

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

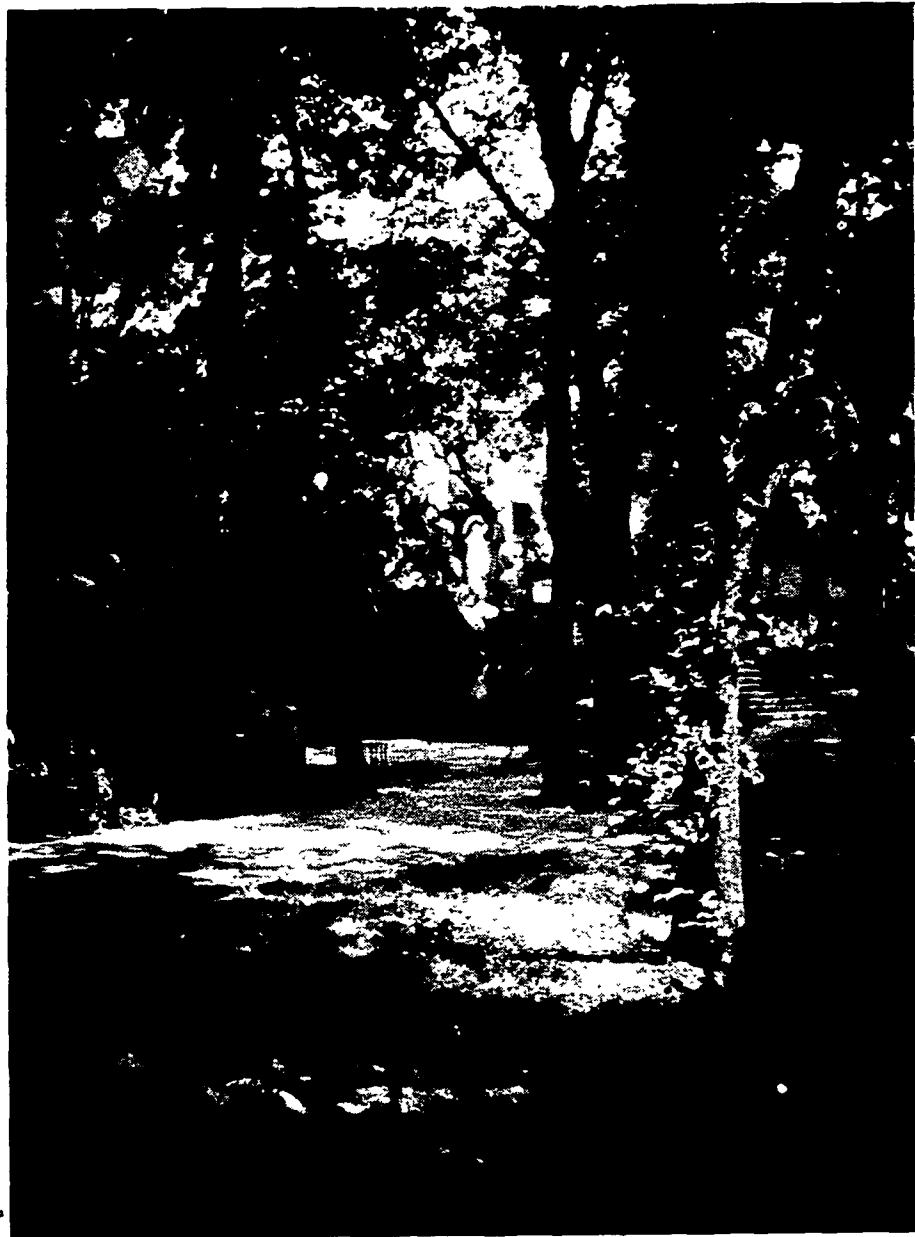
—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



*A sunbeam, searching through the leaves,
Had found the mystic quiet of your face;
He wondered, prayed and then forgot
Hera's coldness and Aphrodite's grace.*

... THE WEEK ...

"First in war; first in peace; and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" George Washington won a Revolution.

"First in the shot put; first in the forty-yard dash; first in the forty-yard high hurdles; first in the quarter mile; first in the mile; first in the two-mile; first in the pole vault; and first in the relay race!" Notre Dame's track team lost to Illinois.

It is a good thing the British didn't have a General Gill.

And it is also a good thing that Abraham Lincoln was not a basketball player. Had he indulged, being built along the lines of Chadwick of Wabash, it is very probable that he would have become too famous to be President. Which shows how little things might have changed the whole trend of history—but didn't. The campaigns of the Revolution were concluded very much along the lines of the Illinois meet. By skillfully combining a number of 'seconds' with a few well-chosen "firsts" the final score was a big upset to the contemporary dope-bucket. Likewise friend Chadwick, by taking a great deal of punishment, succeeded in a calm and deliberate plan of feeding the ball to his friends and saved the Wabash union. (Mr. Coman, Mr. Dunne, and history lovers need not notice.)

"It was a bad week for the home team," seems to be the logical conclusion—especially when we look at the iceless idleness of the hockey team; the Navy's lack of consideration of visitors, and the two home defeats. But as the old saying is, "Don't judge a book by the review." Followers of the teams picked out so many fine points in the showings made Saturday that a stranger would never have guessed that there had been a defeat. And many who are not

strangers are convinced that there won't be many more defeats. The firsts in the track meet didn't carry far enough in a dual meet, but they certainly would stand out in a big meet—or against anyone else but Illinois. And all the boxing teams aren't like the Navy, nor basketball teams like our friends from Wabash.

Wabash also came into the Notre Dame eye—somewhat after the manner of a cinder—by winning the state oratorical contest. Harry McGuire and his "Peace Through Independence" are compliments to the ability of the opposing speaker, and guarantees that the winner was *good*.

Dan Hickey's *Juggler* fell into the arms of an eager public Monday night. There was a rush downtown Tuesday morning to secure "Violets, orchids, roses and chrysanthemums for smart shoulders, 35c to \$2.95," but the fellows hurried right back again to study anew the double spread by McElroy. The way the issue sold brought back memories of Christmas. The number should strike terror into the major portion of the mailing list.

No classes Monday. Which makes everyone but the Seniors have a decidedly patriotic glow. And even with the Seniors it is a toss-up to balance the ills against the thrills of the first appearance in cap and gown. So far the thrills have it, but if the Committee mathematics went astray, odds will shift. Another horrible handicap to the joy is the rent. And they say this handicap grows worse as one grows older. At any rate, some one is going to enjoy Washington's Birthday,—making a fine beginning for next week, and a good ending for this Week.

S. A. C. Notes

Six members, Kohout, Bach, Collins, Don Miller, O'Neill and Brady, were absent from the S. A. C. meeting in the Library last Sunday morning.

—NDS—

The Mid-West Student Conference will meet at Notre Dame in 1926 if the resolution passed by the Council produces favorable results. Chairman George Bischoff broached the subject; he said that, with entertainment for the delegates made easily available, there was no good reason why the meeting should not be held here. Whatever expense is incurred will be no more than that of sending Notre Dame delegates to an outside conference. The members of the Council unanimously agreed upon these views.

The Conference is made up of some fifty delegates who represent the student councils of twenty-eight universities and colleges in the Middle West. The meeting this year is to be held late in April at the Kansas State School of Agriculture.

—NDS—

The men engaged in collecting contributions for the football memorial fund reported encouraging progress. Much work yet remains to be done, however, notably that of interviewing the Day-Students. This group was turned over to the Blue Circle, who, after devising their own manner of procedure, will go on with the collection.

—NDS—

John Moran, chairman of the elections committee, read a preliminary draft of the proposed new election rules. The provision which forbade voting in absentee was the only one to encounter serious objection. Many members thought that those students who were necessarily absent from the University on election day should not lose their vote on that account. No one offered an acceptable substitute for this provision, however, and it will be discussed further at tomorrow's meeting.

HARRY M'GUIRE PLACES THIRD IN STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Harry A. McGuire of Notre Dame, speaking on "Peace Through Independence," won third place in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest held Friday night, February 13, at Franklin College. Leland M. Ross of Wabash won first place; his subject was "Our Future as a Race." Paul Huston of Purdue, with "Government by the People" was second. Besides the above, Earlham, Franklin, Butler and Manchester each had an entry.

Immediately following the contest a reception was given for the contestants and judges during which the names of the winners were announced. Mr. Ross received a cash prize of fifty dollars and Mr. Huston one of twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Ross will represent Indiana in the Interstate Contest to be held later.

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

To avoid possible misunderstanding, notice is hereby given that:

1. No student may gain credit in the College of Arts and Letters who is not registered for at least fifteen (15) hours of class per week, nor (unless by special exemption, granted only by the Dean) for more than twenty-one (21).

2. Seniors in Arts and Letters who are registered for only fifteen (15) hours of class per week are required to attain a passing grade in *all the subjects* for which they are registered, whether or not the hours thus earned would bring their total number of hours for the four years up to or beyond the required 144. (By decision of the Univ. Council.) This does not apply to part time students.

3. The *latest* date for handing in prize essays and graduating theses is May second.

4. Failure to produce a satisfactory graduating thesis, or to present three typewritten, properly bound copies of it to the head of his respective department on or before May second will debar the student from graduating in June.

—CHARLES C. MILTNER, C.S.C., Dean.

Music

One of the most prominent organizations of the school, with regard to off-campus activities, is the Varsity Quartet, composed of John Butler, Arthur Haley, George Koch and Alfred Meyers. These four men have made numerous appearances at different functions in South Bend and with the Glee Club upon its winter tour, and have been exceptionally well received at every appearance.

The Quartet has sung, among other affairs, at the Football Banquet given by the South Bend merchants, at the K. of C. Initiation banquet, several Rotary Club meetings, for WGAZ of the South Bend Tribune, and in every town in which the Glee Club gave a concert.

The Glee Club appearances of the Quartet were especially fine and well-received, as witness an excerpt from the review of the Saginaw, Mich., concert:

"The Glee Club emulates the football team of Notre Dame in certain particulars. It has teamwork down to a nicety. In its ensemble numbers, it has true harmony.

It has its "four horsemen" too. The Stuhldreher-Layden-Crowley-Miller backfield of the gridiron has its counterpart in the quartet composed of Butler, Haley, Koch and Meyers. Just as the "four horsemen" of the gridiron furnished most of the thrills for the football followers when Notre Dame performed, the quartet furnished the punch and fun of the concert Sunday evening. The quartet paid its tribute to the Notre Dame football team with a number detailing the deed of Rockne, the "Horsemen," and the unsung line, and then crowned a hit at the expense of Leland Stanford to the tune of "California, Here I Come."

The quartet has appeared as a feature of several of the Club smokers given on the campus, and appeared Wednesday night and sang for the Freshmen at their smoker held in Brownson Rec.

A Glee Club concert was to be given in Valparaiso and Peru, Ind., during the weekend of Washington's Birthday; but due to an unexpected change in the arrangements, the plans were overturned and the concerts cancelled.

