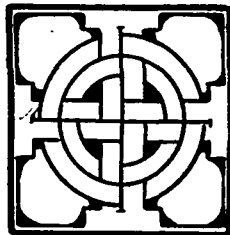


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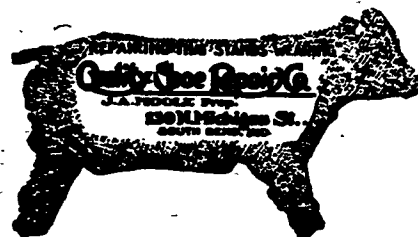


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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 22, 1919.

No. 9.

Thanksgiving.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

THE low northwind goes moaning through the woods tonight,

The harvest fields are ghostly in the cold starlight,
The hoar-frost falls on sleeping orchards from the cold
and twinkling skies,
And everywhere the northwind wildly moans and
cries.

My love is a joyous bard tonight,
A-playing in the cold starlight,
Who touches the great-toned harp of fields and trees
And makes the northwind's moanings into sweetest
melodies.

Glad melodies of thanks they are,
That, mounting, fly beyond the farthest star
To where the singing angels are,
That they may take the echoes of this song of mine,
And with their golden voices twine
A wreath of thanks for Him whose hand
Has placed these harvest-blessings in our starlit land.

"Kamennoi Ostrow."

BY DILLON J. PATTERSON, '20.

ONE of the most beautiful of all musical compositions is "Kamennoi Ostrow," by Anton Rubenstein. It is one of a series of twenty-four pieces by the same composer, each of which describes an experience or incident in his life. The series itself bears the name "An Album of Twenty-four Portraits."

—To the average person a musical composition is simply a combination of pleasing sounds, and one misses half the inspiration and pleasure a piece affords by not knowing the motive that prompted the composer to express his thoughts in melody. Every composition has a definite purpose—either to describe or to induce a certain mood. In most cases the writer is attempting to describe, and a real poetic idea underlies the harmony of his music. Description is just as possible in music as it is in prose; and

no one who has seen "The Birth of a Nation" will deny that music is half the show—it describes and induces the proper moods to appreciate the scenes.

"Kamennoi Ostrow" not only has a wealth of melody but also portrays a fascinating incident in the life of the composer Rubenstein. The city of Kamennoi Ostrow was the "Newport" of Western Europe in Rubenstein's time and was the most fashionable resort on the Atlantic coast. It was the watering place of nobles and the best families of the Old World. These aristocrats were the real patrons of music at the time and spent money lavishly on artists of renown. Surrounded on every side by wealth and comfort, simplicity, strange to say, left a lasting impression on Rubenstein's mind, and this is the story he tells.

A short distance down the street from the house in which he was stopping stood a Gothic Cathedral with its towers standing high and sharp against the blue summer sky and ocean. It was Sunday morning and accompanied by some of his friends the composer was on his way to Mass. The cathedral bells were ringing. The bright sunny morning and the ringing of bells in such picturesque surroundings had put him in a jovial mood and when the solemn strains of the organ were heard, his face was the happiest of countenances. It was in this frame of mind that he had written his best music and he started humming a melody. Glancing up, he saw a few feet away from him on the steps of the church what he describes as the "most beautiful angel ever," a girl of perhaps eighteen, simple in dress and the very picture of virtue. Rubenstein gazed long at her in admiration, so long in fact that when she saw his steady gaze, she turned away. The memory of this beautiful girl standing in front of the church on that bright morn ever afterwards remained with him. A year later he commenced work on the "Twenty-Four Portraits," and knowing the story I have just related, it is a source of almost divine inspiration

to listen to the wonderful music in which is pictured the girl at Kamennoi Ostrow.

Starting with a tremulo effect of a chord in the high upper treble, we are reminded of the rolling waves on the beach at the scene of the story. After a few such measures, a melody, so simple, yet beautiful, makes us forget all else and compels our attention. The first two pages contain only this one theme with the melody played by the left hand accompanied by the tremulo chords of the right hand.

The second page ends with a pause and on the following is Rubenstein's description of the girl. It is wonderful harmony, slow, containing a crescendo followed every two measures by a decrescendo to carry out the description of the beach near by. The first note of every second measure is a sharply struck high c and this is the church bellringing. Below, interwoven harmonies in contrary motion remind one of an organ's swell. Between the bell and the organ is a melody that would make any girl beautiful, and knowing what it represents we can see vividly the church, organ, bell, and girl.

On the following page sustained chords linked with soft arpeggios continue the organ effect until the bottom of the page where a new, sharp, loud and different theme appears. The girl, seeing Rubenstein's gaze, turns away, and her departure is shown by a sweeping cadenza from one end of the keyboard to the other.

Starting, as if awakening from a dream, the primary theme of the piece is repeated louder than before and enriched by much arpeggio work. Continuing louder for the next two pages and working up to a climax that cannot fail to thrill, we are again reminded of the girl by her same melody, after which the music becomes softer and softer. The church theme is softly repeated, and the music fades away with a very soft run to the upper register,—just as we reach the top of the steps and enter the cathedral.

Remember this story and after you have heard this composition played, you will have a new appreciation of music's worth and have realized one of the greatest joys this world affords.

One: The hardest day's work I ever did was trying to convince the prefect of discipline that I had not been out at night when I was.

Two: The hardest day's work I ever did was trying to make some chewing gum that I had bought at the Greek's stick together.

Tough Luck.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

John Daley had always been a victim of "tough luck." The cards which Fate dealt out to him were always just one short of a royal flush. You couldn't say when his luck actually turned against him; it seemed to have come with him when he began his Chemistry course in college; it was with him all through, and finally resulted in John's stepping into a little hole—a gopher hole—on his way to class one morning. That little misstep cost him a sprained ankle, and caused just enough absence to spoil his average so that he dropped from leading his class to third place.

After he got his degree, John's luck seemed to change. He got a job almost immediately. Through four years of hard work, he became recognized as a valuable man at the Chemical factory in which he worked. One day they made him head of the experimental department; and there he met the girl. Mary McNerny was a clever stenographer, and a nice girl; so John decided to get married. Mary was as glad to get the ring as John was to offer it.

John had inherited a little money from his father, and with what he had been able to save, he had been able to buy just the bungalow he wanted. Mary thought it was "a perfect dear" and the world was a rosy place in John's eyes.

They set the day for June; and John felt that no man was luckier than he. He was twenty-eight; five years out of college, and worth about ten thousand dollars, and was soon to be married to the finest girl in the world. When the appointed day finally came, John was walking on air.

He left his boarding house, walked down the street, his ears deaf to the din of the city. Still in his happy stupor, he started across a street intersection; and then was rudely awakened by the snort of a motor truck. He jumped to get out of the way, slipped and fell. One of the truck's front wheels passed over the small of his back.

When John came out of the hospital he dragged along with crutches. Both of his legs were paralyzed. Mary McNerny walked beside him, with little tears in the corners of her eyes.

"Of course I can't marry you now, Mary,"

said he. "I hope to find some way of supporting myself, but I couldn't support you too, and I won't have you working, when you're my wife."

Mary sighed rather wistfully. John sighed too; and then he went on:

"However, if I ever do feel that I can support a wife, I'll marry you—if you can keep loving an old cripple that long." Mary said that she would wait; and John said that if she had to wait very long it would not be his fault.

