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THE MONTH OF OUR LADY.

L. R. W.

WHAT a manifold appeal the love of Mary, ever Virgin, has!

To many, but scarcely to us, it may seem strange that Gilbert Chesterton, that great prodigy of a man, most masculine and vigorous in his every word and thought, should be a devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He is as determinedly loyal, and simply so, to Mary as to everything Catholic. He writes of Mary and her place in Catholic life as he does of any other authenticated historical fact—naturally; more than this, he writes of Mary as he does of any beneficent influence in his own life—familiarily and tenderly. To us the more significant circumstance is that a dozen years ago Mr. Chesterton wrote understandingly of Our Lady, in his "Ballad of the White Horse," for instance; so that all along we might have known that Gilbert Chesterton was at heart Roman Catholic.

For a learned and popular Chesterton whom The Church has recently received, for the "Little Flower," whom the Church is about to beatify, and for Saint Francis of Sales, whom the Church has just declared the patron of Catholic writers, the Blessed Virgin is model and patron. Of course Mary is the special client of the "Children of Mary." She is rightly the patron of priest and monk and nun. She is the model of every good Catholic mother. She is Queen of the May and the theme of our verses. All this Mary is and should be. But Mary is more. For farmer, student, workman,—for men and women in every circumstance and need of life,—Mary is the best patron and, after Christ, the supreme exemplar. Mary and Joseph and all the Saints are not for particular times or for civilizations long past,

but for every time and every civilization. Mary, above all the other Saints, is a part of the work of the Redemption, and the Redemption goes on for all men until the end of time. We love and honor Mary because she can help us and we need her help, but far more truly because she is Mary—all-fair, and worthy of our love and our honor.

And here we should like to introduce the tribute of an author, not a Catholic, but whose recent book, "Pro Vita Monastica," is most Catholic in sympathy—Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick. 'Wherever,' he says, 'humanity appears with sex, with mother and children, Our Lady also will be there, with her Child in her arms, eternal in her maidenhood, eternal in her motherhood, with the love light in her eye, and the smile on her lips, gracious in her divine assurance that purity is a gleam from on high, that a child is the revelation of God. . . All that is corruptible is but a symbol; that which on earth is unattainable takes corporeal form in this realm of Truth; and what is beyond language there steps forth a fact; the Holy Spirit that manifests itself in woman lifts man to Reality. . . The sun is set, the moon no longer shines, no stars twinkle in the sky; one must light our candles, or we shall be in utter darkness. Yes, the candles of her for whom Candlemas is kept: *Mater Clarissima*, the Mother of Charters, Paris, Munich and Lourdes, mother of art and song, but mother of all men and of the Word.

May is Thy month, Mary, like Thee,
Lily-white.

In ecstasy
Birds and winds and waves in the light,
New-born, carol of Thee.

And we
Have nothing rich or bright
To offer Thee
But hearts and minds by grace made
white.

SOME DARKNESS AND THEN—LIGHT.

R. R. MACGREGOR.

The title of this article is perhaps strange both to the traditions of the "Scholastic," and to the students of Notre Dame, its readers. But the occasion is not far to seek, and the object of such a topic will be soon apparent.

During the month past, the students and faculty have been treated to periodical lectures and travel pictures featuring the topography, fauna, flora, and natives of the great and erstwhile "dark" continent of Africa. We have been transported on the wings of imagination, at the instigation of that travel-wizard, Newman, from Capetown to Cairo. The journey has been very remarkable and very instructive. We have become more or less intimately acquainted with tribes, animals, plants in their native habitats. We have held our breath in spell-bound amazement as we looked on this land—the incongruous and seemingly outrageous customs of its aborigines, the fierceness of its cats and alligators, the size of its hippopotami and rhinoceroses, the speed and gentleness of its antelopes and waterbuck, the colors and markings of its giraffes and zebras, the gruesomeness and voracity of its condors, eagles and vultures. Wonder is the single word suggestive of it all.

But not the least interesting of all the details of our phenomenal journey was to me the native inhabitant himself. Mr. Newman mentioned cursorily characteristics of many tribes but the shortness of time at his disposal excluded mention, I suppose, of minutiae. Especial interest attaches to the natives of East Africa—of those huge territories Kenya and Langanyika, and it is the object of the present article to select some of those tribes and give a few details of each.

The names (not nearly so fearsome as they sound) of some of those tribes are: the Suki, the Wakamba or Wa-Vumba, the Kikuyn, the Washambaa, the Bakumbi, the Ungoni, the Masai, the Subwa and the Pygmies. The generic name for all these is Bantu, (the Pygmies excepted) and their several dialects are modifications of the great Bantu lan-

guage, a professorial chair in which has been recently established at Capetown University.

The Suki or Suk are of two kinds—the agricultural and the pastoral. The former represent the original physical type and speak the purer dialect. They are known as "*the people of flour*" and inhabit the escarpments and foothills of the Kenya district. The pastoral Suk are "*the people of cattle*" and eddy nomadically about the plains. The first description of a Suk after his name is then his section and possible sub-section; next comes his clan and sub-clan. These clans are found in all sections of the tribe in varying degrees, and each has its particular totem. Some of these totems (or clan signs) are thunder and rain, the elephant, the iguana (or tree-lizard), the sun, the baboon, the coney (or rock rabbit), the frog, the buffalo, and the rhinoceros. Each of these totems involves special initiation ceremonies and observances. Sub-clans are really family groups, the prefix Ka-is found throughout the tribe with the meaning "people of" and gives such translations as "the elephant people," "the iguana people"—much as a member of the Brown family might speak of the Wisconsin Browns. Totemic prohibitions seem to have been strict in the past but they are not so binding to-day. There is, however, still a definite regard for the totem. The Suk may be said to believe in an unknown God. Asis (the sun) is a term used to denote what a European or American might designate God. A Suk youth reproved for having put a European's rifle down and for having forgotten the place, on being told to ask God for some understanding lifted his hands in supplication to the sky and said: "Asis, give me a little thought." There is no ascertainable belief in a future life but some clans think the soul takes snake-form after death. The chief dignitary of the Suk is Wuregoion (virtually "the medicine man") which translated means "The Master of Cattle Ceremonies." The office is very obscure but hereditary. A person who has a reputation for a sway over the all important cattle, becomes a personage and other attributes naturally follow resulting in a priest-cult. The Suk have initiatory marriage rites for both sexes—some merely

curious, some vile and disgusting. We shall dismiss them at that. The marriage ceremony itself is extremely novel, but is too long to detail here. The number of wives is immaterial but about 10 or 12 is fashionable. The birth of children has also its attendant ceremonies. I may mention, *en passant*, that twins are disliked because such a birth is looked upon as an animal trait. Twins are believed to have thin skulls. Infanticide is rare. The ceremony of death in this tribe is very religious, and certainly gives one pause in reflecting on the constitution of the native mentality.

Generally speaking what has been said of the constitution of the Suk tribe is applicable to all the others listed above. Of course there are modifications and differentiations in details which makes the study very exacting but very interesting. The Wakamba are the remnant of a once powerful people. It is believed that they are the lineal descendants of a party of Persians who about A. D. 200 migrated from the plain of Sheraji and settled the delta of the Umba River which to-day forms the boundary between what was German East Africa and British territory. At the zenith of their power the Wakamba through their sultans exercised jurisdiction from Kwale to the present port Kilindini, pictures of which Mr. Newman showed us. They were a people of considerable culture and civilization but in 1700 an invading host of savages from the South of Dar-ès-Salaam conquered the country and devastated the coast as far as Malindi. The resultant admixture of conquered and conqueror with probably other peoples besides constitutes the Wakamba of to-day.

