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EASTER-TIDE

VINCENT ENGELS.

ONLY a few days now, and Notre Dame will be left to the company of wind and rain, and a few mortals, wiser than they know. For when the tumult and bustle has faded, and all is strangely peaceful, the spirit of the old school will shake off its lethargy, draw its rested muscles together, and, trim and fresh, be ready to meet the spring. It may be that the spring will miss the rendezvous, but what of that? Cold or warm, snow or sun, there shall be no mistaking the new and happy atmosphere that, in a week, will radiate from every nook and gable, from every lofty turret, about the place. For there must always be a splendid feast before the wedding, and if the bride be late—n'importe—we shall prolong the merrymaking—so much the better!

There is a certain secret and elusive air that envelopes and permeates each great feast day, and that mystery is peculiarly its own. Whether it is the atmosphere that makes the day, or the day the atmosphere, we do not know, or care; it is enough to recognize their intimate union. We are glad to have lilies at Easter-time, but we know that they are not essential to the Easter feeling. Thus I have seen lilies banked high and thickly about the Christmas altar; nevertheless, the general hint and spirit about the church, intangible but unmistakable, was such that no colossal failure of the memory, or trick of the imagination, could the season of the year have been fancied as any other than the Yule! And the spirit of Easter is just as distinctively its own, a budding freshness, a wakening vitality, a growing confidence and power, a suggestion of beauty—all these coming suddenly out of the

dim, grey, almost lifeless, late winter, like, and often with the first warm blowing of the South.

It is true that our Lord chose the spring in which to be crucified; but it is just as true, and more significant, that He arose three days later; the first sign of a spring which should not yield until the sounding of the last Judgment call. So behind this Easter some twenty centuries, is that tradition, grown more influential and expansive with each succeeding year. And intermingled are the traditions of other Easters that should have been sad, because they came when men were hot for the blood of their fellows, and trusted kings were doing shameful wrong, and there was much leaving of the plow for the sword, and little returning, even on a shield. But they were not sad, because the spirit of Easter is simply Joy, and so powerful it is that no hatred can touch it, no disaster wipe it away. But the hatred is softened, and hope rises from the disaster—the eternal resurrection!

Now, because of this, it is only logical that the calendar year should begin on Easter Sunday, when Nature leaps from broken cycle into one new and untried. Then all things outworn are ended—the snow, the cold, the slush—but all things good continue—the earth, the trees, the sky, only made more acceptable and pleasant by the laughing spirit of the season.

And just in this period between the snow and the violet, while the earth is lying bare and waiting for the caress of the sun, and all the air is thrilling with the intimation of coming things, the passion of the wanderlust fills the pulse and floods the veins; desire of far-off vistas that remain ever distant and ever green—a wistful, never-ending mirage! Then it is that we would live the boisterous days of the Spanish Main, search for the lost mines of Solomon, or follow the tortuous

course of some wild northern river through lands untraced by man. But sometimes, too, the distant fields lead home, and we gaze away to the curved horizon, where the soft haze clings and shifts above the path we must follow, peaceful, lovely, alluring.

MY REBELLIOUS REFLECTION.

JAMES F. HAYES.

I have just had a most extraordinary experience! My thoughts upon the subject are rushing tumultuously through my brain to find expression, but I must first explain that I am in possession of all my sense, never having bumped myself into danger of a permanent injury to the brain, though I suffered many falls when a child. I make this explanation in order that you will not be prejudiced against my experience.

To begin with, in my home I have, in addition to the usual number of small mirrors, a beautiful full-length relic of the days when people used to admire themselves from the top of the head to the sole of the boot. I was preparing to go out. As I stood in front of my full-length relic, full of good cheer, preening myself and dusting imaginary bits of thread from my clothes, my thoughts were far from anything out of the ordinary, unless it be that I anticipated another glass of an inspiring liquor sent to me by a friend. That might be considered uncommon in these parched days. Imagine my amazement and consternation, when upon stooping over to dust a speck of dirt from my otherwise spotless shoes, I discovered that my reflection in the mirror remained upright! My thoughts instantly reverted to my friend and his bottle of wine. I dismissed the idea and straightened to my full height. Looking my reflection in the face, I was surprised to see that he was smiling. Now, under the circumstances, smiling was farthest from my mind. Ordinarily I am not sure just what I would have done, but, as I have said, for this evening, at least, I was full of good cheer, and the disturbing revelation of finding that my reflection did not act as all good reflections should, did not therefore affect me as much as it would have otherwise.

To test the credibility of my eyes (for it

dawned upon me that I might be smiling after all, and not be conscious of it, though I doubted such tremendous strength in my friend's vintage), I put my hand to my face and pulled down the corners of my mouth so that there could be no doubt as to my expression. A dyspeptic Puritan would have been a cheerful and pleasant individual compared with me at that moment. My reflection failed to follow my facial contortions. He continued smiling, pityingly, I now thought, and with just a trace of sarcasm, as though gently amused at my amazement. My eyes glanced over his entire figure, and not realizing the compliment I paid myself, I remarked mentally upon the neatness of his attire. I focused my eyes as nearly as I could upon his, and searched my brain for what might be considered the proper mode of speech in addressing him. Never in all my life had I ever come across in any book of etiquette, instructions regarding this phase of deportment. I thought, however, that considering the close companionship existing between us, it would only be proper to salute him affectionately. This I did, adding to my affection a trace of joviality which, under the circumstances, I do not think was unseemly.

"Shade!" I exclaimed, and then stopped, for the word sounded not unlike one uttered by a man who was under the influence of an intoxicant. I essayed another start. "Reflection! Quo Vadis! or words to that effect! Have you no sense of propriety? Are you a radical reflection, who, like myself, sometimes feels an impulse to rebel against the conventional? Answer me, and speak hurriedly, for I must be getting on."

This last I added as an afterthought, for it dawned upon me that I had an engagement and already the time was growing late.

"You'll be 'getting on' without me, if you are in a hurry!" growled the man in the mirror, a frown replacing his smile.

Though the situation and the circumstances could not lead me to think otherwise, nevertheless I was surprised and startled to find that speech was within the power of my image. I noticed also that his speech was of the peculiar intonation characteristic of my own. For a moment I considered his answer, and then realizing the possibilities of embar-

rassment for a man without a reflection (for how could I ever know if my tie was fastened correctly, or that my hat was at the proper angle), I submitted to his will.

"Your ultimatum, old shade, leaves me but one course to follow. I await your pleasure." And I pulled up a chair and seated myself comfortably in it. He remained standing for a minute until I invited him to be seated. "Thank you kindly," he replied, and from somewhere in space produced an exact replica of the chair I was sitting on, seated himself, and crossed his legs in exactly the same position as my own.

For a few seconds I was at a loss just what to say, but my eyes wandering around the room, lighted upon the bottle of liquor, and it flashed upon me that here would be a good chance to test the powers of my friend. "Will you have a drink, sir?" I asked, reaching out to the table and securing the tray containing the bottle and glasses, "It is really good stuff, and—" "Thank you," broke in my reflection with a smile, sorrowful and appreciative, "I never touch it. You see, we have perpetual prohibition over here."

Instantly my heart was moved with pity for my poor old image. Pouring a small glass for myself, I drank it and watched to see the effect it would have upon my observer. A slight smacking of the lips, and a pressure of the hands to the stomach was the only result. Still holding the bottle and glass I continued: "Really, you know, while you have been one of my closest friends, I have never had the pleasure of making your acquaintance before. Permit me to introduce myself." I rose to my feet, bowed solemnly and in the conventional form made myself known to him. I had no sooner reseated myself than my double, rising, gracefully acknowledged my introduction and presented himself. "I am your reflection," said he, "and I have travelled quite as much as yourself, though in a different sphere. I am also a second cousin to 'Alice' who in her wonderful trip through the looking-glass stayed at our house for some time."

Conversation continued for the better part of an hour, augmented on my part by frequent applications of the bottle, and upon my friend's part, I presume, by the fact that it

might be some time again before he would find an opportunity for discourse. He was really an intellectual chap, and in this respect far outshone his master. Perhaps (pardon the pun) in his own sphere he has more time to reflect. Consider for a moment. Have you ever gone anywhere that your reflection or shadow did not accompany you? He is never napping. Any hour of the day or night he is ready to greet you. Imagine what a triumph it would be to creep up before a mirror late some night and find your reflection missing! But it has never happened to me—he is always on the job. I digress though—my own reflection was acquainted with everything—"The Gumps," "The Cosmic Urge," "Coueism," nothing seemed too new for him. Never did I feel more like conversing than I did then, and my tongue rattled along at a great rate. The liquor was beginning to take effect and my own spirits were rising in direct proportion to the decrease of those in the bottle.

