

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Vol. LVI.

May 5, 1923

No. 25

LYRIC DARK

C. S. CROSS.

The dusk's a tune from gipsy violins,
With winnowed shakings of dried, Indian gourds;
The starry notes are shod in moccasins,
And melt to minor chords.

NOTRE DAME AND—MAY.

PATRICK J. ROGERS.

THE chance visitors—including some of the more up-to-date Day Students—have never seen Notre Dame—have never felt Notre Dame. J. P. McAvoy portrayed their attitude when, not long ago, he related the Potters' trip to Notre Dame.—The Hill Street car was still balancing itself when the youngest of the family jumped off and with eager eyes searched for foot-ball players. Mamie's first thought after getting off the car was to fix her hair; Pa's on who had "to cut all that grass." The afternoon was spent;—likewise Ma—Notre Dame was a nice place, "the trees you know,—but there wasn't a stucco building in the whole place!"

Notre Dame is beautiful: the quadrangle and the trees; St. Mary's lake at dusk, and so forth but in these a search fails to find the hidden,—the distinctive beauty of Notre Dame. A body without a heart, without life and light, is dust. Likewise, Notre Dame without a heart, robbed of its radiation, would be what the Potters saw, rusted stone. To know the horrors of war we must first shoulder a gun; to know the beauty of Notre Dame we must be a part of that beauty—we must feed from the heart of Notre Dame! And where is this heart, this hub upon which all activities revolves? Is it large or small, and can we see it? It is small but mighty, and though you rather feel than see the beauty, you can see the heart. The entrance

is small and open every morning as early as you rise. The Potters call the heart of Notre Dame, "that little place under the Church."

During the month of May Notre Dame is especially beautiful. The budding trees, exponents of the Infant Child, are sweet and delicate; the grass is soft and inviting. Everything is fresh from the baptismal dews of Spring. And in the evening, sometimes while the chimes are ringing, a hungry sky slowly consumes the sun. At the first grey of the evening the swallows swoop down around Sorin, and in their turn dart one by one into the old chimney which rises in the rear. Night settles over Notre Dame. If you were to watch a little longer you would soon faintly make out the figure of a student moving slowly through the trees toward St. Mary's lake. He may turn from the path and follow the lake. His foot-falls will stir no echo that he hears; only the beating of the darkness will caress his mind. By this time he will have vanished, but wait, he will come soon. I know, for I have followed him, that at the far corner of the water he will stop and lean with hand against a tree and gaze—I know not whether they are in his thoughts—at the silhouettes beyond the lake. Slowly he will resume his walk and soon in veiled moonlight you will perceive him moving along the opposite shore from which he has come. He stops but does not look around though he would like to. In another minute he will be gone.

May is Notre Dame's month for May is Mary's month. What do the Potters' know of May and the Fairies at Notre Dame! Every morning this month the 'little heart' of Notre Dame beats fast. It never ceases in its devotion to Mary, but this month the 'little heart' would flood Heaven with Her praise. And this is why, I think, they speak of "the spirit of Notre Dame."

A BAKE SHOP WINDOW.

In one act.

R. J. P.

Characters:

Miss Angel Food—Sweet and innocent; adored but not spoiled; she has a loving disposition; her beauty comes from within.

Mr. Dough Nut—A mere member of the hoi polloi; honest; thorough and ever-ready; children are very fond of him.

Mr. Cream Puff—Bulges with his own goodness; tricky and not to be trusted.

Mr. Better Bread—A hard working father with an apparent dullness, but which ends at that.

Mrs. Better Bread—A would be social climber.

Mr. Devil Cake—A misjudged man; a good example of "What's in a name."

The scene opens in the main sitting room of the Bread family. Miss Angel Cake, adopted daughter of the family, and Mr. Dough Nut are sitting near each other. (Miss Angel speaks with a pitiful voice.)

Miss Angel: "Please go. Oh do—I could never marry you."

Mr. Dough Nut: (After a pause) "After I have waited this long you are now going to refuse. (His voice which has been hardly audible, rises. He is now looking Angel in the face.) "Angel there is something wrong. (Pause) I love you; and when I am old and crusty I will still be waiting for you."

Miss Angel: "Dough you have always been good to me, but I have dreams of a magnificent home, costly clothes, and people like .a. .a. . .oh why can't you be like Mr. Cream Puff! (Enter Mrs. Bread. Her face reveals an excess of crust, evidently, she got the best of the old man this evening.)

Mrs. Bread: "Angel?"

Miss Angel: "Yes, Mother."

Mrs. Bread: "Why, Angel, you've been crying again! What on earth troubles you? Come, smile for mother. Remember Mr. Puff is coming this evening, and they say that he is the catch of the season."

Miss Angel: (Breaking into a faint smile) "Isn't it wonderful what association will do mother? Three years ago when he used to be around he was only a common boy."

Mrs. Bread: "Oh I always knew that he would make a fine young man. (She smiles at Angel.) And he'll make a fine husband for you too, dearie."

Miss Angel: "Oh, and then you and father could be riding around with Mr. and Mrs. Parker Roll and the rest, oh gee!"

Mrs. Bread: "There's the door now. Straighten up, Angel. (A pause.) Why how-do-you-do, Mr. Puff."

Mr. Cream Puff: "Chawmwd, Mrs. Bread."

Mrs. Bread: "We've been thrilled all day anticipating this call; you know it has been so long."

Mr. Cream Puff: "And how is little Angel? (To

Mrs. Bread.) She becomes more delightful to look upon every day."

Miss Angel: "Oh thank you Mr. Puff. (To herself.) Isn't he wonderful? Oh gee! (Coming out of her enraptured state.) Mr. Puff when you have time won't you tell us of your experiences?"

Mr. Puff: "Why certainly Angel. Though really I haven't much time. You see the Duchess is giving a reception this evening, and Mrs. Lady Finger and I are to attend."

Miss Angel: "The Duchess!"

Mr. Puff: (A little agitated.) "Who is that commoner over there? It couldn't be that old rogue Mr. Nut, could it?"

Miss Angel: (Somehow she seemed a little hurt.) "Yes, that is Mr. Dough Nut."

Mr. Puff: (Mr. Bread enters and trips but a nearby seat saves him.) "Good evening, Mr. Bread."

Mr. Bread: "Good evening, Puff."

Mr. Puff: "Mr. Puff, if you don't mind, Mr. Dough. You see I have become so accustomed to it that otherwise I feel annoyed." (He smiles faintly.)

Mr. Bread: "Oh you should have more stamina. You are young and no doubt the future holds many surprises for you."

Mr. Puff: (Weakly.) "Well .yes. lets see what was I talking about."

Mrs. Bread: "Your experiences, Mr. Puff."

Mr. Puff: "Oh yes. Well, at present I am the controlling interest in a corporation."

Miss Angel: (Again becoming interested.) "A corporation!"

Mr. Puff: "Yes my helpers thought so much of me that they remarked the other day that they could not do without me. . . .Let's see. . . .Oh yes. I knew that I had something bothering me, I had an engagement with a banker this afternoon but his illness called it off. (The opening of a door interrupted the speaker. Enter Mr. Devil Cake.)

Mr. Devil Cake: "Pardon my sudden arrival, but it was quite impossible to let you know that I was coming this evening." (He keeps watching Mr. Puff.)

Mrs. Bread: "Mr. Cake, I think it very rude of you. . . .Well what else can we expect, you have always been the same." (Mr. Dough Nut excuses himself and leaves the room.)

Mr. Devil Cake: "Mrs. Bread, if you will be patient I will leave you shortly, but as for the present I must stay."

Mrs. Bread: (Her face takes on the affected smile as she turns her attention to Mr. Puff.) "So you are going up to the Duchess, well". . . .(Mr. Devil Cake interrupts the conversation once more, this time he is flushed and blazing.)

Mr. Devil Cake: "You have always thought. . . ."

Mrs. Bread: "Mr. Cake you are excused!"

Mr. Bread: "No." Continued Mr. Cake, if I have any authority left around here."

Mr. Cake: (Mrs. Bread is blazing but Mr. Cake proceeds.) "You have always thought me an evil

fellow, but that is because you did not know me. Looks are often deceiving. The reason that I am here is that I wish to repay a little debt that my father owes Mr. Bread for helping him out when he was short. I have often overheard your conversations and I know quite a little about your affairs. I understand your present difficulty better than you do. And because it involves such a wonderful little girl as yours, the pleasure I receive is doubled. (Mr. Puff has a withered appearance.) This Mr. Cream Puff is no other than the famed dope smuggler that has terrorized the country for the past two years. He has gone further. He has counterfeited the papers that were to make Angel famous. (Enter Mr. Dough Nut with a new white suit.) But I happened to find out in time and all is saved. I have been up to the Duchess this afternoon, and she has sent me back with the word, that she wants Miss Angel Food and Mr. Dough Nut immediately." (Mr. Bread and Mr. Cake shake hands while Mrs. Bread stands by dumfounded. By this time Mr. Cream Puff is completely sunken. The rest of the Bread family come running in, and all the little buns run up to Mr. Nut just before the smiling baker reaches down and takes Mr. Dough Nut and Miss Angel Cake into his arms.)