The Masai are the most fierce and warlike of the Bantu tribes, and previous to the advent of white civilization dominated Eastern Africa. They are physically a huge race. An interesting peculiarity which was noticeable in the pictures shown to us, was the wearing of an armlet by the Masai warriors and also by some of the adjoining Kikuyun of Kilimanjaro territory. I have seen one of those armlets. They are always made in the same way and always worn on the left upper arm immediately below the deltoid muscle. Women wore them on the

right arm and lower down. The significance of these ornaments is obscure but something of their nature may be judged from the fact that on the occasion of feasts or warfare the Masai warrior decorates the armlet with fur, the women on the occasion of marriage. The armlet itself is like a socket and is clamped on to the arm.

Just a note on that most interesting race the Pygmies before I close this rambling narrative. Their native name is Babongo and they inhabit the Gaboon district of the Congo. A friend of mine engaged in ethnological research has told me of a conversation he had with two Pygmies. He gleaned the following information. Pygmies are about 4 feet, 6 inches in height. They spend their time hunting but there is not much game in the brush and very few elephants. They use the bow. The women make cassava farms, the site of which is changed every year. They use cutlasses for planting and cutting but do not seem to have hoes as the other adjacent tribes have. The hoe means too much hard work. They eat fish and dead meat if they find it in the bush. They cook in earthenware pots made by the women, but that is seldom. They make mats of bark and fibre. They usually make a fetish ceremony before going to hunt to insure good luck. Snakes and crocodiles are not eaten by the women, and some men do not eat gorillas. When a Pygmy dies he is buried in the brush, laid straight out and protected with mats. Everything in the house is put in the grave. The funeral dance is held by day as well as by night and lasts for 10 days. The relatives smear themselves with white clay but the dancers do not. They merely oil their bodies. Bonji takes the dead man's spirit away. This word is the name for God. The Pygmies have string instruments and curious wooden drums but no wind instruments.

A TOUCH.

H. A. M.

Dusk on the petals of the rose,
The chalice bathed in wine;
Fond hands that tickle baby toes,
And your warm lips on mine.

WHY FREEDOM?

(On Papini's 'Life of Christ.')

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

The enemies of dogma, the "casters-off," could not have boasted a more typical adherent to individualism than Giovanni Papini. He was the quintessence of their cult, for he mocked at authority, evil, mental or moral. From a mouth frothing with unrepressed pride in self, and indignation at the stupidity of others, he cast invective and vituperation. And lo! the lion has become a lamb.

The author of the "Life of Christ," the present sensation of two continents, is too great a man to make a life-work of casting stones at mountains. From his own words it appears that he stood at the base of the mountain (which he hated for being dogmatic) and threw rocks at it. But finally he threw so many stones from the ground around him that he uncovered the green, flowerswept fields. And he marvelled at the beauty he had found, and bent his knees, tears of joy flowing from his opened eyes.

Papini says of himself, ". . . there is a significance not perhaps wholly personal and private in the example of a man who always from his childhood felt a repulsion for all recognized forms of religious faith, and for all churches, and for all forms of spiritual vassalage and who passed, with disappointments as deep as the enthusiasms had been vivid, through many experiences, the most varied and the most unhackneyed which he could find, who had consumed in himself the ambitions of an epoch unstable and restless as few have been, and who after so many wanderings, ravings and dreamings, drew near to Christ."

Those are the words of a man who has tasted what unfettered freeness has to offer, a man who drained the cup of immoderate individualism, to taste at the bottom only the dregs of isolation and self-disgust. And now he writes a book unsurpassed for humility, a book whose every line echoes Faith, faith in Christ and faith in dogma. Papini probably has more than one claim to be called great; but his best claim is that he admits he was an ass.

Emerson's individualism was not rabid, but it contained seeds that brought forth rabid fruit. Speaking of the ill-proportioned sacredness which we are prone to attach to the work of a master in a past age, he says, "Books are written on it. . . by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles."

The cry of Free-Thinkers and Non-Thinkers, is there forcefully expressed. It is the battle call of a tipsy world, shouting to all to leap from the fetters of tradition, to renounce the simple truths learned from the cradle up, to mock at law and restraint. "Be individualistic! Be free and unrepressed!" And if trees had ears they would be counselled to tear their roots from the earth, and grow in the air, or on the sea—or anywhere but on the land, where their supreme "ego" is subservient to the absurd laws of nature.

All about us is dogma despised, to such a degree that the very despisers themselves have erected a dogma. Self-expression is the "sine qua non" of life. Now self-expression is a very fine thing, so long as it does express self. And it is not expressing self when it ignores the fundamental ties of our natures, and rushes pell-mell about expressing such unfettered opinions as the lunatic does when he cries, "Behold, I am Napoleon!"

The aeronaut is an example of a man who is gloriously free, yet at all times bound in his freedom by laws which are beyond his power either to alter or ignore. His self-expression is limited by the earth. If he would heed the individualistic modernists he would convince himself that since we should follow the unrestrained longings of the "ego," there is no sense in remembering that he is bound to the dogmatic earth. But if he does forget it he is apt to be reminded of it precipitously and rather calamitously. And deep in the wreckage will be buried a bit of clay, which had but a moment before been a gigantic, defiant "ego."

Chesterton has said, "A nation is not mad because it does extravagant things, if it does them in an extravagant spirit." And that is the point with these super-individualistics.

If they want to get down on all fours and grunt like pigs, that is all right, for it is very funny. But if they censure you for laughing at them, and assure you in all seriousness that they are engaged in the very important occupation of being self-expressive, then you would have every right to slip away and telephone for a padded ambulance.

Now these things may seem fantastic; but they are not nearly so fantastic as Emerson was when he supposed that one might see true principles without having been trained to see them. Emerson advises young men not to "set out from accepted dogmas." But you must start out from something, from some base; and a base is inherently dogmatic. He advises young men to set out "from their own sight of principles." Yet right seeing presupposes right training as to how to see, and training of any kind is dogmatic.

There must be a foundation for all things, in the mental and spiritual as well as in the physical order. Dogmas have served as foundations since the Creation, and where they have been neglected there has come decay and ruin. Those who think dogma a tyrant have never tried treating it as a friend. The child at play, held back from the traffic-filled street by a rope tied at one end to a tree and at the other around its waist, cries out against the tyranny of the agent of its own preservation. And the child grown to manhood rails against the merciful bonds of mental and moral dogma, which would restrain him from rushing out and dashing away his brains against the prison bars of the universe.

"HORACE AND CONTENTMENT."

JACK SCALLAN.

"Fame, like a wayward Girl, will still be coy,
To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease."

If we study the philosophy of Horace, the application of these beautiful lines of Keats to the Latin poet's life becomes strikingly obvious. The philosophy of Horace finds a keynote in contentment; all happiness and

joy of life are found embodied in the magical state of full satisfaction. The ambitious man has no place in the philosophy of the great Latin bard; the miser, the creature of vanity, the Sybarite, ever seeking pleasure, the passionate lover, none of these are admitted to the realms of happiness as true happiness is pictured by Horace. Content with his little Sabine Farm, the bubbling, murmuring spring, the growing garden and silvan glade, he finds happiness—and fame, unpursued turns pursuer.

Horace, from the viewpoint of his quiet existence on the Sabine Farm, beheld a restless world. He saw everywhere the minds of men dominated by some craving, too often unattainable, which rendered their existence unhappy. He saw the ambitious man, employing his time in dreaming of power; he saw the wealthy struggling to amass more wealth and ultimately finding that happiness could not be purchased. Everywhere beyond the limits of his small domain, the universal battle of greed, ambition, and lust for power was being waged. The joys of wine and the beauty of love were undergoing a universal perversion by excess. Then, looking into his own serene soul, he perceived there true happiness, and wishing to plant the seeds of happiness in other hearts, he has sung in exquisite lyric, his philosophy of contentment.