It was now much past the time of my engagement and I suggested to my reflection that he accompany me upon the trip. He replied "No," and further stated that he had no intention of going out that night, that he would much rather sit right there in the arm chair than go galavanting around all over the city, appearing in shop windows and in the mirrors of chewing-gum machines, to say nothing of having to soil himself by acting his part in any chance puddles we might meet.

As I think of it now, I can't help believing that he was right in his demands. But at the time I was angry. Why should I, an intelligent, able-bodied American citizen, be tyrannized over by a reflection whose very existence depended upon me? I repeat, I was angered, and the spirits which a moment before had been so high, dropped, and rose again, but in a different mood. I would show this paltry fellow! I felt that my face was red, and that my eyes were blazing with anger. My reflection appeared cool and calm. He evidently thought I was in his power and that my manifestations of rage were directed not at him, but at the fact that I must forego my engagement. Well, we shall see! The ire of my forefathers was aroused, and raising

the empty bottle in my hand, I thundered at my insolent reflection. "Sir, I have tolerated your display of arrogance long enough! I will not say I have not enjoyed your company, for I have, but here it must cease. Assume your proper position towards me, or by the 'pink-toed prophets of Israel' I'll smash you to smithereens!" and brandishing the empty bottle aloft, I made a gesture as though to hurl it through the mirror.

The transformation was complete. He turned a sickly pale, sagged in his chair, and I could see the beads of perspiration forming upon his glassy forehead. "Don't!" he exclaimed, "Don't do that!" and falling to his knees he besought me to spare him, promising to return to his proper sphere and to bother me no more.

"Very well," I said, "but I assure you if it happens again, I will have no mercy on you, even though I must go through life unaccompanied by shadow or reflection."

With this last I turned to place the bottle on the table and when I had done so, and turned again to the mirror, I beheld my own self once more, following my every action, and indicating to the smallest degree my every facial movement. Well satisfied with the encounter I took up my hat and coat and left to keep my appointment and noted that there was no trace of dissatisfaction upon the face of my reflection at this display of victory.

CHEAP FICTION.

DENNIS J. O'NEIL.

In the literary firmament we find no fixed stars, in the serene depths of the skies no orb to catch the fancy. Occasionally a properly "press-agented" comet blazes its way across the horizon, but soon disappears in the steady glow of the old stars—"native to the realm."

Like the Gypsies of yesterday, the authors of to-day peddle their baubles of tinsel and tell fortunes by the moon. Intellectual nomads, who in their search for romance, roam the highways of Philosophy, calling each new field an Elysium, yet finding none worthy of a home. Around the head of a man with the character of a Bowery bar-

tender, of the old school, they wrap a Turkish towel, call him a shiek, and give him his choice of the marriageable women of England. Romance they call it, romance that like a soap-bubble, breaks when most beautiful and scatters prosaic soap-suds in the eyes of the watcher.

In the inevitable evolution of things we find cheap fiction torn from its natural environment, of yellow paper and paper covers, resurrected from its cache in the wood-shed, where its devotees of a generation ago smuggled well-worn copies, and find it supplanting the traditional "family album" on the traditional "library table." This same evolution is apparent in all modern art. Compare the modern movie palaces with the Parthenon; both are perhaps beautiful, but the former with a drunk and dishevelled sort of beauty—like Beauty returning from a masked ball.

One of the "comets" that made its debut during the last couple of years, that is scheduled for an occasional reappearance is "If Winter Comes." As such it is an astronomical oddity and deserves special mention. When the cycle is completed, and men have again felt the sweat of war on their brows, they will need something cheerless like this to cheer them up and Heywood Broun's successor will quote Heywood Broun's comment on it and "If Winter Comes" will again come to the rescue of a disheartened race.

The big indictment against modern books is, that they require too many stimulants to keep them alive. Like Gilbert Parker's excellent hero, "Beauty" Steele, in "The Right of Way," when properly stimulated he was a very successful pleader but was absolutely no good without the stimulus.

The opinion of Mark Twain on talking about the weather is well known, and if Mark had it to say now he would probably revise it something like this applicable to press agents, "Everybody talks about them but nobody seems to do much about them." Ever since P. T. Barnum spun the yarn about the love affair in his circus between the "Human Skeleton" and the "Fat Woman," to the cub reporter, press agents have flourished. P. T. is dead and cannot retract the story now, so press agents will doubtlessly flourish ad infinitum.



Courtesy of the 1923 Dome.

A PLEA TO DIVORCE DIVORCE.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

A Chicago newspaper recently conducted a column to which they invited a series of articles on the subject of "Is Marriage a Failure?" The same newspaper is now running a serial story, "The Marriage Flaw." A play, starring two of America's greatest elder actors, "The Circle," deeply concerns itself with divorce. A famous play, "A Bill of Divorcement," has just been filmed. Many authors are making divorce the theme of their books, many more plays of the stage and screen are being prepared.

In the meantime, some moral American arranges his divorce every four minutes; every eleven days America has as many divorces as England has in a year; one American marriage in nine begins at the altar and ends in the court room; in the last twenty years the number of marriages did not double, but divorce increased four times. Divorce is becoming so common that it practically legalizes prostitution, and makes the homes of millions of children into houses.

At such a period a consideration of the theme of Patmore's poetry, love within the bonds of marriage, is timely, interesting, and perhaps, important. Other poets have sung of love rather in the mood of anticipation than of possession, but he chose to make himself a singer of love made captive by the marriage tie, a:

"Promise to cherish, comfort and honor;
Vow that makes duty one with delight."
"A . . . subject loyalty which longs
For chains and thongs
Woven of gossamer and adamant."

His theme is love, says Aubrey de Vere, "not a mere caprice of fancy, or love as, at best, a mere imaginative passion, but love in the deeper and softer sense of the word. The syren woman had often been sung. . . . But that love in which, as he affirmed, all the loves center, and that woman who is the rightful sustainer of them all, the inspiration of youth, and the consolation of age, that love and that woman, he asserted, had seldom been sung sincerely and effectually."

Patmore devoted his unusual efforts to

this one theme, made it the subject of his principal poem, "The Angel in the House," and made it the subject of his "Odes." He made himself the poet of love, but he has been much misunderstood. Romantic old maids confuse his poetry with the foolish sentimentality of the popular love stories, mostly because Patmore is generally too intellectual, too profound. He wrote psychologically, and only occasionally made himself simple enough to be understood by every one. But if one has his idea in mind before considering his written thoughts, the message is clear to any one.

Patmore was attracted to the Catholic Church principally because it sanctified marriage more than any other church. He exalted love to first position among all human faculties, felt that love must be sanctified because of its super-quality, and identified human love with divine love, getting his idea from the *Canticle of Canticles*, where the love of Christ for his people is likened to the love of a man for his wife. Human love, for Patmore, is a symbol of divine love. "Divine love," says St. Bernard, "has its first root in the human affections." Patmore sings of this divine devotion in his "Odes;" and an essay, "The Sponsa Dei," was destroyed, because it was felt to be too daring to be placed in all hands, being the absolute development of his parallel. He conceives of the Deity as masculine and active, the human soul as feminine and passive, and tells the story of their common devotion in "Eros," where Psyche, the soul, seeks Eros, the Deity. The latter is He:

"Who woos a man's will
To wedlock with His own, and does distill
To that drop's span
The attar of all rose fields of all love."

Patmore was especially delighted in the Church's conception of the Blessed Virgin, realized when he entered the Church.

"When clear my songs of ladies' graces rang,
And little guess I 'twas of thee I sang!"

He saw a woman as the recipient of all good, and his love was so intense that it bred a return in each of his three wives in their turn. The first, Emily Augustus Patmore, when dying, begged him to marry again, and left her wedding ring to her suc-

cessor. He was able to take his next engaged bride to the tombstone of his predecessor, without feeling the situation too uncommon, and there:

"All my praise
Amelia thought too slight for Millicent,
. . . . And the tea-rose I gave
To deck her breast, she dropped upon the grave."

Patmore loved love in itself, loved unselfishly, which accounts for the sublime profundity of it in him. When he was a young man he met the daughter of Mrs. Catherine Gore, a popular author of fashionable novels, and "entertained a passion (for her) of a kind not uncommon in youths, a passion which neither hoped nor cared much for a return. . . . I remember praying more than once," he continues, "with torrents of tears, that the young lady might be happy, especially in marriage, with whomsoever it might be."

But Patmore was not silly in his idea. "Let not my heart forget the things mine eyes have seen," he says in his essay on the subject. But he admitted that the passion was not one of mere intellect, no more than a "rational tribute of admiration for virtue and merit." He conceived of it, however, as not physical and beastly, but of the soul, and yet not possible of analysis. "Love is sure to be something less than human if it is not more," he wrote. And further—"Love is only unreasonable because it is above reason."

