

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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No. 5.

## On Guard.

S. V.

SILENT,  
The holly-hocks  
On the out-posts of the sun  
Stand at attention; then, salute  
The wind.

## "Will Power."

AARON H. HUGUENARD, '23.

**W**ILL power! I tell you that's the secret of success. A man's worth just what he thinks he's worth. If you cash in for a thousand a year, it's because you're worth only that much. A ten thousand dollar man values himself at ten thousand and he gets it. Fellows, the only reason we're pushing a pencil around here at ninety dollars a month is because we're cheap-skates. If we want to get anywhere we've simply got to snap out of it."

It was noon hour at the Creighton Company and the office force was sleepily listening to the ravings of one of its members, Charlie Ogilvie.

"Yes, sir," Charlie continued, "the only reason we ain't getting anywhere is because we don't try. However, I've stolen a march on the rest of you. I am taking a course in the Zelman School of Concentration. Thousands of its graduates are already successful business men and before they took the course they were dullards like the rest of us. Here, let me quote you just one of the results obtained by Mr. Zelman."

He extracted a pamphlet from his pocket.

"How Silent Sims became a master of speech over night," he read. "Silent Sims, boys, didn't even have the training most of us here have and yet to-day he is superintendent of the Stanolax Corporation. He took the Zelman Course and inside of five lessons he was a

changed man. From a tongue-tied, jelly-backed, pusillanimous amoeba, he metamorphosed over night into a man of authority, a pillar of importance."

"There are numerous other examples, boys, in this book, but why go any farther? I got my first instructions last night. It's very simple. All it said is: subject your will. Master thyself—that is what it harps on. The lesson quotes a man by the name of James—I don't know what his last name is—to the effect that we should do something every day we don't want to do just to bring our will under control. That's what makes all executives—will power. The reason they're over us is because they can control themselves. That's what I am going to do,—learn to discipline myself."

"Instead of waiting for opportunity to call for me, I am going out to meet it. This idea of thinking the world owes us a living is a thing of the past. Believe me fellows, I'm going to be prepared. This course is going to make me a new man. Beginning to-day I'm going to make my will subservient. I'm not opening any of my mail until ten days after I receive it, just as a matter of training."

"Well, Charlie," put in one of his fellow-bookkeepers, "we'll watch you and see how you progress. If you become a mental giant, a master of men, or show any development along those lines within two weeks, why we'll have to admit that you have got the right dope."

"Keep your eye on me, old boy," confided Charlie, as the whistle summoned them to their afternoon's toil.

The next day, the office group were smoking their postprandial weeds, when someone brought up the topic of Charlie's correspondence course.

"Charlie, you haven't broken that resolution not to read mail until ten days after you receive it, have you?"

"Do I look like a man who talks to hear himself talk? No, men, to discipline my mind, I am not going to read my mail until it rests with

me ten days. Why, only to-day I got a letter, but do you think I'm going to open it? I should say not. Will power—that's the first element that goes to make success. It's the magnet that draws opportunity irresistibly to it. When a man has his will under perfect control, then he's fit to go to the top,—not before."

Everyday, the clerks at the office poked fun at Charlie and his correspondence course, but jokes were not to Charlie's mind and did not sway him from his resolution. On the tenth day after Charlie started his course, one of the "busy-bodies" remarked, "Well, Ogilvie, did you open that correspondence you received, yet?"

"Nope, there's nothing like subjecting the mind to discipline. Look here. Here's a letter I got ten days ago," and he pointed to the post-mark. "That's what I call will power. I suppose it's from one of those women I met down at Atlantic City last summer. Take notice, fancy stationery does not have any effect on me. Let's see what she's got to say?"

He tore the letter open and read:

"Dear Mr. Ogilvie,

My superintendent has informed me that you would be a very competent man to act as private secretary to me. The position pays five thousand dollars per annum to start. In four days I leave for Miami for the season and I shall presume that you are not interested if I do not hear from you by return mail.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. J. E. Creighton."

In his room that night, Charlie Ogilvie dozed before his fireplace, dreaming that he was in the salubrious clime of sunny Florida and the fuel that gave him warmth was Dr. Zelman's Course in Concentration.

### Retrospect.

IF I had found earth's seasons lily-white  
 Like anxious women lustrous limbed in gauze,  
 Perhaps my cup had given more delight  
 With no harsh musings on the unsearched laws.  
 But dews encaisoned in the ache of frost  
 Jeered dimly at the withered autumn flowers;  
 And June, her laughter-dimpled children lost,  
 Sat shuddering in the dismal snow-swept bowers.  
 Yet thank the sun who turned his smile away  
 And bade the maid world rack herself in tears;  
 Life has been more than surfeit holiday—  
 A soldier's march to battle and high fears.—C. A.

### Behind the Scenes.

SISTER M. LARITELLA  
 (Summer School, 1920)

There is a peculiar fascination in the mysterious. Though there are many kinds and degrees of mysteries, the one that lies "behind the scenes," has always appealed to me most. I wondered if the man who played the hero was a hero; if he who acted the coward was as despicable as he appeared. Never did my curiosity enjoy a more delightful feast than when a bit about the personal side of a prominent character came within its reach. Was an author like his book? Did a preacher practice what he preached? The question was interesting: so I continued to wonder if words and works were revelations of the person behind them.

Few stories have been more dramatic than that depicted in the "Second Spring," and no actor was ever more fitted to present it than Cardinal Newman. It sounds paradoxical to classify a sermon as a drama, to refer to a mystic as an actor, but so surely does the speaker bring us into the very heart of the picture he is describing that the discourse may not unappropriately be styled a drama. And curiosity steals in again and wonders if the character of the author is reflected by his words and style.

Written in the burning ardor of enthusiasm, the "Second Spring" symbolized the return of the Catholic Church into its own, and is a magnificent illustration of the grandeur and freshness of Newman's style and the exquisite refinement and dignity of his thought. To appreciate its dramatic significance we will imagine ourselves to be among the number of those who listened to the discourse.

The Vicar of St. Mary's is no longer a young man, he has grown gray in caring for his flock. We see a man tall and slightly bent; we hear a voice musical and clear. Only the earnest, wistful face reveals the emotion with which his soul is stirred. With simple, communicative words, he depicts the conflict and the triumph of the Catholic Church in England. We glory in the grandeur of the "Church that was," mourn over the "church that was not," and marvel at the beauty of the "church that is." Each scene stands out boldly and vividly. Here, we feel, is no actor who feigns his part, no masked interpreter of the past and present, but a man who has lived the very scenes he describes,—not in the ordinary sense, but lived and

suffered them in the long years of his lonely life.

Drawing the curtain aside, we exclude the actor, and come into the presence of the man. He, too, has struggled; his was the conflict of a soul searching for light, the suffering of a heart tried by disappointment, and the victory of a spirit purged and chastened by defeat. He felt the triumph of the Church the more deeply because the springtime of his soul was so lately born. And the sermon is a true index to the character of its maker.

Critics who have analyzed the works of Newman agree that they have all the ear-marks of genuine literature. The "Second Spring" is characteristic of his style. Its diction is simple and convincing: the natural outgrowth of his grasp of truth and of his subject. Closely related to this simplicity is the conciseness with which he expresses weighty thought in terse, vigorous aphorisms. Almost any paragraph illustrates this power of Newman, as the following maxims show: "One death is the parent of a thousand lives"; "That which ought to come to naught, endures; that which promises a future, disappoints and is no more," "grace can, where nature cannot," "It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings," and "According to our need, so will be our strength."

