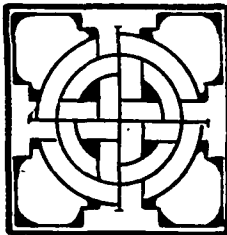


# The Notre Dame Scholastic



# The Notre Dame Scholastic Advertisements

**17 LEADS**  
one for every need  
or preference --

**DIXON'S**  
**ELDORADO**  
*"the master drawing pencil"*

quicken your  
pencil work,  
makes it easier  
and better. It  
is a friend in  
deed and at  
need.

Sold by leading  
stationers—at school  
and in town.

DIXON'S "ELDORADO" the master drawing pencil - H B



## EYES EXAMINED

Glasses Fitted at Moderate Prices  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

**DR. J. BURKE & CO.,**

OPTOMETRISTS AND MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

Notice: We duplicate any lens the same day, no matter who fitted them. Bring the pieces. 230 S. Michigan St

## The Ellsworth Store

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE AND ROOM FURNISHINGS AT SPECIAL PRICES FOR NOTRE DAME STUDENTS

## N. V. P. TRUNKS

Made by the makers of "Indestructo" and selling at a moderate price. Luggage section—2nd floor

**GEO. WYMAN & CO.**

MAKE THIS YOUR MEETING PLACE

## JIMMIE & GOATS

"WHERE THE CARS LEAVE"

## J. J. KREUZBERGER

MERCHANT TAILOR

216 W. Jefferson Blvd

Arnold Building

## National Grocer Company

WHOLESALE GROCERS

402-8 South St. Joseph Street South Bend, Indiana

"LIGHT HOUSE BRANDS"

## Frank Mayr & Sons

JEWELERS

118 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

Pure Drugs. Careful Compounding. Prompt Service

Always at

## The Eliel Pharmacy

230 W. Washington Ave.

Emil Reyer, Ph. G., Mgr.

## Kable's Restaurants

104-106 N. Michigan St.  
122 W. Washington Ave.

119 W. Jefferson Blvd.  
206 So. Michigan St.

The  
Gift  
Shop

**The Ries Co.**  
306-308-310  
S. MICHIGAN ST.  
SOUTH BEND  
INDIANA

Room  
Furnish-  
ings

Special attention to the furnishing of students' rooms  
THE "GIFT SHOP" OF THE BETTER SORT

## “SOCIETY BRAND”

This brand of clothes stands for everything that is well tailored and fashioned, and insures the purchaser that he is buying all-wool fabrics, made up by skilled workmen, and to give perfect satisfaction in fit, wear and looks.

When we sell you a “Society Brand” Suit or Overcoat, we know we are doing all these things for you.

Xmas will soon be here and you will be thinking of going home for vacation, also a Xmas present. Call at “The Athletic Store,” and look over the new things—N. D. Jewellery, Pillow Covers, Pennants, Memory Books, etc.

## ADLER BROTHERS

107—109 So. Michigan St.

108 W. Washington Ave.

Conductors of

The Athletic Store

On the Campus

Harry E. Poulin., Mgr.

The Notre Dame Scholastic Advertisements

Monogram  
Pipes



Soda  
Grille

**Dr. Walter A. Hager**

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Telephone Bell 52

N. W. Cor. Lafayette St.  
and Washington Ave.

South Bend, Ind.

**Mike's Restaurant  
and Lunch Room**

H. E. GROSS & SON, Props.

105 E. Jefferson Ave., South Bend

Home Phone 6183

OFFICE { Home Phone, 5789  
Bell Phone, 689

Res Bell 1162

**DR. R. F. LUCAS**

DENTIST

611-612 J. M. S. Bldg.  
Cor. Main St. and Wash. Ave.

South Bend, Ind.

**Nobile's College Inn**

HEADQUARTERS FOR CANDIES

FRUITS AND ICE CREAM

STUDENTS' ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

108 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

Phones: Bell, 602; Home, 965

OFFICE: Bell 886. Home, 5842.

PHONES

RESIDENCE:

Bell, 3561. Home, 5702

**DR. JOHN A. STOECKLEY**

DENTIST

No. 511, Corner Suite  
J. M. S. Building

Wash. Ave. and Main St.  
South Bend, Ind.

**DR. F. W. VAUGHN**

SURGEON DENTIST

and ORTHODONTIST

608 J. M. S. Building

South Bend, Ind.

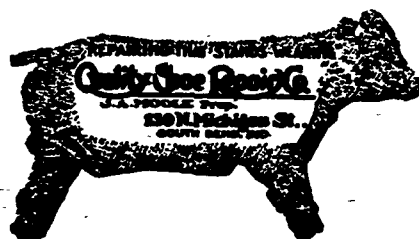


**"WALK-OVERS"**

THE STUDENT'S SHOE

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP

115 S. Michigan St.



Bell Phone 581  
Home Phone 2451

Will call at University  
by appointment

**Chiropodist**

L. L. ROBERTS

Office and Residence, 222 S. Taylor Street, South Bend, Ind.

With the Largest and Best Equipped Printing Plant in  
Northern Indiana, and the most skillful workmen, we are  
prepared to meet your most exacting requirements.

**L. P. HARDY CO.**

417-423 S. St. Joseph St.

South Bend, Indiana

**Klingel & Kuehn**

SHOES OF QUALITY

Between Oliver Opera House and J. M. S. Bldg.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

**Bicycles**

at Reasonable Prices. Special attention  
given to students. Branch Repair Shop,  
St. Edward Hall, Notre Dame.

**Anderson Brothers & Bultinck**

109 West Colfax Avenue

South Bend, Indiana

**Baker's Shoes**

"FOR MEN WHO CARE"

EXCLUSIVE IN STYLE PERFECT IN FIT

114 W. Washington, Ave. South Bend, Indiana

**THE LIGHT OF THE VISION**

By CHRISTIAN REID

362 pp.—Price \$1.25

THE AVE MARIA

NOTRE DAME, IND.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 29, 1919.

NO. 10.

## Yells for Notre Dame.

YOUR name a thousand roaring throats give out,  
A thousand hearts beat like a battle drum,  
A jocund tumult that but leaves me dumb  
And dim-eyed as the universal shout  
Thrills to the sky. And now the marching rout  
That down the field with pride of victory come,—  
Is it for you the airs of evening hum,  
O Lady with the stars your brow about?  
This wild sweet chivalry of college days  
That has your name forever in its song  
Goes up, I think, to very Paradise  
And mingles with your Sorin's termless praise  
Where stands he in your knighthood's radiant throng  
With grave eyes lifted to your shining eyes.

'06.

## General Leonard Wood—A Country's Doctor.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ROBINSON, '20.

**T**HERE is in the shops of Uncle Sam a titanic task to be performed—nothing less than rewelding the units that go to make up the national life. And in the front windows of the factory hang great placards, which, however variously worded, bear the same message: "Wanted, big men for a big job."

In looking around to see who looms high enough above the political horizon to answer such a call, we behold the usual number of little big men, but very few real big men, of the type of leader which has shaped the destinies of our nation from its feeble beginning to its mighty present. The purpose of this article is to point out such a man in one whose past has been replete with splendid success and whose future has the potency of equally great achievements, General Leonard Wood. His life has been spent in serving his country and teaching misgoverned people that there are attainable in this world such things as good government and fair play. As Theodore Roosevelt said of

him: "His services have been of a kind that if performed three thousand years ago would have made him a hero mixed up with the sun god in various ways."

The product of sturdy old New England stock, the boyhood and youth of Leonard Wood were spent on Cape Cod, until, following in his father's footsteps, he entered the Harvard School of Surgery. After practising medicine for a short time in the slums of Boston, he applied for the position of surgeon in the army and, having passed the examination, was accepted. In compliance with his request for action, he was ordered to join General Crook's forces, engaged in subduing the Apaches along the Mexican border. Despite his inexperience and utter ignorance of the life, he was shortly able, by virtue of his rugged physique and willingness, to endure hardship and danger with the stoutest regular of the force. Not satisfied with only the duties of surgeon, he was constantly requesting and doing the work of a line officer. He speedily won the commendation of his superiors and was rewarded with promotion. He was Lawton's chief aide, throughout the racking campaign which persevered until the surrender of the Indians under their wily leaders, Geronimo and Natchez. Incidentally, the trail led through the same country which Pershing's "punitive" expedition traversed in pursuit of Villa. In his report of the expedition, Lawton spoke of Wood's conduct as follows: "I desire particularly to call attention to Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, the only officer who has been with me through the whole campaign. His courage, energy, and loyal support; his encouraging example to the command when the work was hardest and the prospects darkest, have placed me under obligations so great that I cannot even express them." In consequence of this citation, the young surgeon was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

During the nine years following, from 1887

to 1896, he was shifted from post to post, being finally summoned to Washington to act as assistant attending surgeon during the last year of Cleveland's administration. It was at this time that he met Theodore Roosevelt, one memorable evening at a social function in the Lowndes House. Having many things in common, they speedily became close friends. The inactive life of his new post palled on him, however, and he was about to resign from the army, when the long-expected war with Spain began.

