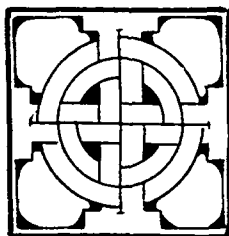


The Notre Dame Scholastic



OSHAUGHNESSY STUDIOS CHICAGO

Vol. LIII.

January 31, 1920

No. 16

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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 31, 1920.

No. 16.

A Steel Heater.

BY J. FRANK WALLACE, '23.

THOUGH hours are long and weary grows my frame,
What matters it? The world still cries for steel.
I am the man, I answer that appeal.
Unstoried though my days, unknown to fame,
I think in deeds. I pray in labor's name.
And battling life with keen and charging zeal,
I triumph. Oh, the sense of power I feel!
I move the world. I work, I fight, I'm game.
My furnace is a concentrated hell,
Where fiery ice floats in a burning lake
And dragons lurk, their venom'd sparks to throw.
Let poets sing of sheltered sylvan dell,
Philosophers their deep conclusions make,
But I have life. The whistle, boys. Let's go!

God and Our Country.

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY, '20.

AMERICA is in the grapples of social unrest. On every side men cry out for relief. The capitalist is fighting to hold his throne, while the poor man is in open revolt to better his condition. The government is taking away rights from the public, and the public in turn resent it. Poor, groping Americans blindly snatch at the many would-be remedies which stand for godlessness, and turn away discontented. Paganism never satisfies.

Christianity, that necessary condition of true progress, is the guide on the path of development. It is the elixir of every age, the groundwork of every healthy nation and the enlightenment of the world. Its nature is to lift humanity to a plane higher than that of a mere earthly existence. It is an instrument in the hand of God to guide man in his everlasting search for truth and happiness. It furnishes him with the one genuine view of life; it provides him with the correct moral code, in the observance of which he may achieve his well being. Chris-

tianity is to the nation what the soul is to the body; it is the vitalizing principle of the material world. Remove that soul and the state becomes forthwith a corpse. Without it there can be no real progress, no continued advancement, no enlightenment that is worth while. In its absence, all moral law is unsupported. Without Christianity, in short, we are leaning upon the frail powers of humanity; we are without God.

If history proves anything, it proves the need of Christianity in the state. From the remotest centuries this fact has been attested. Before its birth, Greece flourished in a material way. She was a mighty nation made up of brave warriors and learned scholars. Her wealth was immense, her domains were vast, yet her decline was rapid and complete. The state had been built on a mere earthly foundation and could not stand. With Rome the case was similar. She was powerful in her earth-fed glory when Christianity came into the world. The men of that day believed in the pagan doctrine of almighty Caesarism, and scoffed at the advent of Christ, the new teacher, with his stern principles. Their supreme law was that of the Roman state and Caesar was their god. What need had they of Christianity? Why should these new laws be imposed upon them? Such was their boast! For answer they heard the rumblings of their mighty empire falling in ruins. For three centuries the children who followed Christ poured out their life's blood for the establishing of the true religion. At last the pagan state was conquered. It was a battle between the Church of God and a great worldly empire. Rome saw the grim truth only through the dust of her falling edifices and crumbling towers where the pagan gods had ruled supreme.

From that day to this, nations have tried to flourish without the restraints of Christianity and Christian morality. Their attempts have been as fruitless as that first great effort of Rome. Their work has come to naught. European nations in their aggressiveness lost sight of their

dependence, and fell. Such forgetfulness has brought nearly every country of the Old World to its knees at some time in its history. The latest to learn the lesson is Germany. Her rulers forgot God and His law; they pushed aside the only means of realizing a prosperous state, and thus they drew down upon their nation the basest humiliation and disgrace. It is but the sad fatality of another country which, having forgotten its Creator, paid in blood and sacrifice the dire penalty of a faithless deed.

But not only has this tendency wrecked the Old World; it is affecting America as well. A great many of our people are seeking a change, and in so doing, they are laying aside the tenets of Christianity. They are seeking the easiest and most profitable existence. Forgetting the true Deity, they are down on their knees before the idol of Mammon. They have become commercialized and have yielded to ease and luxury. Across the country wings this ravenous spirit of godlessness. It is in the home, on the streets; it is felt among the poor and lowly, and it whispers its insidious words to those in high places. Yet in spite of its universality and grave results, we are hardly conscious of its existence. It is hidden beneath the cloak of high-sounding words and phrases. We meet it in the guise of "Liberalism," "Socialism," "Bolshevism" and "Patriotism." The true appellation is oftentimes atheism, for it teaches a doctrine founded on a material basis and nurtured by godless men. Whatever name godlessness may assume, it is no better than the most hateful paganism. And this is the curse of America today. This devastating doctrine springs up about us on every side, and in every age and condition of life.

In the primary grades of our secular schools the children are inoculated with the germ of this disease. They receive it either positively or negatively, at least in so far as they scarcely ever hear the name of God mentioned. Rarely do they learn of the existence of a higher power, and so they are brought up in almost complete ignorance of Him. If they are unfortunate enough to enter one of our secular colleges, they walk into a veritable fortress of atheism. From the moment they pass into the college, they are exhorted in an indirect way to put God aside. In the class-room and in the lecture-hall they are cunningly advised to disregard religion and to build their lives on a so-called "practical" basis. This is the foundation upon

which their education rests. And this foundation is ever growing weaker and weaker. What will be the result? The answer lies in the pages of the past.

History teaches the significant fact that Christianity is necessary to social development and that without it general corruption is sure to follow. Shall we hearken to this lesson? Shall we stop long enough in our lust for gold and pleasure to consider the moral aspect of life? Shall we continue to support the schools which stand for pagan ideals? Shall we stand behind the men and the institutions which teach a worse philosophy than that of pagan Greece or Rome? Shall we put aside our God, and resign ourselves to the fatal philosophy of the age? How many openly and maliciously teach this doctrine! Away with God is their cry! Away with this moral law of restraint! Away with this subjection and let us have room for the "superman"! Away with this bondage and give us free play for our passions! Yes, away with God and give us Caesar and all the rotten glory that was his! Cast down the temples of Christianity and build false idols for "practical" worship. Give us a God who will not restrict, who will not hold back our lustful hearts, who will not try to keep us on the path of righteousness, but who will let us have free scope of thought and action! Yes, away with God is their cry, and throughout the country echoes and re-echoes this base shibboleth, this pagan watch-word—"Away with God!"

Centuries of history are stretched before us as a guide. We have seen the rise and fall of strong nations. The intoxicating spirit of supremacy, the ulcer of immorality, the curse of commercialism are all shaking the very foundations of our country. The evil exists, what shall be the cure? From the dark ages rise up the skeletons of kings and emperors who proclaim to us that the one and the only remedy is a return to Christianity. Christianity with its code of morals is the only basis of a healthy and a restful state. This, then, is the panacea! And this should be the ideal of every American heart. All false doctrines must be abandoned. With them will go many of our national problems. For a nation of peaceful subjects we do not need these new-fangled ideas, but rather a return to Almighty God.

When pagan principles will have been forsaken in these United States we may look forward with confidence to the future of our great

country. We shall then behold the nation built on the strong foundations of Christianity. We shall realize a peaceful nation, standing out supreme above all the nations of the earth. Then shall we have really completed our recent battles. Then shall we have won our greatest victory. Ah, yes, then shall we behold our flag and cry out from a wondering and admiring heart: "This banner really stands for a democratic people, nourished in the fear and the love of God."

Varsity Verse.

A MOUNTAIN POOL.

