

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 12, 1921.

No. 16.

NIGHT-STORMS.

M. E. W.

MADDENED,
The caged winds
Beat at the world black bars;
Their keeper comes,
The Sun.

CHEMISTRY AND LIFE.

KARL M. ARNDT, '22.

IT is common to magnify the importance of the newly discovered. In the field of knowledge this tendency is exemplified in the notion that the laws and facts uncovered by the recent advances in experimental science are the lenses through which to view the problems confronting the world. Naturally, then, the arguments and the conclusions of traditional philosophy are called erroneous, or are ignored as unnecessary and old-fashioned. One theory especially has been attacked as a representative teaching of traditional philosophy by those who use the newly-made weapons of the empirical sciences; it is the theory of Vitalism, the old doctrine that the essence of life is an immaterial, active principle, which the Scholastics call the soul.

The problem is this: are living beings endowed with a force essential to their nature, a something by which their actions may be explained and by which they may be distinguished from non-living beings, or can we say that chemical and physical forces alone constitute the total causality of the mysterious phenomema of life? This question is met continually when we examine the materialistic philosophies so prevalent to-day. It is an important one, for the keystone in the structure of materialism is the thesis which denies the existence of a soul. Now, if we

reject the principle of life we must admit determinism, atheism, and must deny the possibility of any spiritual activity, for we find no explanation of free-will and religion in chemistry.

The Scholastic theory of Vitalism is an adaptation of the metaphysical doctrine of "matter and form." The Scholastics said that the two constituent principles of matter are prime matter, a material sub-stratum, which is the same in all material beings, and form, the special dynamic energy which enters into prime matter causing it to act differently from all other kinds and gives it the particular qualities by which we recognize it. In living beings this animating, determining principle is called the soul, a thing essentially distinct from the forms of non-living being, for as forms constitute the essences which in themselves differ one from the other, they must be distinct in nature.

Before the time of Aristotle, the existence of a vital element was assumed as a first principle. Consequently the early mystic philosophers busied themselves in constructing many weird theories on the commonly accepted foundation. Aristotle, however, after critically examining the varied forms of life, defined it as a being that has an internal principle of activity by which it is guided to an end. The Scholastics Christianized this doctrine, fitting it to revealed truth. Thus the question stood until 1842, when the Vitalist defence, which had been weakened by lack of opposition, was attacked by Lotz, a German philosopher. His arguments were based on the presumptuous contentions of the "new learning." About 1290 Vitalism seemed to have succumbed to the repeated blows of its adversaries, and materialistic science claimed a great victory. There was nothing on the earth or in the heavens above that was past its finding out.

Keener minds, however, saw the limitations of the new doctrine when it was well-nigh universally acclaimed. Let us examine the arguments developed by these ultra-scientists, in order to determine their limitations and value.

Living beings, which may be best represented by their ultimate constituent, the single cell, have certain common properties: they get their life from another, they grow, are irritable, repair themselves, reproduce their kind, and finally die. Underneath the variety of their functions there is a constant and immanent movement, a continuous internal flow. Now, as we attain our knowledge of the nature of a thing by the examination of its actions, so we may know the nature of the ultimate principle of life by studying its proper activities. Hence the best way to refute the mechanist arguments is to show that the functions of the living being are unparalleled by the actions of inorganic matter, and by showing that the nature which supports and directs the body is unlike, that it is, in fact, opposed to, anything observable in the inorganic world.

In the first place the growth of living beings is unique. The most minute and thorough examination of lifeless matter reveals nothing that can be called similar; rather such investigation proves that growth, as we understand it when speaking of life, would be impossible according to physical and chemical laws of action, since inorganic growth is effected by the addition of similar matter layer upon layer, whereas organisms grow by the assimilation of unlike compounds. The former, which is exemplified in the growth of crystals, is external, whereas the growth of the organism is internal.

The innate tendency to move, long considered to be the essence of life, presents a more serious difficulty to the materialist. A theory of tactisms, which postulates that vital actions are as necessary as the movement of a stone which is kicked, that an impulse stirs up chemical activity that accounts completely for organic action, appears plausible, but it proves to be untenable. The laws of physics and chemistry are rigid, and it is impossible for any departure to arise from the customary series of events, stated in scientific law. But human actions, especi-

ally those which are above the sense order, are undoubtedly variable. That the free actions of men are not reducible to absolute laws is recognized by all who try to form laws of conduct; they realize that men do not act alike under the same impulses. Again, there is present in the human mind a consciousness of power of will, of being able to do things by personal choice or desire, which necessarily implies the absence of rigidity.

Machinery and chemicals lack another quality invariably associated with life in that they have not the means whereby to repair injuries done to them. Recovery from cuts, bruises, and broken bones we consider ordinary, but biology offers some more striking examples of this unique organic power. The hydra can reproduce half of its body and the salamander can replace its four legs and tail as often as may be necessary. Biologists have cut the embryos of simple animals and plants into as many as eight pieces with the result that each part produced an entire living animal. These are but a few of the many examples that might be given. On the other hand, the parts of a broken machine remain separated and inactive. Chemistry and physics cannot account for this difference.

Again, protoplasm is chemically much the same just after death as before. Now, some argue that just as oxygen and hydrogen may be brought together to form water, so the elements of protoplasm may be brought together to make life. Such an argument is absolutely groundless. In the first place, protoplasm does not exist in molecules or definite chemical units as water exists; it is a compound of compounds held intact by a force quite unlike that which acts in the molecule. Secondly, there is no reason to suppose that protoplasm, even if it could be constructed chemically, would possess life merely as the result of the chemical combination. Thirdly, the explanation of the individual acts of the body, many of which are certainly chemical, does not account for the activity of the whole, which is the combination of thousands of simple solvable processes, all directed toward an end.

Pasteur and his followers have demonstrated that spontaneous generation is im-

possible; that the forces of matter of themselves cannot conspire in any way to bring about life; that all life comes from life, every cell from another cell. This fact struck causo-mechanism a deadly blow in the height of its career, because if life be chemical, chemistry ought to be able to produce it, and in that way to give us certainty.

Our very nature argues against mechanism and its necessary conditions. We certainly do not consider ourselves as a mere mass of colloids and gelatines, and nothing more. Our conscience tells us in an argument we can feel as well as understand that there is something in us which chemistry can never reveal; we can know, we can will, and can be happy: in fine, we have a soul that is above the material things of the universe, immortal and unfathomable by our keenest thought.

Professor Warren, of Princeton University, sets forth in his psychology the last argument that remains to the mechanists, an attempted proof that purposive action in living beings is the direct result of evolution. In the world of evolution the selective process theory is a fundamental postulate, for evolutionists say that natural selection is a determinant and necessary condition of racial progress. According to some biologists this process of natural selection imprints on the passive cell certain characteristics which determine not only its own nature and existence but also the nature and existence of each cell numbered among its posterity. Even admitting the theory of evolution, which is assumed as true, the theory that organisms act toward a determined end because of the imprints that evolution leaves upon them, is at best an unproved hypothesis, a pure product of imagination. Moreover, this long series of determinations could not be fully explained unless a vital principle be admitted. The whole argument, therefore, is but a new example of the old fallacy of avoiding the point at issue.