This idea of love is one that those who advocate divorce might do well to reflect upon. They forget the sacredness of devotion and the sanctity of marriage, and in line with the usual idea of progress, subordinate mind to matter. The dethronement of the soul is common to the commercial idea of progress, when smug comfort is the ideal, not an ever striving of the soul toward the good, the beautiful.

Many are called, a few choose to get up, and the rest are campused.

Perhaps the only reason some people never make a mistake is because they never have the opportunity.

EVEN LAWYERS AND ENGINEERS!

P. J. M.

"The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

All, even lawyers and engineers, are poets in their hearts when Spring returns. And if we are to believe the signs and the poets, this dainty mistress is just stepping off the boat after wintering somewhere below the Tropic of Capricorn. The writer observed on March 1st,—one gnat, one bluebottle fly, one robin, and several professors coming to their classes without overcoats. What further proof need be sought by the superstitious?

Did you ever see a woman sharpening a pencil? Well, it takes her a long time to come to the point. But, shavings aside, this is the point herein concealed. It is Spring, the most natural season of the year for poetic inspiration,—and exhalation. The SCHOLASTIC urges every one, even the Commerce student, to let it review the snatches of song that are invariably found, during this time of year, on the backs of her letters, and the fly-leaves of class books. Maybe it is nothing but an experiment, but who knows that it may not be worthy of even more learned pages than those of our college paper. Some very fine poetry has been composed by accident. And always bear in mind, that poetry is never written by design. Francis Thompson would have died unknown if he had not sent a short poem of his composition to Mr. Meynell. That poem was written on a piece of wrapping paper picked up in a gutter. Maybe you will die unknown if you hide your light under a bushel. Of course, wrapping paper is not recommended.

Not all the fine things to be said about Spring have been said yet. Answer this question in a poem. Why doesn't melting snow, since it is white, form puddles of milk instead of water? Chemical analysis tabooed in verse!) Spring might be described to some length in prose; words can array her in pink chieffon, and paint her cheek like a rosebud powder puff. But let us have Miss Sangster's conception in real verse.

THE LADY SPRING.

The Spring, like a lively lady,
Creeps into the world's sad heart,
Touching it with new magic,
Healing its hurts in part;
Thrilling dim streets with glory,
Sweeping dark ways with mirth;
The Spring, like a lovely lady,
Sings to the waiting earth:

"I am a gypsy person"—
This is the song she sings—
"I am the love of living,
I am youth's eager wings,

I am the lute's soft sighing,
 I am the foe of age,
 I am a lyric written
 On an untarnished page!

"I am all dreams of beauty"—
 This is Spring's vivid lay—
 "I am the charm of color,
 I am the dawn of day,
 I am the pale arbutus
 Kissed by an early dew,
 I am the romance stirring
 Deep in the soul of you!"

Over the land she dances,
 High on a hill she stands,
 Holding a mass of blossoms
 In her white, outstretched hands;
 Singing—because she wants to—
 Filled with a glad surprise,
 And, like a lovely lady,
 Laughing into life's eyes!

FANTASY.

R. R. MACGREGOR.

The little god, Eros, walked down the stairway of Life on a balmy day in spring. Birds sang as he passed, and flowers nodded their heads and smiled, while in the skies the wind whispered merry tales of foreign lands. And the heart of the little god was glad, for the world seemed a good world and made for his worship.

Down the highway of Life rushed a great car that man called Progress, and the driver at the wheel was known as Mammon. Inside the car were many people, all with eager eyes fixed on the quiet figure at the wheel. "Faster!" they cried feverishly. "Faster!" And the car, travelling at terrific speed, crushed Eros to earth. But Mammon recked nothing, for he saw nothing, and the company in the car recked nothing, for they knew nothing. All save one, a young girl whose eyes still held the glow of wonder. "How cold the wind blows," she cried, and shivered. Then her eyes, too, turned to Mammon. "Faster," she cried, "Faster." But the flowers bowed their heads in sorrow, and the birds sang a mournful dirge while in the trees the wind moaned disconsolately; for the god of Love was dead.

Walking very slowly down the highway of

life came a broad-browed student, with blue eyes that looked deeply into the inner heart of things. No traveller by fast express, this man. He went a-foot, and saw the scenery much the better that way. Then, too, he loved so to lie beneath the trees and watch the passers-by. And the car called Progress would roar past, freighted with eager souls. They travelled much faster than he did, but never learned as much, nor, in the final issue did they go so far. For the car of Progress sometimes turned round and rushed back the way it had come. Frequently it travelled in circles, too, but always it was known by men as Progress—probably because it kept moving.

Very tenderly now the Student touched the tiny shattered form of love.

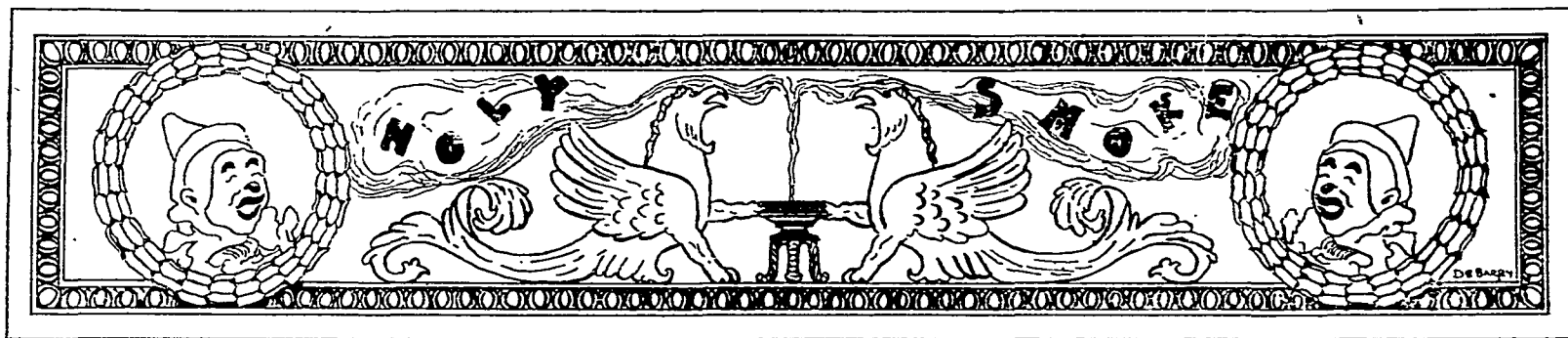
Sadly he sighed for the people in the car, for he knew that they would strive and suffer much and eat in the end of Dead Sea fruit. And he pitied them greatly. But the philosopher frowned as he thought of Mammon. So inspiring a figure, yet so soulless. So fast a driver, yet so careless of human lives and human happiness. Some day, he thought, we shall change that driver.

And then the student smiled a very tender smile as he thought of Love's re-birth. For he knew that Love would live again, and hope bloomed in his heart as he visioned the dawning of a brighter day. But, again, he reflected, the dawning of each brighter day only awakened a restless desire for still more expression. "Of what use, then?" he asked himself.

Long sat the Student by the dead body of Love and the shadows of despair fell darkly about him, for he was human, and life was mainly a matter of faith.

But because he was a wise man, reconciliation came at last. Life was motion. The greater the consciousness of things, the greater the struggle for perfection of expression. But should the brightest day ever dawn, the necessity for effort would cease. "Man begins to die," said the Student aloud, "when all his aspirations are fulfilled."

And the little god, Eros, seemed to smile an understanding smile, for he was not dead, but only asleep.



OH, THESE MODERN YOUNG GIRLS!

Picture Caption In Chicago Paper: Woman Who Routed Burglar And Daughter.

AND HERE'S A FRUITY BIT.

Local News: Orange Rau of Lemmon, S. D., is here for a visit of a couple of weeks.

AND WHILE WE'RE ON NEWS.

A Society News Item:

Miss Margery Leftover gave a pleasant little party at her home on 711 Natural St., last Wednesday night. The party like all of Miss Leftover's entertainments was a delightful success, and all the young set present were especially pleased by the smoothness with which the evening transpired.

If Written Truthfully:

The Leftover mansion, 711 Natural St., was the scene *turmoil de huge* last Monday. The Miss Margery Leftover, who is one wild child, announced her *entente* to give on Wednesday night one *spree de grande* in *Honaire* of six of her rough neck friends.

The Mr. Leftover then informed his *daughtaire* that he would first be *damne* before he'd let a bunch of Hoodlums "kick all the varnish off the floors, break up the furniture and spoon around the house."

The Mrs. Leftover stated that if the Mr. Leftover didn't think his *daughtaire* was entitled to a *good temps* he must be *craze*. To which he replied that he was "Boss around here."