O mountain pool
I chance on in a woodland glade,
Whose limpid depths
Reflect the clouds and trees,—
Around whose verge
The green-leaved ferns
And little grasses
Whisper from the impulse
Of the sighing wind—
Whence comes your coolness?
From a hidden spring
That pushes through dark ways
In rocks of Time
To flood in triumph
Through some unguarded gate?
Or are you just a tiny lake:
The widening of a distant brook?
Are you pure or stagnant?
How long have you seen Time?
Have you been here,
O mountain pool,
Since Ararat's day,—
Or have more recent years
Been witness to your life?—M. D. MCE.

A TOAST.

Here's to the lad so honest and true
He pays all his debts when'er they fall due.
Here's to the lad with the curly locks
Who shares with the bunch his ties and his sox.
(This toast we can't drink, it's only too true,
Such models of virtue are happily few.)—E. M. M.

LONGING.

When love's long chains are burst apart
And friends shall meet no more,
A dreary feeling fills the heart,
That ne'er was felt before.

The thought of happy days gone by
And nights of perfect peace,
Invites the heart to grieve and sigh
When their soul seeks release.

'Tis true some day we all must part
And that our love dies then;
Still holy hope contents the heart
To meet in heaven again.—B. J.

Darkest Just Before Dawn.

BY PAUL W. CROWLEY, '20.

The races were just beginning and the stands were thronged with enthusiastic men and women. From where Martin Conlin stood waiting to place his money on Peter the Great, the gay spectacle would have thrilled the heart of any youth, however sober.

The "bookie" smiled at Conlin, placed his name on the record, and returned to the young man his checks. "You're betting on the horse that is in lowest favor to-day, Conlin; Plumber is at the head of the list."

"Never won anything on a horse-race, Tom, and I do not think I shall to-day, but betting is horse-racing in a nut-shell; so let it go," called back Conlin, as he started toward the grandstand.

Seated in the midst of a gay party, Conlin was enjoying very much the afternoon's sports, when a messenger handed him a telegram. Opening it, he read:—

Vancouver, B. C.

Your father died 8 A. M.

(Signed) T. B. Allison, Attorney.

Dazed, Conlin arose and walked to his apartment without saying a word to his friends. Standing by his desk, he looked for a long time at his father's photograph. "I did not know you, father. We were almost strangers, but you have always given me everything that money could buy. Your boats and your workmen interested you more than I did. I don't blame you very much, for I have never been anything to you but a big expense. Honestly, I did mean to show you that I was a real man after I graduated next June, but I cannot do it, now."

He wired Allison for money to go home, and tried to be patient while he waited for the lawyer's reply. The intervening time dragged along, but he spent it in deep thought. He had never seen the hard side of life. His "prep-school" days had been spent at a fashionable school in the States, and he had entered McGill University in his nineteenth year. The first three years there had been filled with good times and his worst task had been his fight to keep studies from spoiling his college education. He had friends everywhere—bankers smiled at him, bell-hops rushed to the desk when he

came into the hotels, drivers and owners gave him valuable tips on the races, and students accepted his opinion as law; professors were his only enemies.

He decided that he would settle his father's estate as quickly as possible and return to college until June. Then he would use his education to electrify the ship-yards, using his position as chief electrical engineer to bring about this evolution in the business. But his plans terminated abruptly when he received Allison's reply:

Vancouver, B. C.

Funeral to-morrow. Estate settled. No funds to supply amount you ask.

(Signed) T. B. Allison, Attorney.

"No funds. Estate settled. I can't even get to the funeral. Why, this Allison is crazy—" Stunned, he sat down and tried to think it out, but the solution was frustrated when he tried to borrow money with which to get home. His "friends" were "too busy" or "short," or something, to let him have any money. They were "sorry"; "of course he knew how it was"; "they hated to see him go away"—but they had no money. He had no relatives, no money, and he would soon be without a place to live. "I'll have to do something," he said grimly

For two days he worked harder than he had ever worked before. He sold nearly everything he had, to raise car-fare. Having barely accumulated the necessary sum, he was ready to leave Montreal.

It was his last chance, his only hope of ever being somebody again, and with a bitterness that often accompanies violence to self, Martin Conlin dragged himself and his luggage through the waiting room of the Bonaventure Station and slammed it into one of the hard seats in the center of the room. The chattering of a group of excited school girls annoyed him; he held his head in his hands so that he might cover his ears without attracting attention. "Funny, how little it takes to amuse some people," he muttered to himself.

His melancholy thoughts were interrupted by the train-caller, and with a dogged tread he pushed his way through the train shed to the long string of dark red cars, which he knew so well as those of the Trans-continental Limited. Through habit he almost handed his luggage to a porter, but catching himself, he trudged on toward the coaches at the head of the train.

"Awful stench in these cars. Wonder how people stand it when they have to travel a long distance. I suppose I will soon find out." He turned over a seat and with a sigh of relief, dropped his two heavy bags therein.

The conductor picked up his long ticket, and as he was about to pass on remarked, "Sleeping cars are in the rear, if you wish accommodation, sir." Martin did not answer, but pondered on what should he do when he reached Vancouver. His money was almost gone and the source of a new supply was the great question. The conductor's remark had served to renew his realization of his present plight. The porter's announcement of the first call for dinner only added to the young man's misery. Think as hard as he could, there seemed to be no solution for his case.

To the traveller's great surprise, he slept most of the night, and when the train pulled into Toronto, he was among the first to reach the lunch counter in the station. As he stood observing the travellers, he saw a middle-aged man swing off the train and come ambling toward the counter. Taking a seat beside Conlin, the stranger remarked: "Great to get a bite after eating the roadbed all night, isn't it, brother?"

Martin admitted that it was, and the other continued, "How far are you going? Vancouver? Well, we will be together for a while anyway. I end my journey at Calgary, and the sight of that town will be a real joy to me." His eyes brightened as he finished speaking and turned his attention to his coffee.

"Wonderful build for a half-back," thought Conlin as he finished his breakfast, "but I suppose he developed that brawn swinging an axe in the woods of the Rockies."

Together the two men strolled back to the train and Conlin accepted the stranger's invitation to smoke with him. Their conversation improved Conlin's disposition a great deal. He could not help liking the big, straightforward fellow, who talked of the wheat fields of Alberta and the woods of Maine with equal intelligence and ease. Martin surprised himself when he asked the other man if he were in business for himself. The stranger told him that he owned twenty-seven thousand acres of the best wheat land in Canada. He had just been to Montreal to make his last payment on the land and to arrange for the construction of several new side tracks on which to place cars

when his crops were ready to ship to the market in the fall.

As the day passed, Martin became more and more attached to this big man with his good-hearted ways, and a feeling of regret came over him as he realized that he would soon lose his companion at Calgary.

The next morning found the two men seated in the smoking compartment. Neither said very much; both seemed to be thinking. At length the ranchman spoke and there was a tremble in his voice. "My name is Jim McMahan and I think almost anyone around Calgary will tell you that I am all right and mind my own business pretty much all the time, and am fairly honest. Since I met you, I have had the feeling that you are up against a proposition that is giving you a lot of trouble. If you think I am not over-stepping the privileges of our friendship, you may feel like telling me about it; if I am going too far, you can refuse to tell me a thing and I will not feel the least offended. If I could be of any assistance to you, I would be only too glad. You told me, yesterday, that you did not have a friend in the world and that is a pretty hard position for a young man. I made my own way after my father died, and it was a hard way that I travelled. I am at your service, if you think I can help you in any way."