John found that he had an income of some eight hundred dollars after he had collected the damages he had been given by court. He had no need to try any actual labor; but he decided that the time he had on his hands would pass much faster if he had something to do; so he started writing. He finally had a story that he determined was worth sending to a publisher; and through some good luck, they actually read the story, accepted it, sent back a check, and asked for more. John had sold his bungalow to obtain money to defray his expenses; he began to think he could soon buy it back. His stories continued to be successful; people liked them, and his income increased in due proportion: so John bought back the bungalow.

He saw Mary the next Sunday, and asked her if she thought the two of them could live on three thousand a year; they set the date of the wedding for the third of January, three weeks away. John came home that night the happiest man in the state of Ohio. Luck was certainly beginning to break his way. He could make something out of his life yet—he was only thirty-two, and he had a long time to live.

On the thirty-first of December, John got a check which made his year's earnings swell to almost four thousand dollars. He was going to call Mary up and tell her about it, but he remembered that she was at the Chemical factory, working. This would be her last day there.

The landlady rapped at his door, and brought him his paper. He opened at random. His eye fell on one headline.

"Rubber heel loosens: Girl falls to death."

"Sounds like a good story," he commented.

His eyes drifted down to the "Lead."

"Mary McNerny, age twenty-seven, employed at—"

He grasped the arms of his chair, threw himself into a standing posture, then crumpled back into an awkward heap. "My God," he groaned.

Six hours later John Daley entered a drug store.

"I want an ounce of the strongest solution of cacodyl chloride that you have," he said.

The clerk satisfied himself that the man was a chemist who was performing some belated experiment. He brought back a small bottle, wrapped it up, and handed it across the counter. John took the poison and put it into his overcoat pocket. He went back to his boarding-house. It was a quarter to ten. He determined to die at the stroke of ten. He picked up a book from the desk. He started to read.

"Suicide is an act of supreme cowardice," he read; he threw down the book in violent anger, but began to think, and as he thought, he knew that there must be a just good God. He felt somehow, that it could not be very long until he would meet Mary in a better world. He picked up the poison from the table, and hurled it out of the window. John said a prayer of thanks to God, and picked up his crutches to take a walk before going to bed.

The little bottle fell on the sidewalk with a musical tinkle. A stray mongrel ran up to it, smelled of it, stood stiff, leaped convulsively once or twice, and lay on the frozen sidewalk a few feet away.

John came out of the door of the boarding house. He walked down the sidewalk. He looked up at the windows of his own rooms as he passed beneath them. As he did so, one of his crutches caught in something fuzzy and soft, and the other slipped on the icy sidewalk. He fell heavily, face downward, and something cut his mouth and nose, and a stupefying, burning vapor filled his lungs.

Patrolman Casey almost fell over the body. He drew back disgustedly.

"If there's wan day av the year I hate bein' a policeman, 'tis New Year's, when the streets ar-re so cluttered with drunks, a man can't hilp steppin' on thim," he remarked. He prodded the still form with a big foot; then he noticed the crutches. If the man was a cripple, he would naturally have to pick him up.

Casey saw the blood on nose and mouth as he turned the body over. He looked down at the sidewalk, and saw the broken bottle.

"Another suicide! May the Lor-rd have mur-rcy on his sowl—like as not he needs it too." Casey noticed the dog. "It must of been power-

ful stuff, if it killed one of them dogs. They can eat anything,—carbolic acid to fruit-cake—and feel happy over it.” And so saying, Casey laid the body down and blew three blasts upon his whistle. He looked down at the body again.

“A man must have some awfully tough luck to drive him to that,” said Casey.

The Englishman's Story.

J. SINNOTT MEYERS, '20.

The story I am going to relate to you was told to me in New York several years ago by a newspaper reporter from England. Despite the fact that he was an Englishman he was what is known as “a good scout,” although his sense of humor was a bit perverted, and I think you will agree with me in this when this story is ended.

It seems that a certain John Barley was a middle class Englishman of moderate wealth with a college professor's proverbial mental abstraction. He was undoubtedly in love with his wife, which fact seemed to give the tale a certain jocularity to my newspaper friend. Now John Barley was a Londoner and his memory was a bit hazy like the atmosphere of his residential city. So the plot begins to unfold itself.

One evening John was to meet his wife at the stationer's in Trafalgar Square. John was there at the appointed time, but as usual “wifey” was late. John lounged against the stone front of the stationer's and smoked violently, thus giving vent to his mental sensations of anger. Then his face became calm, he was abstracting. Suddenly a woman turned a contiguous corner and approached. John raised his hat as she neared him and, falling in step with her, said, “What made you so late tonight, Dear?” The lady was silent. “Certainly, I thought so,” replied John. They walked on for several blocks and then the lady turned, “What do you want with me,” she inquired in a militant manner. “Oh, nothing more than usual,” said John. “Well, then,” answered the woman, “come on and let's have a regular party.” “Certainly,” replied the cryptic John. Neither knew that a woman was following them—but one was.

What followed the foregoing episode is not our concern, but what resulted is important. For, six months later, John Barley found himself a single man again. His wife had obtained a divorce on the ground that he had been carrying

on affairs with an unknown woman. At the court John's plea had been, “I am absent minded, but I love my wife.” The court, however, seemed to think differently.

At this juncture in the story my friend leaned back in his luxurious chair and laughed heartily. I laughed, too, but “at him” not “with him.” He, however, did not notice the difference.

“Queer chap,” he said inquiringly. “Yes,” I replied, also leaning back in my chair. “Too queer, don't you people in England have sequestered places for such individuals with a keeper or so around to see that they do not run amuck?” “Certainly, but Barley wasn't bad enough for that,” he said seriously. “Besides, you haven't heard the best of the story,” and, leaning forward he began the next chapter of the life of John Barley.

Months of separation from her husband did not pour the “oil” over the troubles of John's wife. She wanted John—John with his books, his odd ways, and his diabolically-minus memory. So one night she strolled forth along the usual “tramping ground” of her former husband. He was nowhere to be seen. But at the very end of the shaded avenue which formed the entrance to a park she found “Her John” curled up on a bench. No, he was not asleep. She approached him and said, “Good evening, John.” John immediately un-curled himself and stood up, hat off. “Pardon me,” he said in reply, “but were you looking for someone, Madam?” “Yes,” answered his wife “I was looking for you.” John asked her to sit down. The conversation touched upon all the subjects which strangers discuss, never once was their marriage or divorce mentioned.

Here in the narrative the reporter stopped and laughed again. Then he took up the thread, but six months after the date of the meeting in the park. “Do you know,” he said, “what happened after that?” “Hardly,” I answered. “Well,” he said, “Six months later they were married, but John did not know he was marrying his former wife—no, he had forgotten all about her during the separation. Oh, yes, they are happy despite the fact that the night before I left England I saw John walking down the street with a woman other than his wife.”

Then he laughed for the third time; he was enjoying the retelling. This is the story as I heard it from him. I did not attempt to embellish it nor to put any “American” into it. It is merely an English “story.”

Varsity Verse.

N. D. HAD A LITTLE MULE.

Mr. Abe Frank, of Oliver fame,
After the thrilling Army game,
Chortled with glee.

Outside his house the college men
Gathered to cheer, and cheer again,
Their great victory.

Then the folding doors swung wide,
Our old grey mule was pushed inside
On the polished floor.

Two men led him, and one man rode,
Another applied a practical goad,
While Abe did roar.