The unbroken thread of unity holds every thought in its proper relation to the whole. Though the details and concrete examples that occur throughout might be beguiling, the careful planning with which the sketch was prepared results in a perfect completeness and precision. His figures were not introduced for any rhetorical purpose, but solely to clarify the thought. A quotation justifies this statement: "That old Church in its day became a corpse (a marvelous, an awful change!); and then it did but corrupt the air which once it refreshed, and cumber the ground which once it beautified."

A deep insight into nature enabled Newman to interpret it as symbolic of spiritual truth, as—"Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole." Without the least warning, we slipped behind the curtain, and attributed to the man's appreciation of nature, the writer's inimitable style of illustrating. Further study will show that his skill, though partly natural and instinctive, was also the result of training. He was definite because he had accustomed himself to view his subject from every side,

and he never rested until he struck at the root of every problem he handled. He was clear and concise because he was a profound thinker. Even as a child, the author was more or less lonely, and this developed in him a spirit of concentration and independence. Very few would have cared to go into that big world of loneliness with him, but with his great imagination he had built up an unusual friendship with his own thoughts. This also made him capable of expressing his ideas in words that best suited his thought.

The style of Newman is also an index to his character. It has been said that he is "one of the prose writers who achieves a great manner without the least trace of mannerism." The texture of "Second Spring" is of a superb quality, as singular as its author was solitary and individual; it has grace, finish, subtlety, yet it is not artificial. His success was due to his infinite patience; the vigor, elasticity, the fine finish and nice arrangement were the result of his desire to convince his audience of the truth of his statements. The balance, cadence, apostrophes, exclamations and impassioned language of his sermon are the natural outpouring of a heart filled with emotion.

Is the deep spirituality of this address essentially a characteristic of the man? Or can any skilled stylist or profound thinker produce a work steeped in truth and beauty and hope? Imagine Newman writing before his reception into the Catholic Faith such a passage as this: "We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops—which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair." The true Faith had enriched his mind, had unfolded his soul and given him principles that were rooted in the love and goodness of God.

These few glimpses behind the scenes have not disappointed us; the splendid sermon was but the expression of a man highly gifted and saintly, who poured his soul into his work, who wrote what was within himself. The writer's earnestness and sincerity rivets our intelligence, stirs our will, and moves our heart. We have witnessed a noble drama, and our study of its impersonator has shown us that the "Second Spring" is a happy reflection of the great mind and tender heart of Cardinal Newman.

## Varsity Verse.

## WHO'S WHO.

Who teaches you the ways of girls?  
 Your sister.  
 Who makes you step the latest whirls?  
 Your Sister.  
 When you're away, who sends you news,  
 Who cheers you up if you've the blues,  
 Who's one good friend you'll never lose?  
 Your Sister.  
 Who wears your socks and ties and shirts?  
 Your Brother.  
 And often with your best girl flirts?  
 Your Brother.  
 Who tries to borrow all your "jack"?  
 And tells you of the brains you lack,  
 And when you're gone, who wants you back?  
 Your Brother.—R. E. F.

## AT NOON.

Over the streets are towers,  
 Over the towers, the Breeze.  
 Under the streets the earth-deep,  
 Under the earth is sleep.  
 Climb to the Day overhead,  
 Sink to the slumbering dead—  
 Cities are withering flowers;  
 The immutable things are *These*.—L. F.

## VAGABOND VERSE.

Give me a pair of pants—  
 An old; old coat;  
 A tattered hat, a pen, a gun,  
 And a brown boat.  
 Give me a placid stream—  
 A droning bee;  
 And autumn leaves to drift beside  
 Down to the sea.  
 Give me the first raw gale—  
 A blind; the stiff salt spray;  
 A bird or two to scuttle for the reeds,  
 And pass my way.  
 Then when the last cloud comes,  
 Darkening my eye;  
 Give me a bed beneath the deepest snow;  
 And one lone pine tree nigh.—V. E.

## TEMPTATION.

Like a  
 Great, rainfilled cloud  
 That blots the blue of heaven  
 And darkens placid seas, it looms  
 And lifts

## Lost in the Fog.

J. FRANK WALLACE, '23.

Back in the good old days when I had plenty of money, a nice girl and no studies to bother me, I lived along the banks of the Ohio river, and worked in a steel mill on the opposite shore. Being more or less of a "water dog" I owned a canoe and saved considerable time and ferryboat fare by crossing to and from work in the boat.

The scheme was one of those rare improvements that please from every possible angle. In the middle of the day I would recross the river for lunch and incidentally enjoy a little relaxation and physical exercise that freshened me for the work of the afternoon; and when my day's work was done, I was already on the river for the short swim that sent me home with steps that sprang instead of dragged.

But the serpent entered my garden, for as I descended the river bank on a morning of early October, a beautiful curtain of fog seemed to say "Good morning, but you shall not pass." Now, I love my sleep, and on this morning I was so late that a trip to the ferryboat would have permitted my worthy employer to "beat me out" on the job. I wanted to spare him that humiliation; so when the serpent climbed my paddle and suggested that I could steer a straight course in the fog, I thought again of my "boss" and dipped a paddle. But that snake was not a watersnake—he stayed on shore.

As long as I could see the shore I had left, I steered straight; and as the fog just around me seemed always to scatter, I had hopes of seeing the opposite shore before I left my own side completely. I even complimented myself on the "old courage" that faces a thing blindly; and I felt all the satisfaction of a person who sees difficulties give way like the fog that was scattering before me. Yes! I was really a wonderful person and already had a nice story prepared for the boys at the mill.

I have never been in a London fog, nor lost in a ship at sea. I do not know which is thicker; but I do know that mine was a wonderfully effective variety. I might as well have left my eyes on shore with the serpent for all the use I could command of them. I looked to the East, or what I supposed to be East, for the opposite shore, and I saw fog, a very foggy fog. My eyes may have penetrated ten feet or a hundred yards; it was like looking at the "big

dipper" and arguing whether there were miles or feet between the stars composing it. Like the movie "vamp" the fog smiled me on but I never seemed to reach it; it danced just ahead of me, floated around me; but I could not lay my finger and say "this is it."

I looked for the sun, and the same sleepy whiteness sealed my eyes. I thought of returning to the shore I had left but my steady strokes had turned that friend away. I realized with a start, that I had been paddling long enough to reach the opposite shore, *had my course been true.*

Philosophers say whiteness is an abstract quality that cannot exist alone; this whiteness did not exist alone because I was with it; and as far as I could see, I was the only thing that was with it. And skeptics may say what they will, I was absolutely *sure* I was with it. And when David Hume died and went to Heaven, St Peter must have given him an open boat in a fog. I can imagine no more complete idealistic Paradise. "There's no extension there!"

I was lost! Lost on a path I had made myself, lost, it was laughable! Why I had even swum the distance many a time! It seemed impossible that something was really happening to me. But as I looked again on all sides, there was no familiar land. Poor judgment had certainly got me in bad this time. And for the first time I realized my mother's opinion of the frail support that a canoe gives. I had "fallen in" the first day I bought the boat and my shoes were so heavy and my collar pulled so tightly. Now I took my shoes and sweater-coat off. If it came to the worst it was not as if I couldn't swim. I would surely be late for work now; this fog did not lift till about nine o'clock. No use paddling. My thoughts flew a few hours ahead and I saw myself miles down the river, paddling back after the fog had lifted, with a wonderful story to tell "the" girl. I suppose I would pass the B. & O. Bridge all right and—but the dam—the government dam!

A half hour would dash my boat against the wickets! The current would toss me down the twelve feet fall into that swirling violence! Anything was better than that; I picked my paddle and pulled for anywhere; praying, searching, fearing that any moment might crush me with the black shadow of a steamboat. What chance had the best swimmer in that trip underneath the hull—with the stern wheel to knock his head off at the end?