Martin was at first inclined to resent the older man's invitation to talk, but the kindly face of the stranger overcame his pride and he poured forth his story: "My name is Martin Conlin. My father was a ship-builder in Vancouver until a week ago, when he was suddenly taken away with a shock. His attorney notified me at Montreal and I wired for money to get home on. A telegram came that same afternoon stating that there was no money of my father's from which he could draw. A letter three days later stated that I should leave college, because it was my father's wish. He knew that I was not studying as I should. I was a senior in Engineering. I have no relatives in the world that I know of, and I do not know what I shall do when I reach Vancouver." He stopped as though it were a great relief to get the load off his mind.

McMahan said nothing, and Martin continued. "We had plenty of money and father owned the largest shipyards on the Coast; but he was getting old and a corporation was formed to handle the business. He never had

any faith in me nor any time to spend with me. All the time I have been away at school I have never received a letter from home, except the monthly letter containing a check covering my expenses. I travelled with a fast crowd and always had plenty of money until this came up. Last Monday I tried to borrow money to get home on, and the only one who would let me have it was working his way caring for furnaces and mowing lawns. I couldn't take it from him; so I sold everything that I owned, except the stuff in those two bags, and here I am.

The finality of the last few words brought a grin to the face of big Jim McMahan. "Well, my boy, that is an awful come-down for you, isn't it? It is hard to bear and the future holds nothing for you as far as you can see at present. When I was down and out I used to recall the old saying that it is darkest just before dawn, and then I would grit my teeth and do the best I could. It is harder for you than it was for me, for I never was anybody and never had anything to lose. Got accustomed to being up against it, but finally I won out. My wife helped me get started on my present ranch, and I tell you, boy, all a real man needs to make him fight his best is a friend who will encourage him and push him every minute. When most of my class of people see a has-been they give him another kick on his way down the grade. It is their idea of justice. Did you ever play hockey? Were you ever beaten? Well, you know how the men gather around the goal to put their entire strength before the vital spot, so the puck cannot slip through and kill the chance of victory. A little cheer from the spectators makes you fight; you grit your teeth and swing that old stick with all the strength that you can pull from your tired body. That's what you must do now: grit your teeth and fight hard." McMahan was not swinging a hockey stick; but his big clinched fists were beating the air between the two of them as he spoke.

Martin was leaning forward in his seat, his jaw set and his hands clinched, as he followed the words of the man. McMahan went on: "I'll be the spectator, son, and give you the encouragement. You come with me to my place, get into real work, forget all your friends in Montreal, and I'll bet you win out."

Two years later, Martin was seated on the porch of the McMahan home. Many things had happened since the ranchman had persuaded him to cast his lot in the Canadian

wheat belt. The porch party included Helen McMahan, the old ranchman, and Martin. Helen had been her father's secretary since her graduation from business school, and she had invited Martin out to dinner that evening. The household thought that Martin was a miracle man. Eight-year-old Jerry and his ten-year-old brother Tom, had been dragged off to bed, but not until they had received the promise of a trip to town with "Martie" in the morning.

"Turn on your lights, Martie," called Mrs. McMahan from within; "you should increase your profits as much as you can by burning up all the electricity your neighbors can afford to pay for."

This remark caused the party to laugh heartily at Martie. "I guess I use enough juice to keep your firm in spending money, don't I, Martie?" asked McMahan. "How are things going with you, lately? Helen says we save lots of money by using your power, but I think Helen has an eye for business." There was a twinkle in his eye, for he had been watching his two hearers somewhat closely for some time and had decided that his family was about to be augmented by the entrance of a son-in-law.

The daughter did not answer; so Martie braved the storm. "I think you are in the hands of the enemy, Jim, when it comes to electricity. Helen and I are planning a new firm that ought to strengthen the Conlin Light and Power Company. She has supplied the encouragement you spoke of on the train and pushed me to continue my course in electrical engineering until I got my degree from Tech. Next, I outdid myself, when, with your aid, I dammed the creek and put in the small station. Peter the Great won his race, and I learned that there is such a being as an honest booking agent. Thus, I was able to build a larger station. Now the new Conlin firm is planning to build not a power plant, but a bungalow."

"Mother," called McMahan, "come out here."

"What is it, Jim?" asked his wife as she stepped out on the porch.

"Mother," dictated McMahan, with a pseudo-stern voice, "write your college roommate's husband and my ex-roommate, H. Philip Conlin, that I have rescued his son, Martie, from the race-track crooks, and all the horrors of the big city. You might send him an invitation to the Conlin-McMahan wedding when you have the time." And to Conlin: "Martie, your father

is quite alive and is your best friend even though you do not think so. Two years ago he stopped here to call on us, and he was worrying about you. He told us that he had neglected you, that he hardly knew you. You do not remember your mother, boy, but she was a beautiful and good woman. Her death almost caused the death of your father also. He sent you away to school when you were young and devoted all his time to business. I was going to Montreal and he asked me to look you up; he wouldn't trust himself to do it. I stayed in Montreal several weeks, watched you and kept your father informed, telling him everything. He left me the management of the whole matter. I am 'Allison.' Your friends were warned not to give you money. The man who was working his way through school slipped my notice and almost spoiled the game. It was your own and your father's money, not mine that built the power station. It was a mean thing for me to do, but it was for your good, son. Cabarets, horse-races, and high-living were not helping you; your instructors at McGill told me that, and so I took the thing into my own hands. Mother, we're proud of the boy, aren't we?"

"I guess we are proud of you, Martie," answered Mrs. McMahan, as she made several dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief.

Dazed and thoughtful, Martie did not notice the exchange of glances between Mr. and Mrs. McMahan before they arose to go into the house. He was afraid that he would wake up and find it all a dream.

"Martie, aren't you going to say a single word to me, to-night? Are you so happy that you have forgotten me?" asked Helen, who had been sitting beside him waiting for him to say something.

"Oh, Helen, I can hardly realize it all. My father is a real living, loving father, my business is a success, and I am somebody, a somebody about to marry the best girl in the world. It's too much happiness at one time. You'll forgive me, if I am not myself this evening." He laughed with the girl, and the two remained there for some time in silence.

"Will you go to town with us in the morning? I am going to give Jerry and Tom the time of their young lives and you might as well enjoy the party with me. It's going to be some time. When two years of hard work seeks its corresponding play in one day, it's bound to be worth seeing."

The Ear is Not Filled with Hearing.

She pinned a white rosebud in his lapel. Tears were in her eyes—but tears could hardly dim eyes so bright.

"Yes, Doug, I hope this will be the last time you go away—I miss you so."

"I'll make it the last, little girl, you may be sure. I hate it as much as you. Now kiss your pal good-bye."

She kissed him, a long parting kiss. They were not engaged, but they expected to be; they were merely waiting for him to "make good" on the road.

After six months of hard travel and six months of energetic work, for which he gained promotion from his house, yet six months of dreaming about his loved one at home, six months of waiting and pining, he returned. As soon as he reached the town he stepped into a telephone booth. Her mother answered. "He was back; would Doll see him that night?"

"Yes, she is home,—come over." Jubilant with the thought of Doll's enthusiasm at his "making good," he hailed a cab, and was whizzed to her home. He gave the bell a snappy ring, the door opened, and the maid showed him into the parlor. In a moment Doll entered, but the old-time sparkle was missing in her eyes.

"My lover," he cried, holding out his arms; "how I missed you, how I missed my little pal,—"

He had always kissed her upon returning from a long trip, but now she did not respond at all to his extended arms. He went to her.

"Don't, Doug; please don't."

"Why, Doll—what's the matter?—Why not, as we always did?"