If we study an organism, we find that it is the master of its processes when alive, but that when dead the processes master the organism. The effect of the movement which we call inorganic is toward the maintenance of diversities. The two opposed forces cannot be reconciled by mechanists.

The valuable researches of chemistry and physics into the nature of life need not be underestimated, but we must acknowledge one effect of all these efforts—they have strengthened rather than weakened Vitalism. They have brought the theory down from the fantastic speculations of the days when there was no opposition and have put it once more on its naturally firm basis. A glance over the field of controversy shows a very marked return to the theories of the Schoolmen. The biography of Wundt, the founder of modern psychology, is the history of recent Vitalistic discussion. That eminent philosopher, after trying for fifty years to explain life as basically material, finally admitted that the Vitalism of Aristotle offers the most complete and reasonable explanation.

GUM.

I was out for a walk one evening. It is not my habit to go walking for the mere pleasure of looking at the stars or thinking over my school work for the next day. You have guessed it; I had a 'sweet young thing' with me. After our walk had progressed far enough we came to a bench in a secluded corner of the park. We got on very well indeed and spent some hours there discussing the future and other things. When we finally rose to go I was filled with admiration for my companion, and said to myself that I would work hard as thunder so that in later years I might be worthy of the wonderful creature. I meant it too. At that time she seemed the most wonderful girl in all the world. Suddenly my train of thought was interrupted as a loud, steady, grinding sound filled the air. At first I could not imagine what it was. And then I observed that it was my companion chewing gum. A great deal of my tender sentimentality immediately left me. It was a great shock to see that my dream had the common fault of the young American girls of 1920. Then I noticed her walk. It was not half so graceful as I had thought, and her hair, eyes — to cut a long story short, I took her home and left her at the door with never a backward look and stepped out with her best girlfriend the next evening. It all goes to show what a little gum will do.

—E. K.

VARSITY VERSE.

TO PASSION.

Daughter of seven devils
 Flushed with the world's desire,
 Queen of the festive revels,
 Priestess of Satan's fire,
 There in thy crimson portal
 As time to eternity swings—
 Ravaging souls immortal
 With the power of tyrant kings.

—E. R.

÷

SHE GAVE ME AIR!

Somewhere in a town o'er the Michigan line
 Lives a girl who in folly I used to call mine
 I suppose now that I'm gone she's trotting around
 With some bird who's the hit of this Michigan town.

There were nights at the lake when I thought I was
 jake

For she promised to honor, obey, and make cake
 Till the day I grew curly way down at the toes
 Yes! She promised to mend every hole in my hose.

Well, the June bug that bit her alighted on me
 And decided to call his bug friends for a spree
 So they gathered and smit me from shoulder to knee
 While my girl reminisced on the days at N. D.

In June I went East from the land of the Dome
 I worked for the old man,—at nights I stayed home
 And I pictured my playmate was pining away
 With her knitting was sitting awaiting the day.

I came back in September determined to win her;
 It seems in the meanwhile my stock had grown
 thinner—

My heart told me once that conditions would better
 If I'd pen her daily a heart-stricken letter.

For weeks I'd been planning that Christmas would
 be

A happy reunion for her and for me—
 Worked off a condition and got a permission
 To week-end the big day with my sweet Marjorie.

In the months since I'd seen her I'd seen nothing
 keener

My heart like a trip hammer awaited the date;
 But the first day showed me that my sweet Marjorie
 Was offa me,—ready to give me the gate.

I've struck down the goddess enshrined in my heart
 No longer a lover am I

The recent vacation was my ruination
 She sputtered "I'm through with you guy."

I'm a cynical bachelor now,—like the Juggler
 Some other guy back at home can go snuggle her
 Boys take a tip from my swift abdication
 This Love by Long Distance is poor consolation.

—W. M. O. K.

CLASS TALKS ON LINCOLN

BY SOPHOMORES.

The twelfth of February brings with it the occasion for reviewing the life of Abraham Lincoln. Too often the observance is given over entirely to the recounting of amusing or characteristic anecdotes. As the years go by, however, these stories about Lincoln are likely to be forgotten; but Lincoln himself will be remembered, as he should be, for the greatness of his character and the significance of his public service. That a boy, reared to manhood in a floorless log-cabin of the West, should by dint of perseverance work his way into the legal profession and finally to the presidency of the United States, is a fact of sufficient importance to support the assumption that such a man is truly great.

In seeking the secret of his greatness we certainly cannot think that it was in his education, for his schooling amounted to less than a year all together. "The plain people," as he called them, "were his university." Nor can we say that his greatness lies in his brilliancy as a member of the bar. We know that the law firm of which as a young man he was a member, failed. Is it not possible to attribute his greatness to the trying experience which was his?

When we reflect upon his lowly birth and the hardships of his boyhood, do they not seem blessings in disguise? It was in these hardships that he had his first experience with life. This experience gave him a wonderful knowledge of human nature. It was in consequence of this knowledge of human nature that "his integrity could not be shaken, nor his sense of justice be perverted." The most brilliant mind in the nation could not sway Lincoln, the president, from what he termed "the dictates of common sense."

It is difficult to believe that a public man ever passed through more trying experiences than Lincoln during the Civil War. In the first place, he tried to avert war with the South. He had sworn to defend the Constitution and to preserve the Union. He had to reconcile the various factions of the Republican party; he had to pacify, if possible, the leaders of the South, to restrain the hot-headed advocates of immediate abolition, to

fill an empty treasury, to form an army without competent military leaders, to arm and equip soldiers without military supplies. To realize Lincoln's position one must understand that no other great war was ever undertaken under such embarrassing circumstances.

Lincoln's success was not mere chance; it was the natural effect of certain qualities of mind and spirit. Through his whole life we can trace connections between his experience and his achievements. There is a distinct relationship even between his early experience with slavery and that consistent opposition to it which distinguished his later life.

No truer tribute was ever paid to Lincoln than that by General Grant: "To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero." It was said of Washington that he was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The last phrase, it seems to me, belongs rather to Lincoln, for Abraham Lincoln is, beyond all doubt, the most beloved of Americans.

—WILLIAM J. FUREY, '22.

America seems to have been blessed with great men in her time of need. It was, no doubt, the mercy of the provident Father, who would not see this country, dedicated to suffering mankind, go the way of the ancient kingdoms of the world, that sent us in our time of greatest need Abraham Lincoln.

Born of humble parents and unable to enjoy the advantages of education, Lincoln achieved greatness through the inherent good which the life of the frontier instills in the heart of the God-fearing man. He came of a race of pioneers, who bequeathed to him those qualities of energy, perseverance, and diligence, which made him the man among men. These qualities, together with a staunch honesty and a tender sympathy for all in sorrow, were the mighty foundation on which he built his career.

