

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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No. 8.

## Initiation.

E. M. J.

HE that never in his arms has taken  
The lovely form of her whose name is Woe,  
And felt his inmost curtains lifted, shaken,  
Has yet himself and all the world to know.

## Luigi Gregori—Notre Dame's Artist.

RAYMOND M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23.

The following story of the great Painter's American career is, we believe, the first authoritative account that has been written of a man to whom Notre Dame owes much.

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon of July 30, 1874. The bell in the tower of the Church of the Sacred Heart boomed a lusty welcome, and the twenty three notes of the chimes sent forth a thanksgiving prayer. Father Sorin had returned safely from Europe. A short ten weeks before, he and Brother Vincent had left New York City as members of the First American Pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome. But now, with the two returning pilgrims who stepped from the train at the little station between Notre Dame and St. Mary's, there was a third party, an Italian gentleman. This individual excited not a little curiosity. "Who is this man?" everybody asked. "Is he an artist?" They assured themselves that he was. The architectural work of the Church was practically completed, and yet, no one had been secured to decorate it. Luigi Gregori was then introduced. He was a man of medium stature, of "fine appearance, with fiery, black eyes and white hair." He was an artist, a distinguished artist. Already he had worked with the pallet and brush for more than forty years. Father Sorin had secured his services in Rome in a most interesting manner. One day that summer during an audience with Pius IX., Father Sorin told the Holy Father of the church which was being erected at Notre

Dame, and said that he was looking for a good artist. "Take Gregori," responded the Pope. "He is just finishing some work here for Monsignor de Merode. You will find his work thoroughly satisfactory." The beautiful portrait of the Holy Father which the artist had just finished justified the statement beyond a doubt. Two other friends of Father Sorin, Cardinals Barnabo and Franchi, also recommended the artist. In fact Cardinal Franchi introduced the two strangers. The result of their meeting was that Gregori signed a contract to come to Notre Dame for three years to execute fourteen panel paintings on the Way of the Cross.

When Gregori arrived at Notre Dame he had already completed his fifty-fifth year. He was a native of Bologna, a city which had produced a Guido Reni, a Francia, and a Carraccis. At the age of fourteen he entered the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. Five years later he journeyed to Florence and Rome, in which cities he spent a great deal of his time studying the old masterpieces. In fact he became widely recognized as an expert in identifying the original paintings of the masters. Because of this ability, he was engaged in compiling *The Raccolta*, a catalogue of the best paintings from the origin of art to his own day. During the first years of his life, however, he had made a serious study of colors. His portraits and frescoes at the University of Notre Dame bear testimony to his skill in the art of mixing pigments. Shortly before his departure for America, the Holy Father favored the artist with three sittings for his official portrait. This painting—which now hangs in the University parlors, was his best work up to that time and was, perhaps, the last thing he did before coming to Notre Dame.

Professor Gregori, as he was called, soon accommodated himself to his new surroundings. Within a month after his arrival he began to decorate the interior of the Church. His first

work was the fresco of an angel, one of the many that now look down from the starry blue ceiling. The first fruit was most pleasing to everyone, and, to quote from the SCHOLASTIC of that time, it "afforded a pleasant anticipation of the glories of the new Church as it was to be." He continued this work with great rapidity until the end of November. At this time his real work began,—the painting of the Stations. Before the end of December, the first two were completed. Naturally all the art-enthusiasts at the University

were more than pleased. The rapidity and ease with which the artist labored was a subject of widespread admiration. "It was easy for him," said an acquaintance, "to do one of the Stations within a week, if he was in the mood for painting." The Stations, however, were not completed until two years later. In the meantime Gregori finished a number of fine portrait paintings among them that of Father Sorin, which now hangs in the University parlors. Then, too, his work in the Church occupied a great deal of his time. He knew that the Stations were to be his most important accomplishment. He seemed to busy himself at other employments until his inspirations were of the best. Then he would turn with his pallet and brush to the studio, and, in an amazingly short time, another Station would be completed. A criticism of the art of the Station would be wholly out of place in so short a work as this, and especially on the part of one whose knowledge of art is meagre. Yet, it is well to know that many able persons have said that, as a whole, the



Stations are Gregori's best work. Particularly true is this of the Fourth and Twelfth Stations. During the World's Columbian Exhibition in Chicago these two paintings attracted not a little attention. The artist himself thought that they were superior to the other twelve.

As has been said Gregori spent the greater part of his time decorating the Church. Very much of this work was done hurriedly, yet some of it is most worthy of consideration. A modern artist of note has declared that Gregori's copy

of Raphael's "Disputa," which hangs above the altar in the Chapel of the Relics, is "perhaps his most pleasing work." There is an interesting anecdote connected with this painting which will not be out of place here. In the Hall of the Segnatura at the Vatican where the original work of the famous Urbino artist hangs, it is not customary to allow artists to study the painting except during definite hours and at a definite distance. In the case of Gregori, however,

a special permission was obtained by Cardinal Niña, a near relative of the artist's wife, which allowed him a greater length of time than others and did not restrict him to any distance. Hence it is said that his copy from the "Disputa" possesses an exactness not to be found in that of others. Another of Gregori's paintings that has received very favorable comment is "The Exaltation of the Holy Cross," an original work on the ceiling in the rear of the Church. Gregori showed extraordinary tact, and the work also was done very rapidly. For a great part of the time the artist painted with a brush in each hand. It

is said by one who frequently visited him during the execution of this work, that he seldom left the scaffold to observe from below how the painting was progressing. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of proportions. He could paint a face on the ceiling and tell without leaving his scaffold how it would appear from the floor sixty feet below. There is, however, an interesting story which shows that the artist's eye failed him on one occasion. After Gregori had completed the painting in the rotunda of the Dome in the present Administration Building and the scaffold had been removed, he noticed an unfinished face. A few strokes of the brush would complete the picture. But what was he to do? He could not have the scaffold erected again merely to rectify an oversight which few people would ever notice; yet he would not allow the painting to remain unfinished. Taking a long bamboo pole he fastened a brush on the smaller end and went to the highest accessible point in the Dome. Then, standing on the balustrade, he steadied himself with one hand and with a few strokes finished the picture.

Fortunately the Church remained untouched by the fire which, on April 23, 1879, destroyed most of the buildings at Notre Dame. The ruins of the old Administration Building had hardly ceased smouldering before they were cleared away to make place for the present structure, and before September of that year it was sufficiently completed to receive students. It was late in 1881, however, before Gregori could begin his famous mural paintings of the Columbian Group. The first of this group, that of Columbus, was begun towards the middle of November that year, and before New Year's Day it was completed. The other pictures of the group were finished within the next three or four years. The painting entitled, "Columbus' Return and Reception at Court," is thought by many to be the best of the group. It was used by the United States Government as a design for the ten cent stamp at the time of the Columbian Exhibition. Pictures of this painting were also used to advertise the exhibition, and were for many years sold on postcards. Aside from these facts, the paintings of the Columbian Group have a very practical interest for us. At the time they were being painted, Gregori conceived the idea that by working the portraits of his friends into the paintings, the men who helped to make Notre

Dame would possess a lasting reminder of those pioneers. And so it is that to-day one may look upon real portraits of Father Stoffel, Professor Lyons, Professor Stace, Professor Edwards, Gregori himself, and Father Neyron. Of the latter there is an interesting story which will not be out of place here. Father Neyron when young had been a physician and had fought under Napoleon at Waterloo. Later he became a priest and came to America. After many years of faithful service in St. Louis, Missouri, he came to Notre Dame. The old priest had a great dislike for portraits and would never permit anyone to paint his. Gregori knew this, but when he was painting "The Death of Columbus," the thought struck him that Father Neyron's portrait would be just what he could use. So one day at dinner, while one of Gregori's friends diverted the attention of the old priest, the artist rapidly sketched on an envelope the principal features of his face. When the picture was completed, a monk, whose face was no other than that of Father Neyron, stood gazing at the dying discoverer, with a cowl drawn over his head, a cane in his hand, his back slightly stooped. It is the only known portrait of the famous old priest who, seven decades before, had fought for Napoleon at Waterloo.

