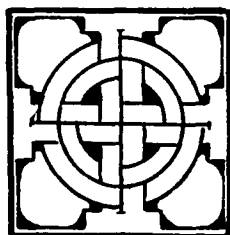




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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 7, 1920.

No. 17.

In a Cloistered Yard.

BY ARTHUR HOPE, '20.

O SURPLICED angels of my garden,
Tall lilies, swing your perfumed censurs high,
And choirs of roses, flushed with rapture,
Now let your voices pierce the morning sky.
Shine out, O golden daffodils, make light;
While blue-bells, by the gate, a Sanctus ring,
For He, who sits enthronéd on my heart,
Is Master, yours and mine, and of us, King.

Cardinal Mercier, Crusader for Right.

BY THOMAS H. BEACOM, '20.

WHEN Prussian Militarism exacted its heavy toll from France, one of the first sacrifices it demanded was the Cathedral of Rheims. That beautiful edifice which, for centuries, had stood as the most magnificent monument of Gothic architecture in the world; crumbled under the terrific bombardment of German guns into a chaotic mass of stone and mortar. For a time, the hopes of the allied armies seemed to have fallen with it. But soon from the ruins there emerged a new confidence—a spirit of hope symbolized by the great, majestic statue of Jeanne D'Arc which stood, unharmed and undefiled, before the entrance to the desecrated shrine. Miracle it must have been, for, throughout the war, while the glories about her fell in abject surrender to the power of the German hordes, the sainted Joan stood ever defiant, unconquered and invincible—a constant reminder to the world that right must always triumph over wrong.

How like the figure of the Maid of Orleans is the heroic Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium! In the midst of piteous slaughter and destruction he, too, stood defiant and unconquerable. Though on all sides of him

beauty had been ravaged; blood wantonly shed, and sacred ideals of art destroyed, Cardinal Mercier remained ever firm, kindling, in the hearts of a people overwhelmed by grief and pain, "the fagots of hope and patriotism."

But unlike the noble Joan, Cardinal Mercier did not find his duty fulfilled in mere existence. Joan, the French believed, would fall *before* France was lost; she was a symbol of surviving hope—when she fell, then France would hear the knell of defeat. But Cardinal Mercier, the Belgians knew, would *never* fall. Though all the world trembled in submission before the might of German arms, he would still stand forth the champion of right, and his voice, extolling the cause of justice, would still be heard.

Never for a moment during the war did the great Cardinal weaken in his resistance to the enemy. "Slay me if you will," he challenged the Huns, "but you cannot slay the spirit of God that is within me—that bids me say to my people, 'You must not and you shall not bend your necks to the invader of your lands, to the desecrator of your rights, to the murderer of your helpless wives and innocent children.'" Nor did he waver in his duty to his own people. His principles were sound, his courage inflexible, and he revealed both in unstinted measure for the comfort of his countrymen. He reanimated the drooping spirits of the Belgians by beautiful exhortations, by appeals to their spiritual natures. The war, as he made them see it, was not the carnage, the bloodshed, and the desolation of material things. He gave them conviction in a *just* war—"a war that has austere beauty; that brings out the disinterested enthusiasm of the whole people which gives or is prepared to give, the most precious possession—even life itself—for the defense and vindication of things which can never be weighed, which cannot be calculated, but which can never be extinguished—justice, honor, peace, liberty." With such words as these he bolstered

up the courage of a nation, and inspired the world to *fight* for the right at whatever cost. Oh how sublime was his courage! How indomitable his spirit! How deserved this tribute paid to him recently by a distinguished Jewish Rabbi, "Cardinal Mercier lives because he was not afraid to die. He is honored today because he did not shrink from draining with his bleeding and down-trodden people the cup of shame and humiliation. He wears today a crown of glory because in the hours of his country's affliction, he earned a crown of martyrdom."

But the least of the qualities Cardinal Mercier embodies is courage. He could never have been otherwise than heroic, for his essential glory is honor, and honorable souls are never mated to craven hearts. His courage is garbed in charity, and his honor is arrayed in golden garments of justice and righteousness, while over all he modestly wears the wonderful mantle of humility. In fancy we can see him even now "amid the scarred and mutilated surroundings" of his Cathedral at Malines. Observe how vividly the person of the man himself reveals his character! Spiritual giant he clearly looks to be, his tall, slender body bespeaking not so much the bravery of his heart as the purity of his soul. Look close upon his features. "His face, thin, scholarly, ascetic, seems almost bloodless, and his forehead so white that one feels one looks upon the naked bone." His eyes are deep-set, jet-black—in them there is an occasional spark of the courage that burns within his heart. But they reveal too, a sadness in the man—they reflect the sorrow of a soul which has known suffering in its most terrible forms, and yet they hold in spite of that sadness, a comforting calm born of thought and prayer; his eyes are truly images of his soul. About the corners of his firm mouth there is a hint of delicate laughter that seems always eager to be free, but when we look again into his eyes, we see that grief allows but little play to laughter. Observe now the long black habit with its cardinal red braid, the heavy gold chain about his neck and the cross at his breast, the violet sash that girdles his cassock—and then observe how all these things but emphasize the old ivory whiteness and firm artistry of the face above them—that face so feminine in its deference and sympathy, and comprehension perhaps, yet so princely in its poise and intelligence and fine, virile character. Need we be told that this man is an

inspiration to the people of the world? Need we, who look across the vista of intervening scenes to Belgium—need we be told that *this* man stands for justice, courage, charity, and right?

It has often been remarked that when Cardinal Mercier leaves the pulpit of his church, a serenity such as came from the good St. Francis possesses the souls of his hearers. Truth is powerless to describe his charm; the tongue is impotent to tell the love which stirs the hearts of those who list his words. "None know him but to love him." The secret of this respect? He is the shepherd of a nation: he labors tirelessly in the fields of charity, and slaves always for the poor and oppressed. No day is too short or too crowded for him to hear a plea of righteousness. From early morning until late afternoon his doors are open to his people—rich or poor, aristocrat or peasant, each in turn gets the attention of the eminent Cardinal, and each leaves wiser, stronger, and happier than he came. Could anyone repress tribute to such self-sacrifice? The national love, the universal respect and admiration which Cardinal Mercier merits, are better tokens of his manhood than faltering lips can utter.

To understand him fully, to draw true inspiration from his life, we cannot look upon Cardinal Mercier merely as a figure brought into prominence by the war. A touching revelation of his greater self is given in the commonplaces of his life. One of these, an act of charity, brought him some years before the war to the verge of death. He was driving from Malines to Antwerp, on a mission of mercy, when he saw in the road before his automobile a small child. The little one, slowly toddling across the narrow road, was in imminent peril from the speeding car. Cardinal Mercier, perceiving the danger, shouted to his chauffeur to turn from the road. Against a wall that bordered the roadway, the driver crashed the car. The aged Cardinal suffered severe injuries, and to this day he bears upon his face the marks of that sad accident. Did he, in the days of pain that followed, regret the action that he took? *Never* for a moment; he esteemed it a holy honor that he could *offer* his life for that little child. His nobility is too great, his self-sacrifice too real, his courage too strong for any lesser ideals to find place within his heart.

Cardinal Mercier has immortalized the best that is in man. As the statue of Jeanne D'Arc

stood during the war the symbol of surviving hope, so shall the memory of Cardinal Mercier's life persist through all time to come. Never will his honor go unsung, his courage be forgotten, or his principles of justice and righteousness be unhallowed. His name is imperishable; his great deeds have emblazoned their record in perpetual light upon the shadowed strongholds of the future. His precepts will be the guiding stars of the world. His voice ringing through the ages of the future will never let man forget, "Right violated by wrong is still right, and injustice supported by force is still injustice."

"White Wolf's" Last Christmas.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ROBINSON, '20.