So the invitations were sent out.

As to the actual party on Wednesday night there is little to be said. The dates were blind ones. Two of them didn't show up. The food was spoiled. The music was rotten. Everybody felt nervous, and the games that were played were silly and foolish. This goes without saying. The real news consists of the *Scene de Hot* when the *daughtaire* tells papa of the party, and the scene next day when *Fathaire* finds that he is missing a box of twenty-five cent cigars, and a pair of rubbers and an umbrella.

Old Maid: Yes, I'm from one of the oldest families.

Youth: Are they still living?

ON THE HILL STREET CAR.

Motorman (to conductor): Better get a lot of Chapin St. transfers; Saturday night, you know.

QUITE SO, QUITE SO.

A Freshman
When asked what
He knew about
The "Pound of flesh,"
In the Merchant of
Venice,
Said that all
He knew was
That it
Couldn't have been
Pork!

We have a strange bird we called Will
At night it can never keep still.
The sound is so crooney
It's driving us looney
If it don't stop we'll all whippoorwill

"What's that man roasting everything for?"
"He must have been reading the Fiery Frost."

NURSERY RIMES APPLIED TO THE DAY.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell—
In it she thought she looked so well
She walked around the town awhile
And started out a brand new style.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating a nice big pie;
Now Jackie was brazen
He pulled out a raisin—
And soon Jackie's eye was pie-eye.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating some cream and whey.
A mouse then appeared
But she didn't act scared
For she wore cotton stockings that day.



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JAMES V. EGAN
JAMES HAYES

VOL. LVI. *Discit Quasi Semper Victurus
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus* No. 21

Among the schools of higher learning in the world, Louvain University occupies an eminent place. Her learning has been admired both by the scholar and by the man in the street. Although the traditions which she has fostered have been Catholic first and last, students outside the Faith have respected and honored her. The esteem she has won has come as a great unsolicited tribute. We may go so far as to say that the loss of her library during the German invasion of Belgium in 1914 was a poignant one for the whole world. It was a loss peculiarly keen because the treasures which the library contained were in a general way the treasures of scholars everywhere.

Following the war, several pleas reached America in behalf of rebuilding the Louvain library. One of the most earnest was that of Belgium's great spiritual leader, Cardinal Mercier. A source of much gratification for the renowned Cardinal when he visited the United States was, we think, the eagerness with which Americans offered funds for the project. Already the great library is being reconstructed and its walls, looted of valuable manuscripts and books during the war, are being replenished with books. The accomplishment is not, however, the work alone of the Church or of members of the

Church. Much of the credit for America's part in the achievement rests upon the shoulders of a group of American non-Catholics, among whom Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, has been a leader. Conscious of the debt which learning and science owed to Louvain, the men and women who compose this group began the work of soliciting funds at the time when interest in the Louvain project had begun to languish. Recently a single contribution of thirty-two thousand dollars, collected under the auspices of this committee, was given to Archbishop Hayes of New York. The money was the gift of the public school children of New York city.

At present, when so many efforts are being made to stir up religious discord, the work of this committee deserves the attention of Americans of all denominations. Its accomplishment is a refutation of the charge that America is a victim of religious and racial hatreds. It is an answer to the appeal for Americans to divide upon bigotrous issues. Surely we cannot permit the antagonisms that are fostered on the soap-box to overshadow services such as this committee has performed. These men and women have honored themselves. They may rightfully take pride in an accomplishment in which distinterested service was conspicuous, in which creed was forgotten.

MOLZ.

The Engineers' Club, recently organized here, promises to fill a long-felt need, and from present indications it will be of great

benefit to the students of all the different departments of engineering. Its purpose, which

is to help the engineer in a social as well as scholastic way, will find expression in regular monthly meetings at which papers on subjects of general interest to the whole engineering body will be read. Speakers will be brought here to address the students. Their talks will be designed, as far as possible, to convey to the student engineer what he may expect in practice after graduation. Open discussion will follow the reading of any engineering paper and in this way interest will be aroused. The authorities have seen fit to omit a course in public speaking from the engineer's curriculum, so that the club discussions serve to meet partly this lack of special training.

Every engineer in school is eligible for membership, and although the freshmen have not as yet had the privilege of attending a real live meeting of the club, they will be admitted with blaring trumpets when the club holds its smoker soon.

Undoubtedly one of the greatest needs of the engineering student in this country is a wider range of acquaintanceship as well as a broader view towards the accomplishments of not only his fellow engineers, but of the other professions at large. We hope that the regular meetings of the club will at least help to promote a feeling of fellowship, and if it accomplishes only that, it is a success.

L. A. G.

The sudden death of Bourke Cochran has removed from the service of the country and the Church a most picturesque and distinguished personage.

The veteran congressman was, above all things, an orator. He had the oratorical and histrionic temperament, and that helped him to be a great speaker and leader. For more than a generation he contended with Tom Grady, another great orator, for the distinction of being known as Tammany

Hall's premier orator. During the course of his life he frequently exiled himself from the Hall on account of differences of opinion. He felt able to do without Tammany, if need be, even though Tammany never could reconcile itself very long to doing without him.

As an orator Cochran rose to great heights now and then. At the Democratic National Convention of 1892 he accomplished the seemingly impossible. Grover Cleveland was about to be nominated for the third time. A night session was in progress in the battered old convention building in Chicago. The rain dripped through onto the stage and many persons hoisted umbrellas. The galleries were packed with Cleveland supporters, who wanted action so earnestly they howled down speakers trying to nominate other candidates.

When Cochran appeared on the platform to nominate David B. Hill, nobody thought he would be allowed to finish his speech. He did not try to placate the Cleveland supporters, but something in the leonine manner and mellow voice impressed them. He disarmed the galleries if he did not convince them, until the crowd wanted to hear Mr. Cochran, even though he spoke as an enemy.

It is of such stuff as the courage exemplified in the above incident that orators are made. It was in the role of an orator that he was able to perform most of his beneficial actions, whether it was to assist his Church or to help his country in shaping legislation.

JOSEPH P. BURKE.

Among the things Notre Dame seems to be lacking as an evidence of vigorous intellectual life are numerous wide-awake study clubs. We have social and fraternal organizations almost to excess. The social life seems to be emphasized almost one-sidedly when we recall that such activities, indispensable though they are, should occupy only a subordinate place in the life of a serious student. At the present time earnest, enthusiastic study clubs of literature, philosophy, and the social sciences are badly needed. The true aim of college education ought to be to seal the mind of the student so indelibly that henceforth no mat-

ter where he is or what he may be doing, he will always be a student. It is study clubs, especially, that draw out the interest, the confidence, the originality, and the self-expression of the student. By promoting the self-reliance of the student in a scholastic way the study club places him on his own feet intellectually and encourages and habituates him to finding his own way in the intellectual avenues.

The worth-while work that a study club can accomplish in a year is amazing. If a study club in literature were to spend each quarter in studying personally and intimately the works of a single master, the members would get perhaps what no class could give them. If a social science club were to spend the whole year in an intelligent and synthetic study of some of the basic and urgent questions that confront the world today, if it were to master the Catholic point of view and to learn how to defend it, its work and influence for good would be simply tremendous when the members leave the school and enter active life. We need lay leaders as we never needed them before, we are told by every one. Now the study club, by the very fact that it is even mildly successful, implies the development of considerable initiative and leadership among the students. The conclusion seems reasonable, then, that we ought to have study clubs at Notre Dame.

F. E. DRUMMEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor, The Scholastic.

Dear Sir:

Far be it from me to act as a critic of music but allow me to say a few words in criticism of certain members of the audience at last Saturday night's concert in Washington Hall.

The program was good, being of the kind we hear so many wish for, but who do not attend when they have the opportunity. Among the people in the hall were a half dozen who would not be missed. They are the ones who insist on helping the musicians keep time with their feet, and who feel that talking should accompany the musical selections.

Little can be done with such people. The cause is their disregard of other people's rights, and the remedy for this selfish ailment is not yet. Let us hope that in some way these irritating few will come to realize that their method of appreciating music is not being done this year.

Levi Geniesse.

IN MEMORIAM.

BROTHER CELESTINE, C. S. C.

On March 13, 1923 Brother Celestine, a former prefect in Brownson and Sorin halls, passed to his eternal reward. He was born August 13, 1855 in Louisville, Kentucky, and entered religion August 15, 1899. His religious profession was made August 15, 1902. Owing to the fact that he was in his forty-fifth year when he took the religious habit, Brother Celestine always retained the formal ways of a man of the world; but this feature was really an asset to him in the trying duties of prefect. Brother Celestine's family name was James Cassin. A sister and a father, who reside in Louisville, attended their brother's funeral.