In the early Nineties Gregori's work at Notre Dame was nearly completed. The Church had yielded to the persuasive touches of his brush. The cold walls of the Administration Building had taken on brightness and warmth from the paintings of the Columbian Group. St. Edward's Hall had been favored with his artistic tints. For nearly seventeen years he had endeavored to make Notre Dame a center of art. A decade before, he had discovered at the University an original painting by Van Dyke, the Flemish artist, entitled "The Crucifixion," which now hangs in the Notre Dame Art Gallery. His work was indeed at an end. Then, too, *Italia* was calling him. With the spring the call became clearer and more urgent. At Easter time, 1891, he could resist no longer the call of home and country, and he left Notre Dame never to return. On arriving in Italy, Gregori and his daughter Fanny made their residence in Florence, in the shadow of the masterpieces of the world. Old as he was, however, he would not lay aside his pallet and brush. They had been his intimate friends during six decades of his life,

and he would not abandon them when the end was drawing near. They were to serve him for at least two more paintings. Soon after his arrival in Florence he executed his famous work, "The Discovery of America," which was purchased and brought to Chicago where it still remains. The other painting, "The Nativity," now hangs in the University Art Gallery at Notre Dame. Three years after Gregori's return to Italy, an acquaintance from Notre Dame called on him in Florence. The old artist so courteously and cordially entertained his guest, that the latter wrote the following sketch of this delightful part of his visit to Europe: "I have heard that acquaintances at home are friends abroad, and the courtesy and cordial kindness lavished upon me in *Firenza la bella* has abundantly verified the dictum." This acquaintance was perhaps the last one from Notre Dame to see Gregori. Early in 1896 he started his last painting, but he did not live to finish it. On June 6 he passed away at the age of seventy seven.

It is twenty-five years since Gregori died, but in that time he has received some of the recognition which is his due. The city of Florence has placed his name on the bronze memorial tablet which bears the names of her famous men. With praise for him on their lips, numerous visitors daily behold his work at Notre Dame University and the few favored spots in America which possess his frescoes. In Italy, even during his lifetime, "Gregori had become a household word." If this high opinion of him was held in the land of his birth, how much greater should it be in the land of his labors! Gregori will always be remembered at Notre Dame as a most courteous gentleman. His lessons of exactness can never be forgotten. A look at his paintings precludes it. Although many of them were done very hurriedly, yet, the details of the others have been carefully executed. Indeed, Notre Dame was fortunate to secure such an artist to embellish her walls, and if she ever ceases to honor Gregori as her own son, she will be unworthy of the treasures of his intellect and energy which she now possesses. The mutual interest of the artist and Notre Dame has been aptly expressed in the SCHOLASTIC at the time of his death: "Gregori's heart was at Notre Dame, and the splendid tints of his frescoes must fade, and his glowing canvases fall into dust, before his name will lapse from the memory of Notre Dame men."

### Varsity Verse.

DEOR'S LAMENT.

(After Prohibition.)

It can't  
Forever be  
That joy must measure no jot  
Or tittle more than half of one  
Per cent.—S. J.

LOCHINVAR—1920 MODEL

Young Lochinvar came out of the West  
To meet the army clan.  
He cleaned 'em up and beat 'em down;  
The gang yelled:

"He's a man  
Who's a man?  
He's a Notre Dame man.  
Coughlin! Coughlin! Coughlin!"—F. W.

### THE MEETING.

My arm brushed you in passing by,  
And swinging on, I trilled a song;  
For you were old and I was strong.

Now 'neath the tenting grass we lie,  
To meet again in a vaster throng  
My arm brushed you in passing by,  
And swinging on, I trilled a song.

Green youth and yellow years must die,  
Them to the ghostly hosts ally  
And bide the doomsday's trysting cry.  
My arm brushed you in passing by,  
And swinging on, I trilled a song.—L. V. K.

### MY ORATORY.

In the chapel of my heart  
There's an altar set apart,  
Where I worship the Madonna by the hour.  
There I steal from life's commotion  
To light candles of devotion,  
Or at Milady's feet to lay a flower.  
Choirs angelic softly strumming  
Sound a song when she is coming  
And I bare my love, my soul, when she is near.  
In the incense-laden air  
Her sweet spirit hears my prayer  
And she strengthens me and quiets every fear.  
So I beg of Notre Dame  
When my name is known to fame  
That I'll always have this sanctuary,—old though I be  
grown.  
Though the Gods of Glory crowd me,  
Or though sorrow should enshroud me,  
May I have this little chapel of my own.  
In a corner of my heart  
There's a chapel hid apart  
Where I worship the Madonna by the hour.  
Oft I steal from Life's commotion  
To light candles of devotion,  
Or at Milady's throne to lay a flower.—W. M. O'K.

## Fudge in the Day-Coach.

BY BROTHER THEOPHILUS, C. S. C.

It was a Thanksgiving eve when Harold Sanders boarded the 1:30 New York Central train in South Bend. He was on his way to Amourville, Ohio, a little country place where his parents lived. This was his first year at Notre Dame; his memory was filled with the wonders he had seen at the University, and these he would pour into the eager ears of his father, mother, and sisters when they would gather around the fire place to spend a quiet evening. More anxious was he to be home that particular Thanksgiving for he had heard that his cousin, Evelyn Adair, was coming from Chicago to spend the week-end with his mother. He had seen her but once, when she was only a girl of six years; but this was fully fourteen years ago and time had long ago effaced her image from his memory.

The train was well on its way before he finally found a vacant seat in the crowded coach, but now that he was comfortably seated, he cast a glance at the travelers about him. There was the usual run of persons he had daily seen on the streets of cities. A young lady, not more than twenty years of age, sat in front of him. In her care was a little boy scarcely five years old. Having satisfied his curiosity as to his surroundings, he opened a magazine and began mechanically to turn over its pages.

To the boy, meanwhile, the monotony of the travel had grown tedious. He rose to his feet and putting his little arms about the girl's neck, asked:

"When shall we be at aunty's?"

"Soon, Arthur, soon," she replied. "Now sit down like a good little boy and Ellen will like you."

"Don't Ellen like me?" the boy pleaded, pressing his baby face against her pink cheek, "Don't Ellen like me?"

"Yes, Arthur, Ellen loves her little brother," she assured him.