Father Stark had had an unusually hard day with the long ride in the biting cold of morning and the return in the teeth of the storm; but he "had been about his Father's business," and to the zealous missionary, hardships in that glorious service were a joyful privilege. As it was growing still colder he took extra care to make his faithful horse comfortable for the night, and then sought his cabin. The mountain shoved her jagged crest against the sullen sky like a bulwark against the challenging fury of the wind as it swept shrieking up the slope. The trees on either side the trail bowed to the blast, their bare arms creaking in wild gesticulations.

The missionary shouldered the door shut with a sigh of relief, and set about preparing his simple repast. His meal finished, he pulled up to the inviting warmth of the fireplace, and opened his Breviary for the first time that day. He read for an hour with steady absorption, until the faint sound of a body falling against the door struck his quick ear and aroused his attention where the howling violence of the gale had failed. Rising immediately; he crossed the room and unbarred the door.

There on the stoop, one hand fallen across the threshold on the opening of the door, sprawled a motionless human shape. Gathering up the limp form in his powerful arms, the priest strode to his cot and thereon deposited his burden. Feeling a faint pulse of life in the icy wrist he quickly heated some brandy, putting off his curiosity for a safer moment. As he lifted the stranger to administer the restorative, the light of the lantern overhead fell upon the unconscious face which the priest now, for the first time,

saw clearly. Seeing, he started; hesitated; then, slowly, carefully, poured the liquor through the insensitive lips. Allowing the body to sink back, he reached for his lantern the more carefully to examine the stranger's features. But, for a moment stirred by deep emotion, he stood as one entranced, hands twitching, eyes closed. As, recovering himself, he bent forward, the other's eyes opened and gazed back into his. A privileged spectator would have noted a great resemblance: the pallid face on the pillow had the same high forehead, the same shaggy brows, the same fighting jaw as that hanging over it. While, however, there was a remarkable similarity of feature, there was a marked difference of expression. The inner men were dissimilar. A second look would have tended to make them seem very unlike. The priest's countenance bore the evidence of a heart that loved much, of a spirit that had won the great battle over self; the stranger's mask-like visage showed little but coldness and cruelty.

Thus they stared, the sick man questioningly, the priest incredulously, until the latter's glance fell on the sodden blotch that spread sinisterly over the left side of his guest's shirt.

"You're wounded!" he exclaimed; and he started to undo the shirt to examine the wound.

The man raised his hand in feeble protestation. "I'm finished. It is too late for the body. There's just time enough for the soul. I've fought back death all the way from the "Golden Dream" to reach you in time, and so am not quite ready yet. But if you will fix up this letter, which I have been writing at odd times for a week now, I will be prepared for Confession by the time you are finished."

Father Stark took the frayed and blood-stained pages, and asked gently: "Do you wish me to rewrite it for you?"

"Yes, Father, in my name."

The priest, sitting at his desk, his back turned, the better to conceal his feelings, read with tear-blurred eyes the prodigal's confession from the beginning, "Dearest Parents," to these last words, evidently penned at the "Golden Dream" but an hour before: "And now I am on my way to visit the priest who makes his headquarters at this wild mining-camp. Having seen him and made my peace with God, I will leave on the earliest stage for Cheyenne and the train home. And so if you will take me back, Christmas will find me home once more. God bless you, my parents. Your contrite son, Jack."

His story, as revealed in the letter,—and he had not spared himself—was one of those sadly frequent tales which find their beginning in petty weakness and end in disgrace. Having lost heavily in gaming, he had fallen into worse and bitter straits until he was compelled to go to the limit, rob his employer, and then to flee, leaving the grief and dishonor of his crime to fall on those who loved him. In the west he had lived squarely enough, as far as honesty went. Indeed, it was a saying among the camps, "Honesty is the 'White Wolf's' only virtue." He had gained this rather ominous title early in his western career by reason of the fact that his hair had turned snow-white. The appropriateness of the "Wolf" half of the appellation was attested by these words of his letter: "I am leaving to-night to avoid a man who is searching for me. I am not running away in fear, for we have met before. That is why he comes. It was his first defeat."

Evidently, "the man" had come.

Father Stark rewrote the letter with little change. The sincerity of the contrition and love, contained therein, put it on a sacred plane, loftier far than the most graceful forms of artificial rhetoric.

Finished, he looked at the young man—he was still a young man for all his terrible record and despite the lying white of the hair that curled in profusion above the classic brow and cruel eyes—and finding him still absorbed in the examination of his conscience, he turned back again to his desk to add to the letter a few lines in his own name. Then he arose and put on his stole. This time the penitent was ready.

The confession heard, the missionary walked away a few steps to the fireplace where he stared fixedly at the mad flames as they danced to the shrill accompaniment of the storm. After a few minutes of Thanksgiving, the dying man spoke faintly: "Will you read the letter to me, Father?"

Father Stark sat on the side of the cot and read. While his voice, tender with a sympathy that was close to tears, flowed softly on, the eyes of the dying man were opened and a look of wondering surprise lighted his face. At the letter's end, he murmured with the last effort of his failing strength, "Frank, is it,—can it be you?"

Taking hold of the hand, chill with the approach of death, the priest replied, "Yes, Jack."

"Frank, make my last moments happy by

telling in place of father and mother that you forgive me."

Bent low to catch the whispered, halting words, the other answered gently: "Can I refuse what God has given? Oh Jack, boy,—"

But the sentence was never finished. Smiling, Jack Stark, the "White Wolf," had gone home for Christmas.

Varsity Verse.

MY VALENTINE.

The Lorelei, who combed her golden hair
Upon a lonely rock out in the Rhine
And led men by her wiles to perish there,
Was not so fair as is my Valentine.—R. E. O'H.

THE COME-BACK

"I wish I were a bird," she sang.
"I wish you were," said he;
"You would go South, when winter comes
And without cost to me."

But she replied, "You are absurd,
My dear, you must be ill;
I certainly would not return,
Without the same old bill."—G. J. W.

DAY.

The twilight's spell ruled hill and dell,
And fleeting shadows cast,
Till darkest night lured all from sight,
Another day had passed.—T. B.

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

A friend of mine declares he knows the reason for the
light that glows
In every lovely woman's glances since the world began;
He speaks of eyes of limpid blue and pools of golden
amber hue,
He uses phrases time has honored since the dawn of man.
He knows the charm of rustic Phyllis, the coy love
glances of Thestylis,
And now de deifies Drucyllis, fairest child of Mother
Eve.
He's analyzed fair Juliet, compared with her the gay
soubrette,
He even mocks the blithe coquette—says him she
can't deceive.
He's studied girls from France and Spain, the *signorina*
fires his brain,
The black-eyed Turk, the blue-eyed Dane, he knows
them through and through.
He much admires the dark colleen with roguish eyes
and laughing mien—
But none of all the girls he's seen does he intend to woo.
You see, all girls have but defined one girl whose image
he's enshrined,
On her alone he's set his mind; none other will suffice.
If he would keep his pretty dream, he must resolve on
just one scheme—
To stop his search and then redeem his love in paradise.

—T. J. T.

The Bengal Mission.

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY, '20.

With the birth of the *Bengalese*, a magazine devoted to the upbuilding of the Catholic mission in Bengal, India, a new era has begun in the religious history of that land. Heretofore, we have been wont to look upon that distant country as something more or less in the abstract. We probably understood that Holy Cross priests were laboring there, but we failed to investigate duly the object and meaning of their work. The coming of the *Bengalese* demands our attention. It presents to us facts in which we as Catholics, and more especially as students of Notre Dame, must be interested. It begs us to consider the twenty million souls which are to be saved and insists upon our aid in their conversion. The main facts concerning the mission to be noted are the area and population of Bengal, together with the labors and trials of the Catholic missionary. A correct knowledge on these points will surely elicit our staunch support.