All through life Lincoln was a deep student, of men as well as of books. In his dealings with the people with whom he had relations, he was always distinguished by his intimate knowledge of the workings of their minds and emotions. In his dealings with

the "common people," as he called them, he never resorted to the flights of fancy employed by his better educated contemporaries, but used instead the homely phrase, story, or example to convey his meaning. His speech at Gettysburg is a striking example of the loftiness of mind which characterized his whole public life.

Lincoln came into the political world free from the complexities of mind that bewilder and befuddle the person exposed to the arguments of practised politicians. Fresh from the New Salem Literary Club, where he had been looked up to with admiration as the leading orator, to the halls of Springfield he went with all the enthusiasm of a young boy, and like the boy he had those ideals of honesty and squareness in the affairs of government which played so great a part in the salvation of the Union.

In his public life as president, Lincoln showed those qualities which distinguish all great men. Here he displayed his intimate knowledge of the problem confronting the people. He had firmly stated that his purpose was to preserve the Union. If this could be done without the emancipation of a single slave, it would be done; but if it required that every slave should be removed from the country, he would order his removal. He realized the great distress that would be brought upon the people of the South, who had come to depend so greatly on the system of slave labor; he realized that they would be economically helpless without it; but his strong sense of justice and his quick sympathy with the victims of injustice permitted no compromise with evil. He would not see this great democracy destroyed by the curse of slavery if he could prevent it. All through his public life his actions are marked by the truthful and honest execution of great policies, conceived in his own mind and carried through with only one object in view—the good of the Union. He strove unceasingly to make the country a unified nation.

True greatness must of course in the first place be a gift from Heaven. The men of the past who are called great have stood above the rest of the throng of their time like a light-house, sending consoling and guiding beams over the unsounded depths, to help the wavering and uncertain on their

course. The quality of greatness does not merely consist in acts, but radiates from a mind which is the home of noble thoughts—that sanctuary, as it were, in which God and man commune.

—JOSEPH P. HENNEBERRY, '23.

The world has placed the stamp of eminence upon a number of men. Nations have erected statues in honor of warriors, writers, and statesmen. Governments have set aside days of special tribute in honor of their achievements. In America we hold in reverence two men above all others: Washington, because of his service in the winning of our independence, and Lincoln, because of his service in preserving the Union. No more sincere tribute can be found in American hearts than that which is paid to these two men. Today we voice our sentiments in regard to one of them in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

No one now questions the greatness of Lincoln. There is, however, some difference of opinion as to the source of those qualities which mark him as such an extraordinary figure. Some think that celebrated men owe their distinction to ideal home environment supplemented by splendid school training. Lincoln was not influenced to any great extent by either of these factors. Some think that men attain prominence in consequence of brilliance of mind, developed by intensive study. The meagerness of Lincoln's erudition is too well known to need any statement; nor does history show that he ranked in brilliance with such men as Napoleon, Hamilton, or Webster. Others, again, are of the mind that the qualities of greatness are those developed in the purgatory of experience. They believe that only in that ordeal can one acquire insight into human life so keen as Lincoln's. Certainly there could have been no better training school for the building of the moral strength and courage that made him preeminent among great men.

Only in the crucible of hard experience could a man attain a humility so profound and acquire a sympathy so broad that he could console a mother who had given all of her sons as a sacrifice in the cause of her country and send her away comforted.

Nothing but hardship and suffering could enable a man to go into a hospital filled with wounded men and just by the gentleness of his bearing cause them to forget their pain. Why was he able to do this? Because he had lived something of their suffering. His life was the uniform embodiment of the principles for which they were dying. Unconsciously those stricken men felt it. It was the existence of that bond that caused the enemy to lose the feeling of bitterness and to become conscious of love of country and to die happy in the presence of this man who, they knew, had fought without malice. It carried them away from the hatred and horror of the fight and left them something worth while for which to die.

Personal contact with selfishness, narrowness, jealousy—and a heart big enough to hold these in contempt, made it possible for Lincoln to be partisan and yet not bitter. Without such experience he could not have said, "Let us bind up the nation's wounds"—rather than let us bind up the wounds of our comrades. It was the same spirit that prompted him to say, "Let us resolve that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom."

He was greater than the school-trained man, because his acquisition of knowledge had not robbed him of his simplicity. He was greater than many men of brilliant minds, because his imagination had not carried him away into the speculative and beclouded his vision of the real. His virtues were simple ones: honesty, patience, humility, and security in the fear of God.

—JOHN HIGGINS, '23.

As the minds of the citizens of the country pondered over the slave question in 1859 and 1860, and the quick succession of events made a clash inevitable, there arose from the backwoods a man who was to take over the reins of government and lead the Federal forces to a glorious but costly victory over the South. There is little need of relating the events of Abraham Lincoln's life from his boyhood until the time of his tragic death. We all know these—the story of his humble birth in a cabin in Kentucky, his meagre education, his love for books, and his youth spent on flatboats, in country stores, his manhood in state legislative halls—we

are well acquainted with all these steps to the presidency. We are now interested in the crowning event of his life, his election to the presidency. We are now interested in the greatness which he achieved and the way in which he achieved it.

"Know thyself," was an old saying of the Greeks, and it is quite applicable to Lincoln's life. He knew his capabilities and his shortcomings; he realized his duty to God and country, and strove to accomplish what he undertook with all the zeal and earnestness at his command. These qualities, supplemented and tempered by experience, are the secrets of Lincoln's greatness. His eminence was not achieved through the study of books, but by years of experience in which he learned the principles of right-living and right-thinking. His development as a young man in the profession of law and his subsequent election to the state and national legislatures moulded his character and admirably prepared him for his work.

When his office as a representative in Congress was terminated he devoted himself assiduously to the study of law, and when, after a lapse of thirty years, the question of slavery arose, in 1850, Lincoln was thoroughly aroused and determined to fight the proposed "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," which would move farther north the slavery line. Event after event followed in which he displayed the worth of the experience which he had acquired along the rough path of life, and his timeliness in putting into action his knowledge and foresight brought him the Republican nomination for president in 1860. Bitter as were some of his enemies, they could not but admire his uprightness and honesty.

When war was declared he knew little about military affairs. For more than a year he did not assert himself, the while observing and learning. Little did the politicians, press, or people think that the silent Lincoln would become an active military leader as soon as experience had taught him. A great storm of protest arose when he placed McClellan at the head of affairs, against the advice of Secretary of War Stanton. Later, his study and experience of three years enabled him to discern that the hero of Vicksburg was the greatest general of the war, and yet the press and

the people condemned his action when he placed Grant over all the Union troops. Both these appointments were strokes of genius. And yet they cannot be attributed to Lincoln's scanty military knowledge acquired in the struggle against the Indian chief Black Hawk in 1832, but to his most capable advisor, experience, which taught him so much in the first two years of the war and guided him so well during the remainder of his administration.

