

THE CREIGHTON CHRONICLE

Vol. XI :: January 20, 1920 :: No. 4


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Vidimus Stellam

Only a star that twinkled afar
In the deep blue vault on high;
But brightest it seemed of the stars that gleamed
In that silent midnight sky.

Only a star that reveled afar
In its world of tremulous light;
But, of all men, three followed faithfully
The star on that sacred night.

Only a cave; small shelter it gave
Even to rugged kine.
“His Court! Can it be?” asked the sages three.
Yes, here gleamed the wondrous sign.

Only a child and a Maiden mild—
Why worship the wise men three?
Faith sees in rest on the Virgin’s breast
A King—the Divinity.

—S. George

TO MORALIZE IS HUMAN



"STURDY as the oak" reads an automobile advertisement. The manufacturer who lays claim to this distinction for his product is doing nothing more than making an appeal to common knowledge, and he knows it. He is safe in presuming that the generality of men have wielded an ax or a saw sufficiently to realize that an oaken timber is a tough member to mutilate. He knows that the noble defiance of the living oak to the onslaughts of the elements and to the physical nagging of mankind has not passed unobserved and unadmired by the citizenry of these United States. He is sure that the longevity of the oak, as a symbol of endurance, is a byword in the common parlance of men. The manufacturer therefore knows that in publishing such a slogan, he is making a rather large claim, and such it is in the eyes of the reading public.

The oak tree, however, is analogous not only to automobiles. It is, in fact, analogous to such carriers in only a very limited way. The oak is not a lifeless thing—it is animated and as such has a definite mode of living. In this respect, it is altogether analogous to that turbulent, erratic fixture in the scheme of creation known as man. In plain language, point out the man who enjoys and deserves the reputation of being "sturdy as the oak," and your line of direction prolonged will pierce a successful man. The oak rarely fails in its mission, rarely falters, rarely marks time. By strict compliance with the laws which govern its existence, by unceasing industry, by unwavering perseverance, it constantly improves itself and extends its scope of usefulness. Its career, so to speak, is marked by constant, undisturbed progress. The secret of its success is that it has no such revolutionary element in its make-up as a free will. The

laws which govern its existence are to the oak a compelling necessity. So is it with the successful man. To the outside world, he has no free will. His fellow men are sure of him, they know how he will act when put to the test. The laws which govern his existence are the dictates of conscience and firm adherence to lofty principles, and they are to him a compelling necessity—he has made them such. Industry and perseverance are meat and drink to him, and they are utilized solely in the adherence to and furtherance of those laws. By consistency and regularity of conduct he has inspired the confidence of his fellow men. To them he is “sturdy as the oak.”

But the automobile manufacturer cannot hope to build a reputation for his product by advertising alone. Neither can the man. The manufacturer points to the performance of his car to sustain his claims. “Try it and see,” says he. So is it with the man. It is trial that proves the man, that establishes his reputation, be it good or bad; and life is replete with trials. When we are put to the test, little do we realize that the eyes of the world are upon us, that our fair names hang in the balance, that upon our decision depends our success or failure as men. But perhaps, in such a contingency, the stolid singleness of purpose and the never-failing progress and success of the oak can be an inspiration to us and a guide. Perhaps, an ever-present ambition to become “sturdy as the oak” can be for us one of the little guide-posts on the foot-path to success.

—*Charles F. Bongardt.*

The War

Life is war,	Always we are
With a battle each minute.	In the thick. Why not win it?
Fights near and far,—	Since it's a war,
Life is a war.	With a battle each minute.

—*J. S.*

KING



JOSE had just left his mother. Seated now on the soft grass of a nearby hill, he was watching the evening stars as they shone out plainer and plainer in the darkening skies. Far off toward the city and couched in the tall oaks of the valley stood the big university which of late had been a frequent object of the boy's evening reveries. Tonight he had more to dream of than usual. For weeks past he had been, now calmly, now confusedly thinking over a bold move; until here in the arms of nature, with the day dying before his eyes and night gently creeping up the eastern sky, he lay himself down, determined never to rise till the great problem before him had come to a solution.

There was a depressing stillness. Thoughts flashed and scenes arose, and joys and sorrows tossed in his mind, until the evening star grew dim in the water of a tear or the vacancy of a stare. Only a time in this condition, and the strain proved too much. The eyelids of the watcher drooped and despite the grandeur of the twilight and a good resolution, gentle sleep pressed down on him. It was not so much a sleep as a doze to the wearied eyes—a day dream to the worn mind at eventide.

But soon a bugle call cracked through the still night and the next moment measured foot-beats sounded on the nearby path. Jose had often heard those sounds before, but now in the stillness they seemed strange and terrible. A rattle of armor, a halt and a halberd handle thumped the ground.

“Sir Jose, his Majesty requests your presence.”

Sir Jose! his Majesty! The youth glanced at his own shining armor. Yes, it was all his, even as the armor of Faith. He looked again. He thought. What could the King want with a boy like him in an army of nobles? He was no Amadis of

Gaul, no Richard the Lion-Hearted. Why should the King want him? It was service. Jose knew; and he struggled with the thought until his teeth seemed ground together. He knew. It was hard campaigning and fighting and perhaps—death; and his first impulse was to throw himself on his face and weep. But what good would tears do when he was facing a personal summons? At the thought of a personal summons, the nobleness surged in his soul and, leaping up like a surprised hare, he almost shouted; "At your service, men. Carry on."

The royal tent stood some few hundred paces from the spot where Jose had been saluted. A brisk military step brought them to quarters before the boy had time to think out a plausible motive for the King's action. A drum-beat sounded, and a purple-robed figure stepped to the door of the tent.

"Come, Sir Jose," said the King.

Inside there was little more formality. At home, after the victory, the King had declared, was time enough for the velvet and finery; on the field where the fighting and suffering were hard, there was only room for order and action.

Jose was signalled to a straw bed in the corner while his sovereign stood in the middle of the tent, his arms folded and his eyes twinkling with a surprise. From the rude couch Jose looked up and realized that now for the first time he had come to know the royal personage before him; and as he looked there came back to him the tales of the knights about the all-day heroic marches, the nights without sleep, the close-hand fighting, the scaling of walls, the thirst, the hunger, the wounds, the daring of their King, who only smiled over it all, and said his people were happy and his kingdom was coming into its own.

The King was staring at the ground. He looked up and smiled.

"My boy," he began with an air of familiarity, "what would you do to escape disgrace in our camp?"

The weight and abruptness of the question startled the youth. He moved to the edge of the cot, all the sentences he had

prepared running agog. Then he just blurted out, "I am sure, Your Majesty, I would rather fight to death than surrender your favor."

"And what would you do to win the honors of our court?"