R. I. P.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SONS OF SONG.

On Saturday, March 31st, the Notre Dame Glee Club will begin the most extensive and elaborate trip ever undertaken by a musical organization from the University. More than a thousand miles of mid-western territory will be covered in a journey to and from Niles, Ohio, where the Club will sing in the McKinley Memorial, featuring melodies dear to the assassinated President. The following towns are also included in the promenade: Wabash, Indiana; Marion, Indiana; Huntingdon, Indiana; Toledo, Ohio, and Sandusky, Ohio. In each and every one of these hamlets the Knights of Columbus are sponsoring the entertainment; at Toledo, the Notre Dame Club will provide a subsequent festival for the members.

Approximately forty men are to be carried along: these include the members of the Glee Club Orchestra. Everything will be in the hands of the regular Glee Club officers, who include: William Furey, Donald Gallegher, Edward Raub, Joseph Casasanta, and Vernon Rickard. Professor John J. Becker will direct with his usual verve. Some of the specialties offered by this year's organization include a wonderful medley of "College Songs"; the work of the Quartette, which is made up of: Raub, LaCava, Deeter, and Koch; the sweet music of the "Mandolin Club"; Frank

Howland, specializing on the xylophone; William Furey, rendering excellent solos.

This year's club is one of which Notre Dame may very well be proud. Their trip will bring them back one of the most widely recognized musical organizations in the country.

THE VALEDICTORY.

With this year, the oratorical character of our Commencement will undergo a change. Valedictory and class-poem will remain the same, but the famous "senior-orations" will vanish into the "senior oration," to deal with some aspect of Notre Dame life. For the class of 1923, Mr. Henry Barnhart will deliver the valedictory, while the duties of the oration will devolve upon our leading orator, Mr. Raymond Gallagher. These choices, as always, have been made by a special faculty committee. Often the question is asked, "Just how is the Notre Dame valedictorian selected?" Not upon the basis of scholarship alone, as in some other institutions, but upon the combined merits of scholarship, personality, student activity, and oratorical ability manifested by the appointee. This makes of the valedictory a most representative honor. It has been thought interesting to present here, for the first time, a list of those who have said "Good-bye," since 1868:

- 1868—W. T. Johnson.
- 1869—J. O'Reilly.
- 1870—A. W. Arrington.
- 1871—R. H. McCarty.
- 1872—T. O'Mahony.
- 1873—Mark M. S. Foote.
- 1874—C. J. Dodge.
- 1875—E. J. McLaughlin.
- 1876—T. J. Gallagher.
- 1877—William P. Breen.
- 1878—John G. Ewing.
- 1879—(Fire; no Commencement).
- 1880—J. B. McGrath.
- 1881—Frank W. Bloom.
- 1882—W. B. McGorrick.
- 1883—William H. Arnold.
- 1884—Neal H. Ewing.
- 1885—Sydney J. Dickerson.
- 1886—Thomas J. Sheridan.
- 1887—John J. Kleiber.
- 1888—Philip Van Dyke Brownson.
- 1889—T. A. Goebel.
- 1890—L. P. Chute.
- 1891—C. T. Cavanagh.

- 1892—Nicholas J. Sinnott.
- 1893—Ernest F. Du Brul.
- 1894—Emil Ahlrichs.
- 1895—Samuel A. Walker.
- 1896—Richard Spaulding Slevin.
- 1897—Joseph V. Sullivan.
- 1898—Thomas A. Medley.
- 1899—John F. Fennessey.
- 1900—Vincent D. Dwyer.
- 1901—William J. O'Connor.
- 1902—Francis F. Dukette.
- 1903—Francis J. Barry.
- 1904—John M. Quinlan.
- 1905—Bernard S. Fahy.
- 1906—Alexander W. McFarland.
- 1907—Robert A. Kasper.
- 1908—Francis A. Zink.
- 1909—John McDill Fox.
- 1910—Jesse H. Roth.
- 1911—Arthur John Hughes.
- 1912—Cyril J. Curran.
- 1913—William E. Cotter.
- 1914—Joseph Walsh.
- 1915—Emmett G. Lenihan.
- 1916—Timothy P. Galvin.
- 1917—Bernard John Voll.
- 1918—John Lemmer.
- 1919—George Dewey Haller.
- 1920—Thomas J. Tobin.
- 1921—Michael Joseph Tierney.
- 1922—Joseph Rhomberg.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

Phidelah Rice proved himself one of the greatest artists of his kind last Wednesday, the fourteenth, when he read one of Dickens' masterpieces of fiction, "Great Expectations." Dramatic interpretation is a hard profession, requiring much labor and ability; but when we see the finished article, we think of none of these things; we are too taken up with the drama itself. It is the great artist who makes himself the invisible medium through which a masterpiece is transmuted to us; and this alone makes Mr. Rice great; he never lets himself come between us and the play.

The large audience was enthusiastic, and Mr. Rice responded with his best. Every one wished that he might come oftener and take the place of other readers.

The inauspicious beginning of a certain coterie, called the Shakespeare Historical Club, several months ago, gave no hints as to the heights to which it is rising. Last Friday, at their regular meeting (and they do

meet regularly) a constitution was adopted and officers elected. Harry A. McGuire was awarded the scepter of president, while Thomas H. Hodgson was burdened with the humble but hard job of secretary-treasurer. Then Prof. James Hines, who supplies the atmosphere and background for the dramas of Shakespeare, was given the chair of the honorary presidency.

Last Monday night the Scribblers hung enraptured on Father Cavanaugh's words, as he sat at the table and brought back into the present such authors as Stoddard and Marion Crawford, and painted clear pictures of such present Notre Dame men as Father Hudson and Maurice Francis Egan. It was an evening of atmosphere, and Father Cavanaugh was the centre of it all. Papers by Vince Engels and Jerry Holland were postponed, that no moment of Father Cavanaugh's precious presence might be lost.

In accordance with its commendable policy of making the K. of C. chambers the recreation centre for Notre Dame Knights, the house committee has installed some card tables, provided magazines of all descriptions, and is soon to procure an expensive player piano. It appears that the social side of knighthood is going to receive its due attention as far as this is possible at present. The dance committee is now making plans for a formal hop to be thrown soon after Easter.

On March 16th the Tennis Association held a meeting at which questions of policy were discussed, and the association's many plans outlined. It was decided that membership in the association would cost one dollar, which would cover the entrance fee into all tournaments. It looks at present as though there would be inter-hall tennis this year, as well as a school tournament in both singles and doubles, divided into two classes so that every racket wielder may have a chance. There may also be a consolation round in both classes, which means that about six or eight prizes will be awarded. A formal team is almost a certainty, and the association's

efforts to have the outdoor courts rebuilt are proceeding satisfactorily. A membership drive has been inaugurated, and if you want to see tennis on a satisfactory footing at last, sign up with Sommers (Badin), Haynes (Sorin), Doyle (Brownson), Boehm (Walsh), Jacobs (Corby), Connell (Day-Dodgers), Donovan (Freshmen), Centilivre (Corby), or McGuire (Walsh). You will when the tournaments come around—why not now?

The reappearance of "The Santa Maria" has added to the aging administration of Grand Knight Barnhart a crowning and complete success. It contains articles by G. N. Shuster, Peter Collins, and Harry Costello, and the excellence of the paper throughout has caused a distinct murmur of approval to stir the campus. Its editors, Gerald Hagan, Ray Cunningham and Stephen Willson, are to be commended most highly.

The Indianapolis Club has completed plans for its Easter dance, which will be held on Tuesday evening, April 3rd, at the Athenaeum. Kioda Barber and six other slashing coons will massacre the atmosphere. Tickets may be procured from Robert Rink, Gene Fogarty, Joseph Harmon, Frank McCarthy, or Joseph Sexton.

Every year Mr. Newman's travelogues become more popular; and every year we are more grieved to see him leave. This year's course was undoubtedly the most successful ever given at Notre Dame. He has brought Africa back to us in slides and in description, and we are sorry that he can not spend more time here. But we feel sure that when he comes back next year he will be better than ever, which is a great deal to say. We wish him luck in any new journeys he may undertake.

Our affirmative debating team, defending the cancellation of the allied war debts, rode rough-shod over Earlham in Washington Hall on Mriday evening, March 16th, gaining the unanimous decision of the judges. We were represented by Paul Breen, John Stanton and Ray Gallagher, who had the situa-

tion well in hand at all times. Breen scored most heavily in his rebuttal, Stanton and Gallagher in their main speeches. Cortez Ewing, Newlin Mills and Vernon Hinshaw argued for Earlham; Hinshaw was easily the most effective speaker on the negative, Ewing and Mills lacking the speaking ability to make their arguments telling. The chairman of the debate was Professor James Hines; the judges were Dean Searle of Huntington College, Professor Yoder of Manchester College, and Professor Carlton of DePauw University.