"I—I know, but we can't any more. I—I'm engaged."

His arms dropped stupidly, and the candy fell to the floor. A strange look was upon his face. She went to the mantel and sobbed.

"Doll, girlie, tell me—what do you mean? What's the matter? Don't cry this way. Tell your lover what you mean. I don't understand,—come, let's sit down."

Douglas, after six dismal months on the road, came back to her wedding. For a moment after the wedding breakfast he and she were alone in the parlor of her home. He was staring out the window at the car with the sign "Newly-Weds" upon it, the car which was to carry her away—with another man. She went up to him,

drew his arms around her, laid her head snugly against his shoulder, pinned a white rose-bud from her bridal bouquet in his lapel. She bowed a moment in silence, then slowly raised her head, and with tears in her eyes:

"Please, Doug' dear, kiss me good-bye,—I'll miss you so."—JOHN T. DEMPSEY, '21.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Only the worker appreciates rest.

Rioting is expressed contempt for law.

A humble man never talks of his humility.

And a year ago we were rejoicing over peace!

The greatest hero is the man that is ready to die.

Nothing is stronger than the heart of a good man.

Near-beer is the nectar of the gods modernized.

Charity without amiability loses much of its charm.

Where is the student who used to count the holidays?

Sometimes those who know the least are the most wise.

For good qualities regard your neighbor; for bad ones, yourself.

Education never brings us success; it only prepares the way.

A strike may miss its objective but never misses the public.

The latest sign of the times is no Brandy in the all-Western line-up.

He is a vain creature indeed who thinks that he is a necessary being.

The all-American teams would suggest that all the Westerners are aliens.

It is bad enough to do wrong—but worse to make excuses for wrongdoing.

What has become of the girl that was too proud to powder her nose in public?

The Socialist really means: "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own."

There is as a rule only one way of getting money but numerous ways of getting rid of it.

A spiritual "deadbeat" is one who desires to be good but does not care to take the trouble.

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.

JANUARY 31, 1920.

NO. 16.

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Student action at Notre Dame has wandered leaderless for years. No other university of its size in the country exhibits less "get-together-and-pull" spirit. The recent

Student Activity. years, the last in particular, have marked this fact. This

is the University's biggest year in many ways and now is the only time to prevent further laxity. Class, club, and campus activities are now at their very lowest ebb; even the vaunted Interhall spirit has taken on a dull tinge and sluggishness that is not typical. A few flashes of real action on the part of the appointed Students Activity Committee last fall revealed possibilities of what might be done. We have over a thousand live, well-educated, ambitious college men from every section of the country and, given a faculty-advised, popularly-elected student government, there is no reason why Notre Dame student activities cannot be lifted to their proper place. Such an organization would naturally influence every other line of student interests. Interhall spirit would be intensified, class tradition properly guided, and varsity activities in every line made the interests of a thousand, where a score now try to carry on the work. A student interested in his studies, varsity sport, hall spirit, class tradition, and campus government will be a better Notre Dame man than present-day conditions can ever make him.—E. M. S.

It is high noon in the world. The hands of the clock of opportunity stand at twelve. They will, however, remain there but for an instant.

The moment calls for action, for **High Noon.** action by individuals and by the nations. Let justice be done now, so that all may start anew with peace in their hearts. Ireland has proved her case. She is a nation, held in bondage, deprived of her rightful sovereignty. Her people are a most highly civilized people, able to rule themselves. It is their right that they do so. Yet, British selfishness is permitted to torture her relentlessly. Apostate and turncoat politicians have attempted to convince the world that British rule is beneficial to Ireland. They have slandered the Irish people. They have labelled every Irish movement as the agitation of irresponsible degenerates. They have concocted windy diatribes against clerical influences in Ireland, but this cant has not been proved. They have had their day in court. They have had the opportunity to prove their assertions, and have failed to do so. Their lies and schemes have been exposed before the world in all their baseness. Ireland on the other hand has proved her case. It is time for the decision to be given for the plaintiff, or justice has had another splotch added to her garment. It is high noon, high time, indeed, for the decision. Let it be given, so that the plaintiff may go forth into the light of a new day and the life of a new era.—J. J. B.

A New Missionary Field.

The recently organized Chinese Mission Society of Omaha, Nebraska, has received as assignment from the Holy See a district in the heart of China which covers several thousand square miles and includes nearly four million souls. Heretofore this territory has been the field of some three hundred missionaries of various denominations. They have erected a thoroughly equipped university and several preparatory schools at which many of the native students have prepared for our secular universities. The advent of Catholic missionaries is but another indication of the advance we are making in missionary work. The Society promises the appointment of some thirty or forty priests to their new field within the present year. With this beginning in such a fertile province we may indeed be optimistic in viewing the future of Catholic missions in China.—R. C. D.

Irish-Bond Campaign at Notre Dame.

The purpose of the Bonds of the Irish Republic is to break the bonds of England and the bonds of slavery. They are bonds of righteousness. The bond issue of Ireland is for the purpose of building up and reorganizing the industry of Ireland. Not one cent of this money will be used for political purposes. The money will enable the government of Ireland to reforest the country, to reclaim the waste lands, and to harness the water power of the Island, which at present is useless, because of the destructive policy of Great Britain. These bonds will enable Ireland to establish her fisheries on a firm basis, and from this source alone will be realized sufficient revenue to pay off the bonds now being issued.

At the meeting opening the campaign at Notre Dame for the sale of these bonds, on Tuesday evening of January 20th enthusiasm reigned supreme. John J. Buckley presided, owing to the fact that President Thomas Tobin was unable to be present. The chairman introduced as speakers Father Cornelius Hagerty, Peter Golden of New York City, Professor O'Hagerty, and Father James W. Donahue, of the Notre Dame Mission Band.

In a masterly address, Mr. Golden placed the problem before his audience. He spoke of the undying love of freedom so characteristic of every Irishman. He told of the malignant influence which England has brought to bear on Ireland in order to crush the spark of her national spirit. But this influence, the speaker said, has failed to achieve its end. The spirit of the Celt is today more determined than ever. It burns as only the fire of patriotism can burn in the heart of true patriots and lovers of liberty.

Evidence of England's insincerity regarding the promises she made during the war concerning freedom for small nations was given by Mr. Golden. The Hindu massacre was the case he cited. In April of 1919 the English troops in India massacred in cold blood more than five thousand natives while they knelt at prayer. These Indians were in a small valley making one of their pilgrimages. The one exit from the place was only large enough to permit the passage of two persons at a time. During the services, the commander of the British forces placed his troops above the valley and gave the order to fire. Volley after volley of English bullets was poured into the crowd of natives. Five thousand were

killed and many others were wounded. The English gave no attention to the injured. When questioned as to the reason for not attending to the wounded, the commander replied that there were plenty of hospitals in the country for them to go to if they had cared to do so. This man was and still is an official representative of the British government, the government that holds Ireland, Egypt, and India by right of might.

Concerning England's efforts to stamp out nationalism in Ireland, the speaker told of the introduction of the English educational system in Ireland. English schoolmasters were appointed and the only language that could be spoken was the English. The little Irish children were sent to these schools. Many of them spoke only Gaelic. Around the neck of each child was hung a stick, called the "score stick." For every word of Gaelic the child spoke a notch was cut in the stick, and at the end of each day the score was settled. A beating was the penalty for each notch. This was England's way of inspiring love in the breasts of the Irish. This was the type of civilization which England imposed upon the conquered. Is it any wonder that Ireland longs for the day when the last Red-coat will be driven from her shores?