The King talked calmly, kindly. Jose had often wished for such an opportunity.

"As much and more, Sire," he heard himself saying.

"And to save the honor of the King you would be ready—"

"To die, of course," he said, not knowing why.

The King stopped only a moment and then went on:

"You have spoken well, young knight, but do you remember that your sword is as yet unfleshed?"

"But, Sire, some day it must be; why not today? I have always prayed that one day you would summon me. And now—men better than myself are in your kingdom, yet here I am, young and weak, still preferred in arms. I can only say I am ready and glad to follow, Sire."

"Yet, I send whom I desire," mused the King.

"Then let me be your desire, Majesty."

The youth dropped his head in a fashion, half of boyish pride, half of courageous submission. Many minutes passed, and at last, looking up, he saw his King at the tent door, scanning the plains of the beleaguered city.

"What is it, Sire, you wish?" the lad made bold to demand.

"Our Mother's name," said the other smiling, "must be carved on the door of that citadel."

"Our Mother! Do you mean the Virgin Mother?"

"How well you know. By her we will conquer this Babylon."

"And is this my errand?"

"Your errand, Sir Knight Jose."

"On the door of the citadel?"

The crowned brow nodded. "And it means for you a place in our flying squadron."

"The Flying Squadron!" gasped the lad.

“Your errand and your reward—” began the King; but Jose sprang to his feet as though the couch had taken fire.

“Sire,” he said indignantly as he saluted, “I am no mercenary.”

Such boldness rather pleased than angered the King. He smiled and tossed a small dagger on the ground between them. Another instant and the weapon was safe in the belt of the knight, who then knelt and kissed the hand of his leader.

“Stand up,” said the King, “we are friends in the same cause,” and the youth backed reverently from the tent.

“Blessed is thy crown, prosper thy reign, glory to thy kingdom.”

The King only smiled. So it had always been, he thought; so let it always be.

At the farthest out-post some of the older fellow-knights left him, a mere boy set on entering the enemy's city by sheer daring. It was a dogging thought to him, one that made him imagine the thousand cruel means of execution a barbarian camp will use. He magnified them, he twisted them, he saw them all at once, and he died by them all, even though a man can die in only one way and that only once.

The darkness was thickening around him as he sauntered almost carelessly along, thinking more of his errand than of his body's safety. His brain was whirling as though his very thoughts beat at his ear-drums. Before he was aware of it the black bulk of the Moorish castles began to outline itself against the city-lighted sky. He awoke to his danger and pushed off into the way-side shrubbery.

There was a sickly, oriental sneer of pity and suspicion on the lips of the guarding Moor as an old shepherd, bent and bedraggled, drew into the lamp-light of the city gate. Suspects were too many and orders were final; hence to the mumbled request of the stranger for passage through the gates a stout refusal was given. For a long time the shepherd stood before the sneering infidel, undecided between daring, for open attack,

and discretion, for retiring and planning anew. At last, when a warning against insulting manners was ringing the Moor's ears, the old peasant straggled down the road as if to retire for the night in the shadow of the walls.

A short distance away and he whirled his crook to the ground, let his mantle fall and stood erect. Pulling a large kerchief from his bosom, he made a quick and cautious return to the huge gate-towers. He had figured well. The Moor came swaggering along to make sure of the retreating shepherd. He dreamed of no violence from such a rascal. For a moment only he stood peering into the darkness, then turned to go. But his assurance was too great. He needs must drop his lantern to grasp at the strong arms around his neck. Shout he could not. Already he was on the ground, a knee pressed against his neck, something stuffy over his mouth, a thong about his hands—his feet, then out into the darkness, tight to a tree he found himself. A sigh came from the lips of the assailant as he hurried toward the city gates in the garb of a Moor.

It was the King's errand; so past the Moorish houses, under the Moorish oriels, through the Moorish streets—all with the ease and speed of his youth—he went, until before him, on the citadel, stood the mosque. There were guards here too; but there were shadows also. He made for the portals, selected his door, and set to work. Heated by the excitement, yet undisturbed, he cut away, the fine oaken panels of the door graciously yielding chips and splinters to the knight's steel. The work was not so slow although in the dark; not so inartistic though on the rush. An M, an A, then back to the M for a little handiwork; an R, an I, another return to the M to add a flourish and the finish; and finally, under the nervous stress of a quick finish, the concluding character A. His agile fingers passed over the completed work. By the faint glimmering of a nearby window-light he scrutinized his carving.

“Maria!” he whispered with a little laugh.

One thing only was lacking—a cross. He would do it wholly

while he was there; he would cut through the very panel itself.

He looked around and listened. All was at rest and silent. Once more the point of the dagger plunged into the door and the form of the eager worker bent over the task. But at that same moment something touched him in the small of the back. It was cold and pointed and sharp. Then he realized he had waited too long. The owner of the house had come.

“What! Ho! Help!” he shouted, and fell to his knees. He wanted to cry out again but could not; for failure, chills, a resistless fear paralyzed his every member. As a last resort he reached for his dagger, just a moment before deep in the door-panel; but it was gone. A cold sweat came over him and his teeth chattered as he felt his brow and found it so wet—so hot. An instant and another sharp blade touched his breast. It was his own weapon—or rather King’s.

“King!” he gasped, pulling wildly at the black arm before him—“King!” he gasped, “It was all for you, King!”

He swooned to the ground, striking blindly. It seemed to him that somewhere nearby a hand-to-hand struggle was taking place. He was too far gone to tell exactly what it was. With a great effort he rolled over and faced the window by whose light he had worked, but it was only a phosphorescent blotch in the black night. A Moor’s cry for help came to him like a far-away howl to the watching shepherd. Then the pit-a-pat of running feet and the muffled hurtling of swords fell on his pulsing ears. He wanted to rise but he was too weak; to shout but it was too late. He felt for the little silver crucifix around his neck; and in the calm of death a Great Hand passed around his shoulder and a Gentle Voice whispered in his ear.

“Come Home,” it said, “Come Home with Me. The fight is over.”

It was King. King had watched over him. King had come to save him.

Jose opened his eyes and looked up. All was gone. Only the great, stone university was there, standing out against the

city lights in the quiet of the evening; and behind him—home. Smiling and laughing and weeping in turn, he looked up to heaven. He looked for a long time.

“King!” he at length cried to the winking stars, “The fight IS over, and You win.”

—*B. B.H*

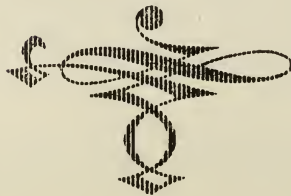
A Memory

A loving face,
 A mellow light,
 A fire-place,
 A smiled ‘good-night,’
 A mother’s fond embrace.

But all is gone
 And far behind;
 For, following on,
 The years unkind
 Have chased away the dawn.