Hastened the guests from near and far,
From boudoir, and parlor, and useless bar,
That all might see.

They lined the walls, and crowded the stairs,
Many stood on the lobby chairs,
Laughing endlessly.

Abe's sleep since then is a nightmare long,
Of mules, and cheers, and college songs,
So his order read:

"If them collegers ever win once more,
We lock and bar the outer door,
And play like dead.

"Mules ain't for lobbys anyhow,
They break the floor and raise a row,
And smell too loud—
Probably if they won again,
They'd bring cows, and goats, and a guinea-hen,
That crazy crowd."—F. S. F.

We men admit we've many faults
But women have just two:
Everything they say
And everything they do.—D. J. P.

ADVENTURER.

My heart has yearned to be afar
Far from my cushioned chair,
To roam forever the broad expanse
And breathe adventure's air.

To meet at night the Northern Lights
And see the frozen dawn;
To fight at will the crusted tang
With lean and rippled brawn.

To cruise around the seething line
Over a painted sea;
And feel the languorous southern breath
Within its folds wrap me.

Oh! how I want to tramp the world
Even to the rainbow's brim;
But life has sentenced me forever
To nurse a twisted limb.—J. S. M.

There Must be Some Mistake.

BY ANDREW J. MOYNIHAN, '20.

Jimmy Underhill stepped from the afternoon train at Union City into the arms of the reception committee. Jimmy was palpably discomposed, it being the first time that he had ever been greeted by a Civic Art League. He threw away the cigar he had just lighted.

They bore down upon him *en masse*. A middle-aged man, whose appearance bespoke the proverbial prominent citizen, acted as prolocutor. An obese woman, sleek, serene and old enough to tell the truth about her age, advanced toward him, smiling ingratiatingly. The *ensemble* followed closely. From a great distance Jimmy Underhill heard the banal, welcome-to-our city speech. He raised a protesting hand—a futile "stop signal." He tried to explain, tried to tell them that he wasn't a painter, that his name was not Rittiwisc, or whatever they called him. But his words did not carry. Some one had stolen his bags. And now some one was maneuvering him towards the waiting automobiles, and Jimmy was getting mad.

He was seated in the tonneau of a machine before his Adam's-apple had ceased to oscillate. He again attempted to remonstrate.

"There must be some mistake. I—er—" he faltered.

He was getting no sympathy from the middle-aged gentleman, who was busy pointing out the spots of interest. Jimmy heard him mention a shirt-waist factory; heard a jumble of statistics; heard Chamber of Commerce items. The unwilling guest muttered something intended to convey wonder and assent, and turned away. Perhaps he could explain to some one else.

He hadn't really noticed her before; that is, before she engagingly lowered the lid over one very blue eye and raised it quickly. Involuntarily he smiled. He tried to think of something to say, but then his attention was claimed by the other side. There was the new public library on the corner. That yellow structure was the old Fowler mansion. One of the oldest families, you know. Lost their money, ten, fifteen years ago. Too bad. Yes. They felt so sorry for them. Jimmy thought he heard a very small laugh. He was not sure.

The car turned into a driveway and under the porte-cochere of a large, ivy-draped, stone residence. The party alighted. Jimmy turned;

she smiled. Was she still laughing at him? They entered a large drawing-room.

Jimmy was shown to his room where he sank into a chair and gave himself up to thought. Then he made an important decision. The wink had done it. Who could resist that wink? He would even make that speech on the New Movement in Art. He would stay around to the finish. "I wonder who she is. Yes, certainly, the daughter of the people of the house; yes—Miss Proctor."

Dinner that evening began very formally. However, it had one redemption for Jimmy Underhill. He was seated beside Miss Proctor: "Mary," someone called her. He liked that name; naturally he would. She did not speak of Beardsley nor perspectives nor chiaroscuro nor Whistler. Inwardly he voted her his thanks.

"I don't think we ought to bother Mr. Rittiwisc with shop talk now," she said, "he's going to tell us so much later."

Jimmy wanted to squeeze her hand under the table, but just then she busied herself with knife and fork. He was beginning to appreciate the situation. It was not so bad being an artist, at least not the first time. He told a story that everyone laughed at immoderately. Mr. Proctor, the prominent citizen, told another that was intellectually flavorless. In the telling he missed the point, but everyone laughed anyway. The dinner was a great success.

The men smoked their cigars in the library. Proctor cornered Underhill and spoke glibly of high-prices, strikes and raw materials. They had a drink. Then they had another. Was there much money in art? Jimmy laid down his glass and said he hoped there was. Everyone looked puzzled, but before they could question him, Mary appeared in the doorway.

"Daddy," said she, "it isn't right for you men to monopolize the guest of the evening."

They joined the ladies. Jimmy made his way to Mary's side.

"Let's get out of here," he whispered. They went out on the veranda.

"How does it feel to be a celebrity?" she asked smilingly.

For an instant he thought he detected a look of mockery in her eyes. His suspicions were allayed, however, when she continued:

"It must be wonderful."

"Oh, one gets used to that sort of thing," he said. "I once knocked a three-base hit, with three men on bases."

"Really? You interest me."

"Fact. I'm too modest to continue."

"Wonderful man," she said.

"Wonderful girl," was what Jimmy wanted to say. What he did say was:

"Are you interested in the New Movement?"

"What is it? Anything like the shimmy?"

"It means getting closer together—I mean getting closer to nature."

"Can you paint portraits?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I'll try if you wish," he replied.

"You don't seem at all like an artist to me."

"Because?"

"Well, I can't explain it."

"I can," said Jimmy as they went inside.

The Civic Art League turned out in force that night. They assembled at the Proctors' to hear the great Rittiwisc hold forth on art. Here was culture with a vengeance. Jimmy was introduced to Miss Snodgrass, 'who does all sorts of clever things with clay, you know.' He was almost drawn into conversation with Mr. Jennison, Mister Jeremiah Jennison, who writes plays aimed at Broadway, but which are eventually presented by the Tuesday Afternoon Dramatic club. All the members filed by and Jimmy made passes at their extended hands, meanwhile watching a certain girl's hair, alternately burnished and darkened by the light overhead.

Jimmy was standing with Mary and her mother near the door, as the meeting was about to be called to order. The butler, entering unobtrusively, presented a card to Mrs. Proctor, adding:

"He seems insistent, ma'am. Says he must see you."

The hostess glanced at the card and cast a horrified glance at Jimmy. Mary peered over her mother's shoulder, and flashed a warning to the young men.

"There must be some mistake," said the lady. "Send him away, Griggs."

But Griggs did not carry out his instructions. Just then a dapper little old man with black eyes and an "overseas" mustache entered. He had about him an air of confident ease as he advanced to the center of the group. Now all the members had converged near the door.

"Madam," he said, "I hope you will pardon the rude intrusion. I am afraid I have spoiled the little party. I do not come for which purpose. I have heard of the presence of Meester

Rittiwisc, which mystify me, since I am that person."

Everyone looked hopefully towards Jimmy, who smiled composedly at the artist.

"What the gentleman says is true," said Jimmy. "My name is not Rittiwisc, but James Malcolm Underhill. You didn't give me an opportunity to explain at the station, and later, well, like this gentleman, I didn't want to throw cold water on the party. Besides I had another reason for keeping up the bluff. I am not an artist; I am advertising manager for Anderson's Odorless Soap, which, by the way, is the greatest little cleanser on the market. There should by all means be a cake in every home. It can be used on the baby or on the kitchen stove; for shaving or scouring; will remove the dirt from the most rabid Bolshevik or I. W. W.—"

Mrs. Proctor became the center of attention. They carried her to a chair.