Father Donahue opened his address by remarking that money talks. He said that money was the only argument to which "John Bull" would listen. The duty of Americans to subscribe the loan was discussed. The speaker deplored the success of English propaganda in this country, remarking that no news detrimental to England ever gets into print, except in a very few papers. This is one of the effects of the insidious policy of Britain. Since this policy suppresses the publication of news concerning British autocracy, America is kept in ignorance regarding the greatest enemy of liberty in the world. England's policy can be of no possible benefit to the United States. It can be only detrimental. It will result only in some harmful alliance with a country which has no sympathy for the principles for which this country stands.

Long before the discovery of America, we are told by the historian Sheean, the people of Ireland looked to the west for a promised land. They had no knowledge of a land to the west, and yet, something moved them to look westward with expectant eyes. Today, they still look to the west, and their hearts are filled with the hope which America seems to hold out to them. They look to the United States to fulfil the

promises which she made on entering the war. They look to the United States to keep those promises by recognizing Ireland, the foremost of small nations. They look to the United States to force England to keep the promise which she made. The question which we must answer is whether or not the expectation of the people of Ireland is to be in vain. If we fail to support the Irish movement, if we fail in this bond issue, then Ireland will know the bitter disappointment of being failed by a friend whom she has trusted.

The answer to this problem depends on us Americans. We have paid our debt to France and we have boasted that our debts to all are as good as paid. We owe something to Ireland. We owe it in return for the men which she has given us. We owe it for the support she has given us in all of our wars. Let us pay that debt duly. Let us prove to the world that we keep our promises.

The republic of Ireland is organized. It has the support of more than eighty per cent of the people of Ireland. It is in a fair way to succeed. And it will succeed if the United States is true to its principles. Let us rebuke the politicians who have cast doubt on the word of America by repudiating the war promise which we gave to the world. Let us vindicate the sacrifice which American soldiers have made to defend those principles. Let us support the cause of freedom, of justice, and of right by buying the bonds of the Irish Republic.

At the end of last Tuesday's meeting pledges were distributed which resulted in the following subscriptions;

Father J. W. Donahue, for the Notre Dame Mission Band.....	\$25.00
Father Cornelius Hagerty.....	\$25.00
Thomas J. Waters.....	\$10.00
John F. Mangan.....	\$10.00
Michael Ennis.....	\$10.00
The Notre Dame Cafeteria.....	\$10.00
James W. Connerton.....	\$10.00
Vincent F. Fagan.....	\$10.00
Leo L. Ward.....	\$10.00
John T. Balfe.....	\$10.00
John J. Buckley.....	\$10.00

The campaign is still in progress and everyone at Notre Dame should endeavor to contribute to this cause. Additions to the subscription list will be added as the subscriptions are received. Show your practical interest in the principle and cause of human liberty by becoming a bond-holder of the Irish Republic.

—J. J. BUCKLEY, '20.

Obituaries.

SISTER M. ALPHONSETTA.

The quick death last week of Sister Mary Alphonsetta as a result of pneumonia, contracted while taking care of the sick, was to St. Mary's and Notre Dame a shock as severe as it was sudden. The deceased Sister was originally of Boise, Idaho. She became a convert to the Church at the age of sixteen and three years later joined the Sisters of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's. A teacher of unusual ability and accomplishment, she will be much missed by the community of Sisters for which she labored so whole-heartedly and by the multitude of friends she made in the classroom at St. Edward's Hall and elsewhere. To her niece, Sister M. Teresa Clare, and the other relatives of the deceased the University extends heartfelt sympathy.

CHARLES JENSEN.

Last Saturday night between ten and eleven o'clock, Charles Jensen passed to his reward. Everything had been done by a devoted father and mother to save his life, but God had decreed otherwise. It is always hard for parents to give up their children, and doubly hard when, as in this instance, it is an only son with such promise for the future. Charles Jensen, of Rochester, New York, first came to Notre Dame as student last September. He was of delicate health and had to spend part of the time between Thanksgiving and Christmas at home. Returning after the holidays, he was working bravely, to make up the work missed, when sickness stopped his efforts. The sympathy and prayers of the students of Brownson Hall go to his bereaved father, mother and sisters. Holy Mass and many Communions have been offered for his repose.

DIONISIO MENDOZA.

Pathetic tragedy was mingled with the sweetest consolation of religion in the death of Dionisio Mendoza, at Notre Dame, last Monday night. His home was in Chiclayo, Peru, South America, and he had spent the past two years at Notre Dame. Some three months ago, by a strange disposition of Divine Providence, he began a beautiful preparation for death. He became a frequent and devout communicant, and led a life of edifying piety. When he first went to the infirmary with a cold, a week before he died, he told his friends that he would never see South America again, and when

pneumonia developed and he was prepared for death, he told his confessor that he was willing and anxious to die. His last days were spent in prayer and recollection and he offered his intense sufferings for the repose of the souls of his schoolmates who had passed away during the week. May God rest his soul!

LEO J. DUNN

Leo J. Dunn, of Seneca, Illinois, a student in Walsh Hall, went to his reward on Tuesday, January 20, after a losing fight of three years against an internal disease. His beautiful, peaceful death was a fitting close for his edifying life. He was well prepared for the end he knew was coming: an hour before his death he received Holy Communion; he died calling upon the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin to help him; he finished his thanksgiving in heaven.

WENDELL VOGEL.

Unusual sorrow was felt by the students of Brownson Hall on Wednesday, January 21, when the word went around that one of their number, Wendell Vogel, had passed away. The deceased was a young man of exceptional gifts of mind and heart, and the future promised much to him. As a student his application was almost continuous, and he was sometimes advised not to keep so close to his books. Retiring by disposition, he was well known only to a few of his classmates. Indeed, such a rare and noble character was a mark for death; and now that he has gone, the beauty of his life appears the more resplendent. Wendell's home was in Reynolds, Indiana, where he leaves a devoted father, a sister, and a twin brother. The students of Brownson Hall had a Mass offered and received Holy Communion for him. Concerning his death, they have drafted the following:

Whereas, we, the students of Brownson Hall, feel keenly the loss of our admirable hall-mate, Wendell Vogel, who passed away on Wednesday, January 21, 1920. Open, and upright, and honest, he won quickly the respect and esteem of all with whom he associated.

Resolved, That having enjoyed his companionship for the last few months, we realize a spirit of better manhood among us by his example of virtue. We offer our most fervent prayers and holy Communion that he may be quickly admitted to the reward for which he lived.

Resolved, also, That these resolutions be published in the SCHOLASTIC.

(Signed) Michael R. Powers,
Charles W. Burns,
James B. Crawford,
Merton L. Sullivan.

Subscriptions to Old Students Hall.