The territory entrusted to the Congregation of the Holy Cross is as great as that of the State of Illinois. Bengal is a country of peculiar topography. The highest mountains of the world overlook deep, swampy valleys and vast stretches of arid plains and thick jungles. The missionary must travel through all this territory, and he must do so, for the most part, in the very hottest weather. The roads are bad and must be covered on foot. Broad rivers flow through the land, sometimes flooding it, and causing great loss to the poverty-stricken natives. The people depend almost entirely upon the harvest of their crops. If these are spoiled, general famine follows. These natural difficulties tend to broaden and intensify the missionary's work and compel him to become philanthropist and social-worker, as well as missionary.

It is with a glad heart, however, that he undertakes the task of ameliorating the miseries of his people. His purpose in life is supernatural. He is truly their Christian chief. They rely upon him to bring them safely through every difficulty. The inhabitants are for the most part illiterate, and depend upon the missionary's knowledge and Christlike love to help them. In health, they love him as a friend, guide, and benefactor; in sickness, they consider him as a doctor, a "miracle-man," and at the

time of death, they hail him as an angel of consolation. He is always their father. They respect him as such and follow his guidance. He tells them of the Christ whom he represents. They eagerly listen to his glowing words, and raise their voices in exultation to Him who has sent such a man to them. But alas, how few are these good shepherds among so many souls, and consequently how small the number of their followers! Of the swarming population of that country only fifteen thousand are Catholics. What an insignificant percentage! Others thirst for instruction from the "White-Father," as they call him, but he is incapable of ministering to them. He is limited for want of help and means. On every side he beholds the souls of men anxious to know and love the true God, and yet he cannot satisfy their desire. He begs for men to help him in his great work. If they fail to come, what will happen to these souls ripe for the harvest? This thought is one of the greatest sorrows of the Catholic priest in Bengal.

Baptist missionaries are there with all the money necessary to win the poor ignorant natives. Large numbers go about evangelizing questionable doctrines, while the priest with very small means is forced to cover several hundred miles with little or no assistance. The Baptists have men and money: the Catholics are sadly lacking in both. It was only a few years ago that a wealthy Englishman gave five million dollars to the Baptist mission in one small section of Bengal. The priest has to compete against such odds with a few paltry dollars. It is easy to see that this must be a divine work. Otherwise how could he persevere? With God's help and his own almost superhuman efforts he makes up for lack of material support.

The doctrines of paganism which flourish in those parts, constitute another trial of the missionary. Catholicity, the first form of Christianity introduced into India, is scarcely three hundred years old there. The ancient forms of paganism still prevail. The natives are easily won over to the faith, but for want of support and encouragement they quite as easily lapse back into their old beliefs and practices. Here the priest must stay with his converts, or at least provide for them reliable catechists and visit them at short intervals. These catechists are chosen from the more educated class and are given a slight remuneration for their work. They are the missionary's right-hand men. When the priest assigns them to a converted clan or village,

they carry on the work of enlightenment already begun by the missionary. If this be not done, the flighty natives are readily won by the material inducement of the Baptists, or else they fall back into their old pagan habits. And this occasions another and greater difficulty for the poor missionary.

One of the greatest difficulties to be met with is the satisfying of the wants of the natives. As mentioned above, much depends upon the crops. If these fail, then the famine-stricken people call upon the "white Father" for help. He feels their suffering and does all in his power to alleviate it. But he is restricted by his own poverty. The cost of living is low, yet the priest is unable to relieve the needy. He depends upon alms, which are usually very meagre. He is compelled to disappoint his followers, who sometimes turn away from him, and go to the Baptists, who are glad to give them liberal assistance. What an act of charity it would be for those of means in America to save some of these souls at the trifling cost of a few dollars. The privilege is ours. And it is not merely a privilege, but also a duty, which we as Catholics must fulfil.

We can help the missionaries chiefly by prayers and by sending them men and money. A worker in Bengal once remarked that a missionary must necessarily be a beggar. There can be little doubt of this. He must continually ask prayers that his work may result in much good; he must plead for men to help in his limitless work, and finally, like a mendicant, he must beg constantly for the means of his own support and that of his people. Only by so doing can he successfully carry on the work entrusted to him. On the other hand we must be his benefactors. It is our duty to supply at least some of his wants. Everyone is at least able to pray for him and his noble work. And if we can possibly do so, we should lend financial aid to the great work of evangelizing Bengal. We cannot in conscience neglect this duty, if we would be real Catholics. Our Church is open to all the peoples of the earth. It is for us to make known to them its saving doctrines. Heaven is not for any particular race. By His death on Calvary, Christ opened the gates of Heaven for all mankind, and the mission of the Catholic Church is to bring the whole world into the fold of Christ. Our duty, as members of that Church is to help in this supreme work of evangelizing the world.

A Defence for Organized Labor.

(Class Talk.)

Following the close of the war, there arose a period of unrest. The pure, lofty motives of patriotism and loyalty were replaced by greed. Individuals were greedy. Corporations and organizations were also guilty of this offense. Out of all the units concerned in the mad rush for gain, only organized labor has been rebuked. It has been censored in the press. It has been berated from the pulpit and the platform.

It took a great war to teach us that human life is the most precious thing on earth. Organized labor seeks to defend life. It seeks to better the condition under which the laborer lives. It seeks to raise his standard of living. It fosters and develops. Its primary aim is to aid men to live in a rational manner.

Our present industrial system renders it impossible for a man to treat with his employer. The employer is a corporation and it can never be reached by the worker individually. At law, it is the same story. The worker cannot fight the corporation in law because he has not the means. The only thing that remains for him to do is to use his economic force by bargaining collectively. To do this, he must organize.

The employer recognizes that with the coming of organization his day of might is on the wane. His economic power is lessened by the increased power of the men. For this reason, he fights organization and he will continue to fight it until it is forced upon him.

When men seek to defend organized labor, the epithet of Bolshevists is hurled at them by the unthinking mob. Organized labor is not Bolshevistic. It does not foster Bolshevism. It will not sanction Bolshevism. Organized labor has never uttered even a socialistic statement. It upholds the private ownership of capital and it seeks to strengthen the private ownership of capital by rendering it more widespread. The present attitude of Capital is the most powerful ally that Bolshevism could have. It is driving the workers toward the dangerous shoals of rebellion. Every time a strike is smashed, the ranks of the Socialists and Bolshevists are increased. By the past war we saved the world for democracy, now let us save democracy for the world by raising the standard of living, by increasing the ownership of property, by bettering the conditions under which our

citizens work. The most powerful means by which this can be done is to permit the men to organize and to recognize the organizations of the laborers.—J. J. BUCKLEY.

Concerning High Prices.

The following was overheard at Mrs. O'Flaherty's end of the telephone as she talked to her butcher, Timothy Kelly, on the occasion of soup day at the O'Flaherty home:

"So that's you, Timmy Kelly, is it? Well, will yez be so condescending as to tell me where in Hivin's name that soup-bone is I sint for?"

"What? Wuz that what ye sint an hour ago? Shure, an' I'm thinkin' ye should be ashamed to admit it. 'Twas no bigger thin me wan fist."

"Yer apologies ain't exciptible at all, ye shameless robber. I know yez. An' where is the suet that always goes wid the bone?"

"Ye charge extry fer it now? Well all I kin say is yer bloomin' stingy wid yer suet to wan what's been tradin' wid yez fer so long a toime."

"War tax? Get out wid yez. Don't ye think I know the war is over; 'tis a tax of your own. Yer tin toimes worse than that divil of a landlord of ours, and the Lord knows he couldn't be worse."

"Fer Hivin's sake, kape still an' let me do the spakin' fer a minit. The idea of yez askin' twinty cints a pound fer a few scrawny onions. Shure, I'd like to know what right a Jew like you has a wearin' the green on Saint Patrick's Day."