The handling of the legislative branch of government required skill and tact, and we note that President Lincoln during the second and third years of the war, when the cause of the Federal government seemed hopeless, got better results out of Congress than he had in the first year of the war when greater enthusiasm towards the preservation of the country swayed the mind of every congressman. This cannot be attributed to the brightness of the outlook for the North, nor to a united spirit, nor to Lincoln's personality, but to his power over Congress, which he acquired during his first year as president. Not statemanship alone, not oratory, nor brilliance of mind, not military genius nor leadership, but all of them combined with his years of experience made Abraham Lincoln the grand figure that he is in American History.

—FRANCIS X. DISNEY, 23.

For those of us who lack brilliance of mind and genius there is inspiration in the life of Abraham Lincoln. The most notable characteristic of this man was his common sense and sound judgment. Henry Grady characterizes him as a man with keen political insight and the power to decide things once and for all, unerringly and logically. In Lincoln's speeches we find good illustrations of the workings of his mind. There is perhaps no better example of the manner of his reasoning than his homely advice about "swapping horses in the middle of the stream." These are not necessarily the words of a mighty intellect; they are rather the words of a common man who had the ability to reason logically and to set forth the truth in the most convincing form.

Lincoln's greatness is certainly not to be attributed to book learning, for it cannot be said that he was widely read. It is true that

he read all the books he could lay his hands on, and he spared no effort to improve himself by reading, but his education in this respect was meager in comparison with that of most of the great political leaders of his time. The backwoods is the only university that had any share in making Lincoln. In the words of the biographer, Francis Miller—"Here Lincoln gained his education, learned how to bear the burdens of life and to overcome them; and now he stood with a head full of common sense, ready and eager to fight it out with destiny."

We may, I think, attribute the success of this great leader to his practical experience, especially during the trying years of the Civil War. That his greatness was enhanced many times during the dark hours of the struggle cannot be doubted. The experiences of the war time, the enmity of even his own cabinet members—especially after the battle of Antietam, the demands of the nation for his resignation as the Confederates swept through Chancellorsville on their way to Washington—all these trials combined to draw out the inherent greatness of the man. At length came victory—the military victory of the Union arms and the personal victory of Lincoln, who now stood at the head of a reunited nation. Here his magnanimity added to his fame. He bore himself as nobly in triumph as during the long hours of doubtful struggle. The final touch was added as he pleaded for "malice towards none and charity for all." In this manifestation of character the story of Lincoln's greatness was completed.

Abraham Lincoln came to the highest office in the land an almost unknown man, recognized chiefly as the one who had met the renowned Douglass in debate and who had defeated him by splitting the Democratic party. He left the office a martyr to his country, known throughout the world as the Great Emancipator, and he is without a doubt the greatest public man in American history.

—GERALD J. HAGAN, '23.

Many men are honored as great statesmen. Some of these have condignly deserved all the honor that can be bestowed upon their memories, for their success was due to their own efforts and perseverance in overcoming

seemingly insurmountable obstacles. The fame of others is, to a large extent, due to fortuitous opportunities which they enjoyed and which are denied to most men. Today we are paying tribute to a man who did, perhaps, more than any other for the welfare and preservation of this nation. He was one of those men who was obliged to make his own opportunities. It was not his good fortune to be born in luxury, with educational and social opportunities thrust upon him.

Little need be said of a life, the minutest incidents of which are common knowledge. He was the son of a poor pioneer on the Western frontier, and his boyhood and early manhood were spent in the wilderness. He suffered the hardships of the pioneer and never as much as knew of the easier life of the wealthy youth, with all its comforts and luxury. Nevertheless, he was even in those early years admired by all who knew him for his character, earnestness and energy.

He was the kind of man who never fails to profit by everything with which he comes in contact, and that wonderful personality was already being moulded while young Lincoln was successively filling the duties of backwoodsman, river-boatman, farmer, and store clerk. Even then he was known for his truthfulness, his sense of justice, and his simplicity of character,—qualities which distinguished the most honored and beloved of our statesmen.

How he combined to advantage his experience acquired by keen observation of the life surrounding him with earnest study and the hardships entailed, are well known to all, and when he was elected as president of the country, which was then in the midst of civil strife, he was far from a man of ordinary ability and intellect. The subsequent years of hardship which he experienced were no doubt the stepping stones to his greatness.

His was the duty of uniting a badly divided country in one nation, of bringing together the South with its slavery and the North with its bitter antagonism to everything pertaining to slavery. Lincoln understood the task that confronted him and the difficulties involved, but when he said that a nation half slave and half free could not endure and that he expected it to cease to be

divided, such was his determination that nothing but death itself could stop him from his purpose.

Lincoln believed that his view was the only one that could be taken in any reason, if this nation was to be preserved as one. Years of trial and hardship followed, and he met with much bitter opposition,—opposition which the average man would consider unconquerable—but never did he cease to fight for his ideal. Slow years filled with ordeal and strife passed and finally this great man realized his purpose. When in 1863 the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, this tall, ungainly man, the idol of both the rich and the poor, felt, I am sure that his life work had been achieved.

Lincoln's mind was strong and was well developed through his own hard efforts; his character and personality are an object of universal admiration, but of more importance than these as a source of his greatness was the wisdom developed by his hard experience in life—his experience as a youth in enduring the hardships of a frontiersman and later experience as the president of a great nation sorely divided against itself.

—J. R. CORYN, '23.

"From ploughshare to the presidency"—this phrase, regardless of its triteness, gives us a summary of the career of our greatest American, Abraham Lincoln. Greatness was truly personified in him—a unique greatness devived, not from book-learning or other intellectual advantages, but from the hard school of experience. Lincoln possessed no extraordinary brilliance of mind; his was merely the heritage of the average man—common-sense.

His parentage was humble, but it furnished a solid foundation upon which Lincoln by his simplicity, foresight, and rugged honesty rose to that position to which many aspire but which few attain, the presidency of the United States.

Lincoln the youth was a typical frontier boy. As result of his backwoods life he never had the advantages of formal schooling. Yet the trials and experiences of the frontier may be of more consequence to a man of Lincoln's type than all the theory found in books. While his more fortunate comrades were laboriously mastering their

text books, the young Lincoln was dealing first-hand with the problems of life. Book-learning, however, was not entirely denied him. What school boy does not know the story of the borrowed book, of the mathematics done on the back of a coal shovel?

Probably the most important factors in Lincoln's greatness were his simplicity and foresight. He was first and last a man of the people, a champion of common people. Those years spent in his father's humble cabin, the struggle for bare existence with which every frontier family meets, were experiences that contributed most effectively in making Lincoln the great man he became.