It was decided by the war department to raise a regiment from the skilled riders and unerring shots of the adventurous West. Roosevelt, as being the man most popular in that section of the country, was chosen for the command, but he declined and asked to be given the lieutenant-colonelcy with Leonard Wood as colonel. His suggestion was followed, and the "Rough Riders" began to be. Everything at Washington was in turmoil. Everybody was shouting to everybody else to do something and little was being done. Some days later at the height of the disorder, Colonel Wood stepped into Secretary-of-War Alger's office with a thick sheaf of papers under his arm and said, "Sign these, sir." "These" included telegrams to governors calling for volunteers, requisitions for uniforms, equipment, supplies, and transportation. Alger, beset by incompetence and confusion, gazed dumfounded at him, but signed the papers. In twenty-one days the "Rough Riders" were mobilized at San Antonio, equipped with the light army working clothes, Krag rifles, machetes—all of which were eminently suited for the country in which they were to fight. Six weeks later they won at Las Guasimas their first engagement against heavy odds. Such was the ability of their organizer. On June 13, 1898, Wood sailed out of Tampa Harbor an unknown man. In a month's time he had been made a brigadier-general, placed in command of captured Santiago, and his name had become a household word throughout the land.

Leading such a command as the "Rough Riders" to victory was child's play, compared with the task that confronted Wood at Santiago. The city was infested with malaria and yellow fever; the water supply was bad and insufficient; starvation was rife as a result of the siege; the streets were impassable with filth and ghastly with death; the people, crushed by

centuries of blind despotism, were lacking in knowledge, courage, energy. Such was the task given this surgeon, thirty-seven years old, fresh from the swivel-chair of Washington officialdom. And such was the task performed. He forced the well to care for the sick and bury or burn the dead. He requisitioned all the civil vehicles to bring supplies into the city. Everyone was made to work, but everyone received pay for his work. He emptied the jails of political prisoners, tested in person the inmates of insane asylums, cleansed and multiplied the hospitals, established a native constabulary, regulated prices and supplies. Almost before the wretched population knew it, Santiago was a place fit to live in—all in consequence of this silent omnipresent figure, clad not in the gold and lace of their old officials but in the drab uniform of the great Republic that had reached forth her hand in rescue. He reopened schools, built highways, increased the water supply; all, at a cost miraculously low to the poor Cubans, who had known only unrestrained corruption theretofore.

In consequence of his success at Santiago, he was made Governor of the whole island. And now his administrative ability was tested in another way. At Santiago the job had been small enough to enable him to keep tab on everything, but now he was obliged to let inferiors attend to the details. His choice of efficient men, his willingness to give them responsible backing, his unerring acceptance or rejection of plans proposed were new proofs of his versatile ability.

Chief among his gifts to the Cubans were their new judiciary, the school system, and best of all, freedom from disease. It is true that he did not accomplish this last great benefit by personal effort, but he made it possible by his willingness to accept the responsibility and to provide the means for the heroic experiments by which the world was rid of that terrible scourge, the yellow fever. It is sufficient praise of his work to say that he took a colony of slaves and in less than three years gave forth a republic of freedmen, self-governed and self-supported. In 1902 when the Cuban Flag was raised over the island and Wood stepped down from his chair of absolute authority, he was accompanied by the love and admiration of all factions. Lord Cromer, the great English Viceroy of Egypt, called his administration in Cuba "the finest bit of colonial government in

history." Later in life, when Lord Cromer was asked to suggest a man as his successor, he said: "Unfortunately, the best man is not available, for he is an American citizen, named Leonard Wood."

In this country General Wood's fame was such that on his return, one big corporation offered him forty thousand a year for his services. In view of his known friendship with the new President, however, he thought it best to refuse; and in order to be out of reach of political muck-slingers, he asked to be sent to the trying post of the Moro Islands.

The Moros were a half-civilized people, never really subjugated by Spain. They were fanatic Mohammedans, blood-thirsty head-hunters, treacherous pirates. At home in the impenetrable jungle, they had hitherto escaped punishment for their depredations. To add to these difficulties, Wood had to contend with the distrust and jealousy of his subordinates. The intimate of three successive presidents, he was thought by his new command to have made his way to the position by political "pull," and it was remembered against him that before the war he had been simply a medical man. But when Wood had begun his work all this antipathy was changed to respect. He out-fought, out-marched, out-endured the hardest regular in his command, just as in the old days when as a "tenderfoot" he had shone forth as a leader among the rugged riders of the plains. He never asked anyone to do any thing he was not willing to do himself, and his motto was always, "Do things and don't talk about them." He went about his new undertaking with the same cool system and indomitable persistence that had won success before. His vigorous campaigns accomplished the impossible. He not only subdued the Moros; he civilized them. He raised woman from her position as a mere chattel to her proper plane. He abolished slavery, polygamy, feuds and outlawry, built schools and established trade.

When this great work was finished he was made Commander of the Department of the Philippines, and with his usual vim set to work on what needed to be done. He rearranged the defenses, increased the efficiency of the troops to a remarkable degree, and by his tact prevented trouble with Japan.

In 1908, he was called to take command of the Department of the East. There his work continued to show the same careful efficiency,

even though great opportunities were lacking. He was subsequently made Chief of Staff, after having served his country for twenty-two years. He was then in a position to begin his preparedness campaign, an ambition that had been growing with his experience.

General Wood was not a militarist. But long experience in public and military life had shown him that despite our boasted strength we should be in serious danger were we to be suddenly attacked by a great power. He did not believe that we should pour all our wealth and resources into the insatiable maw of gigantic armaments, but advocated the moderate Swiss system of regular training for school boys and a year of intensive military life for every healthy youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. He stated his doctrine thus: "We are not contemplating an army which will be trained for a war of aggression or conquest. What we want is a citizen force back of our regular establishment, organized and trained so as to command the respect of the world sufficiently to make it certain that an attack on us would be costly and doubtful of outcome; an organization which would insure our voice in the world's affairs receiving consideration; one which would enable us to pursue our just policies without threat of interference." In practical application of his plan he established in 1914 the Gettysburg Camp for college students and in 1915 the Plattsburg camps for business men. These camps laid the foundation on which the great cantonments and officer schools of the War were constructed.

Concerning General Wood's part in the Great War, it is hard, for anyone who knows the value of his past services to the nation, to say anything without saying too much. It is sufficient to say that he did well the duties assigned him without unmanly whimpering or unpatriotic criticism. And he is all the greater in the sight of unprejudiced Americans for such conduct.

General Wood is soon to honor Notre Dame with a visit. It will then be our pleasurable duty to extend the hospitality of the University, and to show our appreciation of his accomplishments. Hats off then to General Wood, the greatness of whose achievements is to be equalled only by his modest and disinterested patriotism. God speed the day when his countrymen shall give the highest reward in their power to their "Country's Doctor."



## Varsity Verse.

## DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

Some poor boobs  
 Or, as the Classics say,  
 Boneheads who are *non compos mentis*,  
 Somehow manage to get into every school.  
 This place has its share of them.  
 You know the kind. . . .  
 When the bell rings  
 They shuffle their feet in class. . . .  
 That's their crippled idea of a square deal  
 To the Prof. and the students.  
 And when they get tired  
 Listening to a good lecture,  
 Or watching a movie,  
 Or hearing a classical concert,  
 They say something inane  
 And some other lame-brain snickers  
 Like a Minim,  
 And then decides he can say something  
 Side-splittingly funnier,  
 So he pulls an ancient wheeze like  
 "Ain't Nature grand?"  
 And, because nobody sees any point,  
 Or any sense to it, some nobody laughs.  
 Then  
 They decide it is time to go,  
 So they get up,  
 After they have nearly driven the lecturer,  
 Or even the pictures and the concert crazy,  
 And they go out. Thanks to them!  
 They show more brains,  
 And more politeness,  
 And more common decency,  
 By going to sleep,  
 Or by staying away,  
 Or even by leaving  
 (If they leave quietly)  
 Than they do when they stay  
 And Fidget, and Squirm,  
 And Talk!  
 . . . The pitiful part of the whole story  
 Is that some fine Mother has probably  
 Lain awake nights,  
 Trying to figure out  
 How she could endow her son with the  
 Elementary principles of  
 Ordinary Gentility.  
 And when the son reaches college  
 Where he is supposed to Know Something  
 And to Learn More,  
 He acts like an untamed coyote,  
 And expects everyone to make allowances  
 For his Ignorance.  
 If he doesn't like an entertainment,  
 He whistles, and howls, and cat-calls—  
 He is Goofing the entertainer then.

If he does like it,  
 He does the same thing because  
 He doesn't know any better.  
 It is too bad he can't have his face  
 Altered occasionally  
 By contact with a Mule's Heel.  
 That *might* penetrate.  
 . . . No, of course, *you* aren't like that.  
 If you were you would be a  
 Poor Boob also, or as the Classics say,  
 A Bonehead, *non compos mentis*.

—UNKNOWN FRESHMAN.

## NIGHTS OF AUTUMN.

When its night-time in the Autumn, and the harvest  
 moon comes out,  
 And the golden mellow piercing rays shed their radiancy  
 about,  
 I've wandered off in wayside hills, where a little river  
 flows  
 Beside the silvery stacks of wheat; I've sought to find  
 repose,  
 Where twinkling through the purple leaves the pale far  
 stars on high  
 Kept watch on all my actions as the night passed slowly  
 by.  
 The little river gurgled and flowed on with delight,  
 And the wailing wind watched over it and kept it in  
 its sight.  
 For though the day be beautiful and filled with  
 happiness,  
 Give me the nights of Autumn with their melancholy  
 bliss.

—K. W. K.

## COQUETTE.

Maurice has hair that is black,  
 Eyes that are blue,  
 She has red cheeks, and lips  
 That smile at you.  
 Maurice has a habit of rolling  
 Eyes that are blue  
 And of rouging her cheeks and the lips  
 That smile at you.  
 Maurice has a family flooded  
 With blood that is blue,  
 But she smiles at the chauffeur sometimes  
 And she laughs at you.

—R. E. O'H.