"Will ye kindly kape still till I say a wurrd? An' the turrible price ye ask fer thim potatoes. Ye can't tell me ye didn't dig 'im out of yer own garden, fer niver before in me whole life did I see sich awful lookin' spuds."

"Don't try to make excuses, ye thafe. I'm givin' yez to understand that hereafter I'm goin' to do all me tradin' at Isaac Skinnerstein's where I'm sure he can't rob me any more than ye have already."

—J. W. CONNERTON, '20.

A Bi-partisan Bulletin.

(Class Talk.)

When William Jennings Bryan spoke at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington a short time ago he presented a proposition which seems worthy of careful consideration. He proposed, among other things, the establishment of a bi-partisan national bulletin which would have as its end the enlightenment of the American people on matters of grave national import. Public issues would be thoroughly discussed by both advocates and opponents. The bulletin would be distributed throughout the country to any one interested in it. Certainly, the novelty of Mr. Bryan's idea does not exceed the need for some such organ.

At the present time the average man knows only one side of most questions, if he is fortunate enough to know that. He receives biased notions of the arguments in all controversies. He allows the editor of his pet newspaper to do his thinking for him. The editor has an opinion of his own and he seldom presents the facts in such a way as to weaken his own stand. After one has read the "World's Leading Newspaper," or any other journal day after day, for a period of five, ten, or fifteen years his opinion of necessity practically coincides with those of the editor.

Assuming that some judgment would be used in the administration of the suggested bulletin, there can be little doubt as to its wholesome effect. It would teach people to think and to decide. If there is any possibility of its creating a wider, deeper interest in public affairs it surely deserves whole-hearted support. Few men think at all. Fewer still concern themselves about anything other than their own private interests. People must be taught that what touches the nation touches them as citizens. Otherwise, such an institution as democracy cannot long exist, because it is impracticable. Otherwise, people are not fit to govern themselves. Otherwise, the nation becomes the prey of any group of politicians that can and does think.

The submission of the covenant of the proposed League of Nations for the consideration of collegiate men offers an illuminating instance of the crass nescience of the vast majority of people on matters of international import. Casual enquiry among the underclassmen of this university elicits some astounding information. Nine out of every ten men addressed

dismiss the subject with the remark that "the thing" doesn't bother them and that they are not disposed to bother with it. Three out of every four assert that they "don't give a rap" whether the covenant is ratified or rejected. At least every other man admits that he is not sure whether the international document consists of ten articles or fourteen points, that he doesn't know Lodge's amendments from the Rhymes of Mother Goose and that furthermore he does not "care a continental." What an alarming display of apathy and ignorance on the part of a supposedly intelligent body of men!

If Mr. Bryan's proposed bulletin will serve to remedy such conditions in some degree, if it will arouse men, make them realize that it is the duty of a rational being to reason, it may move them to consider that possibly this country of ours, this democracy which we now enjoy, is worthy of preservation, that, maybe, we ought to take some interest in the affairs of the nation and study its problems—if the bulletin bids fair to bring about some of these much needed changes, then, certainly, it should be given a trial.—M. J. TIERNEY.

M. Rien.

It was a clear, cold night in December, cold with that peculiar piercing tang that chills to the bone, and even my too rapid pace failed to warm me. No two ways about it—I was getting old. My pounding heart and humming ears along with the grey hairs that had stolen upon me confirmed the bitter impression.

I rounded the corner and my eyes, searching for the light in my little home, fell upon a scene being enacted in my doorway. A man was bending over the hand of my daughter, after the manner of an ancient knight, bidding her good-night. I recognized him as Rien, the man who for some time had been courting my only daughter. Only today he had asked me for her hand in marriage and I had promised to give him an answer on the morrow. A stranger in the city, he had been introduced to me at the club and I had been instantly attracted to him. Why? I do not know, unless by reason of his charming politeness. I had found him to be a gentleman in every respect. I had never found one of my numerous acquaintances at the club who could approach him in matters of courtesy and gentleness. In a word, his manner was without reproach.

These facts rushed through my brain and crowding close upon them came the disagreeable realization of my growing feebleness. What was my little girl going to do after I had started on my long journey? While these reflections were streaking through my brain I saw the gentleman leave the house, and then the solution of the problem of my girl's future suddenly dawned upon me. I started after Rien to give him my consent and make request for an early marriage and was almost within speaking distance when he halted. Quite unconsciously my pace slackened. A little ragged urchin had accosted the gentleman and asked for a few cents, with which to get something to eat, no doubt. I resumed my rapid pace in order that I might add to the bounty Rien would bestow upon the shivering lad, but as I approached the two of them I saw the "gentleman" strike the boy across the face and send him reeling into the gutter. Horrified, I cried out; and Rien turned guiltily. "I was following you, my gentleman friend," I said as I helped the whimpering lad to his feet, "to tell you that my daughter and I never wish to see you again."

It was a clear cold night in December, cold with that peculiar, piercing tang that chills to the bone, but when I asked the lad who walked by my side, his tiny hand in mine, if he were cold, he answered, "No, sir," and the look in his eyes kindled within me a flame.

—PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Forgetfulness of self makes room for thought of others.

"America's bad boy," Mexico, seems to be soliciting again Uncle Sam's paternal paddle.

Spiritism is a system of mental telegraphy with the devil at one end and a succor at the other.

"The world is a stage," but just now the curtain is down and the stagehands are busy at their work.

Lives there a man with a soul so dead that never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my private stock"?

Newberry's campaign cost him a million, which proves in a new way that nothing can run so cheaply as a Ford.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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The University Glee Club gave a concert Sunday evening, but where was the University? The same loyal crowd that has supported the Gold-and-Blue athletics **Snap out of It!** through thick and thin, the crowd which has tried steadfastly to keep the school up to the best traditions of the past, was there. South Bend lent the usual support. But a great number of those who have been technically classed as college-men were as absent as the Chinese Embassy. Of course, these men may not be interested in music. Whether they are merely unfortunate or whether Shakspeare was right in everything he said, we leave as an open question. The point is that nobody was asked to support the Glee Club: they had volunteered for a purpose which any American worth his standing-room will eagerly support. It did not seem too much to demand that Johnny go marching off two years ago, but it does seem excessive to ask of certain Notre Dame men a few cents in memory of the lads who did not come back. Poverty is now much in evidence among us. Men who have attended luxuriously every semi-Hottentot vaudeville show in South Bend for the past five months were suddenly "stone-broke." Others whose health is ordinarily quite normal were confined to their rooms—with a magazine. Quite naturally this is an attitude which an ex-service man finds

it difficult to understand. Before the war we should have considered it un-American. We have learned something since then. If the lads who were buried in khaki, the Jerry Murphys and Clovis Smiths, had taken such stock in fifty cents they would not need a monument. As a matter of fact they do not require it now; the little wooden crosses lost amid the tangle of the Argonne are glory enough. It is we who need such a memento to remind us that there is a country called America, intended for patriots, and that there used to be fraternal spirit at Notre Dame. Some of us, it seems, can be effectively reminded of neither. To the Glee Club we can merely extend our thanks for the valiant attempt to break the regrettable reserve which exists in these parts. In behalf of the memorial to certain Notre Dame men who have sealed the American creed with their blood, we wish to say: Don't give until it hurts; give until it doesn't hurt to think of your indifference to a sublime sacrifice.—H. E. D.

"Civilization has struck its tents and is again on the march."—General Smuts.

