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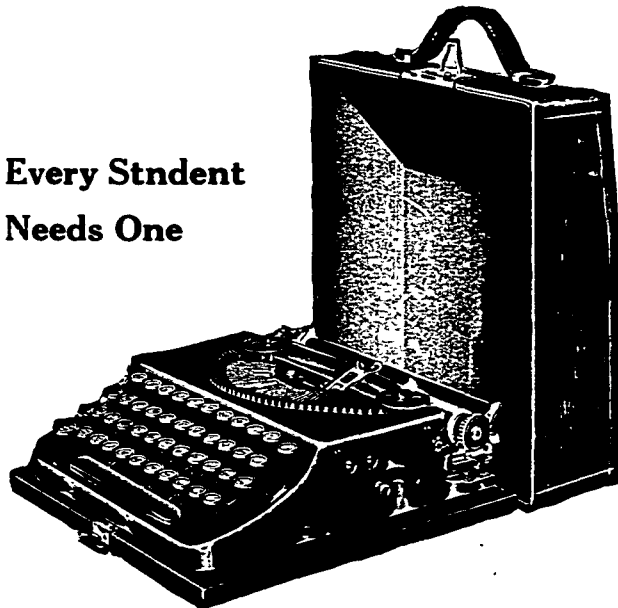
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CALENDAR

Monday, May 1—Battle of Port-Gibson, 1863.

Wisconsin vs. Notre Dame at Madison, baseball.

Tuesday, May 2—Battle of Chancellorsville, 1863.

Beloit vs. Notre Dame at Beloit, baseball.

Wednesday, May 3—First call for three-year men,
1861.

Thursday, May 4—The philosopher, Huxley, born,
1825.

Players' Club presents "Peaceful Valley," 8 p. m.

Friday, May 5—Napoleon I died, 1821.

Junior Prom, formal, at the Oliver Hotel, 9 p. m.

Michigan vs. Notre Dame at Ann Arbor, baseball.

Saturday, May 6—Dublin murders, 1882.

Michigan Aggies vs. Notre Dame, at Lansing,
baseball.

I. A. C. vs. Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, track.

Sunday, May 7—Baton Rouge, La., captured, 1862.

"The State of Grace," sermon by Fr. Margraf, in
Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, 8:15
a. m.

The S. A. C. meets.

The SCHOLASTIC editorial board meets.

The season in Washington Hall

Has ended for lecturers all;

Some have been nice

But others, of ice

Would accomplish a laudable haul.

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Published Every Saturday During the School Year. Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917 authorized, June 25, 1918.

Vol. LV.

April 29, 1922

No. 27

FREE DAYS: A EULOGY.

LEO R. WARD.

SIX and thirty hours ago I was one of the happiest college men. I had ceased to gnaw the end of my pencil, had ceased to sit with knees crossed, rocking the free foot, had closed my books, and gone forth, unencumbered, into the April air. I was bubbling over with joy and animation: "my joy no one could come near." This morning I find myself in another humour. The waters of gladness have boiled down; they have gone off into thin, thin vapor; and my poor improvident little craft that yesterday rode on the peak of the billows is left stranded today on a familiar but barren isle.

Yesterday was a free day. A free day! In anticipation, the most heartily longed for, the most enchanting of college events: in retrospect, the least satisfying recollection in carefree young lives. "We'd go to school forever, if we had the promise of a rec' day at the end," says one of my friends. Yes, we'd go to school, but going back to school—there's the pinch.

Well, not yet two suns ago, that day I had so long doted on arrived. And I—wise provider that I am—had so many things to do. But I did not hurry or worry in going about them. For was not the day free—the whole blessed day! With no distracting professor to dog my heels, I sensed afar off the almost illimitable amounts of work I could accomplish, and against the coming of that day I had stacked task upon task, rather recklessly, perhaps, but altogether confidently. The "duties" of two long weeks were deliberately delayed; all of them lay there in a shapeless and growing mass, waiting, waiting meekly for the free day. Work, too, of re-

viewing for the examinations, work of a special nature to be voluntarily undertaken in my boundless zeal for learning: the re-copying of notes, the recasting of old themes, the reading of the best books—only the best books—the running down of several events in politics and history, the sifting of the knottier problems of philosophy, the beginning of an oration, and indeed the carrying of it far into the land of eloquence—these and vaster projects flitted phantom-like through my mind, and displayed themselves in gay colors to my imagination, always ready with a promise to lighten today's burden by staving it off till tomorrow.

Now the minim or the high school student, I will admit, shows himself an unreasoning creature, upon the unexpected announcement of an April free day. I have gone on several occasions with a party of these striplings for a hike in springtime, and I must own that they do not disport themselves as college men. Unlike the animals which we are, they climb trees; they precipitate themselves down clay banks at breakneck speed; they temper their blood in an ice-brook, and in their splashing, incidentally immerse themselves. They chirp like meadow larks in Maytime; they race like the thoroughbred, stall-fed for months and loosed at last; and they declare themselves quite indifferent as to missing their dinner.

That, however, I would warn you, is the way of the minim, or at the worst, of the high school boy. I am no such benighted creature. I am a college man, a more sober fellow. I lay out work—"scads" of it—for the day, yes, and for the hour of my freedom: but I never do the work, never begin it, till the freedom is fairly over, and the bell with its hourly bellowing, begins insistently to roar out to me and the other slaves on my flat: "You free day, so leaden-footed in coming,

has, like its fellows before it, flown away with the wind, and you are where you were two weeks ago."