The greatest experience of Lincoln's life was, of course, the strenuous four years of the Civil War. Here was a great man's supreme test, and Lincoln came from the fire pure gold. The Union was in turmoil; the army was headed by inexperienced officers; there were no plans of campaign, and no one to formulate them. This condition, together with the disconcerting influence of a divided cabinet, taxed greatly the patience and clear-headedness of the President. But here his calm genius began to assert itself. The great store of patience and ability in grasping opportunities which had been developed during his famous debates with Douglass now served him and the country to the utmost advantage. He began to study military science from all angles; he devised plans of campaign; he reorganized the entire army, and directed the operations to a successful close. This notable achievement of Lincoln's was not the feat of a superintelligence. It was the result of the fact that he had met and solved similar problems on a smaller scale. It was by the slow constructive process of experience that his greatness was achieved.

In reviewing the short but glorious career of our foremost American, we see that his greatness was due, not to education, but to brilliance of mind, but to those inherent qualities which he possessed and to the hard experience which taught him so much. His kind, patient countenance should be to us a source of the best inspiration. If we would attain to greatness, what better ideal can we set before ourselves than the simple greatness of this greatest American?

—JOHN M. ROHRBACH, '23.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·VT·E·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LIV.

FEBRUARY 12, 1921.

NO 16.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21 M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21
WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21 EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23
HENRY STEVENSON '21 VINCENT ENGELS, '23
EDWARD B. DEGREE, '23 J. W. HOGAN, C. S. C., '22
LEO R. WARD, C. S. C., '23 FRANK WALLACE, '23
R. M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23 H. W. FLANNERY, '23

Modern history at Notre Dame dates back to the dim days preceding the dawn of the twentieth century. The year '00 had hardly opened when people suddenly became aware of the fact that Notre Dame had grown to be one of the foremost universities on the western hemisphere. Evidence of this preeminence was to be found in the rising roster of foreign students drawn from all sides of the earth, from China to Chile, from Dublin to Dubuque. Notre Dame's prominence was first observed in the faraway nations from which students began increasingly to emigrate. Since then the fame of our school has spread in an ever-narrowing circle originally including California and New England, later sweeping over the Alleghenies and the Rockies till it had eventually inundated every atom of the United States map—all except South Bend. Like an inverted ostrich South Bend neither saw nor heard.

But a miracle intervened. Besides Rockne and the other miracles of 1920, the awakening of South Bend occurred. The thunder of glory that greeted the Gold and Blue football victory aroused a recognition in South Bend, symbolized by the ovation at the Oliver, last fall. While it is allowed that increased seatage on Cartier field no doubt hastened this appreciation, nothing of the kind can underrate the statement of Dr. C. Lippincott, director of the Studebaker organization, who

as toastmaster at a luncheon of the university foreign students admitted that "Notre Dame is the best advertisement South Bend has." The action of the Chamber of Commerce in arranging a tour of the city's industries, to the end of acquainting university foreign students with South Bend export products, is the initial manoeuvre to promote between the city and the university closer connections than the Hill street line affords. South Bend can furnish Notre Dame men with essential experience in commerce and journalism. Notre Dame men can give South Bend exporters invaluable ultramarine publicity. We are confident of the success cooperation will achieve. It only remains for the lugubrious elements on our campus to come out from behind the cloud of their own pessimism and the acclaim of Notre Dame will be universal.

—E. W. M.

Lent is not a season of starvation, but of salvation. Begin by stepping on the toes of the fellow who smokes on LENIENT LENTENISMS. a car where there are ladies; by exchanging that rasp for a horn;—in general by being a gentleman—S. H. D.

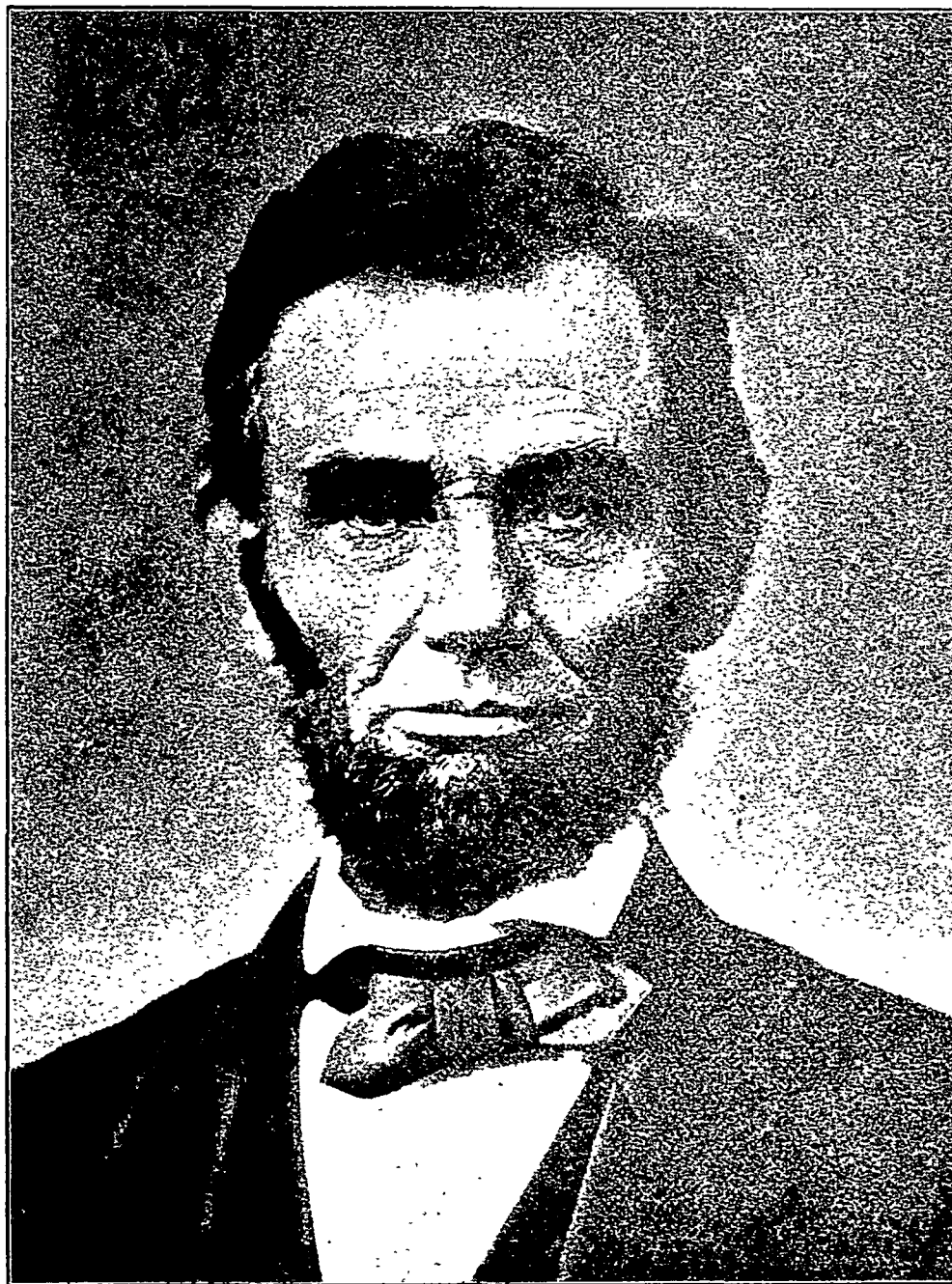
IN MEMORIAM.