The following additional subscriptions to the building fund for the erection of the Old Students Hall have been secured by the Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., Secretary of the Alumni Association, to whom has been entrusted the campaign for the fund:

Leo F. Welch, Indianapolis, Ind.	\$ 75.00
Lawrence J. Welch, Indianapolis, Ind.	100.00
H. Beckman Ohmer, Dayton, Ohio	500.00
George A. Krug, Dayton, Ohio	500.00
Leroy J. Keach, Indianapolis, Ind.	250.00
Thomas J. Jones, Indianapolis, Ind.	50.00
James F. Gibbons, Dayton, Ohio	100.00
Arthur W. J. Gibbons, Dayton, Ohio	100.00
W. M. Carroll, Dayton, Ohio	1000.00
Max Adler, South Bend, Ind.	500.00
John J. Kuntz, San Antonio, Texas	150.00
Chester D. Freeze, Chicago, Illinois	250.00
Joseph B. Murphy, Dayton, Ohio	100.00
Thomas D. Masters, Springfield, Ill.	200.00
Louis T. Moran, Decatur, Ill.	50.00
William Fogarty, Lincoln, Ill.	100.00
Fred W. Longan, Lincoln, Ill.	100.00
Carl A. Laux, Decatur, Ill.	50.00
John N. Bommersbach, Decatur, Ill.	100.00
Charles A. McCann, Springfield, Ill.	100.00
Thomas F. Mahoney, Springfield, Ill.	100.00
John F. Bretz, Sr., Springfield, Ill.	50.00
James B. Quinn, Springfield, Ill.	50.00
J. Howard Furlong, Springfield, Ill.	50.00
L. B. Van Sant, Peoria, Ill.	200.00
Spalding Slevin, Peoria, Ill.	200.00
George Sprenger, Peoria, Ill.	500.00
John Bergner, Peoria, Ill.	200.00
Howard W. McAleenan, Peoria, Ill.	250.00
B. B. Hesse & Sons, Fort Madison, Ia	100.00
Theodore H. Nabers, Fort Madison, Ia	100.00
J. F. Duane, Peoria, Ill.	400.00
Robert C. Carr, Ottawa, Ill.	100.00
Harry F. Kelly, Ottawa, Ill.	100.00
Rev. John B. Quinn, Ottawa, Ill.	25.00
Ralph C. Madden, Mendota, Ill.	100.00
James F. Cahill, La Salle, Ill.	200.00
T. Frank Healy, Rochelle, Ill.	300.00
George W. McMann, Jr., Rochelle, Ill.	100.00

Attend the Glee Club Concert.

The University Glee Club will give its annual concert in Washington Hall Sunday evening at eight o'clock. The advance sale of tickets promises a record attendance. The Club is the best that has represented the University in recent years, and with the commendable purpose of the entertainment—to contribute to the Memorial Fund of the Notre Dame Service Club—Washington Hall should be filled to its capacity on Sunday evening. It

is urged that the students of the University owing so much to those gallant sons of Notre Dame who died in the service of their country during the recent World War, turn out with all the traditional Notre Dame spirit and help this worthy cause of raising a fund for the erection of a suitable memorial to the memory of the Notre Dame soldiers who gave their lives that Democracy may live.—H. D.

Personals.

—Harry Wright ('18) was among recent guests at the University, and renewed old acquaintances in Sorin Hall.

—Alonzo "Louie" Glascott is now practising law in Michigan City. "Louie" came down last week for a brief visit to the school.

—Mr. R. A. McNally (old student) editor of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, has been appointed to the Board of Health of the Territory. Mr. McNally carries with him in his new position the best wishes of all his old friends at the University.

—Vincent E. Morrison ('89) was married on January 7th to Miss Katherine McLachlan, of Glenwood, Minnesota. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations. The "at home" announcement is for 1921 First Avenue, South, Minneapolis, after March thirty-first.

—The marriage of Charles F. Overton, student of Corby Hall last year, to Miss Sarah Loraine Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Williams, was solemnized on Nov. 26, 1919, at South Haven, Mich. The SCHOLASTIC joins their many friends in hearty congratulations.

—Paul Hogan, of Ashtabula, Ohio, quarterback on the Notre Dame Freshman squad of 1917, is now attending Niagara University, at Niagara Falls, New York. Last fall Paul enjoyed a good season at halfback for Niagara. He is now a member of the college relay team, which recently scored a triumph over Buffalo University at the 74th Regiment Armory.

—Richard Herd and H. Greaney, recently students in Badin Hall, say in a letter to the editor of the SCHOLASTIC: "There are at present seven former Notre Dame students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—Creel, Kremp, Sherry, Herd, Greaney, Faulkenberg, and Zambrano. The old spirit still lingers with us and we should like to hear the latest news of

Notre Dame. We have not seen a SCHOLASTIC for some time, and we miss its messages very much. Will you kindly write to the address given above and let us know what the amount of a subscription is. Give our regards to all our friends, particularly the old Badinites, to Fathers McGarry, Wenninger, and McManus."

—Emmett ("Slim") McGuire (M. E., '19), whose home is in Lafayette, Indiana, has accepted a position in the Research Laboratory of the American Radiator Company at the Pierce Plant in Buffalo, New York. Emmett was a member of the varsity track squad last season and played first base for the notorious nine of Cadillac Hall. His address is 432 Porter Avenue, Buffalo.

—In a letter from Joe Pliska, old student and gridiron star in recent years, we are informed of the formal announcement of his engagement at Christmas to Miss Anne Susen, of Park Ridge, Illinois, graduate of St. Mary's in 1913, and sister of the several Susen boys that have attended Notre Dame. Joe promises to visit the University shortly. His present address is 6528 Emerald Avenue, Chicago.—R. E. O'H.

Commencement Program.

The graduates' part in the commencement program for the class of 1920 is announced by the faculty. Valedictory honors have been awarded to Thomas J. Tobin (Classics), formerly president of the class and always a leader in student activities as well as in scholastic attainment. Vincent F. Fagan (Architecture) justly receives the distinction of class poet. Mr. Fagan's poetic talent has been recognized repeatedly in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, and one of his poems has been quoted by Chicago and London publications of high merit. Lawrence S. Stephan (Law), Business Manager of the 1920 Dome, and prominent in all activities of the Law Department, Cornelius R. Palmer (Classics), one of the University's most able student orators, and Thomas H. Beacom (Philosophy), President of the Senior Class and also of the Students Activities Committee, and a speaker of exceptional ability, will deliver the three orations composing the Bachelors' Trilogy. The general subject of this year's trilogy will be "The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction," which is today receiving perhaps more consideration throughout the country than any other plan of reconstruction.—L. L. W.

Local News.

—Father Fallize, C. S. C., formerly a missionary in Bengal, spoke to the Chamber of Commerce on the "Life and Conditions in India" on the evening of the 27th. Father Fallize spent twenty years in India, and hence knows the habits and customs of the natives thoroughly. Because of lack of time, however, he limited himself to a discussion of the caste system in India. This system, he declared, is at the bottom of all the misery and backwardness in India today, and it is only by convincing the people of the foolishness of the caste distinction that they can be Christianized.

—Dr. John M. Cooney, head of the College of Journalism, in a talk before the local council of the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday evening, on "The Knights of Columbus and the Press," deplored the fact that Catholics do not appreciate the possibilities of journalistic influence. It was the speaker's contention that subsidized propaganda and a net-work of press agents make it impossible for the newspapers to get at the truth. He urged that the Knights of Columbus organize a nation-wide campaign for financial control by Catholic capital of at least one daily newspaper in every city of any importance in the country.

—Paul Emmet Sweeney was unanimously elected president of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society for the second semester at the meeting of the society last Thursday evening. Paul Breen was chosen vice-president; John Lightner, secretary; W. A. Page, treasurer, and M. J. Tierney, publicity man. In compliance with a request of Mr. John Dempsey, '21, the name of the new sergeant-at-arms will not be published. A ways-and-means committee, composed of Francis Galvin, W. A. Page, and Paul Breen, and a program committee, consisting of Kleofos Bardzil, F. J. Melody, and M. J. Tierney, are in charge of the society smoker to be held next Thursday evening.

—On Monday February 2, at 8:00 P. M., Dr. Ng Pong Chew, well-known Chinese publicist and lecturer, will deliver an address in Washington Hall. Dr. Chew was the first Chinaman to establish a daily newspaper in this country; his son was the first Chinaman to be commissioned an officer in the United States Army; his daughter was the first Chinese woman to be appointed by a board of education to teach in the public schools of California. The lecturer

is a highly cultured and extensively educated man, and his command of the English language is remarkably fluent. Because of his keen sense of humor he has often been called the "Mark Twain of China." The subject of his lecture here will most likely be the Shantung situation.