And then it came! "Ding, Ding," the signal of the ferry-boat ready to leave the shore—and just at my ear! My breath stopped,—then as suddenly every part of my being snapped to attention. I knew now that I was a hundred yards down the river and close to some shore. I heard the boat kick its first steam; but almost simultaneously the sound of a locomotive on the shore. Reversing my boat, I pulled for that sound. If the Ferry was in my path, I was rushing to death; if I had a lead and was going the same direction I might beat it across. I didn't yell; I didn't have time to be afraid. But I paddled and I prayed. The shore noise grew louder; the "chug, chug" grew nearer—and nearer—a black bulk loomed out of the fog—I died for a moment—and rammed the shore.

Oh boy! What a grand and glorious feeling!

And if, in his nebulous travels, David Hume is ever chased cross country by a ferry-boat, I think that upon the occasion of his ramming the shore, his philosophical canoe will receive an exceedingly hard jolt. For "where there's extension, there's hope."

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### The Psychology of Sorrow.

BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

One of the most beautiful books in English literature is the "Foot of the Cross" by Father Faber. The sub-title of this work is the "Sorrows of Mary," a theme that was worthy of the priest-poet of whom Wordsworth said, when Faber entered the Anglican ministry. "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet." Yes, England may have lost a poet, but the Church certainly gained not only a poet, but a very gifted devotional writer. Perhaps the most readable of all his books is the "Foot of the Cross." The theme is, at once concrete, and is a psychological subject of a unique character. No other creature is comparable to the Sorrowful Mother of Christ in the bitterness and pognancy of her grief. The author's literary power is shown in the description of each dolor, and his analysis of its peculiarities and the disposition of the afflicted Mother is a remarkable psychological triumph. Many of the passages are so beautiful that the reader's pleasure is satisfied only when he has reread them or committed them to memory. The human interest of the "Foot of the Cross" is so great that every Catholic should be familiar with the book.



## Advertising Catholicism.

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

Business men seeking markets for their new products long ago learned that "it pays to advertise." They delved into psychology to discover that desires are founded on want and that wants spring from man's realization of his need. Promptly and logically they then insisted in newspapers and magazines that their rubber heels and their soda crackers were necessities of life. The public read, believed and desired. The business men satisfied that desire and learned a lesson in the value of advertising. Wise men and wise organizations have been advertising ever since.

At last, the Catholic Church in America has awakened to the value of publicity. The National Catholic Welfare Council has established a press bureau and non-Catholics are soon to be told of Catholicism. To those who know not the need of religion and therefore desire it not, a common-sense appeal will be made later. The glories of Church will soon be emphasized; Catholics will no longer "hide their light under a bushel." Catholic doctrines will be presented to the bigot and to the fair-minded non-Catholic, to the one that he may learn what a fool he is and to the other that he may make the most of the truths presented. A glorious undertaking is that of the Press Bureau, one charged with tremendous responsibility. It has been so long delayed that its preliminary activities are bound to be encumbered with upsets and disappointments. But, just as no great battle ever was won without a fight neither will the pretentious plans now outlined by Bishop Russell be carried into execution without a struggle. Opposition will be twofold; it will come from within and from without the Church. Standpat Catholics, both clerical and lay, will bitterly resent "new-fangled ideas" and suspicious Protestants will insist that American Catholics are striving to turn the United States over to the Pope for political intriguing. Unmindful of, and undisturbed by either, however, the Catholic Bureau will "carry on." It *must* succeed.

Foremost among its duties will be the education of Catholics to the fact that not only they but all men need religion, the Catholic religion. Catholics so educated will then begin to desire better things for themselves and

for non-Catholics. Their ideals will rise.

The Catholic Press in America in its early years functioned but very weakly at its best. Catholic newspapers for the most part were established by men equipped with high ideals, little capital and no technical training. Here and there Catholic weeklies such as the *Boston Pilot*, the *Catholic Citizen* and the *Catholic Standard and Times* were founded by capable newspapermen, but they were the exceptions. Early Catholic magazines were a trifle better than the newspapers. Journalists of some experience edited them, but few of them had sufficient stamina to weather storms of indifference and adversity.

Catholic novels had a like experience. Only in mill towns and in cities where Catholics were numerous did they ever take hold and then only because a zealous pastor established a parish library and insisted that his flock read Catholic books. The result was negligible. Catholic publishers would not, could not pay worthwhile prices for Catholic stories, and Catholic novelists could not and would not subsist on mere good wishes.

Today Catholic weeklies continue to fall far short of the standards set by secular dailies but they are great improvements over those early Catholic journals. More of them are meeting greater successes than ever before, but, the pity is that their influence is narrowed strictly to Catholics. Catholic magazines of the present can be most favorably compared to the secular magazines. Their make-up is good, their features worthwhile and the fiction quite as interesting as, and incomparably cleaner than that of the secular weeklies and monthlies. They are edited, for the most part, by journalists who understand that a story is not necessarily worth publication simply because it has a pious and happy ending, and they understand also that stories and articles must be about real, living men and women of our generation. Happily, most of them are edited by able journalists. The fiction in the *Ave Maria*, *Extension*, *Benziger's* and the *Catholic World* is of the highest order. The editorials and editorial notes in *Extension* and the *Ave Maria* are as interesting as are found in any magazine. The features, special articles and editorials in *America*, are, in their brilliancy and common sense equalled by few and surpassed by those of no secular journals in the country. But, again the pity is that the cir-

culuation of all these is confined strictly to Catholics.

Our modern Catholic novel finds its chief form of expression as a serial in Catholic magazines. More Catholic books are coming off the press now than ever before, but comparatively few of them are distinctly fictional. Some of them are text-books, others such as the "Faith of Our Fathers" are expositions and others still deal with modern social problems.

### Isn't It the Truth?

WILFRED J. RILEY, '21.

It was evident that John Maguire was worried. His furrowed brow, the lines under his eyes, and his pale face clearly showed the great mental strain the man was under. The war had made him rich, and now he could spend the rest of his days in ease. This was precisely what he intended to do.

John Maguire was getting uneasy; he could not stand the strain much longer. "Norah," he addressed his wife, for she was seated in the big arm-chair which stood in the far corner of the beautiful living-room of their Fifth Avenue home, "we must get a servant, that's all there is to it."

"I've given up trying, John. It's impossible to get one. I'm worn out trying to do the work, and you've worn yourself out worrying about me."

"But this can't go on for ever, Norah, or I'll go crazy. I'm going to hire a cook today."

"Look out the window dear. Whose car is that stopping here? I don't recognize it."

A big black limousine had drawn up in front of the Maguire residence and a woman, beautifully dressed, was alighting. She wore a charming picture hat and a great seal-skin coat. From all appearances she was a woman of means. She stopped to tell her chauffeur something, then turned, and hesitating a moment as if to look over the residence, she sauntered up the steps.

"Is this the Maguire home?" she asked of the butler who met her at the door.

"It is, Madame. Would you like to see the mistress?"

"If you please; here is my card."

She was ushered into the reception room while James brought her card to Mrs. Maguire. He returned in a minute and announced that both

his master and mistress would receive her in the living-room.

Although immensely wealthy the Maguires were plain people. They had often tried to gain an entrance to society, but had never been recognized. The thought that this caller might be a member of the four hundred made them forget the servant problem temporarily.

"Miss Daphne Darling, I believe?" was the greeting Mrs. Maguire offered as the woman entered the room.

"Yes. I have come to inquire about the position of cook you advertised in last night's paper."