The recent death of Martin H. Moynihan, a well known pioneer resident of Fort Wayne, commands the sympathy of the countless friends of his son, Andrew J. Moynihan. The deceased was born in County Kerry, Ireland on the feast of All Saints, 1845. At the age of twenty-one he came to the United States and after spending one year in Elizabeth, N. J., moved to Fort Wayne. Excepting for eighteen years spent in Oklahoma, he has been a continuous resident of this city. A retired banker and a former member of The Journal-Gazette company, he was widely known and highly esteemed by his many friends throughout northern Indiana. His son, Andrew J. Moynihan, came to Notre Dame to enter St. Edward Hall as a minim. With the exception of a short time spent at the Catholic University, Washington, all his school days have been passed here. He is to receive the degree of Bachelor of Letters this coming June.

LINCOLN'S CONTEMPORARIES ON
THE CAMPUS*(For Lincoln's Birthday.)*

The traditions that link the ultra-present with the cryptic past in United States history will be seldom found stronger than at Notre Dame. Scattered all over the university are relics of the saints and saviours of the republic.

But Lincoln's birthday revives a memory more tender and more deeply appreciated than all the others, because it is living. It is the recollection of Brother Onesimus, university steward, who despite his shrunken shoulders and faded beard, still looks back through the decades to the days when Abraham Lincoln was a struggling lawyer before the Springfield bar.



Locked away in the library museum is a letter of George Washington to the Bishop of Vincennes; preserved among the relics of the Civil War is the sword of General Meagher: the very uniform worn by Sherman when he uttered the still-quoted epigram, "War is Hell,"—even that memorable vestment is to be seen in the museum, while the flag that followed Roosevelt up San Juan hill now exhibits its glorious gashes inside the museum showcase.

Brother Onesimus, whose family name is Hoagland, first saw the emancipator in 1845, at the period of his candidacy for the second nomination to Congress. Living with his family on a small farm in the vicinity of Jacksonville, he was present, one day, at a stump speech of Lincoln's. "Lincoln looked long, and dangling, then," recalls the Brother, "His face was thin, and appeared to go mostly to nose. But his shining eyes looked through you, and were almost as impressive as his talk."

So he seemed to the lad who is now the venerable university steward.

Lincoln's oratory, according to the Brother, was superior to the average of the time only in one thing. His faculty for anecdote had even in those early days gained him a reputation, and his speeches always contained some homely analogy that usually convinced his hearers more than any of his arguments. Being no more than a boy of 15, Brother Onesimus seldom saw Lincoln, however, and never knew him face to face. In fact, the steward later became a Democrat and in the tumultuous campaign of 1860 voted for Douglas.

But John Hoagland, a brother of the steward, associated with Lincoln intimately. In those days, long before it was even predicted that he should assume the steering-wheel of state, Lincoln practised law in partnership with William H. Herndon, a man of atheistic tendency and rigid logic, according to Brother Onesimus. The little room on the top floor of Springfield's then modern office building frequently was the forum of pretentious discussions, stimulated by Lincoln's wit, Herndon's arguments, and the opinions of neighboring intimates. John Hoagland used to be a rather regular attendant at the gatherings, and several times engaged in a tilt with the railsplitter. It was at these meetings that most of the adages attributed to the martyred president were originated.

After the elections of 1846, by which Lincoln was returned to Congress, he had necessarily to withdraw from his associations around Springfield. As he became more of a public leader, he was less of a local lawyer. While he continued to practise in Illinois for many years after, he had less and less time for conviviality.

Brother Onesimus gives a thrilling account of the accoutrements of the famous presidential campaign. Floats exhibiting men hacking away at a pile of rails would parade the streets continually. Partisans of Lincoln wore souvenir split rails for watch fobs or lapel ornaments. This was quite as officially the emblem of the Republicans then as the miniature elephant is today.

Another of Lincoln's contemporaries now at Notre Dame is James Shaw, chief engineer at the Community House. During the Rebellion he was in the army of the Potomac. At Chancellorsville he suffered a painful but

not serious wound which incapacitated him for further military service. His home being in Washington he was subsequently in the capitol during Lincoln's second presidential campaign. In that contest, resembling the present in more respects than any other, Lincoln was daily abroad in Washington, strolling between the White House and the Capitol, or going about in his victoria. It was at one of the campaign talks that Lincoln had the fortune to shake hands with the engineer. The fact that the president did not wear any sox on that occasion did not, according to Mr. Shaw, detract any from the warmth of the reception.

"Lincoln looked limp and worn, in those last days of the war," asserts Mr. Shaw. "I hardly think he could have lived many months if he had been allowed to live."

The night of the catastrophe Mr. Shaw recalls minutely. Men excited almost to madness raced through the thoroughfares of Washington shouting the stupendous news. Crowds wavered and milled through the streets, like disbanded and furloughed soldiers collected on street corners awaiting an expected uprising. The death of the one saviour of the Union stirred Washington more than the slaughter of the million. Mr. Shaw's last glimpse of the martyr was when as a soldier of the republic he filed past the corpse of the president lying in state.—E. M. M.

ACADEMIC PRIZES FOR MONOGRAM MEN

During the past year several prizes were offered for distribution among the monogram men, to be awarded by the Faculty Athletic Board for academic excellence. The first, a prize of one hundred and twenty five dollars, given by Francis Earle Hering, Litt. B., 1898; LL. B., 1902, of South Bend, former member of the baseball and football teams. The other is a prize of one hundred dollars, given by Leroy Jos. Keach, LL. B., of Indianapolis, captain of the track team '08. The prizes are to be awarded as follows: seventy five dollars to the sophomore monogram man with the best class average for the freshman and sophomore years: seventy five dollars for the junior monogram man with the highest average for the freshman, sophomore and junior years; seventy five dollars for the senior monogram

man with the highest class average for the four years of college. A watch donated by the South Bend Watch Co., is to be awarded to the senior monogram man with the highest class average for the Senior year. To be eligible for these prizes, a general average of at least 80% must be attained.

The University, as well as the members of the monogram club, deeply appreciates this practical manifestation of interest in Notre Dame, and is glad to note that it has already been found to be an added stimulus to academic excellence among varsity athletes.

FATHER CAREY, C. S. C.,
Pres. Board of Athletic Control.

MARY MACSWINEY

Our president, Father Burns had completed his address of welcome. An expectant, thrilling silence settled upon the vast audience.

Mary MacSwiney rose as from a throne. With regal grace her black-robed figure moved slowly towards the front of the stage. To pay tribute to the glorious womanhood of Ireland, to the memory of a martyr-patriot, to the sacred cause of the Irish Republic, every man, woman and boy in the crowded auditorium rose spontaneously and for many minutes reverently applauded her in whose veins flows blood akin to that of Terence MacSwiney. With bended head she received that splendid acknowledgment to all her presence impersonated. Her eyes beamed gratitude, her sweet, fresh face took on added color. Many times she bowed; but the plaudits increased, to cease only when she parted her lips to speak.