—The Hon. Joseph Scott (LL. D. '17, Laetare Medalist, '18) addressed the student body in Washington Hall on Saturday morning, January, 24th. During the last two years Mr. Scott has been busily engaged in the welfare work of the Knights of Columbus in this country and overseas, and this was his first appearance here since the diamond jubilee of the University in 1917. That Mr. Scott is a most popular favorite at Notre Dame was attested by the generous applause which greeted him last Saturday. As usual, his vigorous matter and manner held the rapt attention of his audience for more than an hour. Almost as an echo of Father Cavanaugh's recent address in Washington Hall, Mr. Scott deplored the lack of moral stamina which characterizes too many of those prominent today in public life and exhorted the students to lay well the foundation of honesty and moral courage which will prove their most valuable asset in later life. Mr. Scott's return to Notre Dame in the spring is looked forward to with genuine pleasure by the student body.

—The Notre Dame Players Club will present an entertaining program in Washington Hall on March 17th in behalf of the building fund of the Knights of Columbus. A descriptive prologue will introduce three sketches written by Delmar Edmondson, president of the club and author of "Camouflaging Cupid," The Senior play of two years ago. These sketches, entitled "Madam Zephina Backs Down," "An Episode of the Lost Battalion", and "Married in Haste," the last a cross-section of life in the boarding-house, will be interpreted by members of the club. Assignment of parts will be made after the tryouts to be held in the library tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Among the candidates for rôles are Leo Kelly, Harry J. McCormick, Frank Fox, Charles Butterworth, Patrick Granfield, and J. Sinnott Meyers. A little "skit" by Mr. McCormick will form one interlude and the introduction of several new songs, written by Charles Davis and Delmar Edmondson and sung by Earl Dumke, a member of the Glee Club, will constitute another.

Athletic Notes.

WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 37; NOTRE DAME, 21.

Notre Dame went down to a second defeat in basketball before the fast Western Normal quintet last Friday evening, 37 to 21. The Normals opened up the first half of the fray in whirlwind fashion, and bewildered the Gold-and-Blue defense with a storm of baskets. The opponents' offense was centered about Olsen, the Notre Dame nemesis, who, aided by the stellar support of Shepard and Cameron, found the Notre Dame ring for ten points. Shifting their tactics, Shepard began the tossing, and added materially to Olsen's budget. Practically buried in the first half by a score of 24 to 6, Notre Dame staged a sensational "comeback," which made the score more even, but the rally was not sufficient to overcome the large lead of the teachers. In Mehre Western Normal found the same troublesome opposition, the husky forward counting nine points during the contest. Notre Dame was weak in free throws, making good in only one out of five chances from the foul line. Granfield, Kennedy and Anderson figured prominently in the rally.

**

M. A. C., 23; NOTRE DAME, 20.

In a game showing occasional flashes of snappy court tactics, Notre Dame lost to the five of Michigan Agricultural at Lansing last Saturday, 25 to 20. It was a rough and ragged exhibition, marked by much personal fouling. As the result of a fouling duel "Paddy" Granfield was seated in the early part of the first half, and the Notre Dame attack was thus considerably weakened. Despite the loss, however, the Gold and Blue sustained a fighting morale and exchanged basket for basket with the Lansing boys. The battle was in doubt until the last few minutes of play, when the Farmers cut lose and registered the points necessary for victory. Mehre sustained his reputation as an individual star and his consistently good work was well supplemented by the stellar support of Kennedy and Anderson.

**

Y. M. C. A., 30; NOTRE DAME, 25.

The Varsity basketball squad gave the South Bend Y. M. C. A. a real battle last Wednesday night on the "Y" floor. The South Benders had been slated for an easy victory, but Rockne's renovated "fighting five" refused to go under till the last whistle ended the contest with the

opponents on the long end of the 30-to-25 tally. At the half the honors were even at 13. Acting Captain Mehre led the scoring, with seven field goals. Kensler, the touted center of the opposition, ranked next with five. Kennedy was shifted to forward and Brandy held down the center position for the University. Mehre's basket work and Brandy's floor activity were the features.

Burnham	Forward	Mehre
Rhodes	Forward	Kiley
Kensler	Center	Kennedy
Alward	Guard	Brandy
Kizer	Guard	Anderson

Field goals—Mehre, 7; Kensler, 5; Burnham, 5; Brandy, 3; Rhodes, 2; Kiley, 1; Kennedy, 1. Fouls—Kensler, six out of nine; Mehre, three out of seven. Substitutions—Ward for Kennedy, and Rodgers for Rhodes. Referee—Cook, Indiana.—A. N. SLAGGERT.

**

WALSH, 16; CORBY, 12.

After a week's postponement, the Interhall basketball league is performing its schedule, and promises some unusual excitement. The Walsh quintet, led by Garvey, treated the Corby men to a surprise defeat last Sunday. The Millionaires came to the front in the last few minutes of play, ending the game 16 to 12. The fact that Corby is captained by Larsen, the Freshman star, and coached by Mehre, of the Varsity, made them favorites. Father Farley's crew are now avowed contenders for the title.

**

BROWNSON, 22; CORBY, 16.

Brownson's five, exhibiting the best checking and passing game seen in Interhall basketball this season, easily won their game with Corby, 22 to 16. Corby could not penetrate the Brownson defense and wasted on long shots many chances to score.

**

BADIN, 22; WALSH, 16.

Badin's veterans failed to overcome the Walsh defense to any marked extent and were lucky to win in last Sunday's battle. Kane and Garvey, the opposing captains, furnished most of the thrills, the latter being responsible for Badin's failure to run up the score.

**

Father Cunningham continues to drill his hockey men daily. The game with Culver, which was called off on account of sickness, will be re-scheduled, if possible. Negotiations are also in progress for a game with the Chicago

Amateur Hockey Association, of which Charley Bachman, former Notre Dame athlete, is an official, and one or two trips to Chicago are possible. If the ice sport be successful this year, it is planned to have it declared a minor varsity sport, and an artificial rink near the gymnasium and an extensive schedule will be considered. There is no reason why at least thirty or forty of the numerous crack skaters at Notre Dame should not show interest in the game.

Marquette University, of Milwaukee, will furnish the opposition for the varsity basketball today. Marquette comes to Notre Dame for the first time as a basketball rival, and, as very little is known of the visitors' record for this season, interest in the outcome will be keen. Marquette's victories over Milwaukee Y. M. C. A. teams have been decisive enough to rank them as dangerous. The Gold and Blue will again be in the best of trim for the game: Kiley will be back in the line-up, and Granfield will be fully recovered from the strenuities of the Northern trip. Sorin and Badin will burn up the oval between halves for Interhall relay honors. The Sorin "Minute Men" have a set that should rival any team in the race.

TRACK

Wabash College will meet the Varsity on February 14th in the first regular dual track and field meet of the year. On the original schedule that date was tentatively held by Northwestern, but the Evanston athletes have lost heavily in track talent and do not feel equal to the occasion of a dual meet with Rockne's protégés. The meet with Wabash will be staged here in the gymnasium in the afternoon, as the basketball team of the University of Detroit is scheduled for the evening. The last occasions of dual meets with Wabash were back in 1907, '08, '09, when the "Downstaters" were sweeping everything before them. This year they come north with a squad especially strong in distance and field events, assuring hard work for every one of Captain Meehan's men.