Harold could not help smiling with satisfaction at this picture of mutual affection. He liked the girl at first sight, he liked the neat way in which her hair was combed, he admired her clear high forehead, the delicate nose, and the fine curves of the well formed neck and chin. "She is the boy's sister," he thought,

and smiled again at the recollection of the scene he had just witnessed.

He looked out of the window. The distant fields lay golden in the afternoon sun; the yellow corn-shocks stood like lonely wigwams that awaited the return of the Indian warriors; the broad woods, stripped of their foliage, stretched like gray walls against the blue sky.

Harold looked back, and his eyes met the searching gaze of the boy who had now turned facing him directly. "Who would not love such a cupid," Harold remarked, as he noticed Arthur's large dark eyes and the dark-brown hair.

"How is the little man?" he asked with a smile.

The girl's cheek reddened. She turned toward the window. The passing flashes of green and yellow light played upon her white face, touching it with hues of a summer-morning sky.

Encouraged by the smile, the boy put out his hand. After shaking it, Harold gave him the magazine. The boy felt at home now; he slid quickly into the green plush seat and the next instant was safely seated at Harold's side.

The girl turned her head quickly and appeared to be alarmed, but this expression soon vanished; she smiled and resumed her former position.

"See," the boy exclaimed gleefully, kicking up his tiny feet, "Ellen likes you."

Harold looked up. A crimson glow spread from the girl's cheek to her ears and down her neck. He felt embarrassed. A strange warmth came over his face, and his heart thumped with excitement. He looked down on the boy and caught his eyes fixed upon him.

"Look at your face, Mister," the boy remarked in a tone full of surprise, "It's all red."

Harold almost wished that the train were wrecked that very instant.

"Shut up!" he whispered, taking the boy's chubby face into his hands. "Listen now, be a good little fellow, and I'll tell you a story."

"O, yes, a story,—but how must I call you?"

"Call me Harold. But now listen to the story."

At this point he found himself out of ready material for a story. The only bit of narrative that survived the shock of his present position was the following, which he had heard several times from the lips of his mother.

"One warm summer afternoon, he began, "a lady was preparing to go riding with her



daughter. The little girl was fond of riding in a buggy, so she quickly jumped into it; but just as her mother was to step in, the horse suddenly started into a wild gallop."

"Gee, that's going to be great," commented the boy. The next instant he was down on the floor, and grasping Harold by the hand he pulled him, saying:

"Come along. I want Ellen to hear the story."

"But this is only for you," Harold protested.

"You must come," the boy insisted; "Ellen likes such stories."

Harold glanced at her. The pleasant smile with which she greeted him gave him assurance of his welcome. Moreover, the situation was now becoming somewhat public, and he must needs do something to distract the attention of a dozen curious spectators. He accordingly seated himself next to the girl. The boy crawled quickly on her lap and said:

"Now go ahead. Ellen, listen."

She placed her arms about the boy's waist and sat in an attitude of a respectful listener. From his position Harold was still more impressed with her beauty: the thin curved eyebrows, the dark silken eye-lashes that rose and fell over her dark lustrous eyes, the delicate lips and the round chin—all bespoke a sympathetic and loving nature, a woman with whom he felt he could forever live in peace and happiness.

She moved slightly; she knew he was watching her. He at once resumed the story.

"Far down the road," continued Harold confused slightly because of his lack of propriety,—“a farmer boy, no more than fourteen years old, was returning from school. Seeing the horse rush towards him, the lad at once realized the situation. Casting his books aside, he ran down the road. When the horse drew up along side of him, he seized the bridle and tightened the bit with such force that the horse reared and stopped. The little girl was saved.”

During the narrative Ellen had pressed the boy more and more closely to herself, as though fearing the approach of some invisible danger. The story finished, she relaxed her hold, gave a slight sigh of relief and looked fully towards Harold.

He read the question in her eyes. "This really happened to my little cousin when she was still living on a farm," he explained.

Little Arthur had meanwhile slipped to the floor and now stood still musing over the story.

"Would you save me like that?" he asked, turning towards Harold.

"I certainly would," answered Harold fervently, taking both of the boys hands into his own.

"I like you," the boy said to him earnestly. Then turning to his sister, he added:

"You like Mister Harold, don't you, Ellen?"

A happy smile illumined her face as she offered her hand to Harold Sanders, saying:

"I am Evelyn Adair, of Chicago."

Clapping his hands cheerfully, the boy jumped towards them, exclaiming triumphantly:

"I knew you'd like each other!"

### Shopping.

HENRY FANNAN, '24.

The art of buying is but little developed in the manly male, and consequently, the pleasure which it gives him is comparable only to that rapture furnished by such occupations as rebuilding the furnace fire on a cold, cold morning.

A man upon whom has devolved the necessity of procuring spotless raiment enters a store at random. Intuition, or perhaps past experience, fills him with foreboding. Worrying lest he offend the clerk or consume too much of his time, he makes a selection with the speed of an olympic hurdler, and beats a swift retreat.

This purchase, upon a closer and more leisurely examination, is usually found to be too large or small or possibly of an unsatisfactory hue or texture. Providing that the article is at all permissible in twentieth century society, the unfortunate owner generally gets what use he can of it with as much resignation as possible.

But what does the gentleman do when a garment is absolutely unacceptable? Does he at once resort to that privilege which is the joy of the lady shopper, namely the exchange system? Unless he is of an unusually intrepid nature, he does not. One ordeal has been sufficient without returning for further torture. He determines to bear this loss and never to enter in the future the store responsible for the outrage. The latter determination will probably be forgotten within the year.

The terrible ordeal, varying only in circumstances, is repeated many times in the course of a lifetime. But the end seems always to find

the same vacillating, cowardly shopper that existed in youth. Some day perhaps man may assert himself and the old order will change.

Who knows?

No doubt, we have too much respect for the professional jargon of the gentle salesman who for twelve long years has met before the mirror every shape of man or substitute, and who never yet has lowered his voice. Listening to this Circe, we believe that a thirty dollar suit looks like the latest creation of Morgan's exclusive tailor; that unless we purchase the particular article which this exalted authority has destined for us, the family will give us a cold shoulder, old cronies will never be the same, and even the sun will have to go into a total eclipse. Someday somebody—at least in the movies—will foil this magic tongue; somebody will dash into a store, speak the occult formula, the spell will be broken and Man forever delivered from the serfdom of the salesman.

#### The Candy Man.

'Mid the squabble and noise of the minim candy store, I found Brother Leopold, calm and deliberate as reason among the wild ranting of irresponsible bluster. And in the unconscious respect which the wild youngsters tendered him I found a theory for the keen eye, steady voice and simply wonderful vitality of this octogenarian who speaks of Father Sorin with a loving respect, dates his events from the great fire of '79 and takes you back in spirit to another age—the living past of Notre Dame.

He spoke with amusement of the scene with Father Sorin which resulted in the foundation of the *Avz Maria*. It seems that the Founder had long intended starting a magazine to honor the Blessed Virgin; and hailed Brother Leopold as an answer to his prayer for a printer. To the objection of the Brother that printing was very hard on his back Father Sorin was deaf; and as the very next applicant was also a printer, providence settled the matter and the first *Avz Maria* was published in May of "'65."