This kind of thing comes over me three or four times—not oftener, alas!—in the year. You'll think I should learn by experience. I do. I learn to make the most of my free days, and in the gloom gathering at their decline to go back, with a tolerable grace and even with goodwill, to take up the thread of work where two weeks earlier I have left it dangling in the rosy joy of expectancy.

A DAY AT NOTRE DAME SUMMER SCHOOL.
(Reminiscence.)

SISTER M. GABRIELLE, S. S. J.

The morning after my arrival at Notre Dame, I was awakened by the clock in the old church steeple solemnly striking the hour of five. Simultaneously, the fifteen-minute bell sung out the fourth quarter of the hour, followed by the chapel bells at Notre Dame and at St. Mary's, a mile distant. All this chiming was the signal for the religious of both places to arise and proceed to their devotions, for the members of Holy Cross Congregation preserve their usual order of observance throughout the entire year. There was no general rising hour for the students; the early risers responded either for their own private devotions, or to give an extra peek before breakfast, at the morning's lessons.

Shortly before eight o'clock, the students appeared on their way to the different Halls for classes. Men and women, lay and ecclesiastical were there: young people fresh from college or their first year's teaching; teachers, whose ability was a proverb in their own home towns; representatives of foreign countries; priests, brothers, and nuns from various teaching communities, whose multi-colored garbs made a picture of pageantry; all, regardless of race, creed, or distinction, walking in the way of "Advanced Education."

The mid-day Angelus bell signaled the close of the morning session. The students then repaired to the cafeteria, a restaurant on the grounds, where meals were served according to the *serve-self* plan, which arrangement was particularly interesting, and at the same time rather intimidating to the uninitiated; but the spirit of American independence soon asserted itself, and embarrassments and conventions were forgotten when mingling with the crowd. Everybody seemed to enjoy the meal, and chatter was quite general.

Classes were resumed at one-thirty. Evidently, the musicians worked all day, for from seven in the morning until the same hour in the evening, pipe-organ and pianos could be heard across the campus—even with the thermometer at ninety-eight in the shade. Such enthusiasm must have been very encouraging to the Dean of the College of Music.

Father Gregory and his class of painters were about the grounds, doing beautiful landscape studies. At intervals, the chimes rang out an old familiar



hymn-tune, sweetly reminding us that this was a holy place.

In the evening after supper, the resident students allowed themselves an hour's recreation out-of-doors. We employed ours by a walk through the grounds, ending in a favorite way, along the lake-drive to the "Grotto," a truly devotional shrine modeled after the famous Grotto at Lourdes, and set in a grove of magnificent wood. Here, all was peace. The blood-red setting sun flung a shaft of light across the waters of the lake, and farther on gleamed through the tree-tops like a fiery host in air. We lingered for a time in the gathering dusk, while glimmering votive lights illumined the scene which we were loath to leave.

Suddenly, the Vesper bell summoned us, and we retraced our steps toward the chapel for the evening Benediction service, passing on the way innumerable homing birds, huddled close upon the telegraph wires, singing their goodnight song. Mr. Middel-schulte—that charming musician—who was quietly enjoying the concert, said they were "gossiping to each other."

Then the day was done; a few moments and all was silent. Lights twinkled from many windows where students were preparing lessons for the following day. Slowly the August moon arose, big, round, beautiful, flooding the earth with silvery whiteness. As I watched her grow, and then sink lower in the heavens, seeming so near to my window that I had only to put out my hand to touch her, my thoughts re-echoed the words of the Notre Dame student song:

"Oft fancy fond will thee recall,

And Mem'ry claim

Our hearts when life's deep shadows fall,

O Notre Dame!"

Nazareth, Michigan.

THE CHAPEL ALTAR.

H. W. FLANNERY.

The beauty of our college chapel has attracted much attention, but what is most probably its gem, the high altar, has not re-



ceived the notice due its art and symbolism. There is history here, and charm and meaning which it is well to call to mind.

Bernini, who lived from 1598 to 1680, and carved the altar in the church, was a Neopolitan architect and painter. He designed many of the embellishments of St. Peter's in Rome, under Pope Urban VII. His most notable work there was the colossal colonnade, which he finished in 1667.

"The altar is not merely a piece of furniture more or less costly, of bronze, or carved wood, covered with gems," wrote a French priest sent to report on the altar while it reposed in the Church of St. Etienne, of Beauvais. "These details," he continued, "which have their value, are only accessories. The Christian artist should, like his predecessors of the Middle Ages, have an idea before he begins to carve or to chisel. Now here, the idea is without doubt sublime. It has been taken from a worthy source. The altar, with two faces, is the Thabor of the Emmanuel, of God dwelling with us,—*nobiscum Deus*. It is the table of sacrifice.

"The tabernacle is the rendition in gold and jewels of the twenty-first and twenty-

second chapters of the Apocalypse, and we believe that even in the times of faith, in the Middle Ages, when artists represented the heavenly Jerusalem on the capitals of columns, on the canopies of statues, and even on the censers of the Benediction, this rendition has never been so complete—we were going to say, so literal."

He continues, more in detail:

"In the center gable, an angel enameled in bright colors holds a phylactery, and proclaims that 'there is the Tabernacle of God among men, that He will dwell with them, that they shall be His people, and that God in their midst shall be their God.'

"The Alpha and Omega which appear in the little four-lobed windows over the doors recall the promises made to him who shall be victorious. A sheaf of slender columns sustains the Holy Jerusalem, as if descending from Heaven. The city is a square; it is as long as it is wide; it has a great and a high wall, in which are twelve gates, and twelve angels, one to each gate. Twelve enameled plates bear the names of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. It has three gates to the east, three to the north, three to the south, and three to the west. And the wall has twelve foundations, on which are the names of the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb. The city is of gold and twelve kinds of precious stones. Those which adorn the foundations bear the names of the Apostles.