The growth of Democracy has always marked the advance of civilization. States are freed from the domination of other States, and peoples are given the right **The Traitor.** to determine the government under which they shall live. Led by the great nations, urged on by the time lost in the world war, Civilization looks now toward the mystic heights of the millennium. All of the leaders have pledged themselves to progress, but even among the leaders, there is treason. Great Britain appears to be on the side of progress, but her conduct proves her false to the very cause which she espoused so effectively in the late war. The British Empire is composed of many nations. Peoples and States are enslaved that the glory of England may be advanced. If these peoples and states are not freed, the progress of civilization will be slow and labored. So long as they are in chains, peace can never come to the standards of the mighty. Progress and prosperity have been smothered in India. Captive Egypt seeks in vain for relief. In Ireland, the English sword is red with the blood of the oppressed. Before Civilization can make any real headway, these nations must be freed. If England, the Judas of the nations, refuses to free them, she should be forced to do so. Her conduct is prompted by profit; from trade,

her greatest gain is made. If the nations of the world refuse to trade with her until justice will have been done, justice will be done. Let the nations strike without delay. A free nation is an ally; an oppressed and enslaved nation is a foe. Strengthen the column of civilization by admitting all nations to it. With all united for one cause, the advance will be slow enough. Force the traitor to do right, if we are ever to say truly, "Civilization has struck its tents and is again on the march."—J. J. B.

Obituaries.

JOHN SINNOTT MEYERS, '20.

Notre Dame was deeply grieved last Sunday morning by the death of John Sinnott Meyers, a senior in the College of Arts and Letters. The deceased had been ill some two weeks; he seemed well on the way to recovery when there developed complications, which caused his death. Remarkable talents and an amiable personality made him stand out as an exceptionally high type of student and Catholic gentleman. By his character and achievements he justly earned the admiration and affection of all who knew him; in his deep love for his parents he honored them in every way and made the very best of the opportunities afforded him by their sacrifices; by his frequent Communion he became devoted to his religion and to God. Sinnott entered Notre Dame as a freshman four years ago to take up the study of journalism. His remarkable ability easily enabled him to stand high in his classes, and his enthusiasm for work gave promise of exceptional success in his profession. He entered the S. A. T. C. at Notre Dame at the beginning of his junior year and was chosen as a candidate for the officers' training camp about the time the armistice was signed. He was president of the Press Club, associate editor of the 1920 *Dome*, associate editor of the *SCHOLASTIC* last year and this, business manager of the Players' Club, former president of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, former head of the Kentucky Club, and was active in debating and oratory. Additional pathos was lent to his passing in the fact that he was an only son. The University feels deeply the premature loss of this gifted son and extends to the bereaved parents and relatives the most heartfelt sympathy, assuring them that he will live long in the minds and hearts of Notre Dame students.

EARL BONNER.

Last Saturday at about 8 o'clock in the evening death claimed another student of Brownson Hall, Earl Bonner, of Pittsburg. The deceased was seventeen years of age, and first came to Notre Dame at the beginning of the fall term. He had been in the infirmary for two weeks when the influenza developed; he was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, where he received the best of nursing and the attentions of a devoted father and mother. When the disease gained headway and became at last dangerous, he felt an instinctive dread of dying; but as the end drew nearer and he had been prepared for death all his fears ceased, he awaited the ordeal with perfect resignation. In fervent prayer, he departed to a better world. The sympathy of the faculty and the students of Brownson Hall goes to the bereaved father and mother. Holy Mass and many Communions have been offered for him.

JOHN F. HAURY.

Announcement comes of the death, due to apoplexy, on January 29th of Mr. John F. Haury, of Nashville, Tennessee, student of Notre Dame in the early eighties. The deceased was a man of charming personal traits and notable business ability, and was for many years prominent in the social and commercial activities of Nashville, where he took up his permanent residence after leaving the University. To his sons and daughter the University tenders sincere sympathy.

At a regular meeting of the Notre Dame Branch of the A. I. E. E., held Monday evening, February 2nd, the following resolutions were read and adopted:

Whereas God in His infinite mercy has seen fit to take from us one of our member, we, the members of the Notre Dame Branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, join with the short course men in expressing our deepest sorrow at what seems the untimely death of our classmate, Dionisio Mendoza, who passed away on Monday night, of January the twenty-sixth. His upright life and his sincerity in his work endeared him to all who knew him and worked with him.

Resolved, that, feeling the loss of him deeply, we send a letter of condolence and sympathy to his parents, bereaved of their son in this year of his graduation.

Resolved also, that we pledge our prayers and Holy Communions that he may have the more quickly his reward in heaven.

Notre Dame Branch of the A. I. E. E.—by, Frank Miles, George Sullivan, Walter Douglass, Robert Hearn.

Washington Hall Events.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

A very pleasing concert was rendered by the University Glee Club in Washington Hall last Sunday night, under the auspices of the Notre Dame Service Club for the benefit of the fund for a memorial to the Notre Dame men who died in service in the late war. Although the club was handicapped greatly by the absence of its director, Professor John J. Becker, the performance went smoothly. The specialities had the vigor of professional work and the choral work of the club was of a quality which reflected credit both on the men themselves and on the absent director.

The Orchestra opened the program with an overture, which was followed by a series of three selections by the club. Next in order was a tenor solo by Mr. José Corona, who was twice recalled for encores by the applauding audience. The club then sang "Swing Along," an exceptionally musical composition in "rag time." Next came Walter O'Keefe's famous "Wee Bit o' Scotch," largely mixed with Irish on this occasion and finished off with an Hebraic song. Offenbach's barcarolle, "O Beauteous Night" was featured as the opening solo of Mr. Ray Gonzales. A violin number by Harry Denny and "Carmena" sung by the club concluded the first half of the program.

After a short intermission and a second overture by the Orchestra the Glee Club sang the "Red Man's Death Chant" to an accompaniment of many grunts from the tenors, who as it seemed represented the mourning squaws. The Quartette with some "raggy" selections elicited the usual applause, and the evening was concluded with "The Land of Hope and Glory" by the club.

The singing, the accompaniments, and the specialties were all of good quality. In the absence of Prof. Becker, Dillon Patterson led the club very successfully from the piano. Mr. Gonzales and Mr. Corona both deserve great credit for their work; the Quartette is clearly an exceptional organization; Harry Denny's violin has, if possible, improved during the war; Walter O'Keefe is even better than of old, and, the accompaniments of Davis and Patterson were up to their usual standard. The audience was lamentably small, but everyone who heard the program is convinced that a second appearance of our local talent would draw heavily, in

consequence of the recommendations that would be given by those who attended Sunday night.

—R. E. O'H.

LECTURES BY DR. DEWULF.

Monday afternoon, the members of the Department of Philosophy had the rare opportunity of listening to a lecture by Doctor M. DeWulf, of the University of Louvain. Doctor DeWulf, the author of important philosophical works, has now been in the United States for several months, and came to Notre Dame after giving lecture courses in various secular institutions, including the University of Wisconsin, Harvard, and Yale. His lecture in the library on Monday dealt with the nature of the state as conceived by the social philosophers of the Thirteenth Century. His thesis, that the state exists for the individual and not vice-versa, as so many philosophers of today contend, was forcibly and clearly established. Dr. DeWulf lectured again on Tuesday morning, this time on the origin of the sovereignty of the state as conceived by the philosophers of the Thirteenth Century. He also developed and explained the ideal form of government as understood by St. Thomas. In his conclusion the lecturer demonstrated the practical application of these medieval doctrines to present-day problems. The students of the University appreciate the privilege of having heard this noted philosopher propound the doctrine of the Scholastics.—A. B. H.

DR. CHEW'S ADDRESS.