In common with the Greeks, Horace was an exponent of the doctrine of "nothing in excess." Wealth had no charm for one who loved the "gentle balm of labor." He asked only a humble farm, a cask of mellow Caecuban and the wealth of the Caesars could not tempt his simple soul. Luxury was obnoxious to Horace whose poetic mind was often turned to the glory of the early Roman state. Thus he says:

"Scant were their private means, the public, great;
'Twas still a commonwealth, that State;
No portico, surveyed with private rule,
Assured one man the shady cool.
The laws approved the house of humble sods;
'Twas only to the homes of gods,
The structures reared with earnings of the nation,
They gave rich marble decoration."

"Non omnis moriar," Horace tells us and

in this we find the closest approach to ambition that our poet reveals. Greed for power does not find a place in his philosophy of contentment, but human-like, he desires to carve a niche in the memory of all times. And Horace at all times is a very human individual and extremely modern. His thoughts are as apropos to present-day life as they were to life nineteen hundred and thirty years ago. For me, Horace somehow is associated with Longfellow. The New England poet's motto was, "non clamor, sed amor" and Horace once wrote the phrast, "compesce clamor." Perhaps this has caused the relationship to exist at least for me. Horace follows out his doctrine of contentment in the fact that he does not doubt the power of his works to endure. He tells us simply that he has builded a monument more enduring than bronze.

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

The Horatian philosophy receives wine as a gracious gift of the gods to be accepted and used in moderation. If Horace at times paints Bacchus in alluring colors, it must be remembered that the merry god of Horace was a sober if jovial gentleman. In like manner, love is regarded as one of the joys of life to be taken with the same calm sense of contentment which will brook no excess. Horace encourages:

"Now should the campus be your joy,
And whispered loves your lips employ."

This then is the philosophy of Horace. If we cannot have a Sabine Farm, let us be content in the busy world. Ambition, greed, vanity, all are but dross; let us follow our poet as he "cleaves the liquid air of song" and find contentment within ourselves. With Horace, let us ask for nothing more than a happy life, a healthy mind and a contented old age.

RAIN FALL

D. F. J.

Upon the primal face of spring
The April rain falls down in strains
Of perfect melody to sing
Of life new-born on desert plains.

JOHN HENRY SOLOLOQUIZES.

R. E. LIGHTFOOT.

Dat Russiai sho ain't no place foh a poh culled boy who laks peace all the time, an a piece of sumfin to eat, now an then. They sho is a powful lot of refrigeration in that country. It was so cold oveh theah that ma teeth come loose from chatterin' so much. It gits so cold in dat country that dey has to wrap the thermometers in toe sacks to keep em from gittin the chilblains. I hopes Uncle Sam wont nevah send me oveh to do no mo expeditionary wuk no mo.

When the wah bin oveh bout a yeah, some one oveh to Russia an tol the Americans bout it, an they went right down an got on a train an lef dat country. An I run bout twenty miles to catch that train an jes as I got to the station it was goin roun the curve. An I sez to masef, John Henry, all you got to do is jes sit down an wait foh the next train bound for Nu Awlins.

An I set there till about twelve o'clock, an' they wasnt no one roun but me an the railroad station. An I sez to masef, Santy Claus sho nevah will fin you in this country. I sho had a far away feelin. Jes about that time I seed a man comin down the track, wid whiskahs all oveh his face an a sack on his back. An I knowed that it was Christmas night an I figgered that it mus sholy be Santy Claus hissef. An when that man got right up neah me he shoved a gun right at ma haid, run his han in ma pocket, took out ma Ingasoll, an ma rabbit's foot that I carried fo luck, an he kep on walkin right down that track. An I sez to masef, doggone if times ain't so hard in this country they done made a burglah out of Santy Claus!

An I kep on waitin foh da train an I sez to masef, John Henry, bes way fo you to git to Nu Awlins is to shine them hobnails on them railroad ties. An I hadn't gone fuh when a man wid a mattress all ovah his face, come runnin aftah me wid a stick of dynamite in his han, shoutin at me "Where'u you gwinesky?" An aftah I run pas bout fohty telephone poles, I shouted back at him, "Boss I aint gwinesky I'se gonesky."

Aftah I run a few miles I come to a town

of all centuries, made possible the immense expansion of the beauty business. Up to then, beauty was a thing apart. Either you had it, or you did not have it, according to prenatal influence. Now you either have it, or you haven't the price. In my application of the word, the happy arrangement of the female physiognomy. This is the only beauty that has any practical value. The materials that go into the making of beauty are cosmetics. The inner tendency, as I may say, of a woman to be beautiful is the cosmetic urge.

Some women are born beautiful. I have seen instances of this kind. But most of them, as we cannot but admit, are not. They are, however, born with the desire to be beautiful, and that in direct proportion as they are not. It is evidence, if I be allowed the digression, of compensation in all things. The will to beauty, the ambition that palpitates so intensely in the breasts of our homeliest sisters, is all-powerful. It is so powerful that the beauty industry in America stands among the foremost.

Complexion is the big thing in beauty. Scientists from the beginning therefore turned their attention to this phase of beauty. The first great discovery came when it was found that complexion may be applied by the use of a cosmetic formula. A great controversy followed this revelation. There was a strong public opinion that artificial complexion was contrary to the moral law. Once more the conflict between science and religion burned at a high ebb. But as, more and more, the women of the land, moving in their newly-acquired emancipation, the right to make up their faces exactly as they make up their minds, realized the possibilities of the cosmetic idea, the contest died down. Today artificial complexion and feminine fascination go hand in fist.

In those days cosmetic form was simple. Talcum powder applied by hand was the only complexion our parent knew. Strange as it now seems, they fell for each other nevertheless. The next step was the introduction of rouge and cold cream. The beauty shop then was the corner drug store which now fortunately serves a different function. Advances such as enumerated had a vitalizing

influence on the industry. Cold cream made the complexion last longer, while rouge gave it a picturesque effect. A few beauty pioneers opened shops which also served as laboratories in which the new formulas were tried. It was at this stage that terra derma lax and a little later boncilla were employed in beauty culture. The age of beauty was now in the morning of its glory, so to put it. With the introduction of the last-named formulas, the invention of beauty machinery became necessary. The elaborate equipment now at the disposal of any seeker after beauty attests one more triumph of science over nature. You look into the face of a woman today, rioting in intense beauty, and ask yourself if nature is not a fraud.

The future? As I said, we have witnessed only the dawn. The brilliance of the future is intimated by the splendor of the past. It is not without confidence that we look forward to the day when every woman will be as beautiful as she desires. Beauty will then resolve itself down to cosmetic urge.

VERSE.

CONTEMPLATIVES.

F. B. S.

The little winds hold fingers to their lips;
How still is the blue day!
O honey-bee, forego your business trips,
My flowers want to pray!

