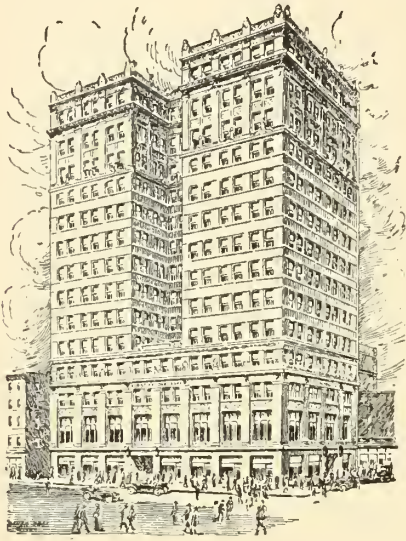


14 #3 (14 #1-2 not)
(Dunham Church)



SHADOWS



SAVE YOUR MONEY

and
then get
INTEREST

on it in our

Savings Department

S. W. Corner 16th and Farnam Sts.

Entrance from either side

First National
Bank of Omaha

First National Bank

16th and Farnam Streets

Rinehart - Marsden

PHOTOGRAPHERS

300-302 South Eighteenth St.

SHADOWS

The Activities and Literary Magazine of Creighton University

VOL. XIV. NO. 3

DECEMBER, 1922

EDITORIAL BOARD.

George W. Keohn.....Managing Editor

Associate Editors.

Leo B. Fagan,
Edgar M. Norris,
Herbert C. Lichtenberger,
Francis E. Fitzgerald,
Otto Klapka,
Frank Kastle.

Art Staff,

Joseph Dallal,
Walt Reichle,
Avil Hurst,
John Kimball.
Photographer,
Lambert A. Hoch.

Assistant Managing Editor,
Julius A. Humphrey.

Fiction Editor,
Timothy J. Gannon.

Poetry Editor,
Francis R. Byrne.

ADVISORY BOARD.

Grattan T. Fitzgibbon, Med. '24.
Stephen H. Parquet, Phar. '23.

Ralph E. Svoboda, Law '23.
Charles L. Anderson, Dent. '24.

Harold J. Bonnstetter, Arts '23.

BUSINESS BOARD.

Paul A. Koehn.....Business Manager.

Advertising Manager,
Leonard Chaska.

Circulation Manager,
Alvin H. Goeser.

Solicitors Patrick Casey,
Daniel Kennedy.

CONTENTS

Cover—By Rinehart-Marsden.	
Frontispiece—Shaking Hands with a Chinese Dentist.....	4
Is the World "Traveling" too Fast. An Interview.....	Julius A. Humphrey..... 5
Piking the Hike. An Article.....	Wm. R. Mechtenberg..... 7
Inspiration. A Poem.....	Leo B. Fagan..... 9
Lovanne. A Story.....	James Smith10
Life. A Poem.....	J. L. Gannon.....11
A Pet Peeve's "Knock-out" An Article.....	Leo B. Fagan.....12
Playing Solitaire with Novels.....	H. J. Bonnstetter.....14
The Law Decides. A Story.....	Earl Dieter.....15
Creighton's New Stadium.....	16
A Personal Message.....	By John F. McCormick, S. J., President....18
What Creighton Needs Immediately.....	19
Our Cage Team. An Article.....	Former Varsity Man.....20
Old Pal. A Poem.....	Leo B. Fagan.....21
A Moonshine Sonata.....	A. Capella22
Sliding. An Illustration.....	Avil Hurst24
Editorial.....	25
Educational World.....	F. Fitzgerald27
The Whip.....	H. Lichtenberger30

Published on the twentieth of each month from October to May inclusive. Subscription: \$2.00 per year; single copy 25c. Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Omaha, Nebraska, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918. All communications should be addressed to the shadows, 25th and California Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.



Shaking Hands with a Chinese Dentist.

SHADOWS

The Activities and Literary Magazine
of
Creighton University

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 3

Is the World "Traveling" Too Fast?

Some people think so—China is adhering to her old customs—Her dentists dress as they did centuries ago—One of her modes of travel is still by wheelbarrow. Yet, who wants to live in China?

By JULIUS A. HUMPHREY

PROBABLY you have not been to China. They tell me it is a long ways off—you do not leave after an early breakfast and return home in time for the evening dinner. Such a speedy trip is rather unusual. Doctor Connolly, however, assured me that he did it—when I was at his office a few days ago and put the question, "How long were you in China?" I suppose you ought to know that he added, "You see," and then a smile gathered upon his face, "two years elapsed between my breakfast and evening dinner at home."

His answer disarmed me. For a few moments, the well memorized set of questions that I had practiced upon my roommate—with a view of asking the Doctor—became a jumbled mass.

"China is quite a country, isn't it?" I asked as I shifted uneasily in my chair.

"Yes, it's quite a place," he answered. I suppose he was not aware of my predicament, or he would not have been so brief.

Then one of my questions began to assume intelligent form—it was the last one.

"How about the Chinese customs and characteristics?" I inquired in my most professional tone.

"Well," Doctor Connolly said meditatively as he



Dr. James P. Connolly, seated in his private office at Shanghai, China, performing some of the duties devolving upon the Clerk of the United States Court for China. He is a graduate of the Creighton Dental College.

settled back in his chair. "As to customs and characteristics," he continued after a few moments reflection, "they have their share of them."

"The Chinese dentist does not wear the white jacket, as do most of our dentists. While he is at work in his office, he wears no clothes above the waist. I remember the first time I visited one. It was my second day in Shanghai. One of the members of the United States Court for China asked me to go with him to a dentist to see about some business. I had nothing special to do, so I went. When we entered the office the sole occupant was the native dentist, who was busily adjusting the bottom of his trousers. I was about to suggest to my companion

that we step out a few minutes and let the man finish dressing. Before I could put my thoughts into words he came forward and greeted us.

"The work, the Chinese do, is very crude. Their knowledge of dentistry is not acquired in the College or University; it comes down from father to son. Most of the dental work is done by Americans, British or French, and the fees are quite remunerative. There is no examination required of the foreigner if he wishes to practice in China. All that he need do, is register

with his respective consul, and 'hang out his shingle'.

"Perhaps you have heard of the Chinese 'Navy'. It is very different from that of any other country—it is a beautiful little palace, built in the middle of a small lagoon—There's a little story connected with how it came to be called the Chinese 'Navy.' Several years ago the Chinese parliament voted seven million dollars as a nucleus for the building of a fleet. This was before China had become a republic, and the Empress Dowager was the ruling power. She took this money from the treasury and built the beautiful little palace, already mentioned, in the middle of a lagoon that stood within the palace grounds. To this place she would often retire in the evenings, to enjoy the cool air and listen to the 'royal band.' It is a most magnificent building. The whole structure is made of marble, and the interior is lavishly decorated. When China was made a republic the palace became common property. At present, it stands as a 'memorial' to the days of royalty—it adds beauty to the landscape and serves as an object of admiration to the traveler. Of course the Chinese do have a small fleet, but it's very, very small.

"Another object of interest to the traveler is the wheelbarrow. Much of the traveling is done by canal and by wheelbarrow. As a result many of the Chinese villages are built along canals. There are some railroads and wagon roads, but they are only in certain parts. In the principal cities, however, they have well paved streets and beautiful drives. If you were in Canton, and wished to go to the neighboring village, which boasts of neither railroad, canal, nor wagon road—and there are a number of these—you would have the delightful



Dr. Connolly's Wife and Daughter Traveling Cross-Country "A-la-wheelbarrow."



A Typical Chinese Village of the Interior.

option of walking, or riding a wheelbarrow. The chances are that you would use the wheelbarrow, and then walk most of the way. Wheelbarrow riding is not like speeding along in the pullman of a New York Limited—it doesn't have the soft cushions.

"The wheelbarrow that totes you about China is not like the article we use in this country to haul bricks and mortar up a gang-plank. It is much different—there is a large wheel, and on each side is a place for seating capacity. Generally two 'human motors' take turn in supplying the power which runs this speedy velocipede.

If you were a merchant in China you would not have to worry about your charge accounts. A char-

acteristic of the Chinese, in his own country, is honesty. When the Chinaman buys an article and promises to pay on a certain date, you need not look him up when the bill is due—he will be on hand. He may have to borrow the money, but he will pay.

"It is an unwritten law among the Chinese that they settle their accounts at least once a year. The particular time that custom has set aside for such payment is New Year's day—their calendar is somewhat different from ours; it has thirteen months with an average of twenty-eight days. After the native of China has settled all his accounts, he gets a piece of red paper about a yard long and six inches wide, and records his payments. He then takes this red banner and fastens it on his front door or hangs it in the window where it can be seen; so the world will know that he is honest and owes no man.

"It may be that he is not able to pay his debts when the New Year comes around. In that case, he carries
(Continued on Page 33)



The Chinese "Navy" Built During the Reign of the Empress Dowager.

Piking the Hike

“One of the boys of the campus tells us his experiences while adventuring in the east. If you enjoy reading what is novel, do not overlook this article.”—Editor

By WILLIAM R. MECHTENBERG



Educational Group of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Administration Headquarters under Dome.

TOWARD the close of last June, after having attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (better known to my readers, possibly, as Boston Tech) for one year, I was forced, because of lack of funds, to discontinue my course in that expensive institute. Therefore I began to look back longingly to the familiar West. No, dear reader, I did not flunk in my studies—not even in one of them. It was lack of funds, I remarked, and will hold to that thesis throughout.

For lack of funds, then, old conservative Boston, the Athens of America, no longer interested me. The vast, open fields and friendly cities of the golden West were beckoning to me more convincingly than ever. There was but one way to meet the allurements of the welcome they seemed, at that far distance, to hold out—namely, by swiftly formulating plans as to ways and means of running smack into their wide open arms. I planned my return to Cornhuskerland.

Naturally my first thought reverted to travel by train, but I dreaded to think of fifty-two hours of stuffy luxury in which I should be disturbed by the itching palms and suggestive coughs of white-jacketed Pullman dusks. Moreover, smoke-begrimmed train windows afforded to travelers only fleeting glimpses of the wonderful world without. A second thought came to me. Why not hike the pike? Since second thoughts are proverbially the better thoughts, and since the time spent on this journey was of no consequence, I had, by June 27, decided to hike the pike from Boston to Omaha—a distance of over two thousand miles.

With grim determination I started trodding the

cheery road lying serpent-like before me. My clothes were chosen in such a manner as to suggest to passing autoists that I might be (one could never tell) a traveling English author who missed his train, or hobo-extraordinary to his Majesty, the Pike. Until I caught my first auto ride, I felt myself a follower of the great scientist, statesman, and author—Ben Franklin—who, like myself, had been equipped with the scantiest necessities. Ben put his necessities in a rag bundle; I put mine in an Army knapsack. Ben kept a loaf of bread in hand to nibble at on the way; I had an apple in my pocket, and, after furtive glances around to see that no one was coming, I snatched a bite. Ben was laughed at by the girl who afterwards became his wife; possibly I was too. But time will have to decide that.

My route, pre-arranged, led over the Boston Post Road to New York City; the Lincoln Highway to Pittsburgh; the National Pike to Dayton; and the Dixie Highway to Cincinnati. In Cincinnati, my first haven of rest from the hardships encountered on the way, I found that Ben's experiences again ran parallel to mine. He had a single shilling left in his pocket; I had a lonely dollar in mine.

The second part of my trip did not point in a westerly direction at all, but to Detroit over the Dixie Highway. From Detroit, after a lapse of eight weeks, the last stretch to Omaha was made over the Michigan State Road to the outskirts of Chicago, and over the Lincoln Highway from Chicago Heights to Omaha. The whole trip covered a distance of 2,225 miles. The actual time spent on the pikes was twelve days. Trav-

eling a distance of 2,225 miles in twelve days is explained by the fact that I did very little hiking. Piking the hike more adequately describes my mode of travel, for of the entire distance covered, less than twenty-five miles represents the actual distance walked. I was thoroughly surprised to learn with what ease auto rides were obtainable. After a day of piking, I decided to depend on automobiles entirely.

People high and low in the social scale, kings and cabbages, plutocrats and virtual paupers, were my daily companions. All, however, were equally generous in assisting me—even a certain Asthma Neeb.

This man, a Michigan country-bred youth of twenty-three, picked me up at Saint Joseph, Michigan, on his way to the West and health. His touring car was completely curtained, thus effectively shutting out the morning air which was fresh and exhilarating to me. Upon questioning him on this peculiarity, I learned that since a small child he had been afflicted with asthma and was now forced to use extreme caution in exposing himself to the cool, early dampness. Accordingly, in quest of health and happiness, he was on his way, either to South Dakota or New Mexico.

As we drove along the highways, we made occasional stops in the larger cities. The only objectionable feature to these stops was the difficulty of getting started again. The car was in good running order, but Asthma Neeb (I find this name given him in my diary) had an attack of asthma each time we got ready to start. Sitting beside him, I could not but observe his tortures. He struggled like a man being strangled, and we were often compelled to wait until an attack subsided before we could get under way again. I was perpetually worrying about the next stop, for he gave me creeps as I watched his suffering. Somewhere near Michigan City, Indiana, I suddenly lost my breath, not from an attack of asthma, but because my companion asked me to pay his gasoline bill. I had some difficulty explaining my financial circumstances to him. However, he was eventually convinced of the truth of the situation and agreed to take me farther, while I promised to be of service to him in every possible way. Soon after, I had occasion to help him in a small matter when we overtook a sedan which had run into the ditch. By our combined ef-

forts the sedan was soon rescued from the mire. The owner gave Asthma Neeb a dollar bill, and me a quarter for having helped "a little," as he said. When Asthma Neeb and I were out of earshot of the relieved motorist, I promptly turned the quarter over to my companion. This pleased him a great deal. Thereafter my partner more than once halted by the wayside to assist cursing and struggling motorists who were having troubles ranging from blow-outs to dead engines. His only rewards, however, were local telephone numbers and thanks. I could not see how such remunerations could be turned to advantage on the highways, or in South Dakota or New Mexico.

Asthma Neeb and I journeyed together for one day and during part of a night, covering a distance of two hundred seventy-five miles. When we arrived at Clinton, Iowa, at eleven P. M., Asthma decided to go to New Mexico, while I planned to rise early the next morning and continue my pike on the Lincoln Highway.

