sextet, five to one, making the second defeat that Notre Dame has allotted to the Wolverines this year. As in the other games, Castner played his usual whirlwind style, chalking up four of the five goals, with Flinn claiming the other. Beresford and MacDuff, of Michigan, the cleverest skaters of the Wolverines, were unable to prevent the onslaught.

Friday afternoon, in a fast and exciting game, Notre Dame lost to Assumption College at Detroit. The score was six to three. Father Spratt, director of athletics, played center for Assumption, starring as he went through the Notre Dame defense time and time again, but the goal-tending of Lieb stopping him at two goals. Castner starred for Notre Dame, scoring all three goals, one in each period, rivalling for honors. Notre Dame was weakened after her hard game at Michigan, a night before, and had some difficulty with the light, fast, opposing team. Flowry, 16-year-old goal-tender for Assumption, saved his team from defeat by his spectacular stops. Captain Wilcox, as usual, was a pillar of strength on defense.

After this Napoleonic itinerary, the tramps came home to their welcoming household, only to engage in another battle last Saturday afternoon, February 23. The sacrificial lamb this time was St. Thomas, who a week or so before defeated us, two to one. Lieb, McSorley, Castner, in fact, every member of Notre Dame's aggregation played stellar hockey, with a resulting defeat of St. Thomas, to the tune of a two-to-one score, Neil Flinn, winning one point, and Castner the other.

The conclusion that we would like to have drawn, from observance of what the hockey team is doing, and from what it has done,

is the reflection that it is about time for someone to remove the hockey team from its swaddling clothes, and to protect it from the wintry blasts with a few monogram sweaters. The team certainly deserves them, for if hockey players are not athletes, if they are not athletes who make glory for Notre Dame, then monograms have no meaning whatsoever. Saturday the team goes to Wisconsin to strut its stuff there, and if it doesn't return once more a victor we agree to forfeit our claims to prophetic ability.

C. WARD.

THE NEXT WEEK.

FRANK WALLACE.

The coming week will mark the close of the Notre Dame basketball season with a single game at Crawfordsville Monday night. Spring football practice will begin the same day. The track squad will conclude the indoor season with a dual meet with Wisconsin on Saturday at Madison.

Noble Kizer, big star of the Irish quintet, is now in a hospital suffering with tonsillitis and will hardly be able to compete against Wabash in the final. His work at running guard has featured the team play throughout the season and his absence will be severely felt in the Crawfordsville contest.

The Wabash game will close an indifferent season which was particularly unusual in its last days. Four of the last five games were decided by one-point margins and three of the four were won in the final 30 seconds. Kizer victimized Kalamazoo in one of these battles, but Depauw and Michigan Aggies snapped victory from the Irish in the closing seconds. The last four games of the season were lost after the Halas team had started the second half with a fair lead.

Spring football will begin Monday if weather conditions permit and will continue until March 24, the Saturday which precedes the spring vacation period. Interest in the grid sport has never abated and the tough schedule which includes Princeton, Army, Georgia Tech, Nebraska and Carnegie is expected to attract the greatest flock of candidates in grid history at the school when the call is made.

Strengthened by Capt. Gus Desch and Montague, who were out of the Illinois meet which the Irish threatened to win, the cinder squad will go to Madison for a dual meet with Wisconsin next Saturday. The visitors have taken the indoor meetings for the last two years, but the Irish will present a well-rounded squad that will keep the Cardinal moving this season.

THE INTER-HALL MEET.

FRANK WALLACE.

Following little Johnny Johnson, who scored 15 1-2 points and was high point man of the day, Brownson Hall won the indoor inter-hall track championship of Notre Dame in easy fashion Thursday afternoon by scoring 45 points. Sorin sprung a big surprise by taking second place—due largely to the work of McTiernan, who tallied 11 3-4 points in four events. The final scores were: Brownson, 45; Sorin, 25; Freshmen, 24; Carroll, 13; Walsh, 11 1-2; Day, 10 1-2; Corby, 10; Badin, 3.