YOUR GARDENS

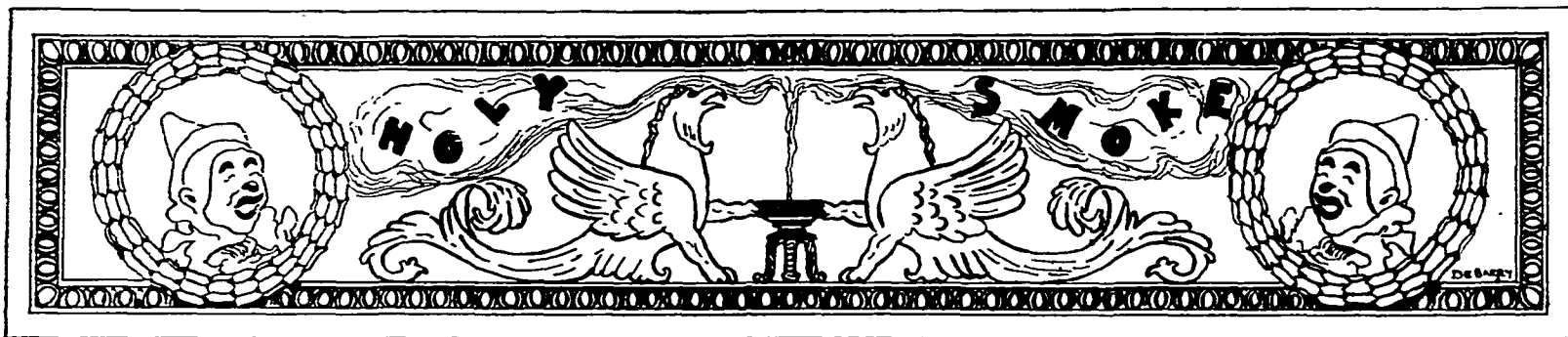
C. S. CROSS.

What shall I liken your gardens to,
Places where painted skies fell through?
Dawn or sunset? I cannot tell,
The one that looks best is the one that fell!

ON HIGH

F. S.

The wind's a shepherd, the clouds are sheep,
And the blue-grass sky, the wold.
But in fenceless air, pray tell me where
Can the swain find his sheep a fold?



DEFINITIONS.

Reformer: A man shouting to his own echo to keep still.

Politician: A man who neglects to decline the offer of the acceptance.

Bolshevik: A goof.

Goof: A Bolshevik.

Optimist: Guy who takes a girl riding during, "Walk And Be Healthy Week."

Vicious Circle: Mad dog chasing a wild cat around a rotary room.

Whadya thing of this Siki?

The red Bolsheviki?

Say, that old Pittsburg plus

Won't help none of us;

Who'll be our next president?

Will Clara Phillips get punishment?

Ever have a bad tooth?

Whadya think of Babe Ruth?

Say, ain't po'hhibition shown us?

Think they'll give gobs a bonus?

Say, don't congress act stunned?

Gonna back that "Actors Fund?"

Say, I see by the paper news

Where a guy selling booze

Was arrested for theft—

But the customer left—

—And the barber kept on raving.

Sandy: Sir-r-rr, br-r-r-ing me cold dr-r-rink.

Waiter: I'd get something hot if I were you.

We have had so many requests for advice from students who find their allowance inadequate that we take pleasure in publishing the following:

If you find that your parents do not heed your plea for more allowance:

1. When out with sister or mother, rescue as many cigarette butts in as conspicuous a manner as possible.

2. Walk through the house frequently with all the pockets in your suit turned inside out.

3. Get a friend (or friends) to write you letters saying that their parents have increased their allowances. Then leave them on the living room table.

4. Use the word "allowance" as often as you can in your speech.

5. Pass up the collection box in church.

If all these fail you didn't do it right, and don't deserve an allowance.

We haven't used

This sort

Of thing

For a long

Time.

So we know

You'll

Excuse us.

Dorothy: Mamma, I didn't know we had a cat.

Mother: Why, dear, what makes you think we have?

Dorothy: When those two men called to see papa on business last night I was going by the door of his den and heard one of them tell him to feed the kitty.

Whoops: Since prohibition the states remind one of the Sahara Desert.

Scoops: Ya, the contrast.

"I hate puns, don't you?"

"Ya, any guy who's a good judge of life wouldn't put a pun in punch."

First Stude: Why don't you wash your hands?

Second Stude: No soap.

First Stude: That's a joke.

STORIES.

He was drowsing in his warm (it was summer) little room in Sorin. At his elbow within easy reach (Across the room) stood decanters of whiskey (Both empty for years) and soda. He lit an excellent cigarette (Butt that he had found) and again became engrossed in a novel (It was a duty) that fascinated him (For the mark he would get), when the prefect rapped lightly (he had a broken knuckle) on the door.

Our hero said (He had to), "Come in."

The prefect crossed the room in two (They were very short) steps, and said with a smile (Or a grin), "You can have per—'til nine o'clock." Then he walked softly (His feet hurt him) out of the cozy (Or cramped) little room.

So our hero prepared to stroll (He was afraid of the Hill Street car) down town. He got back rather late (Nine: ten), but he didn't get punished, for they had extended his per (Thirty days).

KOLARS.

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Lorado Taft's recent lecture in Washington Hall, impressed me with a fact of great importance. How easy it was for him to

A HANDFUL OF CLAY. take the fragments of clay that were left after he had torn to pieces a beautiful

statue, and with them, rebuild and remodel a figure, more beautiful than the first! As I saw how simple it was for him to regenerate, or resurrect, the human likeness out of scattered bits of mud, I could not help but think of how easy, after all, it will be for the Divine Sculptor to resurrect our bodies, into a still more beautiful image of that Christ who gave His life for us, and thus raise out of widely diffused dust our bodies that will have been reduced to nothing by elements, during the countless ages we must be subjected to the whims of Old Father Time. When we think of it—the lesson the sculptor taught, how can we fail to believe firmly that great miracle which the Church teaches us to expect? After all, it does not seem such a miracle as we have been inclined to think it. Let us, therefore, prepare that some day we may prove worthy of admittance to another hall, greater and more beautiful than Washington Hall, and there have the opportunity to see, at work, the Sculptor of sculptors, the Divine Sculptor Himself.

CHARLES E. PERCIVAL.

I suppose one should take the advice of a great scholar and go from the insignificant reasons to the essential reasons for loving one's country. This method PATRIOTISM. has the severe virtue of logic if not the fervid expansion of poetic inspiration. The very least reason therefore for loving one's country is that which relates to "brother to-day." For though the expression "don't bite the hand that's feeding you" has become somewhat trite, it nevertheless expresses admirably a very sound patriotic principle. I suppose that even the placid cow, grazing in meadows of clover, has this sense of patriotism fairly well developed—at least there is an air of contentment about her that is lacking in many a citizen of higher origin. Be that as it may, I feel that I owe a great deal to the land that gives me sustenance—even though I do have to pay about four times as much as that sustenance is really worth, nevertheless it is better than to sustenance at all.

The procedure from the body to the things of the soul must be a violent jump because the things of the spirit are so far above those of the body. But having included all the temporal and earthly goods of the world in the word sustenance it is necessary to take the jump at once. In this phrase of the subject we are confronted with a difficulty,

for here the Church steps in and puts in its claim to our affection. Still it is due to the protecting arm of the government that we no longer have to hear Mass in the gloomy caverns of the Catacombs. We find a very good reason for patriotism in the guarantee of religious freedom which exists at least in theory if not in strict practice.

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." How the words bring up visions of pioneer life with its development of sturdy manhood! Battles upon battles fought for the cause of liberty! Lives of grave and scholarly statesmen laboring as they did with spoken and written words to build up a constitution that would endure!

The great drama that the history of America reveals is a most compelling motive of patriotism. Who can read the history of his country without thrilling to the finger tips at the great deeds, the mighty wars, the unselfish achievements that glow in the annals of her sons.

In spite of her many faults, blemishes on the tarnished surface of honor, we can love our country with all the devotion of children towards a mother a human hearted mother—not indeed without faults, but still lovable to her children.—VINCENT CAVANAUGH.

The bravest races are and have been superstitious. Decadence and cowardice breed skepticism. It is not foolish to be superstitious. It is eminently practical. A black cat crossing your path is a warning. It is a sign that some evil is at hand, and you must be on the alert. Now since evil always is at hand, to be alert and guarding against it is practical, surely. A black cat may not be the cause of bad luck. But it is worthwhile to believe so, because bad luck is bound to come some time, and the ebon pussy is just a reminder to prepare you for its coming.