Brother Leopold taught music for 35 years until 1900. During this time he was at various times assistant postmaster, director of the choir and from 1893 to 1900 had full charge of the confections, of which he speaks with the apparent love of an artist for his instrument.

When we left the candy store, this wise man of the 84 years set a faster pace than my normal

one; and as he bade me good bye and moved off in the rain for the community house, I watched him out of sight in sheer respect for the spirit of the MAN; in his steady stride I saw the same devotion to duty which had moved him in his 56 years at Notre Dame; and with his dimming figure, the shadowy past seemed returning to its grave of printed page.—F. W.

#### The Furrows.

Old Dobbin pricked up his ears, hunched his shoulders, and threw himself forward. The iron share bit deep into the mellow earth. John brushed his hair in its place, spoke to the horse, and smiled as he stepped along behind the lurching form.

John was beginning a good work,—he knew that. The field which he was plowing would lay, waiting, all the white winter long. In the spring, the spear shafts of the young wheat would appear, open into waving adolescence, and ripen under the spell of June. Then would come the threshers and two weeks of intense work, when the crop would be on its way to the mills.

"A year from now," he thought, "somewhere in the world, kiddies will be munching the bread made from the wheat of this field."

He spoke to Old Dobbin, and smiled.

His was the silent enthusiasm of the morning—the conscious power of the fall.

Before him stretched an unbroken field, tapering off to a distant forest, hazy in the early sunlight. Behind him, a straight furrow of ripe, black earth lay spilt upon the grey brown crust.—V. E.

#### Thoughts.

IGNORANCE is bliss but seldom salvation.

WHAT so rare as a class without absentees?

No real saint ever thought himself saintly.

Too much confidence is worse than not enough.

It takes more than a chew to make a ball-player.

H. C. L. is batting a thousand in the League of Nations.

WITH many "Remember thy last end" becomes "Remember thy end last."

BE careful that your ambition takes you up the ladder, not down.

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As you sit in your snug little room (if you're lucky enough to have one) and read the newspaper theories on Bolshevism, social unrest and parasitic pro-  
**Bring Home the Bacon.** fiteering, perhaps you never stop to theorize on your own case. Are you a parasite or aren't you? Your Dad sent you here to study: to give you the means of success; to make you a man strong enough to administer the K. O. blow to weakness and debility. Are you a collegiate success? And nota bene, old boy, that a facile tongue, a suave manner, ability to do the camel walk and to stroll into the Oliver Lobby and have the girl at the cigar stand call you by your first name,—all this isn't the measure of a successful college course. If you aren't hitting on all twelve in an endeavor to hitch your wagon to a star you're a parasite, pure and simple. Very simple. Somebody who probably never answered "here" in a logic classroom expressed a great truth when he said, "A mother has two boys; the one she has, and the one she thinks she has." Which are you? This isn't a lot of platitudinous piffle. It's fact. Christmas isn't far away and your Dad has an unexpressed wish that you give him some sort of yuletide present. The fact that you make the Glee Club or are elected High Mogul of your state club means little to your folks. They have one and only one criterion by which they can judge your work at Notre Dame. . . your report card. Give the folks a Christmas

present of a 'maxima cum laude' array of marks. If they ask what those three words mean, tell them that it can be liberally interpreted as "Your boy brought home the bacon." Go over the top in these impending exams.

—W. M. O'K.

The home-coming was everything that is implied by the word: the boys certainly came and they surely felt at home. Delegations from Chicago, from Pittsburg, from Indian-Home. apolis, from New York were interspersed with smaller representations from every place where there are Notre Dame fellows who could leave work. In a great many ways the festivities were the best ever, from the snake-dance on Friday evening to the leave-taking on Sunday night. The game was good, although Purdue is a little weaker this year than usual; and what a crowd! But the finest thing about it all was the old spirit of the school, which glistened in the eyes of every fellow who came back. Notre Dame needs its alumni in these times of expansion, of unparalleled opportunity and success and Notre Dame is sure of those alumni. Theirs is no transitory allegiance, no outburst of the hour. Every student on the campus felt that there is something unusually alive in the "grads," every visitor was impressed with the same thing. It's our duty, it's our only way of expressing thanks, to say that we hope to witness every year a similar home-coming, and that we wish every alumnus as many fond memories as his heart can hold. So long!—E. B. D.

The education of Engineers differs materially from the education of students in the other professional courses. According to the present system in universities and technical colleges, the Engineer and His Education. engineer is schooled chiefly in scientific and mechanical work, missing to a great extent that element of education which goes toward making a man socially well-informed.

Should an engineer be confined closely to the technical side of his training, or must the successful designer of the future be a man of broad and vast learning that is socially applicable? The higher education of engineers is not merely intended to fit the student for work in the shops when he will apply what has been taught him, but is supposed to fit him for



positions of importance where he will associate with other prominent men who are not necessarily engineers. Many are the engineers who wish for the "talkativeness" of the lawyer, the journalist, or the ordinary business man. Assuredly, they know engineering work from beginning to end but often, at a meeting with men of other vocations, they are lost in the melee of the discussion.

Practically the same thing happens to the student engineer at the university. How many engineers have been class-presidents? How many have been active leaders in the social spirit of the school? Generally, it is assumed that leaders must, first of all, be talkers, organizers, and then be able to do these things convincingly. The student engineer must therefore be educated in public speaking. He should be given the chance to, be obliged to, set forth his knowledge of facts before groups of fellow students in the class room. Engineering societies and clubs should flourish more than ever. The engineer must be the social as well as the intellectual equal of the lawyer. The complete education of the engineer demands it; the world demands it, and the aspirations of every man's soul cry out for it.—J. H.

Approximately three hundred and fifty students have been forced to seek quarters outside of the University. "Day dodging" even when one lives

**The Housing Situation.** with one's family involves considerable loss of time, but when one is forced to seek board and room in a perfectly strange town, the obstacles encountered can scarcely be overestimated. Most of the places where men are staying do not serve meals; although the noon-day lunch is served at the university, the difficulty concerning the other meals will continue, with the result that the student must oftentimes walk a half mile or so to the nearest restaurant and return before he is able to commence his work. His schedule is interrupted morning and night. While the minimum time for these very necessary operations in themselves involves great loss, the maximum, too, must be reckoned with, for youth does not always seek the shortest line between two points when the tangents are beset with movies, Lilliard rooms, and dance halls.

Again, many young men desirous of a Notre Dame training are obliged to go elsewhere

because of inadequate housing facilities. The institution cannot be blamed for this as its growth has exceeded all expectations. The obvious thing for the day students to do is to organize themselves into clubs where the boys can eat and sleep. It has been done elsewhere; why not here? It would stimulate still further the growth of the University and would make possible by contact that which is missing for non-resident students under present conditions—friendship and college spirit. Let's show a little organizing spirit, R. O. T. C.—E. C.