(The curtain falls as the clock strikes five-thirty.)

BOB'S NEW REEL.

J. T. FOGARTY.

Mr. Bowers and his son Robert were walking west on Jefferson Street, when suddenly Mr. Bowers felt himself being dragged toward a window display.

"You see that one over there in the corner, Pop? Well, that's the one I want."

"Why, Robert. That costs eight dollars!"

"I—I—I don't care. Jimmie Reed's got one like that an' he gets all kinds 'a fish."

"Let's see now. If I buy you that South Bend reel, you'll do your chores every night?"

"Well, now, we'll see."

"Pop, old Jake Shuman's gonna take me with him fishin' next Saturday. He said for me to borrow three of your Dowagiacs—he said somethin' 'bout a 'floater' and a-a-a—I can't think of the other thing."

"Now, listen here young man. I fished with Jake Shuman ten years ago. Why, he wouldn't think a taking a kid like you along with him."

"Yes he will! He said he would. I scraped all the mud out 'a his boat the other

day an' he promised he'd take me Saturday."

"Got all them Dowagiacs with ye, sonnie? Well, while I'm a puttin' these boots on, you run down there to Sam's store and git me a twist 'a Granger."

"Say, Jake, 'wonder if you can fish any better with a chew in your mouth?"

"Don't lemme catch you a chewin', young 'un. Dog'ed if I don't wish I'd a never seen a twist 'a Granger. Julie's been a naggin me fur the last year.—Some day I'm gonna tell her a few things."

"Here, sonnie, let me show you how to cast a line. The trouble with you is, you ain't had the practice. D'ya see that stump over there close to the rocks? Well, watch yer throw an' keep your right thumb on the reel. Now, look how it's done!"

"Gee, I wish I could do that good!"

"Now, try her again. Naw. You throwed her out too quick. She 'back-lashed' on ye. That's caused from not workin' your thumb right."

"Gee Whiz, Jake! Did you see that one jump out 'a the water. I'll bet he weighed ten pounds! I'm gonna throw that way."

"Dog'ed, that wus a good cast. Now, wind her in slow an' if they're bittin', he'll hit that Dowagiac pretty soon."

Wh-r-r-r-r-r.

"Grab her! Woop. Hold on to your pole! Now, easy with her. Watch out now, you'll tip the boat, an' this old river's pretty dog-goned deep. Let him have some line—reel in a little—hold her! Now, pull him in a little to your left."

"Gosh Jake! My arm's about broke."

"Never mind your arm—we'll have him pretty soon."

"Pull more to your left. There, now steady. . . ."

Flop!

"By Gravey! He'll weigh close on to four pounds."

"Four pounds!—why, I'll bet he's bigger'n any Jimmie Reed ever caught. Oh Boy! Wait till I show him to Pop!"

. . . gifts which we are about to receive

from Thy Bounty through Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

"Gee, Mom, it tastes good, don't it? Say, Pop, me and Jake's goin' again next Saturday."

"Maybe I'll go 'long with you."

A DISTRESSING CONDITION.

H. J. CULLEN.

If the governor only knew the trying conditions which surround us here at Neowestern University, I'm sure he would be more considerate with me, especially in the matter of finances. I have seen myself dance the whole night through, and I have paddled my canoe until the beaming sun seemed to undermine my very power, but believe me, dear reader, the life here at this seat of learning is much more severe than any such arduous tasks. My dancing class every morning at ten necessitates my arising before that early hour. Now any broad-minded person will agree with me that to arise at such an unearthly hour is not conducive to good living. My eleven o'clock period is open, 'tis true, but goodness knows I do need that time to recover my posture; and then I must dress for luncheon. The afternoon is even more strenuous and aggravating on the nerves. After I have slumbered for an hour or more, I take a brisk walk for twenty minutes. To be sure this is a severe form of exercise, but then it is invigorating and is an ideal preparation for my three o'clock session. That baneful hour is taken up with that intricate and profound science, Expression. After four o'clock I am free, but there is always a letter or more that must be answered, and this occupies my attention until dinner time. Dinner over, I take an appropriate rest; then I prepare for the social function that is necessarily a part of every student's life. This is really the only time I have to myself, and needless to say I enjoy it immensely. The dance seems to be at its best about two or three o'clock, but I have to leave off here, 'cause ten o'clock comes early in the morning.

LIARS.

CLARENCE HARRIS.

"You won't have long to wait Mr., there'll be another barber here in just a minute."

"I'm in a hurry now I'll be in again."

"There goes one of them hurry up guys," said No. 3, "Who never does anything when he gets there. The hardest work he ever did was to watch a couple of fellows play pool and criticize their shots."

No. 2 rushes in fifteen minutes late, jerks off his street coat, put on a white and yells, "Next," loud enough so that had Gabriel been blowing his horn nobody would have heard him.

No. 1 looks at No. 2 and then having one more look at his disposal, he bestows it upon the clock and then, pulling up the loose skin on the neck of his victim he becomes confidential.

"It's the hardest work in the world," says he, as he breathes a little Fatima odor into his customer's face, "The hardest work in the world is to get intelligent barbers what talk good English. Of course," says he, "our customers expect us to talk to 'em while we're workin' on 'em, in fact, I've had men, pretty big men too, tell me they got more news out of me than they did the newspapers. I don't say it to brag," says he as he neatly sliced out a sample of the man's face and then burned it with caustic, "But us barbers, those of us what are educated I mean of course, have to keep well posted on everything what's goin' on, specially politics and local stuff. Too hot?"

"I hope to tell you, if you wasn't so full of sea-food you absent-minded shrimp, you could do better work."

"Say, just what do you mean by absent-minded?"

"A definition would be too complicated for you, so I'll explain with a story. A young doctor was leaving his office for lunch and hung a sign on his door 'Be Back in 40 Minutes.' When he returned and saw the sign he sat down on the step to wait."

"Do you know any more good ones? Next."

PREVARICATORS.

GEORGE A. PATTERSON.

To my mind all the "fish stories" in the world cannot equal the imagery displayed by a college youth home on a vacation. But he has one rival, the girl he left behind him when he went forth in search of knowledge. To prove this statement, I herein narrate the conversation which took place between Sylvester Ryan and Helen Cook.

"Helen, darling, did you miss me while I was away? It seemed to me that the time would never come when I could gaze into your sweet eyes once more." (He had spent all his time since the parting with Madge, the college widow, in thinking up this one.)

"Oh, Jack dear, you couldn't suppose that I wouldn't miss you! Why, I was just saying to Betty the other day that I'd be so glad when you came home, because I had been staying around home for so long that I'd forgotten how the town looked. And I do think that your idea of having yourself called 'Jack' instead of that horrid 'Sylvester' is a wonder."

What a whopper! The only true item about her reply was that portion which had to do with the changing of his first name. Why she hadn't missed a single dance or party since his departure. If he could have seen her feverishly cancelling dates since she heard of his expected arrival.

"How do you pass the time at school, Jack?"

"Well, its a pretty hard proposition to get much excitement out of that place. Of course if I wanted to run around with the girls down there, it would be different. But every time I was tempted to go out with one of them, I'd think of my promise to you, and stay home and study." (Yes, he would think of her,—after the party was over. If Helen only knew that he ran a close second for the all-sheik championship of the campus!)

"And what have you been doing with yourself, dearest?"

"Oh, I've been doing a lot of reading when I wasn't busy writing to you. Then too, Mother has been dreadfully busy and I've been helping her a lot."

If Mother could have heard this calm statement of her little angel, she would have thrown a fit. The only time she saw her daughter was at meal-time, and when poor old Dad was being dunned for a new hat.

Jack, nee Sylvester, and his darling discussed their faithful love for one another until a late hour. When they parted, each firmly believed that the other had been faithful, and therefore, both were supremely contented.

IN THE PARK.

M. A. SIEGLER.

There in a corner of the old park, half hidden by the trees and shrubbery, stood a bench. Its sole occupant, an old fellow with clothes patched, a rusty beard and a general appearance of honest poverty, rested peacefully. He seemed to invite companionship.