In a concise lecture intermixed with a deal of humor, Dr. Nu Pong Chew laid before his audience in Washington Hall last Monday night the history and the problems of China. He declared that the sudden awakening of that vast, sluggish people is the marvel of modern times. This regeneration and China's adoption of American culture he credited, largely, to the work of our missionaries. The paramount task for her new race is to make China a republic in reality. He next explained the Shantung situation. Germany got control of this Chinese province in 1899. Scheming to supplant Germany in the East, Japan entered the War. At the Peace Conference, Clemenceau confided to a Japanese envoy the drafting of provisions to settle the Eastern Question. When submitted, these provisions took Shantung from Germany and awarded it to Japan, instead of returning it to China, the rightful owner. All entreaties

of China to Clemenceau were unavailing; so her envoys refused to sign the Treaty. At first the American Legation staunchly refused to sanction this theft, but an Italian-Japanese clique with Germany threatened, and to keep the Council intact, Wilson acceded to Japan's hogging Shantung. Dr. Chew asserted that the culture of China and the culture of Japan are internecine. The speaker predicted that if China's Alsace-Lorraine is not restored to her, war will surely result. But, he concluded fervidly that, if a helping hand is given, China will become a glorious republic. The lecture was timely and brought home to the audience the vital nature of the questions in the East.

—F. E. D.

ADDRESS OF EX-GOVERNOR DUNNE.

No greater stimulus has been given to the Irish cause at Notre Dame than that imparted by the Hon. Edward F. Dunne, former governor of Illinois, in his speech delivered in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening. Mr. Dunne is one of the three men who formed the American Commission on Irish Independence, which was appointed at the Irish Race Convention, Philadelphia about a year ago. In company with Mr. Frank P. Walsh, former joint-chairman of the War Labor Board, and Mr. Michael J. Ryan of Philadelphia, Mr. Dunne went to Paris last spring to try to secure for the representatives of the Irish Republic a hearing before the Peace Conference. The Commission did not succeed in its immediate object but it did much more, in placing the Irish issue in a clear light before the nations of the world.

After being introduced by Dr. Burns, President of the University, Governor Dunne told of the methods of the Peace Conference, of his visit to Ireland last May, and of the significance of the present sale of Irish Bond-Certificates. He declared that, instead of "open covenants openly arrived at," the covenant of the proposed League of Nations and that of the Peace Treaty are the work of but three men, who, behind closed doors tried to decide the destinies of the nations of the world. He quoted statistics to prove that two-thirds of the people of the world, through the official action of their governments, have protested against the League of Nations in its present form. He showed with remarkable clarity how the provisions of the covenant are diametrically opposed to the expressed purposes of this nation in entering the war.

In terse narration the speaker told of his visit to Ireland. He said that Ireland, than which no country in the world had fewer criminal offenses, is living under bayonet rule, that hundreds of men and women have been confined for months in the vilest prisons without even having charges preferred against them, that the right of privacy no longer exists in Ireland, that homes are constantly being invaded by armed men, and the occupants, including women and young children, are being cruelly maltreated by a brutal soldiery. The Castle government of Ireland, he declared, is characterized by asininity, the crudity of which is surpassed only by the crudity of the mendacity with which the British seek to cover up their blunders.

That Notre Dame men were impressed by Governor Dunne's appeal in behalf of Ireland, "the only white nation on the face of the earth," as he reminded them, "that is denied her freedom," is proved by the large number who subscribed for bond-certificates. It is believed that Notre Dame's contributions to the cause will considerably exceed one thousand dollars. Resolutions calling upon the Government and the Congress of the United States to recognize the Irish Republic were read and adopted unanimously.—T. J. T.

SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA COMING.

Lovers of the best in native American music will have an opportunity of hearing the American Syncopated Orchestra next Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock. Under the direction of the noted composer and leader, Will Marion Cook, the group of thirty colored musicians give a program which is unique in the annals of music. Due to the fact that the members are both instrumental and vocal artists, the organization is able to play the best music in a manner all their own and also to revive the old negro and plantation melodies, which constitute the greater part of what can be properly called distinctly American music. Will Marion Cook is acknowledged as one of the greatest musicians of the Negro race. It is upon such men as this popular leader and upon that small group led by Charles Wakefield Cadman, who has devoted the greater part of his life to the collection and arrangement of the music of the Indians, that the American people have to depend for the compositions which will give America a place among the nations having a school of music essentially national. To the rest of the world American

music is associated only with the word "jazz." Real "jazz" can be produced only by the race that has laughed its way down the weary years of bondage, and in the orchestra led by Mr. Cook this sort of music is given with a touch so original and spontaneous that even the harshest critics have admitted that for once they are going to share the popular verdict. Standing room will no doubt be at a premium Tuesday afternoon. If you want to hear this most seductive programme of the music which has swept away the barriers of criticism, played by an orchestra with a reputation that is country-wide, do not fail to be there.—F. S. S.

Fathers Ronaghen and O'Reilly, representing the Maynooth Mission to China, will give a stereopticon lecture on China in Washington Hall, on Wednesday, February the 11th, at 8.00 o'clock in the evening. These two Irish priests are lecturing in this country in an effort to bring the mission work in China to the attention of Catholic students throughout the United States.

Personal.

—John J. Ward, student here in journalism a few years ago, gives this account of himself in a letter to Dr. Cooney, head of the Journalism Department:

You remember the youngster who used to sit in the back row in that little room on the third floor during the period just before dinner and bother the life out of you while you were trying to drum into his head the absolute necessity of playing up the "who, how, why, when, where, or what" in the lead of every news story? As a correspondent, I'm "the bunk," I'll admit, for it's longer between letters from me than between drinks under the Eighteenth Amendment. Anyhow, the notion has been creeping over me lately that I wanted to hear something about N. D. once more, inasmuch as it would have been just about this time that I should have been thinking of donning the cap and gown had it not been for getting a job on the *Dispatch* back in the summer of '17 and a job in the Army a few months later.

Quite unwillingly, as you may be certain, I severed my connections with that w. k. institution under the supervision of Newton D. Baker, in February, 1919. So I have been "out" now nearly a year. I started to work once more on the *Dispatch* the day after I was given the privilege of wearing a red chevron on my left arm and I am still at it. As you may remember, I began my career in the noble profession of journalism as assistant and general all-round handy man in the Sports Department. When I came back from the service, however, I decided that there was not enough future in being able to know what Babe Ruth batted

in 1899 or whether it was true that Hans Wagner got that way from making so many three-baggers, and so I switched over to the City Department.

Starting in with obits and late watch, I served my time at "Rivers," "Hotels," "Police" and general assignments, including sob and feature stuff. After a time they began to find out what a "bum" I was at reporting, and shoved me in on the copy desk. In the eight or nine months I have been working there, I must have "killed" several hundred stories, averted 397 libel suits, penciled out 5,678,932 yards of what some reporter thought was "good stuff," and wrote a couple million "heads" of various type and size. Once a week, when the city "Ed" enjoys a day off I "sit in" on the city desk, and usually make out fairly well, aside from letting the other fellows scoop me on eight or nine page-one stories.

It is great work and, though I shall be twenty-one in April, I still retain all my youthful ambition and ardor for the game. For a while I was working from 1:30 to 11:30 p. m. every day but my usually sweet disposition began to get frayed around the edges, and I had to "holler for a switch." At present, my hours are from 12 noon to 8 p. m., and thus I have plenty of time to take in six or seven dances a week besides several shows. Naturally, I am having a fine time, as it is traditional to say in all letters.

Do you know anything of "Stew" Carroll, Joe Merrian, Barrett Anderson? And what is Leo Berner doing now? There are a million things I could ask you, but I have to cut this short now and start in slaughtering copy again. Kindly let me hear from you when you find time. Please give my best to Father O'Donnell and Brother Alphonsus, and to any of my old class that may be still there.

Contributions to K. C. Fund.

The following is a statement of the Social Center Building Fund of Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus, as submitted by John J. Cavanaugh, the treasurer of the fund:

Money Received.