—N D S—

Plans are being formulated for the Easter trip to be taken by the Club during the Spring vacation. This trip will carry the organization eastward to Ohio and Pennsylvania and possibly to other states of the vicinity.

—N D S—

Both the Band and the Orchestra have been inactive during the winter, but attempts will be made to reorganize and revitalize the two organizations during the Spring months.

DEAN KONOP SPEAKS TO KNIGHTS

Dean Thomas Konop, of the Hoynes College of Law, addressed the Knights of Columbus of Notre Dame Council at their meeting held Tuesday night, February 17. His subject was, "Confessions of a Congressman." The Dean gave many interesting sidelights on the workings of Congress and its connection with the people it represents.

Before closing his talk the Dean exhibited some clippings from a paper of Civil War days which contained articles condemning President Abraham Lincoln. He also showed his audience a book that had been autographed by famous Uncle Joe Cannon, once Congressman from Illinois.

Grand Knight McGuire announced that another initiation would be held on March 6.

The Knightingales, Notre Dame Council orchestra, entertained with several selections and lunch was served to round out the evening.

The next meeting is to be held next Tuesday night. Mark Nolan, lecturer of the Council, has arranged to have Coach Knute Rockne speak at this meeting.

LIBRARY

A two volume work by Kaempffert titled "A Popular History of American Invention" is among the most recent arrivals at the Lemmonier Library.

The Secretary of State for Hungary was a recent visitor in the art galleries.

Father Gregory, O. S. B., has restored the copy of "The Judgment of Solomon," the original of which hangs in a gallery at Copenhagen.

Mr. Wightman of Evanston, Illinois, has presented three water colors by Guerin. This gift completes the Guerin Series.

The circulation figures for January, 1925, total 1772, an increase of almost five hundred over the same month in 1924.

DR. I. SANDROCK ADDRESSES EDUCATIONAL SEMINAR

Dr. I. Sandrock, of South Bend, addressed the Educational Seminar in the Notre Dame Library Monday night on the subject, "Problems of Adolescence." A large number of students and graduate students were present as well as several teachers from South Bend, and the keen interest attached to the question was manifested by the discussion which was held after the speaker concluded.

Dr. Sandrock viewed his subject from the medical and purely neurological standpoint. He stressed the importance of looking for latent diseases or pronounced tendencies toward diseases in the adolescent, and spoke of the vast change which the psychology of the sex emotions produced in the child's makeup. The proper direction of the sex and social urges constitute a problem of immense importance in adolescence inasmuch as their treatment by elimination, repression, rationalization or mental compensation may mean the production of a good citizen or a social outlaw.

During his talk Dr. Sandrock mentioned the three types of nervous patients, the neuroses, psycho-neuroses and the psychoses, explaining by means of actual examples the difference between them and the methods used in their treatment. He discussed the probable effects of environment and heredity, and explained the theory of

Freud and psychoanalysis. He emphasized that all unusual conduct should be noted in children as it may be the keynote by means of which impending difficulties may be foreseen and averted.

Fr. William Cunningham, C. S. C., Director of the School of Education, presided at the meeting.

THE DEATH OF MRS. MILES W. O'BRIEN

Sincere sorrow was expressed at the University last Monday, when word came of the death of Mrs. Miles W. O'Brien, wife of a true friend of Notre Dame.

Mr. O'Brien, of the South Bend Lathe Works, is Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the University, whose function it is to hold, invest and administer all endowment funds. Added token of his interest in things of Notre Dame is the Miles W. O'Brien prize of fifty dollars, awarded annually for excellence in Mechanical Drawing. In the light of what he has done for Notre Dame, his bereavement cannot but call forth the sympathy and the prayers of everyone connected with the University.

Mrs. O'Brien was actively engaged in the work of many social and charitable organizations in South Bend. She was a trustee of the Visiting Nurses association, and a member of the Children's Dispensary Association and the Circle of Mercy. The funeral was held on Wednesday from St. Patrick's Church, and burial was made in LaSalle, Ill.

Mrs. O'Brien's place in the community is evidenced by this tribute from the editorial columns of the *South Bend News-Times*:

"The entire community will stand at the side of the bereaved husband and daughters and mourn the passing of Mrs. Miles O'Brien. The untimeliness of her passing adds to the personal grief of her friends.

"Her deep interest in worthy charities, her fine example of devoted motherhood, her active sympathy with the less fortunate placed her among the high type of women who keep the world pure and sweet and clean and ever make it better.

"The city will miss and remember her."

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY EXERCISES

The exercises attending the annual presentation of the flag by the Senior Class to the University will take place on Monday, February 23, at 9 a. m. in Washington Hall. Preceding the exercises a Mass will be celebrated in the Sacred Heart Church, after which the Seniors will don their caps and gowns and march from the parlor of the main Building to Washington Hall.

The program follows:

Overture ----- Orchestra
 Song—"The Star Spangled Banner" The Audience
 Selections from Washington's Farewell Address
 ----- Raymond Norris, A. B., '25
 Ode ----- Harry McGuire, A. B., '25
 Vocal Solo ----- George Koch, Ph. B. in Com., '25
 Selection ----- Orchestra
 Presentation of the Flag --- D. C. Miller, LL.B., '25
 President of the Senior Class.
 Acceptance of the Flag -----
 ----- The Reverend Thomas Irving, C.S.C.
 Vice-President of the University.
 Song—"Notre Dame" ----- The Audience

A. I. E. E. MEETS

The local unit of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers met in the Engineering Building last Monday night.

Mr. Harold J. Harstick gave a very instructive discussion of the use of Diesel engines as prime movers in power plants and compared them to steam and hydro-electric installations. Mr. Malcolm F. Knaus discussed the theory of lightning and thunder and contrasted the causes of these phenomena with the popular conception of them. The discussion of these papers together with the reading of the newly issued *Juggler* furnished sufficient enjoyment for all.

Future inspection trips were the subject of discussion at the meeting. The time is now being arranged for a visit to the central Fire and Police Alarm station on Wayne Street in South Bend. Trips to the Dodge Manufacturing plant in Mishawaka and the Singer Company plant in South Bend were considered.

MR. FRANK BRANCH RILEY

Mr. Frank Riley came to Washington Hall on the evening of February 13, and provided an interesting two hours with his Travelogue on the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Riley's engaging personality and rich sense of humor made the lecture delightfully informal and those who were frightened away by the announcement of a travelogue are to be commiserated for missing this performance.

JUGGLER TAKES THE STAGE MONDAY NIGHT

The *Juggler*, Notre Dame's humorous publication, made its first appearance of 1925, Monday night. The present issue is devoted to that much discussed person, the "he-man" of Notre Dame.

The art work of Wilbur McElroy is outstanding. His feature, a two-page spread, entitled "An Impression of Notre Dame By One Who Has Never Been Here" is one of the best things of recent *Juggler* years. James Quigley, new member of the art staff, has distinguished himself by the number and excellence of his drawings.

George Palomino from Mexico City, a freshman in the Department of Architecture, was awarded the five-dollar prize for the best contribution to the "he-man" number.

STUDENT VAUDEVILLE SHOW POSTPONED

The Student Vaudeville Show, originally scheduled for February 26 and 27, in Washington Hall, has been postponed until March 10 and 11 because of the interference of other entertainments.

The persons in charge of the show wish it understood that the Day Student organization is merely sponsoring the production, and that it is in no sense a Day Student affair exclusively. In fact, the great majority of those to take part are students residing on the campus.

ST. MARY'S STUDENTS ENTERTAIN AT NOTRE DAME

It was fifty-eight years ago that the St. Mary's students entertained at Notre Dame. In a corner of Volume 1 of *The Scholastic Year*, the following item appeared: "The young ladies who visited the College with their parents before 'settling down' at the Academy, and who charmed us with their playing on the Grand Piano, in the College Parlor, have given us an exalted notion of their attainments in the musical line."

That event occurred two years after Lee presented his sword to Grant and twenty-five years after Father Sorin's arrival at the banks of St. Mary's Lake. *The Scholastic Year* was a seven page weekly giving accounts of noteworthy occurrences not only at Notre Dame but at St. Mary's as well. The subscription price was \$2.50 the year and the subscriber had the privilege of receiving with *The Scholastic Year* the *Ave Maria*. In its own words, the purpose of *The Scholastic Year* was, "to give to parents frequent accounts of the institutions in which they have placed their children." It is well written and occasionally becomes quite clever.

Someone gave 1925 a smile when he wrote in the first issue: "We would like exceedingly to make *The Scholastic Year* an illustrated paper so far at least as to give the photographs of the frank, intelligent, cheerful-looking students who are rapidly filling up the college halls and making the playgrounds resound with their merry games and rejoicing the hearts of the professors by their zeal and enthusiasm in class; we must content ourselves, however, with giving a list of their names." Then followed the list of students. The enrollment was about 450 and that number included the "junior" and the "senior" "divisions." It seems that students were liable to arrive at almost any time for as late as June 6, 1868, there was the usual list of three or four "new arrivals at Notre Dame." And during the course of that scholastic year, the learned ancestor of the present SCHOLASTIC had occasion to note that there were 45 professors and 500 stu-

dents at Notre Dame and that the alumni numbered 112.

Even as now, the editor of that day had his troubles. Here's how we know: "Our correspondents are requested: (1) Not to write on both sides of the sheet; (2) Not to write with pencil; (3) To write legibly and to consult Webster occasionally."

In that volume there can be found a curiosity. And it so happens that this curiosity is nothing else but a sport story minus the sport story's usual jargon. Read it: "On Wednesday last a very interesting match took place between the first and second nines of the Star of the West Base Ball Club, the former to put out six of the latter in each inning." The final score was 73-22 in favor of the first nine. Speculations as to the excitement of the match are unnecessary.

There were poets in those days, too. Probably they pitched base ball. Anyhow, no matter what they did, they didn't practice the use of free verse where it might meet the public gaze. They mixed Latin with English and got a solution something like this:

"The nox was lit by the lux of luna,
"And 'twas a nox most opportuna
"To catch a possum or a coona
"For nix was scattered o'er this mundus
"A shallow nix and non profundus."

That isn't half the verse. It is hardly a fair sample. In all, there are one and one-half columns of it. The boys of those days might have been ignorant of static, shaving sticks and sidelines but they certainly knew a few Latin declensions and one or two of the irregular Greek verbs. —J. F. O'D.

ORCHESTRAS

The orchestras which have donated their services to the Ladies Auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus for the four dances which have been, and are being, conducted by that organization this week-end are the following:

Wednesday—Harry Denny's Collegians.
Thursday—The Druids Nine-Piece Orchestra.
Friday—Perc Connolly's Big Five.
Saturday—Art Haereons South Bend Orchestra.

SCRIBBLERS MEET

The Scribblers enjoyed one of their popular All-Scribbler meetings Wednesday night during which most of the members read a contribution of either verse or prose.

Of these contributions, Harry McGuire's one act play and the verse of Francis C. Miller and Corbin Patrick provoked the most discussion. In an interesting paper, Mark Nevils revealed the location of a natural sun-dial on the compus. A friend of Nevils' accepted the challenge of Professor Shuster, issued last year in the SCHOLASTIC, to find this dial and was recently successful. Larry O'Leary's, "The Way of a Maid," inspired by Les Grady's recent sketch of the same name, was probably the most entertaining bit of the evening.