"The Lamb crowns the city, and holds aloft the Cross, the emblem of His triumph. The richly enameled gates disclose the River of Living Waters, which flows from the Throne of God and the Lamb, and in the midst of this river, the Tree of Life, whose fruits are represented by twelve precious stones, and whose luxuriant foliage gives the leaves for the healing of the nations.

"After this long citation of the Holy Book, which is but a description of the Tabernacle, we have nothing to add. The person most difficult to please is satisfied. The rendition of the Sacred Text is complete. Gold, bronze, wood, coloring, enameling, carving, statuary, mutually concur to effect a harmonious whole. We cannot enter upon the details of this work, which is now before us, and which we admired only in a hurry, but let us lovingly salute the crowning piece of this work,

the Lamb Triumphant at the top of the city. This is wonderfully successful, and, from whatever side it is seen, produces a remarkable effect. This is indeed the Lamb which was sacrificed: *Dignus est Agnus qui occisus est accipere coronam*. He bears a standard of royalty, and on His head the cruciform nimbus.

"The interior of this Tabernacle is covered with heavy plates of gilded silver, which makes the richness of the inside correspond with that of the outside.

"The altar itself is very rich and in harmony with the tabernacle. It has been fashioned like a shrine, the sides of which are composed of two arcades of gilded bronze. Enameled angels in relief adorn the arcades. Six pilasters support the table of Sacrifice, and form six niches for statues representing the virtues—all remarkable for their finish. A beautiful garland of gilded bronze encircles the altar, recalling this passage of Exodus: 'Thou shalt construct Me an altar, and thou shalt surround it with garland four fingers high.'

'The altar of Notre Dame recalls the liturgical phrase through which the Catholic altar has passed. The altar has always been the table of the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Nothing has here been omitted to make the altar worthy of its destination.'

THE DOME.*

HAROLD E. MCKEE.

Sherman would have derived more pleasure from a war, than Ed Cochrane does from a cup of coffee, had he first tried his hand at editing the Dome. It is not that trying to assemble the Notre Dame annual is particularly a drudge, but merely that wars are a great deal more pleasant, more cheerful—because once or twice during a military campaign the soldiers have their opposing forces on the run, but during a Dome campaign, the book has its staff continuously on the

* This startling revelation, like the Diary of Ruth Randall, was 'discovered' after the crime had been committed. Unlike the famous afore-mentioned diary, however, it is authentic.

run. A war may drag along for five or six years, but if the Dome is not conquered in ten months another war breaks afresh.

The soldier's work is finished when the war is over, but when a Dome is over the war becomes more bitter; that is, if some over-sensitive person fancies that he received more than his share of a certain type of publicity or if some person imagines that he did not receive sufficient amount of space to convince the back-homers that he is the pivot man of every activity at Notre Dame.

A warrior carries a gun and the Dome carries a camera and both shoot men. When a soldier shoots—his victim is disposed of, but when a Dome shoots—the victim follows it around demanding to know how his picture turned out.

For their valiant services army men receive thirty dollars a month while the Dome men receive thirty duns a day. Any bills coming into an empty coffer necessitate all the strategy of a Napoleon to avert another kind of war.

Both military and Dome organizations launch drives. If the army makes a brilliant opening sally it will undoubtedly drive its opposing forces out of a trench or a rut; but though the Dome makes equally as brilliant an opening sally, it nevertheless drives into a rut and stays there.

When a soldier's daily vigil is finished he goes to bed and all that he has to worry about is a shrapnel that may burst beneath his cot, but when a Dome retires it worries all night about the possibilities of a printer's or an engraver's strike.

An army does not give compensation for these goods which it acquires by its charges but if a Dome charges, it must pay.

A soldier marches when flags are flying but the Dome "flags" when March is flying. If a man wishes to get into the army all that is necessary is an examination and an induction: if the same person desires to get into the Dome, a picture of him must be taken and his biography must be written after the style of a eulogy. If the comment does not blend with the subject's self-esteem, then the Dome is given what Sherman thought about wars.

The Dome, *c'est la guerre*, as they say in philosophy.

THE PARK.

VINCENT D. ENGELS.

"Ah, good evening, m'sieu. Yes, the nights are getting chilly. And here in the park the mist comes down cold and there are no warm hearts to send it away. Benches are hard, m'sieu, hard to sleep upon.

"No, the season for lovers is gone now. Only the drunkards are here—the drunkards and the poor men—the lonely ones. Such a lonely place—the park—good God, what a lonely place!

"You should have come here in the summer, m'sieu—it was lovely then, with the pretty flowers breathing in the dark, and the maples stirring in their sleep. And the people came, young and old, to sit here and watch the changing stars, and see the clouds sail by for the good will of the moon. They came in couples mostly, but some came alone. There was one, m'sieu, ah, she was lovely as the summer night. She came bareheaded, so the breezes could play through her hair, and the moonbeams worship it. Always with a white shawl around her shoulders she came, and once she spoke to me sitting here. I do not remember what it was she said—I did not realize what she was saying at the time. I just listened to the sound of her voice, and thought that it was the voice of the night itself, so soft, so tender.

"Once a man came to sit by me—what a wretch he was. Dressed in fashion as you are, but drunk, drunk with absinthe. He would not talk to me, but muttered to himself and wept. Then she came by and stopped suddenly, so close to us that I could almost hear the beating of her heart. She spoke but it was not to me this time.

"'Gaston!' she cried, and laid her hand on his arm.