I approached him in a leisurely manner, thinking that here was an opportunity to find interest in my present unoccupied moments. But once seated beside him I hardly knew how to begin. It was he, however, that took the initiative.

Producing a cigar stub that had the appearance of much usage and a great desire to unwrap and cast itself heedlessly to the summer's breezes, he turned to me and inquired in a surprisingly gentle voice—"Have you a match, sir?"

This was no doubt a short but wholly sufficient introduction. Once started, garrulous old age asserted itself. In a moment I was able to determine for myself that he was a philosopher; a man who knew that life had defeated him and would grant him no concession, but still, was able to think well of everything about him without the faintest glimmering of malice. And neither was he satisfied, as is our general impression of coarse looking individuals loitering about the parks. He had been at one time, or rather tried to be, as he expressed it, a reporter on a large newspaper in the middle-west. He had started out well and was able to write, but,—he said, "I made one mistake, and it was something I should have known being, as I was, a newspaper man. Mind you young man, the mistake that ruined my career was

my adherence to a wonderful virtue—a thing impressed upon me in early youth; and that is—telling the truth.”

I was astonished.

I would have liked to listen to him longer; to hear him speak in his wonderful appreciation of the life which had treated him so harshly; to note how man can so easily deceive himself when necessity demands. I know I would have been called gullible and foolish were I to tell my friend about it, but I am certain this man was a gentleman and of necessity a philosopher. His manners told me the former; his speech allowed me the latter.

“THE BATTLE OF ———.”

WILLIAM FUREY.

We arrived at the grocery late one morning, and so we can only give the latter part of that morning's session.

The two debaters partaking in their daily war of words were Hi Biggs and Si Small. Hi was—well, he was no prepossessing sight. Si did not present a captivating appearance either. Hi was a little weazened runt with no eyebrows and a big chin. Si was the other extreme: his was a long dangling figure with heavy eyebrows, a long beak, and no chin.

The crack in the floor of the village clubhouse was taking quite a bit of punishment. The struggle waxed warm. Verbal persiflage shot thick and fast. Fabrication followed prevarication.

“Yes sir! my pop wun the war. Yep!” Hiram exclaimed as we entered the store. “He and Grant made Lincoln what he wuz.”

“Huh!” exclaimed Si.

Time was taken out while both aimed bits of tobacco juice at the crack. Both made the hole in one.

“Yes sir. Le'me tell you somethin'. My pop slaughtered ten regiments single-handed—”

“Singlehanded?”

“Yep. Pop and his trusty machine-gun won the Civil War. Most historians won't admit it.”

“Huh!”

There followed a pause while two streams

of brown fluid sped across the room in the direction of the much abused crack.

“Huh! Well, my uncle Ben saved his country too.” This came from Si. “It wuz when he wuz in Washington. They call him Big Ben now. You musta heard o'him. It wuz Inauguration Day at the Capital. McKinley and Lincoln wuz ridin' together in their carriage. Ben overheard a plot to kill Abe and Bill. Two of them anarchists were planning to throw a two-ton safe from a fifteenth story window down on the two men. Ben rushed into the building, went up to a third floor window an' when the safe dropped past, he seized the two knobs on the door of the safe and held it mid-air till the parade had passed.”

Only Si spat this time. This last was too much for Hi. He was beaten.

IN EASY SEAT.

JOSEPH A. WAGNER.

As I look back over this present school year I am amazed at how much knowledge I have acquired about the library. When I think that I have been on the campus two years and had been through a course in English One and yet did not realize the joy to be had from spending a few hours a week among the books and art treasures of Lemonnier, I dislike to think that I might have missed it all. I am grateful to have been led into a knowledge, and an appreciation of the resources unequalled in many universities in this country.

The appreciation would not have come had I not the direction of an interpreter who loved the treasures he was disclosing. Nothing can equal the privilege of listening to one who himself enjoys the material he interprets. Had I visited the Dante room myself or had I wandered through the art collections with a guide who told me the prices of the pictures and expected me to gape at them because they were almost priceless, the joy of my visit would have been practically unworthy of mention. Since this visit I feel that I can steal an hour off any afternoon and wander through the galleries with as much pleasure as if I were tramp-

ing in the open in pleasant pasture of woodlands.

But had there been neither art gallery nor Dante collections, I should have been repaid many times for any moments spent in browsing among the works of the essayists of times past. Reading the works of Lamb and Hazlitt has given me a feeling of personal acquaintance with them, and to these also, I shall be able to turn for pleasure when I really want to be alone and want good company at the same time.

If I were to write a paper on the works of the essayists I would attempt to show what the works of Lamb and Hazlitt have meant to me and to suggest my pleasure in the discovery that the writings of the modern essayists (such as are represented in Christopher Morley's collections) differ from those of men long dead only in manner—the matter is much the same.

"HER STEPS ARE WANDERING AND
UNACCOUNTABLE."

H. BUNGARDEAN.

Often have I wondered what women's fashions would be today had Noe's wife and daughters-in-law neglected to perpetuate the dressmodels of their feminine ancestors. But now is hardly the time to wonder about what-would-have-happened. Those fair ladies did not aspire to ostracise their progenitors' fashions, for, on the contrary, they made poor Noe content himself with but little room in his own ark,—because they needed the greater space for storing their dress-trunks and hat-boxes. Noe did not protest—he dreaded perhaps his women-companion's efficacy in the use of mordant words and dangerous looks—which, according to a modern psychologist, can do more damage to man than rifles—or, may be, he knew that woman's steps are "wandering and unaccountable." Who can tell?

Noe, perhaps, had a reason for noninterference with his wife's eccentricities (and those of his daughters-in-law). It is fair to judge that he knew nothing of dress-makers' bills, for had he been so unfortunate, he would have saved our generation many a

newfangled court episode. But as he never got a bill from Paris, the bills written in the Great Book of Allah, as a Turk would say, have to come to some suspecting or unsuspecting mortal of our days. The last victim of feminine fashion variations, mutations, and innovations is a poor Londoner with a thousand pounds salary. His darling wife had the wonderful notion of becoming London's best dressed woman. The poor husband had pulled all ropes, so far, to provide two thousand pounds yearly for his wife's dresses; but now a bill of thirty-two thousand francs came from Callot Soeurs of Paris, and he refused to pay. In court, an old, wise judge rendered the decision. He said that the man need not pay the bill and that the wife need not have fifty evening gowns and shoes ordered by a dozen pairs at once. The judge recognized the tonic properties of an occasional new dress, but this lady, he said, was extravagant, for she sought her felicity in a reckless indulgence of self-decoration. Self-ornamentation was her vision, her aim, and her creed; her husband was but an incidental male appurtenance.

The judge, no doubt, gave a good characterization of this curious epitome of femininity. His decision was fair and square, due—may be, to the fact that he is a bachelor who, unlike Noe, need not fear the consequences of a loving's wife indignation, or, perhaps, only to jurisprudential wisdom. Whatever the cause be—the judge has settled a case of the past, but has he prevented its recurrence in the future? He has not;—he has not because he is but a human being who cannot be expected to perform miracles, for today, as in the time of Noe, it is true in some cases that woman is the least part of herself, for—"her steps are wandering and unaccountable."

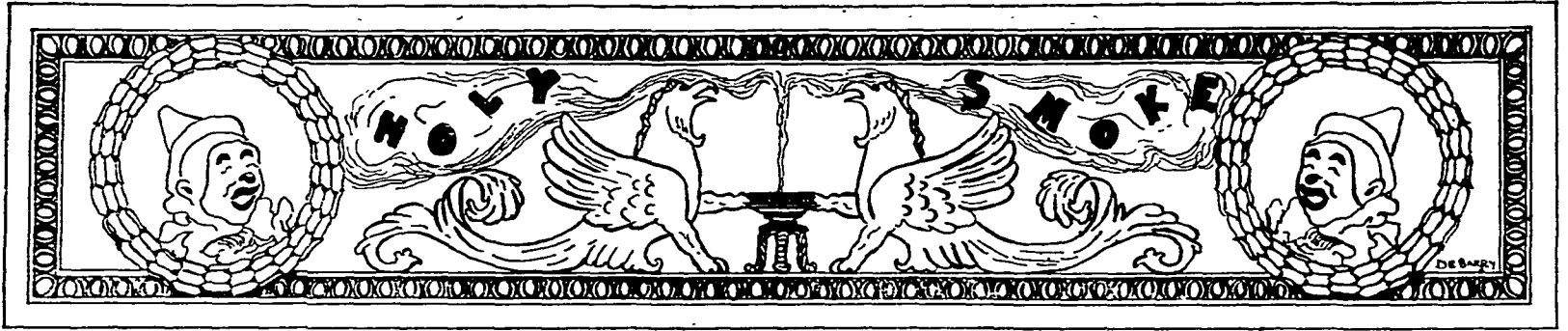
RETROSPECT.