## A RETROSPECT.

I think I might have loved you  
 Afterwhile,  
 Though now our parted ways no speech  
 Can reconcile.  
 If I had been more patient.  
 With your pride,  
 You might have grown the world to me  
 And much beside.  
 And what I might have been to you  
 Is likewise hid;—  
 I think I might have loved you  
 For I did.

—D. H. P.



## Hermes Enters the Business World.

BY GERALD J. HAGAN, '23.

"Phoebe, you and me we done been married an' we done went on de honeymoon an' now we ain' got no money an' we got to hab some. What we gwine to do?"

"Ah dunno, Hermes, Ah dunno. Ah think you-all take care ob de money makin'."

From these remarks the state of Hermes' finances can be judged. After paying his account with the hotel Hermes found the amount of his capital reduced to fifty dollars. This, he reflected, must be invested immediately and at profit if he expected to support himself and his bride in a decent manner. Hermes settled deeper into his chair, lit a cigar and began to concentrate on the problem which confronted him. After a few moments of silent meditation Hermes laid down his cigar and frowned.

"Phoebe, Ah done got it. Ah got a plan!"

"Ah knowed you-all was bright. Jes' like Ananias an' de other college perfessers. Let's heah de plan."

"Phoebe, you an' me, we pow'ful good dancers."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, we keep twenty dollars for pervisions an' room."

"Uh-huh."

"An' we take thirty dollars an' rent dat hall where de Trocadero Gran' Theatre was, before dey forgot to pay de war tax, an' we staht a dancin' school."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, Ah gwine to see Mister Johnson, which owns de hall to-morrow an' fix things up. We call de place Mistah Jones' and Miss Farnam's Dancin' School. Dat am a nice name."

"Dat sound pow'ful fine, Hermes; but we's married an' Ah ain't Miss Farnam any more."

"Well, dis is how it am. You am pretty good lookin' an' if de niggahs think you am single all de fellahs come to dance. Ah's pow'ful smaht appearin' an' all de girls fall foah me if dey don't know Ah'm married."

"Dat am good figgeratin', Hermes. Ah said you-all was pow'ful smaht."

Two weeks later Hermes' infant enterprise

was in full operation and was proving a success. The Dancing School was the delight of all the young colored people and the horror of all the clergymen in the city. All day long the two instructors guided their pupils through the intricacies of every modern dance, and all day long the smiling Hermes gathered in the money. However, his prosperity seemed destined to be short lived, for Mr. Johnson, the owner of the hall, became religiously inclined and notified Hermes that his conscience forbade him to rent his property for so diabolical a purpose and that inside of two weeks the Dancing School must be removed.

"Phoebe," said Hermes on hearing the sad news, "we up agin' it now. We doin' good business until ol' man Johnson get religified."

"Uh-huh. You all pow'ful smaht. You do de thinkin'."

"Yes, Ah's smaht, but dis am a hard problem. Moses, Phoebe, Ah thinks Ah sees a light. You know Anjelina, Mistah Johnson's daughter?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, she like dancin' an' she come here ebbery day an' she pow'ful stuck on me 'cause she don't know Ah's married. Well, Ah'll persuade her to elope with me an' we git married. Then we hab a fight an' if Ah makes her mad enough, she want a divorce. Then Ah'll git mah cousin, Proximo, to act like a billionaire an' visit her at de house. Then de ol' man think she hab a chance to marry a billionaire an' he do anything to get a divorce."

"Yes, but you-all married to me. You-all can't marry nobody else."

"No, Ah don't really marry her. You know Cousin Phosphorus, him dat used to be a actor in de plays at de church?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, in one ob de plays he was a preacher. You remembah dat?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, dis am de plan. He put on de ministerial uniform an' when Anjelina an' me elope, he marry us. Then Ah make her mad an' she want a divorce an' if Cousin Proximo play his part, de ol' man want her to hab a divorce. Then Ah gets firm like asphalt an' won't hab no divorce unless he gib us a nine hundred ninety-nine year lease on de hall."

"Hermes, what am a lease?"

"It am a business document which women don't understand, but as Ah was sayin' befoah

Ah was interrupted, Ah gets de lease an' then all the ol' man Johnsons an' all the preachers in the world ain't gwine to bother us."

"Uh-huh."

The next day Anjelina came, as usual, for her dancing lesson in defiance of a paternal command to "stay home." Hermes immediately directed all his energies to winning her affections and, as he had expected, the task was not very difficult. In a few days he had persuaded her to elope with him to Springdale for a wedding on the coming Sunday. Sunday found the saintly Mr. Johnson in church and the plotting Hermes on the train with his "fiancée." Hermes had made all the necessary preparations and Cousin Phosphorus was waiting to perform the ceremony on their arrival in Springdale. Hermes hastened to the house of Phosphorus and the wedding was begun.

"Niggah," growled Phosphorus, "does you-all take dis here woman for your wife until you part?"

"Yep."

"All right; you-all is married."

Hermes and his "wife" returned to the station and took the next train home. For a while they rode in silence, Hermes wondering how he should proceed to anger his bride and Anjelina contemplating the excitement which her sudden marriage would cause.

"Hermes, is we gwine to take a honeymoon sometime?"

Here was the opening for which Hermes had been waiting and, without looking up, he grumbled, "Aw shet up, cain't you-all see that Ah's thinkin'?"

After a few moments of silence her courage revived.

"Hermes, do Ah come foah mah dancin' lesson to-morrow?"

"Holy lub ob Moses, woman! Cair't you-all keep still a minute? You-all couldn't learn to dance if you took lessons foah fifty years."

"Looky here, Hermes, if—"

"Aw shet up; Ah's thinkin'."

"Dat am e—"

"Woman, Ah done told you to shet up. Now you-all do what you-is told."

"Ah ain't scared ob no man, Hermes Jones."

"Shet up Ah said. You-all better be scared ob me. Ah done killed one wife for disobeying mah edik."

"Hermes Jones, has you-all been married befoah?"

"Twice, woman, twice. All de gals fall foah me. You is the third an' homeliest."

"Dat am enough. Ah's gwine to separate."

"You is not. You cain't. Ah ain't did nothin'."

"Jes wait an' see."

These amiable remarks concluded the conversation and Hermes remained sullenly silent until he had conducted Anjelina to her home.

"Git your ol' divorce, woman. Ah don't believe Ah could stand it with you always jabberin'. Git your ol' divorce."

Seven o'clock on Monday morning found Hermes at the Dancing School, relating the story of his initial success.

"Phoebe," he said, "de first episode am finished. Now Ah's gwine down to see Proximo about de second episode."

"Hermes, what am a episode?"

"Aw git edjicated, woman," cried Hermes as he snatched up his hat and hurried out the door. "Ah's gwine to see Proximo now."

Proximo was found in the office of the Cab Company which employed him and he willingly listened to Hermes' plan.

"Proximo, if Ah promises to make you a real, high-class dancer do you think you would do me a favor?"

"Yes, sah! Betcha!"

"Well, dis am de plan. You-all take one ob dem taxis which ain't yet got de insignium ob de company an' you get foah a chauffeur dat little niggah which you got out ob jail last week an' put on youah best clothes an'—"

"Yep, Ah'll wear mah purple suit."

"Shet up! You put on youah best clothes an' go to Mistah Johnson's house an' interduce yourself as de man on dis cahd here an' den you-all try to win de afflictions ob Angelina."

"Dat ain't wuk. Dat am fun. Yes sah, Ah'll do that."

That evening a large automobile which bore a great resemblance to a limousine rolled luxuriously up to the home of Mr. Johnson and a colored man of distinguished appearance, after instructing his chauffeur to return in two hours, entered the house. On being admitted he handed Mr. Johnson a card which introduced the visitor as Proximo Brown, vice-president of the Colored People's Trust and Savings Bank of Mobile.

"Mistah Johnson," began Proximo in his most pompous manner, "Ah believes you-all has a brudder in Mobile, has you not?"

"Yep. Him which works in de government building."

"Yes. Ah's met him an' he told me to look you-all up. He said you-all had a pow'ful good-lookin' daughter which ain't obverse to marryin' de right man."

"Yep," answered Johnson, reflecting that the troublesome Hermes must be disposed of at all costs, for here was Anjelina's chance to marry into a wealthy family, "dat am so. Ah'll call her."

Mr. Johnson hurriedly ascended the stairs.

"Anjelina," he called, "where is you?"

"Here, Paw."

"Listen, chile," his voice sank to a whisper, "does you-all hate dat pesky Hermes Jones?"

"Deed Ah does; he been—"

"Not so loud, chile. Down stairs am a billionaire an' he think probably he like to marry you-all. Ef you acts nice he marry you an' then you an' yer paw kin hab chicken an' watermelon three times a day an' yer maw kin quit washin'. Does you-all think you wants to marry him?"

"Guess Ah might as well."

"All-right, yer paw fix dis Hermes niggah."

Mr. Johnson left Anjelina with her "millionaire" and departed in search of Hermes, whom he found in the Dancing School.

"Hermes, you sinful niggah, you has got to divorce mah daughter."

"Uh. Nuffin doin'. Ah hears dat some trillionaire am callin' on her."

"Nope. No millionaire. But she don't like you-all."

"Mistah Johnson, will you-all gib me a kontrak in which you-all promises that you am gwine to rent me dis hall for nine-hundred ninety-nine years?"

"Nope, dat am bribery."

"It am not bribery. Anyway Ah expects you means black-mail."

"Yep. Dat am it. It am blackmail."

"Dat make no difference. Does you-all sign?"

"Nope. Dancin' am sinful. Besides we ain't got no kontrak papers."