"Cook; you're certainly not a cook, are you?"

"I certainly am. I have a degree from Wellesley, and what's more I was a teacher for two years. Teaching is a great stepping-stone to higher things, you know."

"What can you cook?" asked Mr. Maguire.

"Eggs, and a few things like that; of course when it comes to the heavy cooking I'd have to have an assistant."

"And your terms, Miss Darling?" queried Mrs. Maguire.

"Two hundred dollars a month, and board and room; I must also have room for my car and keep for the chauffeur. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday are the only days I ask off."

"That's all you demand?"

"Yes, my dear. Of course I must be allowed the use of the house when my beau calls."

"Beau?" replied Mr. Maguire, for he was getting uneasy.

"Why certainly, we met when we were at college. He was president of the senior class at Harvard. After he graduated he was a professor for a while. He's a motorman now; has a wonderful home on Riverside drive."

"But you understand," said Mrs. Maguire, "that we are only poor millionaires."

"I understand perfectly, Mrs. Maguire. But then you must realize that we working girls must be considered."

"Well, I guess its the best we can do, John," said Mrs. Maguire, as she turned towards her husband.

"I'm afraid so, Norah. Tell her to report to-morrow."

Some weeks later it was still evident that John Maguire was worried. Now, however, it wasn't because he couldn't get a cook, but rather because he knew that with all his millions, he couldn't afford one.

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DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITVRVS

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## Board of Editors.

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The Catholic ideal of education means more than mere acquisition of knowledge; it declares that religion and will-training are necessary as no other things are.

**"Amplius Lava Me!"** It frequently shifts the scene of the student's activities from the class room to the church, and sets aside periods when the rostrum must give way to the pulpit. Notre Dame stands for this ideal. This it is that yearly draws many hundreds of young men to the University of Our Lady. But the religious side of our college life is more than a distant vision: it is an array of golden opportunities, and one of the greatest of these is about to be offered in the Students' Retreat. The year holds nothing else of such vital importance. During it we examine the very foundations of our lives and discover the presence or absence of those spiritual qualities without which secular acquirements are not worth the having. In all earnestness the student repeats the ever ancient but ever new question: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Remembering the hearty response of students of former years, the men of today will require no urging to enter into the retreat with zest. The church will reecho with the voices of hundreds and the footsteps of numberless communicants; it will be lighted with the glory of the hidden Grail.—P. E. S.

Street-car service to Notre Dame is not everything that it might be, but it could be worse. There are a good many people who have no other way

**Chivalry and Hill Street.** of going to and from work; almost every car stops for women, some of whom are tired from the day's toil and all of whom are entitled to the courtesy which the American man so freely gives. It is to be regretted that some students forget the presence of ladies, and smoke everything from cigarettes to corn-cobs on crowded cars. Of course, there are conductors who stand beside two or three women with a cigar going at a furious rate; but the real Notre Dame man is a gentleman without the upbraidings of a fare-collector. He does not jostle women, or blow tobacco-smoke into their faces. Think it over and draw the attention of the chap next you who may have forgotten himself.—J. E. M.

It is assumed that everybody who considers it worth the sacrifice of the family funds to spend four years at Notre Dame, has the ultimate idea of taking away

**Face the Music.** with him a liberal education. The man who expects to carry off this campus a liberal supply of culture must bring a good measure of brains to hold it. That new-born alumnus who cannot understand beauty in melody as well as on a magazine cover, who is unable to appreciate a classical concert as well as classy dance music, is not educated, regardless of the technical proficiency recorded in the office of the director of studies. Darwin, whose reputation as a scientist covers several encyclopædic pages, after he had reached fame and old age, was broad enough to admit the narrowness of his mental development in not having the faculty for appreciating musical beauty. A big proportion of Notre Dame men residing on and off the campus, when they have arrived at senility and possibly success, are certain to find themselves in the same pitiable predicament, without the great biologist's consolation of fame, unless they learn to cultivate culture. Tastes deteriorate unless they are changed. Not the beribboned sheepskin you step off the stage with, but the mental equipment you bring onto the platform is the gauge of a well-spent college career; and the man who stays away from the concerts of the quality booked for Washington hall for the coming year



is neglecting an essential part of his curriculum. The final countersigned parchment is not a sort of restatement of article X, guaranteeing against external aggression the mental integrity and existing intellectual ability of the subscriber. Philistines seek the secret of art in baubles: stay clear of them.—E. J. M.

Some people who have automobiles or imitations of them overlook the fact that there are speed-regulations at Notre Dame. The drive-ways on the campus were not built for De Palmas and Oldfields; a matter which some students and some visitors forget. We have in our midst many venerable old brothers and priests whose hearing is no longer acute enough to detect a car dashing past the post-office at a rate of forty miles an hour. The other day one of them escaped being run down by the merest chance. We are in favor of enforcing the speed-regulations by law, if that be necessary and we recommend the matter to the attention of the Students' Activities Committee.—F. L. D.

If there is one precept of policy that has impressed itself more forcibly than any other from the pages of American history, it is the doctrine of preparedness; **Watson, the Needle.** and yet, in a striking paradox, no other lesson of liberty has been ignored more consistently. As we drift on no defect more apparent or inherent in our political perspective has revealed itself. At no period in our history have we entered war with a convincing array of strength that could easily be mobilized. It took us considerably more than a year following April, 1917, to put an effective force on the firing line in France, and this delay occurred after a warning of three years. Even at this very instant the slightest grimace on the part of our diplomats would precipitate a life-grapple with Japan, that would pale our expenditure of men and wealth in the late war. With such an ominous situation directly in the path of progress, it is pertinent to note that neither presidential candidate has devoted to preparedness a single word of the volumes of campaign literature in circulation, while neither party platform offers a solitary suggestion in the matter of national defense. The whole tone of popular sentiment, as reflected by the politicians, is a return to normal, to pre-war

conditions. In consequence, we are rapidly approaching the state where our Navy is undermanned, and the army undermined by the inertia of peace. The mere union of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets would, on the assertions of Annapolis strategists, bring on a conflict that no diplomatic manœuvre could avert. With all these indications becoming more rugged daily, the American people are inhaling the narcotic fumes subtly wafted to create the dream of world peace. We ought to have a good-sized needle injected into us, before we feel the point of the bayonet.—E. W. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

I want to assure the student body that everything quoted in my article as a part of the League is in the Covenant. Owing to the brevity of time, thorough proof-reading and accurate typing were not possible. It was due to these two factors that the mistakes crept in.

The proper quotations are; article (XV. Sec. 8) instead of (Art. XVI. Sec. 8) and (Art. XVI. Sec. 2.) in place of (Art. VI. Sec. 2.). Trusting that this will erase any doubt from the minds of the student body as to the veracity of my statements in the last issue, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
MARK STOREN.

### Book Browsings.

The Ave Maria press has just published an interesting account of a remarkable conversion: it is to some extent an Apologia for the life of James Kent Stone, once President of Kenyon College and later Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist missionary to South America. His entrance into the true Church was the result of a sudden illuminative intuition which induced him to compare his own Anglican faith closely with the creed of the Catholic body. The book is a simple, genuine, pious resumé of his difficulties and discoveries, and the reader will be fascinated not only by the story of a soul but also by a clear and cogent setting-forth of Christian apologetics.

The University Press announces that the latest editions of Father Arthur Barry O'Neil's books: Priestly Practice, Clerical Colloquies, and Sacerdotal Safeguards, will perforce sell at the somewhat higher price of \$1.50, each, or \$4.00 for a single set of the three volumes.