The quality of mercy is not strained,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

Oh, Judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.



IT IS TO LAFF.

So various are the types of jokes that the task of classifying them all is unfathomable.

So are the most of the jokes.

There are as many kinds of jokes as there are kinds of people.

Take your time. . . You'll get it. Just think.

And don't push. You'll be on the shelf with all the others soon enough.

If that little Stacomb brunette doesn't do it some dish-water blond will.

But cheer up. She in time will find out that she married one. Then you can laff.

But all jokes aren't confined to people alone. Jokes are all over, and around us.

Mostly over.

Just look around a little, and you'll see them.

When you over-do eating under-done porterhouse steaks—That's a rare joke.

In more than one way, too; speaking from the standpoint of your allowance. . . Take your time.

Or look at your bill folder—That's a lean joke.

There are a lot of jokes. Loot at a family album.

If you haven't got one, save time and use a mirror.

Or look at some of those so sanguine creations of pulchritude that are appurtenances to a lobby.

The look in the mirror again.

But don't get mad and break it on your head. It's seven years bad luck—

Up the river for trying to commit suicide.

An elephant gets his drinks by the trunkful—That's a huge joke. The elephant, of course.

You weren't expected to laff at that one.

But if you had relatives in Canada you'd see the point.

Go easy. Don't force it. It'll come: The Joke's on the elephant. . . Maybe.

But If the elephant sat down on you, I'd be a huge joke on *you*.

Don't strain yourself.

Don't try to make a monkey out of anyone. They might keep a blind pig.

And that girl you snubbed at the prom might be a horrible baboon, but she can make a *monkey* out of *you*.

Married life is one big joke.

Or choke, as the Germans say.

"Life is a jest."

Jest what. . . ?

Jest this:

"Life is but a jest." "Where there's life there's hope." Therefore, "Where there's jests there's hope." "Hope," is synonymous with "Wish." Therefore, "Where there's funnyiness there's wish." Now we will add a "Bone" to the "Funny" and to the "Wish." Then we have, "Where there's a funny-bone there's a wish-bone." Next we reverse it, "Where there's a wish-bone there's a funny-bone." Now "all us birds" have wish-bones, and therefore we must have funny-bones, and therefore we all like a good joke.

Yes, we all like ourselves.

Old jokes are the best.

Except when they're mother-in-laws.

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No.
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It has been said by ultra-realists, whose apparent joy it is to declare human nature essentially selfish, that friendship is merely a mental attitude, which has no objective reality. They arrive at this conclusion by a close observation of the sordid and unseemly in life. Such writers are indeed to be pitied: their thoughts arise usually from intro-spective analysis and as such are complimentary, neither to themselves nor to environment.

Friendship, we think, is a common flower; wherever it exists, the sordidness of life can be overlooked and even forgotten. It belongs in the category of love, which is one of the most sturdy forces in the universe. How very fortunate is the man who can say, "I trust you, for you are my friend?" What would be the state of things without the influence of love? We shudder at the realization.

It is this force which makes us sacrifice and gives birth to self-abnegation. From a purely rational point of view, we cannot explain why a man should inflict hardships on himself just because he entertains a peculiar feeling for another. And neither can the most priceless things in life be entirely accounted for from a rationalistic standpoint. It is the over-development of the faculty of reason without the ameliorating influence of higher sentiments which makes the cynic.

Friendship is the mutual unfolding of two hearts in blissful reciprocation. While we admit the existence of much selfishness in this "vale of tears," most of us insist that frequently there are actions of men, which have been far removed from the fetters of self. Moreover, it is our contention that friendship is necessary, because of its antecedence to love, without which a great part of the modern institution of the world would be chaotic, and resting on sand. If there were more of this feeling of good-fellowship in the affairs of men, there would be less opportunity for the entrance of that insidious suspicion which undermines the intercourse of men and nations, and is causing the atrophy of good-feeling between men. A. L.

There are many runners who crowd the mark at the start but how many of them cross the line at the finish? At the top of the gun the athletes dash away. The pace is terrific and presently we see that some of the starters are but stragglers of the chase. Up in front the first man, with every muscle in his face shadowing great determination, holds the lead. Gathering up all his reserve energy the finish nears he dashes across, a winner. So it is in any race. No matter what the task may be, it should always be finished. There is no place on life's race track for the weakling who

plays out before the end. Some of them have not the pluck to make a gallant effort to complete the task they begun. These languid mortals are weighed down by the dross of life. They are shackled with chains of moral cowardice and irresolute ideals. Let these creatures be guided by the fellow up in front—the pacemaker who sets the good example. Let the weak take their instructions from the strong, so that when they enter the events of life, they will have the stamina and courage to stick out the race—to be up in front at the finish.

C. J. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

We are glad to reprint the following tribute to an old professor from the St. Louis University *Fleur-de-Lis*:

On the night of Easter Sunday, after a long and painful illness, Professor C. Koehler, M. A., instructor in Oratory and Dramatics, died at St. Anthony's Hospital, St. Louis. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from the College Church, Interment in Calvary. The scholastic choir rendered several hymns during the service in the church, and the Rev. B. Otting, an old college friend of Professor Koehler, said the Mass and pronounced the absolution. A group of the Knights of Columbus acted as pallbearers. Fr. Sloctemeyer conducted the services at the grave.

Charlemagne Koehler was born in Cincinnati and made all his studies in that city, graduating from St. Xavier College with honors in the late seventies. For some years thereafter he continued his collegiate studies, and then, as he had always been conspicuous for his abilities as an elocutionist, he began a stage career. For five years he was associated with Booth and Barret, later, with Keene and then with Modjeska, scoring well with the principals and with the public as a fine actor. On the occasion of the "all star" presentation of Hamlet, for the benefit of the veteran Lester Wallock, Edwin Booth personally requested Mr. Koehler to take the role of Osric, and he afterwards complimented the young men on his fine impersonation.

Leaving the stage Mr. Koehler devoted the remaining years of life to teaching elocution and to training young players. For a period of several years he was instructor in Oratory and Dramatics at Georgetown, Notre Dame and Detroit universities, in each giving satisfaction to a high degree. College theatricals made very perceptible advance under his skillful and experienced training and instruction. For a time he taught private classes in Cincinnati. During many years he gave summer

classes in the Dominican Preparatory Seminary in Ohio.

Mr. Koehler came to St. Louis University from Detroit to take up the elocutionary and oratorical training of the scholastics and to direct the Dramatic Society. His unfailing courtesy and readiness to help in every way soon won for him the friendship of all his pupils. In 1922 he presented in the University Auditorium his own version of the Passion Play, entitled: "The Nazarene," which was greatly appreciated by the public, for the students had to make six presentations of it to satisfy their friends. It was hoped to have the play repeated this year on a more pretentious scale, but Mr. Koehler's illness came on and the plans both for "The Nazarene" and for the musical comedy had to be laid aside.

Mr. Koehler spent most of his life within college walls and he kept to the end the buoyancy that had marked him at St. Xavier's, when anything that the students wanted done was always sure to have "Charlie Koehler" as one of the chief managers and enthusiasts. To his pupils he was at once an example and an inspiration for all that goes to make the Christian gentleman.

KATE AND PETRUCCIO.

Notre Dame was fortunate, last Thursday evening, in having an opportunity to see Shakespeare's play "The Taming of the Shrew." The theatrical season, in Chicago and New York, has been rich in revivals of Shakespeare's plays and it is gratifying to those interested in the drama, and especially in Notre Dame tradition, to see the reestablishment of one of the University's oldest customs—the production of at least one Shakespeare plays and it is gratifying to that this custom will be perpetuated, not only for custom's sake but also because, in doing so, the student body will be introduced to classical plays in their most charming attire.

After having witnessed the comedy some students, and surely many of the young ladies at St. Mary's, before whom the play was enacted on last Wednesday evening, may have wished to see Petruccio's spirit broken. Beaumont and Fletcher, as a sequel to "The Taming of the Shrew," and in deference to a popular desire wrote a play called "The Woman's prize, or The Tamer Tamed," in which they had Petruccio marry again and be tamed by his second wife. If our production should lead students to read more of the dramatic productions of Shakespears and

his contemporaries the promoters of "The Taming of the Shrew" we shall indeed, be under obligation to them.