"Ah got de papers. Does you sign if Ah does?"

"Nope! It am—"

"Mistah Johnson, somethin' tells me you is entertainin' a billionaire at your home. Is you?"

"Nope. But Ah come here to see about de divorce."

"Will you-all sign if Ah gets a divorce?"

"Ah guess Ah'll have to. Yep. Ah'll do that."

Mr. Johnson signed the contract, received Hermes' promise to free Anjelina, and returned gleefully home to tell the glad news to his daughter. As soon as he entered, however, he perceived that affairs were in an entirely different state than was to be expected. Poor Proximo had let slip a few words about his Cousin Hermes and was vainly trying to explain himself.

"For de lub ob Moses, Anjelina," cried the surprised Mr. Johnson, "dat am no way to treat a billionaire!"

"Billionaire? Dis niggah am Hermes Jones' cousin."

Amid exclamations of surprise and anger from the elder Johnson the unfortunate suitor was violently escorted to the door.

"Holy Smoke," wailed Proximo from his uncomfortable position on the hard sidewalk, "dat Hermes got me into a mess ob trouble. Ah gets chased out ob de house an' Ah gets all shook up an' Ah gets mah new purple pants tore. Ah bet dat niggah played a trick on me. Ah'll fix him! Ah'll burn de Dancin' School."

When an alarm was turned in a few hours later from the vicinity of the Dancing School, Proximo was among the first spectators on the scene. He had done his work well and Hermes' business establishment was doomed. Hermes and Phoebe sat disconsolately on the curb and watched their hopes buried with the falling walls.

"Ah fooled ol' man Johnson at first," mumbled Hermes, "but when I rent de building for nine hundred ninety-nine years and then there am no building what good am the contract? Phoebe, what we gwine to do?"

"Ah dunno. You-all pow'ful smaht. You-all do de figgerin'."

"Uh-huh. Dat am right. Ah got to do some figgerin'."

The flames died down until there was little more than a dull glow. The crowd which had gathered departed and left Hermes and Phoebe brooding gloomily over the ruins of the once prosperous "Mr. Jones and Miss Farnum's Dancing School."

"Phoebe," spoke Hermes, "for once Ah's

stumped. Mah business am ruined. Ah guess that you-all will have to do some washin' for a while."

"Yep. Ah guess so. But not foah long. You-all will figger out something pretty soon, won't you?"

"Ah dunno, Phoebe, but jes' the same, mah figgerin' was pretty good even if it didn't work out. Well, lets leave de ruins ob de Dancin' School an' may dey rest in peace."

### After Seeing "The Thirteenth Chair."

BY J. FRANK WALLACE, '23.

This ride home on the cars is always more tiresome on Saturday night, because of the shoppers. I saw a great number of these fellow passengers of mine at the theatre tonight. I will wager that some of them wish it were daylight, as it was certainly a show to frighten anyone susceptible to nervousness or timidity.

I never had faith in spiritism, and the medium tonight was admittedly faking in most of her work. Nevertheless that was a weird scene in which she really called on her spirit for help! And when the window shade went up, throwing a halo on just the spot in the ceiling where the knife was stuck, well, though a sceptic in regard to such phenomena, I did feel a certain dread.

And when the murderer visioned the body of his victim walking through the door, and ran across the room to a table, and when the knife fell from the ceiling and stuck in the wood before his very eyes, I almost rose in my seat to protest, "You can't fight the dead."

The two girls in front of me were much frightened by the murder in the seance scene. The house was entirely dark at the time, and when a scream rent the silence a sudden terror overcame them and the black-haired girl threw her arms around the other's neck. Being steady and resolute myself, I pressed a moist little hand in both of mine. I do not know how I came to be out of my own seat at the time. The young lady must have misunderstood my action, for when the lights came on, she gasped: "Oh! didn't that frighten you just terribly?" I dropped her hand in disgust. But I have never yet seen a pretty girl with brains!

Well, this is my corner. I wonder if anyone is going up my way! It is always rather dark at that alley corner. Of course I am not afraid, but that other fellow may want company. He

looks timid. I will just trail along behind him.

Gee! No light in the house. Just that little reflection from the street light on the hall ceiling. I suppose if I looked I should see a knife there, but I won't look. That would imply that I have been affected by that darned show. Girls may be, but I will just leave my coat and hat down here and walk right up those stairs and think of—I'll bet I have a sling shot for those cats tomorrow night—sure they are cats—I won't look at that ceiling. There is no one else in this room, you fool; it is your imagination. But what makes me breathe so? What is the matter with me, anyhow. I seem to feel—if I could just turn! I'm not afraid; but something seems to paralyze me. And I can feel a malignant glare penetrating my very spine—a table—I'll have to look for that knife!

Ah! Nobody here, no knife. I knew that that stuff could not bother me. But I am going out of this room and up the steps and to bed. I fought that feeling, didn't I? Think I shall go canoeing tomorrow afternoon and call up my—if I didn't know better, I would swear some one was stalking at my heels. Well, I'm nearly half way up these steps, anyhow. It is so dark here and a fellow can't be sure. I'll turn here, quickly, at the landing. But why turn quickly? How do I get that way anyhow? If my girl ever knew that I—there it is again. And I can hear a sneer. Was that a sniff? Oh! It's all wrong, I know, but I can't be sure. And that man tonight was stabbed—in the back—in the dark. Yes, there is some one behind me and I can't turn. He's got me where he wants me! Brace up now old top; there is the door to your room. See! The door—but who is that coming out? Back, help, away—oh, mercy—*You can't fight the dead!*

Why did I not think of praying long ago? I can make it now, I guess; four steps, three, two—

It is rather cold tonight—think I shall pull these covers over my head. I bet those girls had a fine time getting to bed tonight. But that stuff doesn't bother me.

If International Charity is the guiding star of the League of Nations then the League is for some higher world than this, for it is certain that some European countries have not yet been reached by the starlight of international charity.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

VOL. LIII.

NOVEMBER 29, 1919.

NO. 10.

## Board of Editors.

FRANCIS FARRINGTON, '20

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20

ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20

CORNELIUS PALMER, '20

THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20

THOMAS H. BEACOM, '20

J. SINNOTT MEYERS, '20

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21

PAUL R. CONAGHAN, '20

ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20

LEO L. WARD, '20

WILLIAM ROBINSON, '20

JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '20

WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21

M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21

Thrift helped to win the war. Our government, profiting by the experience of the earlier belligerent nations, realized its tremendous importance and made every

**A Drive for Thrift.** effort to have the American people economize. Pleas

and exhortations to save met with hearty response from the nation as a whole, and especially from college students. Everyone realized that the success of our army on the battlefield was seriously dependent upon the disposition of those at home to conserve. The country did conserve and its efforts were well rewarded. Since the end of the war however, the whole nation has plunged headlong into pre-war extravagance and wild buying, which has been partly responsible for the present inflation of prices. The high prices have become disastrously oppressive to the great mass of toilers, which fact has contributed more to the economic crises now threatening the stability of industry than most of us understand. Realizing that the welfare of our nation is endangered by the continual soaring of prices and that steps must be taken immediately to check them, the thoughtful advisors of the Treasury Department's Saving Division have launched a new drive for thrift. They urge college students especially to refrain from excessive indulgence in luxuries in order to increase the volume of the necessary commodities of life and thereby act as a means

of reducing the expanded credit and bringing about the liquidation of debt. There is no reason why every student should not get behind this drive. As a practical assurance of his co-operation let him draw up a personal budget of his expenditures which will include the buying of Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps, and Treasury Saving Certificates, in accordance with his means. Let us show our prompt loyalty to the counsel of the government in this matter, and thus prove ourselves 100% Americans in peace as well as in war.—C. R. P.

Announcement has been made this week that a new publication, sponsored by three upper-classmen, is to be issued at the University.

"The Juggler" will be a **Welcome "Juggler"!** humorous monthly, the first issue of which will appear before Christmas. The SCHOLASTIC heartily welcomes this addition to the journalistic activity of Notre Dame. For many years the SCHOLASTIC has been the sole periodical of the students and we have been unable to cover the humorous side of student life as intensively as was possible. The filling of this gap is the purpose of "The Juggler." We extend to him the friendly hand of journalism in wishing him success.—J. S. M.

Notre Dame, Indiana.  
November 25, 1919.

Editors of the SCHOLASTIC:

I think that the Notre Dame Service Club appreciates the editorial advertisement given us in last Saturday's issue of the SCHOLASTIC. We enjoy publicity and hope that you will give us more. It will, however, be impossible to alter the stand taken on the subject of the S. A. T. C. The Club has been organized by the men in regular service for two purposes: the erection of a suitable memorial to the memory of the dead, and the social alliance of those who have come back. The desire to exclude the S. A. T. C. was absolute and unanimous at every meeting called. There is no necessity for entering into the motives which prompted this decision. The members of the local student army corps have an equal right to form a society and exclude us. It might, however, not be amiss to state that, as the chief object of the Club is to commemorate the men who left Notre Dame to give their lives for country, it has been felt that only those who went out entirely from their civilian surroundings are entitled to direct the "fitting and proper" task which Notre Dame feels is so necessary. We have every respect for the "scrubbing, hiking and crabbing" of the S. A. T. C., but we believe that reflection will teach them that a soldier had to seek ambition elsewhere.—H. R. D.