Oh, heaven’s joy
 Repair for me
 My broken toy,
 My memory,
 My heaven as a boy.

—*Rusticus*



DAVID COPPERFIELD



It has been asserted by what should be good authority that Dickens' characters are, for the most part, caricatures. In compiling a list of his creations which have been attacked as such it will be found that David Copperfield has not suffered any such criticism. The reason for this is that, aside from the fact that it is Dickens' most finished work, it is also one of the most perfect character portrayals to be found in the English language. The excellence of David Copperfield as a character sketch consists in two things: first, the character itself; second, the method employed by the author in his development of the character.

As to the perfection of the character itself, it is due to the fact that David Copperfield is not only delineated true to life, but that he also possesses a beautiful, pure and most moral nature. In other words, he is noble, but not conventional. A conventional character is the closest approach to a perfect human that is conceivable in the brain of the author: his good qualities are so numerous and so impressing that his minor and major faults are lost sight of, moreover he has no inconsistencies. Conventional characters are not life-like; there is no equilibrium of passions; the nobler far outshines the baser—or, if he be a villain, vice versa. In David Copperfield there is a judicious equilibrium. He is magnanimous, yet there are times when his baser passions of hatred and malice gain temporary supremacy over his better self. Such was the case when he bit Mr. Murdstone, while in violent anger. His animosity and hatred for Uriah Heep existed from the time of their meeting until their final separation. His first dissipation; his despair after the death of Dora are not the actions of a conventional character. In the affairs of the heart your conventional character is not afflicted with the inconsistent "puppy love," to

which all humans are more or less susceptible. Poor David was so sorely afflicted with it: first came his childhood friend Emily, then the little girls in church, then the eldest Miss Larkins, and finally the fatal attack of Dora. His love affairs were inconsistent; but so life-like that one can see in them the image of his own follies. Bear's grease, fancy vests, tight shoes, and the other paraphernalia used by him— who has ever attained the mellow age of twenty-six and never used them?

However, David Copperfield with all his faults and inconsistencies is truly noble. His superior nature springs from a noble heart and a lofty mind. A heart that can see the wants and sufferings of his fellow men, and truly pity and love him; a heart that can feel compassion for the sad plights of one's childhood playmate and her betrothed; a heart that can forgive a friend who has proven false to it; a heart that can love one's nurse, reverence one's aunt and benefactor, adore one's mother and never suffer disregard to diminish during life, is truly a noble heart. And such a heart does David Copperfield possess. There is love, anguish and passion in his moral affections, but who can find an instance where his sentiments are sloppy? Who can say that his actions are prompted by a heart that is effeminate in its feelings and sensibilities? A lofty mind is a mind, the intellectual or rational faculties of which are not so darkened as to be blind to the nobler objects of this life. A mind that knows it should do what is correct and proper through the unselfish motive of love and is not led to do a good or charitable act through fear, is a noble mind indeed. How many "good people" are there who are "good" simply because they fear the eyes of the world; how many obey the laws through fear; how many are led to do greater things merely because they desire laurels or material gain! Can any one find an instance in David Copperfield's life where he was led to do a good action through any of the baser motives? Honesty, uprightness and sincerity are to be found in his every action. Can it be said that his demeanor towards his aunt was a sham, that his love for her was

a great pretense, that his desire to please her was a gross deception? Can it be said that his willingness to sacrifice his own happiness in order that Agnes might be contented, was nothing short of hypocrisy; and that his final confession of it was the proof? If this were true would he not have made his assumed agony of heart known to someone? Else, why all this useless deception?

In the hands of a weaker author David Copperfield would have been all perfection, but in the hands of Dickens he has been moulded into a masterpiece. Primarily Dickens was a realist; he was an observer of life, and he gave back to the public whatever he took from it. He not only described the boulevard with its stately trees, grass and smooth pavement, but he also depicted the back alley with its sordid filth. He described his characters as he actually saw them, laying just the right amount of stress on their faults and taking care not to overrate their perfections. This is the primary reason for the consensus of opinion of critics regarding the high standing of David Copperfield as a character portrayal. But aside from this Dickens also possessed the rare ability of adding little details here and there which had the same effect upon the character he was portraying as the finishing touches of the brush upon an unfinished canvas. Each detail brings out a human or life-like trait. In David Copperfield we find this rare faculty consummate. The entire life of David is replete with these clever touches; we find them in his childhood, his youth and in his later life. Many authors of good repute will give us only the chief qualities of the character they are depicting and omit the minor ones. Dickens, however, by the use of these details gives us both the minor and major attributes and failings of David. His actions in church, his inquisitive questioning of Mr. Peggotty relative to the fateful ends of Emily's and Ham's parents, feelings of mingled sorrow and hatred during the ride to his mother's funeral with the happy and lightsome crowd, his misery of soul while working in the wine-cellars of Murdstone and Grinby, his belief in the import-

ance of his position as chief "pawner" for the Micawbers;—each give us but one phase of his childhood; but when taken in the aggregate with the many other such incidents, they give us the thoughts and words and actions of the average child. Dickens does not, however, attempt to analyze these actions but describes them with such a minuteness of detail that an analysis is not needed.

—*William Ramacciotti.*

Cupid Swallowed

(From the Greek of Julian).

Sly Cupid fast asleep
 I once among the roses caught:
 I pinch his wings, and steep
 Sly Cupid fast asleep
 In wine: I drink him deep;
 But, oh! there pricks my heart distraught.
 Sly Cupid fast asleep
 I once among the roses caught.

—*A. J. Z.*



WITH GLOVED HANDS



HE whispering pine trees softly swayed in the quiet midnight breeze, breathing a spirit of solitude and stillness over the estate of old Mortimer Van Laonhaven. Through the swaying branches of the tall pines one could see the lighted mansion standing, like a huge sentinel, in the midst of its surrounding foliage. If one listened one could hear the laughter of young folks as they gaily tripped to the tune of an enticing waltz. The dance was nearing its end, but the dancers swayed with untiring ease to the rhythmical music.

But all of the guests were not upon the dance floor. Some were watching from the broad, fern-covered veranda. Some were having a perfectly wonderful time as they talked over the wild pre-prohibition days, and a frown came upon their brows as they supped the grape juice highball.

In a quiet corner of the veranda, unnoticed by all and maybe unconscious of their own presence, sat a young couple. If one went close enough he could have seen that the maid was none other than Willemina Van Laonhaven, the only daughter of the house. And were one acquainted with the folk at the dance he would have expressed great surprise as he recognized the youth as Frederick Winton, acknowledged as the most bashful boy in the small town. Great surprise, indeed, for Frederick's hands warmly clutched Willemina's. Now young Winton was considered by all the portly matrons of the community with marriageable daughters as a wonderful "catch." But none had as yet succeeded in fastening the hook in the Winton scion's tender gill.