Notre Dame's colors will fly in the East this next month on occasion of two of the most important indoor track meetings of the season. Coach Rockne announces the entry of Bill Hayes and John Murphy in the two Eastern classics, the Boston A. A. meet in Boston on

February 7th and the Milrose A. C. games at Madison Square Gardens in New York on the 10th. Hayes and Murphy are both in excellent trim and should more than hold their own as national leaders in their events. The following comments appeared in the *Boston Post* early this month:

Yesterday sprinters from all over the country flocked to get their entries in line, and it was a most notable gathering. Billy Hayes, the national A. A. U. 100-yard champion, and now a student at Notre Dame, was the first to get in line, while Paddock of California, Scholz of Missouri and Williams of Spokane, Wash., were also in line. This quartet of sprinters is without doubt the fastest that can be located in the country today. It is a cinch that if the record for the distance is ever going to be threatened, one or the other of this bunch should come pretty near landing the bacon.

Hayes is already well known to the local athletic followers. Billy showed a fine turn of speed in the New England championships last spring, when he ran away with both sprints and then followed up his good work by winning the 100-yard national title. He is a 9 4-5 seconds man for the century and has shown equal ability over the boards. Billy has been clocked in 4 3-5 seconds for 40 yards in the West, and on one occasion the timers even got him in faster time than this. His races against Scholz of Missouri have been one of the features of the Middle West indoor campaign.

Four of the country's leading high jumpers will compete in the B. A. A. games at Mechanics' building Feb. 7. Yesterday the entry of Johnny Murphy, from Portland, Oregon, came to light and rounded out the greatest galaxy of high leapers that ever competed in an indoor event. The jumpers who will go to the post will all have a mark of over 6 ft. 2 in. for the leap, and it wouldn't be surprising if Sam Lawrence's present mark of 6 ft. 4 1/2 in. went by the board.

The entry of Murphy was exceptionally pleasing to the Back Bay athletic committee. Murphy is the jumper who has lines on Eddie Beeson's world high jump record, and out in Portland, Oregon, they consider him a marvel. He came East last summer to the National event down on Franklin Field with a record of having cleared over 6 feet 5 inches in the West. He did not make such a leap in the National high jump event but he cleared 6 feet 3 1-2 inches as clean as a whistle, and not a few predicted that in time he would be the next world high jump record holder.

In the Carroll game last Saturday night the Carroll Hall Juniors trounced the Marquette "Preps," of Michigan City, piling up a score of 29 to the visitors' 9. Dazzling floor work by the entire Junior aggregation featured the game, as well as expert passing and skilful basket throwing. Individual honors go to Duggan, at guard, Healy, at center, and the forwards, Gonzales and Gallards. Toward the end of the contest several substitutes went in for Carroll.

Safety Valve.

FATHER'S LOVE.

You say you love me daddy with a father's deepest love
 You try to help me every way you can,
 I think you have a photograph away back in your mind
 Of what I'll be when I become a man;
 You've tried to lead me onward in the path of truth
 and light
 You've helped me bear the hardest knocks and slams
 I wonder if you'll love me just the same to-morrow night
 When you find out I've flunked in the Exams.

When you find out that I received but thirty-two in
 Math
 And that my history netted forty-five.
 That economics brought me just a mere two bits, that's
 all,
 And English class of course I had to skive.
 You tell me you're a father with a heart as large as noon
 You may be when a fellow plugs and crams,
 I wonder if your heart will feel as fatherly next week
 When you find out I've flunked in the exams.

**

She.—I may be a woman, Reginald, but you never
 heard of me running away from school because someone
 spread a rumor on the campus that there was an
 epidemic of "flu" around.

He.—But the cases are not parallel, Viola. No one
 ever spread such a rumor in your school just before
 the quarterly Examinations.

**

1st. Student.—Were you ever quarantined?

2nd. Student.—Yes, indeed, I was quarantined for
 six months for catching shekels in a bank.

**

She.—I do wish, Henry, that you wouldn't chew gum
 when you take me to a movie. It sounds just terrible.

He.—Now, you know as well as I do, Mable, that
 those seats are velvet plush and a fellow can't stick
 his gum on that stuff and expect to get it back.

**

AT THE BASKETBALL GAME.

She.—I think its just horrid for that big fellow to
 get the ball and keep it all to himself. He'd actually
 rather bounce it on the floor than let one of the others
 have it.

**

Well, what have you to say for yourself, she said,
 as she threw the side board at the head of her devoted
 husband who was laboring up the stairs while the
 pesky little stairs were running away from him, "tell
 me this minute, what have you to say for yourself"

"Hic," replied the obedient husband.

**

NOT THAT WE PRETEND TO BE FORTUNE TELLERS.

Last Tuesday Maximino Garcia left for New York
 on the New York Central. We venture to suggest
 that there was a lively time in one of the sleeping cars
 Tuesday night—are we right?

WHAT CAN'T BE DID.

Some day perchance
 When brother's "pants"
 Are handed down to me
 The awful rips
 About the hips
 My eyes may fail to see.

Some day mayhap
 When pa's old cap
 Is placed upon my bean
 I may not reel
 Nor even feel
 Like taking paris green.

Sometime forsooth
 Who knows but youth
 Immune to further shocks
 Will lay aside
 His high-strung pride
 And wear his grandpa's socks.

But ne'er indeed
 Though mother plead
 And father long enthuse,
 Will brother dare
 Attempt to wear
 His sister's cast-off shoes.

**

PRETTY BUT—

She had all the gold of autumn hidden in her silken hair
 And her eyes were pools in which the sunshine played,
 And her lips held all the beauty of the petals of a rose
 She was certainly a most bewitching maid;
 When folks met her for the first time they grew big-eyed
 with surprise

Wondering that any girl could be so fair,
 But I've seen an old acquaintance pass her by without
 a word

For like dad's old coat she didn't seem to wear.

She was sure to grow clean threadbare after she was
 introduced

And she had no hidden charms in store for you,
 She got shiny as the elbows of your little brother's coat
 Just before his arms begin to shimmy through;
 I have known folks that loved the very tinkle of her
 laugh

And her whisper seemed to stir them like a prayer,
 But for dust they cannot see her pretty smiling
 features now—

For like dad's old coat she doesn't seem to wear.

**

There is an odd vein of humor running through
The Juggler—sort of a Juggler Vein.

**

Oh, Harold, she sighed, patting him on the wrist
 watch till the main spring jumped out of its case and
 skidded across the floor, "isn't it extraordinary how
 time flies!"

**

If education were as contagious as "flu" some
 students would still be running home to avoid its dire
 effects and taking ignorance pills by the gross.

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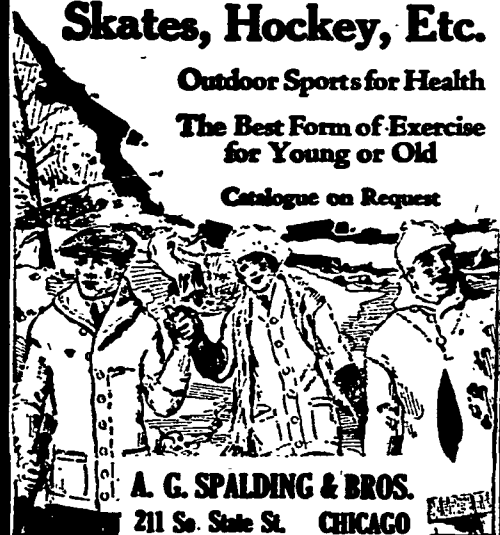
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