On the same night our negative team took Purdue down to defeat on their home grounds. The decision in favor of our men, Higgins, Drummey and Ward, was unanimous.

The regular meeting of the Chemist's Club was held Wednesday Evening in Chemistry Hall. The program was given by members of the Sophomore Class.

Mr. Willihnganz and Mr. Ludwig presented papers on the theory and practical uses of colloids. By means of a High power arc light, Mr. Ahlering and Mr. Willihnganz demonstrated the peculiarities of several colloidal solutions. A few costly and rare specimens of colloids, including Purple Cassius and Gold Chloride, were exhibited for their inspection. In the course of the evening Messrs. Field and Kaiser presented a difficult organic synthesis to the utmost satisfaction of the largest assemblage of members present in the past two years. Smokes and refreshments were enjoyed, and after a pleasant evening the meeting was adjourned.

Friends of the Memorial to Notre Dame men who gave their lives during the war will be glad to hear that plans for the entrance agreed upon by the committee as the appropriate form for the Memorial, have nearly been completed by Mr. Vincent Fagan of the Architectural Department. Mr. Fagan hopes to see work begun on the construction of the entrance very soon. The design is beautiful and appropriate and will add charm to the campus as well as "hold the mind to moments of regret."

HARRY M'GUIRE. SULLIVAN.

AMONG US IMMORTALS.

"He ne'er is crowned
With immortality who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

A back number of the Juggler fell into our hands the other day and our attention was caught by an editorial effusion in it anent the library which is referred to as a "wind brake." The Juggler seems to know full well that incongruity must play a part in its affairs. Surely nothing could be more incongruous than the Juggler pronouncing ex cathedra on things of a bibliophilic nature.

On hearing Mr. Farrell at the grudge fest last Tuesday morning we were forced to think that his fulminations were partly due to copious draughts of something like Devil's Island Endurance Gin.

We wonder if the clock in the tower is suffering from senility or rheumatism.

It was in the afternoon. The students' headquarters was pervaded by a silence almost funereal. A salesman was asleep in one of the big chairs. A student in the northeast corner was apparently suffering from ennui. The telephone girl was courting the amorous looking glass. An old man stood contemplatively before one of the mural cartoons, wondering who had spilled paint on the purty walls. Suddenly the spell was broken by a dapper and distinguished individual who entered the lobby in a very brusque and business-like manner. Several newspaper photographers hurried into the lobby. The awed silence was broken only by the click of their cameras. The old man had forgotten the Sherwin-Williams exhibit on the walls. His curiosity was piqued by the appearance of the man who had just gone through the lobby. He approached a bell hop. "Was that ther man, Mr. Erskine?" he quavered, stroking his two foot beard slowly. The bell hop surveyed him with contempt, and rejoined "Naw, course not. That's Mr. Dacey, President of the Senior Class at Notre Dame."

'Tis many a day since the clock in the church tower changed the expression on its face.

The latest rumor is that George Ade, Irvin Cobb and Will Rogers did the writing for the Reveille.

One of the colored gentry at the Oliver submitted to us the question, "Is dat Notre Dame Drive a sought of a bulvahd?" And we told him that it was one—paved with promises.

He who steals a piece of pie in the cafeteria, steals trash.

We were waiting for a car downtown the other day and a Freshman hurried by. And he dropped a penny on the walk. And we called his attention to the fact. And he said, "Aw, it's only a penny." And he walked on.

A student and his father's money soon part.

As Nero said, when Rome was burned: "That's all; there ain't no more."

S. A. C. NEWS.

This week the Campus Beautiful program begins again under the Boosters Club. *Please* signs will be distributed over the campus and refuse receptacles will be placed at convenient places. The S. A. C. asks every student to take a personal pride in preserving and improving the beauty of the campus. A few years ago the thoughtless one incurred a merry "razz" when he walked on forbidden ground. A revival of that old spirit this year is what we need.

The question of increased Freshman membership on the S. A. C. was brought up at the meeting Monday, March 19th. All present disapproved the change for obvious reasons. Many Freshmen now, who will be incoming Sophomores in September, know that they would be the first ones next year to object to increased Freshmen representation.

At the Mid-West Student Conference of Colleges and Universities held at Northwest-

ern University, March 15, 16 and 17, class representation on governing bodies was discussed thoroughly. In comparison with other schools the personnel of our organization is indeed most favorable to the underclassmen.

Minutes of the Mid-West Student Conference are now in the process of being printed. Copies will be furnished to the members of the S. A. C. within the next three weeks. If any individual or organization on the campus is interested in what transpired at the meeting last week, he may read a copy of the minutes in the Library, where one will be filed.

Swift, Nolan and Cahill were appointed at the last meeting as a committee to have published a Handbook of Notre Dame traditions. It is our hope that these handbooks will be printed before June, so that they may be distributed to the incoming Freshmen next year. More regarding this will be announced later.

The President has graciously informed the committee that the University plans to install running water in the Law Building, Science Hall, Washington Hall and the Gymnasium some time during the year.

Swift, Sheehan and Cahill are a committee appointed to aid the Registrar in making room reservations for next year. Each of these men represents one of the three classes concerned. If you have a suggestion, kindly see that it gets to them.

Pamphlets issued recently by the University and of interest to every college man, include: "The Catholic Business Man," a sermon delivered by Rev. Thomas Leahy, C. S. C., and widely commented upon by business men; "Catholic Literature: A Reading List," an old publication got out under the auspices of the Prefect of Religion appearing now in new and attractive form; and "Information for Prospective Freshmen," a compilation made by the Prefect of Studies which you will find of benefit to any prospective Notre Dame man you may happen to know.

J. C.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Mark L. Duncan, '15, visited the campus, Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4. Mark is still traveling representative for the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Martin Lammers, '19, Jackson, Michigan, was here a short time ago visiting his brother, Irving, a pre-law student, who had been ill.

Dick Leslie, '20, now assistant district attorney at Waverly, Idaho, passed through South Bend recently on his way home. With him was Mrs. Leslie who was formerly Miss Loretta McGuire of St. Mary's.

Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, has followed the example of Notre Dame in sending out religious questionnaires to its students. The questions asked at Campion are similar to those who have appeared in the Religious Survey at Notre Dame during the past three years. The purpose is to inaugurate a nation-wide movement to ascertain some general facts concerning the spiritual condition of college students in the United States.

An extension of time has been granted to the Ziegfelds and Cohans who are competing for the prize offered by the Junior Class for the best musical revue. It was originally intended to have the contest close in February, but the committee, realizing that even playwrights and composers require time to put forth their best efforts, advanced the dead-line to the middle of April. This will give those who gave up in despair an opportunity to renew their attempts.

The Department of Zoology has received, through the courtesy of Mr. N. Hollister, superintendent of the National Zoological Gardens, and his assistant, Mr. A. Baker, some samples of mammalian hair. These will be mounted and added to the histological collection.

BRENNAN.

THE KAMPUS KRIER.

(Until we think of a better name.)

To introduce ourselves would consume paper and needless effort, but we do want to emphasize that we are affiliated with no political party and no secret society.

Our idea of loyalty: The reappearance of the robins on our campus beautiful after Sunday night's unannounced snow storm.

St. Patrick's day was wonderful—late sleep, big dinner, midnight "per." We're for St. Patrick.

We lay no claim to pessimism, but something tells us our baseball team ought to be supplied with red woolens for the spring training trip.

WOMAN—The best work of the Great Author. Every man should have a copy.

Electric irons and dance enthusiasts will be kept busy these days getting the dress suit in shape for the Easter formals.

This department is conducted by the Kampus Krier. Yelp! Yelp! A. F.

REUNION.

RIORDAN.