"The relation of Church and State should not be union or complete separation, but simply co-operation." This is the thesis which

Father William A. Bolger presented before the local Council of the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday evening. He argued that, since the State is supreme in matters concerning the temporal welfare of the people, and since the Church is supreme in matters concerning the eternal welfare of the people, when a matter comes under the jurisdiction of both institutions through its concern with both the temporal and eternal welfare of the people, any policy but cooperation is harmful. These observations were made in reference to the assertion of James Hamilton, president of the Wayne County Welfare League, that the proposed Michigan Amendment which he is sponsoring will benefit America by securing complete separation of Church and State. In matters of religion the child has a right to a religious education; the parents have the right to choose that religion: the Church has the right to provide religious education for its members. On the other hand, the State is certainly justified in prescribing the curriculum of studies which its citizens must follow for their own temporal welfare. Here we have joint control exercised over the single function of education—here the policy of complete separation of Church and State as advocated by the Wayne County Welfare League is impossible if the rights of both institutions are to be respected. The only method to follow is that of co-operation.—M. J. T.

Man is in a measure a creature of environment, but he need not be a slave to it.

One consoling thing about death is that in any event we shall not have to worry about coal.

### Debaters, One Step Forward!

At last the old art of rebuttal and plea has been revived. The formation of the Indiana Inter-collegiate Debating League of 12 Indiana colleges



has been announced by the Rev. Wm. A. Bolger, C. S. C., who represented Notre Dame at the organization meeting in Indianapolis recently. The question to be debated is: "Resolved: That the government should own and operate all the coal mines of the United States; constitutionality granted."

Purdue, DePauw, Indiana, Earlham, Manchester, Indiana Central, Franklin, Butler, Wabash, Goshen, Valparaiso and Notre Dame compose the league. The schools will be divided into four triangles governed by geographic position, the local triangle consisting of Notre Dame, Valparaiso and Goshen. Each school will be represented by an affirmative and negative team and after the first contest on March 11th, the colleges will be rated from one to twelve and a new triangle will be formed from the three highest teams. From these new alignments the finals of the debate will be held on the evening of April 4th, after which the decisions of the judges will determine the final standing of the schools.

Father Bolger will issue the call for candidates soon and more than one hundred men are expected to try for the honor of upholding the glorious record of Notre Dame debaters in the past. From 1899 until activities were interrupted by the war, the speakers representing the gold and blue were awarded decisions in 30 of a possible 33 contests; and with the winners of these victories among the faculty now residing at the school to coach the candidates, prospects for a continuation of the phenomenal record of bygone years are bright.

The 33 contests of the pre-war period include the following: Butler 4, Iowa State 2, Oberlin 4, Ohio State 1, De Pauw 2, Detroit College of Law 1, Detroit University 2, Georgetown 2, Wabash 3, Indiana 3, Drake 1, Western Reserve 1, Illinois College of Law 1, St. Viators 6.

Get out and "do the best we can."—F. W.

Reputation is not character, but it is a very good index thereof.

### Doings of the Prodigals.

Last Friday there trooped into Notre Dame a whooping galaxy of individuals—men of responsibility, who, emerging from paper littered desks, entered for the moment into a world which a few years ago was the only world they knew. They became boys again—these business men—college boys—with all the lack of pompousness and propriety for which such creatures are noted. Friday night a parade was formed to welcome them, and many hopped into the procession, welcoming themselves. Saturday morning, the old haunts in and around South Bend were visited by these patrons of the years gone by. Saturday afternoon, the fence around Cartier Field trembled with their cheering, while Notre Dame walloped her traditional enemy from down state—Purdue. Saturday night—well what would you expect on the evening after a victorious homecoming game?

Six hundred of these old Notre Dame men attended the celebration. A large number had arrived Friday night, when a parade organized at school, marched every step of the two miles to the city to welcome the grads formally, and to demonstrate the modern reptilian wiggle on Washington street. Following this edifying performance, a boxing circus further provided for the pleasure of the alumni. Fifteen or twenty boxers and others tore up the floor of the gym in a gorgeous carnival. It was the most immense spectacle of blood and battle that has been witnessed on this campus since the freshmen of Badin Hall tried to wallop the Sophomores of Corby on that memorable October evening last fall. Which is saying that a great many perfectly naughty words, of sepia tinge, were wastefully spent upon the innocent air.

On Saturday afternoon, between halves of the game, the homecomers, headed by Colonel Hoynes, promenaded across the field to the student bleachers. The Colonel, in his magnificent silk chapeau, was tendered fifteen rahs. Red Salmon was then introduced to the stands, and gracefully exposed his vermillion locks, while a mighty roar expressed Notre Dame's approval of her first All-American full-back. Next Red Miller, the man who played and beat Michigan, was cheered and as he doffed his hat, somebody asked whether Notre Dame ever used dark haired men on her teams.

Just then the cheering was interrupted while

the band obligingly contributed with a thrilling march. This was the moment which had been scheduled for a knightly clash between two horsemen, arrayed in the garb of the crusaders, one carrying the standards of Purdue, and one flaunting aloft the colors of Notre Dame. But alas, the Purdue charger, (And by the way it was a mule) overcome with stage fright, refused to exhibit its talent before the assembled rooters. So the Notre Dame animal, (And by the way it was blind) pranced around the field alone, keeping admirable time with the music.

The horse retreating, Cheer leader Slaggert led yells for a number of the old wearers of the Gold and Blue. He had the gang half way over the list of the Alumni Association when the whistle blew for the renewal of the struggle. Before this, however, Mr. Byron V. Kanaley announced that since the Oliver Hotel was not in the United States, there would be a celebration in Room 515 of that building following the game. There was.—V. E.

### Men You Remember.

—The Notre Dame alumni of Indianapolis have reorganized and are "all set" for the fray and what follows. Albert Feeney is president; Robert O'Hara, vice-president; Robert O'Connor, secretary, and Tom Jones, treasurer.

—Andrew Sherrard, who left the Notre Dame law school forever when the bugle called in '17, is now field-boss for the Ohio Oil Company at Richmond, Ky. Andy is married and is the proud father of a son.

—Several Notre Dame graduates will celebrate another Commencement at Northwestern Medical School next June. Among the future pill-dispensers are Jerry McCarthy and Donald Smith.

—Eugene McBride, '16, the inventor of the rhymed calendar in the *Dome*, is now laboring hard for the Farrar Advertising Company of Pittsburg. Their ads will certainly develop personality.

—Mr. William Fox, of Indianapolis, whose son graduated here last year, was the guest of the Knights of Columbus at the University on Sunday.

—Did you see Paul Loosen, Ph. B. '20, burning up the quadrangle gravel roads with his Nash last week-end? Paul is now a man of some prominence in Okarchee, Oklahoma, being

a vice-president of the First Bank of Okarchee and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of public schools. He is successfully managing his own farm and during his spare time is engaged in civil welfare work.

—Old prefects who have been seen walking around lately and not looking for "skivers" at all, are Father Walter Lavin and Father Edward Finegan.

—"Al" King, '15, is working successfully and well for the Northern Trust Company of Chicago.

—Harry J. Kelly, LL. B. '17, saw Notre Dame trim Purdue last week. In the recent elections Harry carried away the position of State's Attorney in his home, Ottawa, Illinois.

—Among the scribes who have stepped from Professor Cooney's prize section to the duties of a metropolitan news sleuth are Ray Humphreys, who drew funny things for the '15 and '16 Domes and who is now on the *Denver Times*, and Wm. Francis Fox of last year's Senior crowd who is laboring on the *Indianapolis News*.