Simply, without effort, without pretension to oratory, she told of the sufferings of Ireland and the Irish people. Her sincerity carried conviction, while, from a fund of authentic historical data, she showed why the United States Government should recognize the Republic of Ireland, why the United States Government *could* recognize the Republic of Ireland without shedding a single drop of American blood. All the Irish people ask of us is "recognition without military intervention." Through her discourse gleamed gems of delightful Irish wit, and many of her sallies called forth rounds upon rounds of applause. Later, in the crowded reception room, herself a queen, she graciously greeted all who were presented.

Mary MacSwiney is a woman any man would proudly serve, even to death. Like Mary, Queen of Scots, she would, with pride equal to hers, accept such service not for herself but for her distressed country and people. She pleads for recognition of her country by ours, that other nations might hail, as a sovereign state, the independent Republic of Ireland.

FEATHERS AND A FILM.

"Fine Feathers," as presented in Washington Hall Saturday night, proved mildly interesting, teaching a moral with about a one-half of one-percent kick. "Thou shalt not steal" was the burden of its plot, centering on a husband who ignored the promptings of conscience for the sake of his irritatingly inconsistent spouse. This lady—a blonde of course—whimpered to her friend in the opening scene that she had secretly saved enough out of the household expenses to buy tickets for a matinee, and later on confessed to her husband that she had bought a new hat with money needed to pay the butcher. These things she does without winking an eye; but, when the refreshingly matter-of-fact Mrs. Collins recommends a sick headache as an excuse for not having dinner ready, she protests that she "really loves Robert and can't, can't deceive him." Frankly she was the kind of woman a man would be justified in choking, shooting, or at least spanking. In order to have "pretty things like other women," she forced her beloved Robert to accept a bribe of \$40,000. In the last act, when poor Robert had been saved from the penitentiary through the help of a conveniently rich friend, she positively purred at the thought of returning to the once despised home on Staten Island. The moral of the play is, with all due reverence to the hopes of the author, "Don't marry a blonde!"

The actors, however, made the best of a mediocre play and deserve better opportunities.

Though rather morbid, "Something to Think About" is a good picture. The two astonishingly sudden miracles—a blind man seeing and a lame walking when a lady reads the Bible—are no more improbable than less logical situations in the average scenario. Gloria Swanson is a type of clean, wholesome actress who does not find immodesty necessary

in order to win popularity; which goes to prove that people in general are not so depraved as a few directors would have us believe. Pictures of this standard with, we hope, an appropriate musical accompaniment, are sure of a warm welcome at Notre Dame.

—STEVENSON.

CAMPUS COMMENT:

—The Juggler will take the stand soon, says Art Shea. From advance information we judge that it is full of life and punch, but is guaranteed not to give anybody the jim jam jems.

—Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., recently gave a most interesting lecture on bird life before the Teacher's Club of Mishawaka. Brother has failed, however, to discover a premature robin in the neighborhood of Notre Dame.

—If 20 cents can support two Armenians for two days, and \$250 can take care of two hundred for twelve and 2.5 days or until such time as the United States and the German Empire call off their war and put an end to the awful devastations on the pocket-books of charitable Americans, Notre Dame can be said to have done a service to humanity. Armenian relief relieved student volunteers of a sum almost double the total receipts taken in by the university librarian for overtime fines.

—Lent has begun and dansants, movies, vaudeville and all sorts of idle hollow fantasies are taboo. For forty days some pipes will suffer no addition to their coveted "cake," and Notre Damers, sojourning often in the church, and laying aside forty-eleven bad habits, will have a right to measurement for Easter haloes.

—The Senior Ball of 1921 will be a mighty and pretentious affair. Determined to engrave on the cerebrums of their brethren *in re* mortar board head-piece one last memory of a glorious festive day, the finals of terpsechorean events, the appointed committees have drawn up surprising plans, and whisper that never before will a Senior class have celebrated so well the most important social incident in university life. The great day is April 28, a Thursday, when the ladies and relatives of the sheepskin

toters, with the toters, will gather at the Oliver Hotel. From one o'clock the dining salon will be reserved for these distinguished ones. At 7:30 they will banquet in the Rotary Room of the Hotel, and from 9 until 2:30 they will cavort about the dancing hall. Silver loving cups will be favors. Other details are still being arranged and the committees will soon decide on rings, pins, programs, orchestra and the many other matters.

—The sixty students of foreign lands at the university have been in many places, have seen much and eaten much, lately. Among the numerous concerns which have made the sixty their guests is the South Bend Toy company. Through the South Bend Chamber of Commerce the nearby Santa Claus helpers took the future financiers on a rubbering tour through the plant.

—Leo Ward was elected president of the Bengal Society recently organized by the Seminarians of the Scholasticate. It is the object of the society to get volunteers to go to Bengal for missionary work.

—The Knights of Columbus council chamber was the scene of a touching reunion, last Tuesday. Through the efforts of the lecturer and the kindly assistance of Doctor Johnson, it was possible for old acquaintances of Sorin Hall to meet Father Marr, perhaps the prefect in the history of the university most worthy of being called a gentleman. Father Marr has the additional distinction of being one of the few Notre Dame professors who have digested Doctor Johnson's dictionary. In his entertaining talk he drew delightful analogies between the career of the English author and certain Sorin persons, addicted to late slumber. Father Marr's description of Johnson's love affairs particularly interested the younger set. Lenihan Lally, the "bronco-busting baritone" entertained with a few songs exceptionally well-rendered. At the business session the report of the committee on the Smith-Towner bill was cited by Grand Knight Cusick. It was agreed to send a telegram to the Senators of Indiana, and the district Congressman warning against the bill. Notre Dame council is organizing a corp of four-minute speakers to

tour outlying districts for the purpose of creating an interest in the matter.

—On reason why Pio Montenegro is not president of the Philippines is because he is president of the Notre Dame Manila Club, although the fact that nobody else is executive of the Islands has some significance. But Pio is entitled to all the honors due a president, nevertheless, for, like most modern presidents he has been in Paris, and was feted by King George. On the latter occasion, although there was no gold plate, Pio did exhibit a silver tongue, and the accompanying faculty, leather lungs. Oratory is Pio's specialty just as watermelon is the hobby of the average Ethiopian. So it was only natural that he should be the speaker at the banquet in the Oliver, tendered the university foreign students by the South Bend Chamber of Commerce. While nobody can recall exactly what he was talking about, all present agreed he said it better than Bourke Cochran, without even having heard the politician. The Latin-Americans did not, however, let the intellectual feast interfere with the chicken repast which passed away quite as fast as the resounding oratorical echoes.