"The Taming of the Shrew," eminently worth while though it is, cannot be placed among Shakespeare's greatest plays. But nearly every college man has seen many of Shakespeare's greater plays and some students regard a great play somewhat in the same category with picture shows—once seen, everything seen—whereas great plays, like all great art, are a source of ever new instruction, and, therefore, merit revisiting from time to time. Being less widely known, "The Taming of the Shrew" would naturally draw a greater crowd than other more popular plays. But, there is better reason for its choice: this play is typical of Shakespeare's brisk farces—being of the second group of plays which includes "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which, it will be remembered, was written at the express command of Queen Elizabeth who wished to see Falstaff in love—and, much like "The Merry Wives of Windsor" gives an insight into Elizabethan life. So it is that this play should help the student to follow the fortune of Shakespearean drama through its varied and interesting nonage, and to form some conception of the vast amount of dramatic activity and the the widespread dramatic interest which made possible Shakespeare's varied career. Such results cannot be attained by those who regard even the poorest of Shakspeare's plays as the butt of ridicule, or who forget that the old German playwright touched the root of the whole matter when he said in regard to his play: "Das wassen un das laben diss und andren spilen stodt nit alleyn in spruchen, soder uyl meer im wassen und gbarden."

H. F. HAYNES.

JUNIOR WEEK.

After weeks of careful and diligent planning the Junior Prom Committees brought into a brilliant reality the Prom of 1923. Elaborate in every detail, it carried the honors of being not only Notre Dame's greatest Prom, but even surpassed any event in the social history of the University.

The week-end of festivities began Friday afternoon, the twenty-seventh, with a delightful reception at the Hotel LaSalle for the ladies attending the Prom. The Mezzanine parlors were artistically decorated with large baskets of flowers, and Notre Dame Monogram blankets furnished the color to the decorations. The favors for the ladies were pink roses. Harry Denny's seven-piece orchestra played a program of dance music interspersed with several concert numbers. William Furey pleased the group of guests with two beautiful vocal numbers. The afternoon was a success in the extreme, and it did much to bring about the pleasing informality of the Prom itself. In the early evening many dinner parties were held for those attending the Prom.

At nine o'clock the inspiring tones of the Victory March announced the Grand March led by Pres. James Swift and Miss Ruth Basset, of Mishawaka. True splendor embraced the procession as it moved around the spacious Palais Royale Ballroom. A fox-trot, "Honey Girl," written by Gerald Hassmer, '24, was the first dance of the evening and opened a party of exquisite gaiety. The ladies' favors were small gold fountain pens carried on deep blue silk sautoirs. To the men were given dark blue leather bill-folds stamped with the University seal and bearing the Prom inscription. The magnificent decorations and lighting effects in the ballroom made the scene most striking in its beauty. The dancers were unanimous in their praise of Al Thompson's Orchestra of Madison, Wisconsin, and surely, much of the success of the evening was due to the delightful music, accredited the best ever heard in South Bend. At mid-night a delicious buffet supper was served on the mezzanine floor of the Palais Royale. During the supper hour the Prom song, "Martha", written by James Durcan, '24, was sung by Richard Griffin. The dancing then continued until two-thirty when the great Prom came to an end.

The Saturday afternoon entertainment consisted in a baseball game between Notre Dame and Indiana University. The festivities of the week closed Saturday night with numerous theatre parties and an informal dance at the Hotel Oliver.

The whole-hearted support from the Junior Class went a long way toward making the Prom the joyous occasion that it was. To the faculty of the University the Junior Class attributes much of the success of the dance. Their generous assistance aided the Committee and the Class in making the Prom of 1923 the outstanding social event in the University's history.

The committees were: Dance—J. Farrell Johnston, Al Koehler, James Durcan. Finance—James D. Hurley, Donald S. Gallagher, Peter H. Curran. Arrangements—Walter B. Moran, Mark E. Nolan, J. J. Rourke, Jr. Program and Favors—Thos. H. Hodgson, Lawrence Deeter, Geo. F. Barry. Reception—Matthew H. Rothert, Ambrose J. Lynard, Francis T. Kolars. Chaperones were: Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne; Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Feltes; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Vurpilat; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. O'Brien; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Halas; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz.

MATTHEW ROTHERT.

R. M. GALLAGHER: ORATOR.

For the first time since 1907, Notre Dame, represented by Raymond M. Gallagher, won first place in the classic public speaking competition of the Middle West. The Interstate Oratorical Contest was held on April 27 at Northwestern University. There were six speakers all of whom had qualified for the final contest by coming through successfully in state and divisional contests. Second place went to Harold Johnsrud, of Carleton College, Minnesota, who spoke on "The Liberal College in America." Mr. Simon Heemistra of Hope College, Michigan, won third place with a speech on "The Challenge of the Ideal." Mr. Gallagher's subject was "A Century of Isolation." He urged that the historic foreign policy of the United States, as first enunciated by Washington and later proclaimed by Monroe, be maintained until Europe urges herself of international chicanery. Fourth and fifth places were given to Mr. H. W. Troop of Otterbein University, Ohio, speaking on "The Man or the Party," and Mr. Ferry Platt of Washburn College, Kansas, with a speech on "Lest our Good Customs Corrupt the World." Last place

went to the representative from the University of North Dakota, Mr. J. Duane Squires, whose oration "The Hour of Destiny" was an appeal for America to enter the League of Nations.

The judges of the contest, seven in number, were all well known professors of public speaking in the Middle West: Glenn Merry of the State University of Iowa, J. M. O'Neill University of Wisconsin, B. G. Nelson of the University of Chicago, C. H. Woolbert from Illinois University, and J. L. Lardner, Lew Sarett and Ralph Dennis, all of Northwestern University. Owing to unusual variations on judgment, the decision on the first three places was very close.

The contest was held in Fisk Hall, with Professor C. C. Cunningham of Northwestern presiding, and was well-attended. Practically the entire faculty and student body of the Northwestern School of Speech attended. Delegations of alumni were also on hand to encourage the representatives of their colleges. Notre Dame was represented by Mr. Byron V. Kanaley '04, prominent Chicago alumnus and old-time Notre Dame debater and orator, and John Kanaley. Some of the contesting schools, notably Hope College sent student delegations to the contest, and the evening was enlivened by cheering and singing.

The Interstate Oratorical Association was organized in 1872 and has been holding annual contests ever since. It embraces sixteen middle-western states and about 120 colleges and universities. As was announced before the contest, the men who in past years have won either first or second places in these contests constitute one of the most distinguished group of college graduates in the country, and include Senators Beveridge and La Follete, several Federal judges, eight college presidents, and a score of others who find a place in "Who's Who."

It is to be hoped that this victory will stimulate interest at Notre Dame in public speaking, and increase the number of contestants for the Breen Medal, junior, sophomore and freshmen oratorical contests, and for the debating teams.