Notre Dame men who hale from California will be glad to know that the Dominican College at San Rafael has published a very artistic and interesting year-book which honors the golden jubilee of Mother Mary Louis. Father O'Neill, C. S. C., is represented by a sonnet in his best manner; there are many beautiful and fascinating pictures and an unusually good assemblage of write-ups.

### The Coming of the Admiral.

It was not with the customary salute of twenty-six guns that Notre Dame could repay the honor of a visit from Admiral William S. Benson, who spared us a day from the Shipping Board and many other duties on last Monday. But everybody on the campus went to Washington Hall to applaud the great sea-man and to listen to his address; although really, what we wanted was to see him and to imagine the bridge and the battle and the rest of



it. This time, however, the Admiral talked seriously of a gigantic peace-time struggle; the building of the American merchant marine. "We are tonight able," he said, "to say that our flag is in every harbor in the World. We are operating between 1500 and 1600 vessels."

We hope, though it is a great deal to expect, that the series of lectures which Admiral Benson once contemplated delivering here will sometime be given. In a very large sense he is not only a Laetare Medalist but a Notre Dame man—one who means in his high calling a force for those principles which all of us, in humbler ways, are pledged to represent.—E. J. M

### The Census and Censors.

How large is Notre Dame? The registrar claims that its population reaches 2,257, according to figures on file in his office. Only 1,821 of these, however, are students. Professors total 81, and the rest of the number is composed of members of the community. Off the campus, 351 men reside; which accounts for the rapidly accumulating wealth of the street car company.

Such a crowd of students should have a governing body of their own, to obviate possible misunderstanding between the faculty and the students, and to look after the pocketbooks of those gullibles who are ever ready to spend two bits for chances on a blanket or a trip to West Point. Some time ago, a constitution was formed for a Students' Activities Committee, and now the College Fathers have expressed their approval of the covenant. The committee will take excellent care of the innocents, and

all money making propositions must be submitted for its approval. Moreover, it will supervise all demonstrations, celebrations and peregrinations.

Thirteen men will compose the body. Seven will be taken from the senior class, three from the junior, two from the sophomore, and one from the freshman. The four class presidents will be ipso-facto members.—V. E.

### Men You Remember.

—Mr. F. H. Wellington, General Manager of the South Bend Watch Co., and Mrs. Wellington, will attend the Valparaiso game as the guests of the President.

—Old Harvard has a new Notre Dame colony consisting of Paul Conaghan '20 and Bill Maguire, who are looking up cases, and Tom Beacom, president of last year's Senior class, who is trying to find out how successful businesses are conducted. A "big U. N. D." may be heard in Cambridge every once in a while.

—W. A. Johns, formerly professor in the local Department of Agronomy, has taken up his new work as Vice-President of Evansville College, Evansville, Ind. This school is in the second year of its hopeful life and has a total enrolment of one hundred and fifty.

—Mr. Arthur J. Hughes, holder of two degrees from Notre Dame and editor of the '12 Dome, was united in marriage to Miss Frances Mahle on the twelfth of October. The knot was tied in Washington, Illinois; we trust that it will be blessed with much happiness.

—Father F. J. Dillon, '13, is now stationed at St. Joseph's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo.

—The visit of Tom Daly to Notre Dame recalls the fact that P. J. McEvoy's latest collection of comic verse has been meeting with very great success.

—Father John O'Connell, '13,—the "Happy" of short-stop fame,—has, we are glad to say, recovered from a severe siege of illness. He is at present stationed at Du Bois, Penna.

—Tom Tobin, '20, sends us the following information from 'way out west. Three prep school teams in the city of Portland are under the tutelage of former Notre Dame men: George Philbrook of Benson Technical, Ed Madigan of Columbia University, and Herman Cook of the Commercial high-school. There ought to

be some real football in their neighborhood. Also, three former Gold and Blue stars will supervise the ceremonies at the Multonmah-Oregon Aggies game—Sam Dolan, William Schmitt and Dominic Callicrate. Verily, neither team had better be off-side.

—Everybody's heart yearns for adventure and everybody will be glad to know that two old students are getting it to their heart's content. Charles Reardon, old "lifer" is a private in the 94th Marine Company, Camaguay, Cuba, and one of his officers is Lt. Kenneth Berkey, a former 'Varsity football man.

—"Mike" Nigro, old student and graduate of Creighton University, is practicing medicine in Kansas City. "Mike" is now in Boston as the delegate of the Kansas Medical Association to the American Medical Convention.

—Jim Sargent, former student of Walsh hall, is now attending Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee.

—Arch Locke, old student, married Miss Nell Connor of Paris, Texas, last Wednesday. Congratulations, Arch.

—"Ellie" Moore, Litt. B. '20, is now in partnership with his brother, Tom Moore, in the Moore Oil Specialty Co., at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Tom, it will be remembered was a student here for the three years ending in 1917, when he joined the Aviation Corps. During the War he became an accredited "Ace," having brought down eleven enemy planes.

—Fritz Slackford, Notre Dame full-back of last year, now divides his time between selling stocks and bonds for the James E. Milliken Company of Dayton and playing professional football for the Triangles of the same city.

—Bernard J. McQuade, old student, writes from Pittsburg to congratulate the University on beating Nebraska and regrets that he cannot have the pleasure of seeing us hand Pitt a proper walloping. This is the first notice that the SCHOLASTIC has received of Mr. McQuade's marriage which took place last October.

—Those who happened to come upon Pastel Villafior roaming over the campus, Tuesday, gave him but ordinary notice. Fifteen years ago, however, when he originally visited Notre Dame, he was the center of comment. For he was then not only the first Filipino to invade the precincts of the local university, but he was at the same time the first Filipino national to come to the United States. That he should escape the

eye of less observant inhabitants is not unusual, considering that he is but four feet four in stature. This is also the reason why he is not now a priest, having been rejected because he lacked canonical height. He was at the university on his way to Manila where he has accepted an offer as instructor in one of the institutions there.

—"Dolly" Gray, Varsity catcher back in '14, who is now manager of the Goodrich Tire Company at St. Louis, writes that he will be among the loyal rooters on Cartier Field for the Purdue game.

### R. O. T. C. Impressions.

Foreword: This is written by a man who is listed at the student office as: O'Keefe, Walter Michael, 20, C. C. C., A. B., S. R. O. T. C. No this last is not his course—it's simply the twentieth-story English for an ex-Sorinite.

#### MORNING IMPRESSION.

I hit the deck at six o'clock, wash up the face and don the sock. I gather up the load of books and start uptown with cheery looks. I vault up on the Kable stool, choke down the doughnut, start for school. Say men, this life of mine is great; I boss myself and stay out late and have a hotold time.

#### EVENING IMPRESSION.

Well the meal was like the rest; I paid a buck to get the best and balanced on a little stool. My lamb chops were all chopped and cool, my cocoa cold and ancient spinach served by a guy whose name is Vinach, dressed in a shirt of blue. Disgusted with this doubtful diet I hie me home for peace and quiet, figuring this room of mine will be so tranquil, warm and fine that I'll forget my woe. But that's all fancy, that's a guess, for Little Harry's music less comes on Tuesday night. Stumbling over all the keys, mixed up in his A's and G's he plays 'The Story of the Rose' and midst the din of Re, Mi, Dos I try to do my duty. Instead of my philosophy I find I've written Do, Re, Mi. Aw I give up and pass the buck, R. O. T. C.—Out of luck.

"We told you so," about Nebraska, and we say that the Homecoming on Nov. 6th is going to be the biggest time ever at Notre Dame.

Hunk Anderson and Morrie Smith played the giant Nebraska guards off their feet. Watch them in action against Purdue.