Johnson's point total was due to victories in the low and high hurdles, second place in the broad jump, a tie for second in the high jump and fourth place in the 40-yard dash. The splendid little athlete who has been starring in inter-hall meets since his prep days, was followed in the scoring by another old prep teammate, McTiernan, who finished a day's work just a shade lighter than Johnson's by winning the quarter mile, taking second in the 40-yard dash and 220-yard dash, and running a great race as anchor man in the relay. McTiernan scored nearly half of his team's points.

Crowe followed McTiernan in the point total with ten counters collecting by winning the 40-yard dash and 220-yard dash, nosing out McTiernan in both races. The pair shot down the lanes in the short race to the tape where Crowe won by inches. In the 220 Crowe got the jump at the turn and kept a three-yard lead all the way. McTiernan won the quarter-mile in unusually good time of :53 4-5.

Bidwell took the mile in easy fashion after Forhan had paced the pack for the first half. Bidwell also scored second place in the half-

mile and was fourth high point man of the meet. Conlin, who won the half, outclassed his field from the first gun and was traveling for an inter-hall record, but failed. He has the appearance of a good middle-distance man.

Gerry Hagan, cross-country runner, bossed the two-mile with no noticeable competition and came home in easy fashion. Keatts, after trailing in the first mile, picked up speed in the second, and finished strong in second place. Danny Culhane, old varsity warhorse, brought Sorin home in second place by finishing with a powerful kick on his last lap and took third place. Genesse and Mahan tied at the finish for fourth place—an unusual occurrence in a two-mile run.

Kennedy, brother of the varsity mile star, scored 7 points for the Day Dogs, and was fifth high-point man of the meet. Ross of Carroll placed second in both hurdles and finished as sixth high-point man. Milbauer kept Corby, winner of the indoor and outdoor championship last year, out of last place by winning the shot-put. Badin trailed with three points, Rigney being the only Badin man to place in the meet.

Summary:

40-YARD DASH. TIME, .04 4 5.

1, Crowe (Br.); 2, McTiernan (S.); 3, Brown (Br.); 4, Johnson (Br.)

220-YARD DASH. TIME, :24 3-5.

1, Crowe, (Br.); 2, McTiernan, (S.); 3, Madigan (Br.); 4, Burns (Fr.)

440-YARD RUN. TIME, :53 4-5.

1, McTiernan (S.); 2, Kreiger (Br.), Wagner (Fr.), tied; 3, Monagan (Car.)

880-YARD RUN. TIME, 2:07 3-5.

1, Conlin (Fr.); 2, Bidwell (W.); 3, Kennedy (D.); 4, Rohrbach (S.)

MILE RUN. TIME, 4:45 7 1-0.

1, Bidwell (W.); 2, Sheehan (Corby); 3, Cooper (W.); 4, Forhan (Car.)

TWO-MILE RUN. TIME, 11:06.

1, Hagan (S.); 2, Keatts (Br.); 3, Culhane (S.); 4, Genesse (W.), Mahan (Br.), tied.

40-YARD LOW HURDLES. TIME, :05 2-5.

1, Johnson (Br.); 2, Ross (Car.); 3, Ziliak (Car.); 4, Stuhldreher.

40-YARD HIGH HURDLES. TIME, :05 4-5.

1, Johnson (Br.); 2, Ross (Car.); 3, Stuhldreher (S.); Gebhardt (Car.)

SHOT-PUT. DISTANCE, 38 FEET., 1 INCH.

1, Milbauer (Corby); 2, Rigney (Badin); 3, Eason (Fr.); 4, Blum (Br.)

BROAD JUMP. DISTANCE, 20 FT., 6 IN.

1, Knaus (Fr.); 2, Johnson (Br.); 3, Finch (Car.); 4, McNulty (W.)