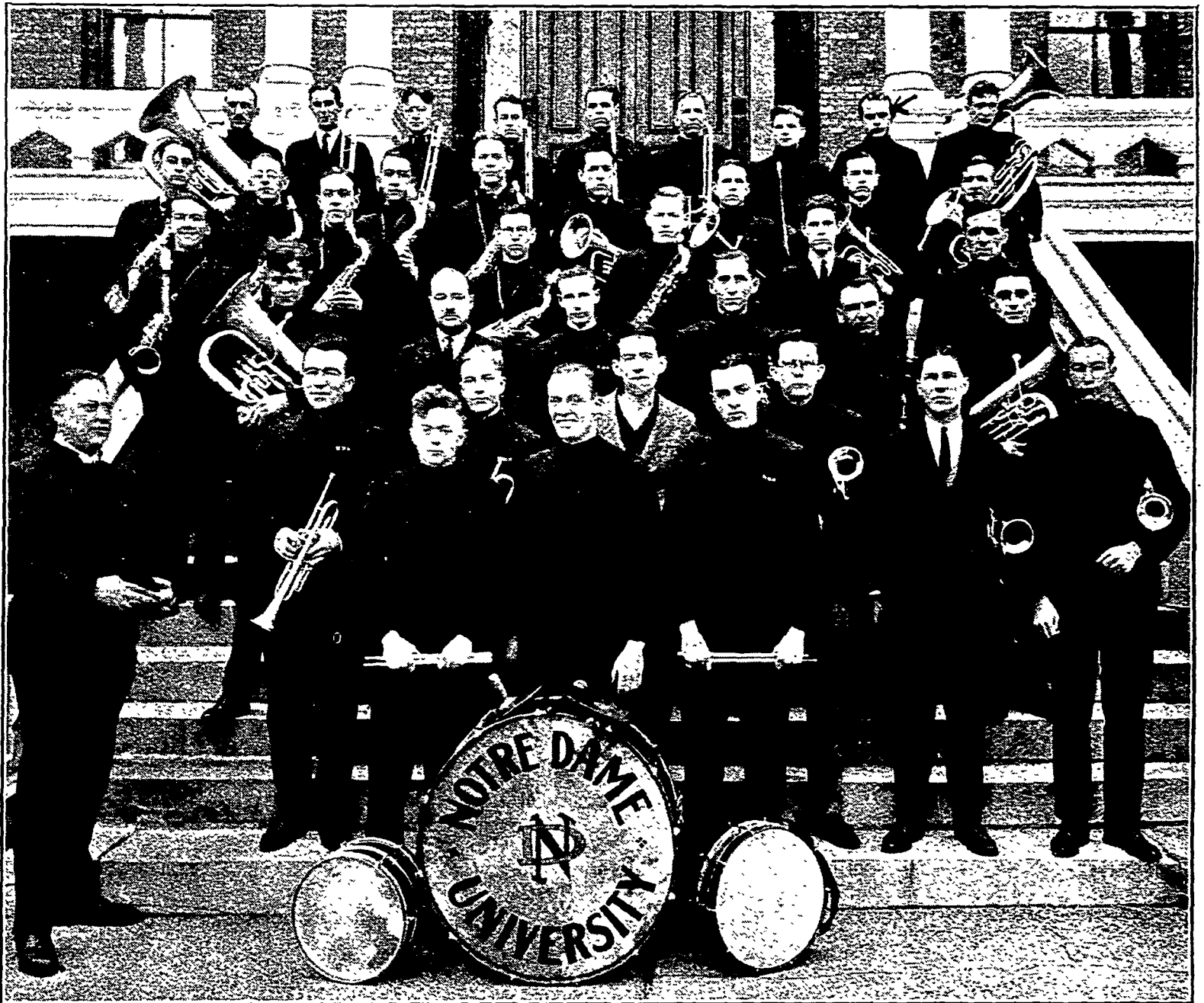
THE GLAD HORN-BLOWERS.

JAMES EGAN.

Notre Dame has recently come boldly to the foreground in local and even national musical circles. To the University Band and

call themselves a band; and perhaps the type of music that was rendered might have been as pleasant as the sounds that one hears emerging from a locomotive boiler shop.

Traditions cling to Notre Dame—Notre Dame is noted for traditions—and in the



to the Glee Club is due the credit for this fame, particularly maybe to the latter, because it has had the opportunity of travelling to various cities and towns in the midwest states. The Club's success has been more noticeable than has that of the band, whose activities are confined more to local fame in connection with football games, and concerts at the University and in South Bend.

Until recently the band had been looked upon as more or less of a joke tolerated by the University. In the years prior to the S. A. T. C., a small group of fellows getting together to render tones harmonious or otherwise, just for the mere pastime, would

writer's opinion the tradition that the band was a farce has been ably handed down. Even in our time, sorry to say, we find such an impression existing in the minds of some students.

This issue of the *Scholastic* wishes to honor the musical organizations, and as the opportunity has presented itself to make clear the band situation, this space is devoted for the enlightenment of those who are laboring under mistaken impressions and also to encourage those many students who are musically inclined, but who are too "cocky" or "lazy" to gather up the necessary "pep" to do a little for Notre Dame.

Since 1920 the Band has grown from a membership of eighteen to an organization of forty-five members. This existed until the past football season when the misinterpreted Pittsburg trip "fell through"; and because of the discouragement that always follows when happy occasions are planned but fail to be carried out, the band morale was weakened and as a result many lost the spirit and have failed to appear more than once or twice for rehearsals. In some instances they have not appeared at all.

If you were owner of a business and left the success of that business to some directing head and this head, through an misinterpretation caused you a huge loss, would you throw up your hands in despair and quit business for the remainder of your years? Most likely not—and such is the stand that the band and its few faithful members are taking. Night after night, the handful of musicians have been reporting to practice—occasionally a few of the lost sheep stroll in—but rehearsals with the absence of the majority of the members is not getting a band for Notre Dame.

Spring is coming and with it usually arrive the weekly outdoor concerts. Following this comes Commencement. Commencement at Notre Dame this year will be the greatest the school has ever seen. Do the students want concerts in the Spring? Do they want their band to play for the Commencement Exercises? If so, here is how they can help the matter along. A roster of all the band members is published with this article. Each student who is acquainted with any of these men will do greatly towards helping Notre Dame and its band if he will inquire of these men what their activities with the band are. If they are delinquent "pep them up"—make them feel that it is their duty to be at band rehearsals.

The faculty, S. A. C., and many of the students are strong for the band and are doing their utmost to back it. The band has undergone its period of trial and the future holds bright prospects for success but this success depends upon the wholehearted cooperation of every one, students who do not play instruments as well as those who do.

Let's get going fellows—

Boost the band in your own little way
And the band in turn will boost the
good old "U."

James V. Egan, president; John R. Petrich, Vice President; Ardo I. Reichert, Secretary; Francis Howland, Treasurer; Leo F. Herold, Business Manager; Charles E. Guth, Joseph J. Casasanta, Francis J. Miller, Edward J. Ryan, Frederick D. Ullrich, Robert H. Smith, Carl M. Unger, Francis T. Walther, Cyril F. Schon, Otto J. Von Drasek, Wilford V. Walz, Bernard M. Finnegan, Kenneth R. Barrett, Paul L. Skelly, John F. Shilts, Joseph I. Kepner, Frederick G. Ferguson, Frank A. Aley, Robert F. Hurley, Francis W. Leary, Bion B. Vogel, Alvin I. Koehler, John G. Tompkins, Willis A. Overholser, Vincent A. Schuh, Joseph P. VonDrasek, Norbert A. Engels, Joseph W. Enzler, Cyril T. Birkbeck, John A. Kenney, Francis W. Pedrotty, Thomas J. Byrne, Raphael J. Gaffney.

THE GLEE CLUB.

NORBERT ENGELS.

The Notre Dame Glee Club of 1923 has all the earmarks of a fine choral organization. Their concert in Washington Hall on April 17 was, without a doubt, the highest mark of music perfection heard this year, and perhaps it would not be too presumptuous to say, any other year, for it was an excellent program, rendered as perfectly as the choral material would permit. Notre Dame can certainly be proud to call such an organization her own. On their trip to the East during Easter vacation, the members of the Club were received with such enthusiasm as to make one's head lift a trifle higher to tell the world he was a Notre Dame man. It was a powerful symbol of the expansion of Notre Dame, not only as a university, not only in athletics, but in the development of art and music, as well.

To the director, Mr. John J. Becker, goes the lion's share of the honors, for without his persistent efforts and ability as a musician and director, the club could not have been a success. Notre Dame owes him a great deal. The future must recognize more and more the excellent musicianship and technique of Mr. Becker. He is acknowledged by some of the foremost artists of the day, Wilhelm Middleschulte, one of the world greatest organists, Carl Busch, and



Alexander von Fielitz, director of the Stern Conservatory at Berlin, as one of America's leading young composers and conductors. In fact, during a recent tour of Europe, Mittelschulte played Mr. Becker's organ work, "The Symphony of Lourdes," and repeated it in his program in Chicago Tuesday night, with great success. Now, if such men do acknowledge Mr. Becker's claim to honor, Notre Dame should, at least, recognize it. Also, too often does an audience fail to see the figure of the one bent over the piano, furnishing the foundation upon which the entire success of the work depends. In this instance, that man is Mr. Joseph Casasanta, a pupil of Mr. Becker's who faithfully responded to every move of the conductor's baton.

William J. Furey, president of the Club, is a bass-baritone soloist of repute. His voice is at once powerful and pleasing, being the reflection of his personality. To the business-manager, Edagr Raub, must go unusual credit not merely for the arrangement of a singing schedule, but also for an unusually attractive voice. Every member of the Club has done his individual best. Nor must the orchestra be forgotten:—Surely one of the best in the history of Notre Dame.

The following are the choral works presented Tuesday night:

Winter Song	<i>Bullard</i>
Deep River	<i>Burleigh</i>
Serenade	<i>White</i>
Medley From the South	<i>Arr. By Pike</i>
Ave Verum	<i>Gounod.</i>

Besides these numbers by the Glee Club, there were several presented by the Quartette, Messrs. Deeter, Koch, Raub and La Cava; "Indiana Home," "Drink a Highball," "Notre Dame" and such songs typical of the college songsters.

The mandolin Club also appeared most successfully. The members: Jos. Casasanta, leader, Ed. Raub, guitars; Jack Milligan, Frank Howland, Frank Andrus, banjo; Bugs Walthers, Don Gallagher mandolin.