## The Sorin Smoker.

Notre Dame traditions of former years were revived on Sunday evening of November 23rd, when the upperclassmen of the University gathered in the recreation room of Sorin Hall to express grateful appreciation to Coaches Rockne and Dorias and to the football team of 1919. The entertainment took the form of a smoker at which the Varsity "gridders" were guests of honor. Walter O'Keefe was the first on the program with "A Mouthful of Blarney." Paul Barry next evoked hearty applause in "Random Ramblings of a Circus Barker." The Oo-la-la Quartette won more fame by delivering some new songs, among which "My Little Gypsy Sweetheart," with Ralph Domke, '22, as soloist, was of a high order. Harry Denny, '22, accompanied by "Charlie" Davis, '21, was next on the program in a violin number which bespoke the artist. Harry McCormack, '21, billed as the "Merry Little Mixing Maid," kept the house in an uproar with some original parodies and songs. Before introducing the speakers, Thomas Beacom, President of the Senior Class, awarded prizes to the holders of the lucky numbers, which unexpected performance served to increase the good humor of the men. The most novel thing in smokers was introduced by Sinnott Meyers, who conducted a "bar" and lunch counter, over which refreshments were served. The decorations were in keeping with the rail along the front of the bar. Father Walsh, Vice-President of the University, next entertained the boys with some amusing anecdotes of Notre Dame football achievements in the past. In introducing Colonel Hoynes, Father Walsh said that one of the oldest traditions of Sorin Hall was a love for Colonel Hoynes, and the wholehearted cheer which greeted the Colonel confirmed his statement. The boys were then favored by a few remarks from Colonel Hoynes, who spoke on the traditions of Sorin Hall, even to the story of his own "High Hat." In beautiful language, interspersed with poetic quotations, he exhorted the boys to lay here at Notre Dame the foundation of their future life that they may better extend the fame of their Alma Mater after graduation. Father Marr, Rector of Sorin, next emphasized the fact that all student activities should emanate from Sorin Hall. That social gatherings of this nature will be a more common occurrence in Sorin Hall is the prediction of all present.

## Personals.

—Ed. O'Connor (E. E., '19) is now associated with the Western Mining Co. of Denver, Colo.

—Howard Breitung, former student of Notre Dame, is now a student at the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

—Frank Fehr, student of the late nineties and former star in football, is now president of the Central Consumers Co., Distillers, Louisville, Ky.

—Bert C. Randall, student 1906-07, after ten years on the leading vaudeville circuits, is now associated with the House of Hubbell, advertising agents of Cleveland.

—A. A. Gloeckner (A. B., '16) is employed as field engineer for the Morgan Engineering Co. in the construction of a drainage pumping station and sluiceway at Percy, Miss.

—The University has received an announcement of the marriage of Miss Eda Brauer to Mr. James Francis Odem (LL. B., '16), which took place at Beeville, Texas, on the nineteenth of November. The SCHOLASTIC extends its felicitations to Mr. Odem and his bride.

—Dr. Jorge Rodriguez San Pedro (Ph. G., '16), of Consolation del Sur, Cuba, was united in marriage on Oct. 23 to Miss M. Cruz of that city. Dr. Pedro is also a graduate of the University of Havana. His many friends join the SCHOLASTIC in wishing the newly wedded couple hearty congratulations.

—John J. Smith, former student of Cadillac Hall, has been sent on a special mission to Russia in the interests of the Intelligence Department. John spent twelve months as Captain in the Infantry with the American forces in Russia and is well informed as to the present conditions there.

—The marriage of Walter P. McCourt (LL. B., '16) to Miss Helen Veronica Shepard, was solemnized recently at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. McCourt will be "at home" after December 1, at 1369 Brown St., Akron, Ohio. The SCHOLASTIC extends the newly married couple hearty congratulations.

—Rev. J. Leo Sharp, Our Lady of Solace Church, Chicago; Rev. James Coleman, St. Bonaventure's Church, Chicago; and Rev. Fr. Griffin, Rector of St. Philip's High School, Chicago, attended the Michigan Aggies-Notre Dame game Saturday, and renewed acquaintanceship with their friends of the faculty.

—Byron Kanaley (A. B., '04), Harold Fisher (C. E., '06) and William Uffandel, former student, were visitors at the University recently in the interests of Old Students' Hall. The three Chicago alumni have always maintained the keenest interest in everything that pertains to Notre Dame and their loyalty will always be commended. "Billie" Uffandel was a prominent athlete during his days at Notre Dame and at one time was holder of the national record for the indoor half-mile event.

—In a reception speech recently delivered by Maj. Gen. C. R. Edwards, commander of the famous 26th division, before the citizens of Milford, Mass., the following was said of Sergt. Phillip J. Callery, former student of Notre Dame, who was killed in the war: "In the entire American Army there was no brighter boy, no one more expert with a bayonet, no one more skilled in disarming his opponent, than Phillip J. Callery of your city. He was teaching a young soldier the methods used in 'lunging' at a Hun, with orders for his pupil to go at Callery with all his strength. The pupil obeyed. Callery slipped as he started to jump, and the bayonet plunged into his side. At the hospital, with the heart-broken pupil at his side, Callery said to his captain, 'Don't blame this lad; no other man in the Yankee division could get me.'"

—John C. Shea (LL. M., '17) is a probable candidate next year for congressman from the third Ohio district. The *Dayton News* says of him:

During the last several weeks the name of Attorney John C. Shea of this city has been mentioned in various circles in connection with the congressional nomination on the Democratic Ticket in the third Ohio district next year. This agitation has been inaugurated without the knowledge or sanction of Attorney Shea, who, though he has not said he would refuse the honor should it come to him, has not signified his willingness to accept it. He has, however, declared that he will not give his consent to the use of his name, if Congressman Guard can be prevailed upon to enter the campaign for re-election as his own successor. Despite the fact that Attorney Shea has been a staunch supporter of Democratic principles, he has not been especially active in politics for several years, his time having been fully occupied in the practice of his profession. That he would become a splendid representative in the lower national legislative body of the people in this district, were he elected, no one familiar with his qualifications and personal worth will attempt to deny. In the event he finally consents to the use of his name in this connection, he will, it is conceded, become an important and forceful factor in the race.

—P. R. CONAGHAN.

## Local News.

—Lost.—Vol. I. of the works of Francis Thompson (set of 4 vols. *de luxe* edition). Please return to Rev. C. Hagerty, and receive reward.

—Coach Rockne, anticipating a dearth of varsity material next year urgently requests all Freshmen pole-vaulters to report to him on Monday, December 1st, at the Gymnasium office.

—Father Gallagher, Disciplinarian, requests of all students living in the city that they inform his office or the Students' Office of their address, as soon as possible, and likewise of any change of address that may be made at any time.

—The University Quartette, accompanied by "Charlie" Davis, were the guests of the Indiana Club at a banquet on the evening of November 20th where they won the hearty applause of the clubmen by the manner in which they rendered their latest specialties. President O'Brien expressed the appreciation of the club by inviting the boys to be their guests at a dinner-dance on the night of Thanksgiving.

—The newest organization on the campus, the Notre Dame Players' Club, convened in the Library last Monday to elect officers and adopt a constitution. The meeting, presided over by Father Bernard Ill, C. S. C., developed a heated discussion regarding a certain clause in the constitution relative to the election of officers. With the issue still undecided a motion for adjournment was made, which was carried against stormy protest.

—The Freshmen held their first social meeting in the recreation room of Brownson Hall on Monday evening, November 24th. Three hundred underclassmen attended the smoker and an interesting program of entertainment was offered. Musical selections followed the introductory remarks of President Castner, and were well received. Father Gallagan's address was followed by a speech by Mr. George Shuster, who praised the men highly for their quick grasp of Notre Dame spirit. The freshmen expect to contribute materially to the social life of the campus this year.

—On Thursday evening, November 20th, the students from New England gathered in



the Badin Hall "Rec" Room for a business session and a smoker. To the men from the land of the Pilgrims the feast of Thanksgiving has a special significance and the club has planned to celebrate the day with fitting dignity. Arrangements have been made for a dinner at the Mishawaka Hotel, and the program of entertainment promises to be as good as the meal. Faculty members who claim New England as their birthplaces will be the guests of the club and will deliver the post-prandial remarks.

—The Notre Dame Service Club at their meeting on Monday evening, November 24th, elected officers and ratified a constitution. Harry Denny, '22, a lieutenant in the 73rd Infantry, was elected president; George Murphy '20, who was stationed at Portland, Oregon, in charge of an Aviation Squadron, was chosen vice-president; for the office of reporter-treasurer Mr. George Shuster, '21, who served overseas in the Intelligence Department, was chosen. William Voss, a former member of the coast Artillery with the A. E. F., was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. Father O'Brien outlined plans for the celebration at St. Mary's on Sunday, November 30th.

—The Notre Dame chapter of the Friends of Irish Freedom, acting in cooperation with the American Commission on Irish Independence, has appointed a committee to raise a quota in the \$10,000,000 loan of the Irish Republic. The purpose of the organization is "to aid and support the republic of Ireland in every manner possible . . . to assist Ireland in establishing its national industries . . . and to raise and disburse all money needed for the support of the commission." As assistants to Thomas J. Tobin, chairman of the local council, John J. Buckley, Alfred N. Slaggert, Walter Douglas, and Thomas Beacom have been named. President Tobin has named as members of the executive committee, John Balfe, James Connerton, Leo Ward, W. S. Allen, J. Readington, Thomas Waters, Francis S. Farrington, John Cavanaugh, Harry Denny, and James H. Ryan.