—Several summer-school pupils have made pilgrimages to Notre Dame recently. Sister M. Pius, C. S. C., led her prize-winning pupils into the administration building the other day; Miss Margaret Ward, Miss Doris Cunningham and Miss Rose Steffaniak were back to see the grotto.

—There are weddings and weddings, but we were surprised to learn that one took place recently in Pocatello, Idaho, where John Leo Hood, Notre Dame law graduate, was united with Miss Emily Whittlesey. John is now a successful young merchant, and we are sure that Pocatello is glad that he has decided to make his home there. Another wedding which has recently come to our attention is that of Edward J. Carleton former cadet captain and M. E. '16, who now lives in Corning, N. Y.

In this connection we might state that the stork has been very good to several old N. D. men. John Donald Miller arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Miller, Washington, D. C., on September 21st. A daughter, whose name we are unable to give, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Mulholland of Fort Dodge, Iowa. Emmet's friends will be glad that he has practically recovered from the severe injuries which he received during the War.

### On Sorin Porch and Elsewhere.

—Tonight the needy will turn their brogans in the direction of Washington Hall to hear the purrs of the banjo, the ukelele, the guitar, and the mandolin, as played by the Mildred Leo Clemens quartette, who also have two in their company who dance and sing.

—The Pacific Coast Club elected Charles Foley, Burns, Ore., Hyas Tye; Alfonso Scott, Los Angeles, Texas Tye; James Byons, Seattle, Wash., keeper of the Royal wampum; Ivan Sharp, Dallas, Ore., chief scout.

—Rev. T. Crowley, C. S. C., who received his sheepskin in 1882, and who told the students at Notre Dame all about the intricacies of English in 1906 and 1907 has been telling the classes in Western European history about Mohammedans and Mohammedanism. He began with Mohammed, told of Fatima, of the numbers that follow the religion, of the life of the Mussulman, of his devotions, and of his habits.

—Lovers of basketball are taking advantage of the two floors at the gym, any "rec" period witnessing the thud of the ball and the shrill whistle of the referee. Some high schools consider basketball more important than football and the crop of freshmen at Notre Dame this year seems to include many of those "basketballically" inclined.

—The Indianapolis club of the school, through its president Arthur Shea, is cooperating with the Notre Dame alumni of that city to care for the varsity squad and rooters who will invade the hoosier stronghold for the Indiana game. The plans as outlined include a stunt parade, banquet for the team, theatre party for the squads of both schools and an ND football dance in the Riley room of the Claypoole Hotel.

—"Bill" Castellini, "Tommy" Howard and Frank Wallace of the Notre Dame school of Journalism aided the staff of the News-Times Tuesday night in caring for the election returns. Though more cheerful spots can be imagined than a democratic editorial room on that particular night, John Henry Zuver proved himself a good sport by shooting out the old cheroots.

—Next Summer at least thirty six Notre Dame men will be sailing to Hawaii and Australia, to China and the Philippines, to Brazil and the Argentine, to England and Belgium, and to the west coast of South America. This

vagabondage will be made possible because of arrangements with several steamship companies for crews of Notre Dame men secured by Rev. John F. O'Hara, head of the School of Commerce, who felt that the practical knowledge of these countries, the familiarity with the peoples and customs, would be of great advantage to the student in foreign commerce. Six trips have been arranged in which the men will receive the pay of regular crews and meanwhile become better fitted for future foreign trade.

—Knut Kenneth Rockne, B. S. '14, will have his name on the page of dedication in the 1921 Dome. This, the Seniors decided, was best, because of the work of Rockne as professor and coach. The captain of the team in 1913, who with Gus Dorais, began the regular use of the forward pass which has been the main cause of Notre Dame's unusual success on the gridiron, has this year developed a team Eastern critics declare the best in the land. 'Nuff sed.

—The Knights of Columbus scholarship men, composed of Catholic, Jew and Protestant, tossed ballots into the hat that elected Vincent Cavanaugh, New York, president; A. N. Slaggert, Saginaw, Mich., vice president; Ray Gallagher, Carroll, Iowa, secretary-treasurer.

—The Commercial Art Students, who would like to see a chair of art established at Notre Dame for the purpose of giving them a degree in the splashing of ink and color, tagged Vincent O'Connor, head of the department of art, honorary president; Robert Riordan, Marion, Indiana, president, and H. W. Flannery, Hagerstown, Md., secretary.

—Local Latin-Americans love each other in spite of all evidence to the contrary. At their meeting Sunday, they auctioned off pictures of each other for the benefit of the organization. The amount of real currency collected is the test of their affection.

—Among our guests were J. J. Sullivan '02, president of the Alumni Association; Frank O'Shaughnessy, '00, Byron V. Kanaley, '04, Fred Steers, '11, Frank Hering, '02, Louis Salmon, '05, Leroy Keach, '08, Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10, Maurice Kirby, '94, Peter McElligot, '02, Leo Welch, '10, Thomas Welch, '05, Dan O'Connor, '05, Chauncey Yockey, '01, Frank Burke, '03, John Kanaley, '09, Harold Fisher, '05, Eugene McBride '16, Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Notre

Dame Club of Chicago, Lawrence McNerney, '06, Frank McCarthy '06, Harry Miller, Michael Fansler, and Thomas Murphy.

—Freeman Scully, sporting editor of the *News-Times*, in defiance of all journalistic traditions, appeared at his desk a few days ago in the latest fall model, and wore brand new cordovans to match. One of his impecunious contemporaries wanted to know if an uncle in Texas had struck an oil well, or a gold mine. Scully was characteristically non-committal except to remark that the varsity is quite as profitable an investment as any gold mine.

—With the evidence of Bolshevism and paternalism so apparent all over Christendom, Rev. William A. Bolger, C. S. C., chose an appropriate topic when he undertook to explain the relations of Church and State in modern affairs, before the university Knights, Tuesday evening. The future of civilization, asserted Father Bolger, depends on the mutual cooperation of these component elements.

—A practical demonstration of the Solvay process, the discovery which has meant so much to commercial chemistry, was the feature of the weekly meeting of the Chemists' Club, Tuesday night. Carl Shubert, and Arthur Vallez officiated. The hydrogenation of oil, in the process of putting it on the market in its various forms, was illustrated by Harry Hoffman. Following James Vignos' review of current chemical literature, a general round table discussion took place.

—Aspiring and inspired orators, veterans, and freshmen, spellbinders and highbinders—first call for the Breen Medal trials. Father Bolger announces December first, the date for the preliminary tryout. Names of candidates and others must be in the hands of Prof. Farrell at the latest by Nov. 28.

—The Students' Activities Committee has endorsed the action of the faculty in selecting the date of the Northwestern game for the pilgrimage to Chicago. Under present arrangements the tooters will go via the Lake Shore Interurban, in special cars, arriving at Northrop field, Evanston, in mass formation. The formality of witnessing the varsity register a few more touchdowns will be followed by the Notre Dame-St. Mary's chalk-walk, at the LaSalle Hotel. The return trip will be on the Interurban.

—MURPHY-FLANNERY.