Willemina was all aflutter. Why not? Had she not been trying to get Frederick off by himself all this night, the last before he left for his father's ranch in Nebraska? "Lucky

boy!" any one would have said had he seen him there in Willemina's company.

But Frederick was indeed uneasy as could be seen from his nervous movements. There was something on the young rancher's mind, and Willemina hoped—oh! how she hoped!

"Frederick," she said, "is it not wonderful here all alone tonight; and just before you leave for that awful wild and woolly West?"

Frederick stammered a soft affirmative, but the daughter of old Mortimer Van Laonhaven was not to lose out this last night, for she feared that Frederick's bashfulness might yet overcome him.

"Why Frederick, that last waltz—I shall never forget it," she continued.

"Willemina," opened the nervous boy, "it was indeed wonderful. I just hate to leave the party early, but my train for Chicago leaves at three o'clock, and—well—ah—oh—Willemina, there is something I want to ask you."

"Oh, Frederick, I always like to be in your company. You are so superior to those other boys," a-hinted the young miss.

"Yes, but—" said young Winton. But the crafty maid interrupted his conversation. "And you will be gone to that awful ranch in Nebraska for so long! Oh, Frederick, none shall miss you as I. And will you promise always to think of me?"

"Willemina, I must go home to see mother before the train leaves, and I wo—won't you—ah—"

And then Willemina moved a few inches closer and exclaimed, "Yes, yes, Frederick dear, go on."

"Oh Willemina," continued Frederick, stammering even more than before, "I just hate to ask you this. Oh, you should not do as—ah—oh, I think I'll be going."

"Now Frederick this will be our last time together for a long, long time, and if there is anything you wish to ask, now is the time," sighed the anxious Willemina in unison with the murmuring pine trees.

“But—oh it’s odd for me to ask this of you; I guess I hadn’t better,” said young Winton as he prepared to leave.

“Oh, Frederick, don’t leave now. Go ahead and ask me what you want to.”

“Willemina,” replied the bashful young man, “this has been a wonderful night for me. I shall always remember it. And when the sand is blowing across the hills of Nebraska I’ll always remember your kind treatment.”

And then he looked towards a group of young folks about the punch bowl, and then back at the young miss.

“Willemina, please don’t scold me for this, but before I leave, won’t you——won’t you——ah—YOU’RE SITTING ON MY GLOVE. For the last half-hour I’ve been wanting to go home, but you haven’t moved once.”

In the whistling pines one could hear the echo of the Limited as it drew out of the Pineville station for Chicago; and a bashful youth took off his glove before retiring for the night.

Carroll R. Mullen.



∴ EDITORIAL ∴

English, as taught in our colleges, has a BAD ENGLISH. more widespread importance than any other academic subject. Certain professions, it is true, use mathematics to a great extent, others use the sciences more or less, and a few some other branch. English, however, spoken or written or both, is used constantly by everyone. Educators, realizing this fact, have put before teachers and pupils, with ever-growing emphasis, the importance of writing and speaking correct English. Consequently most students do make an effort to speak and write correctly in study halls and class-rooms. But beyond the portals—that is different. Listen to a group of college students in conversation. English? The faintest resemblance. Slang, bad grammar, slang, bad grammar, with now and then an honest-o'-goodness English sentence.

The reason for this is always the old story, "Can't be a prude. Gotta speak American." But hasn't this bad English, or bad American gone too far? Evidently, from the nationwide campaign now being carried on by schools and colleges against it. Too much cannot be said and done in condemnation of the present use of slang and abuse of the English language. Bad English reflects on the University, on the individual student, and on the wisdom of the ages. Unless we speak the English that we learn at college, others cannot know what we have been taught. The natural conclusion is that the correct use of English has been neglected, and such a conclusion must of necessity reflect on the merits of the school. If we have any spirit we will speak our best English all the time. Consider also for one moment a man meeting you and making some inexcusable gramatical blunders. You either contemn him or feel sorry for him. If you desire to be despised or pitied use

bad English. Lastly, poor English lowers the standard of our language. If collegians speak incorrectly, children cannot be expected to do otherwise; and what then becomes of the manly language our fathers passed on to us?

—*J. R.*

A home possessed of musical talent—no
MUSIC IN TOWN. matter how crude—holds within its walls
an enchantment and the sacredness of a
heaven surpassed only by the dreams of a promised hereafter.
It is something which remains in memory through life with the
vividness of a yesterday—a mother's song in sound's memory
together with a vision of her who is ever most dear. Such are
the emotions of all regardless of rank or walk in life. To the
educated musician, however, music has an added value. It is
to him the immediate source of his ambitions—that on which
dreams and air castles ever come and go, rise and fall in accord-
ance with the crescendos and diminuendos so necessary to the
fulfillment of his conception of harmonious sounds. His im-
agination is keyed to the major strains which lift him above the
cares and sorrows of unavoidable realities.

On the other hand, all is not for the enjoyment of the music-
ally educated alone, but as well for those not talented or other-
wise hindered in attainment of skill in song or on instrument.
Music is theirs to enjoy when in quest of rest and pleasure.
Weariness is made to leave as by magic when the stirring bars of
“Star Spangled Banner,” “Yankee Doodle,” or “Beautiful
Ohio” are heard. Select a place without music for recreation,
and it will be with a sense of having been defrauded that it is left.
There is that something in music which the ordinary person does
not analyze, but which means so much in the enjoyment and
pleasure necessary to a well balanced life. Music, and more of
it, is needed and craved. “Music which washes away the dust
and rust from daily cares.”

With music playing such an essential part in the lives of all, a city backward in its development of musical culture is certain to lose its attraction and desirability as a place for human abode. Many a man, though too busy for anything else, is always ready to listen to good music and good artists. If left to a selection between several cities, there is no question as to where he will go. Most assuredly, business interests are the first, but not the only consideration with him. It is surprising to discover how many there are outside the musical sphere, who possess a keenness for euphony and harmony almost equal to that of an artist. Let a progressive city, therefore, think well of any movement for more and better development in the musical field.

Not only are business men attracted, but also pleasure seekers. What is more complimentary than to see visitors continually streaming into a city? Country people willingly drive to a city, though a few miles farther than a home village or town, to spend a Sunday or holiday in parks furnished with bands and orchestras. It is not for the park surroundings alone, but for what music adds to them, that they go. That music is worthy of consideration is plainly seen in the fact that the merry-go-round without its organ is far from a child's desire. If for no other reason, parks with music would suffice to encourage musical culture as an asset of great importance in a city.

—H. G.



CREIGHTONIAN TICS

NURSERY CHESS

(Dedicated to Brendan Brown)

Hi, diddle-diddle,
The pawns in the middle,
The King jumped over the tower;
And the little Queen laughed
To see such sport,
But the Knight ran her out of her
bower.

—By the Dedicator.

CONCEIT

Among the many millions of people, who exist on this turbulent earth of ours, it seems that one of the most pitiable classes of beings is that which we characterize as "conceited." Just as we cordially detest the activities of this pestilent, yet ever manifest vampire to society, so we all hope that it may never overpower us. But as all men are human, and so cannot be perfect, the creeping evil enshrouds them when they least suspect its presence, and by winding its web, thread by thread, about its victim, enslaves an otherwise good and honorable man. From thence forth he is an object of amnesty to his fellow beings. He is placed in a caste where others of his own type may bear with him, and solace his frequently injured pride. The concept of a man so enshrouded in the empty show of his own prowess,

that all other things fade into oblivion, presents such a pathetic picture, that we turn our eyes, as from some appalling disaster or gruesome accident.

So it is that with quaking limbs and tremulous voices, we turn to the oracle to inquire how to conduct ourselves that we may not fall unwilling prey to this so disreputable state of egotism. The cauldron rumbles, and contrary to the usual ambiguous utterances therefrom emanating, the following sound principles are promulgated.

All men are susceptible to the grave menace of egotism. If you would avert the ever lurking evil, follow these dictates faithfully. The root and seed of all conceit may be invariably traced to profuse compliments. The mind, reflecting on these becomes enamored with the body it animates and itself, and the ill-starred possessor falls into the yawning abyss. So "beware of him who flatters you." Now a few pointers in coping with those individuals, who see fit to praise you. They are either sincere or not sincere. If you have reason to believe they are not, but are influenced by wily personal motives, receive the laudatory gushings passively, and re-

ply simply that you knew they were true, and are sorry that the informant is not so talented also. This will ordinarily stop a normally constituted individual and leave him with the impression that you are a hopelessly conceited cad. But do not allow this to perturb you, for the escape from actual enslavement in the meshes of that very evil, will cause much satisfaction. In case you do not know for certain whether your conversant is or is not sincere, a little different course of procedure must be followed. (There are few cases in which one cannot accurately decide upon this point, if at all a judge of human nature.) A plan for dealing with this class, especially well adapted if you are rather doubtful of the genuineness of the statements made, is to answer with a return and enlarged compliment. This will almost without exception lead to an argument, which will terminate by your oppressor leaving you with the firm resolve never to compliment you again, which is a perfect result. The most difficult situation is to ward off the well intentioned compliments of your true friends, who only wish you well, but unwittingly place these hidden pitfalls in your path. You must by no means give offense in this case, for a true friend should be "grappled to thy soul with hoops of steel." One way of dealing with this delicate situation is

to immediately, but tactfully change the subject. You might even imagine a fire or accident in the immediate vicinity, but this is hardly ethical. The best method to pursue is to humbly accept the commendation, and immediately thereafter to take a thorough ablu-tion, by recalling every possible instance of superior talent along the same line, which will cause your own ability to fade into insignificance. All these methods having failed, try an application of some ordinary sealing wax in each ear.

—H. M. K.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

Thomas J. McGovern, the forensic prodigy, is a philosopher of no mean proportions. He is never satisfied with any old answer to his equally old questions. Here is his latest. If you have the answer stored away in your cranium, seek him and you will be amply rewarded.

Joke wants to know how it was possible for Noah and his wife and his three sons and their wives to live for eleven months in the ark with a motley and numerous array of beasts, reptiles and worms and other fauna, with only one window in the whole structure for purposes of ventilation. Shades of Noah, come to the rescue!

THE TALE OF THE GRIP

If you haven't met the corpulent "Doc" Brady, or Richard Brady

as his mother is wont to call him, you have missed seeing the nemesis of Fatty Arbuckle, William H. Taft, et al. "Doc" is of a jovial rotundity and obese hilarity that staggers description. Mayhaps this tale contains a clew to the secret of attaining the aforesaid breadth, thickness and optimism.

"Doc" has a persistent habit of lugging a grip to school, the contents of which have never been noted, but are held under suspicion. "Doc" heaves the grip (which is of flattering proportions, like "Doc") into his locker, and there immediately follows the business of being very busy with the contents. After much splashing and gurgling, like a whale performing its ablutions, "Doc" emerges from the depths with a seraphic grin on his flushed countenance. Ahem! Now, as we like "Cupid" or "Doc," we make no insinuations, but we do envy that grin.

But you can't get a rise out of "Doc." If one approaches him with an expectant gleam in the optic, "Doc" makes this cryptic reply: "The weather is good for the gripe." Can you beat such equivocation?

AD LIBITUM

This one is about the hop joint quartered on the second floor of the College building, from which all the highly offensive odors and pungent gases are known to pro-

ceed in volumes and volumes. You must have noticed the tainted tang of the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of the College grounds. If you didn't, your olfactory nerve did. More politely, this source of putrid incense is known as the Chemical Laboratory.

William Barry and Harold Kelly are the highly esteemed custodians of this odorous department and will serve you any concoction you may crave, provided your taste is confined to acids, oxides and sulphates and related Vin Fizzes. We don't know what goes on behind the walls, but we venture to say that these two Chamberlains of Chemicals must have had an awful encounter with their wards the other day—the two gentlemen being very decisively beaten. Bill came out with his teguments flecked with a deadly acid, which had a very corrosive effect on the textile and a decided avidity for raw flesh. And H—? Well, Kelly must have tried to argue with his opponents, because when he crawled out, much worse for wear, his face bore a close resemblance to a very raw ham on a chopping block. We prefer to retire to the Elysian fields or the vales of Araby the blest, or whatever was the name of that place where we enjoyed the coal strike, and recline at ease, smelling the jasmine, listening to the bulbul and nibbling nectar-

ines,—very far away from this explosive factory.

ALUMNIANTIC

Harry Ganz is considerable Ell Ell Bee, having graduated from the Law College by honest means and is now an enterprising—er—lawyer. Harry is also considerable story-teller, verbose, entertaining and animating his remarks with telling gestures. This story is explanatory of his ability to put a punch in his tales.

It seems that Frank Sheehan, bosom-friend, and another of the legal clan, indulged in the light and fantastic one night. And on his way home in the wee sma' hours of blushing morn, encountered a little opposition to his further progress near the billboards at 24th and Cass Street.

Harry was very full of the subject and pounced on the first innocent he saw,

“You know Frank Sheehan? Yeh? Well, you ought to have seen what happened to him last night. (Meanwhile using both hands to excess on the lapels of his victim's coat). Why, just as he was going home, a guy comes up and sticks a revolver in his face. What do you know about that?”

(Of course, the victim's mouth falls wide open, although Harry is meanwhile getting him in a position of chancery, as the mar-squeeze of Queensbury says.)

“And Frank says ‘G’ wan,’

like that,” (which Harry emphasizes by a left to the cheek, only intending to imitate his hero, Frank.)

“Why, Frank has a lot of nerve,” murmurs the victim in awe, as he is going to the floor for the count. But he rises, intent on the outcome of the tale.

“Yep, and the robber pushes the gat in his face again, but Frank gives him another push like this:” (Harry here proceeds to impress the victim's nose into his face much more firmly.)

“Gosh,” cries the unfortunate nothing daunted, still intent on the story.

“Well, Frank gets mad and busts the bloke right on the nose,” says Harry, (now warmed up and placing lefts and rights indiscriminately upon his reeling auditor.)

“Tweet, tweet. Ah, beautiful bird. What pretty music! Mamma, can I go out and play?” rambles the victim in his coma.

They rushed the Creighton Medical Dispensary to the poor unfortunate but he revived in spite of their efforts.

“Harry, that must have been awfully interesting. I'd like to hear it, but 'scuse me, I got a date,” he moans.

Harry is very disappointed. The fellows don't seem to appreciate his stories, but they certainly have a healthy regard for the punch Harry can put into his tales.

—R. E. S.



ARTS

While classes were resumed on December 22, it took a day or two for us to resume our former habits of study. However, everything is on the hum now—the humming rather accentuated by the vision or spectre of the mid-year examinations on the horizon.

Rev. Ignatius A. Hamill, S. J., has become Director of Studies of the High School Department, Coming to the University from St. Mary's College of St. Marys, Kansas, he brings with him a very cheerful disposition, an unusual amount of energy and a wholesome interest and enthusiasm in greater things for the University.

Father Hamill saw fourteen months' service in France, as a Chaplain for the Knights of Columbus. His activities overseas were confined for the most part to the Base Hospital at Blois, France, but radiated far in their magnitude and their value. The CHRONICLE extends to him a very hearty welcome.

During the Christmas holidays, Father Robert M. Kelley, S. J. Dean of the Arts Department and the High School, was appointed

Regent of the Department of Law. While the High School regrets his leaving, the Arts Department is pleased to retain him as the Director of Studies. The appointment is significant in view of the fact that the Law School will soon be installed "on the hill."

The Senior Sodality resumed its meetings after the holidays with good attendance. Plans are being made to hold the reception of candidates into the Sodality on the Feast of the Purification, February 2.

Father Cassilly has made arrangements with Father McCarthy of the Far East Mission to give an illustrated lecture on missionary work in China at the Creighton Auditorium on January 19. Although the lecture will be held under the auspices of the Sodality, everybody will be welcome.

And now enters the Saxophone Octette, composed of Creighton students under the direction of Professor Olaf Pedersen. It is very inspiring to observe Lawrence Brown laboring with one of the big animals and Charlie Ederer "rassling" with a soprano

instrument. The Octette promises a public concert before very long. More power to them.

Professor Schaefer of the University Book Store has received a consignment of stationery, which should appeal to every Creighton student. Every envelope and sheet is engraved with a beautiful Creighton seal.

The R. O. T. C. unit appeared at drill the other day, all "slicked out" in new uniforms. Evidently some are not gifted with graceful lines or else the uniforms failed to betray them. But Colonel Hoffman assures the members that if they keep fighting for a fit, they will obtain the Chesterfieldian effect. The shoes are a miracle in color—but the rookie marks will soon be polished off, if the energy of the members is any criterion.

Father Robert M. Kelley, attended the meeting of the Association of American Colleges at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Ill., January 9 and 10, inclusive. Father John S. McCormick, President of the University, attended an educational meeting in Chicago during the Christmas holidays.

The University Glee Club is continuing its practices on Wednesday evenings and Sunday morning. Professor Henry Cox issued a call for recruits to augment the

ranks of his song birds. The professional departments are particularly urged to contribute more Carusos and McCormacks. If you sing, let the Glee Club hear you. They will be an appreciative audience.

Reverend Albert C. Fox, S. J., President of Campion College at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, was a guest of the University for a few days last week.

During the recent stir, caused by the prediction of a Professor Porta of the University of Michigan, that the earth would come to an abrupt end on December 17, 1919, Father William F. Rigge, Professor of Astronomy, was very busily engaged. Various societies and clubs requested him to give lectures on the impossibility of the catastrophe, reporters pursued him, as though he were an aspiring candidate, seeking his views, and on the day of the supposed demise of Mother Earth, Father Rigge was doing valiant service at the telephone, answering the queries of timid people. Father Rigge's opinion of the man, who gained much notoriety by his astounding theory and who caused so many Mexicans to commit suicide, was that he was either a bum astronomer or a bum drink. We agree with Father Rigge—Porta is an exceedingly poor sort of Bevo. Yet it is strange that

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such a spiritless concoction should exert such a terrible influence.

At a meeting held Wednesday, January 7, The University Glee Club elected the following officers: President, Ralph E. Svoboda; advertising manager, Richard Brady; librarian and secretary, Donald Pillsbury. It was decided to continue the plans for a concert during the present school year. Membership of the club will be restricted to twenty-five members, according to the officers. The professional departments are urged to furnish the members necessary to complete the organization.

Rev. William Frederick Feld, S. J., instructor in Latin and Public Speaking, won the \$50 prize, offered by the Lincoln Rotary Club, for the best song to be dedicated to General Pershing and sung in his praise at the Club Banquet, given in General Pershing's honor. Father Feld's song was the best of quite a number, many of which were sung at the banquet. Father Feld wrote both the words and the music of the song, entitled "Hail to the Knight of the Nation." It was our pleasure to hear it sung by the author. Professor Cox of the Glee Club pronounced it one of the best of its kind, on account of its strength and spirit.

Father Feld is author of a book

of poems, entitled "After Hours." Many of his poems have appeared in the leading literary magazines of the country and have gained wide recognition. Creighton University is proud to harbor a poet and composer of such note. The CHRONICLE extends congratulations.

Colonel Corbitt S. Hoffman, U. S. A., commandant of the University R. O. T. C. Unit, announced that the Senior Unit will be divided into two companies, Companies A and B, of which Captains Richard R. Brady and Carroll R. Mullen will be commanding officers. The Junior Unit will consist of one Company, Company C, Captain William Millenkamp commanding. The remaining officers of the Companies will be announced at a later date.

Extensive activities are contemplated by the Commandant of the Unit. The Army Regulations have been replaced by the A. E. F. Regulations which will be strictly adhered to. The members of the Unit are engaged at present in studying map making. As the Unit has a supply of machine guns and automatic rifles of the latest type, the study of these will follow. If a range can be secured, the Unit will spend some time in practice with these weapons.

The Reverend President of the University has ordered one of the rooms in the Gymnasium to be

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Colonel Ira A. Smith, U. S. A., district inspector of the R. O. T. C., with headquarters at Minneapolis, Minn., visited the University on Thursday, January 15, to conduct an inspection of the Unit.

—RALPH E. SVOBODA

LAW

Mr. Louis J. Te Poel and Mr. A. H. Bigelow, of the College of Law faculty, and Mr. W. J. Keich, a junior, all of whom were elected delegates to the constitutional convention, have been in Lincoln, where the convention is in session,

since the first of the year. Mr. Te Poel has submitted a proposal to establish a uniform method of appeal from the district court. Mr. Keich has been compelled to abandon his studies for the second quarter.

'14. Mr. T. J. McGuire was a member of the national committee of the American Legion which obtained an additional appropriation of \$80,000,000 from the United States Senate as compensation for disabled war veterans. Mr. McGuire was a delegate from Douglas County Post to the national convention in Minneapolis, and is also a member of the executive

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committee of Douglas County Post.

'14. Mr. Julius Festner is making a study of the printing industry under the direction of the faculty of the Catholic University in Washington, D. C.

'15. Mr. Hugh F. Gillespie, LL. M. 1916, (Catholic University), Librarian and acting Dean of the College of Law, represented the College at the meeting of the Association of American Law Schools held in Chicago, December 29.

'18. Miss Mona H. Cowell left on January 15 to spend a few weeks at Long Beach, California.

'20. Mr. "Vic" Spittler, popular star of the 'Varsity Basketball quintet and speaker of the Model House, recently returned from the National Convention of the Delta Theta Phi fraternity, held in Kansas City, December 29 to January 1. Nearly one hundred delegates attended the convention, whose headquarters were in the Hotel Muehlebach. "Vic" was all enthused, and as he permitted us to see the program, we think we understand. The motto of the convention was: "On with the Jazz and may business interfere as little as possible," and the program went on to say: "We will introduce you to a choice selection

of Kansas City belles." Other features of the convention were an auto tour of Kansas City boulevards, noon luncheons and tea dances daily, a smoker with special entertainment, a dance in the Francis I., Room of the Hotel Baltimore, and a formal banquet on New Year's eve.

'20 Ed. Haley and Ray Moonan and "Chuck" Kearney, Law '22, all stars of the 'Varsity Basketball Five, which was considered in many quarters the fastest squad in the country last year and the year before, have again turned out for practice.

The opening session of Creighton Model House, Session 1920, was held on Friday night, January 9, and was an intensely interesting and exciting affair. A joint resolution petitioning the Senate of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Peace with Germany without reservations was introduced by Abboud of Richardson County. Assigned speakers in favor of the resolution were Abboud, Dineen and Crimmins; and opposed were J. F. McDermott, Everest, Klaseus and Romig. A spirited discussion was contributed by the House, and the resolution was ultimately defeated by a bare margin. Speaker Spittler presided and Clennon of Douglas took the chair in committee of the whole.

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The following additional pledges are announced by the Law Fraternities—Delta Theta Phi: O'Donnell, Farley, Klaseus, Dineen and Keich. Gamma Eta Gamma: McCullough, Turner, Keane, McFarland, Evans, Smith, Kirlin, Toohill and Gray.

The Freshman class of the Law Department will give a dancing party at the Blackstone on Tuesday evening, January 20.

—CHARLES F. BONGARDT.

MEDICINE

The Medical School was extremely fortunate in having been allowed to continue its work during the recent coal strike. Because of the dispensary work carried on here, it was necessary to heat the lower floor of the building and by a little improvising in the way of desks, it was arranged so that the schedule of classes went on almost without interruption. The students were greatly pleased with these arrangements for there are none who relish the thought of continuing school into July to make up for lost time as was the case last year.

The Christmas Holiday Vacation extended from December 21 to January 4, inclusive. The Medical Section of the Junior Class showed great zeal for their work by putting in an appearance every

morning during the vacation at the dispensary.

'16. Dr. Clement Martin, who is on the staff of St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., spent the holidays with his parents here in Omaha.

'16. Dr. Richard Hyland, who is practising Medicine at David City, Nebraska, paid his friends in Omaha a visit recently.

'18. Dr. Mike Nigro of Kansas City, Missouri, was in Omaha during the first part of December on official business for the Phi Beta Pi Fraternity. Dr. Nigro is now Grand Praetor of the Central Division of that fraternity.

'19. Dr. Henry Bongardt returned to Omaha to spend the Holidays with his parents. Dr. Bongardt is practising Medicine at Petersburg, Nebraska.

'21. Harry O. Drew of the Junior class had his tonsils removed January 3 at the Lord Lister Hospital.

Charles F. Little arrived back at school a day late from his Christmas furlough which he spent at Bunker Hill, Kansas. Charlie says the reason was that the weekly Bunker Hill Special lost a lot of time picking up freight.



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Now that the trying ordeal of the holidays is past, the future assumes a more pleasant aspect. On the nineteenth of this month we begin our mid-year examinations. These, we hope, will not inconvenience us in any way, but you never can tell. We admit we don't know it all but we have adopted the slogan, "Not a funeral note." If we decide to change the tune, we'll let you know next issue.

—ELMER L. BARR.

PHARMACY

'17. Miss Zita Walsh, whose engagement to Walter Smith, first air-mail pilot from Chicago to Omaha, has been announced, will be married on Monday, February 16.

'18. Gail E. Overstake is now manager of a drug store at Winsor, Colorado.

On Saturday night, January 10, the Kappa Psi Fraternity initiated four new members.



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ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

Nearly forty candidates answered the call for practice. From appearances, we are safe on good material for some years to come. In the line up this year will appear exactly the same men that sent the famous Great Lakes quintet down in defeat last year. Captain Vandiver, who never featured at shooting baskets, has been tossing some nice ones and not only will "Van" be doing the guarding act, but we believe if he is in the near vicinity of the hoop, he will put over a few. Kearney is back in his old form making some clever shots from all angles. Ex-Captain Haley, the lawyer forward, is still able to put them through the ring in great style; while Wise and "Mully" will be on the job with their same fight and headiness to show the opponents some stunts in floor work and scoring.

The team will play fifteen home games with three invasions into foreign territory; one into the Dakotas; one into Iowa and the other into the far east.

Mills has lined up some fine games with big eastern universities and, in all, the season promises to be an interesting one. The two games with Michigan Aggies

will be the features of the home contests.

Every evening the old Gym is thronged with basketball teams. The Leagues, both in the College and High School Departments, have been organized and snappy work is expected.

The Student Body is red hot with "pep" and ginger and the Booster Club is planning some spectacular feats for the coming season. This Club originated during the Football season and its work was evident on several occasions. So "keep the home fires burning." F. A. ARMSTRONG.

SPALDING'S GUIDE

Spalding's Official Basketball Guide for 1920 speaks of our team in several places. See what the national guide has to say:

"Creighton University, undefeated on the basket ball floor for two years, and losing only one game—that on a road trip—in the three years it has supported a team, is recognized in the Central West as having the greatest college team that wore uniforms last season. . . .

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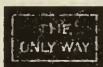
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Great Lakes team. Creighton won that game, 25-20, the first college team to defeat the Great Lakes crew. That was the second defeat handed the sailors in two years, the Smelzers of Kansas City, a strong semi-pro team, having a victory over the Navy team also.

By virtue of that victory, Creighton claims and is **generally conceded**, the Middle West college championship."

Speaking of Basketball in Omaha, the Guide says:

"The list is topped by Creighton University's crack outfit, and nobody in Omaha can be convinced this is not the best team in the country."

CREIGHTON—YANKTON

38-56 11-13

Friday and Saturday, February 16 and 17, the same old quintet lined up against Yankton, during the first half of each game. Captain Van kept our basket airtight, yet rambled enough to shoot several baskets. Mully showed that his head is still on his shoulders and the humor still in many veins. Kearney slugged them in on the run under the hoops, while Haley and Wise took their stand and shot or flashed through the bewildered Yankts and side armed the ball for scores. The teamwork was an intellectual treat—rifle-shot passes, back hurls, lightning shifts, quick getaways, long drib-

bles—and all the while our men talking together as though over a game of cards, and Yankton fighting hard—as hard as any visitors ever fought—but just dumfounded by class.

The second team took over the first game after the regulars had scored ten points in four minutes of play of the second half. In the second game the whole second half was left to the second team.

Jimmie Condon showed the championship letter-man speed and finish; Raynor evinced ability in keeping the other fellows away, and Spittler upheld the basketball ability of the family. Moonen, Lynch and Logan also did some good work.

SCORES—First Game

CREIGHTON						
	F.G.	F.T.	T.F.	P.F.	Pts.	
Haley, r. f.	6	0	0	3	12	
Wise, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	
Kearney, c.	5	4	0	1	14	
Vandiver, r. g.	0	0	1	0	0	
Mulholland, l. g.	0	0	2	0	0	
Lynch, r. f.	3	2	1	0	8	
Raynor, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	
Spittler, c.	1	0	0	0	2	
Condon, r. g.	1	0	0	1	2	
Logan, l. g.	0	0	0	0	0	
Custer, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0	
Dorwart, c.	0	0	0	0	0	
Camel, r. g.	0	0	0	1	0	
Moonen, l. g.	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	16	6	4	7	38	

YANKTON						
	F.G.	F.T.	T.F.	P.F.	Pts.	
Bouroughf, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	
Stephens, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0	
Coffee, c.	0	0	0	2	0	
Youngworth, r. g.	0	9	0	0	9	
Sullivan, l. g.	0	0	1	2	0	
Schutte, l. g.	1	0	0	3	2	
Adams, r. f.	0	0	0	2	0	
Lynot, l. g.	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	1	9	1	10	11	

Second Game

CREIGHTON

	F.G.	F.T.	T.F.	P.F.	Pts
Haley, r. f.	8	0	0	0	16
Wise, l. f.	4	0	0	1	8
Kearney, c.	4	3	1	1	11
Vandiver (c)	3	0	0	0	6
Mulholland, l. g.	0	0	0	0	0
Haynor, r. g.	0	0	0	0	0
Lynch, r. f.	3	3	0	1	9
Spittler, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Condon, l. f.	3	0	0	1	6
Logan, l. g.	0	0	1	0	0
Dorwart, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Camel, r. g.	0	0	0	0	0
Custer, l. g.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	25	6	3	4	56

YANKTON

	F.G.	F.T.	T.F.	P.F.	Pts.
Adams, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Stephens, l. f.	1	0	0	0	2
Coffey, c.	1	0	1	0	2
Schutle, r. g.	1	0	3	0	2
Youngworth, l. g.	0	5	2	0	5
Sullivan, r. f.	1	0	4	0	2
Totals	4	5	11	0	13

Referee—Riddell, Nebraska.

February 14—Auburn at Omaha.
 February 20—West Point at West Point, Neb.
 February 21—Missouri Valley at Omaha.
 February 25—Council Bluffs at Council Bluffs, Ia.
 February 27—Auburn at Auburn, Neb.

Much interest was evinced by the High School men in the Basket Ball team and about 30 turned out at Professor Schaefer's call.

The team which will represent the School will be composed of the following players:

- Center—Finnegan, E.
- Guard—Rowland, T. (Cap.)
- Forward—Russell, T.
- Guard—Wogan, F.
- Forward—Maloney, E.

With a schedule of such calibre and a team equal to it, all that is lacking is the support of the student body to make the season a success. With the interest the student body is showing in basket ball, it is safe to say that prospects were never brighter for a banner season for the High School in the field of basketball.

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL

The following High School schedule has been drawn up. It includes among its many fast quintets some of the strongest teams in the state. The C. H. S. lads are, however, equal to the occasion, and there is but little doubt that they will emerge with as enviable a record as that of the football team.

- January 16—Missouri Valley at Missouri Valley, Ia.
- January 23—Stella, at Omaha.
- January 30—Stella at Stella, Neb.
- January 31—Denison, at Omaha.
- February 6—David City at Omaha.
- February 13—West Point at Omaha.

An enthusiastic rally was held in Study Hall, January 15. Speeches were delivered by Professor Schaefer, Manager Edwards and Captain Rowland. The Student Body pledged to dispose of 1,400 tickets for each 'Varsity game, in return for which the

team is to receive a per cent of each ticket.

MISSOURI VALLEY

According to one of the local papers, our High School quintet experienced a new style of play when it opened the season at Missouri Valley. Really it could hardly be called play. Rather riot. Having a school official, a coach, and at times the crowd on the floor, while the game was supposed to be in progress; having your captain struck by the said school official for requesting only two teams and a referee on the floor; having one of your players struck down and then kicked in the head by one of the spectators, so that stitching was

necessary; having your team threatened with a beating in case they won—that is treatment that speaks for itself.

W. RAMACCIOTTI.

SKATING

The Arts College has an ice skater of the champion class in the person of Frank Gallagher, a Freshman. Competing against some of the best and fastest skaters in Nebraska. Gallagher has shown them all the glint of his steel. In a recent skating carnival at the Hanscom Park rink, he won the city championship in the half-mile race, covering the distance in 2:10 and finished a hundred yards ahead of his nearest rival.