"Water," ordered someone.

"Water and Anderson's Odorless Soap," said Jimmy, "the greatest combination in the world."

Somehow Jimmy came out of it alive. First they threatened him with arrest; but he reminded them that that would never do. It would get into the papers, you know. Mr. Jennison threatened physical violence, then thought better of it. Jimmy looked around to see Mr. Proctor beaming upon him approvingly. He took heart.

"I owe all of you an apology," he said, "and you, Mr. Rittiwisc. I am sorry it had to turn out so disastrously." Then an inspiration. "But why can't Mr. Rittiwisc, now that he is here, give you a talk?"

Mrs. Proctor rallied; the artist pondered the question.

"Won't you?" urged that lady. The others echoed her plea. Just then the pseudo-painter took Mary by the arm.

"That was splendid," said Mary, when they were alone and he was holding her hand.

"Mary," the young man said, "it may be a little early to talk like this, but today has been a long time. I've waited patiently for this moment and now at last we are alone. Do you think you could learn to marry me? I mean love me? Er—will you marry me?"

"There must be some mistake," she answered. "Tell me more about Anderson's Odorless Soap."

And a Day was Done.

J. SINNOTT MEYERS.

There was a whizzing of whipped air as the giant shell, whirling, crashed through the browned thatched roof of the little one-room shack. The chimney fell and the bricks rumbled as they slid and turned over in their descent down the roof-side. The old, long-cracked clay walls crumbled and fell into dust beneath the weight of the displaced timbers.—A home was no more.—The man heard a stifled cry as the roof fell in. He rushed from the field and approached the house. The fine sifting of smoke and dust burned his eyes and caked in his mouth and throat. He poked around in the ruins. He looked up. Silence everywhere. He stooped again. A sharp crack rang out. His body crumpled and pitched forward. It struck the ground and remained still.—A figure strode out of the bushes and ran towards the north. As he ran, a red strip of cloth showed, whipping itself around his body in the whirr of the wind.—The scene was as silent as before the shell struck. Night drew on. And a day was done—in Russia.

Carlos—"Spic."

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

Chow call blew and out rushed Company K to mess. At the door there scrambled a dozen urchins, Mexicans, negroes and whites with pails and baskets, imploring their soldier cronies to bring to them after the meal, biscuits, slices of bread, pieces of meat or whatever else the mess sergeant served.

"You get one biscuit for me, hey sergeant?" chirped a one-legged Mexican who hopped and slipped with a crutch. "I take it home to my lil brother, five, six-years old. Poor kid, ees sick."

"You bet, buddie, I'll bring you two," returned the sergeant.

Whereupon "Red" and "Bronco," two toisterous whites, hard as only the ten-year-old sons of hardened Texas troopers can be, pounced upon their nine-year Mexican companion.

"Where do you get that stuff, workin' a drag with Sgt. McGee? My old man soldiered with that guy and you "Spic" don't get any leavings what he brings out—see?"

Down off the steps a tumbling went the one-

legged Carlos. "Snowball" smiled and Sambo snickered:

Y'all better look out Carlos,—'Red' am a fighter."

The whites laughed but Carlos only grinned. His pearly white teeth glittered a striking contrast to his swarthy complexion. He picked himself and crutch up. Spills and abuses were not uncommon in his young life and he was no fighter. "Red" knew it. The times he had tempted Carlos to fight and called him "yeller" because he refused were more numerous than the "beauty" spots on "Red's" freckled face. Begging at the mess hall door was one of Carlos' occupations, however, and back to the door he went. A dozen families were fed on what the soldiers brought out in their hands and pockets after each meal to the whites, Mexicans and blacks at the mess hall door. Carlos' folks were almost fed.

During the meal buckets were put aside and "Mike," a meek, white burrow was the object of the kids' attention. "Mike" was meek, but like his bigger brother Jack, was pesky at times. "Snowball" attempted to ride him with disastrous results. Sambo grabbed him by the hind legs while "Red," who boasted ownership and mastery of the animal, grabbed him by the ear. "Mike" reared and Sambo speedily absented himself from a southernmost position. "Red" picked himself up and averred:

"That damned critter's meaner'n a San Pedro steer tonight."

To all purposes and intents "Mike" was not to be ridden.

Carlos, the one-legged, stepped forward, however, threw his crutch aside and leaped on "Mike's" back. The animal wiggled his ears, kicked and reared, butted and ran but Carlos stuck. He could not and would not fight but he could ride stubborn burros and he did. Around the canteen the burro jogged and around went Carlos. Around went both again and at the end of the second lap the animal stopped jogging. His ears fell. He was subdued!

Even "Red" was forced to cheer,—"Red" who called out the guard when the officer was not in sight, and who shouted "never mind the guard" when the Commanding General approached the fort, "Red" who dared ride bare-back, the wildest in Remount No. 1, was outdone by the one-legged Carlos. The Mexican jumped off and a half a dozen then mounted "Mike." Carlos had broken him. Although fighting was

not to his liking there still remained a lot of things Carlos could do besides tame wild burros. He could sprint, broad jump, use his crutch for a bat and hop one-legged to first in a baseball game and could shine shoes better than the best bootblack at the fort.

"Chow's over," someone shouted and a dozen whites, Mexicans and blacks all went back to begging. The soldiers had their friends. By the time the Kitchen Police began to clear the boards twelve buckets were filled with sandwiches, cookies, meat and potatoes. Twelve families would feast tonight on government rations.

Sitting down to get theirs before going home with the meal, Sambo, Red, Carlos and the others planned on the doings for the morrow.

"Let's go to Kelly Field to see them buzzards out there fly and maybe we can bum a ride," suggested Red.

The suggestion met unanimous approval. In the morning they could see hundreds of aeroplanes, and in the afternoon they could go swimming at the Slough.

Carlos wended his way to Willow Street arriving as usual with bucket almost down to the three-quarter mark instead of being nearly filled as it should have been after he took his portion. The usual paternal scolding came. What had become of the rest of the meal? Food was too valuable to drop on the way home, especially when the bucket was to satisfy nine appetites. Carlos went off to bed. For four months the same admonition about losing food had come to him from a father who was not cursed with over-ambition. Carlos knew where the chow went; it was not lost.

Morning dawned as do all summer morns in Texas,—bright and hot. At nine, Red, Carlos, Snowball, Broncho, Sambo et al, were on their way to Kelly Field. From San Antonio that flying school is six miles distant. On their way over "Red" knocked Carlos down because he dared to disagree about the shortest way to their destination, and for the thousandth time the freckle-faced American called the swarthy Mexican "a yeller spic," because he refuses to fight. "Red" was convinced that Carlos' back must have been a sheet of saffron; otherwise he would have "shoved up his dukes."

Disregarding danger signs the gang strolled into Flying Field 2 after reaching Kelly Field. Planes were taking off and landing on all parts of the field. "Red" and his crew trod far out

into forbidden territory. They yearned to get near a plane "to see what makes it go up." "Maybe the pilots'll give us a ride," they suggested.