A few details of the two rides near Pittsburgh best illustrates the contrast in my benefactors. In a suburb of that metropolis I hailed the first car of the morning at about ten o'clock. As it drew near me I became somewhat apprehensive concerning the advisability of riding in it, as the occupants, two in number, did not favorably impress me. Their conversation did not silence my suspicions regarding them, while the shifty eyes of one of the occupants further roused my fears and uneasiness. After being informed that they had slept cat during the previous night, curled up on the seats of their ancient model touring car, I wondered whether or not I had been altogether wise in entering the car. The story of their night out in the open, coupled with their disheveled appearance that morn-



**The Piker Himself in Travel
Togs.**

ing, savored somewhat strongly of auto thievery. They told me that, just before picking me up, they had graciously assisted a couple of hoboes. When these hoboes left the car, one had the daring to pilfer a package of cigarettes from one of the rowdies' coats,—not, however, without having been detected in the act. The petty thief thereupon received not a little rough treatment from the victim of the theft. Whether or not they meant to warn me by this thrilling story, I am unable to say. I had no intention, in any case, of practicing legerdemain at their expense,—or perhaps at mine.

I was, to be truthful, even more conscious of discomfiture. Picture my relief when shortly after, in a little town, they announced, "This is as far as we go."

At another point near Pittsburgh, while standing on a hill where autos drove at a low rate of speed, I accosted a large touring car. It stopped and I was permitted to enter and make myself comfortable. Through an exchange of questions, I found myself the companion of a prominent Pittsburgh banker who was en route to his home. During the two hours' ride with him, he delighted me with an historic description of the National Pike on which we were then traveling. Later I learned he had just returned from a European vacation trip with his wife and son. The description in his diary, completely obliterated the present. The banker's France and Italy, was so vivid and realistic that I lost all account of time and presence. I was transported to the battlefields of the Western front on which his son fought; to beautiful Nice, glittering with church steeples and monuments, where the blue Mediterranean shimmered in the south. Such flashes of brilliance and splendor, gleaming from the little pages of his diary, completely obliterated the present. The banker's kindly interest in me and my exploit was a source of pleasure and satisfaction. As we neared his home, I gave silent yet happy assent to an invitation to meet the lady of his house. The fifteen minutes which I subsequently spent with the happy couple shall always be valued as a keepsake of memory. Their solicitude for my future welfare, as I bade them adieu, was purely altruistic and gave me new impetus for my venture. Faithfully promising to write them, I left the charming pair. While at Cincinnati I received proof of their sincerity. A letter from the banker, wishing me abundant success in life's journey, furnished impulse sufficient to prod any proud possessor on to further attainment.

The constant change of scenery was a continual source of pleasure. In the wooded hillsides of Massachusetts, pictures almost too pleasing to leave behind, flashed before the eye. Off to the southwest the Connecticut River Valley, enriched by hundreds of fields of the finest tobacco, unfolded scene upon scene of rarest beauty. The leaves of the tobacco grown in this valley are used for cigar wrappers only. If punctured by the tiniest hole, a leaf is totally rejected.

After riding through New York City on Broadway, I found New Jersey, lying plateau-like ahead, an object of interesting study. The ground there contains iron oxide which gives the earth a deep rust-red appearance. In Pennsylvania, while passing through Gettysburgh,—situated at the foot-hills of the Allegheny Mountains—I saw preparations for a gala Fourth of July. The vibrant roar of airplane motors and the hum of propellers filled the air above. To the right and left of Lincoln Highway were the vast acres of the old battleground on which many brave soldiers of the Blue and Grey laid down their lives. Guides everywhere, wearing license tags, proffered their services. An undercurrent of excitement, barely noticeable, suddenly gripped the people on the street. All eyes turned to the south. From that direction were seen approaching six airplanes, each conveying a bath tub for President Harding's new, movable bungalow, which, in anticipation of the Fourth of July celebration, had been stationed at Gettysburg.

Shortly after this incident I caught my first long-distance ride,—a ride that bridged the Appalachian ridges in one day. My impressions of the mountains are very general—one looking like another. There was constant climbing and descending, twisting and turning, until my sense of direction became altogether confused. The rolling vastnesses of the valleys, viewed

(Continued on Page 34)

INSPIRATION

By Leo B. Fagan.

Inspiration from me flees,
As autumn leaf before the wintry blast
Scurries away to hidden nook
Therein to hide until
Slow mould takes course
And back to dust returns the leaf.

Just so this phantom form retreats
To shadowy recess, difficult to find
Midst picture stores and scenes forgotten
Stored away from days ago.
Therein to gloat and rest,
While searching through deeds of foreign clime,
I wonder.

Lovanne

A Christmas Story.

By JAMES SMITH

Illustration by Kimball

LOVANNE got off early from the office on the eve of the great anniversary. This forced no change in her plans, for she had made none. She picked half an hour over an insipid five-minute lunch, and walked the mile to her rooming house that time might pass the quicker. The gray of the late afternoon was deepening as she ascended the few steps of the frame dwelling where she lived. Her overcoat was buttoned snugly about her slight form; a plainly trimmed hat was pulled well down against the chill of the damp evening air.

She went to her room, and hung her wraps up carefully. Her neat blue dress was trimmed with a delicately crocheted collar and a pair of cuffs, which were always taken off and folded away. She

glanced demurely at herself in the bureau mirror before doing this. Her soft luxuriant black hair was slightly mussed; her brown eyes, thick lashes, and round red lips were brought into relief by a pallor not of sorrow but of sadness. Her neck was full and smooth. Most girls wear low neck blouses because they are fashionable, some deliberately do so for a different reason; Lovanne used an extra foot of material and secured comfort and modesty.

As she was putting her collar away in the drawer, she happened to see a worn notebook partially hidden by some other papers. Taking it and sitting down, she began to thumb over pages of irregular jottings. Twice she saw the word "Alban" start from a page. Alban was the place of her birth. Sixteen years ago, after her mother's funeral, she had left it, a tot of four years. Her father still lived there—perhaps. Two years before an aunt, passing through the city, had given her his address. She wrote and hoped. But colorful dreams



"Are You Hurt, She Asked Anxiously.

of reunion had faded into despair. He had either ignored her letter or failed to receive it. She could not think the first. A faint recollection of him came to her. He was young, melancholy—and poor. Maybe it was his poverty that kept him away. At any rate he was gone from her life. How lonely she felt! It was not the expansive loneliness of being lost, but the cramped, oppressive loneliness of being alone in soul. The bitterness of her isolation was emphasized by the gayety of the holiday season to which she could not respond.

A rap on the door disturbed her. A girl who roomed across the hall came in.

"I just thought I would drop in before going out to my cousin's, kid."

She was struck by the wanness of Lovanne's countenance. "Goodness, girl! what makes you look so pale?"

Lovanne refused to throw any shadow over her friend's happiness by seeking sympathy. "I did feel a little bad, but I think I shall get over it by tomorrow," she expalined.

"You know, kid, I'd stay with you if I didn't have have this date," commiserated her friend.

"I sure hope you have a good time," offered Lovanne. "I know I am going to! Say kid, did I tell you I got a present from the old man?"

"You mean your father?" asked Lovanne, with no thought of correction.

"Yes" replied her companion noticing her sigh and effort to suppress a tear. "What's the matter, honey, is your papa dead?"

"I haven't heard from him in a long time."

The girl's face lighted, as if in sudden recollection of some momentous thing long since forgotten.

"I ought to have told you before" she began.

"What about?" asked Lovanne curiously.

"I forgot all about it until just now," apologized the girl, "I met a jane from some dinky borough at Starland a few days after I moved here. She asked if I knew Lovanne, and I told her there was a girl by that name at my new rooming house. She said your old man still lived in her burg."

"Did she say anything else about him?" interrupted Lovanne.

"Not much," discouraged the bearer of the news, "Oh, I do believe she said it was thought he was making a profitable deal on some land he owned, that would make him independant."

Here was a new hope. "Did you give her our address?" questioned Lovanne.

"I don't think I told her. I did tell her you worked at the Monroe Building, because I remember her repeating the name."

After this the girl left. Lovanne was not so lonely now. At least she had some new things to think about, and hope in youth needs but the feeblest base to start its growth. She spent the evening in her room and went to bed early.

Few knew why the flyer stopped at Alban that night. After the screech of the air brakes and the sparking of of the grinding metal surfaces were over, an old man, aged more by the bitterness of life than the length of it, pulled himself unsteadily aboard. The train glided quickly away again.

The old man found a seat in a chair-car. He drew his coat about him and tried to attain a comfortable position. He kept on making fitful, futile trials throughout the night. Intermittently he would fall into a light feverish sleep. Then he would become conscious with a feeling of dull pain. Shifting his posture, he would stay awake wondering if the quest for his daugh-

ter would be successful.

Age is not blindly hopeful. He thought of a thousand circumstances that might fail him. If she had left the city—if the girl had brought news of another Lovanne—if she would reject him—if she had changed her address—. After his doubting he would console himself by considering the probability of finding her, of how happy he would be, and of how happily they would live together. After these thoughts followed another storm of doubt, accompanied by senile despair.



Finally morning came to the old man, and with it snow, and the city. He left the train and depot, and after a search found his hotel in the bewildering maze of buildings. The clerk registered him; his small portmanteau was taken up by the bell boy who showed him his room. The elevator startled him.

Once inside he warmed himself. He took out a worn folder and from its protecting leather drew a faded blue envelope, still unopened.

He looked blankly at the writing on the back. "It must surely be her address," he mumbled to himself, half doubting, "and the girl said she works in the Monroe Building!"

It was only eight o'clock when he bundled on a scarf and coat. He walked down three flights of stairs and

(Continued on page 26)

LIFE

By J. T. Gannon

When you shall stand upon the bridge that links
 The care-free life of youth to that of man,
 When you come into a man's estate
 And childhood joys are memories of the past,
 Rush not unthinking down the path of life;
 But halt and view the way by which you came.
 And learning by the experience you have gained,
 Go calmly on your way with eyes alert
 To see the pitfalls which beset your path.
 So profit by the knowledge you have gained;
 Learn wisdom from the lives of other men,
 Trust in yourself, let conscience guide your life—
 No one your master but yourself and God.

A Pet Peeve's "Knock-Out"

A Critical Survey of the Game We Lost.

By LEO B. FAGAN



A demonstration of spirit—Students form the letter "C" during halves.

CHARACTERS OF THE DIALOGUE

JOE, a Creighton Student.

CHARLIE, his classmate.

SAM, A Senior Student.

TIME—After the Marquette Game.

ACT I

SCENE—The players are going off the field. Autos are backing out, Klaxons are sounding and the hum of motors fills the air. A large crowd of spectators are leaving. Joe, Charlie, and Sam are walking together toward the gymnasium. Joe is punctuating his remarks with emphatic gestures, Charlie is nodding his head approvingly and Sam is maintaining silence.

JOE. If the team could have played rottener, they would have done it.

CHARLIE. Something is wrong, and I don't seem to be able to place it. Last year the Varsity held Marquette, but this year the difference is woeful.

SAM. I'm not a football man, but I do know that the coaches don't have the same amount of material that was out last year.

JOE. Look at the teams played this season, some of them second and third class, yet they made good showings and the Varsity had to battle for dear life to beat them.

SAM. You're not the first man I've heard crabbing the Varsity, as a matter of fact, I believe the student body has a poor impression of them. Why! getting

down to real facts, some fellows blame the coaches for the poor showing.

CHARLIE. Well, I believe this new freshman rule must be effecting things.

ACT II

Time—The Present

SCENE—School life about Creighton

CONTENTS—A prologue by Leo B. Fagan.

FAGAN. Yes, Charlie had a pretty good hunch that the new ruling as to freshmen was affecting things on the gridiron. For many years Creighton has been classed as an outlaw among schools of high athletic standing because of playing freshmen athletics in football and other sports.

In the Missouri Valley Conference certain universities are banded together for mutual protection against nomadic and mercenary athletes who may bring some sport credit to a school but in the long run their entire attitude is propped up by the largest offer in money that a school can make them. Moreover if a school is depending on athletes who are animated by the dollar sign, it certainly has little to be proud of, even though many hard games are won. A good healthy athletic policy demands men of reasonable scholastic standing and who are ambitious to complete their education rather than men who wander about from school to school seeking better offers for their abilities. A school

gains but very little that can be cherished from the activities of this type of athlete and on the other hand in a majority of cases scholarship suffers from their presence. Into this unhealthy atmosphere, Creighton saw itself gradually slipping with the darkness of outlawry rising on all sides. A halt was called and a movement in a healthier direction was initiated. The famous freshmen ruling was adopted, which characterizes every large institution in the country; and now only students of at least a year's residence and of reasonable class standing can participate in major sports, which places our athletic standing on a par with every university in the Missouri Valley Conference.

The introduction of this policy in itself was not so difficult, but its immediate consequences had to be faced by the coaches and in every game this season the student body has witnessed the ruling's effect on the Varsity. It is very evident that many students are conscious of the effect in the games, but they have failed signally to consider the ruling's effect on the number of men who are eligible to make the Varsity, but of this number there are but eighteen men who are experienced and seasoned sufficiently to play regularly, which is by all means inadequate to play through a successful game and not lower the standard of the first team by replacing injuries by second and third string substitutes. This was exemplified very well in the Marquette game when two whole Creighton back fields were injured and of necessity had to be replaced by men of little or no experience and consequently the secondary defense was lowered to the quality of a third rate team. Creighton's football success of 1921 was due mainly to the fact that there were thirty-eight men out for the Varsity who had experience in college football. This number furnished enough material for at least three teams, between the first two of which there was hardly a shade of difference in their playing. Whenever a player was injured badly or seriously enough to slow him up, he was immediately

jerked and a first class sub replaced him; thus the standard of the team was maintained throughout a game. The secret of first class substitution can be attained only by the number of first class experienced players. Knute Rockne, the famous Notre Dame coach, admits that the phenomenal success of his teams has been largely due to the number of first string substitutes he has to pick from. Injuries are bound to occur in a game and an injured player must be replaced by one equally good or the position is weakened to the point where it can cause defeat. Any man who places himself in the position to criticize a football team must understand the factors that contribute toward success or failure.