CHICAGO CLUB MEETS TO PLAN EASTER FORMAL

At a meeting of the Chicago Club in Brownson Rec Room, Feb. 5, William J. Cerney, President, appointed the following committees to complete arrangements for the Easter Formal Dance: *Music*: George O'Day (Chairman), Robert Carey, George Doherty, Robert Stephen; *Ballroom*: Vincent D. O'Malley, (Chairman), Arthur Bidwell, Clarence Riley, Joseph Harvey; *Program*: Eugene Schwartz (Chairman), Joseph Rigali, John Stamm, Robert Irminger; *Tickets*: John Bulger (Chairman), Raymond McClory, John McMullen, Herbert Burt; *Reception*: William Corbett (Chairman), Edward Collins, Thomas Leahy, John Considine.

In very typical Chicago fashion, the discussion concerning the dance waxed hot and heavy, so much so, that it was thought fatalities might result. However, all the dissenting members amicably buried the hatchet at the appearance of refreshments and smokes.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered Walter Metzger, Vice-President, for his splendid work in arranging the Christmas Formal.

It is planned to make the Easter Dance the most elaborate ever given by a Notre

Dame group away from the University. Entire details will be announced in ample time to permit every student of the University opportunity to make arrangements to attend.

NEW K. OF C. COUNCIL AT AUSTIN, TEXAS

The institution of St. Edward's Council, No. 2559, took place Sunday, December 14, at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. At the same time a joint initiation was held with Capital City Council, No. 1017. The ceremonies of the day were begun at St. Edward's College when all candidates for initiation went to Holy Communion in a body. A breakfast was then served in the college dining hall. At nine o'clock the Very Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., president of St. Edward's College, was celebrant of a Solemn High Mass in St. Edward's College chapel. The celebrant was assisted by the Rev James Quinlan, C. S. C., deacon, the Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C. S. C., subdeacon, and the Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., master of ceremonies. —COLUMBIA (FEB.)

WORK ON OLD STUDENT HALL PROGRESSES

Old Students Hall, located on the West Campus, next to the Lemmonier Library, is fast assuming shape and during the past six weeks rapid strides have been made toward the completion of the exterior and the vast amount of mason work connected with the finishing of the interior. Vincent Fagan, who with Prof. Kervick of the University Department of Architecture designed the building, has followed the progress of the building carefully and estimates that it will be ready for partial occupancy the first week in July, at the opening of the summer session.

It is probable that this building will house some of the incoming Freshmen in September; specifications call for the completion by then of rooms for one hundred and sixty men. The rooms are all designed for single occupancy.

-:- EDITORIAL -:-

LIBRARY CLOCK PHILOSOPHY

We noticed a clock in the library the other day. This was not unusual in itself. We work there and confess to having looked at clocks before. But this particular clock was not running. It appeared to be an efficient clock; it had the inner mechanism; it had a compact and practical looking exterior. Nothing seemed to be lacking, and yet the clock was not performing its function. So it is with some students. They possess the mental mechanism, their appearance and bearing promise much, and yet they fail to perform their functions. Just as the clock is patiently awaiting the time when someone will set in motion its inner mechanism, transforming it from a useless decoration into an uncertain time-piece, so these students are waiting for someone to force activity upon them, to feed them pre-assimilated knowledge, and to transform them from complacent idlers into reluctant students and half-interested participants in student activities.

When we looked up inquiringly at the clock it seemed to say, "You want to know what time it is? Ask one of the clocks, I'm indisposed." When we look expectantly to certain students for contributions to the campus publications, for help in organizing a club, staging a show, or assisting in the hundred and one other activities the burdens of which always eventually fall upon the shoulders of one or two individuals, they assume the let-George-do-it attitude. They are too busy doing nothing. When, in class, the professor asks them a question, they in turn ask their neighbor.

The library clock, being mere mechanism, was not entirely at fault. But these students who are eternally waiting for someone

to prod them into doing something are to blame. They are shirking duties and responsibilities. But the fact doesn't seem to worry them; their complacency makes that of the clock seem interested concern. There are Seniors who will be graduated in June without having done one constructive thing for themselves or for student activities. There are freshmen who will go through four years with the same result, unless someone snaps them out of their mental and physical lethargy. And, even if someone managed to do this, they would probably be like the clock; it has to be rewound every eight days.

—A. D. M.

A MATTER OF DECENCY

THE classrooms in the new addition to Science Hall are rapidly being ruined by those students who use their pencils and knives and shoes to deface the walls and desks. This is a peculiar matter to bring to the attention of college men and especially to Notre Dame men. It is hardly believable that a person who possesses sufficient intelligence to want to attend Notre Dame, who has been raised by parents who want to send him to such a place, who hopes to rise above the level of the barbarian and the savage, would indulge in such vandalism.

It may be sport to make a perfect imprint of an O'Sullivan heel on an immaculate wall; there may be some satisfaction to be derived from writing a philosophy note with dirty fingers beside the heel mark; there might even be some happiness in the contemplation of a perfect set of initials, deep-cut in the smooth, varnished surface of a desk; there is satisfaction, happiness, even glee, to be derived from all these

things—for a chimpanzee or a half-wit.

There are times when the partially-developed vocabulary of the undergraduate editorial writer becomes hopelessly inadequate. This, however, is the best that can be offered here: the uncouth vandal, whose characterless vapidness of mind permits him to run rampant beyond the restrictions of refinement, whose barbarous instincts, undisguised by the slightest veneer of culture, are thus inflicted upon the property of a university, such an individual deserves neither respect, nor courtesy, nor toleration from gentlemen.

—J. W. S.

ARE THERE TOO MANY MEN IN COLLEGE?

ARE there too many men going to college? That question is one of vital importance to us because of the over-crowded conditions existing in the universities today. Right here at Notre Dame we have a most striking example of this condition—a fact that should make each and every one of us consider this question seriously.

Our crowded classrooms, our inadequate equipment, the number of students who must live in the city, the hundreds of applicants who have been refused admittance during the past few years because of these conditions—when you think of these things many of you will be hasty in your answer and say that there are too many men in college.

That point of view is wrong. Not only are the men in college not too many, but there should be even more of them. Why? Because the world today needs educated men as leaders in human affairs and as an elevating influence in the commonwealth.

An investigation of the educational advantages enjoyed by the eight thousand persons mentioned in "Who's Who in America," for the years 1899-1900, brought out the following facts: Out of each hundred and fifty thousand children without education, only one child has been able to become a notable factor in the progress of his state, while the children with a common school education have, in proportion to numbers, accomplished this four times as often; and those of high school education eighty-seven times as often; and those with college training eight hundred times as often. These figures show only the advantage that college men enjoy, not the need for college men.

It is only necessary to glance at the daily news-

papers, and we will at once see why the world is in need of educated men. We can also see that this need is most urgent in the field of political endeavor. You are well aware of existing political conditions. It is evident to all that these conditions must be changed, and it is evident that the world needs college trained men to become leaders in the performance of public duty. George William Curtis, in his "Public Duty of Educated Men" says: "By the words public duty.... I mean simply that constant and active practical participation in the details of politics without which, on the part of the most intelligent citizens, the conduct of public affairs falls under the control of selfish and ignorant, or crafty and venal men."

But, you may say, granted that the world is in need of college trained men, how can the colleges and universities supply that demand under existing conditions?

Cardinal Newman, an eminent authority on education, has this to say: "When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and mix freely with each other, they are sure to learn from one another, even if there be no one to teach them. The conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting, day by day. It is seeing the world on a small field with little trouble; for the pupils or students come from very different places, and with widely different notions, and there is much to generalize, much to adjust, much to eliminate, there are inter-relations to be defined, and conventional rules to be established. This youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific ideal, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish the principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, which imbues every individual who is successively brought under its shadows."

It is plainly seen that association is a chief factor in education. We have such associations here at Notre Dame. And the principle of thought and action towards which these associations lead is, according to Bishop Spalding, that noble ideal in which Christ crystallized all right living—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

No, there are not too many men in college. Even under crowded conditions men should come to college, make the most of the opportunities that God has given them, and then go forth with a strong faith in God and man to seek out some work to be done.

—G. A. B.

PERSEVERANCE

ABOUT twenty years ago the Ford Motor Company was incorporated for one hundred thousand dollars, of which only the sum of twenty-eight thousand dollars was paid into the treasury. Today the concern is valued at hundreds of millions of dollars, and it is operating not only the automobile and tractor plants, but also its own railroad, its steamship lines on both the Great Lakes and the oceans, its own blast furnaces, coke ovens, foundries, machine shops, coal and ore mines, saw-mills, glass factories, cement plants, paper and lumber mills, oil wells, hydro-electric power houses, and locomotive repair shops. And back of all these gigantic enterprises which have given to the world 229,000,000 horse-power in "tin Liz-zies"—a horsepower greater even than that which seventy-five Niagaras could generate if developed to their last ounce of force—is the master mechanic-genius, Henry Ford.

The story of Henry Ford's success reads like Horatio Alger fiction, so imaginative, so preposterous, so dramatic does it seem. And yet when it is remembered that even in his boyhood days Mr. Ford had conceived notions of creating power from the latent forces in the elements, it is not difficult to understand how his inventive mind spurred on to his present achievements.

The twelve most formative years of his youth, from twenty-eight to forty, he devoted to perfecting a combustion engine idea which presented to him many seemingly insurmountable difficulties. Never during that period, however, was he satisfied with the product that resulted from his first experiments, because he realized that it must still have as many hidden potentialities as had already been discovered.

Henry Ford should be an inspiration to every man, and especially to all college men, whose idealism, when aided by the driving factor of their ambition and zeal, can be made so practical and productive. But never can college men afford to lose sight of, or cease to put into practice, the example of perseverance which the narration of Ford's triumphs reveals. Henry Ford was never

satisfied with mediocre things. The student, if he would hope to meet with any marked success, cannot expect to secure from the first bush he chops down a wreath of laurels that will not wither. —R. C. C.

IN PASSING

FOOTBALL togs have long since been packed away in the gym and the last football banquet has run its pleasant or unpleasant course. Football for 1924 is history. The Senior Class, busy in arranging the scenery for the last act in the play of its college life, pauses for a moment to remember those men of the class of '25 who, in writing a brilliant page in the history of Notre Dame football, have brought honor to their class.

The names of these men, Don and Rip and Bernie and the rest, are engraven in the memories of the Seniors of '25, deep-etched in letters which will never fade.

—J. W. S.

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Washington Everywhere

CHARLES PHILLIPS, M. A.

THE first time that I visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, I felt that at last I had sensed the full greatness of the man. The simplicity of his last resting place, there amid the peaceful surroundings of his earthly home, seemed to speak of a mighty spirit in repose. Embowered among the clinging vines and verdant shrubbery of his Virginia garden, with the warm southern sun pouring its benediction over him, the tidal waters of the Potomac lapping the green shores nearby, Washington to me at that moment, and in that place, seemed the complete embodiment of greatness and nobility fulfilled and rounded out.