Suddenly their thoughts were interrupted. A machine hopped in their direction and they scurried. Only "Red" and Carlos failed to get out of the way. "Red," panic-stricken, was nearer the on-rushing plane as it taxied on. He had not sense enough to fall flat on the ground. Carlos sized up the situation in an instant. He stretched out and knocked Red down with his crutch, but before he had time to throw himself down the plane came sweeping on and the propeller crushed him. "Red" had escaped with a scare!

The frightened pilot shut off the engine, leaped out of the plane with his instructor and dashed back to the boy. They picked him up. He was still living though unconscious. The propeller had knocked off an arm and torn part of his face away.

That afternoon at Santa Rose Hospital, "Red" and "Snowball" crept meekly up to the front door.

"Please, Sister," they said, "can we see Carlos?"

The nun went away and after a long, long time returned.

"You may see Carlos for just a minute. He's not expected to live. But he's conscious now." What that meant Red knew nor cared not. He wanted to see Carlos,—nothing else mattered.

"Come this way," advised the Sister and into the accident ward "Red" and "Snowball" followed.

"Carlos!"

The injured boy looked faintly up first at Father Magero and then at "Red" and attempted to smile.

"Carlos! Carlos!" Red almost shouted, "I won't call you a yeller spic any more."

And Carlos attempted another smile.

Nervously, timidly Red approached the bed.

"Say," he bent over, "say Carlos, is there,—is there anything me and Snowball can do for you?"

Carlos nodded.

"Yeh," he responded feebly. "Red,—you,—know Crazy Marie? Yeh,—all right. She seventy-five years old. I feed her every day four months. I tell nobody. Padre, he teenk I loose meals.—Poor Marie! She got no one to feed her now. Poor Marie! Say, Red, you give

her some stuff every day till I get out. By'mby I fix it all right with you. Annh Red?"

The boy stretched.

"You bet," returned Red, "every day," and he meant it.

Red and Snowball trotted off down the corridor. Once they turned back and saw Carlos smile his last; his days of kindness were done.

Paragraphs.

France needs salt. We'll trade her salt for sugar.

Smiles are kind thoughts clothed with a cheerful countenance.

Indiana and West Point have bands that do most of their playing before the games.

Brandy alone suffices to give Notre Dame the call as the strongest team in the country this year.

The men who are striking for a five-day week forget that even God worked six days out of seven.

Cafeteria-keepers seem to take no stock in falling prices. The news should be printed in Greek.

The king of Belgium should know that our hatred of kings does not apply to countries too small to harm us.

Eastern Europe celebrated Armistice Day with varied and exciting realistic sketches, according to current reports.

Appropos of our vaudeville: Tainted stories never draw hearty laughs. Clean hearts alone boast a true sense of humor.

Prohibition at West Point is evidently unanimous, as every one of the Cadets fought tooth and nail against the proposed taste of Brandy.

Is selfish stubbornness less selfish and less stubborn in the capitalist refusing arbitration than in the laborer who is forced to strike because of this refusal?

What the American people need is an operation for insanity, performed by the great surgeon of Common Sense with his keen and delicate instruments of Unselfishness.

The beauty of the morning star has awed thousands of generations of souls; but the beauty of a single soul is infinitely greater than that of a million ages of morning stars.

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Board of Editors.

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"We will comply with the mandate of the court. We do this under protest. We are Americans. We cannot fight our government."

More loyal words never **Americanism has** were voiced by American **First Call.** citizens; uttered by the striking mine workers when they bowed a few days ago to the command of Federal Judge Anderson. Tempted sorely to defy the government's arbitrary ruling, the strikers weighed their rights against the rights of the nation and then decided that the government must be obeyed. For several trying days radicals openly advocated defiance; they would resort to anarchy rather than give up their right to strike.

Because of their decision the terrible consequences of a coal shortage have been averted, and the government has won a victory. The greatest good, however, is neither of these. The lesson that I. W. W. agitators have learned is of far more consequence than a governmental victory or alleviation of suffering. The Reds have learned that America is sound at heart.

By submitting to the government the miners have not given up their liberty as citizens. They have simply respected law. Without law there can be no liberty. The case of the miners will soon be heard before the highest and fairest tribunal in the land.

Meanwhile the radicals stand rebuked. The blow was terrific; perhaps even fatal.—C. A. G.

Trophies, the symbols of victory and reward of the conqueror, have been from time immemorial treasures of nations, states and men.

They serve as reminders of the **Trophies.** triumphant past, as incentives to the lagging present, and are the anchors of future hopes. Generations honor these symbols and men are better for striving for them. University life and tradition center about the memorials commemorating victories of favorite sons. Few universities can boast the legioned and varied trophy collection that Notre Dame walls hold today. There are trophies of great wars, of great men—valuable manuscripts and relics, the finest arts, the best literature, and, last but not least, the trophies of the athletic field. These memorials are by far of the greatest common interest, yet they are least cared for. Every other trophy has an honored place in hall or gallery, and only these reminders of men whose deeds have made Notre Dame in collegiate athletics are neglected. A few such reminders are to be found on dark, uncared for walls, leaving a true center for university tradition and spirit to be founded. They should be gathered, cared for and given a place of honor in the light, where undergraduates can see and understand the past and be fired with the spirit of those gone on before. Such a tribute is due to the men who have made the "fighting Irish" immortal in collegiate athletics.—E. M. S.

There seems to be a distinction here at Notre Dame between the ex-members of the S. A. T. C. and the ex-soldiers of the regular camps. **Were they Soldiers?** Placards, announcing meetings of ex-service men, have stated that S. A.

T. C. men were excluded. Such distinction is unjust. The members of the S. A. T. C. were soldiers just as much as the men who fought in France. They both belonged to the same organization—the United States Army. The purpose of the S. A. T. C. was to train college men, who had up to that time been under draft age, so that they might be more efficient when they entered the officers training camps. The armistice killed the efficacy of this organization. Therefore, because it had no chance to function towards its proper end, the men who enlisted in it have not been considered soldiers. But we find that the United States Government paid them \$30 a month for their services just as it paid the men in the regular camp, and thought

them soldiers enough to discharge them from service in "the United States Army." And today, the American Legion, the civilian organization of the ex-service men, considers them soldiers as it accepts them as members. But here at Notre Dame they are held to have composed a sort of sewing circle where tea was served "before and after," while in reality the men of the S. A. T. C. at Notre Dame performed all the duties that fell within their province and had very few privileges. They scrubbed, hiked, exercised, and "crabbed" just as did every other soldier in the army of these United States.

—J. S. M.

Last Saturday Notre Dame's heart was for the first time gladdened by a great football crowd. The long east stands were full of color, heightened in its effect by the unique presence of the enthusiastic, happy delegation from Saint Mary's. Throngs, unable to find seating room in the stands, were prevented from crowding on the field only by the strong arms and the commanding appearance of Notre Dame monogram men acting as "M. P.'s." The west bleachers were packed to overflowing, and a solid mass of students grouped themselves as close as possible about the cheering stands in order to help with the "Victory" song and the big "U. N. D's." Automobiles filled all available space in the field and many had difficulty in finding parking space within reasonable distance of the entrance gate. These great crowds, together with the spirited band and cheering delegation from the Michigan school which gave additional rivalry to the contest, provided all those picturesque and romantic incidentals so necessary to a "big" football game. And the enthusiastic cheers of encouragement from South Bend people throughout the game, warmed every Notre Dame man's heart. Notre Dame's wonderful record this year will without doubt secure for her an even more permanent place in the highest football circles. And why cannot Notre Dame bring the greatest teams of East and West to a new Cartier Field? In other words, let's have a stadium for Notre Dame.—L. L. W.