Similarly, the finding of a horseshoe is a happy event. Should you nail it on the door, it will brighten even the inevitable hours of misfortune, so that when the gods turn misfortune, so that when the gods turn

against you, it will provide a cheery solace and an invigorating sympathy. For the glory of the horseshoe is this: that it is shaped in the manner of the rainbow, and the good luck it brings is Hope!
V. D. E.

THE NOTRE DAME DAILY.

The Board of Control of the Notre Dame Daily newspaper met for the first time Saturday afternoon, April 14, to select the Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager of the paper and to approve articles of organization. Rev. Thomas Lahey, C. S. C., appointed by the President, Professor John M. Cooney, Dean of the Journalism School, Knute K. Rockne, Athletic Director, Professor George N. Shuster, Head of the English Department, Gus Desch and John Cavanaugh, representatives of the S. A. C., Harry Flannery Editor-in-Chief and James Hayes, Business Manager, now compose the Board. After the staff of the paper has been organized by the Editor and Business Manager one of the members will be elected by the staff for membership on the Board. The Board of Control will then consist of four Faculty members and five students.

Following are the articles of organization adopted by the Board of Control:

At a regular meeting of the S. A. C., held on April 8, 1923, a resolution was adopted creating an organization for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at Notre Dame under conditions hereinafter provided for.

ARTICLE 1. This organization shall be known as the Notre Dame Daily and shall be composed of a Board of Control, known as The Notre Dame Daily Board of Control and of the Notre Dame Daily Staff.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL

ARTICLE 2. The Board's personnel shall consist of the Dean of the School of Journalism, the Head of the English Department, the Athletic Director, one member of the Faculty appointed by the President of the University, the Chairman of the S. A. C., and one member of the S. A. C., elected for the purpose by the S. A. C. These men shall choose the Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager, both of whom shall thereupon become members of this Board of Control together with a man to be chosen by ballot of all the members of the Staff.

ARTICLE 3. The Faculty member appointed by the President of the University, the two S. A. C.

representatives, the Editor-in-Chief, the Business Manager and the member elected by the Staff shall serve on this Board for one scholastic year.

ARTICLE 4. There shall be one officer of the Board, the Chairman, who will be elected by the Board at their first regular meeting each year.

ARTICLE 5. Robert's Rules of Order shall be observed at all the meetings of the Board.

POWERS OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL

ARTICLE 6. This Board shall have power to elect one member of the student body to act as Editor-in-Chief and one student to act as Business Manager.

ARTICLE 7. The Board of Control shall determine the price of subscription.

ARTICLE 8. The Board shall have power to approve advertising rates, which will be submitted by the Business Manager.

ARTICLE 9. The Board shall have power to demand an audit of the finances of the paper at any time.

ARTICLE 10. The Board shall have the power of removing from office any member of the Staff under control of the Editor-in-Chief or Business Manager, following such recommendation from said Editor-in-Chief or Business Manager.

ARTICLE 11. The Board shall have power to remove from office any member of the Staff whom they have appointed, if after hearing the facts presented in the particular case it is deemed advisable to remove him from said office.

THE NOTRE DAME DAILY STAFF.

ARTICLE 12. The Staff of the paper shall be divided into two sections: the Editorial, and the Business.

ARTICLE 13. The Editorial Section shall be under charge of the Editor-in-Chief, who shall be responsible for the policy and conduct of the paper, except as powers have been granted herein to the Board of Control and excepting the powers hereinafter delegated to the Business Manager.

ARTICLE 14. The Editorial Section of the Staff shall consist of the following men: the News Editor, the Sporting Editor and the Editorial Board.

ARTICLE 15. The Editorial Board shall consist of five students appointed by the Editor-in-Chief, who shall act as Chairman of the Board.

ARTICLE 16. It shall be the duty of the Editorial Board to write editorials for the paper under direction of the Editor-in-Chief.

ARTICLE 17. The remaining members of the Editorial Section of the Staff shall be chosen from students in the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes, by the Editor-in-Chief.

THE BUSINESS SECTION.

ARTICLE 18. The Business Section of the Staff shall be under charge of the Business Manager.

ARTICLE 19. The Business Section of the Staff shall consist of the following men: the Circulation Manager, and two Advertising Managers.

ARTICLE 20. The remaining members of the Business Section shall be chosen by the Business Manager from students in the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes.

ARTICLE 21. All appointments to the Staff, made by the Editor-in-Chief and by the Business Manager shall be approved by the Board of Control.

ARTICLE 22. The Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager shall see that accurate records shall be kept of the quality and quantity of the work of all the members of the Staff, which records shall be considered by the Board of Control together with the recommendations of the Business Manager and the Editor-in-Chief for appointments in the respective divisions of the Staff.

ARTICLE 23. The dissolution or the continuance of the paper shall finally depend upon the decision of the President of the University.

JOHN CAVANAUGH.

THE KAMPUS KRIER.

(Until we think of a better name.)

Keep fishin'. At first you may catch only crabs, but you're bound to land the bullheads and suckers sooner or later.

Irrespective of all advocates of dryness, the University Officials are furnishing the scientists, engineers, and lawyers with an abundant supply of HtwoO for drinking purposes.

More and later signs of spring (visible any nice Sunday afternoon): Handsome S. B. girls being shown about our handsome campus by more or less handsome N. D. guides.

But it *IS* spring! Didn't the Varsity Four wear straw hats at the concert last week?

"What did you see to-day?" Two students (not Freshmen) who thought the "Please" signs were hurdles.

E. W., who has a warm and spacious corner in his heart for all would-be sheiks and other users of unctuous products, informs the Krier that he is putting on the market "*Tux Oil*," guaranteed to produce a perfect shine on Tuxedo lapels.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

President Maurice Dacy of the Senior Class has appointed a committee to have complete charge of all arrangements for the coming Commencement in June. The members of this committee are Raymond Gallagher, chairman, Merlin Rolwing, Vincent Brown, Percy Wilcox, Vincent Engels, and Tom Lieb.

Thomas D. Lyons, Litt. B., '04, Tulsa, Oklahoma, was recently appointed by Gov. Walton to the Supreme Court of Oklahoma. The *Tulsa World*, in commenting on the appointment in its editorial columns, remarked: "Judge Lyons, the Tulsa County member, is worthy material for the honor and the work. The *World* has known the gentleman for many years; has observed him with considerable care, and it believes that he will be a credit to himself, his state, and his geographical section, in all tasks he essays while wearing the judicial ermine of exceeding high authority."

Another of Pio Montenegro's oratorical bombs exploded last Tuesday night, April 24th, when he addressed the business woman's department of the South Bend Woman's Club. Pio headed a special program which included brief talks by members of the faculty of Purdue University.

Last week the gathering of the Sophiscates of the campus was marked by a visit from T. A. Daly. Mr. Daly, after having been informally introduced by Fr. Cavanaugh who said that the only grudge he ever held against Tom was the fact that he did not come to Notre Dame to be educated, asked the members of the club what he should talk about. He said that he would answer to the best of his ability any questions that might be put to him concerning any newspaper or literary man of the day. There followed an interesting series of anecdotes, amusing and not without significant value, about such notables as Christopher Morley, Hearst, Brisbane, Curtis, Finley Peter Dunne, Booth Tarkington,

James W. Riley, Joyce Kilmer, and Fr. Charles O'Donnell. The advice given to young poets about submitting their verse to popular magazines was unexpected as well as unexcelled. The whole talk was of a delightfully informal nature permitting his listeners a glimpse of the back stage of journalism, a scene which few students nowadays are privileged to see.