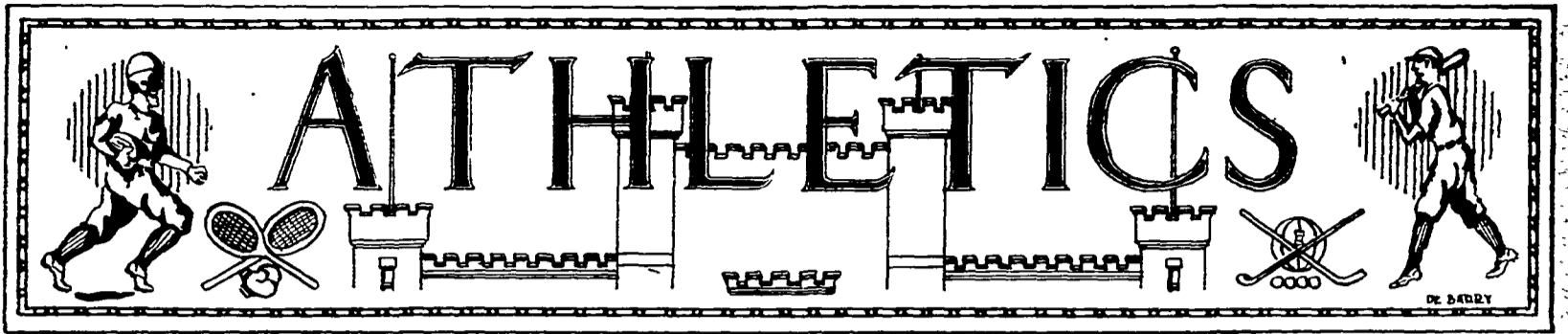
The sun shone between the hurrying cloud curtains which intermittently darkened the scene, while cold rain splashed a mud-smeared, olive drab line of soldiers. Despite the dampening showers the picture was one of untold beauty when canopies of deepest blue stretched overhead, when the sun glinted on the ragged strips of grass flashing emerald where they carpeted the yellow, glistening earth.

More troopers, a long brown column, splashed and slid to a momentary halt on the gently rounded hilltop. Two young officers met between the column and the line.

A cloud passed, the sun bronzed the smiles on boyishly happy faces. Two hard hands gripped as though they never meant to part.

"Two years ago at the Presidio, wasn't ti?"

"Yes, this is a little old world after all."



SPRING SPORTS.

The spring activities of Rock's football men will be interrupted next week because of the vacation, but track and baseball will pick up a great deal of speed.

The baseball nine will leave Thursday for St. Mary's, Kentucky, to begin a southern training trip which will take the squad into Tennessee and back through Ohio and Indiana. The training schedule follows:

March 30 and 31—St. Mary's College at St. Mary's, Ky.

April 2 and 3—Vanderbilt at Nashville, Tenn.

April 4—U. of Tennessee at Knoxville.

April 5—Carson-Newman College at Jefferson City, Tenn.

April 6—Kentucky State at Lexington, Ky.

April 7—St. Xavier's at Cincinnati, O.

April 9—Purdue at Lafayette, Ind.

Fifteen men will accompany Coach Walter Halas and Manager Lennon on the trip. Due to the inability of the squad to get outside because of cold weather and snow, the team will be in ragged shape in its first games and no great success is anticipated on the trip. Coach Halas has also been handicapped in his task of picking the 15 men who will make the trip and the personnel of the group will not be announced until Wednesday.

Track men will begin real training for the outdoor season during the spring vacation. Outdoor prospects are brighter than those of the indoor team because of the strength which will be picked up in the low hurdles and discus throw by Capt. Desch and Tom Lieb. The first competitive event will be at the Drake Relays April 27. The remaining track dates for the spring are:

April 27—Drake Relays at Des Moines, Ia.

May 5—Illinois at Champaign.

May 12—I. A. C. at Notre Dame.

May 19—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.

May 26—Indiana State meet at Lafayette.

June 2-3—Western Intercollegiates at Ann Arbor.

June 16—National College meet at Chicago.

FRANK WALLACE.

BASKETBALL MONOGRAMS

At the close of the basketball season, monograms were granted by the Faculty Board of Athletics to the following members of the team: Kane, Logan, Sheehan, Enright, Mahoney, Mayl, Kizer, Reardon, Miller.

Minor monograms, for hockey, were awarded, also, to Messrs. Castner, Gorman, Wilcox, Flinn, Feltes, MacSorley and Lieb.

FRENCH TEAM GOES TO YALE

The surprise of the local season came this week when Coach Rockne announced that Notre Dame cinder men would compete against Yale at New Haven, on May 12. It is rumored that twenty men will make the trip, and that those twenty will be in the pink of condition.

From the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia:

Ask Walter French, former army football star, and considered one of the greatest grid-iron warriors of all times, who was the best football player he ever faced and he'll tell you it was the late George Gipp, all American fullback two years ago of Notre Dame. He was almost impossible to stop, says French.

"Gipp was the most polished football star I ever saw," says Walter. "He had everything, and how he could hit a line! He was fast, could skirt the ends and throw forward passes. His death ended abruptly a marvelous football career."

BOOK-LEAVES.

CHAOS IN EDUCATION.

EDWIN MURPHY.

There are Catholics who deplore the Spanish Inquisition, and tremble at any thought of the rottenness of the Papal Court under John XXII. They think it devolves on them to defend facts of history, to take on themselves the sins of the Renaissance and do penance therefor. This is the unfortunate position in which the Church in the United States finds itself. As if the events of history need explanation or expiation any more than a theorem in geometry! Unless you bring to the pages of the past realization that this is objective human nature, you can only remain baffled at history's exotic facade. The nature of any one man is capable of the worst and finest things that have happened in history—capable, not in any passive, metaphysical way, but in a very real, intimate sense. The idea of having to apologize for any set of events is so puny and unworthy of deference that it is no wonder the intellectual position of Catholics in the United States is mocked at.

For this reason I will not reply to the allusions used by Prof. Robert Morss Lovett in reference to an essay in the book, "Civilization in the United States," an inquiry by 30 Americans, now current. Running through this monograph which deals with American education is a series of long-standing clichés. He opens his stricture thus: "If Henry Adams had lived in the 13th century he would have found the centre of world of unity in the most powerful doctrine of the church, the cult of the Virgin Mary." He continues to show that "the present mood of our country concerning education is neither more nor less than a mood of blind, mediæval superstition. Restating the theme originally propounded by Prof. Wendell of Harvard in 1904, he calls attention "to the fact that whereas the dominant architectural monuments of the Old World are great cathedrals and religious houses, implying the faith that salvation could be assured by unstinted gifts to the church, in our modern times the most stately and impressive structures are our schools, colleges, and public libraries. . . ."

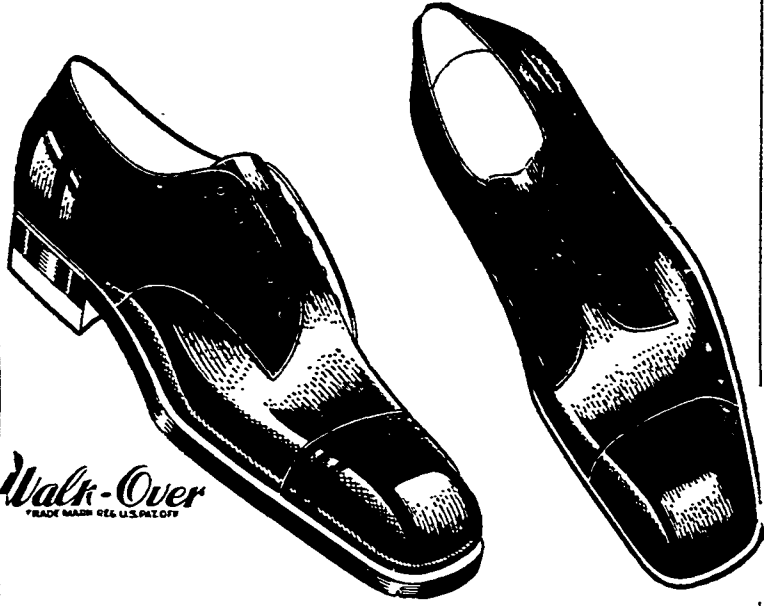
There can be no legitimate objection to Prof. Lovett's holding these convictions, except the reputation he has acquired. As editor of the "New Republic," a publication I admire, and as dean of the English department of Chicago University, which I venerate, he is deserving of esteem. As a matter of fact, there could be objection to his voicing these views, were it not that he did so by innuendo, and in the elaboration of an idea which did not directly warrant the exposition of his historical opinions. The point is he has opened a sore that has been long festering in my mind, but he did so with a cruel, unnecessary instrument. I find, however, that I am able to turn the instrument to use in getting at the root of the trouble with modern education.

Perhaps the most perspicacious thing in Prof. Lovett's brochure is found in the realization that only the educated know how vacuous are the pretenses of education. Feeling as I do a victim of this bombastic system (admittedly a pathological attitude) I am able to visualize the situation, as Prof. Lovett analyzes it, in its stark actuality. That the elective system has reduced itself to the absurd is a fact with which I am daily in intimate contact. I can see now how weak my own judgment was in eschewing the bread and meat of real erudition for the meticulous and often irrelevant condiments and entremets that can only supplement and are never really essential to education. What good has it done me to study any of a potpourri of subjects: advertising, industrial relations, current economic problems, journalism. Of what value is library science, the art of fiction, scenario writing, if you do not intend to be a library scientist, a fiction artist, or scenario writer? If I had only been wise enough to study Homer, Cicero, Lord Bacon; to delve into history—history, that is it. All education is history. You are amazed at the present, unless you are aware of the past. If you do not grasp the one protean reality, human nature, you are a jangled configuration of facts. To do this you study men, not things. You do not study philosophy, you study Plato, St. Thomas, Kant; not history, but Cræsus, Scipio, Savonarola, Washington; not literature, but Dante, Spencer, and Jonson.