In some future day that will be bright for both countries, England will, as of old, come to the feet of a new and gloriously learned Ireland to re-learn the divine lesson of Patrick's shamrock.

University Bulletin.

Sections I and II of the Chamber of Commerce will meet on Sunday night of the coming week, and Sections III and IV will meet on Tuesday night.

There will in the future be no second daily Mass on the main altar of the basement chapel of the church except on Saturday morning when there will be a special second Mass for students of Brownson Hall. On every other day Mass will be said on the side altars of the chapel. This arrangement has been made in order to make possible more frequent distribution of Communion.

The Director of Studies announces that the following class penalties will be given for infringement of the rules concerning the Thanksgiving recess: 5% deducted from the bulletin mark for the first day of absence either before or after the recess; 4% for the second day; 3% for the third day, and two per cent. for every day thereafter. The Thanksgiving recess, as previously announced in this column, begins at noon on Wednesday, Nov. 26, and continues until noon on Friday, Nov. 28.

Personals.

—George F. O'Connell, soprano soloist and director of the Notre Dame Glee Club, returned to the University recently from a ten days' concert tour to Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit.

—Al. Feeney, former Notre Dame football star, is playing center on Jim Thorpe's Canton Bulldogs this year. "Big Dutch" Bergman, brother of our "Little Dutch," is playing left half-back.

—Rev. Dr. Matthew A. Schumacher, C. S. C., president of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, and Rev. George J. MacNamara, C. S. C., were the principal speakers at a recent meeting of the Kiwanis club in Austin.

—William V. Briceland, student in recent years, was united in marriage recently to Miss Lucretian Travis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Travis, of Charleston, W. Va. The ceremony was solemnized in St. Joseph's Cathedral of that city. "Bill" is now traffic superintendent of the Chesapeake and Potomac

Telephone Co. at Charleston. The SCHOLASTIC unites with a large number of friends in offering congratulations.

—Carlton D. Beh (Ph. B., '17), who was active in athletic and military affairs while at the University, is now associated with the Des Moines National Bank, Des Moines, Iowa.

—Thomas Daniel Lyons (Litt. B., '04) is now a partner to Rice and Lyons, Lawyers, specializing in Corporation, Oil and Gas litigation at Tulsa, Okla. Mr. Lyons is also a graduate in Law from the University of South Dakota and is president of the Lee Oil Co.

—"Making What the Packer Wants" is the title of a full-page article in the *Country Gentleman* of Aug. 23, telling how Brother Leo, C. S. C., raises hogs which always top the Chicago market. To quote the article: "The last consignment can be used as an example. A certain buyer, knowing he was to have a load of hogs, was on the watch. As soon as the stuff was out of the car, he was on the job. He followed the hogs to the pen—something unusual—and made the salesman promise to give him a chance to bid on the stuff."

—The new membership committee of the Chicago Real Estate Board recently gave a dinner in honor of Byron V. Kanaley (A. B., '04), of Copper, Kanaley & Co., mortgage bankers. Mr. Kanaley is chairman of the committee, and was presented with a gold watch and chain in recognition of his services. Through the efforts of Mr. Kanaley and his associates, eight hundred new members were added to the board during the past six months, thereby increasing the funds of the board by \$40,000. Mr. Kanaley is also president of the Chicago Mortgage Bankers' club and of the Chicago Realty Club.

—Mr Paul R. Martin, Alumnus, has been appointed editor and chief literary adviser of the Laird & Lee Company, Book Publishers, Chicago. He took up his new duties on the first of November. Paul is a vice-president of the Alumni Association and has long been active in alumni affairs in Indianapolis. He was for several years with the Indianapolis *Star* and is widely known as a dramatic, literary, and music critic. He has also been with the *New York Evening Sun*, the *New York Tribune*, the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press, and was for three years assistant editor with the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company, of Indianapolis. We wish Paul every success in his new position.

Local News.

—A smoker will be given in the new Sorin "Rec" Hall tomorrow night. The affair will be in honor of the Varsity football team.

—The University Glee Club will make its first public appearance next Tuesday evening, November 24th, in the High School Auditorium of Mishawaka. There are a great many new men in the organization and everything points to a most successful year.

—Chicago freshmen have organized a committee to offer their assistance to any of their classmates who expect to spend the Thanksgiving holiday in Chicago. Any information as to hotels, trains or entertainment may be obtained from the chairman of this committee, Edward J. Kelly, of Badin Hall.

—The Freshman Class will hold a Thanksgiving smoker in the recreation room of Brownson Hall on next Monday evening, the principal object of which is to give the "Frosh" a chance to get better acquainted with one another. An excellent program has been prepared by the committee in charge, of which John M. Montague is chairman.

—Last Friday evening was get-together night for the Notre Dame "Aggies." The election of officers for the Agriculture Club was postponed until next week's meeting, but plans for the year were enthusiastically discussed. The Agriculture Department boasts a greatly increased enrollment this year, and is fast taking its properly important place among the other courses. Professor Schieb, head of the department, gave a very interesting talk at last week's meeting, and surprised the embryo-farmers by pleasantly concluding the evening with a great basketfull of "eats."

—The following letter will interest students who recently made applications for K. of C. scholarships vacated by applicants who failed to meet the entrance requirements of the University.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
Committee on War Activities.
New Haven, Conn.

November 6, 1919.

Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.
Reverend and dear Sir:

I beg leave to report to you that the Committee has decided that the applications for scholarships at Notre Dame University presented after the lists were closed

cannot be considered. The Committee regrets very much that all of these young men cannot be taken care of. It appreciates fully that there are many worthy cases among them, but it is confident that the college authorities on their part will appreciate that the offer could not be held open indefinitely.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. J. McGinley,

Supreme Secretary.

—E. W. GOULD.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 13; MICHIGAN "AGGIES," 0.

Notre Dame won her seventh victory of the 1919 football season from the Michigan Agricultural College eleven, 13 to 0, last Saturday afternoon before the largest crowd that has ever witnessed an athletic event on Cartier Field. By winning, Notre Dame retained her place with Harvard and Ohio State as one of the undefeated big elevens of the country. The game was the thirteenth or "jinx" game between the two institutions, and is the eleventh Gold and Blue victory of the series. The "Aggies" for years have been the proverbial dark horse of the Notre Dame schedule, winning when least expected, and throwing terrible scares into the overconfident "Irish" camp on numerous occasions. Saturday's game was no exception to the rule, for the green-legged Michiganders kept Rockne's men hustling to hold their lead at all times.

South Bend and vicinity proved it will support real football. Over five thousand fans crowded into Cartier Field, filled the limited seating accommodations and surged out to the side lines of the playing field. Hundreds of motors were parked in and about the grounds, making it impossible to run off the scheduled cross country event that was to finish between halves. The M. A. C. supporters on the east side of the field numbered over three hundred and with their uniformed forty-piece band made things more than interesting for the host of Notre Dame adherents throughout the game. Between halves the students swarmed on the field, and led by their valiant "musical score" and Cheer King Slaggert, serpentine in a mystery maze about the goal posts. Perfect football weather marked the day. On the west side of the field three operators and a half dozen scribes kept record of the game play by play for local, Chicago, and Lansing fans.