Then, Mr. William Furey sang "Over The Billowy Sea"—by Smith, and immediately won the house with one of the most beautiful ballad that has been written in the last twenty-five years, "Little Mother o' Mine," by H. T. Burleigh, our American negro composer.

THE KAMPUS KRIER.

(Until we think of a better name.)

"Not all bullheads are fish," we heard a Freshman philosophize the other day.

The appearance of the prom girls on our campus last Saturday and Sunday proved conclusively that the prom was a complete and glorious success.

The contest is on. The Banks of both lakes are dotted with enthusiasts, and the dimensions of fish caught are increasing with lightning speed as reports of the fisherman grow more numerous.

Harold Lloyd isn't the only funny person wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

The Championship flight singles in the tennis tournament came to an end last Saturday when Frank Donovan beat Herm Centlivre in the finals. This match was played before a gallery of approximately three hundred, the same being a startling indication of the popularity of tennis here, and giving all the more reason why the outdoor courts should be completed.

The other reason is that there is a match scheduled with the Indiana tennis team for Monday, May 7. Coach Van Ryper, formerly of Columbia, announced that these men would probably constitute the team: Lutz, Centlivre, Gonzalez, McGuire, and Ward. The team will be conducted on a strictly formal basis, freshmen not being eligible.

Humor and revelations about humorists and those who write more serious things, was the subject of Mr. Shuster's talk to the Scribbers last Monday night. Mr. Shuster lived up to his foreword that he would "speak, read, and recite:" giving many interesting side-lights on literary geniuses who have stayed at one time or another at the university.

Whether they follow Couè or not, the Knights of Columbus initiation banquets keep getting better and better. This time Mayor Dever and Honorable Quin O'Brien, both of Chicago, will speak to the candidates and the older members at the feast. An excellent menu will be provided, the Glee Club Quartette will sing, and Prof. John M. Cooney will act as toastmaster. Yes, it is too bad that only three hundred can be accommodated.

If the post-Prom dance was just a day after the Prom in distance-measuring time, it was only about two minutes late when it came to enjoyment-measuring time. Due to this splendid entertainment, the Juniors were able to top off their celebration very nicely.

We notice that K. C. informal will be given on May 11 this year. The Palais

Royale will be the rendezvous, while the famous "Red Jackets" will furnish the syn-copation. Regardless of the heavy competition, the Caseys expect to put over the "big-gest" informal of the year. All classmen, whether Knights or not, are eligible, which means, get your tickets early as the number is limited.

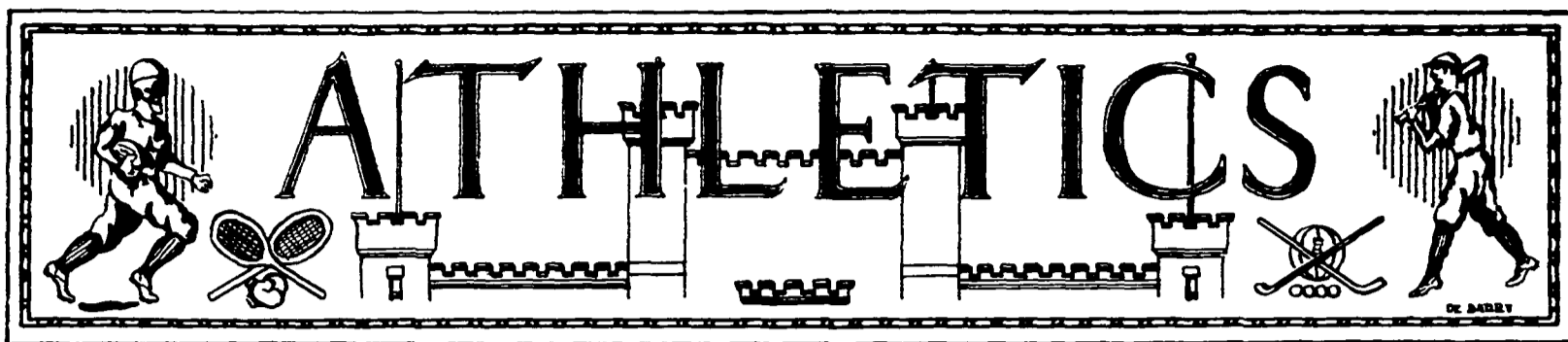
The number of dances that have swooped down upon the unsuspecting students this year has been remarkable, and now we learn that the Freshman Frolic, dated for May 25, promises to eclipse everything except the Ball. At least, that's what the freshmen say. The Palais Royale and the "Red Jackets" have been secured for the big evening, and with this for a start, who can tell to what heights the men of '26 will go? A precedent never to be equaled is the aim of the committees, who have been working hard for the past month under the direction of President Robert Cahill. The chairmen follow: Ticket, Edward O'Neil; Music, Michael Duffecy; Novelty, Joseph Rigali; Program, John O'Keefe.

The contributions to the first part of our present issue have come entirely from students of Fathey Lahey's class in Business English.

Next Thursday night will witness the first spring concert by the Notre Dame band. Scene: porch of Main Building.

The local A. I. E. E., held its regular meeting Monday evening, April 23. The members were favored with an exceptional program at this meeting. Mr. Edward Kreimer read a paper on "The History of the Telephone." Mr. Wm. H. Curran, Plant Engineer, and Mr. Luichinger, Line Engineer, both of the Indiana Bell Telephone Co., delivered an illustrated lecture on "Interference between Power and Telephone Lines." Mr. Sears, of the South Bend Division, extended to the members a cordial invitation to visit the local plant. Refreshments were enjoyed by all before final adjournment.

SULLIVAN.



VERSUS INDIANA.

BITING THE BADGERS.

Red Magevney won the first pitcher's battle of the home season at Notre Dame when he beat Gause, of Indiana, 7-3. Gause allowed 14 base hits but his control was perfect. Faulty base running kept the Irish score down and ragged fielding contributed to the Indiana tallies.

What the Turks did to the Armenians was a comparative nothing to what the Irish did to their ancient enemies from the University of Wisconsin at Cartier field Monday afternoon. Sixteen runs and 19 hits, while Dick Falvey held the enemy to five hits and two runs, represents the meal on which Notre Dame fed after two years of hungering for Cardinal meat. And all of that in seven innings as the game was called in the eighth to allow the visitors to catch a train.

The game was a queer mixture of good and bad baseball and each team counted heavily on the breaks of the game. Wild throwing interspersed good fielding, dumb-bell thinking followed clever work. Unusual situations appeared and kept the interest of the crowd to a greater extent than the game in itself deserved.

Every player on the Irish squad shared in the swatting but looming as the man among men was Rodger Nolan, the new first base-men was Roger Nolan, the new first base-filled any unusual things which have been expected of him.

Box score:

Dick Falvey, meanwhile, was reaping a full vengeance on the team which beat him twice in the last two years. Richard twirled tight ball throughout and clinched his game in the glorious fourth with a double that counted two runs. In the third he fanned the side and left two Badgers marooned.

NOTRE DAME.	AB	R	H	C
Sheehan, ss. -----	5	1	2	3
Foley, 2b -----	4	0	2	5
Nolan, 1b -----	4	0	1	11
Kane, 3m -----	5	1	2	2
Castner, lf. -----	4	3	3	1
Curtin, c. -----	3	1	1	9
E. Thomas, rf. -----	4	1	1	0
Vergara, cf. -----	4	0	1	4
Magevney, p. -----	4	0	1	5
Totals -----	36	7	14	40

Wisconsin lacked the pitching strength of other years and was also without the service of Rollie Williams, a hard-hitting and clever fielding shortstop who broke up last year's game at Cartier field. Radke, who started the game, also hurled the last three innings of the Michigan battle last Saturday.

INDIANA.	AB	R	H	C
Smith, ss. -----	4	0	1	5
E. Thomas 2b -----	2	0	0	6
Miller, cf. -----	4	1	0	1
Moomaw, c. -----	4	1	0	4
Wieh'n, rf. -----	3	1	1	2
Sloat, 3b. -----	3	0	1	2
Parker, 1b. -----	4	0	1	11
Clay, lf. -----	3	0	2	0
Gause, p. -----	3	0	0	4
Totals -----	30	3	5	35

Mac McGrath, recruit hurler, went in to pitch in the eighth and made a favorable impression.