### Ourselves.

—Adler Brothers, through Mr. Harry Poulin, have very courteously donated a complete outfit for the cheer leader.

—Judging from the noise there will be an avalanche of oratory around Notre Dame during the course of the year. Let's hope that five or six men will be developed who will take their places beside the great speakers of the school and that someone will win that State Oratorical contest this year.

—Engineers, here's news for you! On Monday evening, October 25, the St. Joseph Valley Chapter of the American Association of Engineers will serve a cafeteria dinner at the Y. M. C. A., South Bend. Mr. Probst '11, is Secretary of the Society and extends to all Notre Dame men who have a hankering for engineering a hearty invitation to be present. Mr. William Artingstall of Chicago, now consulting engineer for the Water-department of South Bend, will speak. If you want to be there give your names to Zickgraf of Sorin Hall.

—A refreshing difference from the campaign oratory of the hour was Fr. Miltner's sermon, delivered at Mass on Founder's Day. His eulogy of Father Sorin gave us a glimpse of what Notre Dame is expected to be for the next generation.

—"I'll do the best we can to beat Nebraska," was the ingenious assertion of "Hunk" Anderson, one of the foremost pep-purveyors at the rally, in the gym, Thursday noon. Fr. Carey, Capt. Coughlin, Hector Garvey and Morrie Smith gave out equally convincing statements, though in less picturesque diction. Al Slaggert was master of ceremonies, and chief siren-tooter at the affair.

—Tom Daly, the poet of the Italian and to a great extent of Notre Dame, smiled and was smiled upon last Wednesday when he talked about American humorists and read some of his own most popular poems. Mr. Daly is still the suave journalist of yore, even though he appeared at the Chicago Book Fair.

—Everything from wood alcohol to Woodrow Wilson including iron rods, and irony, League and Lodge, China and Chile, and incidentally Cox and Harding came in for discussion at the campaign debate staged before the Forum, on Thursday night. The quality of the oratory is evidenced by its effect on the window panes

of the Columbian room, while the sequence of logic was quite as apparent as Einstein's theory of relativity. Al Slaggert and James Gallagher on the Republican end of the platform, were the uncompromised victors, although J. E. Lightner and E. Murphy speaking on the losing side, made what might be called an attempt at victory.

—"I predict that within one year, the King of Italy will be king no longer; I prophesy that within one year, Alphonso of Spain will be in the discard," is a luminous passage from the speech delivered by Judge John S. Leahy, of St. Louis at a rally of the local Republican club. His arraignment of the much-mauled League was complete as he stepped down from the platform, following an address by Cong. Hickey. Judge Leahy's delivery elicited favorable comment even from officers of the Forum.

—In celebration of the unusual political success achieved at the sophomore class meeting, Brownson precipitated a smoker Tuesday, under the chairmanship of Paul Breen, hall boss. Father Walsh entertained the celebrants with snappy stories and Father Carey repeated his customary after-dinner success. Brother Alphonso, whose throne is claimed by no pretender, talked on the notables that once thrived in Brownson. In the finals, John Riley proved in a demonstration of toe dancing, that a waiter gains more weight than an ordinary Brownsonite, besting Louis Lujan in four rounds.

—There will be a meeting of the Chemists' club in the Hall of Reactions and Recoils on Monday October 25 at 8 P. M. Officers will be selected for the coming year. All students in chemistry are invited, but Seniors and Juniors in B. S. in Chemistry and Chemical Engineering are expected to be present.

—At the organization meeting of the Indianapolis club, which will have unofficial charge of the reception for the Notre Dame heroes following the Indiana fracas, John Shea, was chosen president, while Albert Shea, brother, became vice-president. Robert Rink is the secretary and treasurer.

—If Columbus had discovered America for nothing else than to give the local Latin-American club the opportunity to stage a banquet on his anniversary, his years of labor would have been rewarded; for as club members declare, it is worth hundreds of miles travel to hear Jose Corona sing. This rare event,

followed by the oratory of E. Rey de Castro and E. Couttolenc, is something one seldom hears on this side of the equator. A. F. de Parades also proved satisfactorily his vocal ability.

—The 'rah 'rah boys selected to assist Al. Slaggert in his duties as voice culturer are Frank Eckerle and J. Burke. They were picked at a meeting of the Junior class Tuesday night. Eight men were given a chance to demonstrate cheer-leading abilities during the Nebraska game, and it is our opinion that all made equally effective showings. Among the runners-up in the junior caucus were Edwin McCarthy and A. Scott.

—Senator Borah untamed and irreconcilable will probably speak in Washington Hall shortly if negotiations initiated by Worth Clark, president of the Wild West club, are successful. A telegram has been forwarded to Idaho, and a reply is breathlessly awaited. In the meantime the woolly ones will hold a smoker to get practise for the big event.

### Gridiron Gossip.

#### THE CORNHUSKERS BOW.

Notre Dame has won the sixth and deciding gridiron battle of the series with Nebraska University. The 16 to 7 victory of Coach Rockne's men last week will be remembered in Lincoln for a long while. Ten thousand fans and home-coming guests broke all attendance records on the occasion of the "immortalization" of George Gipp, who takes his place with Chamberlain of Nebraska and Bergman of Notre Dame as one of the greatest exponents of the game seen on Nebraska field in a quarter century of football. Scores of experts and hundreds of fans, followers of the "Cornhusker" colors, today acclaim Knute Rockne the wizard of footballdom, for the dazzling speed and magic tactics which "Rock" developed won the day.

#### EARLY EFFORTS FUTILE.

The weather was slightly too warm; the field only fairly fast, but the game was clean and keen from whistle to whistle. The light-blue jersied "Catholics" fought with speed, strategy and brains against the giant "Cornhuskers," clad in red and backed with brawn, brains and thousands of frantic supporters. The first half proved a fight to a standstill. The big red

team blocked nearly a dozen aerial efforts launched by Gipp in an effort to break up a losing kicking duel. Finally, the Gipp-Castner-Barry combination opened a slashing off-tackle and end-run attack which carried the ball deep into Nebraska's territory. The drive ended when the red wall held with the ball two feet from the goal line. It seemed that Notre Dame was to be fooled, but "Buck" Shaw crashed through the line and blocked the punt that was to put the ball out of danger. A Nebraska man recovered behind the goal, scoring a safety for Notre Dame. The first quarter ended soon after.