Coach Rockne did not elect to send his full

strength against the Michigan team at the start of the game, planning to save all the man power possible for the Purdue fray today. Degree was the only regular to start the game, and it was only after the failure of the second-string men to score during the first period that Rockne sent his regulars into the fray. The "Aggies" as usual put up their most spectacular brand of football here and at times made Notre Dame's western championship aspirants look weak. Especially when on the defensive, the northerners proved hard nuts to crack for yardage by line plunging. It seemed that only the perfect forward passing of the Gold and Blue could consistently gain. Making up for lack of aggressiveness the Notre Dame forwards held the "Aggies" to a meager three first downs during the game, and broke up every forward pass started.

Notre Dame's nationally famed "Gipp to Kirk" aerial attack was the feature of the game; on five occasions this combination carried the ball deep into the enemy territory, the final touchdown resulting from two completed passes to Kirk, and the final trick pass to Coughlin on a "tackle eligible" used for the first time here. Coughlin slipped through the line and received the pass under the uprights for the score.

Degree's punting was a big factor in keeping the Farmers out of danger throughout the game; on one occasion Degree lifted the oval for sixty-seven yards from his own ten-yard line. Captain Bahan and Slackford were the defensive heroes of the battle, checking forward pass attacks and the hard plunging green-legged backs who often tore through the line to the secondary. Slackford played through almost three-quarters of the game with a broken wrist that will keep him out of the game for weeks. Hammes played a stellar game for the Aggies, on several occasions puncturing the Gold and Blue line for nice gains, and his punting, while not spectacular, was consistent and pulled the Farmers out of many a bad hole. Snider at right half broke through for three gains on fake kick formations. The Michigander's line as a whole was far stronger than expected and defensively was impregnable.

Notre Dame won the toss and chose to kick-off from the north. Archer received the ball on his thirty-yard line and was nailed in his tracks. Three drives at the Notre Dame forwards failed and Hammes kicked to Pearson on the "Irish" twenty-five yard marker. Notre Dame's backs

drove into the "Aggie" line for slight gains and Degree kicked, neither team being able to negotiate a first down. Pearson tried two forward passes but the "Aggie" defence smothered them. The see-saw play for the quarter ended with the ball on Notre Dame's forty-yard line.

The second period opened with the entire team in the game except one end. The difference was instantly seen. Slackford tore through right tackle for twelve yards and Gipp added another first down on a left end run. Gipp then hurled the ball to the speeding Kirk who carried it to the "Aggie" ten-yard line. The Farmers braced and foiled the aerial attack directed at their goal by Brandy. Taking the ball on downs, Hammes barely got his kick away for twenty yards. Notre Dame again marched on the Michigan defense, Slackford, Gipp and Kirk carrying the ball to the "Aggie" ten-yard mark for the second time, the aerial attempt to score failed and the visitors carried the ball on their own forty-yard line and proceeded for the third time to march on the Michigan goal, not to be denied this time. Bahan and Slackford made two first downs and Kirk raced within twelve yards of their goal with another pass. Bahan crashed the left wing for five yards and Slackford made the touchdown on the next play through center. Gipp failed to kick the goal, and the half ended soon after. Notre Dame, 6; Michigan Aggies, 0.

The third period was scoreless. Notre Dame received the ball on the kick-off and attempted the famous criss-cross play, which failed for lack of speedy execution. The period brought nothing but the punting duel featuring Degree and Hammes, in which the former had all the edge. The "Aggies" failed to invade the Gold and Blue territory once by carrying the ball. Notre Dame continually took things easy and waited for the breaks to come, and the period ended with Rockne's men in possession of the ball on the enemy's twenty-yard mark. Fourth period was scarcely under way, when the triple Bahan-Gipp-Kirk combination had the ball in front of the Michiganders' goal and only four yards to go. This time the aerial try went for a touchdown. Brandy used Rockne's long-planned "tackle eligible" formation, in which "Willie" Coughlin played the hero by dashing through the opposition forwards and over the goal line, where he turned and received Gipp's "bullet ball" for the score. Captain Bahan kicked the goal, making the total 13 to 0. The

game soon ended with the "Rockmen" carrying the ball towards another touchdown. Summary of the game:

| NOTRE DAME. | | AGGIES. |
|-------------|-------|------------|
| Kiley | L. E. | Ramsey |
| Shaw | L. T. | Coryell |
| Dooley | L. G. | Miller |
| Trafton | C. | Archer |
| Connors | R. G. | Vandervort |
| Degree | R. T. | Franson |
| Hayes | R. E. | Bos |
| Pearson | Q. B. | Springer |
| Mohardt | L. H. | Bassett |
| Barry | R. H. | Snider |
| Miller | F. B. | Hammes |

Score by periods:

| | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|----|
| Notre Dame | 0 | 6 | 0 | 7 | 13 |
| M. A. C. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Touchdowns: Slackford, Coughlin. Goals after touchdown: Bahan. Substitutes: Brandy for Pearson; Gipp for Barry; Bahan for Mohardt; Slackford for Miller; Smith for Dooley; Kirk for Kiley; H. Anderson for Connors; E. Anderson for Hayes; Saunders for Smith. For M. A. C.: Schwei for Springer; Noblett for Schwei. Referee: Gardner, Cornell. Umpire: Kennedy, Chicago. Headlinesman: Lipsky, Chicago. Time of quarters: 15 minutes.

CARROLL, 50; POLISH-AMERICANS, 0.

Carroll Haller's gridiron stars handed the Polish-American warriors of South Bend a terrible lacing on Cartier Field Sunday afternoon. The Carrollites are playing gilt-edge football these days and have yet to be defeated. In the battle last Sunday Oberwinder, the Carroll backfield giant, shone as a star of the first magnitude, running the ends at will and scoring the majority of the Preps' touchdowns.

WALSH, 13; BROWNSON, 0.

Walsh pulled out of the Interhall League cellar by easily defeating Brownson last Sunday afternoon on Cartier Field. Both teams have occupied the cellar since the interhall season started, Walsh losing her first two games by narrow margins of single field goals. The "Millionaires" battled through Sunday's game in championship form, and Couch Coughlin figures he will be able to make the Interhall League a three-sided tie by defeating Corby in the postponed game that is to be played. Walsh scored in each of the first half periods. The first touchdown came in the middle of the first period when forward passes carried the ball deep into Brownson territory. The heavy Walsh backfield plunged through the Brownsonites' forwards for three first downs in succession and

then sent McGuire over for the score. Sargent kicked the goal. In the second quarter the Main Building warriors carrying the ball in the shadow of their own goal attempted forward passes, one of which was intercepted by McGuire who carried it over for the second touchdown to goal. Brownson braced and during the second half held their own. Schmidt and Walsh as usual featured the Brownson play.

INTERHALL LEAGUE GAMES.

Two more interhall battles remain to be played before the final ratings can be decided upon. Walsh and Corby have the postponed game of October 12th to play, and Sorin has a game with Brownson which will have much to do with the final standings. By winning from Corby, the Walsh warriors can upset the dope of the Interhall League and make it a three-way tie. Sorin can better its standing by beating Brownson. Should Walsh fail to win from Corby, and Brownson hand Sorin a licking, the cellar title will be tied up, and Corby will have a clear title to the championship banner. The present standing, based on games won:

| TEAM | PLAYED | WON | LOST | TIED | PER CENT |
|----------|--------|-----|------|------|----------|
| Corby | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1000 |
| Badin | 4 | 3 | 1 | 0 | .750 |
| Sorin | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | .500 |
| Walsh | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | .333 |
| Brownson | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | .000 |

—E. M. STARRETT.