Box score:

Indiana -----	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	3
Notre Dame -----	0	2	0	1	0	1	3	0	*	7

NOTRE DAME.	AB	R	H	C
Sheehan, ss. -----	2	3	2	3
Foley, 2b. -----	5	2	2	3
Dufficy, 2b. -----	0	0	0	0
Nolan, 1b. -----	5	3	4	11
Kane, 3b. -----	5	1	2	1
Castner, lf. -----	3	2	1	2

Curtin, c. -----	2	1	1	5
Welch, c. -----	1	0	0	1
Thomas, rf. -----	3	1	2	1
Kelly, rf. -----	2	0	0	0
Bergaman, cf. -----	4	1	3	0
Falvey, p. -----	4	2	2	1
Totals -----	36	16	19	28

WISCONSIN.	AB	R	H	C
Ser'tius, lf. -----	3	0	1	1
Becker, cf. -----	3	0	1	0
Gibson, cf. -----	1	0	0	2
W. Johnson, rf. -----	4	0	1	2
Archner, c. -----	3	1	0	2
Poillock, c. -----	1	0	0	1
Tebell, 3b. -----	2	0	0	2
Holm, 1b. -----	2	0	1	6
Elling'n 2b. -----	2	0	0	5
C'm'ker, ss. -----	3	1	1	6
Radke, p. -----	1	0	0	3
Shronk, p. -----	1	0	0	1
Totals -----	26	2	5	31

Wisconsin -----	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	—	2
Notre Dame -----	1	1	1	9	4	0	0	0	—16

Cerney, c. -----	3	1	0	1
Curtin, c. -----	2	1	1	3
Vergara, cf. -----	4	1	1	2
Kelly, rf. -----	0	0	0	0
Thomas, rf. -----	2	0	1	0
Bergman, lf. -----	3	0	1	2
Collins, lf. -----	1	0	0	0
Degree, p. -----	0	0	0	0
Totals -----	38	12	16	34

NORTHWESTERN.	AB	R	H	C
Bryant, ss. -----	4	1	1	2
Taylor, 1b. -----	3	0	0	6
Nelson, lf. -----	4	0	1	3
Palmer, rf. -----	4	0	2	2
Kearle, 3b. -----	4	0	0	2
Johnson, cf. -----	4	0	0	0
Faber, 2b. -----	4	0	2	9
Stegman, c. -----	3	0	0	6
Bergsman, p. -----	3	1	1	0
Kirkoff, 1b. -----	1	0	0	3
Totals -----	34	2	7	37

Northwestern -----	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Notre Dame -----	5	2	2	0	0	2	1	0	*—12

PLANTING THE PURPLE.

Scoring nine runs in the first three innings under a barrage of base clouts, Notre Dame continued on to a 12-2 victory over Northwestern at Cartier field Thursday afternoon. Captain Paul Castner carried his football triple-threat to the diamond and starred as a pitcher, batter and fielder.

Bill Sheehan's unassisted double play, two remarkable catches by Taber of the Purple and spearing of wayward throws to first base by Rodger Nolan, added thrills to the game. Castner, Foley and Kane contributed three hits each to the total of 16 which the Irish gathered.

Irish gave a general impression of a team in the process of settling down to real baseball. Nolan's work at first sack was brilliant and his addition to the nine completes a crack infield quartet. Castner's return to form gives Coach Halas three steady hurlers.

Box score:

NOTRE DAME	AB.	R	H	C
Sheehan, ss. -----	4	1	2	6
Foley, 2b -----	5	3	3	2
Nolan, 1b. -----	4	3	1	11
Kane, 3b. -----	5	1	3	2
Castner, p.-cf. -----	5	1	3	5

TRACK ACTIVITIES.

Notre Dame, with two thirds and one fourth, Wabash with a first and a second and Butler with a first and third kept the Indiana schools in the running in the 14th annual Drake relay games.

Notre Dame's thirds came in races in which the winner was forced to break world's records to get the decision, Iowa packing the mile relay in three minutes, 16.9 seconds. Selinos doing the quarter in 42.3 seconds for world marks.

Barber, Walsh, Hamling and Montague made up the mile relay squad of the Irish while Layden, Barr, McTiernan and Montague did the quarter relay.

Oberst grabbed fourth place in the javelin when Angier tossed the spear a foot better than his old American record of 202 feet 9³/₄ inches.

Quarter mile relap: University of Illinois, first, 42; Nebraska, second, 42.3; Notre Dame, third 42.9.

At the Penn Relay Games, Tom Lieb took first place in the discus throw. Notre Dame's other entry, Gus Desch in the hurdles, was handicapped by drawing a position which made a race practically impossible.

CHANGE
BY CUNNINGHAM

(Probably it is because the listless Spring atmosphere is filled with the breath of romance, or because the social activities, such as:—the Junior Prom, the Senior Ball and the Freshman Frolic,—have stirred up the enamored college youths, that this department has received within the last week, thousands of letters requesting that a special column be devoted to the fair co-eds. Regardless of the causes, we will grant the urgent entreaties.)

THERE'S A REASON AND WE'LL POST'EM.

The Carnegie trust for the universities of Scotland which provides funds for students entering colleges, states the co-eds there have a higher moral sense than the eds. They believe that they can safely make this assertion because, even though the students who receive a stipend are under no obligation to repay their fees, the number of women who did so during the last year was considerably larger than the men. If the Scottish co-eds depend upon the eds for their good times like the American co-eds do, we should say that it is not moral sense, but plain *cash* which the fellows lack.

THE GREAT IRON FACE.

Co-eds at the University of California recently have had reasons to become feverishly embarrassed. If they should appear on the campus at any time during the day with a peculiar *hectic** flush on their face they are immediately asked by the eds if they have "had their iron today." Of course, the fellows are not referring to the dainty nickel box of Sun Maid raisins or the tiny bottle of Nuxated Iron pills when they question the co-eds thus. They have reference to rouge. One of the students there has discovered that red clay, the chief constituent of rouge, is sixty per cent iron.


* (One of the most distinguished Seniors at Notre Dame has granted us permission to utilize this word.)

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT.

We find that the co-eds at Columbia University are furiously jealous because Miss Ann Pennington, the star of the "Jack and Jill Follies," has promised to kiss every ed at that university whose graduation questionnaire showed that he had never been kissed. And to make matters worse for the envious co-eds, Miss Pennington has also called for volunteers among the beauties of the "intriguing chorus." Is

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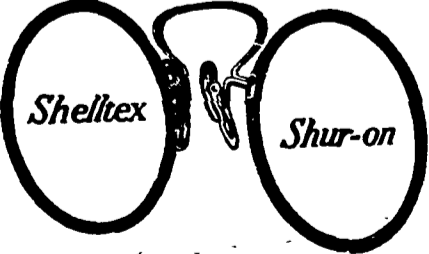
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this not typical of all girls? They do not seem to appreciate us fellows until they see the other girls chasing after us.

AND THEY DO IT WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH.

The officials of the Japanese "prep" school at Honolulu have opened a class in ju-jitsu for the co-eds. This addition to the curriculum was made because of the many recent reports of attacks upon women and girls in Honolulu. Japanese maidens are very small of stature, but it is believed that when they have completely mastered the technique of the ju-jitsu, they will be able not only to defend themselves, but to inflict severe counter punishment on those molesting them. An American co-ed must be far superior to a Japanese, because she never has to depend upon the ju-jitsu trickery to "throw" a fellow.

NO MORE FLIRTS. . . HA! HA!

Indiana University co-eds are endeavoring to enlist every other co-ed on the campus in the crusade to discourage "mashers." They have formed an Anti-Flirt Club which they hope will protect unthinking and careless girls from the over-zealous flirt, who too easily tries to form an acquaintance. Club badges are being worn and propaganda proverbs describing the evils of flirtation have been widely circulated about the sorority houses. In fact they have done everything to promote their cause. Now all they have to do is to change human nature.

CO-EDS, LIKE BABIES, MUST PLAY.

An Evanston policeman, while covering his beat in the neighborhood of Northwestern University, heard shouts issuing from a group of co-eds who were kneeling on the side-walk in front of their sorority house. As he drew near he could hear the jingling of metal. His heart grew cold and seemed to lodge itself somewhere near the upper extremity of his esophagus when he thought of sending for the patrol. No,—he could not arrest them,—yet it was his duty. Then his passion carried him away. "Bad enough for men to gallop the ivories," he muttered in a squelched rage, "but when a bunch of huzzies turn out in bright day-light. I'll pinch them and send for the wagon." Quickly he proceeded to break up the game—but the girls protested. They could see no objection to a game of jacks. What are they going to attempt next? At Wisconsin and other state universities, they carry dolls, and want to adopt roller skating as a minor sport. If this second-childhood fad spreads too rapidly the eds may be found playing cowboy and Indian, building block houses, darting around the campus on skooters, running toy electric trains or riding rocking-horses.