But it was not until I saw, another day, the floral tributes of many foreign rulers, many far off governments and peoples — even from the ends of the earth — laid at that tomb in silent reverence, that I truly realized the span of the greatness of the Father of our Country, the full glory of his name. That glory and that greatness do indeed reach to the ends of the earth, to the far corners of the world. For Washington's greatness is more than greatness in repose; it is greatness that does not die; that transcends seas and continents, animating the spirits of remote peoples with ideals of right and justice and liberty.

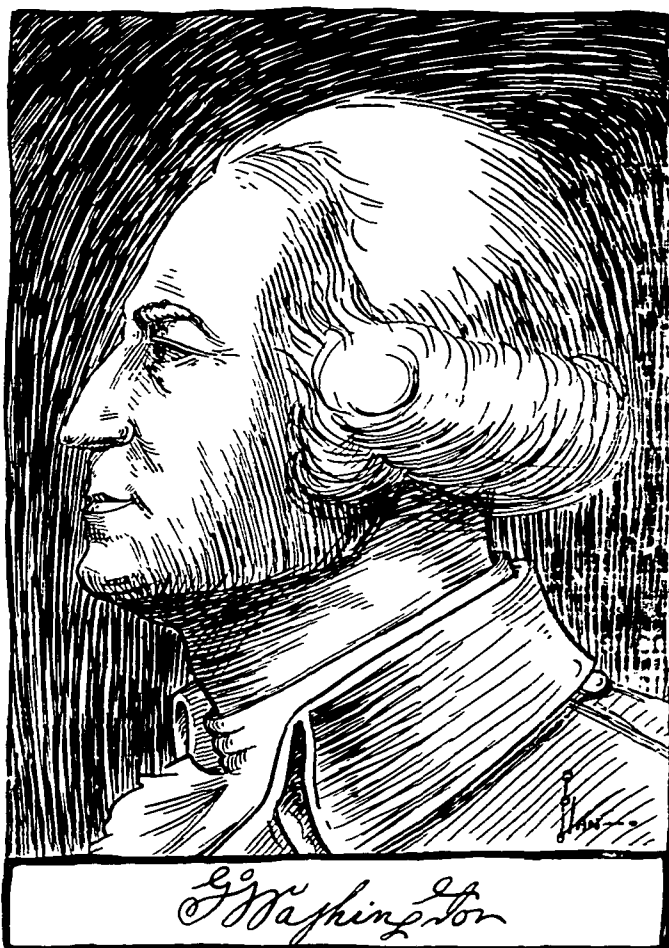
To travel abroad, to visit far lands, brings this truth home many times to the heart of an American. In England, in France, in Italy, in Poland, in Russia, wherever the

American abroad may turn, the name of Washington confronts him, in memorials, in monuments and statues, or—better still—in the remembrance of people who on occasion speak his name with a reverence that would put to shame some of our own citizenry too prone to relegate his memory and his ideals to the shades of the forgotten. In England the ancestral home of Washing-

ton's family is preserved with jealous care. Paris has its monument to him and its avenue named after him. In Italy the most eloquent speech on liberty and love of country that I heard in the first stirring days of the Fascisti uprisings had Washington and his patriotic sacrifice as its text. In Russia, in those dark times of 1920 when the ruin of Bolshevism crashed anew about the hearts of the Russian people, I heard more than once the cry, wrung from souls tried beyond measure, "Oh, if only we had a Wash-

ington to save us now, as you Americans had when tyranny threatened to destroy you!"

But it was in the reborn republic of Poland that I beheld the most touching tributes to the memory of Washington. That this should be so is not, of course, too strange; for ever since that day when her own best loved hero, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, crossed Europe and the seas to put his sword at Washington's service, Poland has cherished a very close and special relationship with the American nation and the



first chief of our democracy. In the Polish republic, in fact, the name of Washington is really a household word. At school, the Polish children are as familiar with his story as are any of our own children here at home: this I know from actual experience; for more than once, while visiting the public schools of Warsaw and other towns, I put the young Poles to a test—the name of Washington, written on the blackboard, invariably bringing an unmistakable response.

It is in the blood of the Poles to love and honor the name of Washington. Their forefathers, crushed under alien oppression—as we were before we won our independence—looked across the sea to the new world and beheld in the victories of Washington a vision of their own unfulfilled dreams. The souls of the Polish people of that day cried out, as do the tortured souls of the Russians of our own time, for the coming of a leader, a deliverer—a Washington. They found him in that same Kosciuszko who, returning from the American wars, once more drew the sword for liberty—this time for the freedom of his own countrymen. And though he failed, and though the Poland of 1794 lay crushed—as the America of 1776 might have lain crushed—the ideal for which he had fought and the memory of his American inspiration was deathless; and it has remained deathless down to this generation, when Poland is at last as free as the America she has so long admired and emulated.

In Poland our American national holiday, Independence Day, “the Glorious Fourth,” is almost as much of a holiday as is Poland’s own May Third—her “Constitution Day,” which commemorates the passage of her constitution of 1791, a document unmistakably inspired in good part by the success of Washington overseas. In 1921 Washington’s Birthday was made a special school holiday, with every boy and girl in every school of the Republic devoting the

day to recreations, orations, songs, essays, in memory of the first American president. In Poland, too, that irrefutable counsel of Washington to his own people—to us—concerning the impossibility of fostering morality without religion, is remembered and heeded; religion is an integral part of the educational system of the Polish republic.

The best dramatical presentation of Washington that I have ever seen on any stage was not in America—but in Poland. In 1920 the Poles produced in Warsaw a new historical drama, “Pulaski in America,” which deeply stirred the public, at a time when once more their liberty was in jeopardy. All of the scenes of that play were laid in America—in Philadelphia, in Savannah, at Valley Forge; and dominating every scene was the figure of Washington, beautifully played, and received by the audience with a reverence, and given an applause, that warmed the heart of the American far from home.

In the city of Krakow, the ancient Capital of Poland, the body of Kosciuszko lies in the crypt of the old royal palace, among the tombs of the kings. An American flag lies across the breast of the Polish hero, the Stars and Stripes, the flag that Washington fought to give to us, a symbol of our nationhood.... The American who stands before the last resting place of Kosciuszko, beholding his own country thus honored, thus remembered, feels a tug at his heart as his thoughts flash back across the ocean, home to his own land, to the green shores of the Potomac and the sunny verdure of Mount Vernon.... to another tomb, where another hero lies at rest—a hero whose name lives and whose spirit moves even in the farthest reaches of the world....

Washington! What a span of greatness, what a transcendent glory is his!—Washington—father of his country, fosterer of liberty everywhere—in the hearts of the peoples of the uttermost places!

Old France in a New World

L. A. C.

ORCHARDS white and pink; petals that flutter fragrant to the soft sward; broken rail-fences; mile upon mile of marshland with dikes; grass-grown and crumbling, following the meanderings of the river; rosy-faced children along the roadside, shouting, pulling hay from farmer's carts; shy-looking girls with baskets, bearded men who always pass the time of day.... this is Acadia.

The wind blows from the Bay of Fundy. The hay, breast-high, bends in ripples, straightens, bends again with each successive gust. Over the river a wild-duck calls. One hears the distant report of a gun and sees the huntsman, a black speck, walking along the great dike close to the shore. The marsh-road is dry. Little dust-devils rise here and there, perform their tarantelle or danse macabre and perish. Others take their place. Frogs pipe shrill in the ditches or croak hoarsely. Little boys throw stones at them and laugh with glee as they capture one in the grass. Beneath the bridge the river flows sluggishly, chocolate-colored with the mud of the marshes. A duck-boat is stranded in the ooze. Reeds dry and mud-coated rustle in the breeze, the salt-laden breeze from the sea.

The road leads above the valley with its miles of marshland, patched here and there with sleepy cattle or a falling barn and towering hay-cocks, to the hillside dotted with tiny cottages, each with its old-fashioned well and long balance-pole to raise the bucket. Insolent ganders, yoked, hiss at the peasant; fowl scamper about; ducks shake their wings at the edge of a pond. Children stare, wide-eyed at a tourist-auto that rushes by in a cloud of dust; horses tied to the long bar in front of the general-store stamp uneasily. Old men sit in the sun smoking rank native tobacco, talking garrulously, wagging their beards and leaning on gnarled sticks. The old men talk in patois; sometimes in pure French, the French of old—Picardish words, idioms of old Brittany and Midi unknown to-day in

their very birthplace. They swear fluently in English. The village priest walks by in rusty cassock and sugarloaf hat, his shoes covered with dust. The elders speculate on his destination till he has passed out of sight beyond the ruins of an old fort where sagging walls of stone covered with moss and grass still show the scars of cannon-shot which time has not yet covered with its salve of fungus. Old embrasured walls rich with the colorful traditinos of a troublous past. The old people can tell stories, told by their fathers, of the early days.... vivid legends of Indian raids and struggles with the English conquerors still hateful to them.

With the sunset, quiet more sublime settles upon the marshes. In the distance the shadowy tower of the church looms above the housetops of the village, silhouetted against the changing crimson of the sky. The angelus sounds and the peasants in the fields bow their heads in prayer like the living reality of Millet's pastoral. In the cemetery by the ivied church the shadows lengthen on the grass, the shadows of simple crosses of wood or rustic tombstones. The robin's note is still; a hawk swoops above with eldritch cry. There is a mound of new-turned earth which to-morrow will cover the remains of some humble laborer.

In the evening they come quietly, devoutly, to the church to sing the glories of Mary....

*"L'ombre s'étend sur la terre,
Vois tes enfants à retour,
A tes pieds, O douce mère,
Consacrer la fin du jour.
O vierge tutélaire, O notre unique espoir,
Entends notre prière, la prière et le chant du
soir...."*

the evening song.

Rough voices, sweet voices, old and young, sincere, trusting, filled with faith, the faith that is the life and sustenance of the peasants.

The night comes fast. Star-points increase and multiply. The river winds like a ribbon of silver between the mud walls of the dikes. The piping of the frogs is a steady monotone. The wind from the bay freshens. The tall grass rustles, rustles,

with the mysterious noises of the night. Lights twinkle from tiny windows; a dog barks in the distance; voices sing from afar some folk-song with a lilting refrain; sheep-

bells ring dulcet from the darkling meads; the mystery of the night, its glamour, grows with the majestic coming of the moon. . . . this is Acadia.

George Washington

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '25

IT is almost impossible to read a panegyric of George Washington without a certain sense of pity for a man who has been almost completely dehumanized by enthusiastic historians. He, who in his letters expressed a wish to be thought of as "an old and affectionate friend to my countryman," is no longer a man to us. In our zeal to honor him, we have placed George Washington on a pedestal so high that the clouds obscure him to our sight. He is no longer human but something "coldly correct," a personification rather than a person. Even the one intimate anecdote which history has preserved for our general knowledge, represents him as the boy who never told a lie, who was the embodiment of all the perfections of a model youth. We have invested him with a character of superlative perfection of which he himself would strongly disapprove. Lincoln, because of a certain homeliness of nature which could never be divorced from his memory, is still one of us. In the case of

the Father of Our Country, however, we have indeed killed a man to make a god.