## Gridiron Gossip.

### THE HOME-COMING FRACAS

Notre Dame's Knights of the Gridiron marched "onward to victory" last Saturday afternoon, taking the measure of Scanlon's Boilermakers, 28 to 0, before a tremendous crowd that surged its way into every nook and cranny of Cartier Field. It was Home-coming Day and the day proved productive of everything that the word connotes. A tone of distinction was lent to the occasion, of state by the presence of such a notable old-timer as "Red" Salmon,—Gold and Blue all-time fullback—and many other distinguished wearers of the monogram of past years. They were here to see Rockne's wonder eleven lauded by the press from coast to coast, in action, and they saw that eleven demonstrate with ease and power a faultless exhibition.

Purdue threatened but once and that was against the second string men who battled them to a standstill during all of the first and the greater part of the second quarter. Gipp's beautiful canter of eighty yards through the entire Boilermaker outfit to a touchdown, was just a bit more brilliant than the thrilling drive of Grant, quarterback of the second squadron, who covered fifty yards of Black and Brown territory and buried the oval behind the Purdue zero line for the game's first touchdown. Captain Coughlin, "Hunk" Anderson, Smith and Shaw fought like demons on the Varsity line, cutting wide deep, gaps through which the backfield bullets whizzed. "Danny" Coughlin, Barry and Mohardt, "Chet" Wynne, Rockne's fullback sensation, and Castner, cavorted at will around ends and through every point in the line, advancing the ball in each instance for heavy gains.

George Gipp, than whom, perhaps, no performer in footballdom has received more well-earned recognition, was put into the game but a brief time by the "miracle man." Gipp was still considerably marred up as a result of the Army tilt, but he thrilled the eager stands with his best. He twisted and dodged through a maze of Purdue tacklers for a cross-country run of eighty yards from punt formation, he passed to Kiley and Anderson for one hundred-thirty yards, and his educated boot was good for three goal kicks.

The game was Notre Dame's from the first whistle and it can be conservatively stated that,



had the Varsity held the field during the entire contest, the score would have been more than doubled. Each team opened up with a shower of passes early in the first quarter, Rockne's aerial formations resulting in one hundred sixty yards to the Boilermaker's forty. The Gold and Blue planted the ball deep into the Purdue defensive for eighteen first downs, as against seven accredited to the down-Staters. In the first quarter, Grant took Stanwood's kick, returning it to midfield where it went over on a fumble. Rate and Wagner made as much of an impression on the second line as they would have had they been bucking the wall of China. Purdue recovered on a punt of twenty yards and then two short passes took the oval to Notre Dame's six yard line where the ball went over on a fumble. Castner kicked out of danger and after an exchange of line smashes and punts the ball went to the Gold and Blue in midfield. Mohardt, Coughlin, Castner and Carberry advanced the ball within striking distance of the enemy timbers but the Purduites held tenaciously and the ball went over on downs.

Like a bolt out of a clear sky in the early seconds of the next frame, Grant leaped into the sky over the Purdue line, took Castner's pass and galloped through a sea of Brown and Black arms and legs for the first blood of the game. Castner added a point with his toe and after a series of plunges that took the ball to Purdue's forty yard line, the beefy full tried a drop kick but failed by inches. Advances by Macklin and Carmen at this juncture carried the pigskin well up into Notre Dame territory and Rockne, withdrawing the Reserves, injected his Immortals into the scrap. Needless to say, the ball went over on downs and immediately, Brandy set his backfield tigers loose. Gipp took the ball on the third play and, following interference that was exceedingly good to look at planted the second touchdown, a fitting climax to his classic dash of eighty yards. The half ended with the Varsity again harassing the Purdue trench.

If ever Rockne's warriors demonstrated their superiority over an opposing team they did it in the third quarter. Purdue was forced to take up a continual defensive. Barry and Wynne changed their cleats for track shoes, going through 'em, over 'em and around 'em. A brilliant pass, Gipp to Kiley, netted thirty yards and an end run and fumble by Barry, a recovery and a short dash by Eddie Anderson

tells the story of the next touchdown. Gipp kicked for another unit. Rate punted after the kickoff, but the offering was blocked and the Varsity backs began another advance. Again Barry took the ball for a neat end run and again it slipped from his grasp only to be recovered by Shaw who stepped across the line for another ringer. Following Gipp's goal kick, the blond mentor withdrew his constellation and again put the Reserves into the tournament. Coughlin and Mohardt advanced the ball on every snap of the center and "Danny," intercepting a Purdue pass, took the oval to the opposition's thirty five yard line where Degree failed in an attempt to place a drop between the posts. For the balance of the quarter the contest waged merrily in midfield with the Reserves breaking even on an exchange of punts and plunges.

Captain Birk, Rate and Macklin carried the brunt of the Boilermaker's attack, doing plucky work against terrific odds. The summary:

PURDUE (0)	NOTRE DAME (28)	
Gulley	Left End	Carberry
Birk (C)	Left Tackle	Garvey
Cooley	Left Guard	Dooley
Stanwood	Center	Mehre
Swank	Right Guard	DeGree
Claypool	Right Tackle	Voss
Carmen	Right End	Hayes
Don Field	Quarterback	Grant
Rate	Left Halfback	Mohardt
Wagner	Right Halfback	Walsh
Murphy	Fullback	Castner

Score by periods:

Notre Dame.....	0	14	14	0—28
Purdue.....	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns—Grant, Gipp, E. Anderson, Shaw, Goal from touchdown—Castner, Gipp 3.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Kiley for Carberry, Capt. Coughlin for Garvey, Smith for Dooley, Larson for Mehre, H. Anderson for DeGree, Shaw for Voss, E. Anderson for Hayes, Brandy for Grant, Gipp for Mohardt, D. Coughlin for Walsh, Barry for D. Coughlin, Wynne for Castner, Phelan for Wynne, Grant for Brandy, Thomas for Grant, Prokup for Kiley, Kane for Mohardt, Cotton for Shaw. Purdue—Macklin for Don Field, Don Field for Wagner, Hanna for Don Field, Watson for Hanna, Meeker for Murphy.

Officials—Magdisohn (Michigan) referee; Graham (Michigan) umpire; Lipski (Chicago) head linesman; Griffith (Illinois) field judge.

Statistics: Notre Dame—Punts 60 yards; gains on passes 161 yards; first down 18. Purdue—Punts 80 yards; gains on passes 41 yards; first downs 7

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#### INDIANA AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Today Coach Rockne and his juggernaut, the "wonder Irish gridiron machine" of 1920,

are in Indianapolis to do battle with the prides of Hoosierdom for the supreme football honors of the state. The task of winning those honors is no easy one; the Notre Dame team must function perfectly and steadily to clear the way for a fourteenth successive state championship. For be it known, that Notre Dame has not suffered a defeat at the hands of any Indiana college eleven since the memorable 12 to 0 defeat at the hands of the Crimson in 1906. Captain Coughlin's men are facing a team rated as one of the best in the Conference, a team which has been pointed towards this game and a team which has been coached by a man, "Jumbo" Stiehm, who has been a close student of the Notre Dame game. Once he was victor. The game at Indianapolis will be the Hoosier Classic and seat sales a week ago indicated a capacity crowd. Through the courtesy of the Indianapolis Club of Notre Dame the Notre Dame team and men will be royally entertained at all times. Notre Dame does not expect to swamp Indianapolis with her cheering hundreds this year, but it is expected that an ample representation will be on hand when the whistle blows. The past record of the Indiana-Notre Dame clashes prove the Hoosiers to be our oldest and most formidable rivals.