Hoosier footballdom attention centers in Lafayette today, where Notre Dame is to battle Purdue for final state honors and another advance toward the western championship title. This is the tenth meeting of the elevens; the "Irish" have won four times, lost three and two games have resulted in a tie. Odds favor the invaders on comparative scores or season records. "The Boilermakers" have dropped three conference games, one to Illinois by a narrow margin; Ohio State and Chicago won easily. Michigan "Aggies" lost to Scanlon's men, as did Wabash and DePauw. Scanlon has been pointing his team for the Notre Dame game which is the "big game" of their schedule. The Gold and Blue warriors are not in the best of trim after three successive grueling games. Slackford is out for two weeks and only the return of Bergman and Malone to the game will make it possible to roll up an impressive score that will surpass Ohio State's effort, and

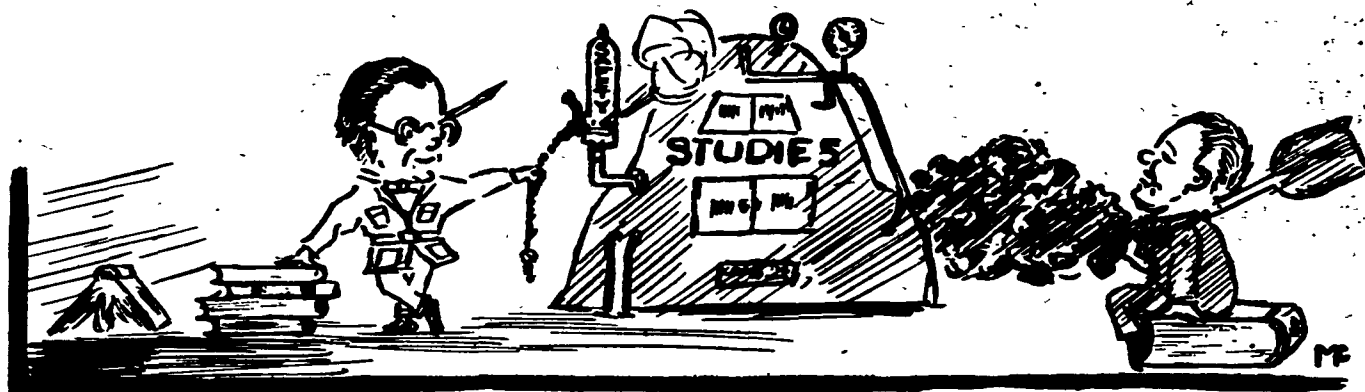
clear up any doubt as to western championship honors.

John Miller's invincible freshman eleven will wind up their remarkable season Thanksgiving Day at Fort Wayne, where they have at last arranged to meet the T. O. P. Club's eleven. This team is the successor to the state-famed Friars Club of Fort Wayne football circles, and as such the yearlings are expecting a hard game. Previous freshman victories this year have been over Culver Military Academy, Valparaiso University, St. Viator's College, and the Michigan Agricultural College freshmen.

Fourteen runners took part in Coach Rockne's annual cross-country "derby" over the new five and a half mile course last Tuesday afternoon, which started at the gymnasium and finished on the Cartier Field track. Twelve men finished the race, running for over half the distance against the strong northwest wind and finishing on two and a half miles of frozen roads of pavement hardness. Rockne said the finishes were closer and better fought than at any previous cross-country race. The first five to finish are named, with handicaps and time elapsed:

| PLACE | NAME | HANDICAP | TIME ELAPSED |
|--------|---------------|----------|--------------|
| First | Culhane | 3:30 | 33:30 |
| Second | Bannan | 3:00 | 33:34 |
| Third | Meehan, Capt. | 0:00 | 30:30 |
| Fourth | Shuler | 2:00 | 33:05 |
| Fifth | C. Burke | 3:00 | 34:20 |

These men win the prizes offered in order of places: inscribed loving cup by Frank Mayr & Sons; blue roll neck sweater, by the Notre Dame Athletic Association; shirt by Spiros; meal ticket by Mike's Restaurant; and a box of candy by Hull & Calnon. Shanahan with two minutes handicap ran a nice race, just falling short of the prizes, but his elapsed time of 33:40 puts him on the permanent team. W. Burke running from scratch failed to finish, due to cramps; Hinderlane dropped out after a few hundred yards with bad ankles. Sweeny and Meredith did not start. Starrett nosed out Dywer by two-fifths of a second in the race to avoid cellar honors. Rockne has picked Captain Meehan, W. Burke, Sweeny, Schuler, Culhane, Bannan and Shanahan, with Murphy as alternate, to represent Notre Dame at the state meet to be run at Crawfordsville, December the sixth.—F. S. F.



A CURL.

There was a little girl
Who had a golden curl
On her head.

But she wears it nevermore
Though she bought it at the store
For her head.

And the curl now is sold
For her hair that was so gold
Turned to red.

**
THE PRODIGAL, MODERNIZED.

Would that I had a million
Dollars. No golden
Plated vamps could lure
It from me. No
Stocks and bonds nor
Motor car could
Tempt me. I would
Not spend a cent of it
For such transient things,—but
Invest it all for
A room in Walsh.

**
ODE TO CHRISTMAS, BY A PROFESSOR OF — *

Christmas is here
She has came
With all her joys
To Notre Dame.
The boys all leave
To spread their line
But they'll come back
To listen to mine.

*This little star indicates that each man is to furnish his own Professor. That's the only way we can please everybody.

**
A DRY JOKE.

Free lunch has passed with freedom of the seize.

Notre Dame has always known a basic ate-hour day.

Fr. Bolger: What is a strike?

Freshman: A composite vacation.

**
How?

Fr. O'Hara: Cleveland would turn over in his grave, Mr. Clancy, if he were alive and could hear that.

**
These wintry days bot heads never warm cold feet.

Corbyite to overnight visitor: Better take a pitcher of water to your room.

Visitor: Water? What for? Ain't there no fire escape?

**
The football season is nearly over, and so far Rockne has managed to keep Trafton out of the West Point guardhouse. Naturally we wonder what new tricks George will pull. You know children *must* be watched.

**
Senior to Fresh: "Have you seen the new buffalo quarters?"

Fresh: "No, where are they?"

Senior: "In Lincoln Park zoo, Chicago."

**
Bob: "Everyone picks on me."

H: "What do you mean?"

Bob: "I'm accused of everything I do."

**
MANY ARE CALLED ON, BUT FEW REPLY.

They that snore class hours away
Innocent of what professors say
Know old excuses are quite passé
Take same exams another day.

**
WISE EYES.

Student spies
Female prize
Marvel eyes
Like the skies
When she sighs
Up he lies
Flirting tries
Gets surprise
Maiden cries
Umbrella plies
Student flies
Bumps will rise.

**
I often wonder—Breathes there a prefect with soul so dead, who never to an innocent student hath said, "nothing doing—you were out late once last week."

It's pretty tough—When you mattress press the trousers, darn socks with adhesive tape, shave with ivory soap to have a call for contributions to some hall fund.

Don't you smile—When you hear him say "Gee! I miss my car when I'm away from home," and you know the only car he ever missed was the old Hill Street.

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