In my mind the most effective way in which to popularize the ideals of George Washington would be to accentuate to the public mind the fact that he was a real flesh and blood reality. In common with all of us, he had faults, but these were dwarfed by the rare magnanimity of his spirit. Let artists paint him in some other circumstance than in that coldly conventional pose in which he is invariably presented to the popular imagination. We are accustomed to having him depicted as a peerless soldier, an energetic and unselfish statesman, and a great president. Let us too, have Washington remembered as one who delighted in the easy informal company of friends, as the affectionate father, as both the author of those formal messages to Congress and the devoted husband who wrote so humanly and beautifully to "My devoted wife Patsy."

A Visit to Shakespeare's Birthplace

J. J. CONTWAY

STRATFORD-on-Avon is the Mecca of all educated English speaking people. It is a beautiful town of about ten-thousand population. Even were it not the birthplace of the world's greatest dramatist, it would still be worth a visit for its picturesqueness of situation, its fine old Elizabethan architecture, its typical old English inns, the historic and literary interest that attaches to it, and for the charming river-vista and the delightful boating on the Avon.

To Americans, particularly those from Boston, Stratford makes a double appeal, since one of the most picturesque of its old buildings is Harvard House, so called after the founder of the famous university. It is a splendid example of the half-timbered building of the sixteenth century. It was built by Thomas Rogers, whose daughter became the mother of John Harvard.

Still another more modern claim to fame is the fact that Stratford was selected as the residence of one of the most popular of modern authors, Marie Corelli, who, until her death last summer, there lived a very retiring life in her beautiful mansion and flower gardens.

As we walked through the streets of Stratford, we felt ourselves on hallowed ground, for the town is redolent of the Shakespearean atmosphere. Everywhere the old-time buildings carry one back in thought to the days when "Will," the strolling actor of eighteen, paid court to his more mature sweetheart, Anne Hathaway, and when merry parties of almost penniless actors and poets were held in the local inns. There is scarcely a building of any age in the town which is not linked with Shakespeare's memory.

During the walk from the inn, a rather important discovery was made, that of the Stratfordian pronunciation of the word "Avon," most people pronounce it with a short "A." The Stratfordians pronounce the "A" long as in "make" or "stake."

We finally arrived at the birthplace of the

"Bard of Avon," a detached building on Henley street, formed of two houses communicating with each other. Of these houses, that to the west, which visitors enter first, is the house in which Shakespeare was born, on April 23, 1564. The house adjoining was owned by the poet's father and used as a storehouse for the agricultural produce in which he traded. It is now the "Birthplace Museum and Library," and contains exhibits of priceless value and extraordinary interest. Among these is a letter, sent to Shakespeare by his friend and fellow townsman, Richard Quiney. This is the only specimen of the poet's correspondence in existence. There are legal deeds attesting the purchase, by the poet, of land and other property in or near the town; and documents bearing the marks which attest the signatures of Shakespeare's granddaughter, Elizabeth, Lady Barnard, the last descendant, who died in 1670. The school-boy, "creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school," is recalled by a desk removed from the old school and considered to be the one at which the poet sat as a boy, perhaps in the front row. A gold signet ring, belonging to him and bearing his initials, was found by a neighbor in her garden. It is on view in the large timber-roofed room which contains the poet's desk and copies of the first folio of 1623. There is little furniture in the old building, but one gets a vivid impression of domestic life in the sixteenth century from the appearance of the rooms and from such relics as are preserved.

Brief visits were paid to the Guild Hall and Grammar school, the latter the institution to which the poet went for his early education. The Guild Hall is another ancient half-timbered structure of considerable beauty, built as long ago as 1269 by Robert Stratford. It was in his building that Shakespeare got his first ideas of the drama, for there the strolling players, who visited the town under royal patronage and under that of the Earl of Leicester, gave their first performance, in 1568-69.

The next call was at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which, like the Wagner

Theatre at Bayreuth, is intended to be a national temple of dramatic art. Every year Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, is marked by the opening in this theatre of a festival which lasts for several weeks, and is attended by visitors from all over the world.

The final visit was to the Shakespeare Hotel, in which the rooms are all named

after plays and the furnishings are in keeping with the historic name borne by the hostelry.

Before leaving Stratford-on-Avon, one could not but make a resolution to re-read once more the works of this greatest of the world's dramatists.

To Augustus

(Horace: Book I; Ode II*)

Enough of snow and direful hail
Great Jove has showered on the land;
Enough to make the cities quail
With fire and thunder from his hand.

The nations he has terrified,
In fear lest Phrygia's Age return;
When Proteus his charges hied
To heights, when winds the waves would churn.

The fish were tangled where of yore
The cooing doves had basked in sun;
The frightened deer swam midst the roar,
In glades that waters had o'errun.

The yellow Tiber we have seen,
His waves forced back from Tuscan shores,
Cause royal statues to careen
And dash in Vestas' temple doors.

Revenge is his for Ilia's plaint.
His depths are stirred, he bursts his bound,
Sweeps o'er his bank and spurns restraint,
For reasons Jove has thought unsound.

Our youth, thinned by their parent's wrong,
Of Rome's long civil strife shall know;
When 'stead of Persian hosts, fought strong
At home and laid their brothers low.

What god can save our sinking state?
How can our Vestal Virgins pure,
With holy hymns turn Vesta's hate
And cause her to accept their lure?

To whom will Jove assign the task
To expiate our grievous sin?
O, hear us mighty Jove, who ask,
And come to us on white clouds thin.

O come then, smiling Venus, send
Us hope as mirth gleams from thy face.
Or thou O Mars, if you attend
The shattered remnants of thy race,

Who laughed at fear and death of yore,
And at the sight of foes did dance,
Are filled with strife and battle's gore,
And wars' too long continuance.

Or thou, sweet Maia's winged child,
Descend to earth in guise of youth,
To 'venge great Caesar's name defiled,
And be "Avenger" styled in truth.

Long may you stay with us in Rome.
And may no wind to heavenly climes
Transport you from our earthly home,
Offended at our ghastly crimes.

Here Joy and Triumph are to thee.
Here "Prince" and "Father" you'll be named:
No Persian host can then go free,
When Caesar is our leader famed.

* *Iam satis terris niviis atque dirae.*

More than Vengeance

LESTER C. GRADY, '27.

A CONVICT has escaped! He is Higgins sentenced to electrocution for wilful murder. His escape from prison means trouble for Judge Curtiss, who had sentenced him to death for committing the murder. Undoubtedly, it will be serious trouble, for the unscrupulous Higgins is determined to kill the man who decrees the death penalty for him.

The criminal, cheater of justice, seeks money to purchase a revolver with which he intends to accomplish his revenge.

The city is still. The hour is late. The possibility of getting money by theft is appealing—too appealing, in fact, for Higgins is about to pry open the window of a house situated most conveniently on a dark street. He has a piece of steel similar to the expedient jimmy, and with it forces up the window. As he does so he immediately draws back, for fumes of gas pour out of the opening and a low moan is heard from the interior. Realizing suicide is being attempted, Higgins climbs into the gas-filled room to prevent the act.

He stumbles over a body lying on the floor. Reaching down, his hand comes in contact with a gas hose beside the body. He hurriedly traces the jet by means of the hose and turns off the gas. Gripping the body under the arms, Higgins pulls it over to the window where the cool air is blowing into the room. It is the body of a man.

Higgins proceeds to administer artificial respiration to the individual who had wanted the courage to combat life's trials.

"Trying to kill yourself, huh? You must be crazy."

The motionless man moans.

"Don't be foolish, man. Don't try to kill yourself. You only get into more trouble. Keep up the old guts and fight, fight all the time! You have to! I came near getting mine, but I made it my business to get away with it. Wouldn't I have been the dope to let them kill me?"

Higgins is working zealously.

"The gas must be pretty near all out of you by now. You'll be all right."

The man's breathing is returning to a normal condition and his moaning is becoming louder.

"Good thing I got in here when I did. Another second or two and you'd a been a goner. Guess you're not glad I spoiled your little party. I don't like these kind of parties, though, you see. I'm a guy that believes we all have a right to live. You were going against my idea. I couldn't let you do that. 'S funny, I fight my head off to save my own life and then bump into you fighting like mad to end your life. But I've got the right idea, and you're all wrong."

The man is moving. He has ceased his moaning.

"Say, listen, man. I came in here to get some coin, so I guess you won't mind me taking this from your pockets. It's my charge for the trouble you caused me and the service I give you."

Higgins places the roll of bills he has taken into his pocket.

"I need the dough to teach a certain guy a lesson. He tried to get me in the chair. Said I was guilty of a murder he wasn't so sure I committed. There was a lot of shady evidence against me, and he thought that was enough to convict me. There were others mixed up in it, but I was the guy they caught. And they wanted to make me pay for the whole thing. Wanted me to pay with my life. I fooled them. I got away. They won't kill me, but I'll kill that judge; and if I don't, I'll give him so much trouble he'll wish I did kill him!"

Footsteps are heard. Some one is coming.

"Sorry I gotta leave, old timer, but I'm not the kind of guy that likes embarrassment."

Higgins climbs out of the window and disappears.

The door of the room opens and a man servant enters. He switches on the lights. Perceiving the odor of gas and the prone body, he throws up his hands.

"The master has done it! The master has done it! The scruples he's had about sending that man to his death have gotten the best of him. Poor Judge Curtis!"

VERSE

A Name

Mary,

Name of the Ages,
Name of Our Mother above,
Symbol of all that is holy,
Emblem of Beauty and Love.

—A. S.

The Lakes of Notre Dame

Mirrors of heaven, veiled in blue,
A thousand tongues your silence seems.
A thousand thoughts we owe to you,
While strolling on your paths in dreams.

The heavens, in their kingly way,
Confide in you the whole day long.
Why shouldn't we—the serfs at play,
Whose lives on earth are but a song.

—FRANK A. MCKINLEY, '27.

Siren

I've heard her sing where summer seas
Rush at the shore
In silvery sparkle of dancing flames
Where moonbeams pour.

I've heard her sing at early dawn,
On mountain crest;
I've heard her sing, she knew it not,
Perhaps 'twas best.

—FRANK O'TOOLE, '28.

Death

A tiny star set in a heaven of blue
Twinkled and blinked one night;
Shed its pale beams on a world wrapped in
dreams,
And cast a soft silv'ry light.

The little star laughed with reckless glee—
Laughed like a carefree boy,
At the world at its feet, so still and asleep,
And twinkled and blinked with joy.

But tragedies happen up there above
Just as they do here to men.
The tiny star shone, and in a moment was
gone,
Never to twinkle again.

—ROSS DOYLE, '28.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

ORPHAN ISLAND. By Rose Macaulay. 319 pp.
New York; Boni & Liveright.