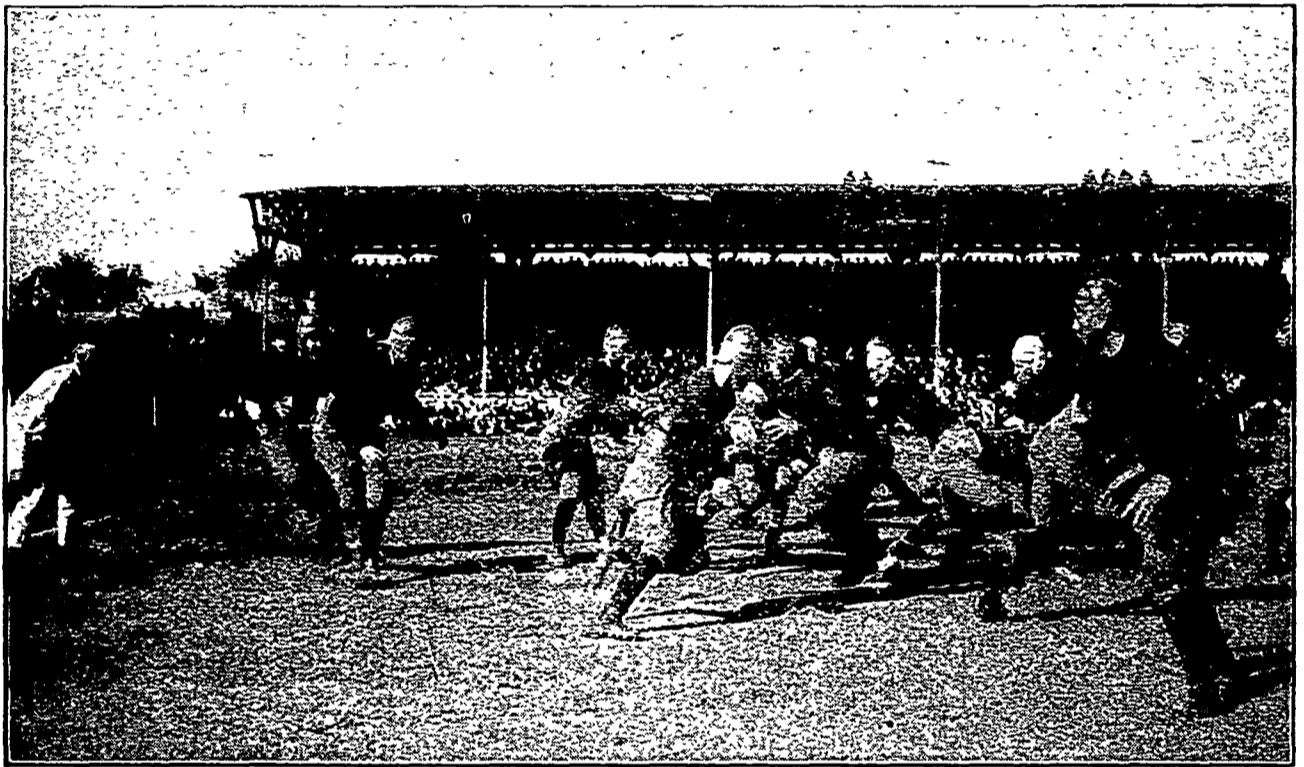
#### NEBRASKA SCORES.

Early in the second period the "Huskers" began a determined drive which sent the "red and white" backers into the wildest joy demonstrations ever witnessed on Nebraska Field. Weller recovered Gipp's freak punt on Notre Dame's thirty-four yard line. The giant backs then pushed the ball ten yards nearer to our goal; a pass netted sixty feet and put the ball on Notre Dame's three yard marker. At this point the great Hubka, a veritable superman physically, was rushed into the battle. Reports concerning his sojourn in a Lincoln sanitarium were scarcely verified, for he charged the "fighting Irish" defense and successfully registered a touchdown for Nebraska. The "Husker" celebration over the seven to two lead was brief. Rockne rushed his "speed kings" Mohardt and Wynne into the fray at this point and the battle was on in earnest. Both men pounded the line and skirted the wings in a manner that held the spectators breathless. A twenty yard penalty and Wynne's thirty-three yard gain off tackle brought the ball into Nebraska territory. A sensational aerial attack failed; Nebraska kicked the ball into mid field. Notre Dame again began the march down the field. Again they gave up the ball and began all over. A new aerial effort; Gipp to Anderson, netted sixty yards in two tries and brought the ball into the shadow of the Cornhuskers' goal. Another pass put the oval on the two yard line, Gipp made it one yard and "our own" Joe Brandy dove through the desperate red forwards for the touchdown. Gipp kicked the goal and Notre Dame took the lead never to be headed. The half ended just as Rock's men had taken the ball away from Nebraska and begun another long march. Notre Dame 9, Nebraska 7.



The third quarter saw some of the most brilliant action of the game. Nebraska, fighting desperately to regain the lead, were frequently penalized just as they got underway. It was in this period that the scrappy N. D. light weight forwards began to show their real worth in out-playing their heavier opponents. Time and time again the Nebraska backs were dropped in their tracks or thrown for losses. Forced to the kicking game, Nebraska was caught un-awares when Rockne's annual "surprise" was executed. Few recognized any semblance of the old high school trick when Brandy lay on the ground near the ball over which the center

Early in the fourth quarter Mohardt raced twenty-five yards from mid-field to Nebraska's fifteen yard line. But the "Cornhuskers" resisted the effort desperately and finally kicked the ball out of the danger zone. Castner and Coughlin started the march down the field again; Wynne smashed through the gaps made in the left side of the "Husker" line for twenty-eight yards stopping only when he slipped on the loose field while dodging the quarterback standing between him and the Nebraska goal. Hard luck, but he wasn't through. Two line smashes credited Wynne with eight yards and then Nebraska stopped Gipp. A drop kick



stood. The "Are you hurt badly Joe?" from Gipp prepared the Notre Dame line. Nebraska's eleven, intent on the anguished expressions of pain on Brandy's face, were dazed as Brandy hurled the ball to the waiting Gipp and the entire Notre Dame backfield swept down the field unmolested. Unfortunately, as the touchdown was registered, the referee's whistle blew announcing to the ten thousand breathless speechless and grief-stricken fans the disallowance of the play on grounds of holding when the play started. Nebraska fought with added desperation from then on, watchful for any tricks and breaks. It seemed as if the midget Gold and Blue line would give way before the red wave rush. Garvey, substituting for Captain Coughlin, proved his real metal under fire. Anderson and Smith battled against unusual odds in weight, but the line held. Notre Dame took the ball, revealing the finished quality of Mohardt and Coughlin as backs.

failed; Nebraska fought to midfield and died when Smith intercepted a long forward pass. Notre Dame then took the ball down the field for the last score. A Gipp to Barry pass netted twenty-five yards and put us in the danger zone with seven yards to go. Gipp ripped off-tackle and scored, making the total sixteen to seven. Nebraska fought on, Rockne rushed his reserves into the fray,—Grant, DeGree and Mehre. Mehre blocked a pass, a punt and recovered. Notre Dame again marched south. Forward passes were spent in showers, the ball changing hands on every second down. Nebraska was making the last desperate effort to score and Notre Dame was chancing one to add to the total. The fans, praying for the Nebraska forward pass to a touchdown, witnessed an exceptional aerial duel. Neither attack prevailed and a few minutes later the final whistle blew with Rockne's men the winners.

The lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME, 16		NEBRASKA, 7
Kiley	Left End	Swanson
Coughlin, (c)	Left Tackle	Pucelik
H. Anderson	Left Guard	W. Munn
Larson	Center	Day, (c)
Smith	Right Guard	M. Munn
Shaw	Right Tackle	Weller
H. Anderson	Right End	Scherer
Brandy	Quarterback	Newman
Gipp	Left Halfback	Hartley
Barry	Right Halfback	Wright
Castner	Fullback	Dale

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Wynne for Castner; Mohardt for Barry; and Hayes for Kiley; D. Coughlin for Mohardt; Garvey for F. Coughlin; Voss for Shaw; Grant for Brandy; Prokup for Hayes; Mehre for Larson, Degree for Smith. Nebraska—Hubka for Hartley; Howarth for Wright; Schoepel for Howarth, Moore for Hubka; Rogers for Dale; Thompson for Rogers.

Touchdowns—Hubka, Brandy, Gipp.  
Goal from touchdown—Day 1, Gipp 2.  
Safety—Weller.

Score by periods:

Notre Dame.....	2	7	0	7	—16
Nebraska.....	0	7	0	0	—7

Referee—A. Field, Michigan University. Umpire—Dr. Anderson, Missouri University. Field Judge—Gus Graham, Michigan University. Head linesman—Jay Wyatt, Missouri University.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE GAME.