In reflecting over the games of this season who will say that it has not been successful from the standpoint, not only in games won but also in improvement of our athletic policy? How many games were lost this season? Two—one with Marquette and the other with South Dakota. Marquette does not observe the freshmen rule and consequently had the advantage in more players, neither does South Dakota. If Creighton did not voluntarily bind herself to this rule fully ten more first class players would be added to the Varsity. Moreover there are several more experienced football men in the university who are not in uniform for they would be confined to the Frosh team and they are beyond that stage of college football. A little reflection on the part of those prone to criticize erases a part of their nasty conclusions.

The change in Creighton's athletic policy places her in a position to be admitted into the Missouri Valley Conference and imparts the right to boast "Our athletics are straight and above board," so far Nebraska Uni. has been moved by this spirit to schedule a basketball game with Creighton for March third, 1923. This is certainly an indication of changing opinion, and no doubt the beginning of friendly relations with the other conference schools.

(Continued on page 35)



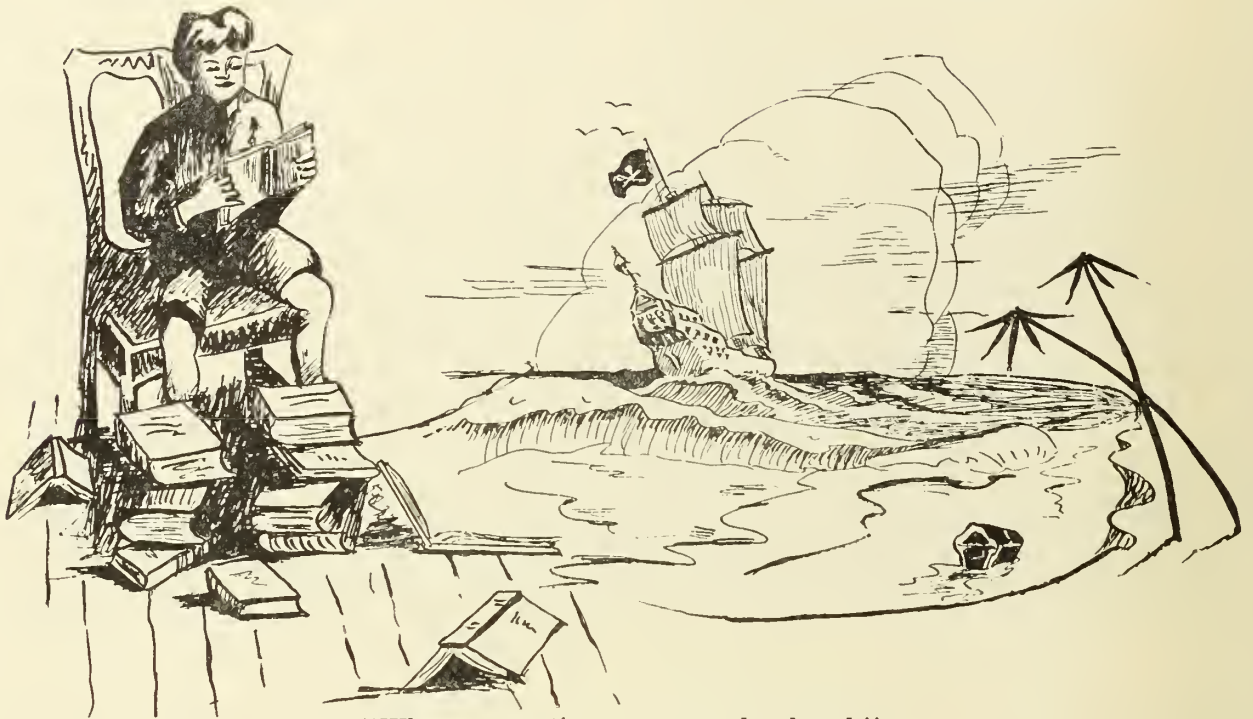
Action begins in the Marquette Game.

Playing Solitaire With Novels

An Appreciation of a Hobby

By Harold J. Bonnstetter

Decorated by Walt Reichle



“Where romantic scenes are developed.”

IT is primarily through the pages of fiction that I realize that human history is always in the making. It is truly revealed to me as I read page after page of healthy wholesome novels. The history of man is made from moment to moment, by small things, which do very little in a short period of time, but do accomplish much in the course of years. Fiction has taught me that time is precious, and that the role of life is one of many peculiarities.

What greater work can exist than a record of truthful thoughts combed from life and depicted by the world's greatest artist, the novelist? In my estimation there is no greater art. Through my limited association with novels I have become acquainted with that wonderful panorama of life, which has moulded the foundation of my search for knowledge.

Fiction has been my truest companion. In my loneliness a novel was ever near, and I chatted with characters who were select. That I was introduced and really came in contact with characters, who, it is true were not living in mind, but only in my imagination cannot be doubted, as I really have gained a broader outlook on life since I began my reading of novels.

To pass the long winter days I read books until the characters of these people became almost as familiar and real to me as people I know. My first favorite was

Mark Twain, probably because he treated boy life according to my taste. Many were the sessions which I held with Twain, in the old orchard, on the adventures of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Suddenly, one spring, my tastes changed to less childish books. I began to read Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Rudyard Kipling, and Charles Dickens. Still more did I delve into Kipling and Dickens during my college days. However, during the past few months I have read “Romona,” by Helen Hunt Jackson, which book gave me a clear-cut idea on emotional harmony. The scenes with Alexandro and Romona were marvelously romantic and conveyed a true emotional harmony which is pleasant to the life of every human being. Again, through the reading of “Jane Eyre,” written by Charlotte Bronte, I was introduced to a world of emotional contrast. Jane and Mr. Rochester seemed to be worlds apart at first, but gradually the emotional contrast subsided, and a worthy reckoning of life gave me a keen sense to work for the common good of mankind rather than be a cad. Lastly through the reading of Hawthorne's “House of the Seven Gables,” I was presented with the irony of life and setting. My blood chilled at the sight of Colonel Pineheon, fading away in a gloomy irresolute way, to the death he had earned.

(Continued on page 35.)

The Law Decides

A STORY

By EARL DIETER

Illustrated by John Kimball

IT was a telegram telling Jack Conway that his father was dangerously ill. The suddenness of the message left him dazed for a moment. Jack was a carefree freshman at Law School and this was the first cloud to overshadow his path. His mother had died when he was scarcely a year old and he never fully realized the loss.

Jack immediately made preparations to leave and was now going to say goodbye to his chum Frank Wilkins a senior law student. The boys had met at the beginning of the year and a strong friendship grew up.

After a short conversation in Frank's room they proceeded to the depot together. Both became rather silent as the hour for Jack's departure drew nigh, realizing that the time of their next meeting was very uncertain. Frank would finish his course in a month. Afterwards there was no telling where he would be; and it was evident that Jack would not return to his studies that year.

With these thoughts uppermost in their minds, the boys departed; promising to meet at the earliest opportunity.

Jack's aunt met him at the door.

"Is he any better?" asked Jack.

"I'm afraid not. He had a turn for the worse early this morning. But let us not delay here, he is anxious to see you."

But Jack never again saw his father alive. At the sound of his boy's voice Mr. Conway passed away so suddenly and quietly that the attending nurse had no time to give the alarm.

When Michael Conway's will was read, Jack discovered that he was the sole possessor of the plant of the far-famed Conway Steel Company, but on condition, however, that, at the end of one year, he would not have touched a drop of liquor, spent not more than three nights a month in a dance hall, and not over six hours a month in a pool hall. Jack knew what vigilance and will power it would take to keep inside the limits stipulated in the will, so to make the matter easier he decided to go to California where Frank Wilkins was now practicing law. During that time the management of the plant was to be under the supervision of Mr. Conway's Secretary, Elmer Canton.

"Jack" said Canton, "I presume you understand thoroughly the requirements of your father's will.

"Quite well" replied Jack.

"Well" continued Canton, "I will do all in my power to help you but on account of your environment it will require all you've got."



"The last I remember, I tried to throw a chair at her."

"I have studied out the proposition, Canton, and have decided to go to California for a year and stay with my old pal."

"How accidental," interrupted Canton. "My mother and sister are going to spend a year in California also and as a friend of your father, I offer you the position of secretary to them, for which services you will be amply rewarded."

"But aren't you rather afraid to give such a responsible position to such a young fellow as I?"

"Not at all. Will you be ready to leave tomorrow night?"

"Well, if you insist I will be ready."

"Very well then. We'll meet you at the station at 5:30 P. M."

Whereupon Canton concluded the interview and made straight for his home to see Anita. That young lady came tripping to the door, took Elmer's hat and coat, lit his cigar, and then cuddled close to him to await his discourse.

"Anita" he began, "Get ready at once to leave for California."

"California? What for?"

"Well, Jack has it in his head to live with his pal out there for a year. If we have to spy, we cannot know what he will be doing."

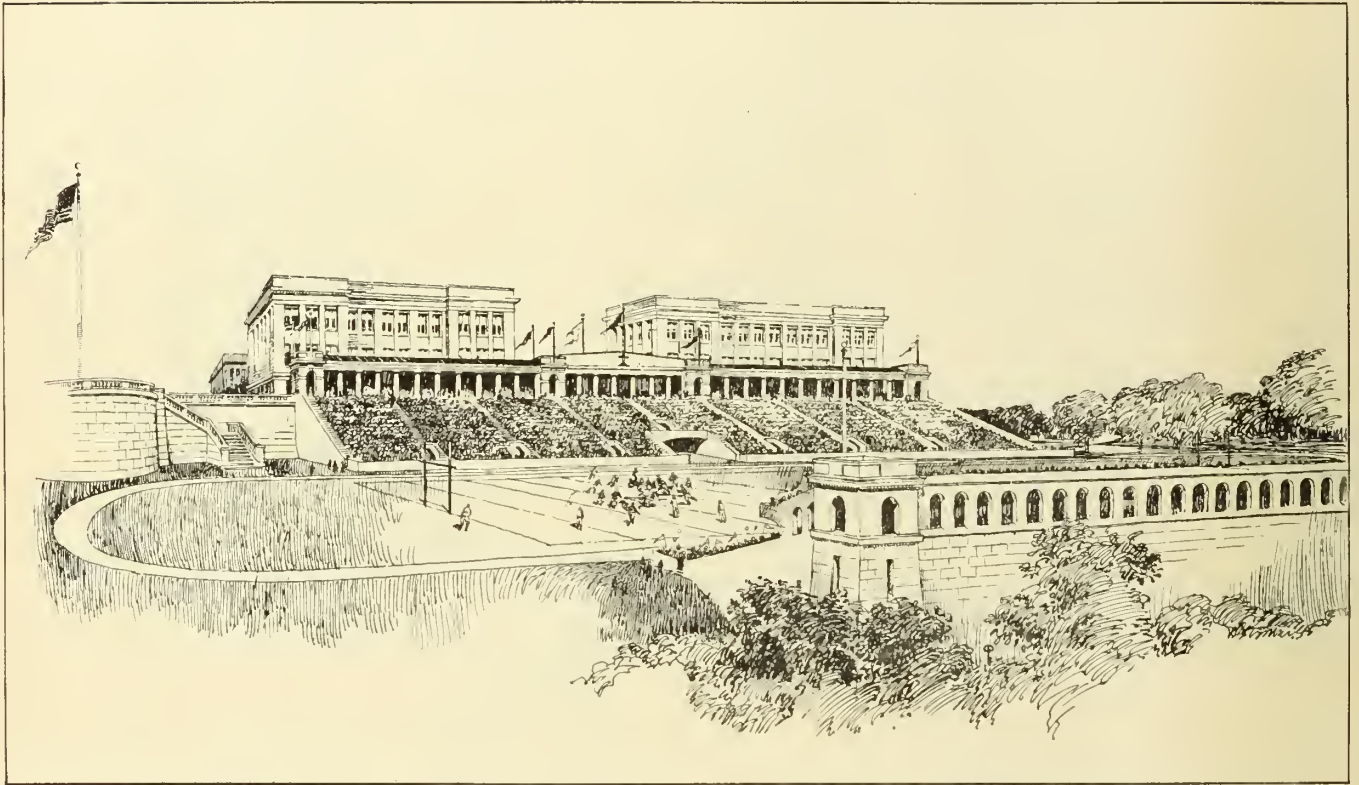
"But I don't want to stay in California a year, Elmer," she protested.

"Well you know I can't go. Why do you suppose I troubled myself so much while old man Conway was making his will, if not to get this plant? Think of it

(Continued on page 28)

Creighton's New Stadium

One of the Most Important Features of the \$2,000,000 Expansion Campaign.



“CREIGHTON PLAYS CORNHUSKERS TO A STANDSTILL”

WHEN the Creighton students wake up some Sunday morning in the late fall of 1924 and get their hands on the sporting sections of the Omaha newspapers, they are going to be faced with some such headline as the above: Then will follow a story that in the Creighton man's eyes will make, “The Charge of the Light Brigade” fade into the realm of other insignificant and relatively unexciting and unessential things. I can see the sub-title at the top of the page now, in big, bold, black type:

“CREIGHTON HOLDS MIGHTY HUSKER TEAM TO 0 to 0 TIE”

“In the greatest game ever fought on a Creighton gridiron, the Blue and White team played the mole-skin warriors from Lincoln to a stand-still on Creighton field yesterday afternoon before a crowd of 17,000 people who collected from all parts of the Missouri Valley to participate in Creighton's third Home-Coming Day and to witness the greatest game of the season in the Middle West. The new stadium of Creighton, which seats a total of 15,000 people, was over-taxed and some 2,000 were standing to see the game.

It seems impossible to build rapidly enough to keep up with the thousands of football fans who want to see these great Middle West games. In 1922, before Creighton was admitted to the Missouri Valley Conference, the old wooden bleachers which accommodated some 5,000 people were plenty large enough to hold the crowd with the exception of a few major games.

When the new stadium was first conceived, University officials thought that if the concrete stands on the south side seated about 6,000 people, that would be sufficient. But the adoption of the Missouri Valley Conference rules and the re-kindling of the ‘Creighton fight’ spirit, brought about a swift revelation in the support which Omaha gave to Creighton athletics.

The first stadium plans were of necessity enlarged upon so that the first unit on the south side of the field would seat about 7,500 spectators. Before this section was completed, plans were on foot to build another section to seat the same number on the north side of the field, and now, with 15,000 seats, Creighton finds that every seat is occupied and people are forced to stand at every important game.”

It requires no Greeian prophet with the fabled wisdom of the old story books to be able to forecast the above situation in every detail in 1924.

This is an age of growth, and Omaha will simply be keeping pace with the majority of other large cities in the United States which contain higher educational

and will have a seating capacity of 7,500. This unit will cost \$150,000 to construct.

The necessity for the new Stadium was never more apparent than at the Marquette game on October 28th and the Home-Coming game with the Michigan Aggies on November 18th, when over 2,000 people were obliged



A part of the crowd watching Creighton defeat the Michigan Aggies on Home-Coming Day.

institutions when Creighton builds a stadium which will provide adequate accommodations for those who wish to see the big college contests. The universities that have invested more than \$1,000,000.00 each in their respective stadiums during the past few years are numerous. Harvard and Yale set the pace years ago, but today the average university in the average city has its own stadium. The University of California has a marvelous structure at Berkley. Stanford has a similar one at Palo Alto, California. The University of Washington has another one at Seattle. Ohio State University, with the assistance of all of the business men's organizations in Columbus, Ohio, duplicated the same feat. Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Chicago, and probably fifty others might be named that have kept pace with the necessities of modern athletics.

A new stadium for Creighton is a part of the \$2,000,000.00 expansion plans of the University to be undertaken this spring. The erection of the new college buildings will doom the old football field. The new field has been planned to parallel Burt Street, between 25th and 27th Streets, and on this field will be erected a modern steel and concrete Stadium. The first unit will probably be erected on the south side of the field

to stand who could not obtain seats. Not only are the old wooden stands inadequate to take care of the crowds, but they also are nearly worn out and would have to be replaced in a very short time. Then, too, the cost of keeping wooden stands in repair is a large item of expense, which the new concrete Stadium will eliminate.

This year, for the first time, Creighton is playing according to the Missonri Valley rules. Within a short time, perhaps before next season, Creighton will be admitted into the Missonri Valley Conference, with the result that the largest and best known teams in the middle west will come to Omaha to play on Creighton field. The business men of Omaha will then suport Creighton athletics as they have never been supported before, not only because of pride in their own institution, but also because every big game played here will be featured in every big newspaper in the middle west.

We feel confident that the business men and the football fans of Omaha will join with Creighton Alumni and students in suporting the expansion plans of Creighton, which will give Omaha the pleasure of enjoying the best collegiate football games in their own city.

A Personal Message

To the Students of Creighton University

THE students of Creighton University should be and undoubtedly are more interested in the success of the University's Expansion Program than anyone else in Omaha. Why? Primarily, because the students of the University in reality are Creighton University.

To you, we look for that indefinable something which we call college spirit. To you, we look for that inexpressible something which in the last half of the North Dakota game and in the Michigan Aggie game we called the Creighton fight. In you we recognize the spirit which caused our Home-Coming Celebration to be such an outstanding success, and the spirit which is making every one of us more proud of Creighton this year than ever before. The students of Creighton not only represent the spirit of Creighton University, when they show their enthusiastic loyalty, but in the eyes of the world they are Creighton University.

For that reason, I address my first campaign message directly to you, having every confidence that when you realize the needs of Creighton and exactly what we propose to do to meet those needs, each one of you will carry this message wherever you go; and will take every occasion which offers, to help to make our \$2,000,000.00 building and endowment campaign a great success.

Most of you know that Creighton has already grown far beyond the expectations of its founders. The buildings which they provided and the endowment which they left was most liberal for all the needs of Creigh-



ton ten years ago. At the present time, however, the endowment is barely adequate to take care of the most urgent needs of the University and it is not sufficient to permit the many necessary replacements in either buildings and equipment. Neither does it provide any funds for expansion to accommodate the rapidly growing student body.

Creighton has out-grown its original endowment exactly as a small boy out-grows his clothes. Our student registration has increased more than 100 per cent during the past ten years, but during that time our endowment has not increased by one additional gift. Ten years ago Creighton might have been correctly termed a rich school, but when the same funds are stretched to do twice the amount of work which they

were formerly called upon to do, it is no small wonder that they are inadequate.

The \$2,000,000.00 campaign will be launched intensively next February and March, in every city in the country in which we have alumni.

We expect to ask the help of every Creighton man and our many friends. We expect also to appeal to the citizens of Omaha at large to assist in building up this institution, so that we may become of greater service in the future.

I therefore wish to present to you the following specific statement of our needs, that you may familiarize yourself thoroughly with them and may help the University present them to the public.

(Signed John F. McCormick, S. J.)

President.

“On Creighton”

What Creighton Needs Immediately

The Expansion Program to Be Undertaken at the Successful Completion of the \$2,000,000. Building and Endowment Campaign, February, 1923.

1. Creighton needs a new class room building for the College of Liberal Arts.

Why?—The old Administration Building contains both the Creighton High School and the College of Liberal Arts. Both of these schools charge no tuition, and are open to all boys who satisfy the scholastic requirements, whether Catholic, Non-Catholic, Jew or Gentile. Both of these schools have been forced to turn away large numbers of students annually during the past five years, because of lack of room. This condition will be remedied by the erection of the new Arts College Classroom Building, which will give the High School all of the space in the old building; and will provide ample class-room space in the new one for both the Arts College and the new College of Commerce and Finance.

2. Creighton needs a new Chemistry Building.

Why?—At the present time, due to crowded conditions in the Arts College, the laboratories for chemistry, physics and the other sciences are very much cramped, and it is necessary to give chemistry courses in three different buildings. The new Chemistry Building will concentrate all the chemistry of the University, as well as practically all of the other sciences, and will provide thoroughly modern equipment without duplication, and without sacrificing efficiency to overcrowded conditions.

3. Creighton needs a new Dormitory.

Why?—More than half of the Creighton students come from outside of Omaha. That means that approximately 1,000 students, each year, have to find resident quarters near the University, in an environment suitable to carry on their studies. The old Dormitory, at 25th and California Streets, will take care of its usual number of men for a few years more. Creighton, however, must erect a dormitory that will take care of at least 150 men additional. The site of the Dormitory will probably be on California Street, between 27th Street and Lincoln Boulevard.



The Old Arts College Building, Long Inadequate for the needs of the University.

4. Creighton needs a new concrete Stadium.

Why?—The obvious reason is that the wooden stands are practically worn out and require immediate replacement. The other reason, of even greater importance, is that the new Arts College Classroom Building and the new Chemistry Building will be erected on the southeast and the southwest corners of the present football field, necessitating the construction of an entirely new athletic field.

The new athletic field will be built in front of the Gymnasium, paralleling Burt Street and crossing 27th Street. The first concrete stand will be erected upon the southern side of the field and will seat 7,500 people. The unanimous approval of the new athletic policy of Creighton University by Omaha football fans, the adoption of the Missouri Valley Conference Rules, and our probable entrance into the Missouri Valley Conference at an early date, will undoubtedly overtax the capacity of the first unit of the new Stadium as soon as it is completed, and compel the erection of a similar stand on the north side of the field.

Level-headed business men and football fans of Omaha are already forecasting that within three years' time Creighton will be playing to crowds of ten or fifteen thousand people at each of their big games in the new Stadium.

5. Creighton needs a new Medical College and Dispensary Building.

Why? The old Medical College Building at 14th and Davenport Streets, the finest building of its kind in the Middle West at the time of its erection, has been outgrown from the standpoint of class-room efficiency and laboratory arrangement. Time has shown that it is absolutely necessary to have the Medical College Building in close conjunction with the St. Joseph's Hospital, where most of the work of the Junior and Senior Medics takes place. The new Medical College Building, to be located near the hospital, will contain the most modern facilities.

(Continued on page 28)

Our Cage Team---The Season's Outlook



Some of last year's tossers who will be with us this season.

THE successful football season having been closed on Thanksgiving day, the minds of the students have been pondering over the prospects of our Varsity on the basketball floor during the coming three months.

The West Virginia game last spring marked the final appearance of Lynch, Wise and Barry under Creighton colors. Other squad men as Moir, Peckaetis and Powell are attending school elsewhere. The reliable Mahoney will only be eligible February 1, if he brings his school work up to par at that time. Finally, the freshman rule prohibits the participation of any first year men on the varsity five. As a result, we must pin our hopes from the start on Lovely, Trautman and Prendergast, forwards; Eibner, center; Haley, Hill and Paynter, guards. Later on we all hope to see Mahoney reappear on the floor.

Lovely, a varsity man for the past two years, is probably one of the best shots Creighton has ever had. His game last year was even better than his first year on the Varsity. In the closing games against Colgate, Penn. State, and West Virginia, his playing, particularly his basket shooting, astounded eastern critics.

Trautman, playing his first year in big time basketball, acquitted himself exceptionally well. Although held back by illness during the first part of last season, Trautman was coming strong in the last few games.

By a Former Varsity Man.

IN previous years Creighton has turned out exceptionally strong basketball teams. At present interest is running high on the campus in regard to this season's prospects. In this article a former varsity man gives a brief and interesting discussion of the basketball outlook.

No doubt, Johnny will be one of our big point-getters this year.

Paynter, a defense in himself, is the best standing guard Creighton has had in years. If Floyd will only prevent his appendix from flaring up during the coming season, Creighton need not worry about its defense.

Eibner, Prendergast, Haley and Hill were all squad men last year. Although these men were not participants in the major games during the past winter, the experience

which they derived from the few games in which they played has just about ripened them for the "rough going" during the next few months.

The schedule is not as lengthy as is customary for Creighton teams. Teams like Notre Dame, Michigan Aggies, Iowa, Colgate, Penn. State, etc., will not appear against us this year. But such teams as Kansas and other teams of the Missouri valley will appear, and as a fitting climax Nebraska will battle the Blue on the night of March 3rd.

Beat Nebraska will be the slogan of every student and alumnus of the school. And with the same spirit and enthusiasm of the student body behind the basketball five as was accorded the football eleven, Nebraska will be beaten. All Creightonians, being loyal Nebraskans' as well, will pull for Nebraska to win every game on their schedule except that game on the evening of March 3rd, when they crash into Creighton.

Lastly, we entrust our hopes to Mr. Schabinger— newly appointed basketball coach. His success in the past as a basketball tutor is known to this section of the country. And we are certain that Coach "Schabby" will have greater success here than elsewhere, because our basketball material is always on a par with any other college in this section.

The success of our team will depend largely upon the support shown by the student body. There must be sentiment and action on the campus—there will be pep on the squad. Is there anything that will help a team win like a spirited body of "rooters?" Echoes—NO! In any branch of athletics, whether it be football, track or basketball, the campus must be willing to support. That group of organized "cheers" means everything. The crowd looks for it, the students owe it, the team demands it. We cannot expect the people of Omaha to be "for us" unless we show them that we are back of the team, and the only way we can let them know that we are, is to be present at every game with our full numbers and cheer long and loud. The "spirit" that the leaving crowd carries away with them, comes from us. This, they will radiate among their friends and if we have done our share, the reflection they

east—and they will east it—will be a credit to our team.

Nothing can take the place of a spirited demonstration from the student-body—it means the "world" to the men on the floor. So let us all get behind the coach and the team, and do our part to turn back the opposition—and do not forget to give the team a little added impetus on March 3rd, to help them "beat Nebraska."



MR. SCHABINGER, director of athletics, who is coach of the basketball team this year, has been giving the cagemen some strenuous practice during the month of December. A large number of men reported for duty at the first call and it looks as though there will be an abundance of material. If the "dope" is correct, "Schabby" will keep up this enthusiasm.

A total of nineteen games are on our schedule. All Eastern teams which we have played in the past have been dropped. The schedule is as follows:

January 3—Kansas, here.

January 12 and 13—Haskell Indians, here.

January 19 and 20—Morningside, here.

January 26 and 27—Kansas Aggies or South Dakota University.

February 1—Morningside, at Sioux City.

February 2 and 3—South Dakota Aggies, at Brookings.

February 9 and 10—Marquette University, here.

February 12—North Dakota University, here.

February 14—Nebraska Wesleyan, here.

February 16 and 17—South Dakota State, here.

February 24—Michigan Aggies, at Lansing. (Tentative).

February 22 and 23—Marquette University, at Milwaukee.

March 3—Nebraska University, here.

OLD PAL

By Leo B. Fagan.

Since boyhood we have chummed together
Dear old pal, just you and I.
Much have we shared with one another.
Dear friend for you I'd gladly die.

Through these years that bond grew deeper,
Binding youthful minds as one,
Side by side we moved up higher,
Giving much and asking none.

The parting of the ways has come
And circumstance our paths must sever.
And the memory of our plighted troth
Will live with us forever.

So parting may we say good-bye,
Staunch friends in pain and pleasure.
And though our paths may never cross
Your memory I'll treasure.

A Moonshine

'S not a piece of literacheure, a musical autopsy. Just stuff. Some.

Musical Illustrations by
JOSEPH F. DALLAL



How merrily they sang as he "stooped" for a low one.

ISN'T that fella with the red hair over on that side— isn't he cute?"

"The one with the big glasses?"

"Yeh, third one from the end."

"Oh! he's kinda nice looking, but did-ja notice the tall bird over on the other end?"

"Which one do you mean? The tallest with the light hair?"

"No, kid, his hair is sort of brownish. He is way out on the end. He's a swell daneer."

"How-ja know? Where-ja meet him?"

"Oh! he was up to the Met, one night. Guess he must live in the Beanery. I don't see him around much."

"They look pretty nifty in them dress suits don't they?"

"Sure do. Wish they could wear 'em up to the dances."

"So do I. Say that big fella in the center there aint singing a bit—he aint even opened his mouth."

"Maybe he ain't sposed to. Everybody don't sing at once in this kind of stuff."

"Ain't that song the berries? Sure look good though. Say, kid, do you know any of them fellas in the box there?"

"It's so dark I can't tell."