"'Gaston, do you not hear me?' But he could only whisper, 'Who are you?'

"'Oh Gaston, Gaston, you do not know me? I am Camille, Camille—and once you loved me, Gaston.'

"The drunkard tried to stand, but he could only sit a little straighter, he was so heavy, m'sieu. But he took his hat from his head, and I saw that his hair was thick and curly.

"'Camille,' he said slowly as if trying to remember. A queer light came into his

eyes and then he sobbed—sobbed so bitterly that I wept to see him.

"'Go away,—away,' he said, 'I'm drunk—Good God, I'm drunk!'

"'But she only stayed, bending towards him like a white lily in the wind.

"'Come, Gaston, you must come with me.'

"'No, no.'

"'You must.'

"'No, I am drunk.'

"'Gaston, listen to me—how long since you have played?'

"'A month—since I saw you last.'

She laughed as if in scorn.

"'A month,—ha, what is that—a month? Come, you must come with me. It is time to work. Remember you are going to make your debut in the fall—you promised it. Now come with me.'

"'It is useless, Camille, I am drunk. I shall never play again.' But somehow, m'sieu, he staggered to his feet, and she led him away.

"Have you a headache that you press your forehead so? Ah well, you must be careful. The nights are damp and chilly now. What, you are interested in that story? Did I ever see her again? Not in the park, m'sieu. But a week ago, while I was searching for work I found that a poor fellow who waited at the Cafe Guignol had taken sick. There was to be a great concert that night—many persons were expected. So I was given his position for the time, and that is how I came to see her again. I was standing at the rear of the theatre watching the audience file in, when she passed by. Dressed like a queen she was, but still bareheaded. Instead of the white shawl she used to wear, a big coat of white fur covered her. I saw that she was very sad.

"Then the violinist came on the stage and he played. So soft and yet so loud the music was that the people almost went crazy, m'sieu, and even I, who know nothing of music, was thrilled. I think that some of the ladies cheered him because he was such a handsome man. He had a fine, proud face and his hair was beautiful,—curly almost like that of the absinthe drunkard I was telling you about. And then it was all over, and the people came out again. The lovely lady passed me, and her face was buried in

the great coat, but I could see that she was sobbing. Now that you have removed your hat, I see that your hair is curly like those other—

"My God, can it—m'sieu, m'sieu, you are not the man who played that night? Ah, how the people praised you—and still you weep. Well then, there are two of you, m'sieu.

"But I would not stay longer in the park. It is cold now, and it will be colder before the sun comes in the morning. One who is not used to it will catch the fever. It is a lonely place and cold—the park!"

COMPOSITIONS.

R. HARPING.

Those delightful little "duties" called Compositions which came into this world probably as the work of an evil spirit, are usually dealt out to us by a generous professor in something like the following manner: "As a duty for next Wednesday bring in an essay of 500 words on any subject you please."

A general outburst of dissatisfaction meets this command but the clamor is of no avail. The duty is given and it must be done.

"O! Well," the student thinks, "it's not due till Wednesday and so I do not have to write it for a couple of days."

Consoling himself somewhat like that, he proceeds to forget all about the composition until the night before it is due and then sits down at his desk to write it.

The first thing he does is to get all his old compositions and look them over. There is one on "Notre Dame," one about "My Classes," another on "The Hill Street Car," and several others but all of these have been handed in once or twice and he would be caught, perhaps if he handed them in again. Moreover, none are written in good English.

Failing to get a theme or any material in this way, he asks the advice of some fellow sufferer but, as he suspected, he finds that the other fellow is in the same fix and even wants an essay himself.

No theme from that fellow. Well! Perhaps he can get one from some senior, who certainly ought to have one or two good ones. That is the way our hero reasons. He goes

to one of these educated young men and asks suggestions on what to write about. The senior replies:

"'The Battle of Marathon' would be a good subject or 'Ancient Egyptian Sanatarium Conditions' or another good one is 'Psychology in Respect to the Business Man.'"

Such is the answer he receives from the senior. Desperate and miserable he returns to his desk, runs his fingers through his hair and energetically devours the end of his pencil. At the end of two or three minutes of such suffering he decides that a smoke or two would do him good and, in a way familiar to all of us, proceeds to take one without being caught.

After his smoke and, possibly, chat, he makes his way mournfully back to his desk and repeats the process of eating pencils and combing hair.

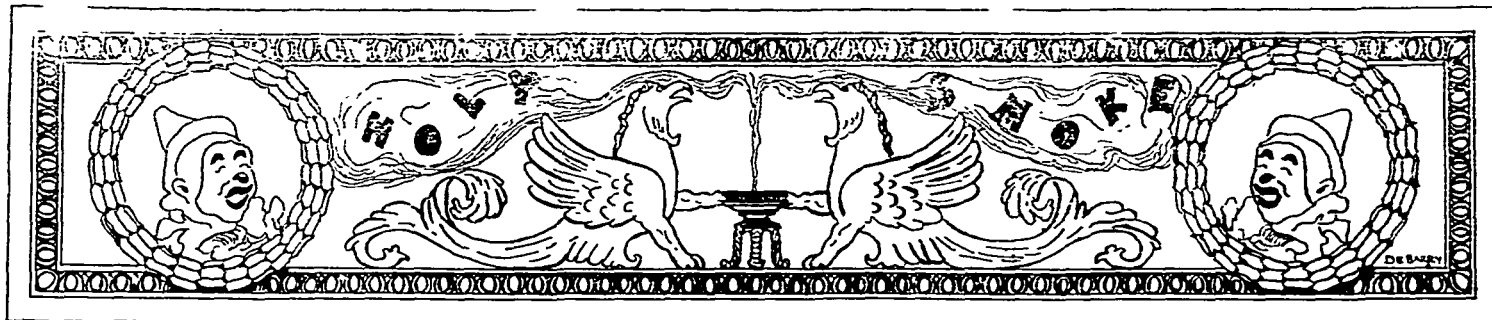
A passer-by observing him would certainly have exclaimed to himself: "The poor boy! How worried he is! He must have lost something and is trying to remember where."

But, if the passer-by would stop and watch him another minute or two he would see a great change in the expression of our hero's face.

Of a sudden, he jumps half out of his seat, forgets all about his hair and pencil and his whole countenance pictures triumph and indeed he has won a victory. He has at last found his subject. It is—"Love."

"Love" is the thing to write about, for does he not know as much about this kingly subject as was ever known? Did he not fall in love, just last week, with Marjorie? Didn't he tell her so? Didn't she tell him the same? Didn't her lips—

But at this point our hero loses all thought of themes; no compositions, no essays, nothing but Marjorie and love and just these two subjects are his thoughts for the next two hours. Then some one walking past shakes him a little and he awakens from his trance. With a start of surprise he looks around him. How in Hades did his feet get on his desk? —O, yes, he remembers and there are his writing materials too. What are they doing there? His theme, he remembers now. But what of it? O, it can wait till tomorrow to be written, anyway "It's never too late to begin," and besides he has to go to the cafe.



THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

Quick, Watson, the seed.

There was a young actor named Kay
Who strove for success night and day.
When the pit in a rage
Threw eggs at the stage
He said, "Things are coming my way."

A good example
Of a wild
Movement on foot
Will be found
At any
Up-to-date
Dance hall.

Logical conclusions: March must have been
windy—Ask hosiery dealers.

"What's Godfrey so peeved at his rich uncle for?"

"Why he wrote and asked him for an enclosed car
and received in return an envelope with a cootie
in it and a note saying, "Please accept the enclosed
runabout."

Dear Dad: You can probably expect me home
any time now. I've been insulted. Of course, it
isn't because the Prof misplaced one of my exam.
papers or that the other three were not just un-
derstood by the Profs (I it is). Anyhow, Dad,
what gets me and what I'm sore over is that the ath-
letic instructor told us the other day that we each
had to buy a pair of shoes for Jim. I don't know
who this Jim person is or what he's going to do
with all the shoes, but it would make you sick,
wouldn't it, if some fellow like our athletic in-
structor is made you get shoes for somebody youse
never saw before wouldn't it, just because you are
a Freshman? Well that's how it hit me too Dad, and
so I think I'll quit so if I arrive home soon and
you aren't expecting me you will be now. I guess
the faculty is kind of sore at me, so if they tell you
that they kicked me out you'll know why Dad. The
next time you here from he will be in person, so I'll
bid you goodbye. Your affectionate son,

Maurice.

P. S. Please send a check and if anyone tries to
make you thing that the reason I'm coming home is
on account of Exams don't believe them as I just
told you how things stood.

Doctor: To operate on you I will first have to
make sure that you are unconscious. I will give you
gas.

Friend of the Sick One: Never mind, Doc, he's
all set now. He's a Freshman.

WORLD'S SHORTEST SONG: "NOW HE TAR-
RIES IN THE CEMETERY."

Hootch
Crave
Knave
Grave.

No dearie, Joan of Arc was not Noah's wife.

"—And when you tried to flirt with the pretty
girl and found out that she was with a big husky
escort did it give you a start?"

"No, but her escort did."

Busy: And the swell clothes she wears. Why a
year ago she didn't have a cent to her name.

Body: She has now. She married a fellow named
Garrlick.

Bla: Jim went to the theatre drunk the other
night.

Zay: Were the people next to him very near him?

Bla: No, but all the people very near him were
next to him.

Ode to the Freshman who asked the Librarian for
the "Petrified Face" (Great Stone Face).

Exist ye on sweet youth,
Don't worry.

Above all else, don't think. Life's truths
Were never known to hurry.

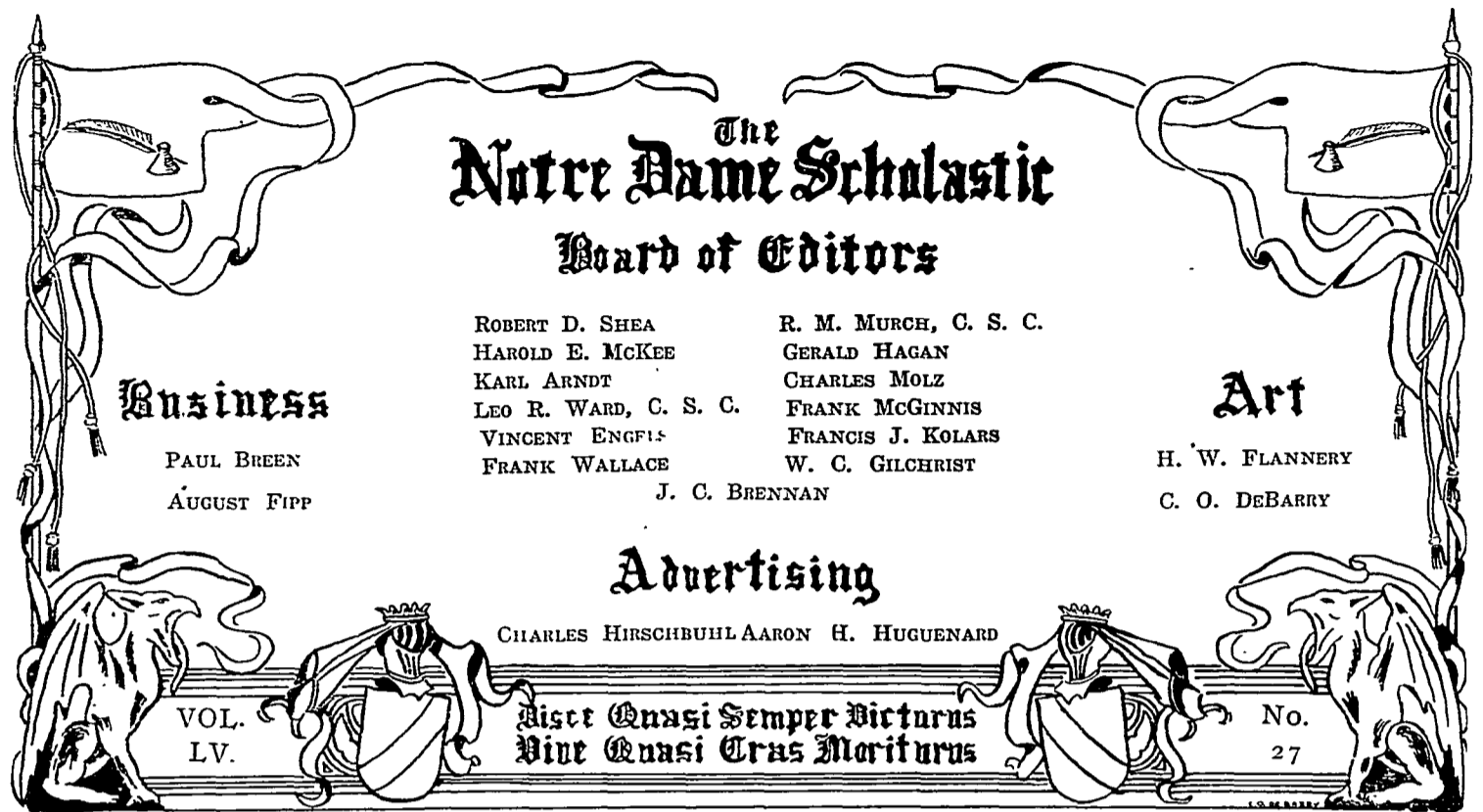
In dreamy, deadly lethargy just sink,
Sink, slowly sink.

Let peaceful quiet lull you soft—

Don't think. . . don't think. . . don't think. . . d-o-n'-t
t-h-i-n-k. . . .

Nottie: Why do you call Jack your second story
man?

Lottie: Because when we go to a show he always
buys tickets for the balcony.



**The
Notre Dame Scholastic**
Board of Editors

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Advertising
CHARLES HIRSCHBUHL AARON H. HUGUENARD

*Discit Quasi Semper Victurus
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

VOL. LV.No. 27

Several years ago Yale began the policy of honor courses for men who demonstrated their scholarship by maintaining an approved grade. The policy has been so successful that next year students at New Haven will be encouraged more than ever to take advantage of its opportunities. Briefly, the honor courses relieve those who maintain an average of eighty or more from attending routine classes and enable them to pursue reading courses and research programs under the guidance of special instructors.

The policy is more than anything else a modification of the Oxford system. It is by no means revolutionary and yet it may signal a change that is eventually to come over American university methods. It presents methods less tedious and far more interesting than the ordinary class-room program; that is certain. On the other hand, it places more of the initiative on the student and gives him larger responsibility in determining just how much he learns. Our universities are often accused of serving bulk regardless of the tastes or the digestive abilities of individual students. This objection cannot be made against the new Yale policy, which is a kind of supervised cafeteria system. It would be foolish to say that we should abolish classes in favor of reading courses; it would be equally foolish to say that there is not

merit in the honor courses or that they do not deserve consideration, in particular instances, in every university. MOLZ.

When Lady Nancy Astor arrived in America a week ago, she understood just what was expected of her. America likes to hear its visitors talk; whether they say anything matters very little. LADY ASTOR TALKS— they say anything matters very little. Lady Astor said, "If I were an American girl now, I would be a flapper." The esteemed lady, by the way, was once a Virginia belle. A few days pass, and the scene has shifted. Lady Astor is no longer in New York, but she is still talking. "What you need in America," she continues, "is more solid Americanism. Look at the Knights of Columbus, for instance. They are going to rewrite American history in favor of Catholicism, when as a matter of fact everyone knows that this country was settled first by Protestants and its events and policies moulded by them." That is at least the gist of her remarks.

This esteemed visitor has absorbed so much of British politics that she has forgotten the first history she ever learned, if she believes that Catholics have given so little to American annals. No attempt has been made by the Knights of Columbus to conceal the reasons for their effort to collect the

facts of American history. The interest of the organization as originally announced implies a desire to get at truths, unbiased and unvarnished. No single mind can ever sift thoroughly all the facts of four hundred years of history, and so far an adequate symposium of American history has not appeared. Individual bias and opinion have crept into every notable work. Were prejudice not present, it is unlikely that the Knights of Columbus would ever have attempted their present task. They have no intention of coloring historical accounts in favor of Catholicism. We have no idea, however, that the work will be completed without discovering many new and interesting facts that will show the Catholic contribution to national progress, but these facts will only be those that biased historians have previously disregarded. In the end, Protestants will have as much interest in their publication as members of the Catholic faith will have. The whole work, in fact, if it fulfills the original plan should give as much satisfaction to one faith as another.

Lady Astor said, to repeat, "If I were an American girl now, I would be a flapper." Presumably this visitor does not wear bells on her galoshes; yet we fancy we hear something rattling. To be specific, we think Lady Astor already is a flapper—the mental kind. We would hesitate to say that the mental flapper is the least dangerous of the species.

MOLZ.

Certain well-substantiated rumors say that we are to have a golf course. If this is true, it is good news. The links are needed. The

HAIL THE GOLF COURSE! insurance rate on library windows is high; the painfulness of a cracked skull,

acquired while crossing the campus in the direction of Baden, is severe. The youthful golfers call "Fore" in the sign language and then wait to see whether the ball goes into the lake or finds resting place between a volume of Thackeray and a book on etiquette by Lady Hoops-Stokes. Despite the legends of Claire Briggs you can never disappoint a golfer. Besides giving the enthusiasts plenty of room, the golf links should provide place where the old-timers—the ones

who sleep with copies of the *Golfer* under their pillows and call "Chick" Evans by his first name—can absorb and dispense atmosphere. The Walsh hall gentleman who wears his leggings and tweeds downtown on Saturday evenings won't have to go clear to Michigan street to display his togs. He can save five-cents carefare by walking over to the golf links— But why continue? Give us the links!

MOLZ.

THE GLEEMEN.

The Glee Club arose at the untemperamental hour of five o'clock on the morning of April 15 and started on their southern trip. Five towns were entertained with concerts and the trip was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the club, each of whom had a thrilling tale to tell when he returned to Notre Dame.

The first stop was at West Baden, Ind., where the concert was given at the West Baden Hotel. After the entertainment there was a dance given for the club and so the first evening was a big success. When the Club left the following morning for Washington, Ind., it was discovered that Mr. Rubio was not among those present. The club went on, however, and no more was seen of Rubio until they reached Henderson, Ky., where they found him waiting. He told of an exciting chase all over the southern part of Indiana in search of his fellow singers.

The people of Washington gave the club a fine reception, and the many green-lettered signs of "Welcome" showed that not all the Irish in Indiana are at Notre Dame. The concert was given under the auspices of the K. of C.'s, and the members of the club were well taken care of.

The next point on the tour was Henderson, Ky., the home of Pat Manion, president of the club and well known entertainer. The success of the concert here was so great that it looked as if the town were going to elect Pat for mayor before he left. "Judge" Carberry and Pat spoke to the High School students and at a Kiwanis Club banquet. "Judge" wished the school a successful year in football next year, Pat gave one of his famous monologues, and the quartette, Man-

ion, Fischer, Raub, and Mudd, sang several songs.

From Henderson the club went back to Indiana and gave concerts at Evansville and at Indianapolis. Many of the men wanted to return to Evansville and sing again—under the stars. From Indianapolis the club came home.

Many amusing incidents that occurred on the trip furnished material to keep Pat busy with a new "line" for every concert. Some of these incidents made history, as when Pedrotty sought to organize the taxi-cab drivers between West Baden and French Lick. But the trip was a success in every way and the Glee Club advertised Notre Dame in a creditable manner. C. J. H.

OURSELVES.

The next issue of The SCHOLASTIC will be the work of Freshman Journalists. Whatever learning and ability these young hopefuls can boast of, will go into making their initial public literary appearance a red-letter day in Doctor Cooney's life.

For the benefit of certain subscribers, we wish to say that "The Last Trip," contributed to a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC by John E. Lightner, was not presented as an original short story. Based frankly upon a current newspaper story it wished merely to show how such material lends itself to the making of a successful narrative. As the occurrence was very recent and widely known it was thought unnecessary to allude to the circumstances.

J. R. Sheriff, a Brownsonite, has attained a state-wide reputation. This fact was reported by members of the Glee Club, back from their concert tour. Everywhere they went they saw posters with the following information printed on them: "John Doe for Sheriff"—or "Bill Smith for Sheriff." Congratulations.

Three hundred and fifty couples danced in the Crystal Ball Room of the Drake, Chicago, at the Easter dance of the Chicago Club. Students from the Windy City were, perhaps, outnumbered by students from

other cities in attendance at the dance. The Big Five of Notre Dame greatly pleased. The committees: Executive, E. F. Burke, W. J. Connors, T. E. Cooke, J. C. Ryan; music, J. R. Martin, L. A. de Smet, O. E. Desmond, R. A. Griffith, W. F. Ryan; program, J. C. Norton, J. M. Montague, G. J. O'Grady, E. Schwartz; reception, T. J. Walsh, J. W. Keelin, J. P. McGoorty, A. J. McGrath, W. J. Metzger, P. J. O'Connell, M. A. Seigler.

Two flaming Domes furnished the dim illumination for the feature dances of two Easter dances by Notre Dame clubs, the Toledo and the Fort Wayne clubs. Small bulbs were arranged so that the great Dome was cleverly simulated. Two hundred and twenty-six couples attended the Toledo Club dance in the Women's Building, that city, and one hundred twenty-five couples danced to the music of the Franklin Orchestra at Fort Wayne in the Anthony Hotel ball room. At Toledo the committee was Kenneth Nyan, John Hurley, John Cochran, John Showell, Ray Cunningham, and Henry Toth.

Other very successful dances were held at Indianapolis and other cities.

Joseph P. Henneberry, student at Notre Dame for the past three years, and now studying at the Mayo College of Commerce, recently became traffic manager of the Puritan Malt Extract Co., of Chicago. Joe will spend next year either at Notre Dame or Georgetown.

Raymond Gallagher represented Notre Dame in the state Intercollegiate Peace contest at Crawfordsville, Friday. His subject was "Peace Through the People." Representatives of Indiana University, Wabash, Earlham, Butler, Evansville, and other schools were also present.