In response to repeated requests Mr. Daly read several of his poems, "The Ode To a Thrush" and "The Flowery Wheelbarrow" which were done in inimitable Daly fashion, pathetically humorous. One of the readings was interrupted by the noisy appearance of Ed Lennon and Emery Toth armed with bananas, fiddle, and Italian lingo. While Mr. Toth revelled with the violin, Mr. Lennon caused a revelation in serving refreshments—sliced bananas, cream, and chocolate cakes. Both men were so successful in their disguise that a prominent member of the faculty was greatly alarmed at their stormy entrance, thinking them drunken janitors.

Frs. Cavanaugh, Burke, Ill, Carey, Broughall and Foik, together with Alden Cusick, Maurice Dacy, John Montague and Paul Fenlon were guests of the Scribblers. Much credit and praise should be given to the men in charge of this meeting for their selection and originality of entertainment.

Talking straight from the shoulder about a straight-from-the-shoulder business, Lawrence Lane, Chief of the Police Department of South Bend, spoke before the Knights of Columbus in the council chambers last Tuesday evening. Chief Lane's subject was, "Following Footprints"; he not only recounted many of his own experiences in "coppering," but also outlined the history of the modern police system, and described the structure of his department in South Bend. The occasion marked the first intimate contact that Chief Lane has had with the Notre Dame student body since he studied and worked here some years ago, and he was greeted by a monstrous, enthusiastic crowd. While the eats were being passed around, melody was scattered through the chambers

by Jimmy Egan, Vic Labetz, Norbert Engels, Joe McCarthy and Milligan.

When Jim Swift and his Juniors decided to stir up a little mixture which they would call "The Junior Mixer," they procured *some* recipe, which called for the following divers ingredients, stirred and apportioned to a wise degree: Father Walsh recounting stories of the Notre Dame spirit of the old days, including that about Dave Hayes; "Rock" describing team-work, and adding another dash about the 'days of yore,' when escapaders didn't escapade in tea-rooms; Father Haggerty enjoying himself and making remarks that caused others to enjoy themselves; Professor Sullivan reading "The Peasant Boy"; Jim Smith friscoing while his admirers bombard him with pennies and cigarettes; George Sadlier and his orchestra syncopating meanly; and so on toward infinity. And when you consider that this distinguished mixture was blended in wise proportions, and crowned by an innovation by which each man shook hands in four directions, and then dove into the eats, you may understand why the affair was a howling success.

Last Wednesday Professor Wiley, head of the Civil Engineering department at Purdue University, delivered a lecture in Washington Hall on "Sanitary Engineering," in which he pointed out some remarkable new improvements in sewerage and water supply systems.

Perhaps Gene Sullivan has never been to India (who knows?) but no one who heard him in his talk before the Mining Engineers on the evening of April 20 would ever have guessed as much. He spoke on "Mining In India," and brought out the manifold disadvantages and hardships under which the engineers in India must work.

The Juniors (ambitious crowd), deciding that they are going to have oodles of spare time between now and Friday, have arranged a little Post-Prom hop for everyone tonight. It will be put on at the Oliver, and the

Juniors promise that it will be the most elaborate informal of the season.

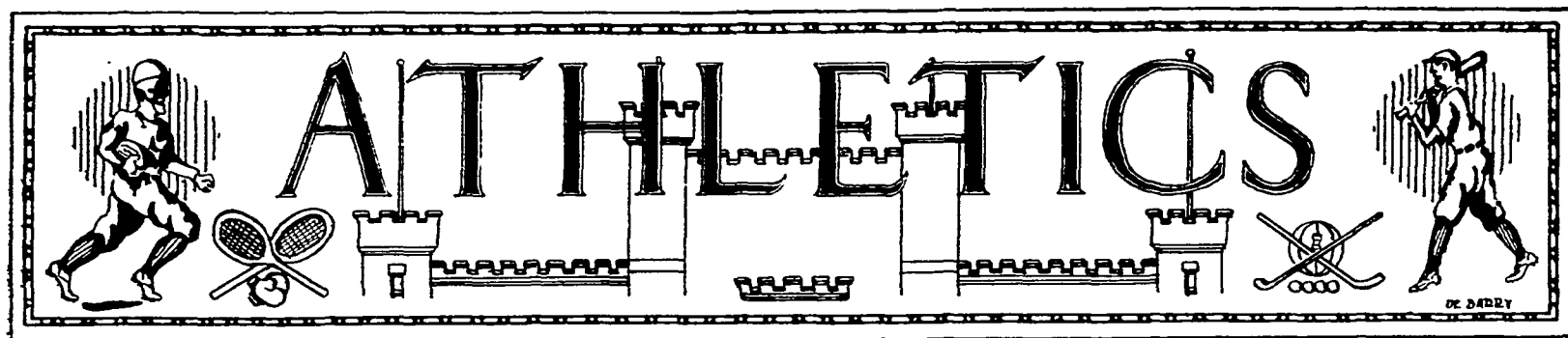
The Fort Wayne Club held a business meeting in the Library Wednesday for the purposes of balancing their accounts for the year.

Behold! At last, from out the haze of predictions and prophecies which surrounded the "Dome" elections, have come the Sophomores' choices. The Editor-in-chief will be Jack Scallan, Associate Editor of this year's "Dome," and periodic contributor to "The Scholastic" and "Juggler." John Bartley, whose work on the business end of "The Dome" this year has been brilliant, was chosen Business Manager; and Joe Foglia, one of the best artists on the campus, hauled in the job of Art Editor. With three such men at the helm, only the full cooperation of the student body (and the present Sophomores in particular) is needed to make "The Dome" of '24 as complete a success as "The Dome" of '23 is going to be.

When Father Hebert gave a slide lecture on mythology for his Latin students last year, he little realized that his lecture was to become an annual affair. But he was pressed from all sides, so on last Monday night the students of the Classics assembled and were treated to a lecture on mythology, Greek and Roman, which held them spellbound for three hours. Father Hebert's stories followed the lead of the slides, which were reproductions of some of the world's greatest masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

At the regular meeting of the Chemists Club last Wednesday evening, it was the Juniors' turn to provide the pepper, so they did it by considering "Centrifuge" in 4,957 applications. Papers were read on this subject by Tim Rauh, De Paolis, and Bill Bailey. Kremp and Robrecht also gave a demonstration of the interesting Babcock test. The club completed plans for a baseball league which will be composed of the Miners, Pre-Medics, Pharmacists and Chemists.

HARRY MCGUIRE.



THE DRAKE RELAYS.

The largest squad that has ever represented Notre Dame in a carnival will go to the Drake relays next Saturday. Rockne will enter twenty-one men in the relay and individual events.

The Irish will present teams in the 440, 880, mile, and four mile relays. In addition to these events Tom Lieb will be entered in the discus and shot, Eddie Hogan in the pole vault, Walsh or Casey in the high hurdles, Brady or Livergood in the broad jump, Oberst or Moes in the javelin, and Layden and Barr in the 100 mile dash.

Layden, Barr, McTiernan and Coughlin are the probable local entrants in the 440 and 880 yards relays. The mile event will be run by Walsh, Montague, Hamling, and either Disney, McTiernan, or Barr. Kennedy, Cox O'Hara, and either Doran, Wentland, or Connel will run in the four mile race.

Several new Notre Dame men who promised unusual things during the indoor season will receive a test at Drake. Barr won the spirit against Wisconsin indoors and finished strong against Illinois and in the dash at the Illinois relays. Layden and McTiernan will not compete indoors, but are expected to round out, with Coughlin, a quartet of dash men capable of finishing among the leaders. Walsh and Casey represent fair material in the high hurdles. Casey will also be entered in the low hurdles.

Bardy and Livergood in the broad jump, Oberst and Moes in the javelin, and Layden and Barr in the 100 yard dash are about equal in ability, and Coach Rockne may not decide which of the various men he will enter in each event until the event is called.

The Irish baseball nine, which has begun its season with a string of victories, meets Northwestern and Indiana here on Thursday and Saturday of this week.

A FOOTBALL REVUE.

In a football game last Saturday between the varsity and the Notre Dame men who will coach next year, Knute K. Rockne, appearing in person, starred for the old-timers, who defeated the Gaelic "youngsters" in a regulation game, ending the Spring training season. Rock, playing quarterback for the veterans scored the first two touchdowns for his team, made a 40-yard run after receiving a forward pass and intercepted an enemy pass before retiring from the game at the end of the first half to conduct track try-outs. Rodge Kiley, former Notre Dame and All-American end, who will coach Loyola next year, received several forward passes which led to Rockne's scores.

IRISH PASS PALM TO ILLINI.

Illinois won from Notre Dame, last Saturday, 10 to 4, when Coach Lundgren's wrecking crew fell upon Falvey in the third and batted in six runs. The Illini gained four more runs on hits and Notre Dame errors.

Box score:

| ILLINOIS | R. | H. | C. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|
| Roeeger, cf. | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Dougherty, c. | 1 | 2 | 9 |
| Hellst'm, 2b | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| Vogel, 1b. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| H'penny, 1b. | 1 | 1 | 15 |
| Kuehl, rf. | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Stewart, ss. | 2 | 0 | 9 |
| Durant, 3b. | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| O'Connor, p. | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Jackson, p. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Totals | 10 | 13 | 46 |

| NOTRE DAME | R. | H. | C. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|
| Sheehan, ss. | 2 | 0 | 5 |
| Faley, 2b | 2 | 2 | 10 |
| Kane, 3b. | 0 | 3 | 4 |
| Castner, cf. | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Curtin, c. | 0 | 1 | 5 |
| Falvey, p. | 0 | 0 | 5 |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|----|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Vergara, lf. | 0 | 0 | 2 | | | | | | |
| Keely, rf. | 0 | 0 | 2 | | | | | | |
| Nolan, lb. | 0 | 0 | 11 | | | | | | |
| Totals | 4 | 8 | 44 | | | | | | |
| Illinois | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | *—10 |
| Notre Dame | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0—4 |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------|----|---|---|---|----|---|---|---|-----|
| F. Wyatt, lb. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 2 | | | | |
| Gullett, lf. | 4 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| Grater, rf. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| Onew, c. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 3 | | | | |
| Goldsberry, p. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | | | | |
| Totals | 28 | 2 | 8 | 8 | 27 | | | | |
| Notre Dame | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |
| Wabash | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—2 |

IRISH BEATEN BY CLEVER PITCHING.

In a close game, featured by the clever pitching of Goldsberry of Wabash College, Notre Dame went down in defeat to a score of 2 to 0, April 21. Goldsberry was in superb form, and was well-supported by his team. After a poor start, Magevney settled down and held his opponents scoreless in the last eight innings. The game was featured by fine fielding, the Irish playing errorless ball throughout.

After Notre Dame had been retired in the first inning, Melton first up for Wabash knocked a short hit to right field. Dale sacrificed, Curtin throwing him out at first. Mac Roberts walked. J. Wyatt hit a long fly to Castner, Melson beating the throw to third and MacRoberts taking second. F. Wyatt walked, filling the bases, and in the pinch Gullet hit a roller through second base which Foley made a grand try for, but could not reach. Melson and MacRoberts scored. Curtin recovered a short passed ball and tagged F. Wyatt sliding into the plate. After this both pitchers tightened, allowing few chances to score.

Box score:

| NOTRE DAME— | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|---|---|----|----|
| | AB | R | H | P | A |
| Sheehan, ss. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 |
| Foley, 2b. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Kane, 3b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Castner, cf. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Curtin, c. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| Thomas, rf. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelley, rf. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nolan, lb. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Bergman, lf. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Vergara, lf. | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Magevney, p. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Falvey, p. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 28 | 0 | 4 | 34 | 10 |
| WABASH— | | | | | |
| | AB | R | H | P | A |
| Melson, 3b. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Dale, ss. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 |
| Macroberts, 2b. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 1 |
| J. Wyatt, cf. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |

THE KAZOO GAME.

Abnormal conditions attended the opening game of the 1923 home baseball season at Notre Dame and the Irish and Kalamazoo gave up the ghost after five innings of play in a snowstorm had given the home team the game. Red Magevney hurled for the locals.

Magevney fanned seven of the first nine men that faced him but loosened up in the fourth with a six run lead and permitted four Kazoo blows for the Teachers' four runs. He tightened again in the fifth and mowed the visitors in the final inning.

Bouwman started well for the visitors by fanning Sheehan and Kane and handling Danny Foley's roller. In the second frame, however, the Irish cannonade began when Castner pushed the first hit through second. Curtin's attempted sacrifice resulted in a popped fly. Bouwman's control slipped and Thomas begged a walk. Vergara was hit and the bases were peopled. Joe Bergman, one of the recruits battling for an outfield job, came up in the pinch and took advantage of the setting by socking a hard drive to right center that scored Castner and Thomas. Magevney hit to third and Vergara was pinched at the plate.

Sheehan punched to third base but Bergman beat the throw home. The Kazook catcher hurled wide in attempting to beat Sheehan to first and Magevney and Sheehan perched on second and third. Kane came through with a natural over second, scoring both men and went to second. Castner ended the inning by grounding to second base.

The Irish started another disturbance later in the game. Sheehan hit and Foley beat out an attempted sacrifice. Kane was safe on a wide throw of his attempt by the third baseman and both men scored on the play. Kane took second and scored on Castner's second hit. Curtin went out second to first but Castner scored when the Kazook pitcher made a wild toss of Thomas' infield blow. Vergara's hit tallied Tommy and George counted the 13th run on Bergman's second hit. Magevney walked but was forced by Sheehan. Foley ended the inning by grounding to Hinga.

The game was witnessed by 200 fans. Players suffered from cold and a corps of bat boys were kept busy with towels to keep the balls dry as possible.

Score:

| | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|------|
| Kalamazoo | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0—4 |
| Notre Dame | 0 | 6 | 1 | 6 | *—13 |

WALLACE

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

The subject of the world's ten worst books calls forth amusing discussion by William Rose Benet in a recent issue of the *Literary Review*. Picking the ten worst books is like papering a dining room with Sunday comic sheets. Indifferent books are as numerous as diplomats at an international booty contest. The Grand Order of the Linoleum belongs however, to contemporary publishing. To our mind, 1922 brought forth the galloping mummy in books, the worst of the worst. It was blurbed "devastating," but to anyone outside a padded cell its pages could hardly be more than desolating. Its ugliness is only slightly suggested by the name, "Gargoyles." After reading nine pages, we glanced at pages 291 and 342, threw the book out of the window, and took three bromo-quinine tablets.

"Gargoyles" is so filthy in content and so abominable in diction and style that it is still being passed around hereabouts. Which recalls the queer reading passion of the student. We came upon a copy of the "Decameron," three dollars net (with the dust wiped off), on one reading table. And the ambitious one remarked, "some of the stories were funny as hell." In awarding prizes, however, we would give a used tooth-pick to the frenzied individual who roared the Hill street car reading "Simon Called Peter."

The Chicago *Literary Times*, which contains the vaporings of those Chicago literati who have the pink-eye, is still squirting saliva all over Michigan Boulevard. The *Literary Times* is a side-show that would have caused P. T. Barnum to sell out. But a side-show it is all ballyhoo. Probably, it serves its purpose, however,—to tickle the tonsils of the bearded intelligentsia and to shock the pale bourgeoisie. Most of it is vacuous cleverness. Nothing ever satisfies egotism like cleverness, and the long-haired youth of Chicago is egotistic. It blushes every time it looks in a mirror. The *Literary Times* is the worst kind of hokum that such febrile adolescence could produce.

Book sales come and book sales go, and the hearts of a few book buyers are gladdened. At a Chicago sale—the disposal of a private collection—some of the more recent items started brisk bidding. Here are a few prices: Thomas Burke, "Limehouse Niths," London, first edition, 1916, \$40; Joseph Conrad, "Almayer's Folly," London, first edition, 1895, \$72.50; Charles Dickens, "Christmas Carol," London, first edition, 1843, \$120; John Masefield, "Salt Water Ballads," London, first edition, 1902, \$110; R. L. Stevenson, "Virginibus Puerisque," London, first edition, 1811, \$80; George Meredith, Poems, London, first edition, 1851, \$135.

Sinclair Lewis, otherwise known as the author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," et al., has left the placid avenues of Hartford, Conn., boarded a Cunarder and departed the American shores. Lewis, who is responsible for the recent growth of the Rotary club movement, declares that he will live henceforth in London. In his opinion, London is the only city in the world in which one can live in peace. And the United States—there, too much bustle and noise, too much efficiency and not enough work, too much minding the other fellow's business. He makes no mention, however, of the subject of American royalties, nor of the frequency with which he expects to return to the United States on lecture tours. Well, Main street will say, "Take keer yerself, Lew'."

Found, in Badin, a man who has read this department, and admits it. . . . For those who berate our column, permit us to doff our hat. They are our friends, and we admire their judgment. . . . "Mr. Flimflam, the popular novelist," writes Max Beerbohm in one of the feuilleton essays in "More," "is frankly of the moment, and, when he dies, another will take his place and will supply the same kind of stuff, with such variations as the superficial changes of the market may require. Being a man of average intelligence, he fully realizes his transient position. He has no illusion that his works will outlive him, and his only hope is that they may continue to sell well up to the date of his death. He is in much the same position as is a great singer, who has to live his immortality in his lifetime". . . . And may we remain out of the group who are singing matutinal hymns to Zona Gale's "Faint Perfume," even though we enjoy the scent of heliotrope and lilac and lavender? In the Gale book, the perfume has been caught in a sachet bag out of which all the vitality has been starched and ironed. . . . Blame it all, Congress will get bookish and intellectual. Last session, Kipling was quoted both in support of and in opposition to the army and navy appropriation bills, and both for and against the bonus. . . . A revised edition of "The New Poetry," which many have considered the best of the modern verse anthologies, is fresh from the press. Harriet Monroe is one of the editors. . . . And now the ferruginous H. L. Mencken has left his occupation of throwing literary stink-bombs long enough to revise for the third time his polymathic "American Language". . . . We hear of now, but have not seen, a novel of collegiate life called "The Barb" by William J. McNally. Minnesota is supposed to furnish the background for the story, which is an indictment of the fraternity system. Selah. . . . Reading the publishers' advertisements, we are always struck by the phrase "4th large printing" or 7th large printing." Now we ask, how large is a large printing? . . . The two-volume edition of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" has passed the 50,000-mark, a sizeable figure for a non-fiction book, especially when the price is ten dollars.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

The traction company officials in California have had to take drastic actions against the students of Stanford University. They have had to add one extra conductor on the street cars running to and from the university to prevent the "wayward roughs" from riding free of charge. Incidentally, they say this action will also prevent "trolley pulling" and the desire of a few for a daily airing on the top of the Toonerviles. This dishonesty of the students,—trying to cheat the company out of a meager car-fare, we cannot fathom. Why here at Notre Dame, on the Hill St. line, there is only one man and he is both motorman and conductor. And the fellows are so anxious that the company should prosper that they fight to see who will get on the car first. The one that does usually "gets the rest of 'em,"—as he drops in his nickel.

FAIR PLAY ON THE FAIRWAY.

The Circle "C" society at the University of California has refused to recognize golf as a minor sport, for which Circle "C" monograms would have been given. The organization has rejected the golf enthusiasts, petition because only a relatively few students would be able to play on the links of the neighboring country clubs, and as a general participation in the game would have to be denied, it was considered best not to award monograms. At last the studious scientists and evolutionists can relax their minds. It is in the state of California where they will find the missing links.

KICKERS WANT KNICKERS.

Are the present day men's fashions reviving those of our progenitors, when the silk breeches and the silk stocking were the vogue? It seems so! Knickerbockers—the loose-fitting type which are called "plus-four—" are more popular at Michigan this year than ever before. In the opinion of the students these knickers are more comfortable, require less pressing and are more collegiate than the trousers. Grant all that, but if this fad becomes universal how will some of the students impress the professors that they belong in college unless they wear the "long jeans."

BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A reporter for the *Oregon Emerald* spent a considerable amount of time recently compiling statistics which would enable him to determine how many students there were on the campus with the same Christian names. The results of his efforts

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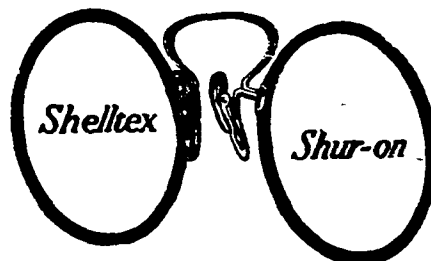


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show that John is the most common name in the school. There are 116 of them there. George ranks next in popularity, with William and James in third and fourth places, respectively. Among the girls, the Helens, Marys, Ruths and Elizabeths are the most numerous. If such a survey were to be made here at Notre Dame we feel certain that the "Macks" would rank highest.

THAT CREEPY FEELING.

From the following lines which a columnist wrote for the *Indiana Daily Student* we conclude that the poet must have erred when he said, "In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to love." Judge for yourself:

INSECTS! INSECTS! INSECTS!

Bugs! Bugs! Bugs!
O for the life of a gosh-blamed bug!
Creeping things, crawling things,
Sometimes appalling things,
Bugs! Bugs! Bugs!

Potato bugs, doodle bugs, beetles and ants,
June bugs and pinching bugs, wasps, bees and gnats,
Cooties and centipedes,
Fords and velocipedes,
Even the flea on the old mendicant.
O for the life of a lowly bug.
Bugs! Bugs! Bugs!

SKULL CAPS OR SKULL AND BONES.

The accompanying notice which appeared in an Indiana University paper is just a sample of the kind of an announcement we may expect to find in the new Notre Dame daily next year when the freshmen will be compelled to wear "dinks."

"Freshmen will wear green caps between the hours of 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. except on week-ends when no athletic contests are to be held. All offenders of these traditions will be introduced to the quiet waters of the Jordan River!"

LIKE THE RUSH TO THE KIMBERLEY.

Headline in the Northwestern Daily: "Diamond call will bring out vets of last season's nine." Huh! A diamond call will bring out all of them, not only the veteran "vamps." And where do they get that "last season's nine" stuff?

MORE FACTS.

In New York, the other week, the Pennsylvanian tells us, four thousand young school boys wrote compositions on what they wished to be when they grew up. And quite naturally, thirty-eight percent of them want to be policemen. We believe that if the college youths were to write essays on what they wished to be when they get out into the world they would all prefer to be revenue officers. The "get-rich-quickly" attitude increases proportionately in the average individual as he advances from the grade school policeman idea of accumulating wealth.