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#### SHOWING CHICAGO.

Notre Dame's "wonder team" is to meet Northwestern at Evanston a week from today. It is six years since Gold and Blue men appeared in the Windy City to give the football fans a real opportunity to compare real football with the conference brand. Chicago fans have heard and read much of Rockne's machine and thousands will flock to Evanston to see it in action despite the counter attraction at Stagg Field. Notre Dame must make the most of the opportunity given to "show Chicago." Northwestern must be defeated cleanly and overwhelmingly and our student body must behave in "big league" style.

Through the efforts of the Students' Activities Committee exceptional rates of \$3.09 for the round trip have been secured, by special electric express service to Randolph Street in Chicago. Arrangements have also been made for special elevated service to Evanston after the morning program. The return will probably be made late Saturday evening in order to allow the student body to attend some of the amusements planned in celebration of the game. There is

every reason to expect more than 2,000 to attend the game from Notre Dame and South Bend and the advance ticket sale for the game indicates a capacity crowd at Patten Field for the occasion.

Northwestern has not faced the "Irish" on the gridiron since 1903 when the game ended in a 0 to 0 tie. In three previous games Notre Dame had the edge, winning the first game in 1895 by a 20 to 0 score, the second in 1899, 12 to 0, and losing the third game in 1901 by the narrow margin of 2 to 0. These scores indicate the kind of games that has made Northwestern-Notre Dame football history in the past, and it is reasonable to suppose that the Chicagoans who gather at Evanston a week from today will witness another gridiron classic.

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#### OVER HILL AND DALE.

Coach Sweeny's cross-country squad made an unusually creditable showing in their first public effort a week ago Thursday. Seventeen hard working men started the five and a half mile grind which is included in the university course. Several hundred students saw the finishing efforts on the Cartier Field track and applauded the steady efforts of each runner. Every one finished. The results follow:

First—Bardzil	3 min.	33:24
Second—Barnes	2 min.	32:53
Third—Hayes	1 min.	32:21
Fourth—Doran	Scratch	31:23
Fifth—Connell	Scratch	31:28
Sixth—Mann	3 min.	34:40
Seventh—Baumer	Scratch	31:37

From this array of runners, and one or two others who were kept out of the race by injuries, Coach Sweeny has selected a team to compete in the Indiana Inter-collegiate Cross-country meet held at Crawfordsville, Indiana, under the auspices of Wabash College. His selections for the race for state honors November 12th, are: Culhane, Baumer, Ward, Heffernan, Doran Barnes and Rohrbach. Six men will start the race, the seventh goes as alternative. Notre Dame had to be content with second honors last year, when Purdue's team led by Furnas won first place from Captain Meehan's crew. This year we are hoping for better results with a better balanced team.

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The American Legion team of Michigan City got the bigger end of a 7 to 2 score in a game with the City Residents on Sunday. The game is reported to have been featured by the colorful decisions of the officials, who were Legion

members. It is told that a C. R. back went 30 yards for a touchdown and was then called back for being off-side, an incident that sounds quite impossible; that when a C. R. was about to place the ball behind the legion goal for a marker, the ball was taken from his hands, and em-planted there by an opponent, who was tackled, and the losers credited with a touchback.—H.W.F.

### Safety Valve.

Fashions are certainly getting to be something awful when a football hero goes to the Follies covered with glory and a sweater.

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### NATURE-FAKING.

"I saw a giant grizzly on his back, asleep"—Professor, that's a bear-faced lie.

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### ALCHEMY.

Krippene has gilded his dome.

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### GENTLY, LIVINGSTON, GENTLY.

A young man hath loved a young lady with be-u-tiful hair. His friend sayeth, "Beware, said locks are wiggish, Livy, and do pertain not unto said damsel." The youth is stricken with doubt and trembling; on the street-car a lurch occurreth, and young man seizeth opportunity and also maiden's head. The locks remain firm. O Livy, ain't it a splendiferous, a kaleidoscopic feeling?!

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IT.—Can you multiply a circle by a square?

SHE.—No. You?

IT.—Yep, circle Times Square.

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### ELEVATOR, HONEY.

For love of you, O Mercedes,  
I'm wasting postage on this wheeze;  
I am the crust and you're the pie  
You are the swatter, I'm the fly;  
To save your little nose a sneeze  
I'd eat a hunk of N. D. cheese,  
Or change my hair with Diamond Dye.  
For love of you, my angel maid,  
I'd drop a spoon of marmalade  
Right where our Prefect takes his seat;  
To keep the corns from your dear feet  
Right into Rockne I would wade—  
But, darling, nix on that parquet;  
Give me the nigger-heaven, sweet.

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### RIDDLE No. 14663.

Why is a football team's line like a movie actress?—  
Cause it has nothing on its back.

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"Your shoes are repaired while you wait."

I left a good pair to their fate;

But on Thursday at noon

When I called, I did swoon—

"Your shoes are re-paired; where's the mate?"

A German who wished an A. B.

Took Latin to get his degree.

"What a muddle!" he said

"To have in my head

For to me it's all Greek, don't you see?"

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### SWEET MARIE.

I think that I shall never see

A girl so lovely as Marie—

A girl whose ruby lips are pressed

Against a youth with whiskers blest:

A girl who looks at men all day

And brings them kisses on a tray:

A girl who may in summer wear

Silk and satin, yet be bare;

Upon whose cheeks much paint has lain

Who intimately lives with stain;

You have made fools of men like me

But I defy you, Sweet Marie.

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No, Rastus, imagination has not vanished from modern life. There's Jim who tells hunting yarns to the lawyers; the freshman who believes that his S. B. charmer loves no buddy else; and the fellow who thinks it's great to sit in the parlor at St. Mary's.

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GWENDOLYN: Where did you get that dear old smoking jacket, Dee?

DEMAREST: Go easy, honey. Just because I bought it at a fire-sale is no reason why it's a smoking-jacket.

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### SONNETS OF A SODA-SLINGER.

#### On the House.

A jane came into Platner's store and ordered up a coke  
I mixed it up with 'beaucoup' juice and let a cherry  
soak;

I laid a paper serviette down upon the shining plat-tah  
And figured I'd uncork my line and have some clevah  
chattah.

I said, "y'know dear demoiselle (she smiled and then—  
she fell)

You're toute de suite—say you're some class—oh well  
Now that your coke is gone you might as well eat on the  
bloke!

She smiled again,—I got a dish, and asked her if she'd  
wish

A 'buffalo'—and then I said—letting her gaze at my  
curly head—

"Did you say dates?" And say!! That wise crack  
knocked her dead.

And then I said "Perhaps some night?" "Oh no," she  
chirped, "it wouldn't be right

My hubby's tall and godlike fair and we're a very happy  
pair."

She laughed, she smiled, she left the store: I stood there  
and sure was sore

But I should worry. What's the use? There's plenty  
more, there's plenty more.

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Indiana has no engineering department, but they've  
got Stiehm just the same.