Five thousand Nebraska students paraded the streets of Lincoln on Friday evening before the game and finally assembled at the Hotel Lincoln, where the Notre Dame team were guests. Led by the university band, lighted by a multitude of torch lights and urged by their cheer leaders they staged a "pep" demonstration that will never be forgotten by Coach Rockne and his band. Coach Rockne responded to the clamors for a speech and told them what a great pleasure it always is for Notre Dame to visit Lincoln. Captain Coughlin was then cheered and through a megaphone informed the thousands below his balcony position that he was sure they were backing their team to the limit, that Nebraska would fight. But he reminded them of the thousands that were praying for a Notre Dame victory, whose support never faltered even in defeat, and he said, "Men and women of Nebraska, we are going to be true to them, we are going to whip you tomorrow." The crowd growled and surged. Brandy and Gipp were cheered and called for but could not be found. Scores of fraternities, sororities and business houses displayed large banners legended "Beat Notre Dame," "Cornhuskers, Whip The Irish." They soon disappeared, after the game.

OFF-SIDE.

They attempted to marry old Widow Defeat to Notre Dame and a certain dashing young fellow named Mr. Victory to Nebraska between halves, but neither

party seemed agreeable and reversed the English before the ceremony had been performed very long.

A gaily decorated wagon, colors red and white, waited patiently in the corner of the field during the afternoon. Nebraska had planned to escort their heroes through the city in event of victory.

Notre Dame's advantage throughout the game is proved by statistics of the fray as compiled by "Cy" Sherman, the veteran sporting editor of the Lincoln Star. First Downs: Notre Dame, 13; Nebraska, 6. Yardage from Scrimmage: Notre Dame, 425 yds.; Nebraska, 135 yds. Penalties: Notre Dame, 70 yds.; Nebraska, 80 yds. Forward Passes: Notre Dame, 10 for 125 yds., failed on 18; Nebraska, 4 for 39 yds., failed on 14. Kicks Returned: Notre Dame, 85 yds.; Nebraska, 42 yds.

A spectator from Omaha remarked upon the size of the Nebraska team and a Lincoln farmer responded. "We gotta grow 'em that big in Nebraska so we can pick the corn."

During the entertainment by the "Razz parade" Brandy was called upon for a speech but failed to respond because he feared Bill Bryan had turned out for the occasion.

It's going to be a hard winter in Nebraska judging from the scarcity of Nebraska money before the game. The Cornhuskers' supporters wanted to make investments, not wagers. The only way they would place a bet was that N. D. would not win by a margin of 16 points.—STARRETT-DEGREE.

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INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Brownson.....	3	0	1.000
Corby.....	2	0	1.000
Badin.....	2	1	.667
Walsh.....	1	1	.500
Sorin.....	1	2	.333
Carroll.....	0	2	.000
City Residents.....	0	3	.000

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Because Loyola of Chicago outweighed Carroll considerably, and because, it is said, Loyola happened to foretell every play, Carroll Hall's trip to Loyola on Saturday did not result in a victory. Loyola won 20 to 3, "Louie" Walsh's kick gaining the three. About 6,000 watched the Loyola right tackle, Pyatt, break through the Carroll line, watched "Tom" Golsen make gains on off-tackle plays, and watched the heroic efforts of Captain "Dick" DeCorps, Connell, Lamont and Walsh, doing their best to win the game for Carroll.

But despite the fact that Carroll men lost, they say that the treatment received was commendable. Athletic Director Sullivan and Coach Grover Malone, an old Notre Dame man, were in charge of the arrangements, and they received Rev. John Kelly, C. S. C., and his eleven royally.—H. W. FLANNERY.

### Safety Valve.

And its a cinch that if we lost the Nebraska game some of the students would have to McSwiney it for two weeks.

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#### HOW HORRID!

The Fair One—I don't know much about football, but I will say that the stockings worn by the Notre Dame Freshmen are most unbecoming.

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PROFESSOR—Have you all the geometry problems this morning?

STUDENT—No, sir.

PROFESSOR—Why not?

STUDENT—You told us to do only five.

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#### THE OPEN SEASON.

Beware, dear Carrollite, go not outside,  
The piercing wind of Autumn keenly cuts;  
And even if you should not feel the cold  
Beware! because it is the time for nuts.

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The velvet plush electric chair will be awarded to the student who finds it necessary to receive the returns of games at a cigar store in town instead of staying with the crowd on Cartier Field.

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#### IT IS TO LAUGH.

PROFESSOR.—Do you favor the League of Nations?

STUDENT.—Is Ruth with that league?

PROFESSOR.—Ruth who?

STUDENT.—Babe.

PROFESSOR.—Get those silly girls off your mind Mr. — or you'll never be able to do any serious study.

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Late permissions at Notre Dame are very much like Unicorns—"There ain't no such things."

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#### QUICK WATSON!

In looking over the student directory of this year we find three Hamms and not a single Egg; a Judie and no Punch; a Long and no Short; a Dohr and two Lockes but no Key; a Fry and a Boyle but no Roast; a Young but no Old; a Ford but no Driver; a Baker but no Doe; a Hand and Foote but no Head.

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#### STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Prefect of Discipline noticing a youth smoking a cigarette on the front porch of the Main Building asked him whether or not he was a student, but the inspired youth replied, "No, I room in Badin Hall."

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#### DEAR ME!

"Isn't it just too dear for anything," she said, as she held the sparkling necklace in the palm of her white hand?

"I'll say it is," replied her husband looking at the price tag upon it. "It's the dearest thing I ever saw."

"There you are," she said beginning to cry, "always looking at the sordid, material side instead of trying to see the beauty of it all."

"There," he returned, patting her on the cheek, "don't cry any more and I'll do my best to see the

beautiful side of this affair. You, also, will have to explain to the low, material-headed collector when he comes that he mustn't think of such an unlovely thing as money."

"I don't think you love me like you used to," she sobbed as she toyed with the pupil of his eye."

"I certainly do," he chirruped back. "You are the dearest little wife on Earth."

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#### SO HAVE WE.

Have you heard Theodore Kuss in Badin Hall?

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We believe that Labor's candidate for President has more Christian in him than either Cox or Harding.

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#### SHE TOLD ME SO.

After all it doesn't matter much what class marks a student gets if he wears a fashionable tie and has pretty hair.

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#### FOOT OR AUTO?

We were just wondering whether she preferred to have James Walker or Henry Reider. Both are students R. O. T. C. (Residing off the Campus).

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#### WHO STOLE MY SOAP?

A fellow who will take a chance will take other things.

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Despite the watchfulness of the prefects there's a Rauh over in Badin Hall every night.

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#### THE BLOWERS.

A Society for the prevention of hot Soup has been formed in Sorin Hall. See the presidents of the political clubs.

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A beautiful pair of handmade sandpaper sox and two fancy cactus garters go to the student who can tell us off hand what warts are for.

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#### WOMANLY TENDERNES.

"After all," she said, as she quickly dropped a telephone slug into the collection box, "the suffering Austrians are deserving of help."

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#### PROBABLY CASSEROLE.

From a menu in a local hotel we copy the following: "Chicken a la King in Camisole"—which is to say what?

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#### RAH, RAH!

The Democrats give us a Schock,

The steel-trust has its Andy;

Let N. D. Wynn, says grand old Rock,

With Logan-Barry Brandy.

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#### BOY, PAGE LANDIS!

"No, ma'am," said the corner-grocer as he shook his soft green eyes to and fro, "I ain't no red Dago!"

Nodding her graceful curly head, she asked, "Haf you any raisin, Jack?"

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#### WHY NOT BE POLITE.

The student who lives "from hand to mouth" should use a fork.