—Last week's meeting of the Agriculture Club was an important one, in which the future farmer learned, from a very interesting talk by Brother Leo, who is prominent in the organization in Indiana, the purposes and the phenomenal progress of the new American Federation of

Farmers. The speaker told the club that there could be no doubt that the American farmer would within the next few months take a leading role in the settlement of the country's troubles, because of the swift steps being taken in that direction by this new organization. The election of officers at last week's meeting resulted in the re-election of Edward DeCoursey, as president and the election of J. C. Powers as vice-president, J. H. Tuasma as secretary, J. K. Hoyne as treasurer, T. B. Ward as publicity man, and W. W. White as sergeant-at-arms. "The apples" appropriately concluded the pleasant evening for the "Ag" men.

—Mishawaka lovers of music were afforded an exceptional treat on Tuesday evening, November 25th, when the University Glee Club, under the direction of Professor John Becker, head of the Department of Music, opened the season in the High School Auditorium. To the director, the executives, and the personnel of the Glee Club much credit is due for the quality of this opening performance. The chorus numbers were rendered with a finesse rarely found in amateur organizations, and the specialties were of unusual merit. "The Triumphal March from Aida," and Elgar's "The Land of Hope and Glory" were in the more serious vein, and the club gave a rollicking rendition of "Swing Along." Harry Denny's violin specialty illustrated the musician's technique and splendid interpretation. Charlie Davis' Jazz Band struck a balance by a spirited delivery of popular musical numbers, and Walter O'Keefe gave some Irish songs and stories.

—On December 3rd the local council of the Knights of Columbus will inaugurate the social season at the Oliver Hotel with a dance for members and candidates. Sixty-five candidates will be initiated in the first degree in the council chambers on December 5th. On Sunday, December 7th, the second and third degrees will be exemplified at Place Hall. Following the initiation will be a banquet at the Oliver, at which Father Thomas Burke, C. S. C., will act as toastmaster. Dr. Thomas P. Irving will speak on "The Knight and Social Catholicism." The Council will be honored in having as guest Judge James Deery, National President of the A. O. H., who will address the members on the subject "Ireland, a Nation." At the regular meeting on Monday, November 24th,

Father Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., spoke to the council on "Joyce Kilmer," and his appreciation of the soldier-poet was of great interest to the Knights. With such a program of entertainment, it is evident that the Knights will continue their reputation as the liveliest organization on the campus.

—From the moment that "Paddy" Granfield introduced 'Bill' Hayes as timer and Malachi Gooley as referee until the whistle terminated the last wrestling bout, the Walsh Hall 'Rec' room rang with cheers and applause at the annual smoker of the Walsh men last Thursday evening. When the gong clanged at the end of the first three rounds Walter Sheridan was awarded the decision over Martin Sullivan. "Red" McGivney came out the victor in his bout with "Jumbo" Jarrett after three fast periods. Long defeated Thomas C. Mahoney in the next 'go', and Charles Smith won the decision over Kuntz. The audience was given an unexpected thrill when "Midget" McNeff, a former Leatherneck, challenged anyone in the house at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. "Bingo" Binyon, heralded as "The Texas Tornado", staged a whirlwind scrap with the featherweight Marine and was returned the winner. Granfield's pupils then gave a Pyrotechnic Drill, which was followed by Arthur Garvey in a "Madman's Monologue." James A. Bartlett furnished a few songs which were well received, and these were followed by Harry Moynihan and his man, Friday, in a skit entitled, "On Zee Bee, On Zee Bou, On Zee Boulevard." James Sergeant appeared in a monologue billed as, "Sergeant's My Name! U. S. Navy." Cavanaugh and Abbott appeared in a ukulele and Saxophone specialty which made even the feet of the prefects move in syncopated time. Before the grand finale of the evening Fred Keenan pinned Strunk to the mat for two out of three falls and Hagenbarth duplicated this feat with Charlie Parker as his antagonist. Judging from the applause, first honors must be accorded Dave Sullivan and Bernard Morgan, who outclassed Ringling clowns in their Blindfold Boxing act. Father Farley, in a short talk, complimented the boys on the excellence and variety of their program, and after refreshments had been served the Walsh Hallers were unanimous in their decision that the evening was by far the most successful of the year.

—W. M. O'KEEFE.

## Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 33; PURDUE, 13.

In her game with Purdue University at Lafayette last Saturday Notre Dame won her eighth consecutive victory of the season in football. The Gold and Blue stands alone as the one undefeated and untied major football eleven of the country. The triumph over Purdue gave Rockne's men the undisputed championship of Indiana, and their overwhelming score along with the defeat of Ohio by Illinois makes them strong favorites for the Western-championship honors. Indiana's victory over Syracuse, favorites for the Eastern honors, enhanced greatly the record of the Gold and Blue. Excess of confidence and carelessness marked Notre Dame's playing in the battle for the state title on Stuart Field, and it was late in the second half before Rockne's men were sufficiently convinced that they were battling a rebuilt Purdue team worthy of their best effort. Scanlon's men started their offense with a success that fairly dazed the Irish. Critics who have watched the Boilermakers closely for several seasons declared that the offense of the first half had never been equalled by a Gold and Black eleven and that Purdue's form throughout the game was by far the best of the season. Too much credit cannot be given to the work of Captain Huffine, Church, and Birk. On the defense Birk seemed to keep the entire left side of the Notre Dame line busy, breaking up play after play for losses by his deadly tackling, and on the offense holding up well his end of the game. Purdue's fight never ceased, and when the last whistle blew they were still hammering for a touchdown. Their shift formation of line and backfield was used to great advantage; with it they hammered Notre Dame's weakened left side for five first downs and the first score early in the first period. The interference developed for the wing attacks was also powerful. Purdue's excellent band of one hundred and twenty-five pieces, added much to the delight of the occasion.

Notre Dame's exhibition was by no means of the quality shown in the other big games, Coach Rockne characterizing it as being on a par with that in the clash with the Michigan Aggies. At no time did the line work with the effective precision it showed in the Army game, nor did the backfield carry the ball in scrimmage with the punch that beat Nebraska, although Stuart

Field was in prime condition for the fastest work. Only in the aerial attack did Notre Dame show her proper form. Shortly after Purdue had scored, Kirk replaced Hayes at end and the "aviation circus" was on. Gipp hurled an even score of passes to Kirk, Bergman, and Coughlin, twelve of which were good for a total of 162 yards; only one or two were wild and the others that failed were missed because of the speed at which they were hurled. The Purdue defense, drilled for weeks against the attack, managed to stop but one pass. The Notre Dame passing record at Lafayette will, no doubt, stand for some time. In contrast, the Boilermakers attempted five passes, with two successful for a gain of thirty-five yards. Purdue's only consistent aggressive advance came in the first period and resulted in a touchdown. In this quarter Notre Dame lost by fumbles two chances to score. Purdue was on the defensive fully three-quarters of the game, and the kicking which resulted gave Degree the edge over Huffine. He punted in three instances, for an average of forty-one yards; Huffine was forced to kick six times, averaging thirty-six yards. The summary figures show for Notre Dame twenty-nine first downs against Purdue's eight, nearly three times the yardage from scrimmage—adding the aerial gains, about four times as much. Notre Dame penalties totaled seventy yards while the Boilermakers lost nothing by penalty. The back-field did more than their share of the work in bearing the brunt of the fierce attack hurled through our forwards in the early minutes of the game. Slackford's line-bucks and defensive playing were invaluable. Captain Bahan was in the thick of every play, and with Bergman shared the defensive honors. Bergman speeded around the wings in easy style despite his ailing knee. The spectators will never forget the line work of Maurice Smith, or how Trafton, as substitute for Madigan, crashed through the Purdue formations on several occasions, and finally nipped a pass and galloped over several Boilermakers for a marker. Hereupon the line came to its old life; Smith narrowly missed a chance like Trafton's, and a few seconds later Hartley Anderson took a forward from Huffine for twenty yards and the fifth touchdown, mowing down several opponents on the way. To complete the story of the line, Coughlin mystified the opposition as he tore down the field and grabbed two of the three passes hurled at him and carried them for gains that soon

spelled a touchdown. Miller, Brandy, and Shaw each in turn carried on the work when they were rushed in as relief.

Notre Dame did not show any of the brilliant form which has so consistently carried her through a hard season; still she played the steady, brainy game which of a sudden in the last half accumulated a total of points far greater than that effected by the Ohio wreckers against the Boilermakers. There is little doubt in the minds of the critics who have seen both Ohio State and Notre Dame in action as to which is the better. Every man in the press box voted the "Fighting Irish" the best seen on Stewart Field this season even though the Hibernians were going at only half speed during the greater part of the contest.

At the opening of the battle, Gipp kicked-off to Quast, who returned the ball ten yards; Wagner made five, and Huffine punted to Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Bergman then took the ball for twenty-three and Slackford for seven-yards. Gipp lost five, and Degree punted forty yards out of bounds. Wagner made five, Madigan was injured and Trafton substituted. Mecker and Macklin skirted the ends for twenty-five and two first downs; Wagner made twelve, Huffine ten to Notre Dame's ten-yard line, Wagner got seven more, and a penalty put the ball on the three-yard mark; Purdue in three attempts took it over and kicked goal, making the score: Notre Dame, 0; Purdue, 7. On the kick-off Bergman ran back fifteen yards, but fumbled, Purdue recovering. Passes failed, place kick failed, and N. D. had the ball, with forty-five yards to go. Gipp and Kirk did two aerials for twenty yards, Slackford fumbled, and Purdue tried again; Trafton threw Huffine for a loss, and the latter kicked to Bergman. Gipp, Bergman, and Bahan carried the ball twenty yards; Purdue held and Degree kicked, and the ball was dead on Purdue's seven-yard line. The period closed, Notre Dame, 0; Purdue 7.