HIGH JUMP. HEIGHT, 5 FT., 4 IN.

1, Kennedy (D.); 2, Horan (D.); 3, Johnson (Br.); 4, Brown (Br.); 5, Coney (Fr.)

POLE VAULT. HEIGHT, 10 FT., 6 IN.

1, Coney (Fr.); 2, Harrington (Br.), Ward (D.), Veal (Corby).

½-MILE RELAY. TIME, 2:20 3-5.

1, Brownson; 2, Sorin; 3, Freshmen.

Brownson Team—Kneider, Madigan, Brown, Kreiger.

The Miners were just "too much dynamite," in the ratio of 20 to 12 for the Chemists Sunday morning, the 18th, in the Carroll Hall gym. Barr of the Miners, and Miller and Kizer of the Chemists were the stars of the stars of the game. As a result of the battle, Chemistry Hall shall henceforth be known as Mining Hall.

Lineup:

Miners—Forwards, Barr, Paulissen, Sweeney; center, Sheehan; guards, Sullivan, Piecarsky, Parnell.

Chemists—Forwards, Ault, Miller, Robrecht; center, Rauh, Harrington; guards; Kizer, Nolan.

Barr and Sheehan piled up a score of 18 while Sullivan held the Civils to 12 last Sunday in the big gym. O'Toole and Bach played fine basketball for the Surveyors. It is rumored that the Civils and Chemists will clash next Sunday to determine which team ranks second in the Big Three.

Line-up:

Miners—Forwards, Barr, Paulissen, Sweeney; center, Sheehan; guards, Sullivan, Piecarsky.

Civils—Forwards, O'Toole, Cantwell, Lang; center, Kisting; guards, Bach, Desmond, Maturi.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

ATHLETES WIN THE LAURELS.

Many are of the opinion that athletes always have a lower scholastic average than the regular students who do not participate in college sports. After the mid-year grades had been filed at Northwestern University, it was discovered that just the opposite is true. The general average for all students was 1.2 while the football and basketball men showed an average of 2.02. What is the proper explanation of this? We think the co-eds must be given credit for it. They idolize the athletes (as all athletes are idolized) and chase after them, refusing any attention from the ordinary eds. The athletes realize that if they are to keep themselves in demand, they must refrain from having too many dates, and consequently devote a considerable amount of time to study; while the other eds become jealous of the athletes, and spend most of their study time planning and scheming to "slip in" a date.

From Bud Fisher we turn to the famous Andy Gump cartoonist, Sidney Smith. In one of his Sunday comic strips not long ago a Purdue pennant was drawn tacked on the wall in the Gumps' home. Some of those who observed it wondered just why he chose a Purdue pennant in his illustration, and took it upon themselves to investigate. It was simple. Sidney claims Purdue as his Alma Mater, having graduated in the class of '95. And of course, what holds true for Sidney holds true for Andy. Oh Min! how about it?

NOW WHAT WILL THE GOOFS DO?

A compromise has been drawn up at Oklahoma University between the eds and co-eds, by which each agrees to swear off of "blind dates." The men are determined that no longer may the wily hostess entertain her vacant-lot visitor by trotting out the best talent of the university to be bored by her, while the women refuse to take a chance on being stuck with a goofy partner who has been represented as a "twin brother" or "best chum." We never could see these blind dates, anyhow!

COLLEGE STUDENTS AS LION TAMERS.