When an architect plans a new building, he invariably constructs a model of it as his first step. When he has this model before him, he can study it closely, notice its defects, and find improvements that can be made before he begins work on the larger structure. He would be a sorry architect indeed who erected his building first; and then began a search for his mistakes. We have often wondered why nation builders always fell into this very error; why they allowed their work to spring, as it were, from the ground in a haphazard way with no thought to the future, and left it to their successors to build the model and point out wherein they had failed. However, a world of wonderment cannot alter the fact that they have made a miserable mess of their structures. They are top-heavy and unstable and the parts do not fit. They are in constant danger of plunging in ruins to the ground should a supporting buttress weaken. And there have always been other craftsmen who came later, *always later*, who saw that things were not as they should be. These people have not often known how to remedy the wrong but they have always known that one existed. Tom Moore, Dean Swift, Samuel Butler, and many others there have been; and now comes Rose Macaulay with her likeness of Victorian England and the lights playing on the defects of that period.

Miss Macaulay has placed her miniature England far away beneath the glamorous moon of the South Seas. She has chosen for her setting an island two hundred miles from its nearest neighbor, uninhabited, but covered with vegetation, satisfying to the wants of man. It was near to this island that a sea-going orphan asylum was wrecked in the year 1851, leaving stranded on its shores some forty orphans, one Charlotte Smith, English spinstress who was in charge of them, one Jean, a Scotswoman who was their nurse, a doctor by the name of O'Malley, who was strongly addicted to intoxicating beverages, and a handful of sailors headed by a knave called Thinkwell. Thinkwell and his sailors, finding justification in the belief that it was better a few of them should be saved than that all should perish, took possession of the two small boats in which they had come to the

island, put out to sea, and left the others to their fate.

The years passed, and Thinkwell the knave became Thinkwell the respectable merchant. He often thought of the people whom he had left stranded in the South Seas and as old age and the fear of the Lord grew upon him, he penned a document telling of the dastardly deed of his youth and praying that an expedition be sent to rescue them, if, by any chance, they should have survived. After his death this document came to the hand of his grandson, a lecturer in Sociology at Cambridge; a conscientious fellow who saw his duty to these marooned souls. Taking with him his two sons and his only daughter, he set sail in the month of July, 1923, for the South Seas. In the course of time he came upon the isolated island and dared to land where his grandfather had left under such unsatisfactory circumstances more than seventy years before. Much to his surprise he found more than a handful of white-bearded Robinson Crusoes longing for one last view of England before death snatched them away. He found a whole colony of people with a rapidly developing civilization and social customs that were an exact reproduction of those which existed in the mother country when Queen Victoria reigned. In fact he found Queen Victoria herself there in the person of Miss Smith, who still ruled the island at the age of ninety-eight and who believed, at least under the influence of native beverages, that she herself was that exalted lady.

Miss Macaulay has given her satire a matter-of-fact tone which is without parallel in the satires of recent years. One believes, on reading "Orphan Island," that all the things related therein could actually happen. Moreover, she has succeeded in creating an interest in more than the picture of Victorian England which she presents; interest is to be found as well in the picture itself, in the new land, the model, which is her own handiwork. Its petty intrigues and native customs are absorbing. Woven into the satire is the flimsy thread of a love affair between Charles, son of Thinkwell, and Flora, the daughter of the Smith prime minister, which ends by breaking; but not until after it has kept the reader wondering for several chapters. Altogether, Miss Macaulay has written a very readable book, a keen satire, and an amusing story.

—CORBIN PATRICK.

My Land of Mystery

M. C.

FAR up the Saguenay river, deep-fortressed by the towering Capes Eternity and Trinity, there is a small cove, which, since first I discovered it, has ever held a strong fascination for me. The Saguenay river, a deep and black tributary of the St. Lawrence, cuts through mighty rocky bluffs to the north country of the province of Quebec and Lake St. John. Of indescribable wildness and strength, the bulky walls of the Saguenay beggar description; the land is pine-covered, the atmosphere is deep-charged with the scent of balsam and clear mountain air, but the little retreat of my discovery is, above all, the most attractive to me.

Rising to heights which dwarf to smallness the immensity of Gibraltar, moulded of solid rock in a form which only nature could fashion, Cape Eternity and its sister-sentinel, Cape Trinity, are worthy guardians of my sheltered inlet. The cove, which is a few acres in extent, is formed of a flat stretch of prairie land which slopes down from the mountains to the shore of the river. The huge flanking capes and the dark, misty mountains of the interior form a horse-shoe, of which my inlet is the center. As the steamer swiftly makes its way into the gulf, blasts its whistle to catch the booming echoes which reverberate from the high hills, I have studied the landscape of my rocky Paradise and wondered who inhabits the little cabin which guards it. Who tends the fire which sends the pillar of smoke slowly spiralling to the heavens like some Indian signal; who possesses the courage to thus brave the forest winters and the lonely exile of this place? When opportunity presents, I shall visit this cabin, talk to these people, sojourn for a season there between the glorious sentinels of the Saguenay.

The people of the province of Quebec are pioneers, blazers of difficult trails. This country of the north is the land of Maria Chapdelaine, of rugged woodsmen and sturdy pioneer mothers. Theirs is the passion for new places; the lure of the unexplored, the unconquered. They have gone into the woods of the world to cut down the forests, clear the land, make way for the coming of civilization—and then have passed on to newer labors. Ever pushing onward, ever seeking loneliness and hardship, and virgin forest and hill, these people are the pioneers of the earth. From such stock the fathers of the North American continent have come; of such rich, restless blood, the veins of the builders of every nation are filled. Such are the men and women who are spending their lives in these rugged hills; such are the people who inhabit the cabin in my inlet on the Saguenay. Their fathers and mothers thus lived and prayed and labored, and thus will they spend their lives, for the men and women of Quebec do not change.

I want to return to the Saguenay, to the sheltered inlet of my fancy. There must be something which the pine-green hills say to the deep river below; there must be some message which the murmuring mountain breezes, sweeping down the capes, whisper to the white statue of the Virgin Mary on Cape Trinity; there must be some secret of life which the silver Saguenay moon has imparted to the poor French Canadian dweller in my cabin—and perhaps these messages may be given to me. I know that there is repose of soul and abundance of sweet inspiration, awaiting me in the wooded Saguenay retreat of my discovery.

THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

The Religious Bulletin states that students are not always consistent. They pay out four thousand dollars for an education and deliberately go to all extremes to evade knowledge. The same may be said of the MAIL. It has extended a warm invitation to all the wit and talent on the campus, and save for a few friends who shall not be forgotten, it has been left to pains of originality.

—NDS—

L'IL TOKEN

Hurray for the seven cent fare
It has cured all our illness and care
There's no use talking
It's increasing walking
And most of us need lots of air.

—Arfeleage.

—NDS—

ANOTHER HAIR RAISER

Scallan the Scribbler who appeared in sepia last week, invites the school of Engineers over to his room to get some Glo-Co samples, there being a few left after Menger took a large order for rub-down purposes.

—NDS—

Menger and his Crusaders are planning a boxing show for the first week in March. Menger bought a locker from Stewart and is holding daily workouts in the gym. Try to find an account of his career on the sport page.

—NDS—

PROMINENT MAILMAN

We received a few lines via Box 43, this week, from one of our very good friends in Carroll Hall; Darby O'Rourke. Keep up the good work. We also had one from Flimflam, but we are holding out.

—NDS—

Ed Collins, brother of Charlie, football hero of Casper, gave a smoker for the freshman the other night. After the program burned out, the freshmen went home sick. They should have taken lessons from Farrell or Weibel.

—NDS—

Webster defines collegian as an inmate of a prison. These modern writers are so outspoken. Are they soft-spoken Darby?

FOOLISH FILOSOFY

If you think it safe to look before you leap, remember that he who hesitates is lost.

The other conductor says that the pictures of Nurmi look like ex-ray. Seven sense. No more.

—NDS—

WALTER J. HAECKER, A.B.

Butch Haecker requests your prayers for the repose of the caps and gowns in Walsh hall after the Washington Birthday exercises. Our sympathy to the senior who heads south with the shady outfit. He will be conspicuous among robes of a similar design, but opposite color.

—NDS—

BEAR STORIES

Press dispatches state that Pop Warner claims the Notre Dame shift to be illegal. That reminds us of the story of George Washington Adams, colored of Alabama, arrested by Detective O'Brien in Chicago for singing, "Ireland Must be Heaven For My Mother Came From There."

—NDS—

HE'S A MAN

The conductors of the Air Mail line take this occasion to tell the world that the "He-man" number of the *Juggler* is one of the most delightful and entertaining books of college humor given to the world this year. The double-spread rivals Anse Miller's and McElroy's "Hold That Car" for depth of imagination.

—NDS—

We are living in great expectations of contributions from the alumni. We have a hunch that something is forthcoming from Henry Barnhart, the beloved Bostonian and erstwhile Knight of the Blue Velvet.

—NDS—

CLASSICAL MISTAKES

Leander swam the Hellespont
To see his lady friend:
A storm came up, as storms are wont—
It was Leander's end.
Now Hero was the lady's name,
Whom poor Lee perished for,
And Hero's name went down in fame
Though she but stayed on shore.

—NDS—

MORE MAIL!!!

-:- SPORTS -:-

TOM LIEB TO COACH AT NOTRE DAME AGAIN NEXT YEAR

Tom Lieb, line coach of Notre Dame football teams and also assistant coach of track and head coach of hockey announced last week that he had signed a new contract with the University for a period of one year. Lieb's original contract expired in June.



THOMAS LIEB

Since announcing some time ago that he was free to accept offers from universities that were soliciting his services, speculation has been rife concerning Lieb's migration to Minnesota to take Spaulding's job. Then too, rumor has signed the Irish coach for service at Wisconsin.

Lieb was a star football player during college days at Notre Dame. He started as a half back, but took the position of tackle in 1922. Lieb had his leg broken that year while playing against Purdue and lost whatever chance he held for a place in the All-American sanctum.

Last summer Lieb was named a member of the United States Olympic track team and was high point man at the American-Irish Olympic games in Dublin. In September of 1924, Lieb broke the world's record in the discus throw on Stagg field, Chicago.

MONOGRAM INITIATION HELD SUNDAY

Sixteen Notre Dame athletes who were awarded major letters during the football season were initiated into the Notre Dame

monogram club on Sunday afternoon, February 15.

Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, honorary president, Knute K. Rockne, director of athletics, and Elmer Layden, president of the club had charge of the initiation. The following men are now entitled to wear the monogram: Joe Harmon, Chas. Glueckert, Vinc. Harrington, John McMannon, John McMullin, John Wallace, Joe Boland, Clem Crowe, Ed. Scharer, Gene Edwards, Harry O'Boyle, Thos. Hearndon; from the basketball team, Joe Dienhart, and Jim Pearson from baseball. Student manager Leo Sutcliffe and Cheer-Leader Eddie Luther were awarded major monograms. Joe Maxwell and Dick Hanousek of the football team were absent from the university at the time of the initiation.

Plans for the staging of the Monogram Absurdities of 1925 are now being considered, according to the announcement by Pres. Elmer Layden. The opening is set for St. Patrick's Day, and Charley Collins and Edward Hunsinger form a committee in charge of the program.