Huffine punted at the start of the next quarter; Gipp and Kirk tried two favorites, with result that the ball was back on Purdue's seven-line; Bergman chased around for the score; the kick for goal failed, leaving Notre Dame, 6, and Purdue, 7. After the kick-off to Purdue, Huffine had to punt, the ball going to our forty-seven; Slackford made ten, Coughlin slipped along for twenty-five, with ten to go for a score; Slackford and Bergman each got three yards, but N. D. was penalized fifteen. Gipp, being in a bad humor, knocked Bergman over with a seven-yard pass, and then heaved one to Kirk behind the goal line, making the count, Notre Dame, 13, and Purdue, 7. We made the kick-off and three passes to Bergman and Coughlin netted forty yards. Gipp's drop-kick failed, and Purdue punted out as the half ended. Notre Dame, 13; Purdue, 7.

Beginning the third period, Coughlin ran the kick-off ten yards, Bergman and Bahan made first downs, and a pass to Eddie Anderson put the ball within scoring

distance; Notre Dame was fined fifteen yards, but Gipp and Kirk brought the ball right back. Slackford tore through for twelve, and the "Aerial Twins" then forwarded for the third marker. Bahan missed the goal; score 19-7. In conclusion of the quarter, Bergman received the kick-off, ran it back twenty yards, but on a fumble lost it to Purdue. Notre Dame held, and Huffine punted over the goal line. From the twenty-yard line Notre Dame failed to gain.

Brandy relieved Bahan at the beginning of the last period. Degree kicked; Purdue in eight successive plays, including one forward pass, rushed the ball to the Irish foot-line, Huffine took it over, but missed the goal; Notre Dame, 19; Purdue, 13. The Irish warmed up. Bahan went back in place of Brandy; behind the wedge formation Miller tore off thirty-five yards from kick-off. Miller made eight yards, Bergman three, Gipp carried it for ten, and then threw the ball into Mitchell's arms. Huffine made eight, and first down; Church fumbled in shooting a pass; Trafton picked it off and raced for a tally. Bahan registered the goal. Purdue received the kick-off, and Notre Dame held. Just before the game ended Anderson of Notre Dame crashed through the Purdue line, intercepted a second fumbled pass, and went for the final touchdown, which raised Notre Dame to 33 points against Purdue's 13.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (33).		PURDUE (13).
Kirk	L. E.	Smith
Coughlin	L. T.	Birk
H. Anderson	L. G.	Cooley
Madigan	C.	Mitchell
Smith	R. G.	Haigis
Degree	R. T.	Miller
E. Anderson	R. E.	Quast
Bahan	Q. B.	Macklin
Gipp	L. H.	Mecker
Bergman	R. H.	Wagner
Slackford	F. B.	Huffine

Score by Periods:

Notre Dame	0	13	6	14-33
Purdue	7	0	0	6-13

Touchdowns: Bergman, Kirk; 2. Trafton, H. Anderson, Mecker, Huffine. Goals from touchdowns: Stanwood, Bahan 2, Gipp.

Yardage Gained: First downs, Notre Dame 29; Purdue 8. Scrimmage gains, Notre Dame, 335 yards; Purdue, 149 yards. Forward pass gains, Notre Dame, 12 out of 20 for 162 yards; Purdue, 2 out of 5 for 35 yards. Total yards gained, Notre Dame, 497 yards; Purdue 184 yards. Punts exchanged, Notre Dame, 3 for an average of 41 yards; Purdue 6 for an average of 36 yards. Penalties, Notre Dame 69 yards, Purdue 0.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Trafton for Madigan, Brandy for Bahan, Miller for Slackford Bahan for Brandy, Shaw for Coughlin. Purdue—Stanwood for Haigis, Church for Macklin, Macklin for Church, Daly for Macklin, Gribbsy for Stanwood, Stanwood for Mitchell, Church for Daly, Geyer for Cooley.

Officials: Referee, Lipski (Chicago); Umpire, St. John (Notre Dame); field judge, Coffin (Cornell); head-linesman, Knight (Michigan).

Time of Periods: Fifteen minutes each.

—E. M. STARRETT.

## CORBY WINS INTERHALL TITLE.

Displaying wonderful defensive and offensive tactics in a battle replete with thrills, Corby Hall appropriated the title to the Interhall Championship last Sunday by defeating the fast Walsh eleven, 12 to 6. With the ball in their territory during the greater part of the first quarter, the Walsh backs resorted to a punting game, but foiled by a strong wind, the their boots fell short, and Corby scored the first marker by a series of straight line-plunges. The goal failed. Buoyed up by their success, Corby continued their scrappy aggression. During the final minutes of the first quarter Walsh held with determination on their own twelve-yard, but Desch, the big right half for Corby, circled right and in sensational style registered six more points for his team. The goal failed. Throughout the remaining quarters, Walsh valiantly stood off the consistent hammering of the down-campus catapults. The injection of "Bill" Hayes, the varsity sprint star, in the second quarter, aided greatly in bolstering up the gritty Walsh defense. During this period Father Farley's men succeeded in eluding the Corby formation long enough to annex six points. Smith, Hayes, and Riley played brilliant football for the Walshmen. Blievernicht, Desch, and Ward starred consistently for the Corbyites.

CORBY, 12		WALSH, 6.
Raub	L. E.	Smith
Conway	L. T.	Hagenbarth
Ward	L. G.	Giddings
Atkinson	C.	Daley
Martin	R. G.	Keenan
Hart	R. T.	Sargeant
Blievernicht	R. E.	Riley
Sexton	Q. B.	Driscoll
Foley	L. H.	Winniger, Hayes
Desch	R. H.	McGuire
Moore	F. B.	McGivney

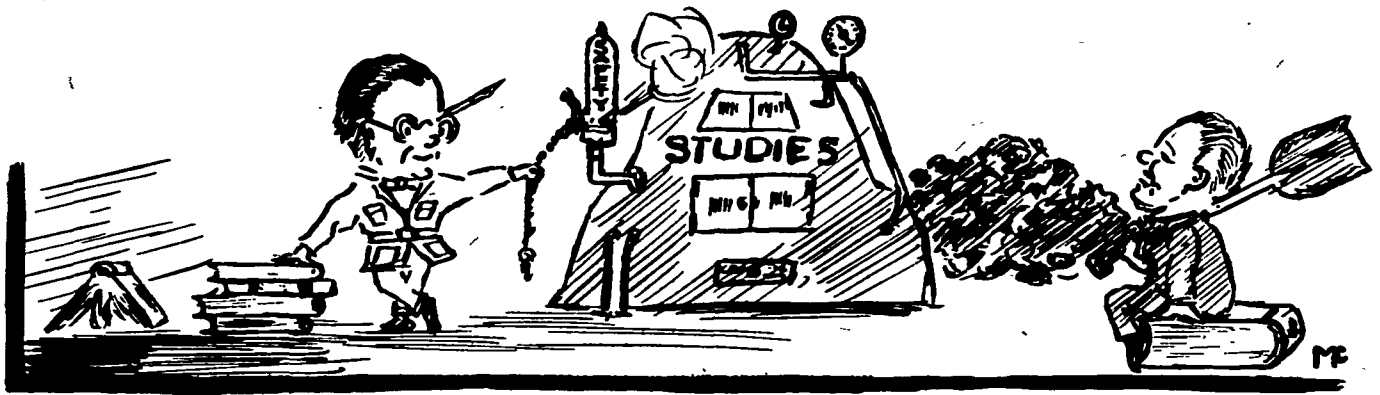
Touchdowns: Corby—Desch, Blievernicht; Walsh—Smith. Referee: Kiley; Umpire: Coughlin; Head-linesman: McNamara.—A. N. SLAGGERT.

\*\*\*

## CROSS COUNTRY.

Coach Rockne's "harriers" will participate in the State cross country meet which is to be staged at Crawfordsville on the 6th of December. The men who will make the trip are: Captain Meehan, W. Burke, "Hic" Sweeny, Schuler, Culhane, the winner of this year's local marathon, Bannan, and Shanahan. "Judge" Murphy will accompany the regular squad as an alternate.

—A. N. SLAGGERT.



### I'LL SAY SO.

I sure have respect for the "light-fingered" man  
 Who delves, so to speak, in my purse,  
 I greet with a smile every confidence man  
 Who sells me the sky-line or worse;  
 I've almost a love for a thug—but alas!  
 Words will not sufficiently slam  
 That sneaking, cadaverous, double-faced foe—  
 The man who invented *Exam*.

The man who with questions digs into my brain  
 To find if the concrete is deep,  
 Who will not accept the veneer we call bluff,  
 But under its surface must peep.  
 He usually finds what he looks for, but who  
 Has aught else but curses and damns  
 For the wily, uncanny, unprincipled foe—  
 The man who invented *Exams*?

\*\*\*

Have you heard the football team eat?

\*\*\*

### THE STORY OF A POOR CHILD.

Poor Margaret had no white kitten nor dumbbells nor electric heater nor anything, so she couldn't be a stenographer or soprano because she had no instruments. She wanted to steal instruments from a band, but when she tip-toed through the long, dark corridor and up the steep unwinding stairs the band was not at home. She shuddered as she stood alone in the band house. Then she thought of becoming a shop-lifter, but one of her brothers had strained his back from lifting a box and she really didn't think she could be a shop lifter. She went out and wept on the cement walk—they were hard tears, but hardly any one noticed her. Suddenly, like a bolt out of a pig sty, a young man appeared. "You are weeping little one," he said.

"Ah," she surmised as the hot tears splashed like broken eggs on the pavement, "this man must be a mind reader."