Bud Fisher, the Mutt and Jeff cartoonist, started something when he introduced the International Order of Lion Tamers to the public. A number of universities have adopted chapters since. There is one at Indiana University, recently having been organized by a group of students who are taking active part in campus activities. The purpose of the organization to promote better friendship and scholarship, and to establish a closer friendship and contact between students and faculty members. The

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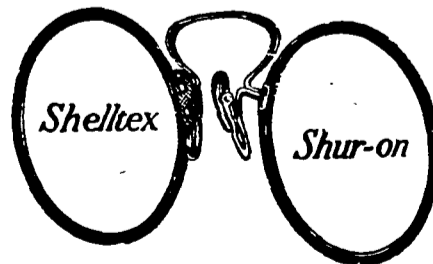
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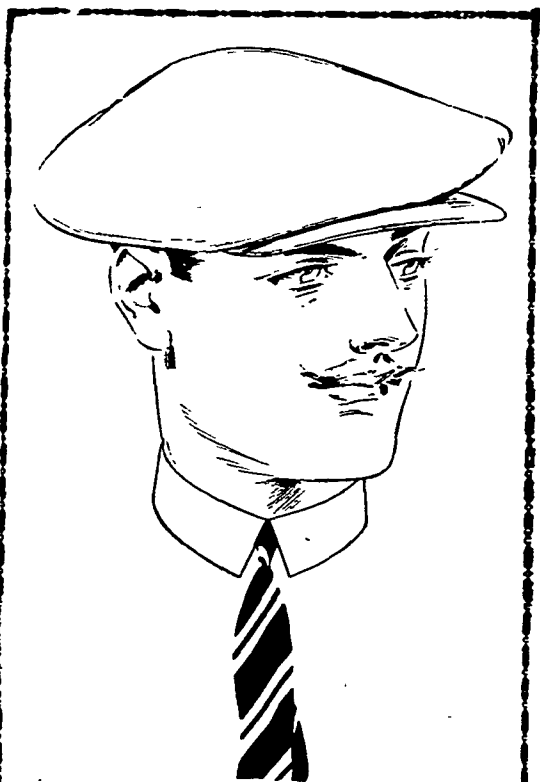
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various officers are: the Big Cheese, the Whole Cheese, the Cream Cheese and the Limburger Cheese. Meetings are said to be held in a downtown delicatessen store, where pimento sandwiches are served. We know very little else about them, but if the Indiana fellows have to discard as many flasks after a meeting as Mutt and Jeff do, we are certain that they promote better friendship, and establish a closer contact with the faculty members.

Headline in a college paper: "Thirteen are initiated into Greek Society." What is meant here by initiate,—eating in "Greasy Spoon" restaurants or having shoes shined in a first-class boot-black parlor, or both?

SATISFIED WITH THAT SATISFACTION.

The eds and co-eds at Wisconsin University debated the question, "Which sex was the more superior on the campus,"—and naturally the eds lost. But those eds should not become too easily discouraged with a defeat that is usually inevitable where there is female opposition. They should continue debating. We say this because we observe from statistics compiled at Wabash University that most of the successful college orators have become great public leaders,—and surely, at some time or another, they, too, had to yield to the arguments of the opposite sex. Even if their oratorical experiences do not benefit them greatly, in after life when they are married, they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing what they would have said to their wives, and how they would have said it if they had the opportunity.

SHOULD TAKE FINGER PRINTS, TOO!

Nearly every day, the Juniors here at Notre Dame post some new bulletin relative to the Prom. Their dance is the next "real" affair on the social schedule, and most naturally they are laboring earnestly to make it the best ever. And so are the Juniors in other universities where the Prom is the coming event. At Ohio State great precautions are being taken in hopes of defeating any scalpers, promoters or counterfeiters that may be active on the campus. The original ticket, which is of white pasteboard, must be exchanged before the dance for a blue ticket with the signature of the chairman of the Prom committee, and a number. The holder at the time of exchange signs a slip to the effect that he has received the official duplicate. The latter signature is compared with the one he is required to make at the door the eve of the Prom. And at Illinois, students attending the Prom will be required to give the committee a photograph when purchasing a ticket. On the night of the dance, presenters of admittance slips will be compared with their photos, and refused admittance if the resemblance is not noticeable. It is similar to the Rogues' Gallery method used in our penitentiaries,—the formality of dress, of course, will be different.

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