"Who's playing the piano?"

"Dunno, I can't see. Wish they would get away from in front of it for a minute so I could tell if I know 'im."

But before the identity of the participants in this flapper dialogue could be made out, the conversation

became lost in the applause which rose on the completion of the first number. It goes to show, however, that a Glee Club Concert can be a source of interest to others than those concerned in musical attainment. And just as a whole series of incidents of interest could be developed on the dark side of the house during the program of a concert, so also are there many events in its preparation, rehearsal, and presentation which add much to the pleasure and experience of the Club members throughout the season's work.

It has often been said that laughter is close to tears, and that frequently the line between merriment and pathos is extremely narrow—sometimes no wider than the row of foot lights. And in just such a situation was Claude O'Donnell, the Club's virtuoso of the violin, during his solo in last spring's concert. "It may be comedy to you, but it is tragedy to me," he almost sobbed aloud as he felt the trousers of his full dress suit make-up, slowly but surely, millimeter by millimeter, losing their precarious hold on his none too spacious iliac crests. However, the timely advent of the last cadenza of his number allowed him to retire off stage long enough to have reinforcements added to the anchors of his worrisome pants, and permitted him to return in peace for the generous encore his work was given. At that, his playing was the musical hit of the show. What, indeed, might have been his achievement, had not those refractory pants so distracted him with the fear of their impending defection?

Claude couldn't see how this near catastrophe could ever come up to threaten the success of his number. The suit was a good suit and a good fit. Abe Feldman, of North Sixteenth Street, Wardrober-in-Chief to the Club, and gentlemen's furnisher of full evening dress regalia, said so himself. And Abe was right on hand in the wings to see that no harm came to his coats, and vests, and pants. These darlings of his display racks have seen many a gay party and helped to put over many a successful Glee Club Concert, and must be carefully guarded and preserved for future occasions if they are to continue to bring in percentage. Hence Abe is always a vitally interested back stage spectator. He thoroughly enjoys the ensemble numbers during which he can watch the entire club, but his troubles come thick and fast in the intermissions when the boys are in the wings.

"Doan fight! Doan fight!", he nervously called out

Sonata

review, appreciation, critique, nor an times sharp and sometimes flat.

Words by
A. CAPELLA

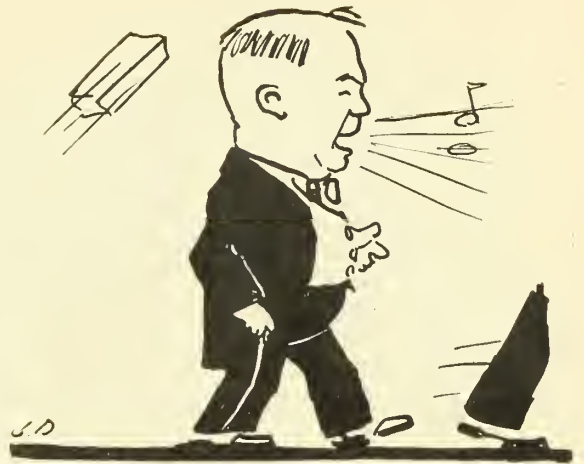
in a voice that he intended for a whisper but which could be heard through the asbestos curtain, as he noticed two Freshmen members of the Club engaging in a friendly conversation, and, which due to the irrepressible youth of the participants and to their Beanery methods of emphasis, could not be properly held without an accompanying semi-wrestling match. His admonition served to quiet the youngsters for a moment, but they could not long stay apart. Abe, with fear and trembling, watched the imminent return of speech and its concomitant violence. In a twinkle his warning had been forgotten and the tussle was on again. No longer able to restrain himself he frantically shouted, "You loafers! you loafers!! doan I ask you not to fight? Pull him by the hair, pull him by the hair. Doan you know them coats is mine?"

It is possible, though, that those suits are real sar-

torial masterpieces, as Abe so regards them, and are worthy of the constant sheltering care and attention he showers on them. At least there was one former member of the Club who seemed to think so at the time of the Concert in Hastings. This particular songster thought that the wearing of the suit added much to the dignity of his appearance. In fact, so impressed was he with the dashing figure he cut, when thus garbed, that he felt he ought to show the townsfolk just how dapper a real city dandy could



This dynamic force is known in the Club as their Director, Mr. Henry Cox.

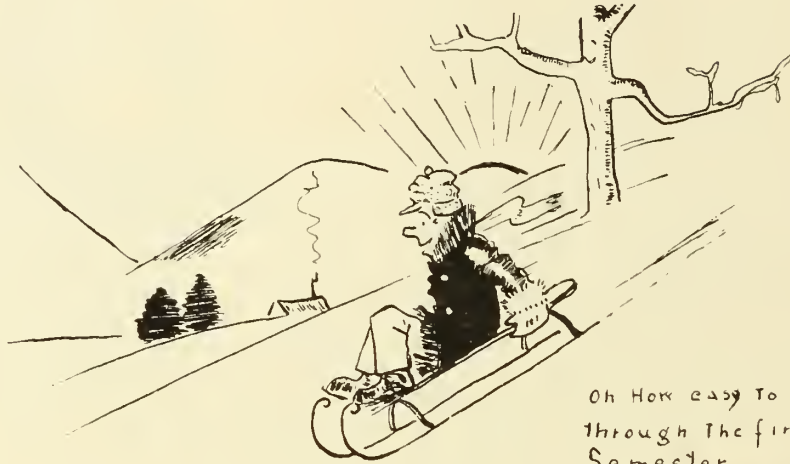


"This may be comedy to you, but it's tragedy to me."

look. Accordingly that night at the Club's Pullman, parked near the station, he donned the swallow tails and finished off the outfit with his sport cap, but without an overcoat or cape, and started off afoot up the main promenade for the theatre. Had not the Club's alert business manager, as they passed on the street, recognized in this incongruous looking figure one of the members of the baritone section, doubtless all the conventions and rules of evening dress etiquette would have been ruthlessly shattered that night. As it was, the offender didn't get to "FIRST BASS" in his suit and the baritone section had to get along without his assistance. The "rig" was taken from him and he was confined to the car for the rest of the stay in that city.

However, through all the mad rush of concert nights, there is always one member of the Club who is not worrying about dress suits, or any of the accoutrements and trappings of full evening scenery. Indeed, he doesn't seem to be worrying about anything. But just the same and regardless of appearances he is deeply concerned and vitally interested in the Club's musical performance. Perfect poise and composure, even under high pressure when things are breaking badly, is just a habit of his, as natural, and free, and easy as breathing. And how deceptive these said appearances can be. The 130 pounds of nerves and muscles given him by nature, and maintained at that minimum against the onslaughts of his work and the elements, by his own eternal vigilance, and by the constant foresight of his thoughtful little wife, won't begin to hold the enthusiasm and energy generated within them. Pep and Vim just radiate from him like X-rays from a Coolidge tube—in all directions. This dynamic force is known in the Club as their director, Mr. Cox, better known in Omaha as Professor Cox, and is still more widely known throughout the state as Professor Henry G. Cox.

(Continued on page 36.)



Oh How easy To slide
through The first
Semester



but
oh how hard it
is to climb back just
before EXAMS!!

A Hurst

Sliding



SLIDING.

THE young man at the top of the opposite page is sliding. Yes. He is sliding downhill. Sliding is one of the many sports in which he likes to indulge. This amusement is also known by another name—coasting. Sliding, however, is the more popular title. There is still another cognomen by which this delightful pastime is known—"getting by". This latter is more restricted; it cannot be applied to the snow covered hillside. Still, "getting by" has its advantage; it does not require any particular season or climate.

At the bottom of the opposite page the young man is climbing. No. He does not enjoy climbing. Climbing is not one of the "sports" in which he indulges. He would prefer to slide—sliding does not require much effort. Climbing is just a necessity that even Matusala could not outlive, and his life was nine hundred and sixty-nine years. Climbing seems to be very difficult for the young man. Perhaps when he gets to the top and looks down, he will decide to stop sliding.

SHADOWS.

IS not a new magazine. It is, rather, hotly in pursuit of the magazine ideal which has existed in the minds of a majority of Creighton men. We do not stick out our chests or poke our thumbs high up under the editorial suspenders at this first attempt to realize that ideal. Instead, we defer to the criticisms of our readers and are anxious for their comment. If those readers are willing to wait in order to see what SHADOWS may add to Creighton life in three or four months, the Editorial Board and Staff will feel dnlly happy and will strive to present the additions.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE humor of life is drawn from watching shadows. But a shadow may represent a true picture. Or again, a shadow may be a caricature. Some night, as the reader approaches a street lamp, we hope that instead of leaning against it or fondling it, he will pass it by, observing the while his own shadow. The distortions which that dusky image will undergo as he in turn approaches, passes, and draws away from the light will amaze him as fully as when, at the fair, he stepped into a room of mirrors—some convex, others concave—making him appear now squatty and pudgy, now thin and elongated. The nature of a shadow depends on the angle from which the light is thrown. It is by casting gleams from many angles on enrrrent phases of university activity that we aim to evolve, in successive months—SHADOWS.

LOVANNE

(Continued from page 11)

found himself facing the dining room. But his hunger was obscured by his longing to find his daughter.

Outside he hesitatingly approached a taxi and showed the address to the driver, who scrutinized it.

"Three miles out. It'll be about two bucks, sir!" was the laconic information.

The chauffeur opened the cab door.

"Can't I sit in the front seat with you?" sought the unsophisticated old man.

"I guess there ain't any objection," granted the driver, who slammed the door before cranking the machine.

The address was in an outlying district of middle class homes. The car stopped in front of the house, the old man alighted, and paid the fare, and the driver sped away.

Tremulously he approached the house and rapped on the door. He awaited an answer. His heart beat fast with expectation and fear.

A large brusque woman opened the door.

The visitor stammered and paused. After some difficulty he asked feebly and jerkily. "Does Lovanne live here?"

"Lou who?" demanded the woman.

"Lovanne—just Lovanne!" he repeated with a somewhat less trepidity.

"Nobody by that name lives here! At least there ain't no young lady anyway."

She slammed the door leaving him out in the cold. Slowly he faced the street. His head fell. He was dazzled by the snow. Shaking and trembling in anguish he muttered "Lovanne, Lovanne!"

No purpose was served standing where he was. He stumbled down the street. At the corner he met a boy who politely directed him to a street car—the first he had ever signalled in his life.

Street cars seldom stop in the middle of a block; the motorman out of compassion violated custom and brought the car to a halt where the old man stood. After some straining he boarded the car, which fortunately ran near the hotel.

Grasping at the only bit of information now available, he wondered where the Monroe Building was. "She will scarcely be there today," he reasoned, "Still I can locate it after I get breakfast."

Lovanne arose rather late, much refreshed by a long sleep. After dressing she thought of visiting her friend across the hall. Some of her loneliness returned when she remembered the girl was gone. The house seemed still and deserted. She missed noises she had never before noticed. The family downstairs was away too! This aggravated her isolation.

Outside she saw the snow. The strangeness of the

view aroused her imagination. She thought of Alban, trying to picture her father as he was now. Was he as lonesome as she? She sought consolation from the thought that at least he was well off. Why had he never written?

To get away from her reflections she started down town. She would eat a little breakfast, go to a short church service, perhaps drop in on the old lady running the elevator at the office building. Shows opened at one, in the afternoon.

The air was fresh and bracing. The boyant youth in her, forgot care as she walked briskly toward the town. The time spent in church soothed her. But when once again in the central district, where a light snow melts quickly, leaving a wet street, some of the former gloom reappeared. Eleven o'clock was near.

She walked towards the office, approaching the west entrance from the south. She was alone except for an old man walking toward her in the opposite direction. She saw his face as he raised his head to look at the lettering over the entrance of the door. His countenance was blanched and drawn; yet it aroused a host of faint, uncertain, promising images in the mind of Lovanne.

He glanced at her and passed on. She tried to dismiss him from her thoughts but found difficulty in doing so. Her attention was suddenly drawn to the sharp sound of an automobile from the direction the old man was walking. She turned around quickly.

A light florist's truck had sped out unexpectedly from an alley on the south of the building, just as the old man was about to cross. It confused him, and he stumbled, falling down near the curb.

Lovanne ran to him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously, as she helped him to his feet.

"No, miss; I don't think so."

His face had a far-off familiarity—a resemblance to her own, but the hair was white and lines deep. However, in spite of her strange hopes and misgivings, she started to turn away.

He tried to utter something. She stopped short. After an effort he found his voice. An imperfect idea of the vastness of the city allowed him to ask, "Maybe you know Lovanne?"

Even yet the girl doubted. "Are you from Alban, Sir?"

The old man straightened, and his face brightened.

"Do you know My Lovanne?" he eagerly inquired.

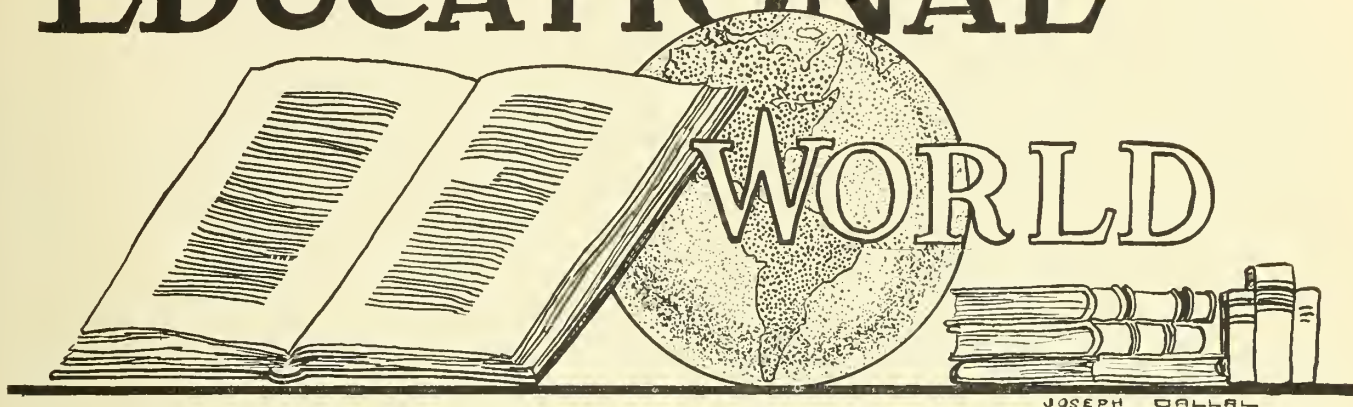
"I am Lovanne—papa!" was the unexpected answer.

"My daughter!" he sobbed in joy, "I knew God would find you for me."

"Let us go out to where I live," she suggested, stifling her strong emotions for the moment.

(Continued on page 28)

EDUCATIONAL



A glance through the college papers and magazines reveals an expansive program in buildings and equipment almost nation-wide. It makes Mr. Edison's talk about college training seem trivial indeed. We appeal to Lincoln's adage to the effect that there must be something back of it all, something of deep and lasting value. "Michigan's Legislature gave the University \$5,100,000 for new buildings. The building programme is well under way."

True the construction of necessary buildings has been hampered due to national conditions, but present prospects give optimistic views on the educational prospects for our country.

Creighton University has stood since its foundation in 1878 as an institution of higher learning. Since that time it has rapidly grown until today it is a power in the west. At present, with its new and vigorous expansive schedule, the increase in student activities and the strong interest in athletics, it would seem that a truth would be borne home to the student body. A university is no more to you or the community than the measure in real value of educated men it produces. Creighton stands on its record, and the Homecoming celebration gave proof of its value in these men who look to Creighton as their Alma Mater. The lesson for us to draw from this is that we have a duty to our college. Of course, all who can should bend every energy to the task of entrenching our school still more strongly, but you are first "students." Your immediate concern is to become an educated man; unless you do the University has failed in its primary purpose. The men who will help our school will look to us for a gauge of its value to them, to Omaha, and to the country. Their responses will be the measure of their appreciation. Let us all get in line to keep Creighton's rank as an educational foundry of the finest kind.

The University of Iowa conducted a scientific expedition to Fiji Islands and New Zealand during the past summer. This is the third expedition. The first

in 1893 was to the Bahamas; the second during the vacation of 1917-18 was to the West Indies-Barbados-Antigua. Professor Charles C. Nutting, Professor of Zoology, conducted the expedition. Associated with him in the work were Professor R. B. Wylie, botanist; Professor O. A. Thomas, geologist; Professor Dayton Stoner, entomologist and ornithologist, and his wife as assistant; and Mr. W. S. Glock, meteorologist and photographer. The New Zealand government cooperated with the scientists and through the Dominion Museum presented the University of Iowa with specimens of birds, Maori carvings, garments, and stone implements, besides a full set of scientific publications. Four Sphenodonts, lizard-like forms found only in New Zealand were taken alive the 8,000 miles to the University.

DAWN

By S. D. M.

Be glad, sad heart, for a day is born;
At the first faint flush of roseate morn,
The lark pours forth, in the dawning light,
His whole soul'd paean of shrill delight;
Rejoice, glad heart, for a day is born.

Be brave, faint heart, for a day is born;
The mountain crest of her veil is shorn,
And her snowy shroud refulgent gleams,
Bathed in the radiant orb's beams;
Rejoice, brave heart, for a day is born.

Be cheered, lone heart, for a day is born;
The flowerlets pale, but now forlorn,
Lift ehaliced rims, bedimmed with dew;
Sun-kiss't, they glow with a golden hue;
Rejoice, cheered heart, for a day is born.

O sin tossed heart, a day is born,
And He who Nature's laws did form,
The Sun of suns waits but your cry
To lift your weary soul on high;
O grace-crowned heart, a day is born.

The Academia St. Mary's College.

LOVANNE

(Continued from page 26)

This time the correct address was given to the taxi driver and the old man took the rear seat, his newly found daughter by his side.

Little was said, for the elation of the true joy needed few words.

Once Lovanne did venture, "Why did you never write to me papa?"

The old man once more took out a worn folder and from its protecting leather drew a faded blue envelope.

"Why, you never opened it!" gasped Lovanne in astonishment, "How could you answer it unless you read it?"

A tear blurred her father's eye.

"It isn't my fault darling. I had no trusted friend to read it to me; I myself can neither read nor write."

WHAT CREIGHTON NEEDS

(Continued from page 19)

ties and appurtenances known to the profession, and will enable Creighton not only to maintain, but to increase its high standard in the medical world.

6. Creighton needs \$1,000,000 additional endowment.

Why? With a growth of more than 100 per cent in the student body in less than ten years' time, the present income from endowment is now barely sufficient to take care of current needs without making replacements or advancing. The \$1,000,000 new endowment, when invested at 5 per cent, will provide an income of \$50,000 a year; about one-third of this amount will be used in the establishment of a day school of Commerce and Finance, comparable to Creighton's other professional schools. The balance will be used to take care of the expansion and maintenance of the other University Departments, which will occur as soon as the new buildings are completed and Creighton can accept the large number of students, for whom formerly there was not room.

**THE LAW DECIDES**

(Continued from page 15)

Anita, when you and I get to own the Conway Steel Co., what it will mean to us."

All right, but what shall I do there? Just watch him?"

"No, not that merely. But don't bother now. I'll write you directions later." The following day found Anita and her mother busy packing for their extended trip.

I don't see why we are leaving for the West to-day. Why can't we take our time packing and depart next week?" Mrs. Canton mumbled, as she tossed some calicoes in her trunk.

"Oh, mother, you can't understand anything. Aren't the doctors orders sufficient reason for going?"

So Mrs. Canton said no more, thinking that plans had already been made for her. At 5:30 that evening the trio were off, Anita alone knowing the full value of their mission.

In California Jack and the Cantons got along splendidly. The Cantons were very sociable people and with them Jack thought he would find it very easy to carry out his dead father's wishes.

"Received a letter from Elmer to-day" Anita said as dinner was being served one evening.

"That so. What did he have to say?" inquired Jack.

"Oh nothing much except that everything about the plant is O. K."

"Is that all?"

"Ye-e-s, thats about all." But Jack noticed a flush of redness dart across Anita's face.

"By the way, are the Nortons coming over tonight?" Jack asked after a spell of silence.

"Oh yes! and so are the Weatherbys and Morgans." answered Anita.

About 2:30 that night Anita reached her room, carefully locked the door, procured the letter received from Elmer that day and began to re-read. She paused once and laughed, then read aloud: "Anita, get Jack drunk as soon as possible and if you can, without exposing yourself, get him into trouble with some society lady so the newspapers will get an account of it!"

She sat back and laughed: "Ha Ha, if Elmer could see Jack now—believe me I haven't begun yet. Just watch my speed."

For three successive nights Anita succeeded in keeping Jack in this condition. There is no telling how long she would have continued had not Frank Wilkins arrived on the scene on the morning of the fourth day of Jack's "dwelling in the mysterious far-away." No more was seen of him by the Cantons for a week.

"Now Jack, tell me all about it."

"Why it was this way Frank. After you left me last night—"

"Wait a minute, I wasn't there last night."

"What! I hate to doubt your sanity but I saw you there with my own eyes."

"Now wait a minute. I was at the Cantons four nights ago this evening and the following morning I left Los Angeles and just returned last night. It was then that I learned of your condition so I went after you this morning."

"Well, could it be that I've been drunk for three days straight? Why didn't Anita help? How could I get liquor to 'peter' me for so long?"

"I don't know, Jack, but such is the state of affairs. Now tell me what you did after I left."

"Well about 2:00 A. M. I found myself alone with that Norton girl. She suggested a drink and I couldn't refuse her. Somehow I seem to crave the stuff lots more than I ever did while at school. It was only after the first six weeks of our stay here that I began to want it. Well Sir, again and again I took one, and the last thing I remember was her slapping my face and then I tried to throw a chair at her. I heard a crash and—the next thing I knew was the recollection of our College days when I heard your good old voice calling me."

"I know how it is, old fellow and of course the Cantons have all the evidence they need against you right now, so it would do no good for you to leave. In fact I believe it would be better for you to stay with them so they will not suspect anything. Next week I go on that government case in Spokane, which will probably keep me busy for six months. You go ahead and try to please the Cantons but whenever you get on a drunk again, if you are still able, go to your room, lock the door and throw the key away. And promise me that you will avoid the Cantons as much as possible, without making them suspicious of your actions."

"I promise, Frank, and will follow your instructions."

"All right Jack, I'll take you home now and then prepare for my trip. Don't worry about it, because while I am in Spokane I'll work out your case and when the year is up the plant of the Conway Steel Co. will belong to Jack Conway or I'll eat my shirt."

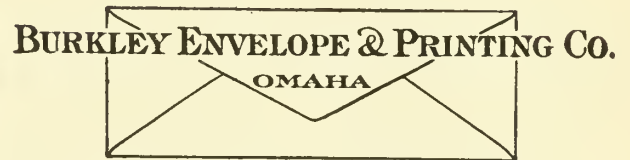
"I think you will go shirtless Frank, because you know with whom you have to match wits."

"Ah, men like Canton I eat alive. He'll be a mouth-full."

Jack and Frank were together most of the time that week and Jack missed his pal's company very much after he had gone. Time rolled by rather swiftly for Jack as he was quite prominent at social functions. For the most part he had been able to follow his friend's advice, but several times during the six months he might have been found imbibing and even gambling a little.

(Continued on page 37)

When
You
Think
of
Printing
Think
of

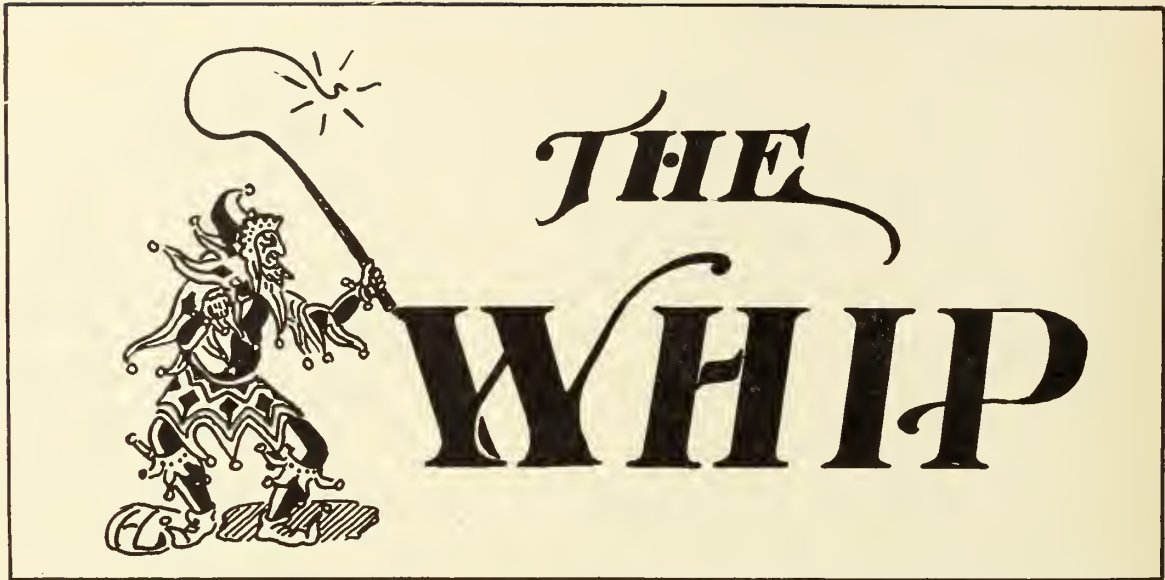


417 South 12th Street

Phone JACKSON 0691



Also
Manufacturers of Envelopes



By ALGERNON McSWAT

Sketches by BOOZE

PROLOG

THIS month being Santa Claus month, the staff of the Shadows thought it befitting to give the boys a Christmas present which they would appreciate. After much deliberation, it was decided that the spirit of a college is such that the students are entitled to crack a smile of their own free will and volition, and not because they desire to be pulled above the magic 70 by a series of loud guffaws occurring at times when the professor abandons his robe of dignity to cast another slur on the already overloaded back of the Detroit go-cart. The Whip is the outcome of this profound deduction.

With Your Kind Permission, Therefore—

We hasten to explain. The stories found in this department are to be not very breezy stories, but are to be breezy enough that perhaps any one of them may be called a spanking breeze. For this reason, the owner of this department has seen fit to baptize it "The Whip." Another reason for the propriety of this name is the fact that its subject is to be "wise cracks." Now go on with the story.

'Stew Bad

Drunkman,
Trolley car,
Foot slipped,
There you are.

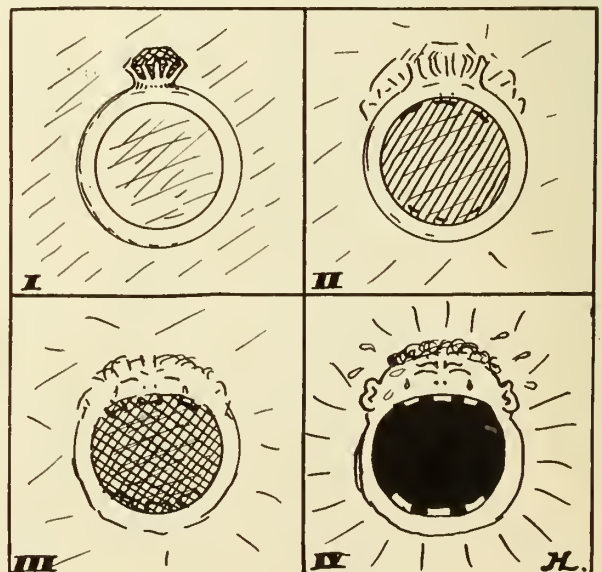
You'll Know Better Next Time

"Do you serve lobsters here?"
"Yes, what can I bring you."

A FEETURE

The All-American Football Team.

We have been fed up of late on the selection of All American football teams by such writers as Walter Seamp, Walter Overalls, Robert Pigskin, Grantland Faree and others equally as incompetent. It occurs to me that, in view of the fact that these men are selecting these teams for rupees, there is liable to be some element of friendship enter into their selection. Now as I myself played two-bits back for the California Athletic Club when we lost to Wahoo, Nebr., by a 265 to 0 score on a fluke, I think that I am well qualified to select an eleven which is not only to be the best team ever conceived by human mind, but is also to be a non-friendship team. That this is certain may be gleaned from the fact that I haven't seen over 2 of these men in the last 132 years, and am not acquainted with a single



Evolution of an engagement ring.

one of the men whom I have selected. The names and Colleges of the players on this team are first stated, and then the reasons for the choice follows. I defy anyone to produce a better outfit.

ENDS: Audubon, Iowa Y.W.C.A.; Wright, Blimp U.
TACKLES: Izaak Walton, Bank U.; Columbus, Ferdinizzly U.

GUARDS: J. James, F. James, both of Rumpus Ridge U.

CENTER: W. Hohenzollern, Dorn U.

QUARTERBACK: Gump, I. C. S.

HALFBACKS: R. Vaselino, Hollerwoodn't U? Duff, Daily News.

ALL-THE-WAY-BACK: Adam, of Eve and Eden U.

Now for the reasons. In the first place, let me say that the knowledge which some of these men gained from football served them throughout their lives, and some of the information of their previous lives was of benefit to them when they took up football.

For ends, Audubon and Wright were chosen. No one can deny that the fact that they exhibited such aptness at the wing position was responsible for their success in life. Audubon later took up the study of birds and Wright started the ball falling in the airyoplane game. Their success was directly accountable to their knowledge of inside wing dope.

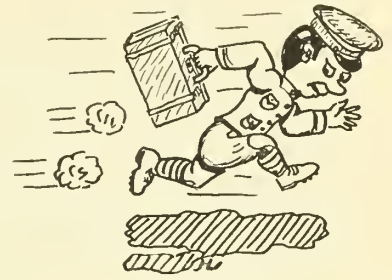
At tackle, Columbus and Walton have no peers. Walton was interested in tackles from childhood, while Columbus took the tackle job to heart so well that he later got a job as sailor to their majesty, the big cheeses of Spain at the time. (Note how diplomatic I am in avoiding historie allusions. I don't wish to forec Father Kaufman to revise his history).

Now for the guards. Take that sentence to heart,—it is the reason for my selection of the James boys to play that position on my team. All during the season of 1203, the James boys performed in great style for the Rumpus Ridge Uni. Time and again, after having already made a cleaning, the James brothers would say, "Now for the guards", and the guards were put out of the play.

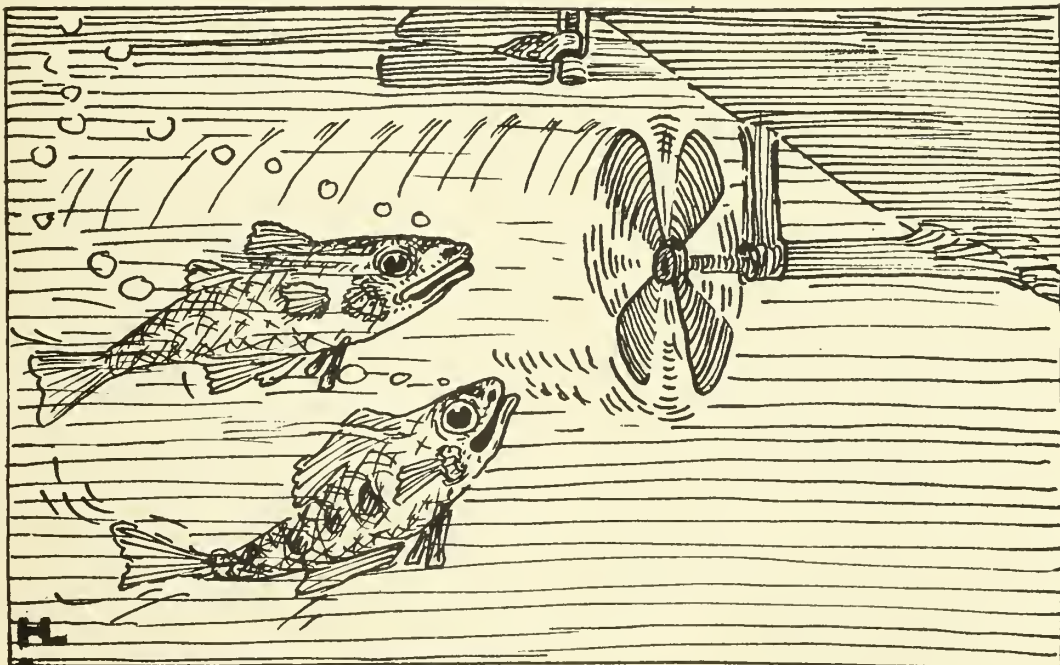
For center, after racking my brain, I am forced to choose W. Hohenzollern. I had my choice of choosing either the devil or the former Kaiser. But the devil is weak on spiral passing so the former was chosen.

For quarterback I have selected the people's choice. Andy Gump—who in my opinion, is the greatest player that ever wore sweat socks. His tongue, ever ready, was responsible for the many defeats which his team chalked up during the summer of 1776. His sharp statements bore down the morale of the opposing team to such an extent that the games were frequently called in order to allow one of the opponents to reeover from a langhing fit. Although Gump is playing just quarterback, he would like to have it all baek and have his name out of ongress.

R. Vaselino and Duff were chosen halfbacks. R. Vaselino is perhaps one of the most curious objects which have ever been written about. His peeuiliar way of



Dolph makes a dash after her.



"My! What a refreshing breeze comes from that fan!"

running with the ball which exposed none of himself but his hair, which he always kept well oiled, made it practically impossible for the opposing players to tackle him. For his running mate, I have selected Duff. He absolutely is the worst example of a wit that has ever come into my observation, consequently I am acting on a remark which I heard the other day concerning him, as follows: "As a witty boy, he would make an excellent football player".

For All-the-way-back I have chosen old man Adam just because he is that.

Some of my readers may say that I chose Vaselino for Halfback just because the name of his college is so odd and hence has a possibility of dragging down a smile from the readers, but let me say that just as a man whom I have chosen to Captain this team, I may say with all consciousness that "I wear no man's collar".

Someone else said "That's all there is: there isn't any more". I'm sure at that guy. I planned on using that one myself but he beat my time, as the old lament goes:

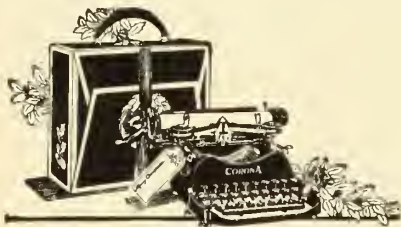
Dootell

"Wonder if it's loaded?"

Said Johnny to Buzz.

New face in _____.

Why? 'Cause it was!



CORONA

"The Personal Writing Machine"

You will need a machine during the Christmas vacation to type up your notes—Why not make a small investment and get the famous CORONA.

For demonstration and terms
see PAUL A. KOEHN, at
SHADOWS office

Central Typewriter Exchange

1912 FARNAM STREET

All Standard Machines for Sale or Rent

Don't Know Unless it was Kissed

What could be sweeter than to be killed by mistake.

Or Maybe a Chocolate Drop

Things I would like to see:

The colored gentleman who is hiding in the woodpile;

The shadow of a doubt;

The breath of suspicion;

The man who is between the devil and the deep blue sea;

A shoe box;

A tree bark;

A bank run.

Morceaux

Lips that touch liquor should not tell where they got it.

The man who says only pleasant things will never gag if he has to eat his words.

People who live in glass houses should pull down the shades.

Because a girl is a dumbbell is no sign she will never get a ring.

Speaking of the wild movements on foot, how about the shimmy?

The Omaha voters are still rubbing their eyes from the dust raised by the sweeping statements of the politicians.

Evening clothes signifies not quite night clothes.

A lot of grocers measure their success by seven quarts to the peck.

"We Carved not a Line. We Raised Not a Stone but We Left Him Alone in His Glory."

In accordance with our principles of keeping life as happy as possible with our lack of brains, I am now to unfold an incident which befell our present Student Major while same and writer were playing soldier together this summer at Fort Snelling.

"Dolph," which we will call him during this narrative, was riding in one of the company's street cars with another C. U. student. Across the aisle sat a demure young miss of approximately 18 summers. (And winters too if you like). Beside her sat an elderly gentleman who had a map on him which looked as though it had been chopped out of a rhinoceros' hide with a dull axe. Between them sat a suit case. Soon

(Continued on page 39)

IS THE WORLD "TRAVELING" TOO FAST?

(Continued from page 6)

about a lighted lantern. This is to proclaim that he has not paid his debts—for him **New Years** has not yet come. But as soon as he settles his accounts the lantern is extinguished and the red banner displayed. Sometimes he is not able to meet his debts within a short period after **New Years**. The Chinaman is then in disgrace with himself, or as they express it, 'he loses face'. According to his reasoning, he is no good for the world, so he commits suicide. The debt then devolves upon the relations. If they are not able to pay, it proceeds to the clan in which he was born. In this country, if a man commits suicide because he cannot meet his debts, he is disgraced; but not so in China. With them it is a heroic deed, and he is accorded the same respect as their other deceased.

"The Chinese do not bury their dead. When a native of China dies, he is not taken to the village cemetery, for they have no burial grounds. The corpse is laid in a heavy wooden coffin and placed upon the ground wherever the "Soothsayer" directs. It may be that the coffin is placed in the yard of the deceased or in the fields near the outskirts of the village. To prevent the spread of disease from this practice, the Chinese put quicklime in the bottom of the coffin which completely destroys the flesh.

"As a race they have great respect for their deceased. No matter in what part of China death may overtake one of its natives, eventually, the remains will be returned, by the relations, to the vicinity in which the departed was born. Once a year the Chinese visit the resting place of their dead. Instead of strewing the ground with flowers, as is our custom, they sprinkle a handful of dirt over the coffin. Connected with the custom of honoring the dead, is the respect they pay to a deceased widow who did not remarry. What is known as, the "Widow's Pale" is erected in her honor. It is a large arched structure made of stone. This is practiced only by the wealthy class. You find these arches throughout the country."

To my question as to what he thought of China's future, Doctor Connelly replied:

"China is a promising country, but she has been retarded by her adherence to old customs.

Then I asked him if he would like to return.

"No," he answered, "I would not. When the President appointed me Clerk of the United States Court for China, he offered me the position for life. When I accepted it I did not intend to spend the rest of my days there. I took up the work merely as a diversion and a rest. While I was in China I hungered for my own country. Only twice did I meet any of my old acquaintances, and that was two weeks before I left."

John Latenser & Son**Architects**

JOHN LATENSER
JOHN LATENSER, Jr.
FRANK LATENSER

OMAHA**Baltimore Cafe***for Good Food*

**Eat where the
Creighton Students
Eat**

A Six Dollar Meal Ticket For Five Dollars

215 So. 20th Street

Creighton Lunch

818 North 24th Street

**MEALS AND SHORT
ORDERS**

Students Given Special Attention

24 Hour Service Food That Satisfies

TAILOR Cleaners and Dyers

AT-1442

FOLEY-PFEIFER

Work Called for and Delivered

Suits Pressed 50c

2303 CUMING STREET

SHOEMEN Shoe Repair Service

*Work Called for and
Delivered*

AT-1442

H. C. HANSEN

2303 Cuming Street

PIKING THE HIKE

(Continued from Page 9)

from the high apexes, were striking in their grandeur and scenic delights. In the western foothills, where Ohio begins, numerous farms appeared. Farther on everything was farmland. Near Columbus, a soft, velvety smell became noticeable. In a short time I caught my first glimpse of an oil well, from which oozed the thick, black substance called crude oil.

Cincinnati, the first hiatus of my trip, held little amusement and interest for me. After three weeks of "little Germany" I abruptly left for Detroit, traveling by the same method as before. Eight weeks of employment in Fordtown tired me to the extent that I could no longer suppress my desire to see the fair fields of Nebraska, of which its premier city, Omaha, was my final objective. "Regarbing" myself in the old outfit, I resumed my so-called hike westward. That was on a brisk September morning. The distance to Omaha was nearly nine hundred miles, which I intended traveling in four days. True to my schedule I arrived at 3:15 P. M. of the fourth day, getting out of a brand new Maxwell touring car just one block from my destination. I had at last reached my goal, traveling an average of nearly two hundred miles per day.

From such a trip, naturally, there should be derived some good. I found it helped me in several ways. The first good to come was a conscious gain in self-confidence. After the first few rides, which were asked for with some doubt and trepidation, I began to have more faith in the ultimate success of my enterprise. Soon all hesitation left me; I was entirely confident of getting there, and, I am afraid, almost brazen in hailing autoists and asking them to pick me up. That the latter must have been partially true may be gleaned from the fact that after the second day of travel, I totally disregarded Fords. Should one approach, I pretended not to see or hear it coming. I had learned during the first two days, that Fords, at least the few I rode in, do not work altogether too smoothly on three lungs, or with a set of new over-sized piston-rings installed. I lost too much time by the wayside helping repair the ailing lizzies.

The strangers I met at each new ride were a constant source of interest. It was truly fascinating to observe them and learn to read their characters. The character of a person, at any stage of development, is always our criterion for judging his moral standard. There are certain fundamental characteristics possessed by all human nature; but individuality is determined, in great part, by the impressions made by outside influences. Education, environment, and experience, are some of the influences from which human nature draws its endowments. This accounts for the variations of character with which we come in daily contact. A mixture

of such influences, proportioned differently in every person, determines the distinguishing marks of each individual. Some may have characters leaning decidedly towards the good; others, through lack of proper training and the wrong kind of association, have characters tending toward evil.

In this short space I have attempted to set forth a few impressions of the adventure I undertook. Invaluable information, ever useful in after life, naturally results from a journey in which the changing landscape and predominant occupation of each section of the country are presented to view; while above that, glad memories of personal contacts always remain as happy dreams.

A PET PEEVE'S "KNOCK-OUT"

(Continued from page 13)

It is admissible that the Varsity did not play as well this season as last but as already shown there are very sound causes for it. This year Creighton has had to be satisfied with mediocrity and has been loyal to a team that played under handicaps. It is the first and last year that any such reason can account for deterioration of football as played on Creighton field this year. The future holds much in store for gridiron enthusiasts and the present Frosh team makes certain a fresh supply of experienced material which the ruling cut off from the Varsity this season. Above all the time has come in this university when students are supposed to have the courage of their convictions and to park their pet crab in the student weekly.

PLAYING SOLITAIRE WITH NOVELS

(Continued from page 14.)

My early childhood, and even my life today, is very lonely, but my manner of filling in time and learning to satisfy myself has given me the power of self-sufficiency, a quality which some at least of my friends who do not read novels seem to lack. This self-sufficiency at times makes my friends wonder at my ways. There is one man especially, who cannot understand how I endure rooming alone in a house where there are not other young people, or why I like to go alone on long tramps, the purpose of a walk being conversation, and rooming alone being nothing short of a calamity. Yet, there is a calm joy in walking through quiet dark woods, or in sitting silent for an hour, just looking down on the hazy river and across slopes of pasture land that remind me of fictional life. To him, one goes for a walk to become better acquainted with an inevitable companion; to me, one goes alone in order to learn to know one's self. It is indeed refreshing to walk along and apply to life the knowledge gained through novels. Then when I come home from a long day's work to a quiet room, the very clock-ticks are soothing and un-



**BruCo Pharmaceuticals are Standard
and Uniform in Quality and Ap-
pearance. Come in and visit
our Laboratory**

E. E. BRUCECO. 10th and Harney
Streets

Stationery That Satisfies

Fountain Pens—Drawing Materials
Loose Leaf Books, All Sizes

**OMAHA STATIONERY
COMPANY**

307-309 So. 17th St.

Douglas 0805

COAL
Building Material

.....
McCaffrey Bros. Co.
.....

120 South 17th Street

Douglas 3145

Meeting Place

C C C
BILLIARD PARLOR

30 Tables

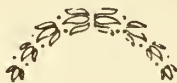


1511 Harney St.

Doug. 6562

Heafey & Heafey

Funeral Directors



Harney 0265

2611 Farnam St.

LAWYERS

DOCTORS

DENTISTS

Should use

—Steel Plate—
Engraved Stationery

Samples and Prices on Request

The N. C. Leary Company

716 So. 15th St., Omaha

hurried, and I pick up a novel and begin to talk with selected characters which represent life in the best possible way to aid comprehension. I feel satisfied as I sit and read on, my blood laughs with a happy delight at the jester, it grows warm when real romantic scenes are developed in a life-like manner, and grows cold at the true irony of the villain. Thus it is as I sit by my window and watch daylight fade into shadows that real characters that are well worth knowing come and sit by me in the dusk, keeping me silent company. And my reading of novels has helped me to all this.

A MOONLIGHT SONATA

(Continued from page 23)

Back in 1919, when the first attempts were made to revive our musical activities from the oblivion into which they had fallen during that hectic nightmare of the S. A. T. C. regime, hardly a vestige of the former Glee Club could be found. Here and there, perhaps, could be located an old timer, but not enough of them to even form the skeleton of the old organization. The tradition of the Varsity Glee Club, which had come on down through ten years of successful musical work, was practically forgotten during that three year interval, and there was scarcely to be found on the entire campus a man who even so much as knew that we had had a Glee Club. Such was the situation here when Mr. Cox was made Musical Director and started again to "say it with music."

The first call for candidates for the reorganized Club brought forth just a dozen of applicants, none of whom, even in their most boastful moments, would so much as allege that they could sing. They were anxious, however, to see a Glee Club again in the field at CREIGHTON and were ready and willing to do what they could. Their number was recruited up to sixteen by combing the student body for the four remaining members of the 1916 Club, and rehearsals were started.

And since that time it has been work, work, and more work. To a Glee Club member it often seems that every time he glances at the Bulletin Board he sees that almost omnipresent reminder—Glee Club To-Night. But after all it is only twice a week and rehearsals are not all drudgery. Most of the fellows, like their irrepressible president, Joe Fitzsimmons, just like to sing and enjoy being there, and whether or not they can sing, they know that in the music room they are protected from the taunts of their hypercritical classmates, and can unrestrained give full vent to their laryngeal musculature. They too, most of them realize the importance and value of the experience they are getting in musical routine work under Mr. Cox.

It is nothing less than a revelation to watch their versatile leader, as he plays the accompaniment for all four parts, and, as it seems, simultaneously wave his

baton on the attacks and releases, smile approvingly on the first tenors as they successfully negotiate a difficult passage, scowl at the baritones for their delay of a thirty-second of a beat in getting in, encourage the basses as they stoop for a low one, and at the same time sing the second tenor score to help that section weakened by absences or timidity. And if occasion demands, he may be singing the baritone or first tenor part. It makes no difference to him and he hops in wherever help is needed. The boys say that Mr. Cox can do everything at once except sing all four parts.

The annual spring concerts have served to mark the progress of the Club's work, and each succeeding year has shown creditable improvement. The two jaunts out into the state provided welcome diversion after the months of earnest preparation, and it is sincerely to be hoped that transportation conditions may soon become so adjusted that further tours can be arranged without mortgaging the University to the railroads. But we have been hit by this circumstance no harder than other like organizations, and the present prohibitive rates have kept practically every Glee Club on its own campus for the past two years. This forced abandonment of the customary trips should make the situation in the towns of the state favorable for a successful tour just as soon as railroad tariffs are brought back to reason.

THE LAW DECIDES

(Continued from page 29)

One morning shortly before Frank's return to California Jack arose rather early in order to go for a walk. As he was leaving his room he saw a rather soiled envelope on the floor of the hall. He saw that it had been opened but the letter was still inside. Anxious to get the benefit of the early morning air, he thrust it into his pocket and left the house. After he had gone about two miles he saw a small park which constituted a playground for the children from the surrounding apartment houses. All of the benches were deserted so he decided to rest a while before returning home.

As he sat there he became rather curious about the letter he had picked up. Taking it from his pocket he saw at once that it was addressed to Anita Canton. A glance at the postmark convinced him that it was from Elmer. These facts did not abate his curiosity but rather spurred it on. Then the thought of Anita's confusion at breakfast many months before, occurred to him. Without further hesitation he jerked out the letter and began reading. The letter began: Dear Sis: "The final directions are; cover your tracks. Don't leave anything open which would give that Frank Wilkins a clew. It might be a good idea to slip that pharmacist a few hundred and have him forget about ever selling

Union Fuel Co.

209 So. 18th Street



JA-0268 - OMAHA

When you come into the bank, whether you are a depositor or depositor to be, we want you to know that you are on "friendly ground"

4% Interest Paid on Savings

Guaranteed Quarterly

AMERICAN STATE BANK

D. C. Geiselman, Cashier
H. M. Krogh, Asst. Cashier

D. W. Geiselman, Pres.
C. V. Nelson, Vice-Pres.

GLASS PAINT and BRUSHES

There is a Warehouse of the

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company

Where Ever You Go.

ATHLETIC GOODS

Creighton University

NOVELTY and CANDY SHOP



"In the Gym"

CANDIES SANDWICHES JEWELRY

CIGARETTES

PENNANTS

ENGRAVERS
of
HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE ANNUALS
BAKER BROS. ENGRAVING CO.
DESIGNERS ENGRAVERS ELECTROTYPERS
12th & HARNEY STS. OMAHA

you those drugs and say,—be sure to get affidavits for all the evidence against him because”

Jaek did not read further. For once he was angry through and through. He saw how simply he had been tricked. It was well that two miles lay between him and Anita Canton at this moment. He started back at once and by the time he reached the house he had calmed down completely and had made up his mind to keep the letter and hide his discovery from the Cantons.

As soon as Frank returned from Washington he called Jaek and told him to come to his office.

“Hello, old top, you are looking lots better than when I left. How have things been going?” greeted Frank.

“Fine, and how about yourself?”

“Couldn’t be better, that case was a snap.”

“Say Frank, just glance at this,” said Jack handing him the fatal letter.

As Frank read the note a cynical smile crossed his face. When he finished it changed to a boyish grin.

“Gee,” he sighed, “that spoils it all.”

“Spoils what?” exclaimed Jack, jumping from his perch on Frank’s desk.

“Why I had a swell speech all worked out and now I’ll have to change the whole business”, laughed Frank, amused at Jack’s serious face.

“This leaves us O. K. doesn’t it?” asked Jack.

“I’ll say so. They can’t get around Elmer Canton’s own signature.”

After a short chat the boys parted in high spirits. They were together quite often from now on because Frank had work in town.

Finally the twelfth month rolled around and found the trio on the return trip. But a quartette was really making the journey. In another coach rode Frank Wilkins, his presence being unknown to the Cantons. He was also clever enough to hide his identity until the morning of the probating of the will. It was a pleasant cool morning and the courtroom was filled with people. They all loved Jack but thought his case was entirely hopeless as Canton had broadcasted his misdeeds during the past year.

Canton’s lawyer gave a rather insinuating speech concerning Jaek’s character and then proceeded to enumerate each single act whereby the deceased man’s wishes had been violated, giving sufficient evidence for each.

Frank, on the other hand, went immediately into the plot of Elmer Canton to get the Conway plant. As evidence he produced the letter which Jack had found.

After a short deliberation the court decided in Jack’s favor.

The next morning the Cantons left for Europe, and this time Mrs. Canton realized the necessity of the rush.

THE WHIP

(Continued from page 32)

the miss gets up for her corner and leaves the car sans suitcase. Student Z says to Dolph, "Say, that girl left her suitcase on the car." Dolph who had seen only two pretty girls in Minneapolis thus far, jumped to his feet, grabbed the suitcase and dashed madly out of the door after the girl. The old gent with the classy map also hopped up and joined in the chase, all the time hollering, "Stop that guy! He stole my suitcase!" Soon Dolph catches the girl and stands there sweet as sugar telling her she has forgotten her suitcase. At this point, gent with classy map arrives on the scene. "Gimme dat suitcase, guy. Whats de matter wit youse? Trying to pull someting off?"

Kumquats and Cranberries

(Nothing this time. But this space will be open to contributors who have something in the nature of a kumquat about somebody—or maybe it's a cranberry. Pack it in cotton and send it over. Algy.)

(I hear someone ask what's a kumquat. Have you heard of a bouquet? Well, same thing only different. And cranberry? A razzberry in the fall, dumbell. Algy.)

AESOP REDIVIVUS

1. Foxy Grandpa and the Grape.

Once upon a time in the reign of Volstead XVIII (By amendment), a certain Grandpa was afflicted with a great thirst. Although a paragon of temperance, abstemiousness, and abstinence in the eyes of Grandma, son, and grandson, and, in his palmier days, a crusader in the fight against Demon Rum, he was consumed with an all-consuming thirst.

"I must get me a drink of some real stuff," he mused, for he could not speak his thoughts in the presence of Grandma. He feared Grandma's tongue.

He feared the brand known as bootleg, for he loved life in spite of his years and knew well the danger that lurked in that article.

He knew of a place where they dealt out a brand of the vintage of aeons back before Volstead XVIII ascended the throne. But the price was too high for his slim purse. And his son now was keeper of the family fortunes. He couldn't seek a large loan from him, because his son might get suspicious and make too many inquiries. He feared the lofty air of his son.

Now grandson slyly procured what was known as Dago Red, and Grandpa knew it, but he was suspicious of that article and besides he couldn't go to his grandson for a sip. He feared the loss of grandson's respect for his manly qualities.

Grandma was canning grapes one day.

Well Secured Investments

\$100, \$500 and \$1,000 Denominations

You are cordially invited to call
or write for details



Barber Shop

LOUIS G. PRUZOR, Mgr.

We Boost for Creighton

221 S. 24th St.

'Phone Doug. 7045

"Ah," thought Grandpa, "I'll make myself some good wine."

So he rigged up a place out of Grandma's sight and filehed a basket of grapes from Grandma. He pressed the contents of the luscious grapes into a tub, and his eyes sparkled as he watched it ferment.

He looked long and lovingly at the grape as it fermented and acquired a spirited kick.

But he watched too long and the wine soured, because he didn't barrel it.

He tried again. But just as he was on the point of pouring it into a demijohn, preparatory to corking it up and ageing it, Fido accidentally fell into the tub.

Again he tried, but the tub was leaky and it all flowed away.

He tried again and again, but because he lacked a skilful hand and a knowledge of the proper ripeness

"Candidly the Best"

Gordon's

CHOCOLATES

"Ask the girl who eats them"



Gordon-Rainalter Co.

Candy Makers

Omaha, U. S. A.

Fraternity Parties

Could serve nothing
better nor a refreshment
more acceptable than

FAIRMONT'S
Delicia
THE BETTER
ICE
CREAM

The Fairmont Creamery Co.

and quality of the juice of the grape, it either soured, spoiled, or was spilled by some accident.

At last he gave it up and destroyed all traces of his ill-fortuned undertaking.

"Grapes should be eaten off the vine and not drunk out of a flask," he announced to Grandma one night before retiring.

"What was that you said, pap?" said Grandma, surprised at the unwonted and unforeseen remark.

But Grandpa grumbled something about never caring for wine anyway and turned over and drew the covers over his head.

Next day he called his grandson to him.

He loomed over him. He assumed an impressive attitude. Grasping a glass of water, he drained it slowly and deliberately. Then he spoke thus in sombre tones to his gaping grandson:

"Grandson, I wish to impress you with the fact that wine is the curse of the universe. I have spoken to you before about this bootleg and Dago Red, and will not now repeat what my opinion of that poison is. But you may have imagined, or at least been told, that wine is not destructive of your morals and manliness. But let me tell you that the juice of the grape is striking at the very vitals of our national manhood; it is undermining the foundations of the welfare of our youth. Avoid the grape in every form; it is full of venom; there should be a law prohibiting the growing of grapes."

Grandson went away singing the praises of Grandpa's virtues and moral courage.

Years ago the Fox, after leaping in vain to reach some sweet grapes hanging over a wall, said:

"They are sour grapes. I know they are sour. They are not fit to eat."

Aesop is as right now as then.

—Redivivus.

Well, as My Girl Says—

If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again.



REINERT / ALUMNI LIB-GREIGHTON U



3 2285 00370 4052



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Creighton University Archives

<http://archive.org/details/shadows14n3crei>