"Have you ever tried putting a key down your back?" he suggested. "I have heard so often it quiets all sorrow and stops gout."

"Whose key is it?" she wailed, as she lifted her watercress face and looked at him like a gold fish.

As he moved toward her she noticed something familiar in his face—it was a crooked nose. "Ah," she moaned, "it has followed its natural bent." Then she threw her two arms furiously everywhere and her mind rushed in all directions.

"What does it all mean," spoke a voice out of the darkness.

There was something that told the maid that the

owner was either a policeman or a locksmith or an ice-wagon driver.

Her companion hearing the voice of another man fled off across the sand. It was like a sand flea.

She gave a sigh for she knew her sire had come, and as she fled upstairs she stepped on the back of her neck and tripped softly across the room.

"Were you at the student vaudeville," she queried, as she dipped her thumb in the lemon cream pie and placed it deliberately in her mouth.

"Was I at the vaudeville?" he asked in amazement. "Why, of course."

"Ah, she said, "your last word describes it admirably. I might have known you were there."

\*\*\*

### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

When Santa Claus was but a boy  
 He never had a single toy  
 And so he was so dogon mad  
 He pawned the clothes his father had—  
 Now he gives children toys and "sich"  
 Provided that their dads are rich.

\*\*\*

### NO STEAM? AND WHY?

A few days ago it was discovered by a plumber from Chicago that the Badin Hall steam pipes were solid.

\*\*\*

### SUNG BY THE CHOIR.

(Wait til! the Cows come Home.)

I'm afraid when my grades go home  
 I'm afraid when my grades go home  
 Dad will in his fury rise.  
 There'll be wrath in mother's eyes,  
 And they won't send me any kale  
 Just because I have chanced to fail—  
 Things are fine to-day,  
 But I cannot say  
 What will happen soon,  
 Some fine afternoon,  
 When those confounded grades reach home.

\*\*\*

### YOU KNOW 'EM.

There are students who are lazy,  
 There are students who are crazy,  
 There are students who have neither heart nor soul;  
 There are students who are shirkers,  
 There are students who are workers,  
 There are students who are worth their weight  
 in coal.

# Yellow Taxi Cab and Transfer Co.

Main Office, Cor. Mich. and Colfax Ave.

BELL 514

HOME 5515

## CAB AND BAGGAGE SERVICE

One or two passengers, - - -	\$1.00
Each additional passenger, - - -	.50
Special trip for Baggage, - - -	\$1.00
Each additional Trunk, - - -	.50
Suit Case, - - -	.25

## CARS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

7-passenger cars for parties, touring, etc.

RATES REASONABLE

# The Oliver Hotel

European Plan

BEST IN THE WEST

300 Rooms

Fireproof

THIS HOTEL OPERATES  
PERFECTLY APPOINTED

CAFES

CIGAR AND NEWS STAND

BILLARD HALL

BAKE SHOP

BARBER SHOP

HAIR DRESSING AND

MANICURING PARLORS

SELF SERVICE DINING ROOM  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Waiter service after 9 o'clock P. M.  
if desired.



**CAPT. JACK**  
*A Low Com-  
fortable Col-  
lar of wide  
reputation*

**Lion Collars**  
OLDEST BRAND IN AMERICA  
UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N. Y.

SOLD BY  
MAX ADLER CO. SOUTH BEND, IND.

# Auditorium Hotel

CHICAGO

On the corner of Michigan Boule-  
vard and Congress Street, in the  
theatre and business center.

Special attention shown students  
and alumni of Notre Dame.

**JOHN J. CALVEY, Manager**

The Notre Dame Scholastic Advertisements

No. 126

# The First National Bank

South Bend, Indiana  
(Oliver Hotel Building)

Capital, \$105,000 Surplus and Profit, \$145,000

A. L. HUBBARD, President.  
J. M. STUDEBAKER, JR., Vice-Prest.  
C. L. ZIGLER, Cashier.  
C. J. WHITMER, Ass't Cashier.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR  
RENT AT REASONABLE  
PRICES

WE ISSUE FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT LOWEST  
MARKET RATES AND LETTERS OF CREDIT  
PAYABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

TRY OUR TRAVELER'S CHEQUES

Mechanics Tools

Draughtman's Tools

## G. E. Meyer & Son

Hardware Merchants

115-117 West Jefferson Boulevard

(Opposite Postoffice)

Fine Cutlery

SOUTH BEND, IND.

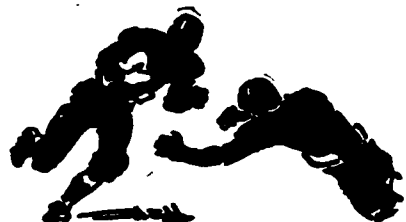
## The Dome Official Portrait Photographer

# McDonald

211 South Main St.  
Opp. Post Office

South Bend, Ind.

## Spalding



## Foot Ball Goods

BALLS, GOALS, GUARDS,  
PADS, SHOES, ETC.

In addition of course—

Spalding Equipment for every  
other Athletic Sport

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

211 STATE STREET, CHICAGO

## Ideal Laundry Company

"Get the Ideal Habit"

Three collections a week at Notre  
Dame. Leave your pack-  
ages at the

Notre Dame News Stand

## Cox Sons & Vining

72 Madison Ave., New York

CAPS AND GOWNS

Silk Faculty Gowns and Hoods.  
Lowest Prices. Best Workmanship.  
Gowns for Judiciary, Pulpit and Choir



Cell Phones 27 and 282

Home Phones 2542 and 6096

## Schuler, Klingel & Co.

Wholesale Fruits and Produce

401-403 South St. Joseph St.

South Bend, Indiana

GEORGE BUTZBACH, Manager

## Citizens National Bank and Trust Co.

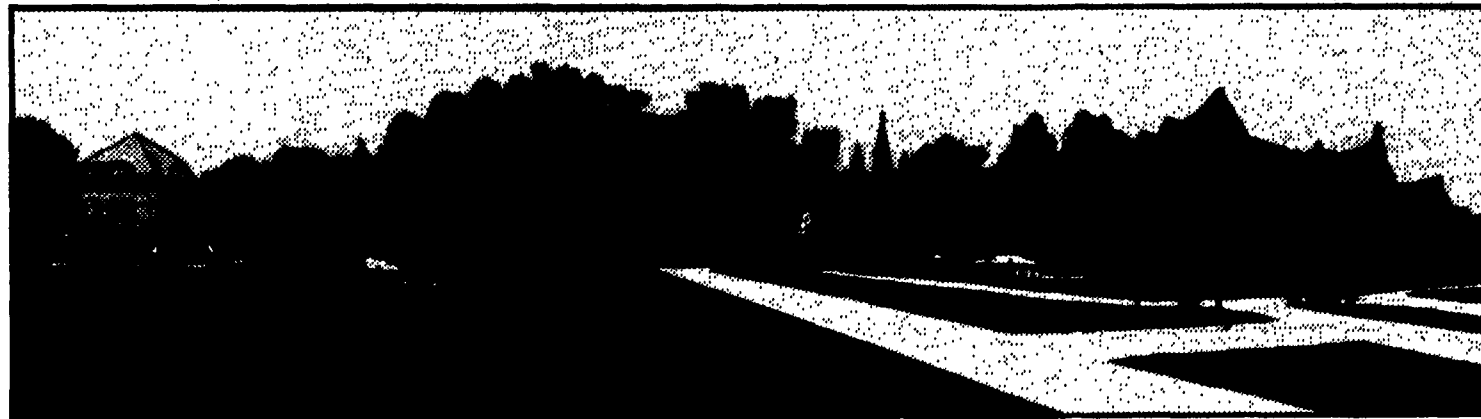
112-14 W. Jefferson Blvd.

South Bend, Ind.



# St. Mary's College and Academy

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



Gymnasium

Academy

Church

College

## Recognition by the Indiana State Board of Education

College—Standard; Normal Department—Accredited; Academy (High School)—Commissioned;  
Credits accepted by the leading Universities

An institution where your daughter is assured of all the benefits of an exclusive school, while surrounded with all the comforts and protection of home life. St. Mary's is devoted to the development of the highest type of womanhood in the girls entrusted to her care.

Many features of this school of high ideals, its broad campus and well equipped commodious buildings, cannot be touched upon in the limited space of this announcement. The President, therefore, cordially invites correspondence from parents having daughters to educate, and will take pleasure in mailing an illustrated catalog and descriptive literature. Address the President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY

NOTRE DAME P. O., INDIANA

# The University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

## **College of Arts and Letters.**

Departments of Ancient Classics, Modern Literature, History, Political Economy, Sociology, Domestic Commerce, Foreign Commerce, Journalism, Library Science.

## **College of Science.**

Departments of Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Pharmacy, Agriculture.

## **College of Architecture.**

Departments of Construction, Design.

## **College of Engineering.**

Departments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Industrial Engineering.

## **College of Law.**

## **College of Fine Arts.**

Departments of Artistic Drawing, Painting, Cartooning, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music.

## **Preparatory School.**

Variant Courses.

## **St. Edward Hall.**

For Young Boys.

Notre Dame is recognized by all educators, by the press and by the public as a college whose work is of the same grade as that of the most highly endowed colleges or the best state universities. Its atmosphere is strongly Catholic and no young man who has ever attended the University of Notre Dame can escape its influence in after life.

The discipline is paternal, and aims at giving young men the fullest liberty consistent with earnest study and manly Christian character. Rooms at reasonable rates. Catalogue sent on application.

*Address:*

**THE REGISTRAR**

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA