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THE SOUL OF COLUMBUS.

(For Columbus' Day.)

DURING the time of Christopher Columbus lived Cardinal d' Ailly who, following the opinion of several theologians, thought that the end of the world would take place seven thousand years after its creation. Also there lived at this time King Alphonse who had calculated the time from the fall of Adam to the birth of Christ to be 5,343 years and 318 days. Now Columbus, having accepted as true the works of the great cardinal and having also the greatest respect for the exactness of the calculations of the King, deduced from these beliefs a theory that the world would exist only a century and a half longer.

From his early boyhood Columbus had been a faithful reader of the Scriptures and from them he learned that before the end of the world, all nations will be converted to the law of Christ, under the guidance of one single pastor; "and there shall be one shepherd and one fold." The end therefore being near, according to the idea of Columbus, it was necessary that preparation be made for the conversion of all nations. It was feared, however, that while the power of Islam remained unbroken and the Holy Sepulchre of Christ was in its possession no material progress could be made in propagating the faith. It was essential, then, if the way was to be opened for the preaching of the gospel, first to conquer the Mohammedans and then deliver the Holy Lands to Christianity.

But faith had grown tepid and the devout ardor of the crusades had cooled. Greediness and jealousy now tore apart the once combined Christian nations and there was no hope that they would again unite to pour out their money and blood for a purely religious purpose.

To free the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks was the project of Columbus. Although knowing not from what source would come the necessary funds to promote such an expedition he nevertheless made a vow to assemble an army to deliver the Sepulchre of Christ to Christianity.

It so happened that at this time the covetous nations of Europe were seeking to gain possession of a share of the untold riches of the Orient. To reach there by land was almost an impossibility for the way was long and led through hordes of barbaric people. It was while the Portugese were seeking a sea passage to the south of Africa that Columbus conceived the idea of reaching there directly by the West. Knowing that the conquest of these regions would yield exhaustless wealth and realizing that here was his opportunity to fulfill his vow, Columbus insisted upon receiving a very large share of the wealth found in the New World. Because of this demand he was denounced as being greedy and avaricious but he nevertheless remained firm in his decision, refusing to sail until his demands were granted. The King and Queen finally conceding to his wishes firmly convinced Columbus that he had been divinely appointed to carry out these two great undertakings,—the discovery of the New World and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. In fact the deliverance by him of Christ's Sepulchre was so certain and so clear that before he set out upon his voyage he confided it to the court of Spain.

Unhappily those to whom Columbus had bared the secrets of his soul were faithless sceptics so he sailed from Spain condemned as a madman and religious fanatic. But when he returned, bringing the news that he had discovered a New World, there were both churchmen and laymen convinced that Providence had given Columbus a special

mission. His voyage, however, barely yielded him a living for he had found the New World not as it had been described, overflowing with wealth. The desire to fulfill his vow to lead an expedition into the Holy Land still burned within him and believing that the New World would sooner or later yield to him her riches he again set sail from Spain.

But Columbus soon fell into disrepute with the Spanish court and was returned, a prisoner, bound in iron chains. Thus the dream of Columbus to free the Holy Sepulchre never actualized for the reward which his country had given him, that reward with which he had hoped to raise his army of crusaders, was nothing more than the chains in which he had been brought back from the New World. But these he always kept hung up in his room as a memorial to the gratitude of his nation.

H. E. MCKEE.

WHY AL SHOT TWICE.

FOREST J. HALL.

The Kansas harvest over, Texas Al and I were again "on the bum," northward bound by night to South Dakota. With our extra shirt apiece stuffed in our coat pockets, our black I. W. W. cards within easy reach, and our coats under our heads, we lay back luxuriously in our private freight and waited for the men slaving on the engine ahead to take us to Aberdeen. We feared no man. The brakeman could be conciliated in one of three ways—by bluffing him, by the use of the automatics inside our shirts, or in case he should get the drop on us, by a gift of the five-dollar bill which I carried in my trousers pocket for such occasions. Moreover, we had our cards, and hence our brother workers would not molest us. As the train slowed up at a way-station, six men scrambled none too noiselessly into our car. One of them flashed a light into the corners and spied us. "Got Red Cards?" he growled.

"Yeah!" grunted Al, his left hand fumbled in his pocket while his right went half through his open front shirt. "Yuh got 'em yerselves?"

"Dun't we look it? Let's see yers!" and the spokesman momentarily turned the light on his companions, all of whom exhibited the

bits of black leather. Al's right hand dropped and his left emerged flipping open a folded card and I displayed mine likewise.

"All right, pards," he of the light commented; "the whole blamed country'll be soviet pretty quick, wun't it? Ever'bodys got to have a card now er git his face hammered an' mebbe his neck broke." A one-sided grin broke over his face before he switched off the light.

"Sure!" agreed Al wisely. "Hear they're short o' help in Dakota. Heard about it?"

"Huh! huh!" chuckled our new friend—friends are made quickly on the road;—"them hayseeds up there 're payin' eight a day an' can't git men. We'll be gittin' twelve an' work like we please 'fore this summer's over!"

He sat down among his companions, who had bestowed themselves about the car near us. For an hour silence reigned except for the rumble of the train and an occasional oath when our car jolted or swayed unusually. Then came a long moaning whistle from the engine, and the train gradually slowed to a stop. A lantern suddenly flashed light into the car, at the same time revealing the face of a brakeman behind it. It revealed also, in an instant, three revolvers in the hands of as many men who did not believe in the rather legal theory of bluff which Al and I held. The brakeman nodded pleasantly and grinned. "Hello, boys!" he greeted; "guess I won't throw you off this time. There's about six too many of you. Good luck!" he bade us as he withdrew his head and lantern, and passed on down the line of cars.

"Some chance that bird'd have with one of us," remarked Al, "let alone two."

I acquiesced and there was silence again. During the remaining hours of the night we all slept intermittently despite noise and motion. Our party was not augmented further, as we had thought it might be and shortly after daybreak we jumped from the car door as the train slowed down on the outskirts of Aberdeen, where we unceremoniously scattered. One strapping fellow, apparently a "lone wolf," went his way unaccompanied; the other five split into a party of three and one of two, Al and I sauntering

leisurely toward the center of town.

After getting some breakfast, we loitered around with the crowd of rough-looking citizens who always overrun the town at that season, ascertaining from them where farmhands were most needed and where the best wages were paid. Thereafter we walked out some two miles from town into a wood for a little shooting practice. We were puncturing the bark of trees at random until I spied a tin can among the leaves.

"Here y'are, Texas!" I exclaimed gleefully; "we'll have another little contest. Dollar you can't pick the solder out of the end of this can! Thirty foot distance, and five shots to do it in." I placed the target in a low crotch of a tree, while Al paced off his thirty feet.

"Same to you!" he rejoined; "one shot apiece 'till the ten are gone."

Al was an adept with his little automatic, "Betsy." In our five years of ramblings since I had been ejected from college for an inexcusably bad prank, I had seen him shoot three men—always in self-defense, for he was not vicious—and he had never wasted a second shot. But my "Betty" and I were not unreliable ourselves, and so, I accepted the bet as usual, of course he nosed me out, as usual, and I lost my dollar. His fourth shot drilled the little drop of solder on the can, whereas my nearest one had been half an inch away in spite of my most careful aiming. Then we turned loose a fusilade of shots from the hip. The target fell to the ground, a mere mess of tin slivers, for Al seldom missed, and I scored on it about three out of four times.

We strolled back to town, and spent the night in comfortable beds at a hotel, in preparation for the heavy work which was to begin as soon it would. The next morning we boarded a local passenger train of record slowness and journeyed thirty miles out into the country. We alighted in a diminutive county-seat, sleeping in the center of a sixty-mile plain covered with ripening small grains, a veritable paradise for harvest hands.

"Lookin' for work?"

Hardly had our feet touched the platform when we heard this usual greeting of the Western farmer. It came from an old genial-

facéd man, somewhat stooped, but robust, his hair more than half gray, standing beside a somewhat decrepit Ford. Al and I both liked his appearance, and so, ignoring three other men who hastened to solicit our industry, we went to him. The old fellow seemed much pleased.

"How many acres you got?" quired Al.

"'Bout four hundred of small grain," was the eager response, "and I kin git you a threshin' job afterwards, too. I'll pay the goin' wages."

"What's goin' wages here? I heard they're payin' eight a day," negotiated Al.

"I'll give ye eight. Don't think they'll pay no more than that, but if they do, I'll give it to you."

"Sounds good to me, Al," I interjected; "let's get in."

We climbed into the Ford, I into the front seat with old man Kallas and Al into the rear one.

"I got a big crop this year," conversed our employer, as we jolted along; "think my wheat'll make about twenty-five to the acre. Guess I'll get the missus that there porch for the front of the house that she's been wantin' fer so long, an' mebbe the talkin' machine, too, for little Annie. Them there things sure does brighten up a feller's house a lot, don't they? Music's a great thing!" And I was in the mood to agree.

"Yes, sir" he repeated with emphasis, "if I kin get my crop all in I'm agoin' to git a big green porch fer me an' Hildy to set on evenin's an' one o' them there Edison talkin' machines. But I've gotta have one more hand, though, or a lot o' the grain's agoin' to blow down before we can get to it. It'll be ripe now in a day or two, an' we'll have to git into it quick." Thus he talked on until we reached his house, where we made the acquaintance of his wife. "Hildy," a kind, sweet-faced old lady. After a good supper we went to bed early, for a long rest after our travels.

As it was imperative that we have another man, to run a binder, Kallas went to town next day to find one. He failed, for no more men were coming in. Then Al and I tried a plan we had learned in Kansas. We went about twenty miles to the cross-continent highway and there lay in wait for travelers.

That morning we stopped seven automobiles, but none contained a man willing to work. Our offers of ten dollars a day and all expenses did not appeal to anyone; everybody seemed proof against the temptation of money. In the afternoon, we added to our plan a touching, and true, story of the loss which Kallas would sustain if help were not found. This failed also, and then we became desperate. The story of the old man and his wife had touched us at last and we resolved that they should get the things on which they had set their hearts. Old Mrs. Kallas somehow reminded me of my aging mother as I had seen her last, and I thought I observed some kind of reminiscent look in Al's eyes. His face became a bit grim, and when I saw him covertly loose a button on the front of his shirt, I wondered, for "Betsy" was parked there. Just as the lower edge of the red sun was touching the top of the hills in the west, there came towards us a long, low, gray roadster. As skidding tires brought it to a stop I observed that it contained only one person, a strongly-built, prosperous looking man, dressed in the latest fashion. I divined the gleam that leaped into Al's eyes, and so I unbuttoned a part of my own shirt. Our request was again answered by a refusal, ending this time with "Besides, gentlemen, my nerves are worn out from the strain of business, and my doctor has ordered a month of absolute rest."

"Nerves!" ejaculated Al; "you ain't got no nerves, judgin' from the way you handle that car. Now look here, stranger, me an' Bill here is goin' to see that our boss gits that verandy an' phonygraph he wants, an' we need one more man. There ain't nothin' you've got to do fer a whole month, so you're elected to the job. You're goin' along with us an' work."—and Al's fingers picked at his loose shirt-button.

"If you I. W. W.'s think you can bluff me, you're wrong!" angrily retorted the traveler, reaching for the brake-lever of his car, "I'm going now; so get out of the road!"

"Nope, stranger, you're out o' luck," answered Al, "you ain't goin' on yet." The stranger quickly removed his hand from the brake at sight of "Betsy."

Ten minutes later we were on our way to the Kallas farm, with no damage done,

except for a bullet-hole in the exact center of the isinglass in the back curtain of the roadster, which Al had considered necessary to clinch his arguments. When we arrived, we drained the gasoline from the machine—a measure which effectively marooned our new employee. We had already informed him that the Kallas family should know nothing of the compulsion which had induced him to come, that he would work with reasonable energy at the regular eight-dollar wage, and that if he did not behave satisfactorily several varieties of things would certainly happen both to his car and to his person. He finally decided to believe us, and our harvest began the next morning.

We laborers had no cause for complaint. Our employer had accepted the ten-hour working day which had been substituted for the earlier daylight-to-dark day, just as he had accepted the Ford which had supplanted the saddle-horse. His outfit was modern, his wife a good cook, he did not work us too hard, and he was sociable. A sort of comradeship soon grew up among us, except the impressed business man, lately christened "Plute," who kept slightly aloof. He was sullen, and caused us some worry and trouble. Twice we caught him trying to steal gasoline from Kallas' Ford; he grumbled a great deal at the early rising and made some threats when we laughed at his pleas of sickness; and what seemed to us the worst of all, he failed to evince any sympathy at our picture of the plight in which our old boss would be without his help. In short, his failure to make the best of what was, after all, not an exceedingly bad situation, since he was getting some highly beneficial and much-needed exercise and at the same time doing, albeit unwillingly, a work of charity, incurred our hearty contempt. When we talked in the evenings he took no part in the conversation, however. Once when "Daddy Kallas," as we called him, told us how he had come into possession of his land "jest by havin' it handed down to me by my daddy, without no papers ner nothin'," Plute became suddenly interested—much too interested of a sudden, it seemed to me. I later confided my suspicion to Al, but he made light of it.

The harvest lasted a little less than three weeks. Then "Plute" was given some gasoline, and the three of us drove the twenty-two miles to town for the little celebration that invariably came between harvest and threshing. When Al and I had recovered from a two-day spree, we were taken, with four other men, to the threshing outfit to which Kallas had attached us. Much to our delight we saw the threshers move first to the farm of our old employer. Now there was no doubt that his whole crop would be safe from the elements, for in four days at most it would all be in the granaries. We set forth the situation to the other men, who were all drifters like us, and all exhibited the tenderness of heart which is always a characteristic of the real "roughneck."

"Makes a fella feel like not chahgin' him anything fo' the wo'k, don't it?" remarked Mississippi Ed, one of the four newcomers, in his southern drawl. The little eight-year-old Annie had made an impression on Ed that morning: "Ah'm goin' to work like hades while we 'ah heah, whether Ah do anything on the rest of the jobs o' not. An' Ah think Ah'll buy Annie that talkin' machine myself."

"You birds," guttured Michigan Slim, "work like I'm agoin' to an' we'll finish this business in two days."

"Yuh fohmulars sound good," commented Boston Doc, "but yuh ain't gittin' stahted."

"Whar's muh pitchfork?" asked Colorado Pete laconically, as he looked around industriously.

"Ride 'em cowboy!" yelled Texas Al, vaulting onto the nearest horse of his team; "Le's go!"

And I, Indiana Bill, was already loading sheaves in the next field. It happened that we brought our loaded wagons to the threshing outfit at about the same time. We had just seated ourselves in a group on the ground, waiting for the machine to start, when "Plute's" gray roadster came bumping across the field toward us. Two men, the owner and a stranger, alighted and went directly to "Daddy" Kallas, who was standing beside the engine of the thresher.

"Gang," I said, rising and making easy the access to my automatic, "I think me an' Al's got some business here. Come along, if you

want to, but kinda stand clear of them two men there."

We all sauntered toward the engine, Al and I in the lead. "Plute" appeared somewhat excited, and Kallas' face wore a worried look. "So you see, Kallas," Plute was saying, "the land and crops don't belong to you at all, because no one ever filed a claim—that is, until I did yesterday. I am sorry, but the property is legally mine. My lawyer and friend here, Mr. Simonds, will explain it to you fully, if you wish. He has all the documents with him."

"Anybody know about this business besides you two?" I asked the stranger.

"No, they—what have you got to do with this anyway?" exploded the lawyer, noticing too late that I was only one of the hired men.

I whipped out my pistol. "Let's see the documents you got, and be quick about it too!" I directed, and the lawyer produced them promptly.

"Here, Mississippi, burn 'em!" I continued, lowering my gun. Mississippi gravely and without question started to touch a match to the papers.

"Bill," snapped "Plute," "this will not help Kallas at all. My lawyer or I can go straight to town and have duplicates made of those papers. But we're not going to, because I—" and here his hand moved towards his hip pocket. I heard the grinding of Al's teeth and an ominous half-growl from the group behind us. Simultaneously "Plute's" hand came back bearing a revolver and I observed the quick move of the lawyer to secure his weapon.

"You thief!" exclaimed Al's voice in a snarl, and as accompaniment his "Betsy" barked twice. "Plute" crumpled to the ground in a heap. My "Betty" stuttered three times at the same instant and the lawyer pitched forward on his face.

Instantly Al and I sank back to normal. The rest of the "gang" congratulated us modestly, and I thanked "Mississippi" for his help with the papers.

"Daddy, you better go down and file a claim on your land today," I suggested. "Al and I will be movin' on, I guess. You can find plenty of hands now that the harvest

is over. So long!" And the two of us climbed into the dead men's automobile.

Twenty-four hours later I turned over on the floor of a Canada-bound box-car and punched my companion. "Al," I questioned, "why did you shoot twice?"

"Tell yuh, Bill," he answered, "I shot first into that skunk's heart, an'—it's funny the ideas a fella'll git, ain't it, ain't it?—well, then it just come into my head that a hunk o' granite like him ain't got no heart; so I just let him have another one in his forehead to make sure. Looked purty nigh like he had an extra eye there afterwards,"—and then Al went back to sleep.

THOUGHTS.

Learn early to learn well.

The biggest white lie is the Ku Klux Klan.

How could one be funny nowadays without "dry" humor?

He who repeats half he hears talks too much.

By conquering adversity you conquer prosperity.

A fool is a man whose opinions differ from our own.

Some men live to a ripe old age; others talk back to their wives.

Better late with the goods than early with an excuse.

Polish is often gained at the expense of strength.

Anybody can start an avalanche but nobody can stop one.

Favors, like forward passes, are unavailing unless rightly received.

"Pull" often comes from push.

Bad practices make prefects.

Success is the sum of work and desire.

Not all homely women are school teachers.

Death is the greatest moment of a good life.

Jews must be meek, for they possess the land.

Uneasy rests the brow that wears a frown.

A wise man possesses truth; a saint uses it.

Common sense is not so common after all.

Writing, like the trees, is made better by a little pruning.

The school of experience never graduates its students.

The Ego plays first fiddle in the orchestra of life.

It is harder to spend money wisely than to earn it.

There is no penalty for holding your tongue.

Wisdom should precede, not follow, the deed.

Reform, like charity, should begin at home.

Bashfulness is often cowardice with an alibi.

VARSITY VERSE.

OUR COUNTRY, BROTHER!

As we trod the swinging River from Wisconsin to the sea,
The sun-king warred on Iowa's hills, was throned in Tennessee;
From Mississippi's misty fens the negro night came crooning
And on the lonely Texan sweeps the ages went a-mooning.
The ripple of the sea-green corn in furrowed Illinois,
The suppliance of the dying wheat in Minnesota's Troy;
The crunching of the nectared cane in lush Missouri fields,
How they pressed the River's bosom for the lustrous milk she yields.
We saw the wondrous wheels she whirled, the daily bread she baked,
The streets of huddled human hives whose greedy thirst she slaked;
We caught the nigger's droning and the song of working white,
And to each she loaned her sinews in his tearing glaring fight.
Ah we glimpsed her as a maiden when De Soto and Marquette
Within the shimmer of her eyes the future's vistas met!
When Indians shifted hunting fires and sped their lone canoes,
The empery of her forest birth and wild star-brothered cruise.
When the armies gored her waters and she gloomed in battle light,
When the oath of snorting axes builded cities over night,
And the frowning flood-gates opened to brush it all away
For the River was a savage and right ruthless stood at bay.
We heard it all, the Indian hymn, the whistle of the trail,
The thud of plough-share in the field, the rhythm of the flail—
And night's hoary harper-hand sang sweet of love and faith,
The eyes of wary settler maids, the black-robes holy wraith.
And it seemed when Dawn strode flushing from the Delta to St. Paul,
That he flashed the River like a blade upon a warrior wall.
The dirge of templed deathless dead, the laugh of lusty life,
They gathered for a stirrup-cup before the long day strife.

HOLY SMOKE.

Reginald:—Where did you do most of your skating when you were learning?

Angela:—I think you're just horrid.

A certain student at the University of Minnesota, being short on finances, took his best suit to a popular establishment known as a faith, hope and charity shop. When vacation time approached, he was obliged to consider the necessity of recovering said suit. The day he left for home he redeemed it, placed it in his suitcase, and was off!

His mother, in assisting him to unpack, unfolded the clothes only to discover a ticket pinned to the coat. "And what is this ticket for, my son?" she inquired.

"Why, I went to a dance, mother, and I checked my coat."

She removed the trousers. "Son, what kind of a dance was that?"

A young man named Poe from New Haven
For a ring for his sweetie was savin',
But the fifth of November (I know. I remember.)
Some guy copped his girl Now Poe's ravin'.

First Student:—Wasn't the music simply great?

Second Student:—Yeah, simply grate.

Scene: Hullie and Mike's.

Characters: One enthusiastic freshman and two sophisticated sophomores.

Fresh:—Dja see that girl I had last night?

Soph:—Yeah, pretty keen. (Aside) An awful sight.

Fresh:—Say, eighteen karat, wasn't she?

Soph:—Yup! (Aside) I'd say cabbage, if 'twere me.

Fresh:—Guess I'm lucky.

Soph:—(Aside) This guy means plucky.

The boy was surely game

To tote around that "losing dame."

Fresh:—And she's no dumbbell. She's a hum.

Soph:—Yeah? (Aside) Not just one *gymnasium*.

Fresh:—This sweetie's sure one little ace.

Soph:—Cold cream would sour on such a face.

(Aside)

Fresh:—Sweet as honey.

Soph:—Get the money! (Aside)

Fresh:—Well, so long, duty's calling me.

Soph:—Bye. (Aside) All fish aren't in the sea.

We can imagine the statue of Father Sorin saying something like this: "I hope one of those Hill street conductors doesn't offer me any rides this winter. It makes me uneasy. Of course, nothing has happened yet, but——"

Prof:—Can you hear back there?

Stude:—No, sir.

Thereupon the prof set the alarum for four—his three pals and him.

HOLY SMOKE BLUES!

If Ah wanted a friend, and had to choose fast,
Ah'd pick a shoemaker, 'cause they stick to the last.

Mike:—Why did they take a picture of Danny Coughlin when he was laid out last Saturday?

More Mike:—It's the first time he had slowed down enough during a game.

Walsh Hall to a friend who had just seen the Orpheum bill with him: Say, but couldn't that one fellow sure sing Swiss yokels?

Corby:—Do you shave yourself?

Brownson:—Yes, why?

Corby:—It would be nothing less than a shame to spend fifteen cents on that face.

But did you know that Reginald Archibald Dear has registered at Wisconsin University? Oh, gir-rruls!

Father Boland:—Have you any board money?

Freshman:—Naw, I got paper money.

She (out walking with a student:—) I wish I had a stick to walk with.

He:—Isn't one enough?

A fellow from Florida says that a kiss over the telephone is felt about as much as a straw hat.

IDEALISM OF YOUTH.

FROSH.—Yes, this is a great place—so remarkably democratic. Every fellow his own boss.

FISH.—Ain't that a fact?

PREFECT.—Say, get off the lawn with those hob nails or I'll clean your teeth with them.

POPULAR SONG DEPT.

I'm no-body's ba-by. My 'cellar's dry.

Times once were gay, but say! They've flown like a dove.

Now I'm out-a luck for some-one to love.

No-body wants me. Boys don't like chow.

I gave too lib-er-al-ly. No one's to blame but me, For being no-body's baby now.

WANTED—A CAT.

The boys were all snorin' in Sorin;

A big gust of wind blew the door in.

Rats came! Now they claim

That someone's to blame,

And the boys in all Sorin are warrin'.

"Who is the big ham that has come between us?" asked the slice of bread of his partner.

A Yale student told us this summer that some of his profs lead a fast life, but that none of them passed him last year.

KOLARS.

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The appearance of a new organization on the campus usually arouses the interest of both student body and the faculty; of the former are curious and the dignified remainder cherish a desire to know the benefits bestowed upon the University by the proposed organization. The formation of a Notre Dame post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of America will satisfy all, we confidently believe.

This is a fraternal organization, composed of men who have seen service in foreign lands with the military and naval forces. With National Headquarters in New York City it has more than seven hundred posts scattered throughout the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, the Canal Zone and several foreign countries. Those who served do not need to be told of those peculiar and strong bonds of friendship existing between those who crossed the seas on transports, and endured the hardships, dangers and privations of actual service on foreign soil.

The hand of comradeship is extended to all who saw any such actual service; to those who helped humble the Don in '98; who helped stamp out the insurrection in the Philippines from '98 to '06; who scaled the walled cities of China with the relief expe-

dition in 1900 and 1901; and those who served outside the United States in the war with Germany and her allies.

Now why a post at Notre Dame? The first meeting held recently on the campus answered that question fully for those who attended. Father Walsh paid tribute to the men of Notre Dame and their comrades who lie in the soil of France, stressing in particular our duty in preserving that comradeship so dearly acquired in the service of our country. The George A. Campbell post of South Bend, a post named after our own Sergeant Campbell killed in action, was well represented by speakers, veterans of many campaigns.

Notre Dame has at least seventy-five men among the faculty and student body who are eligible to membership. These men can begin a new chapter in the history of the University where one glorious chapter ended less than a year ago with the procession which escorted a flag draped casket to the little cemetery in the woods, the flag-draped casket of the last member of Notre Dame's G. A. R. Let us carry on the traditions of the old school, let us perpetuate that spirit which actuates Notre Dame men in their duties of citizenship both in peace and war.

The home-coming festivities are only a week away. To many of those who are students this implies the appearance of friends, fathers or brothers. To others it means a welcoming of those who have preceded them in other years. But to the old graduates who will step back again on to Notre Dame soil it represents the day of days, when they return to *alma mater* to visit once more the scenes of former times and chat again with old friends. It is *their* home-coming.

In the scheme of things it happens that the students derive a share of the satisfaction and pleasure of the event. That is as it should be. The major portion of that satisfaction should come, however, from their positions, as a part of the University in acting as hosts.

The duty of entertaining the visitors will fall on our shoulders. Not only in the larger matters will it be up to us to act as hosts,

but in the finer details also. Each man should constitute himself a reception committee of one to do his share in the welcoming and entertaining. We want it said after the Home-coming is over: "The fellows who are there now showed us a royal time."

MOLZ.

Behold the callow youth coming down the path, rakish hat cocked at right angle to flat part of head, flaring necktie, noisy shirt, checked suit, buster
CLOTHES AND THE brown shoes, and lat-
FRESHMAN. tice-work hosiery.

From his general sartorial display a casual observer would associate him with the inhabitants of the fields and marshes, whereas a cynical onlooker might classify him as a budding Thespian of the cheap and soft shell variety; but to the senior in the sweater he is obviously a lowly freshman intent on beginning his college career with a splash.

Four years have elapsed. The same youth is approaching; he draws nearer. Witness the miracle. A radical change has taken place; he has discarded his calliope-like apparel, the suit that once offended the eye has given place to a sweater and trousers of subdued color, a flannel shirt minus the colorful cravat enfolds the broadened shoulders, a cap tilted at a careless angle, and covering an infinitely greater amount of grey matter, replaces the gravity-defying hat of years before.

A few yards distant a freshman, garbed as the rest of his genus, disdainfully surveys the senior, and thus history repeats itself.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE SCHOLASTIC:

It is often true that the barn door is closed after the horse has been stolen; and people, despite the aphorism "a stitch in time saves nine," are prone to procrastination. After the Hill Street Car runs off the track at some point between the Lilacs and the University Post Office injuring if not killing some of its passengers, a great cry of horror will go up. Every one from the co-ed in the kitchen to the mayor of the Bend will protest that the track should have been repaired. But then it will be too late.

WM. A. A. CASTELLINI.

COMMITTEE COMMENTS.

The tickle-toe artists should have much cause for joyousness during the open season for hops and frolics this year. The evenings of the Army and Haskell games shall witness two more dances staged by the S. A. C. at the Oliver and the scene in both cases is expected to be one of great rejoicing. To add to the general gayety, the announcement has been made that the tickets will be distributed at a very nominal price. It is the calculation of the Committee to diminish the student's personal exchequer by just enough to cover expenses and pay for the promotion of the dances. The music necessary to the general success of the evening's entertainment will be supplied by South Bend's local talent, which, we have been informed by the frequenters of numerous dancing emporiums, is of a satisfactory character.

Other doings of this austere body of class presidents and representatives which should have a lively interest for the skull-cap wearers are set forth in the following record.

It has become a Committee rule that all clubs on the campus which embrace members of all the four classes shall elect their major officers from among the upper-classmen. The agitation on this point which has roused the Committee to action was due to difficulties presented by one club's recent elections. It is pleasing to note, however, that the breaks in this club's organization seem to have been vulcanized and all is apparently in a state of bliss at the present time. This reform measure will preclude such deplorable state of affairs in the future and thereby forestall similar volcanic eruptions of indigestion.

Following the tidings of good portent to the near-insolvent student of Notre Dame, of whom there are many, five dollars and seventy-five cents per head is the price set by the transportation company for the removal of football devotees from here to there. There, meaning, of course, Indianapolis, Indiana. This great reduction in the high cost of travelling was made possible only when it was announced that Notre Dame would move bodily to the southern part of the state on the twenty-ninth of the month. Those who cannot surround and

capture this amount of currency by the date given are respectfully requested to submit their names to the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company who will see that they are given comfortable quarters in the "rod cars" of all freight-trains passing between South Bend and Indianapolis. The five dollars and seventy-five cents will go to cover the following items: banners and large pennants to be carried in the parade, transportation from the Notre Dame Postoffice to the metropolis of Indianapolis and transportation from the metropolis of Indianapolis to the Notre Dame Postoffice.

It has been the custom in the past that, when flowers were necessary for the decoration of the altar in the main church, the different halls on the campus take turns in supplying them, subscriptions being taken up in the halls for this purpose. In accordance with a plan proposed by Father O'Hara, which the Student Activities Committee has approved and promised to support, the money necessary for this decoration of the altar and also for covering the cost of printing on the pamphlets distributed in the box at the door of the chapel, will be collected hereafter on Sunday mornings at the Students' Mass. This is a very commendable plan and if each student will make some small donation to this fund when he is called upon to give it much time will be saved and the money gathered much more expeditiously. It is certain that the Notre Dame men will live up to their past reputation for generosity in this regard, and no matter how small the amount which they might be able to give, they will give it with a right good will.

F. MCGINNIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

Notre Dame is sad on account of the death of Robert R. Davis, of Carroll Hall, who died at St. Joseph's Hospital of pneumonia, on the evening of October 12. A more extended notice will appear next week.

Dean Comerford, one of the three Comerford brothers who were in the Minims for several years, died October first at his home in Joliet, Illinois, after an illness lasting

since his discharge from the service. Dean was well-known to the sisters and priests of the University, where the charm of his boyish personality had endeared him to many. To his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Comerford, we offer sincere condolence.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

The first meeting of Notre Dame's Ohio Club took place on Tuesday of last week. With characteristic ability the Ohioans placed Kenneth Nyhan of Toledo, in the President's chair, and agreed that William Castellini of Cincinnati, should be Vice-President, A. C. Keeney of Akron, Secretary, and J. J. Hilkert of Canton, Treasurer. In keeping with all Notre Dame's club traditions, the members agreed to have a banquet sometime within the year.

The Toledo Club, bigger and more active than ever before, took shape and commenced its social year at a meeting held during the week. Kenneth Nyhan is its President, J. C. Cochrane its Vice-President, Frank McGinnis the Secretary, J. J. Hurley, Treasurer, and W. L. Haecker the Sergeant at Arms.

At the recent organization meeting of the Notre Dame Los Angeles Club the following officers were elected: Dr. F. J. Breslin, LL. B. '13, president; Stanley Cofall, LL. B. '17, vice-president; Leo. B. Ward, LL. B. '20, secretary; Joseph Kane, treasurer; Rev. F. C. Ott, '14 and '15, chaplain. The advisory board will be elected next meeting and definite plans will be made as to the club's activities.

Pete Bahan, captain of the '19 varsity, is captain this year of the eleven at St. Mary's College, Oakland, California. "Slip" Madigan '20 is coaching the team.

News has been received of the appointment of Michael Diskin, LL. B., to the staff of the United States District Attorney in Reno, Nevada.

Notre Dame's Cupid invaded Auburn, Indiana on October fourth when the marriage of Miss Harriette Louise Casey took place to Harry Charles McIntyre, former student at the University.

And two days later the same busy little

gentleman was called to Perrysburg, Ohio, to furnish a gold-and-blue touch at the wedding of Miss Lela Marie Hoffman to Harold H. Munger, Architecture '15, on October sixth.

On July thirteenth at the Church of Our Mother of Angels, Chicago, was solemnized the wedding of Mis Margaret Carey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carey of Chicago, to James V. Cunningham, LL. B. '17. Rev. William F. Cunningham, C. S. C., brother of the bridegroom, performed the ceremony and looks forward to welcoming the recently united pair on home-coming day.

Judy (on the records as Eugene V.) Shanahan, '21, is at present delving in the curricula of the College of Medicine in St. Louis University.

Notre Dame men report that one of the most joyous occasions of the Summer was the visit of Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., president of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, to Los Angeles. Father Gene enjoyed touring the district and reports that the best day of the visit was the occasion of the visit to Universal City, Hal Roach's stamping ground, and the Mac Sennett factory.

Leo Ward, of Otterbein, Indiana, and James Connerton, of Johnson City, New York, both of the Class of 1920, have entered the novitiate across the lake. They received the habit, October 4, 1921. After the ceremony, a dinner was given in their honor at which many priests and brothers were guests.

MURPHY, ARNDT.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

The seniors of this year expect to set a precedent. The class ring of the graduating hereafter will be of uniform insignia, which it is expected, will be voted on by all other classes, and established as the traditional emblem by which an N. D. man may greet a fellow title-holder. The matter was brought at Tuesday's meeting of the seniors and put in the hands of a design committee.

Chicagoans were in overwhelming evidence

at the first encounter of the Chicago Club which occurred Tuesday in the early evening. Roger Kiley presided during the interregnum, and handled all vexing matters with remarkable footwork. In his opening speech he said in part:

"Gentlemen, others, and fellow candidates, it is with a clear conception of all that the Chicago club is and is known for that prompts me to say this. It behooves all of us, and we all want to be behooved if we cannot be elected, to be sure to vote once, and to fail to vote twice, as is the absent practice of many members. It must be understood thoroughly that there will be no voting by mental telepathy. We cannot afford to wait for the thirteenth ballot in order to ascertain the final vote. I would therefore sincerely urge each and every member to vote one at a time.

"Nominations are now in order—alphabetical order." Candidate: "Mr. Kiley, I mean Mr. Chairman, I nominate—I mean my name is Henneberry, for president."

Kiley: "Is there anybody before the 'h's'?"

Nominator: "I nominate Mr. Pfohl."

Kiley: "That nomination is out of order. It's not before 'h'."

(P) Fohl: "I know but the P is silent as in fish."

Silence prevailed. Lights go out, after the fashion of the 18th ward. There is general uproar. Under cover of darkness Mr. Stephen is elected. Lights return simultaneously.

Gould (arises and bows): "I move we announce a recess."

Before any action is taken, all have receded from the scene:

With the chaff still on their shoulders, the Iowans gathered in the Library last Thursday, October 7th, to recognize their historic club. Lawrence "Buck" Shaw was elected to the office of president, Jerry Walsh was made Vice-President, Paul Schwertly given charge of the minutes book, and Dunn was chosen Treasurer. The members expect little opposition in making the organization the best state club on the Campus.

For the express purpose of getting their

pictures in the "Dome" a hundred art students of the University have organized. Discussion of art in all its alluring forms and figures, as well as art and its progress, and also art and its purpose were brought up at the meeting. Incidentally, the various candidates were elected or dejected, accordingly. Robert B. Riordan was chosen president undoubtedly. Joseph B. Behan became vice-president on request. Clifford Noonan assumed the office of treasurer without protest. Joseph B. Shaughnessy, who designed the Greater Notre Dame, and similar greater plan, will do duty as secretary. Prof. Vincent O'Connor, Fr. Bernard Lange, C. S. C., and Fr. Thomas Leahy, C. S. C., are the patron saints of the organization. A live model, probably in the form of a goldfish, will be added to the equipment of the Palette Club, eventually, it was confidently predicted, at the meeting.

At a meeting held on October 8th, the Seniors in recognition of Judge Vurpillat constant interest in the Class and his valuable services to the College of Law, dedicated to him the '22 Dome. The same meeting witnessed the downfall of a once supreme political party among the fourth year men.

Each Knight of Columbus present at Tuesday's meeting of Notre Dame Council was presented with a beautifully done-up ham sandwich and combination cigar as souvenirs of their visit. During the early hours of the meeting hot coffee was circulated among the Knights who were able to keep awake for several more speeches. Among the speakers to benefit by the coffee was Clifford Ward, who proposed to have rehearsals begin immediately for the play at Notre Dame Council intends to stage in the Open Air Amphitheatre to celebrate the completion of Greater Notre Dame. Father Foik apologized for having a bad cold, contracted on the occasion of his return from the dedication services accompanying the opening of the Gibault Home, a K. of C. institution for delinquent boys. Lecturer Barnhart, who will have charge of pan et circenses, was presented to a clamorous audience. The project of bringing Fritz Kreisler or an equally eminent artist to Notre Dame for bringing in proceeds to go to building fund,

as suggested by Fr. Foik, was turned over to the Entertainment Committee, headed by Vincent Fagan.

A bevy of young men, none of them yet out of their "teens", banded together in the enthusiastic altruism of youth, to form the Indiana Club of Notre Dame Friday. Their avowed purpose is to spread the gospel of truth and beauty among their countrymen. The feature of the meeting was the election of officers. Mark Storen took precedence. As if by spontaneous combustion, he was chosen president of the noble organization. An able and energetic assistant exists in the person of Jack Higgins, who became vice-president. Clifford Ward, the intranational publicist and lecturer, whose residence in Indiana with George Ade, Booth Tarkington, and Lew Wallace, is quite significant if not suspicious, contrived to get elected secretary. Jack Rahe, whose sterling character needs no encomiums, is treasurer. May the glorious work thrive and grow.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

GRID GOSSIP.

IT'S THE HAWKEYES' HOLIDAY.

The inevitable has happened—and newspapers throughout the country are commenting upon the fall of the Notre Dame eleven at Iowa—the first defeat in three seasons and the triumph of the conference representative over a Notre Dame team reputed to equal those of the last few years. The inference is naturally that Notre Dame lost to the first good conference team it ever met.

Iowa won after one of the hardest-fought games of football ever staged. Iowa fought for every point, took advantage of every break and refused to crack when a slip would have meant defeat. Iowa has a great team but after all is said and done, after the world recognizes only the victor and we must accept that judgment—to those who are wondering just what happened, we say that Notre Dame has a greater team than Iowa. And we cite the following from "The Daily Iowan," the student paper of Iowa university printed on the night of the game:

*Statistics Give Notre Dame Edge
Over Iowa.*

"Notre Dame traveled far yesterday but they traveled in vain so far as winning was concerned. Final analysis of the game shows that Notre Dame gained 239 yards on the line of scrimmage while Iowa made but 206 yards in this method of attack.

"Advance reports concerning the ability of the Notre Dame passing combination proved to be as true as they made 227 yards by means of the aerial route, while Iowa made 10. In the yardage lost, the summary shows about the same result as Iowa lost 17 yards while Notre Dame lost two more, 19.

"The Hawkeyes attempted six passes while Notre Dame tried 22. Notre Dame met with success in 13 of their passes while Iowa completed but one successfully.

"Iowa punted seven times for a total of 210 yards while Notre Dame punted only four times for a distance of 160 yards.

"In the matter of penalties Iowa had the better of the argument as they were penalized only 10 yards while Notre Dame was set back for 50.

"Notre Dame made first down 22 times while Iowa made the required yardage only 14 times."

In the light of this fair statement the only supposition which explains the defeat is the fact that Iowa got the breaks of the game. The play by play story, if followed closely, will illustrate the remarkable series of incidents which combined to aid the Iowans. Penalties, intercepted passes and the culmination of periods of play interrupted every Notre Dame march. Kiley blocked a kick and stumbled just enough in a clear field to allow Devine to tackle him. Devine kicked a goal from the 42 yard line and Castner attempted one from the 50 yard line which went true as a whistle but failed by 5 yards—although the kick was just as long as Devine's. It just didn't seem to be our day. The boys fought and fought again after every disheartening reverse and threatened the Iowan goal line continually throughout the last quarter—but the final punch wasn't there and we lost.

The school was downhearted and the team was broken-hearted. The consequences of this particular game reached back into the years and may be felt in the future—and the circumstances surrounding the defeat were so unusual that it seemed almost unfair. But that is football and we are taking the same sort of medicine we have fed others



"ALMOST."

for seasons. Sport entails this sort of thing and this is our day of penance.

Coach Rockne and the team were met by the student body with a demonstration finer than any which accompanied victory; and the spirit of the school today is one of courage and a determination to work back. The season is still young and there are rocky roads ahead which will offer plenty of time for thought and effort that need not be wasted upon pity. We think we deserved to win but we lost. The fact is plain and only a brilliant future can redeem it. And we are off.

Apart from the game itself the visit to Iowa City was very pleasant. Iowa displayed a fine spirit by meeting the team at the station and caring for its wants throughout the two days. We welcome further relations with the Hawkeye school—particularly on the gridiron.

FIRST HALF.

Iowa won the toss and chose to receive on the south goal with the wind on their backs. Garvey kicked to Devine, who was downed by Kiley on the 25-yard line. Devine failed to gain through center, Locke made four yards through center. Devine punted and Mohardt received the ball on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Coughlin made 2 yards through center. Wynne punted to Devine on Iowa's 40-yard line. Devine made 10 yards through center. Larson stopped Locke. Miller made 10 yards around right end. A. Devine made 2 yards through center and then made 2 around right end, placing the ball on Notre Dame's 27-yard line.

Shaw stopped Devine. Locke made 8 yards through Hunk Anderson. A. Devine made 10 yards around right end, placing the ball on Notre Dame's 11-yard line. Locke made 5 yards through Shaw. A. Devine made 3 through Garvey, putting the ball on the 3-yard line. Garvey stopped him on the next play.

On the fourth down Locke carried the ball over for a touchdown and A. Devine kicked the goal. Score: Notre Dame, 0; Iowa 7.

A. Devine kicked to Wynne on the 25-yard line. Mohardt made two yards. Coughlin made 9 yards left end. Wynne made first down. Mohardt made 18 yards around right end. Wynne made four through center and Danny Coughlin went through Slater for 12 yards. The ball was brought back and Notre Dame penalized 15 yards for holding.

Ball on Notre Dame's 45-yard line. A. Devine intercepted a forward pass on Iowa's 50-yard line. Locke made a slight gain through Garvey. Coughlin stopped Devine. Notre Dame was penalized 1 offside play. Iowa's ball on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. A. Devine made 6 yards through Garvey. Locke failed. Notre Dame penalized for offside

playing. Iowa's ball on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. A. Devine made 6 yards through Garvey. Locke made 2 yards through end. A. Devine carried the ball through for 6 yards and a first.

Garvey stopped Locke. Iowa was commencing to use its famous shift. Iowa was penalized for offside. Ball on Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Locke made no gain. A. Devine kicked a field goal from the 42-yard line. Score: Iowa 10; Notre Dame 0.

Devine kicked the ball over the goal line and it was Notre Dame's ball on the 20-yard line. Dooley was sent in to play right guard. Mohardt tore off 5 yards around right end. Coughlin made 7 yards around left end. Wynne made 3 through left guard. Mohardt made 4 through right tackle. Wynne made 5 through center. Coughlin failed to gain. Ball on Notre Dame's 45-yard line.

Mohardt passed to Anderson, who made 8 yards. Iowa was penalized for offside play, 5 yards. Notre Dame's ball on Iowa's 40-yard line. Mohardt made 4 yards around right end. Wynne went through center for 9 yards. Mohardt failed to gain.

Notre Dame had the ball on the 25-yard line. Wynne scooted along the side line for 4 yards. First quarter ended here, the score being Iowa 10; Notre Dame 0.

Mohardt passed 10 yards to Anderson, who ran the ball to the 5-yard line. Wynne went through the line for a slight gain. Coughlin was stopped. Slater stopped Grant on the 1-yard line.

Locke intercepted a forward pass over the goal line and ran it out to the Notre Dame 40-yard line, where he was thrown to the ground by a vicious tackle by Mohardt. Larson stopped A. Devine after he made 3 yards. Locke went through Hunk Anderson for 4 yards. A. Devine made 2 yards and Locke made first down on the 50-yard line. Shaw threw Devine for a 10-yard loss. A. Devine punted to Grant, who fumbled and recovered on Notre Dame's 23-yard line. Mohardt made 12 around right end. Wynne made 2 yards. Coughlin made 2 more around right end. Kadesky blocked Wynne's punt and Slater recovered on Notre Dame's 38-yard line.

Locke fumbled and Notre Dame recovered the ball. Mohardt went 5 yards around right end.

Wynne made 3 yards through Slater. Mohardt made first down. Grant made 4 through center. Mohardt passed 20 yards to Kiley, who ran 30 yards through a clear field for a touchdown. Shaw kicked the goal. Score: Notre Dame 7; Iowa 10.

Garvey kicked to A. Devine, who ran 18 yards to Iowa's 25-yard line. Dooley then threw Devine for a 4-yard loss. Hunk stopped Miller. A. Devine punted 20 yards to Iowa's 40-yard line. Notre Dame's ball there. Mohardt made 5 around right and Wynne failed to gain. Coughlin made 4 through Thompson.

Slater stopped Wynne and the ball was lost on downs, Iowa taking the offense on her own 30-yard line. Locke made 4 through Hunk Anderson. A. Devine made 3 yards and Locke made first down

through Garvey. Larson stopped A. Devine. Locke made 6 through center. A. Devine made 4 yards and first down through right tackle. Notre Dame was offside and it was Iowa's ball on Notre Dame's 36-yard line. Coughlin broke up a forward pass and A. Devine made 3 more yards. Belding muffed a forward pass. Iowa punted out of bounds, and it was Notre Dame's ball on her own 9-yard line.

Grant muffed a pass. Mohardt passed 20 yards to Kiley, who ran to Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Mohardt passed 15 yards to Grant, who ran to Iowa's 30-yard line. Mohardt passed to Kiley, who made 10 more yards, putting the ball on Iowa's 25-yard line just the half ended.

Notre Dame gained 70 yards on three plays before the close of the half. Iowa 10. Notre Dame 7.

SECOND HALF.

At the beginning of the second half Mehre went in at center for Larson. A. Devine kicked to Wynne, who ran to his own 27-yard line. Coughlin gained 2 yds. and Mohardt went through for 2 more. Wynne punted to A. Devine, who was dropped in his tracks by Eddie Anderson on Iowa's 35-yard line. A. Devine was stopped by Garvey then went off right tackle for 3 yards. A. Devine passed to G. Devine, who made 8 yards before being stopped by Hunk Anderson.

First down for Iowa. Notre Dame line now holding strong. Buck Shaw stopped A. Devine. Iowa's ball on their 47-yard line on their third down.

Wynne breaks up a forward. A. Devine punted to Notre Dame 12 yard line. Notre Dame first down on their own 12-yard line. Wynne failed to gain, going out of bounds. Mohardt made 8 on a fake pass. Wynne failed to gain but on fourth down went through center for 3 and a first down.

Coughlin gained 3 around left and then went 2 through right tackle.

G. Devine intercepted a pass and it was Iowa's first down on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. A. Devine failed to gain. Locke went through right tackle. A. Devine made 1 and first down. Ball on Notre Dame's 30-yard line.

A. Devine failed to gain. Locke went for 4 through center. A. Devine gained 12 yards through right guard and Locke made 4 through the same place. Iowa's ball, second down on Notre Dame's 11-yard line.

Degree goes in for Hunk Anderson. Locke makes 2 yards and A. Devine makes 2 more. Fourth down, 6 yards to go.

Notre Dame's ball on their own 6-yard line, first down. Mohardt makes 4 around right end. Wynne gains 4 at center. Coughlin makes six and first down on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Notre Dame penalized 5 yards for offside. Mohardt gains 8 yards at left end. Coughlin failed to gain. Mohardt passed to Kiley on pretty catch for first down on N. D.'s 32-yard line. Notre Dame penalized 5

yards, backfield being in motion. G. Devine stopped Coughlin on a pretty tackle. Coughlin failed to gain. Third down on Notre Dame's 28-yard line, 15 yards to go. Pass by Notre Dame failed.

Castner goes in for Wynne and punts 70 yards to Iowa's 5 yard line where Eddie Anderson stopped Devine. Lieb goes in for Mohardt. A. Devine punted to Grant who brought ball to Iowa's 25-yard line. Lieb broke through for two yards. A pass by Notre Dame failed. Coughlin made 12 yards and first down, carrying the ball to Iowa's 13-yard line. Lieb makes 6 yards. Notre Dame on Iowa's 8-yard line when quarter ended.

Mohardt returns to the game for Lieb at the start of the Fourth quarter and lost 5 yards. Fourth down for Notre Dame on Iowa's 12-yard line. Mohardt's pass to Kiley failed and the ball was lost on down.

A. Devine punted to Grant on the 45-yard line where Kadesky made a pretty tackle. Mohardt gained 3 yards. Two passes in succession failed, both just out of Kiley's reach. Castner attempted a drop kick from the 50-yard line but it fell short by 5 yards. Notre Dame penalized 5 yards, Iowa's ball, second down on their own 22-yard line. A. Devine made 1 yard, Locke followed with 3 yards. A. Devine punted to Mohardt, who was downed on the 50 yard line. On the next play Degree was knocked out but resumed play. Mohardt passed 10 yards to Kiley. Notre Dame's first down on Iowa's 35-yard line. A pass from Mohardt to Kiley netted 8 yards. Coughlin made 8 and first down on Iowa's 20 yard line. Castner failed to gain, then made 6 yards.

Belding intercepted Mohardt's pass on Iowa's 13-yard line. A. Devine made 4 yards. Locke gained 3 yards. Locke made three more and first down. Shaw stopped Aubrey. Miller made 2 yards. Devine punted to Grant, who was downed by Slater on Notre Dame's ball on their own 38-yard line. Desch enters game for Coughlin as the crowd starts to leave. Shuttleworth goes in for Locke. No gain. Notre Dame penalized 5 yards when backfield is in motion. Desch makes 17 yards for first down. Desch fails to gain. Belding intercepts pass and Iowa takes the ball on their own 42-yard line. Kiley blocked a punt and carried the ball to Iowa's 25-yard line.

Desch failed to gain. Castner made 6 yards through center. Mohardt passed to Anderson for first down on Iowa's 8-yard line. Castner failed to gain. Notre Dame penalized 5 yards. Desch gained 4 yards, Grant thrown for 6-yard loss. Mohardt thrown for 8 yard loss. Thompson goes in for Grant.

Notre Dame's fourth down on Iowa's 24-yard line. A. Devine intercepts a pass. A. Devine failed to gain. A. Devine gained 7 yards. Carberry goes in for Kiley. Devine makes 4 yards and first down. A. Devine failed twice. Devine kicked to Thomas who returned the ball to the 50-yard line. Mohardt passed to Castner, who carried the ball to Iowa's 17-yard line as the whistle blew ending the game.

LINEUP AND SUMMARY:

IOWA.	NOTRE DAME.
Kadesky -----	Kiley—Carberry
	Left End.
Thompson -----	Garvey
	Left Tackle.
Minnick -----	H. Anderson—Dooley
	Left Guard.
Heldt -----	Larson—Mehre
	Center.
Mead -----	Dooley—Degree
	Right Guard.
Slater -----	Shaw
	Right Tackle.
Belding -----	E. Anderson
	Right End.
A. Devine -----	Grant—Thomas
	Quarterback.
Miller -----	Mohardt—Lieb
	Left Halfback.
G. Devine -----	Coughlin—Desch
	Right Halfback.
Locke—Shuttleworth -----	Wynne—Castner
	Fullback.

Score by periods:

Iowa -----	10	0	0	0
Notre Dame -----	0	7	0	0

Referee:—Birch, Earlham. Umpire:—Reid,
Michigan. Head Linesman:—Wyatt, Mo.

THE CORNHUSKERS ARE COMING.

With Nebraska here to stage one of the real classics of the year in Western football, attendance records are expected to be broken at the second annual home-coming celebration at Notre Dame on Oct. 22. 8,000 reserved seats have been sold out for weeks, hotel reservations have been exhausted, and it is doubtful if the 7,000 general admission seats to be put on sale will accommodate the crowd.

A two-days' program will begin on Friday night when the entire Notre Dame student body will parade through the streets of South Bend to the Oliver hotel where a big welcome will be extended to Capt. Swanson and his crew. An athletic carnival of boxing and wrestling bouts will be held at the gymnasium following the reception. Jimmy Kelly, bantam challenger, now a student at Notre Dame, and other pugs of lesser note will be included in the 14 boxing bouts to be staged.

A high school preliminary between South Bend and Jefferson High of Lafayette will begin at 12:30 o'clock and be completed be-



CAPTAIN SWANSON.

"Nebraska expects to lick the tar out of Notre Dame."

fore the college game which starts at 2:30 o'clock. Following the game the Monogram club will be hosts to its members, alumni and the football squad at the Oliver hotel and the Student Activities Committee will sponsor two dances during the evening at which the teams from both schools will be honor guests.

The unexpected defeat of Notre Dame at Iowa after the local squad had gained more than two yards to one by the Hawkeyes, has added the proper edge to the Nebraska contest and spectators will be assured of real football all the way. Nebraska will attempt to repeat the feat of Iowa while Rockne's men will be out for a big score to show that the Iowa affair was all a mistake. Coach Rockne will devote the greater part of this week to steeling his line against the powerful charges of the heavy Nebraska backs.

FRANK WALLACE.