Activities, Local Council,	\$ 907.07
Brislan, C. H.	101.48
Bryce, A. L.	170.00
Bader, C.	100.00
Bowles, J. H.	45.00
Beacom, T. H.	100.00
Bergman, R.	50.00
Clancy, E. J.	114.00
Cusick, Alden J.	370.00
Carmody, Stephen E.	5.00
Connerton, J.	190.00
Crockett, H.	276.65
Champion, P.	110.00
Cavanaugh, J.	25.00
Cavanaugh, Rev. John	167.00
Carney, B.	36.00
Cole, Joseph	100.00
Castellini, W.	10.00
Deary, Wm. A.	45.00
Dooley, James	.05

Eilers, Mark C.....	210.00
Enright, Leo.....	30.00
Follett, L. H.....	175.00
Foote, M.....	90.00
Fitzgibbon, M. J.....	25.00
Foik, Rev. P. J.....	173.00
Farrell, T. P.....	100.00
Funke, Louis.....	45.50
Fritz, Henry W.....	145.00
Fitzgerald, J. Dean.....	100.00
Foren, J.....	5.00
Gilmore, R. A.....	29.00
Gonzalez, R. J.....	20.00
Goodall, Frank P.....	105.00
Grimes, Charles.....	100.00
Huether, John and Charles.....	200.00
Hayes, James F.....	109.00
Halloran, A. J.....	100.00
Heidleman, E.....	79.00
Haller, George.....	2.00
Hagenbarth, David.....	100.00
Interest.....	.16
Jolly, John.....	100.00
Jones, R. G.....	65.00
Keleher, T. M.....	30.00
Jackson, A.....	100.00
Kuhle, Otto.....	2.11
Meehan, J. J.....	20.00
Maag, Jos.....	13.00
Musmaker, J. L.....	100.00
Musmaker, L. A.....	50.00
McGovern, Eugene.....	1.40
Neuses, Arthur.....	100.00
Nestor, H.....	10.00
O'Neill, F.....	10.00
Peck, R. A.....	140.00
Parks, J. M.....	5.00
Rochford, W. B.....	23.00
Rockne, K. K.....	187.90
Rosenthal, D.....	50.00
Rosselot, E.....	30.00
Reilly, W. J.....	25.00
Ryan, Al.....	50.00
Reichert, R. A.....	100.00
Rooney, Eugene.....	20.00
Rick, Jos.....	55.00
Sheehan, R. J.....	10.00
Sheehan, R. J.....	55.00
Schwartz, M.....	10.00
Sweeney, E.....	103.00
Suttner, Jos.....	50.00
Stine, Raleigh.....	5.00
Sullivan, G. L.....	10.00
Sidenfaden, O.....	50.00
Swift, R.....	6.00
Slaine, Geo. Jr.....	50.00
Tobin, T. J.....	135.00
Thomas, Robt.....	5.00
Uebbing, Alfred.....	50.00
Vaughan, Charles L.....	10.00
Waters, Thomas.....	25.00
White, Wm.....	61.50
Ward, Leo.....	35.00
Wenninger, Rev. F.....	150.00
Zofkie, C.....	50.00

Zimmer, M.....	155.00
Profit and Loss.....	4.00
TOTAL.....	\$7226.32

TOTAL MONEY RECEIVED	\$ 7226.32
Cash on Deposit in the American Trust Co., South Bend, Ind.	\$ 5965.82
Liberty Bonds on Deposit in the American Trust Co., South Bend, Ind.	1200.00
W. S. Stamps on Deposit with Treasurer	5.50
TOTAL FUNDS ON HAND	\$7226.32 \$7226.32

The Knights hope, by vigorous efforts, to reach the \$10,000 mark in a few weeks. Members of Notre Dame Council who do not now reside at the University should send in their subscriptions as soon as possible.

T. J. Tobin,
Chairman, Executive Committee.

Local News.

—The University Library is indebted to Reverend James McElhone, of Holy Cross Hall, for a gift of the de luxe edition of the works of Washington Irving.

—Wendell Vogel and Charles Jensen, who died recently, had not received any demerits during their stay in Brownson Hall, which is considered a remarkable record.

—The Kentucky Club at its meeting Wednesday evening appointed a committee to draft a new constitution, which will be submitted for criticism at the next meeting. A motion was carried providing a fifty-cent fine to be collected from each member absent from the regular meetings. The proceeds will go for Masses for the late Sinnott Meyers.

—Last Tuesday evening Mr. Edward Rafter took charge of the local Chamber of Commerce at the weekly meeting of Section II. Lucien Locke read a paper on "Oil Refining and its Development in Recent Years." Frank Blasius, in his talk on the "Clothing Business," discussed the production of raw wool and the causes of the prevalent high prices of woollen goods. From now on Mr. Rafter will have charge of the Chamber of Commerce.

—The Round Table met in the north room of the Library Thursday morning to discuss the 1920 *Dome*. Mr. Charles A. Grimes, editor-in-chief, set forth his plans for making this year's volume the very best. It is his intention

to improve and enlarge the Alumni section in order to strengthen the ties between the Notre Dame men of the past and those of the present. The sort of material most needed is anecdotes, cafeteria quips, newspaper clippings, and snappy stories about varsity football men, information concerning social affairs and "rec-hall" repartee. The time-worn complaint that the *Dome* is a Sorin book is not to be said of the forthcoming volume if the men in other halls will do their share.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 22; MARQUETTE, 23.

After opening up with speed and leading the fast Marquette outfit by seven points at the end of the first half, Dorais' men went down to defeat last Saturday, 23 to 22. The Gold-and-Blue courtmen dashed out on the local rectangle with vim and confidence, and started to register tallies long before the men from Wisconsin succeeded in locating the hoop. By a change of tactics, Ryan's basketballers began to find the objective and safely banked five baskets and a free-throw before the end of the first half. In the second half Marquette presented an impenetrable defensive and by a series of sensational throws tied the score. Then Grinager, who replaced Kennedy, broke loose and with a difficult toss from the left of the court pushed his team-mates into a two-point lead. At this juncture, Karst, of Marquette, was rushed in for Smith. The little forward proved himself Notre Dame's nemesis, bringing the fans to their feet with three sensational shots. Mehre reduced Marquette's lead to a single point, but failed in a chance to tie the score on a free throw. The game ended with the Gold and Blue men pleading for the winning basket, and Marquette left the court winners by one point. Mehre, Brandy, and Anderson played their usual good game for Notre Dame. Karts and Cronin were the mainstays for Ryan's crowd.—A. N. S.

THE HANDICAP TRACK MEET.

The followers of Notre Dame track athletics were given an opportunity to size up the track prospects through the handicap meet, held last Friday. The performances showed how many of the track candidates are in mid-season form and just in what events the Gold and Blue will be strong.

The handicaps allotted to some of the young-

sters were too large, and hence in only three events did the scratch men come first. Walter Sweeney, the veteran distance man, started from scratch in the one-mile race and after a struggle through the crowd of handicap men emerged victorious. His time was 4 minutes and 38 seconds, which is the fastest time "Hick" has made indoors.

Kasper showed that his army service had not slowed him up in the least; he ran through a quarter in 53 1-5 seconds. "Cy" did not extend himself and judging from this first performance, it appears that the "gym" record for the quarter is in danger. Powers was another scratch man to come through, when he vaulted eleven feet. Desch, a Freshman, showed that he had speed, winning the low hurdles in five seconds.

Following are the results with the handicaps shown:

40-yard dash—won by D. Hayes (12 feet); Ficks (6 feet), second; Kasper (9 feet), third. Time 4 2-5 sec.

440-yard run—won by Kasper (scratch); Willette (25 yards), second; Colgan (15 yards), third. Time 53 1-5 sec.

880-yard run—won by Shanahan (70 yards); Meredith (scratch), second; McIntyre (scratch), third. Time 2:04.

Mile-run—won by Sweeney (scratch); Murphy (70 yards), second; Heuther (70 yards), third. Time 4:38.