NOTRE DAME-ILLINOIS TRACK MEET

After taking eight firsts in a total of eleven events, Notre Dame trailed Illinois 54 to 41 in a dual track meet in the Notre Dame gymnasium, Saturday night, Feb. 14. It was the first meet of the season for both teams and Notre Dame displayed some remarkable speed and strength against the crack cinder squad of Harry Gill.

By taking seconds and thirds and scoring slams in the high jump and broad jump, Illinois managed to pile up enough counters to even the score with Notre Dame for the

drubbing handed the basketball team.

One of the features of the meet was the winning of the quarter mile race by Jimmy Stack, senior in the college of Arts and Letters. The unexpectedness of the event enhanced the victory that was tabulated in :52 flat. Stack took the lead at the bark of the starter's gun and was never headed thereafter.

Judge of Notre Dame also won the coveted monogram by winning the mile run, from Makeever, noted conference miler. Wendland took the two mile race from Marzula, giving a perfect imitation of the inimitable Nurmi, pacing the course with an unworried air and finishing almost as fresh as when he started.

Harrington won the pole vault with a leap of 12 feet, 3 inches, failing in his try for another 3 inches although his body was easily clear of the bar at the winning height.

Summary of the events:

Shot put—Millbauer, N. D., first; Kimmell, Ill., second; Usery, Ill., third. Distance: 42 ft. 11 1-4 inches.

40 yard dash—Layden, N. D., first; Farrell, Ill., second; Kyle, Ill., third. Time: 4 3-5 sec.

40 yard high hurdles—Casey, N. D., first; Rehm, Ill., second; Werner, Ill., third. Time: 5 3-5 sec.

Mile run—Judge, N. D., first; McKeever, Ill., second; Rue, Ill., third. Time: 4 min. 31 sec.

440 yard run—Stack, N. D., first; Sittig, Ill., second; Schock, Ill., third. Time: 52 (flat.) sec.

Two mile run—Wendland, N. D., first; Miller, Ill., second; Marzulo, Ill., third. Time: 9 min. 46 4-5 sec.

880 yard run—Ponzer, Ill., first; Werner, Ill., second; Masterson, N. D., third. Time: 1 min. 57 9-10 sec.

Pole vault—Harrington, N. D., first; Seed, Barnes and Huntsley, all of Illinois, tied for second. Harrington's height: 12 ft. 3 in. The rest tied for second at 12 feet.

High jump—Mieslohn, Ill., Flint, Ill., Wright, Ill., tied for first. Height: 5 ft. 10 3-4 in.

Broad jump—Wallace, Ill., first; Sweeney, Ill., second; Mieslohn, Ill., third. Distance: 22 ft. 4 3-4 in.

One mile relay—Won by Notre Dame. Team comprising: McDonald, Coughlin, Stack and Barr.

Illinois team: Mehock, Yates, Sittig, Schock. Time: 9 min. 31 7-10 sec.

Final score: Illinois 54, Notre Dame 41.

HOCKEY TEAM PLAYS IN MINNEAPOLIS

Notre Dame's hockey team lost two games and tied one while making an extended tour of the Copper Country last week. The Irish stickmen tied with St. Thomas in two overtime periods, 2 to 2, and lost the next two games to Minnesota, 2 to 0 and 2 to 1. All the games were played in Minneapolis at the indoor ice arena.

Against St. Thomas, Capt. McSorley scored both goals and with Hicok starred in all three games. Hicok scored one goal against Minnesota in the last game on the trip.

A match with Wisconsin was called off for lack of ice as was a match with M.A.C. Two matches at the local rinks with Minnesota scheduled for Feb. 23 and 24, will not take place due to the unfavorable weather conditions.

NOTRE DAME-NAVY BOXING MEET

Notre Dame's boxing team was defeated by the United States Naval academy in an intersectional collegiate meet at Annapolis, Saturday night, Feb. 14.

Dick McClure was the only member of the Blue and Gold team to get a decision, McClure winning his fight with Ragsdale in the welter weight division. Notre Dame drew two fights on draws, but lost in both on the extra round while much wrangling was being heard concerning the work of the referee.

The Naval academy team was not hesitant after the event in making it known that the Irish ring team was the toughest opposition ever scheduled for the gobs. Notre Dame offered a furious fight in every bout, and the fact that the judges in nearly every instance were forced to give decisions in favor of the Navy team speaks well for the fighting mettle of our future admirals. Notre Dame fights Ames at Notre Dame tonight.

NOTRE DAME-AMES BOUTS SATURDAY NIGHT

Preparations to entertain the student body and local fight fandom with some of the best intercollegiate boxing yet to be witnessed in this city, were begun Wednesday night at the gymnasium. Charley Springer, coach and captain of the Irish glove team, directed the workouts.

The bouts with Ames here tonight, will bring Notre Dame and the visitors together in all the weights. Joe Maxwell, varsity football center, will make his first local appearance with the boxing team, in the meet with Ames.

Maxwell fought in the heavyweight division at Annapolis last Saturday, and with Pat Canny experienced a narrow escape from drowning in a freak automobile accident. Maxwell represents the heavy, rugged type of fighter, that packs a killing punch and moves about the ring with lightning speed. The Philadelphian alternated the center job with Adam Walsh last fall, and is also a basketball player of some credit.

Springer will fight in the light heavyweight class, and is one of the fastest punchers for his weight in the school. At Annapolis he forced the fight to his opponent in the opening rounds, but the middle bore in for points near the close.

Pat Canny will trade punches with the Ames boys in the middleweight class. Canny is widely known on the campus as a boxer and has had much experience to qualify him to meet the best competition that can be found in colleges.

Pete Lim, the flash from China, another popular boxer at Notre Dame, will don the gloves to defend his place in the welterweight class. Lim has fought several exhibition fights during the past year, and is a great entertainer with his clever handwork and footwork. He delivers his blows with lightning rapidity and handles himself in the ring with a smack of command.

Goslin, a newcomer in the Irish boxing ranks this year, will fight in the lightweight division. Jack Spillane, who whipped Donnelly, amateur featherweight champion of Cleveland in the last exhibition fight at the

university, made a fine showing at the Navy meet and there is every indication that Jack's fight will be one of the best bouts of the evening.

Jefferies will fight in the flyweight class, and Harvey will answer the gong for the bantamweight division. Guy Lorenger, Benny DiPausquale, Charley Donnelly and Dick McClure, members of the team that fought the Navy, will be unable to compete against Ames because they are freshmen at the university. These four men will go to Gary Thursday morning to enter the Gary boxing tournament, the finals of which will be fought on Saturday night.

Special arrangements are being considered to handle one of the biggest fight crowds that has ever appeared at Notre Dame. The boxing meet is the only event carded for the week-end, while basketball, swimming and track teams are competing on foreign fields. Fight fans who have flocked to Notre Dame for the past few years to witness the exhibition bouts have claimed that the collegians give more in three rounds than many professionals give in many more.

The exhibition fights staged this year have found the Irish glove pushers setting a terrific pace from the start and hammering through three two-minute rounds without a let-up. The fight card with Ames will be the first local appearance in the ring this year of Maxwell, heavyweight, Springer, lighthouse and Canny, middleweight.

Bob Peck, of Culver, all-American center at Pittsburgh, will be one of the judges. Special ringside seats will be set up and the doors will be open at 7:45 o'clock. A fee of \$1 will be asked at the door. Students presenting athletic coupon books will be admitted.

WABASH-NOTRE DAME BASKETBALL GAME

Faced by the best team in the state of Indiana, and fighting to strengthen a defense against the deadly shooting of the visiting forwards, Notre Dame's basketball quintet was defeated 37 to 28 by the Wa-

Wabash College five, Saturday afternoon, February 14.

Wabash in mid-season form a little more than a week before, struck out on the road to the Indiana state basketball title and ever since, with a decisiveness that cannot be approached, it has mowed down the best competition in the state.

Pete Vaughan paraded his wonder team at the local Y. M. C. A. last Saturday, with such sterling timber to display as Robinson, forward, Chadwick, center, and Burdette, guard. Chadwick, a man well over six feet, was well guarded by Louis Conroy, thus checking his destructive work. But to put the damper on one Scarlet cager, meant that another one was loose, and to make for Chadwick's confinement, Robinson tossed six field goals and one foul throw for a total of 13 points.

The Keoganites gave an occasional flash of their real game, but it was not to last and the opposition that was fast overcoming them was too much to reckon with. Wabash held the lead at half time, 17 to 9.

The start of the second half saw Notre Dame gathering speed, but its rally was short lived as Wabash changed its offense and cut through the Irish line for scores. Ray Dahman, going in near the finish of the game for Notre Dame, scored three field goals.

Lineup and Summary:

Wabash (37).	G	FG	FT	PF	TP
Robinson, rf.	6	4	1	0	13
Devol, lf.	3	4	2	1	8
Chadwick, c.	1	1	1	2	3
Burdette, lb.	3	3	2	0	8
Coffell, rg.	1	2	2	0	4
Cowan, rg.	0	1	1	0	1
Notre Dame (28).	G	FG	FT	PF	TP
Mahoney, rf.	0	0	0	2	0
Crowe, lf.	3	2	1	3	7
Dienhart, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Nyikos, c.	2	0	0	2	4
McNally, c.	3	0	0	2	6
Kizer, rg.	0	3	2	1	2
Dahman, rf.	3	0	0	1	2
Conroy, lg.	1	1	1	1	3

Referee—Nohr, LaCross Normal. Umpire—Berger, Chicago.

ENGINEERS' BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

The following is the schedule arranged for the Engineers' Basketball League, as announced by the President of the League, Clarence Kaiser:

Feb. 8—E. M. vs. Ch. E.
Feb. 11—E. M. vs. E. E.
Feb. 15—C. E. vs. Ch. E.
Feb. 18—M. E. vs. E. E.
Feb. 22—M. E. vs. C. E.
Feb. 25—E. E. vs. Ch. E.
Mar. 1—E. M. vs. C. E.
Mar. 8—C. E. vs. E. E.
Mar. 15—E. M. vs. E. E.
Mar. 18—M. E. vs. Ch. E.

In an Engineers' Basketball League game on Thursday night the Electrical's defeated the Miner's, 27-6. The fast Electrical quintet got away to an early lead and were never headed, their smooth-working team work having the Miner's baffled. Gomez was high point man while MacDonald starred at forward for the winners and Osborne brought the crowd to its feet several times with sensational shots. Parnell and Bradley scintillated for the losers.

The lineup:

Electricals

MacDonald, lf.
Sheridan (Capt.) rf.
O'Neil, c.
Daley, lg.
Mason, rg.
Osborne, rg.

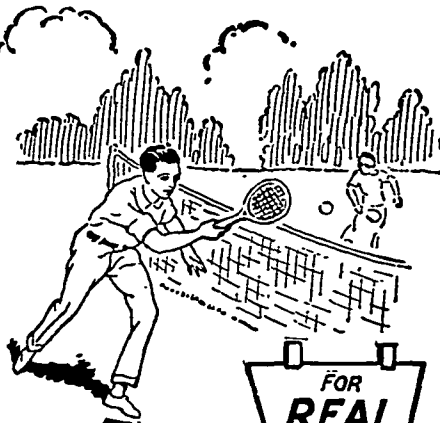
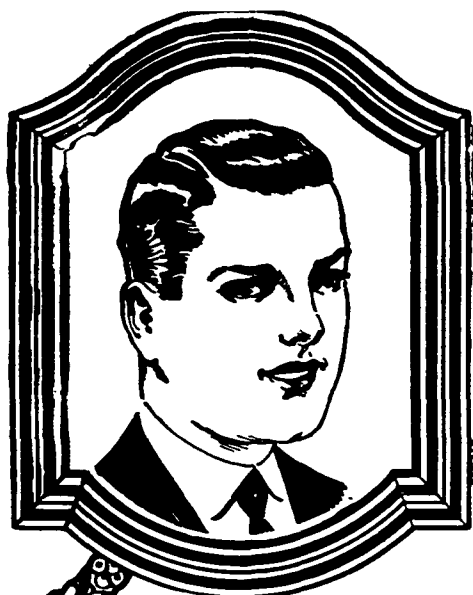
Miners

Parnell, (Capt.), lf.
Sweeney, rf.
Bradley, c.
Kiely, lg.
Hartman, rg.

—N D S—

EDITOR'S NOTE

The SCHOLASTIC notes with pleasure the reading of the *Juggler* at the A. I. E. E. meeting, and the above athletic schedule, as evidence of a sincere attempt by Dan O'Neill and his Engineers to belie campus opinion.



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AND
BOYS

A Neat and Natural Hair Comb

This pleasing, refreshing
liquid tonic keeps the hair
combed all day. GLO-CO is
not a mineral oil or grease.

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BRINGING THE COLLEGE MAN INTO THE SALES FORCE

V. V. LAWLESS

*Advertising and Selling Fort-
nightly.*

....I have often thought that if I could work out a formula which would permit me to pick at a glance the college man who had it in him to make good, then I could rapidly build up an unusually intelligent, well educated sales force. But although I have discussed this subject with any number of sales managers in different lines of business, none of them seem to have worked out any definite rule to follow.

So we all seem to come to one conclusion, namely, that the college graduate has no particular corner on intelligence. On the other hand, it does work out that the college man who comes to you at twenty-one or twenty-two and stays through the first five or six years generally has that something which enables him at somewhere around twenty-eight or thirty to assert himself and take a higher place than the average man of the same age without the advantage of college training.

The college man who comes to the sales department at twenty-two is generally not in position to take hold and make himself as useful around the department as the man who came at, say, eighteen, and spent four years in the department while the other chap put in four years in college. The young man who comes to the department at around eighteen is able, after four years of work, to fit in reasonably well in his particular job and do that job in good shape, else he would be dropped.

The college man comes in at twenty-two, after having put in four years in school, and when he comes to work on his first Monday morning, there is no place, speaking figuratively, where he can hang up his hat. It is almost certain to be a great puzzle to him when he first comes to his

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Complete Outfitters of College Costume
Plays. No requirements beyond us.
No "Cents" in our Service
Official Costumers to Numerous
Schools and Colleges
thruout the country



NEW YORK COSTUME CO.

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job, to find out why he is not doing something worthwhile. He tries to work out a way in which he can use the course in which he graduated. But he finds no opportunity to do this. He looks around and sees other men of his age busily pounding typewriters and acting as assistants and correspondents. He sees men a few years older working as junior salesmen with regular territories.

I know one college man who was very disturbed because he had been brought into a big organization and did not seem able to take hold any place. Week after week, he found himself plodding over masses of statistics which he and a number of other men were working up into reports. He could see no real chance for progress doing what appeared to be mere routine clerical work, so he began going to night school and studied short-hand and type-writing. In three months he had made himself a capable stenographer.

He went to the salesmanager with the information that he was ready to take a stenographer's job, that he wanted to be the stenographer and secretary for Mr. Blank because he felt that Blank was an exceptionally good man and that working for him would be a quick and short cut to a sales department education.

The sales manager nearly jumped out of his chair when confronted with that form of initiative. He put the man at the job requested. In three months, the value of this man's college training was demonstrated, in that he could put into better English the thoughts which Mr. Blank wanted to convey to customers. It was a great combination of man of experience in the business plus a man with a splendid English education. In a very few months the advantage of this combination became apparent. The type of letter which went out each day resulted in much more business. Plainly, here was a young man with unusual powers of expression plus the advantage of splendid training. He was getting a

INTERESTING HISTORICAL EVENTS

Do You Know

—that John Hancock, as President of Congress, signed the commission of George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies in the Revolutionary War? The original commission is at Washington, D. C., in the Library of Congress, Division of Manuscripts, where you may see it at any time and note the famous signature.

We suggest that every college student utilize the first opportunity for a trip to the National Capital and make a point of looking at the Declaration of Independence, Washington's commission, and other important documents bearing on American history.

We believe a visit to Washington makes better Americans of us all.

The John Hancock is particularly interested in insuring college men and women and obtaining college graduates for the personnel of the field staff.

Over Sixty Years in
Business. Now Insuring
Over Two Billion Dol-
lars on 3,500,000 Lives

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

When in Chicago, visit the

Chez Pierre

247 EAST ONTARIO STREET
ONE BLOCK EAST OF DRIVE

Intercollegiate Dances

Every Friday Night

Admission one-half to student members, or \$1.65 per couple.

Call at office of your college paper for Com-
plimentary Admission Card.

Earl Hoffman and His Chez Pierre Orchestra

Friday, February 27, is Notre Dame Night
with the Four Horsemen

quick and thorough knowledge of the business.

This experience started the sales manager on a quest for more men of the same type. He found two more college men who seemed to rank up well. He induced them to take up shorthand and typewriting.

In a few months he had them working in his sales department as assistants to correspondents. He took his first prize man out of the sales department and made him assistant to the advertising manager. By the time that young man is twenty-six or twenty-eight, he will, no doubt, be well qualified to be a thoroughly good young advertising manager. He is dispensing with time very thoroughly through his ability to slide up close to somebody who knows the business and not only learn the business but also make himself useful and helpful.

This article, of much interest to college graduates, will be continued in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

The FOUNTAIN PEN INK for ALL PENS



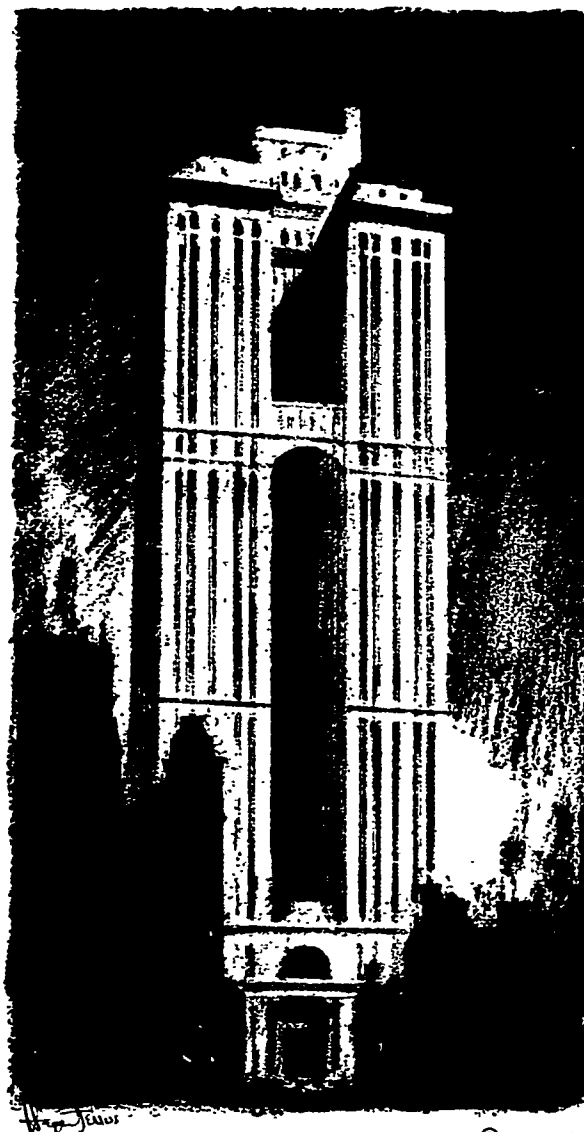
**The Business
Man's Ink is
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Fountain Pen Ink

IT'S PERMANENT

**Send The Scholastic to
the folks at home; they
will enjoy reading the
news from your school.**



*The Magnolia Petroleum
Building, Dallas, Texas*

ALFRED C. BOSSOM
Architect

Drawn by
Hugh Ferriss

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"Sheer Height"

THE American business building represents a distinct and national architectural style when its design frankly emphasizes its sheer height and outwardly expresses the inner facts of its construction.

The tall buildings which stand as monuments throughout the country to the vision of our architects and the skill of our engineers have, in the gigantic profiles which they rear against the sky, the true American spirit of aspiration and progress toward even greater achievements.

Certainly modern invention—modern engineering skill and organization, will prove more than equal to the demands of the architecture of the future.

O T I S E L E V A T O R C O M P A N Y

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The complete file of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC will form a valuable record of the year 1924-25 at Notre Dame. Save your copy each week.

Extra copies, for mailing home or for friends, may be secured at the Notre Dame News Stand or at the Cafeteria.

—N D S—

T H I S I S A S T U D E B A K E R Y E A R



I N DETROIT, where automobile values are more critically weighed and recognized than in any other city in the world, the new Studebaker Big Six Sedan has met with singular success.

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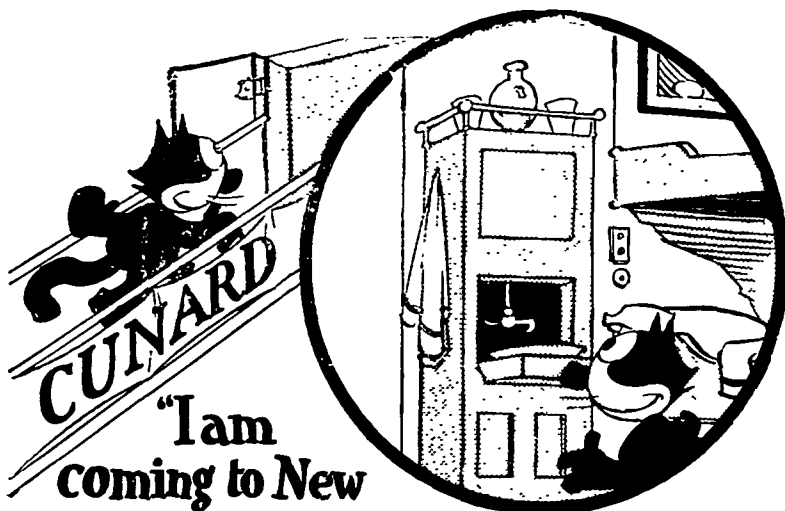
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