The elective system allows a young man to choose his own instruments before he knows what he will use them for. As a consequence, he either works out a crude, distorted philosophy, or finds he is forced to abandon his instruments, and go back to what he had discarded. Generally it is too late for the latter alternative, and the victim goes forth an intellectual deformity. As deformity is prevalent everywhere in our industrial civilization, one more abortion does not change the scene materially. Of course, you must agree, this is an age of specialization. "The value of the specialist to society is invaluable," asserts Prof. Lovett. "But he alone will not save it. Such salvation must come from the diffusion and validity of the educational process as a whole, from the men and women of active intelligence . . . of resolute character, who are fitted as a result to see life steadily and see it whole. . . ."

The elective system is a break with the tradition of humanism, which as the 20th century dawned was an adamant form that could not accommodate the multitude of purely material revolutions of our era. It has been discarded, and we are without a form. Humanism, whatever may be said of its fetid excesses during the Renaissance, is a product of the Catholic Church. It was fostered by the Popes, even at the expense of sacred learning. That one stream should find its way into the dead sea of lust and perversion is but an evidence of what human nature is capable of. The sublime most nearly approaches the ridiculous.

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Walk-Over
BOOT SHOP
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CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

EVERYONE MAY QUALIFY.

Extensive plans have been made at the University of Texas for holding an "Ugly Man Contest," in which the man with the most outrageous arrangements of features will be awarded first place. We do not understand how contestants can be secured unless different persons submit names of those whom they believe are uglier than themselves. The only ones that we know of who admit that they are ugly are Bull Montana and Ben Turpin, the movie actors; and probably they do so only because they are paid for it.

Beatrice Fairfax holds a national reputation for giving advice to the love-lorn. We cannot deny that her psychological methods often achieve the seemingly impossible by creating the most romantic love affairs. But Beatrice will have to step aside now and hand over her laurels. The co-eds at the University of Alabama are the cause. They have promised to sell two love letters a week, each one better than the last, to the eds of the northern colleges, and donate the money thus obtained to a fund for a new sorority house. The correspondence with one of these co-eds from now until June will be furnished for five dollars, fellows, so get busy. (Send all checks payable to the editor of this column.)

THE CAUSE OF COSMETICS.

We are not unearthing any extraordinary facts when we assert that the druggist is not only an apothecary but also a beauty doctor. It has been generally known for years, only a reporter for the Daily Nebraskan was curious to learn to what extent this was true. The statistics which he gathered from down town drug stores show that more rouge is now being sold in a day than was sold in a year, ten years ago. Three or four boxes of three or four varieties used to keep the druggist supplied for months whereas he must now keep on hand over forty kinds for which he has innumerable daily calls. We believe it was Kathleen Norris who said that hundreds of women in these days of good grooming and good health are beauties at forty as they never were at eighteen.

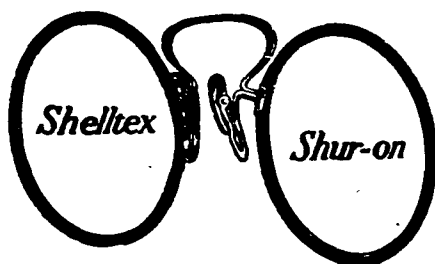
Are the American college youths as unpunctilious and ignorant of the proper forms of etiquette as our European visitors would have us believe? Are they as uncouth and unmannerly as Sinclair Lewis portrays the characters in "Babbitt?" Do they know when it is perfectly proper to use a soup spoon, a salad fork, a handshake, a wink, an excuse, a tuxedo and a formal invitation. Do they know

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BURKE'S GLASSES
FIT THE EYES

whether or not they should remove their hats when riding in an office building elevator in the company of ladies? Many university officials seem to think not, and consequently they are discussing the possibilities of establishing a regular course in manners. To this Miss Gertrude Atherton, the novelist adds: "I have always said that there should be a school for manners in the United States and that every man and woman (particularly man) who has not enjoyed the higher advantages, be compelled to enter a post graduate course...as a nation we are the most ill-mannered in the world."

SOME NOT ALONG THE ZAMBEZI EXPRESS ROUTE.

Newman, the lecturer, has traveled many thousands of miles through the most remote parts of the African jungle in the Belgian Congo and has brought back with him moving pictures which visualize for us the most fascinating and entrancing tales of adventure. But then, one does not have to explore such concealed parts to reveal elements that will be of interest to the inquisitive masses of people. A Fox Nes cameraman realized this and also knew that the majority of persons know little of what college life at the various universities is like, and so he too has decided to take "movies" of queer creatures,—those that inhabit the college campus. When he gets here to Notre Dame we feel that he will not be unprepared to "snap" the tribes of pig-skin giants who daily roam the fields of Cartier; the sheepskin coated, hobnail clad hemen who dwell in huts named after their predecessors, such as Sorin, Walsh, Corby, etc; an dthe ferocious clan who savagely attack the cafeteria three times a day. (The raids on the cafeteria, however, are not directed because of the value of the booty that may be obtained. They are necessitated by the hungry natives who are dictated to by the law of self-preservation.)

An overwhelming majority of the students who were dismissed from the Kansas University because of deficiency in work were members of the "sterner sex." And the co-eds there have proffered an explanation saying that if the eds are made to abide by the "no date rules" as they are, a repetition of this unhappy circumstance will be averted in the future. The co-eds admit that if the women students are restricted in the number of dates, the men are also, automatically. But the temptation they say is still there, and if dates are made the girl is blamed and becomes liable to expulsion while the fellow is held responsible for a thing, even though she could have violated the rules if it were not for him. Partly they may be right, but we must disagree. It is the same ancient story of human nature,—were it not for the co-eds the eds could not have asked the co-eds, and the co-eds would not have had the date with the eds, had the eds not asked the co-eds.


After Every Meal

WRIGLEYS

Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEY'S to aid digestion.

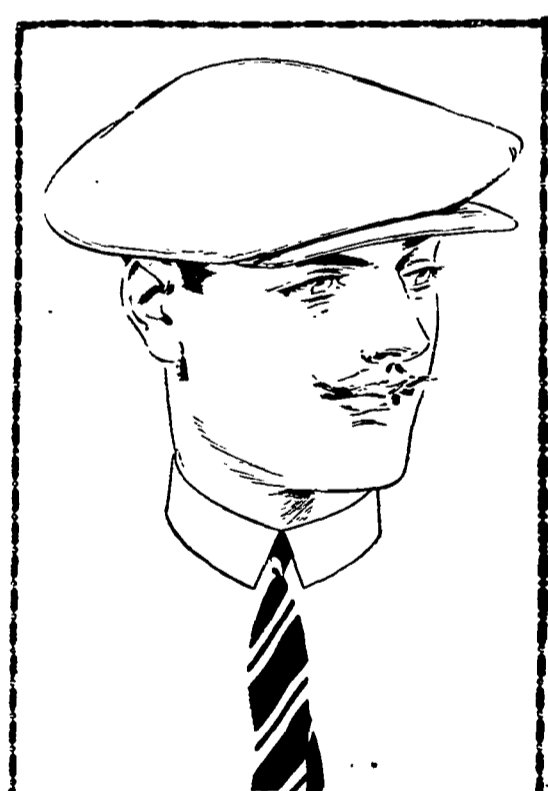
It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.

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Save the Wrappers

FOR BETTER DIGESTION



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A new Collar that fits its Name

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UNITED SHIRT AND COLLAR CO., ALSO MAKERS OF LION SHIRTS, TROY, N. Y.

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Now Biggs Gets to Class On Time!

AN exciting tale of adventure might be written about the hunting expeditions Biggs used to make after the elusive cap of his old tube of shaving cream. For months Biggs was late to class because he spent valuable minutes scouring the corners of the bathroom for a cap that persisted in getting lost.

But those troubles are over. For Biggs has started using Williams' Shaving Cream, which comes in a tube with a hinged cap that can't get lost. You see pictured here this cap which saves his time and patience and which will do the same for you.

The convenience of the Hinged Cap would alone be ample reason for your using Williams'. But when you consider that in addition Williams' is good for your skin, and is the most remarkable beard softener known, then it does seem that you would be missing a good deal in getting along without it. Buy a tube and see if it isn't vastly better.



Notice the hinged cap. You can't lose it—and the tube hangs up!

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