40-yard high hurdles—won by Wynne; Starrett, second; Dant, third. (All scratch). Time 6 sec.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Desch; Starrett, second; Dant, third. (All scratch). Time 5 sec.

High jump—won by Douglas (scratch); Wynne (3 in.) and Smith (3 in.), tied for second; McIntyre (4 in.), third. Height, 5 feet, 8 inches.

Shot-put—Won by Wynne (2 feet); H. Anderson (2 feet), second; Shaw (1 foot), third. Distance, 40 feet, 4 inches.

Pole-Vault—won by Powers (scratch); Smith (1 foot) and Shanahan (1 foot), tied for second; Douglas (scratch) third. Height, 11 feet.—E. J. M.

Coach Rockne's first list of track and basketball athletes who will be permitted the privileges of the training table counts twenty-three men. These, in addition to the list of monogram men and successful competitors on varsity track and basketball teams, will not be eligible for Interhall competition this season. The list is subject to revision, and, with the keen competition for places on the varsity in both sports, scores of students are filling the gymnasium gallery every day to watch the "survival of the fittest." The track men are Captain Meehan, Kasper, Sweeny, Burke, Meredith, Baumer,

Bergman, Douglas, Hoar, Schuler, Wynn, Starrett, Shaw, Dooley, and H. Anderson. The basketball men are acting-captain Mehre, Kiley, Coughlin, Sanford, Granfield, E. Anderson, and Kennedy.

Wabash College, runner-up for the Indiana title in collegiate basketball, invades Notre Dame in the decisive game this evening. The visitors are represented by one of the best quintets in their history, having to their credit victories over Purdue, Franklin, and Depauw. Notre Dame has not won from the "Little Giants" since 1915, but with Coach Dorais back on the job this week it is expected that the Varsity will be in form to give the "Downstaters" a possible surprise. The five of the Michigan Agricultural College will make their annual appearance here on Monday next. After the bitterly fought 23-to-20 game played in Lansing two weeks ago, in which Notre Dame was nosed out in the last few seconds of play, it is anticipated that Monday's game will be in several ways a climax to the season. A victory over the "Aggies" would make up in a measure for some of the close battles recently lost.

Corby battled its way out of the cellar of the Interhall League by winning from the Sorin "Minute Men" in the first fray of last Sunday's schedule. The final count was 14 to 8, with the winners going better every minute. Sorin's hopes set a fast pace in the first half, holding the tally 5 to 1. Intermittent attacks of "camelitis" hindered the Sorin checking on Shaw and Wilcox, the Corby stars. Shaw garnered eight points for his teammates, while Martin, was high man for the "Maritians."

Relay events for today's basketball game include the Corby-Sorin race which for years has been the most bitterly contested six-lap contest of the season, and the race between Brownson and Badin. In the first race two unbeaten squads will decide the leadership in the Interhall race; in the other event two teams already defeated will contend for cellar honors.

Brownson and Walsh went at it in lively manner in the second game, which was won by the "M. B." five by a count of 21 to 16. The victory puts Brownson well in the lead for league honors. Brownson's teamplay on the offensive seems to be a something for their opponents to

worry about. Walsh kept close to tying the score all through the game but failed to take the lead at any time. Garvey as usual led the Walsh attack, and the Logan-Doriot combination for the winners was invincible in open-shot effects. Granfield and Anderson respectively refereed the games in a satisfactory way.

Interhall basketball for tomorrow brings together Brownson and Badin, the two undefeated leaders for the semi-climax of the season. The two teams have defeated Walsh by the same score. In a second game Walsh will meet Sorin. By comparative scores the "Millionaires" have the edge, in consequence of their recent victory over Father Haggerty's men. An appropriate trophy in the form of a fitly inscribed pennant, has been offered by Mr. Max Adler for the winning five of the Interhall League.

Sorin's "Six" began their campaign for the Interhall relay championship last Monday by easily defeating the Badin runners on occasion of the Marquette game. Badin's team proved a disappointment to the "fans," who expected a close race. They seemingly gave up after losing the lead on the first lap. Sorin won in 1:41, the second best time made this year. Reid, Shanahan, Murphy, Lally, Moore, and Miles comprised the winning sextet.

Notre Dame will be represented to-night by William Hayes and John Murphy in the greatest indoor track meet of the season, held by the Boston Athletic Association in Mechanics Hall at Boston. This meet brings together the finest array of indoor sprinters, runners and jumpers, since the premier days. Hayes will defend his Eastern reputation as one of the best men in the country in the dashes, and Murphy, holding the A. A. U. honors in the high jump for the past year, will seek new laurels. On Tuesday night the two Notre Dame men will compete in special events in the meet of the Milrose Athletic Club at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Notre Dame's "Minim" basketeters are doing their share to uphold the court and ring game, having recently added a seventh straight victory to their string, this one at the expense of the Y. M. C. A. Juniors. The final count was 36 to 2.—E. M. S.

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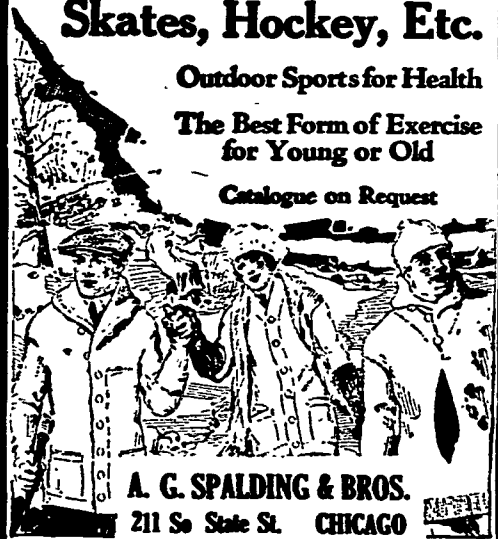
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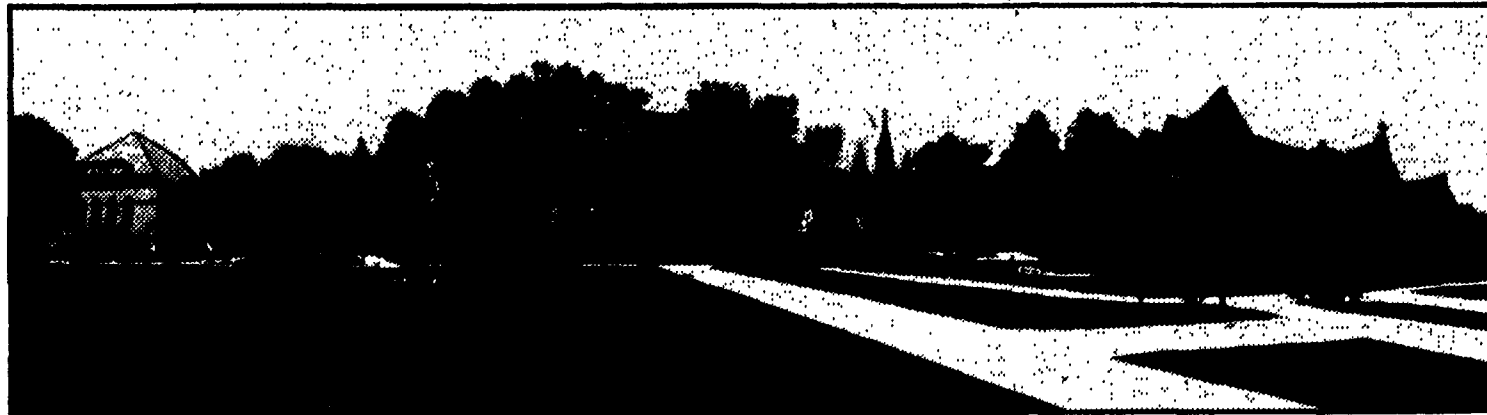
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