—FLANNERY-MURPHY.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS

Father Cunningham's informal hockey seven caused the school to sit up and take notice Wednesday evening when they received an invitation to meet Carnegie Tech on the ice at Pittsburgh. The work of the local devotees of the steel runners, despite their handicap of poor weather conditions during the present trick winter, in dividing the recent two game series with the Michigan School of Mines, has evidently attracted attention in the centers of the popular ice game. Notre Dame is a magical name in the field of sports; and the latest tribute to that name by the offer from the Skibo school in "Pennsylvania" is a monument as well to the work of Father Cunningham, Capt. Paul Castner, the irrepressible "Hunk," and their companions who have labored for the love of their sport alone.

If the contest can be arranged for February 22nd, when the local puck-chasers could make the trip without injury to classwork, it is quite possible that the great number of Notre Dame alumni in the "smoky city" might see their colors in action in Duquesne Garden. Although an infant and un-official sport at the hotel, the hockey men have proved themselves capable of coping with the recognized ice talent of the country. Carnegie Tech is credited with a 3-2 victory over Yale, and if the tentative contest is arranged and won, the local boosters of the sport will have a good claim upon which to

present their case to the athletic department in the effort to make hockey an official minor sport.

Notre Dame track jumped into national prominence during the past week when Johny Murphy took the running high jump event at the B. A. A. games in the Boston arena Feb. 5th with a leap of 6 ft. 3½ inches and repeated on Feb. 8th in the Millrose games at Madison Square Garden in New York by defeating his most prominent rival, Richard Landon of Yale, by a 6 ft. 3 inch flight over the wooden cross bar. Murphy barely failed in an attempt to capture the indoor world's record in this event.

Running in the Millrose games, Gus Desch, another Olympic performer of "Notre Dame" ran second to Earl Thompson in the 70 yard low hurdles, compelling Thompson, who is national and Olympic hurdling champion, to equal his own indoor record in the event. Desch has been gradually improving and in his two additional years of intercollegiate competition bids bair to bring glory to Notre Dame and himself by coping national honors.

The Notre Dame mile relay team, composed of Desch, Bill Hayes, Capt. Cy Kasper and Jerry Hoar, took third place in the special invitation intercollegiate relay after leading most of the way. The Gold and Blue meet to be held today, will give Coach Rockne his final slant at the aspirants for places on the Notre Dame squad which will face Illinois in the first dual meet of the indoor season at the local gym on Saturday, Feb. 19th.

VARSITY BASKETEERS.

DePauw took a 31 to 26 count against the Gold and Blue basketeers in a scrappy tilt last Thursday evening. The game started out with all the punch in the world and the lead see-sawed back and forth during the entire first half. At the end of this period the local shooters had a two pint edge on their adversaries who were going stronger every minute. Passing, dribbling and shooting with lightning rapidity, the Gold and Blue attempted to sweep the Tigers off their feet in the early part of the second frame but the Down-Staters were equal to the occasion. McDermott registered two pretty goals from scrimmage and then DePauw opened up with a shower of successful lunges that gave them a ten point lead. A hot tussle followed for the final ten minutes of play with Mehre and Logan doing brilliant work. White looped the last ringer for the visitors. Mehre, Grant, McDermott and Logan were the big guns for the locals, while Gibson and White shone brightly for the Tigers.

In a hotly contested game, the Gold and Blue lost to the fast Marquette University Quintet last Saturday, 26 to 19. Down through the minutes of the first half the teams fought tenaciously for a lead, Marquette succeeding in keeping a slight edge. Not until the final whistle were the Milwaukeeans safe, however, for the Fighting Irish were at their "fightingest." Grant and McDermott performed in their usual brilliant style. —WALLACE-SLAGGERT.

SAFETY VALVE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR VALENTINES.

To a Jilt.

A hen upon a door knob sat,
 She thought it was an egg,
 "I'll hatch this darn thing out," said she,
 "If I must break a leg."
 She's still at work upon the nest,
 Folks say she's doing fine,
 If she should hatch that knob, would you
 Become my Valentine?

To a Tightwad.

This Valentine cost me a nickel,
 I'm wasting my money 'tis true,
 But my love is so strong,
 That before very long,
 I'll be risking a quarter on you.

To a Cook.

I love you more than oatmeal mush,
 I love you more than hash,
 Yes, darling, I had almost said,
 I love you more than cash,
 I love you more than cold corned beef,
 And near as much as wine,
 And if you'll do my house work, dear,
 I'll be your Valentine.

To a Conductor.

Your're taking fares from dawn till dark,
 Yet blinded by the glare
 Of daily work, you've overlooked,
 The fairest of the fair.
 I'd like to ride with you clear to
 The last stop on your line,
 And so I am inviting you
 To be my Valentine.

To an Ice Man.

You're living in a cold, cold world
 Where love lights only smolder,
 You carry ice all day, and that
 Gives you a cold, cold shoulder.
 I used to be a timid maid,
 But love has made me bolder,—
 Give me your lips and eyes and all
 Except the cold, cold shoulder.

To a Stenographer.

All day you pound upon the keys
 Until your fingers ache,
 It seems to me dear little girl,
 You're making a mistake.
 You might be scrubbing floors instead,
 Or mending socks of mine,
 And so I'm asking you to-day
 To be my Valentine.

To a Nurse.

You take the pulse and temper'ture
 Of many folks, I understand,
 Oh, how I wish you'd take my pulse
 For then you'd have to hold my hand.
 I'd like to have your deep blue eyes
 To use as my barometer,
 Your lips could take my temper'ture
 Instead of your thermometer.

To a Saloon-Keepers Widow.

I've looked upon your homely face
 A dozen times or more.
 When God gave out good looks, I'm sure
 You were behind the door.
 To marry you will surely be
 A most nerve racking shock,
 And yet I'll do it, just because
 You have a private stock.

To a School Teacher.

You have a face that angels do not envy
 Your bone-rimmed glasses seem to match your head
 Your pointed nose would make a first class nut pick
 And from the collar upward you are dead.
 And yet you earn a mighty nifty salary
 If I could spend it for you 'twould be fine,
 So list to me you prune-faced text propounder
 I'm just about to be your Valentine.

To a Prefect.

Dear Prefect I'm in love with you
 I think you're simply splendid,
 The berrys that you gave to me
 Helped me to be suspended,
 Sometime, and very shortly too,
 I'll try to do as much for you.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NUT.

The following poem which we copy from the
 Saint Mary's *Chimes* is an evidence that the squir-
 rels are out of food and that they are endeavoring
 during this mild weather to fill their nests again.

To a Squirrel.

Hail to thee, thou nocturnal visitor,
 Each night when most I want to sleep,
 Into my room you slyly creep.
 Your agility is quite astounding
 From chair to desk you go-a-bounding,
 You sit upon the chandelier
 Or from a photograph you peer,
 I know not from whence you come, nor why,—
 Perhaps it is you heard me sigh,
 "Oh, for a soft squirrel coat I'd die."
 But please forget those hasty words
 If pelt by pelt it's coming,
 No longer for a coat I'd die—
 A simple choker will satisfy.

Where there's a will there's an argument.