A dual debate on the Closed Shop with Western Reserve will be held at Notre Dame and at Western Reserve next Friday. The affirmative team will remain at Notre Dame.

On Friday evening, April 21, Laurant, the magician, entertained in Washington Hall. His program was sparkling and original and his corps of juvenile assistants did much to-

ward making the performance an enjoyable one.

The Knights of Columbus held their regular meeting Wednesday night in the club rooms in Walsh Hall. The new members were given their traveling cards and met their brother knights. Rev. William Bolger, C. S. C., was the speaker of the evening.

Dr. James J. Walsh's treatment of Dante last Monday night was perhaps the most pleasing and popular which has recently been heard at Notre Dame. As Dr. Walsh remarked, his digressions are the most interesting part of his lecture and there were many of them. After hearing Dr. Walsh's discourse which lasted for an hour and a half, his audience agreed with him that Dante was the greatest man who ever lived. Only one fault can be found with Dr. Walsh: he does not come to Notre Dame often enough.

A class of about seventy candidates received the second and third degrees of the Knights of Columbus last Sunday at Mishawaka. The new members were the guests at a banquet held at the Oliver Hotel following the ceremony. The following program was given:

Invocation—Rev. Paul Folk, C. S. C., Chaplain.

Toastmaster—Clarence Manion.

Orchestra Selection.

"What's It All About?"—Walter M. O'Keefe.

Unity—Timothy P. Galvin.

Violin Selection—Harry E. Denney.

Address—James C. O'Brien.

MEMORABLE MEN.

Mr. "Al" King, '14, is holding down a responsible position with the Northern Trust Company, of Chicago, where he has been employed for a number of years.

On rounding out twenty-eight years of distinguished service as Postmaster at South Chicago and Windsor Park, Mr. P. T. O'Sullivan, old student and true friend of Notre Dame, resigned his position and was honored with a farewell banquet by friends and

subordinates. According to the local press, the occasion was really charming and was concluded with an Irish jig danced by Mr. O'Sullivan.

The success of the St. Edward's College *Echo*—as bright a little school monthly as we know of—is due largely to the untiring effort of its director, Mr. Henry V. Stevenson of the class of '21.

W. E. "Bill" Bradbury, Law, '16, is still running the American Legion activities on behalf of the disabled soldiers for his native city of Robinson, Illinois, and for many nearby counties. Bill, who has sent a half-dozen men to Notre Dame, has his eye on more.

A recent issue of *Le Correspondant*, one of the leading French reviews, contains certain reminiscences of Notre Dame by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, one of the most brilliant publicists of his country.

From Scranton, Pennsylvania, comes the news that Mr. Joseph Rafter, former student and instructor at Notre Dame, has been admitted to the Lackawanna County Bar Association and intends to practise law in Scranton. Mr. Rafter was admitted to the State Bar last June and since then has been unusually successful in the pursuit of his profession.

Amidst a burst of splendor that reminded one of Spenser's Epithalamium, the marriage of Miss Hildegard Hering to Mr. Joseph Tillman, '21, was solemnized in the church of St. Peter and Paul, Cleveland, on Saturday, April 22. Rev. Leo Heiser, C. S. C., officiated.

The marriage of Miss Alice Gordon Murdock (daughter of Addie Gene Murdock and the late Samuel T. Murdock), to Dr. Horace R. Lyons, of Rochester, Minnesota, took place in the Cathedral in Indianapolis, April 18th. The University was represented by Fathers Burns and Cavanaugh. A multitude of friends express good wishes.

Announcement has been received of the appointment of Thomas D. Lyons, Litt. B. '04, of the firm of Rice and Lyons, of Tulsa, as state chairman of the National Democratic finance committee of Oklahoma.

SHEA.

DIARY OF THE PLAYERS' CLUB TRIP TO
FORT WAYNE.

(By one who knows the wisdom of keeping his identity a secret.)

Friday, 10:00 A. M. Pompously vanguarded by president and director, the members of the cast of Edward Kidder's great play, "Peaceful Valley," strolled into the Vandalia shelter house in South Bend. The ticket agent had not seen such a crowd, either in quantity or in quality, in years and lost the mail pouch by allowing his mouth to hang open. It was thought for a time that there would not be enough tickets to go around and that some one would have to offer his face to be punched. The day was saved, however, when Chief Barnhart, "Exalted Keeper of the Jack," consulted the age limit rules and found that a one-half fare ticket could do very well for Vogle. Lavery was concealed in a handbag.

10:30 A. M. The Frigid Molasses Special arrived in a cloud of steam and the great pilgrimage commenced. "Big John" Flynn was left as South Bend sleuth whose duty it was to track down the wigs that had not arrived from Chicago. As a wig-ler Big John proved splendid. The roll was called and it was found that sans "female canopies" the cast was entirely present, which was a great shock to the Business Manager.

11:20 A. M. John Lynch, address, the Greenhouse, Notre Dame, Ind., was found on top of the tender rendering his part in most tender accents to the fireman, who he heard was a good judge of expression. La Sage was seen reciting his famous "man-mater" soliloquy to the porter whom he had just found drinking Higgins' coffee.

11:25 A. M. The train stopped at Pierceton, a wonderful, progressive, thriving, little Hoosier city, to allow the cast a light seven-minute signal practice of the first act. After the limbering up, Al Scott made a very touching back-platform speech to the Pierceton colleens who had collected at the station with doughnuts and coffee for the starving mimics. (Scott didn't get any.)

11:35 A. M. The train passes Winona Lake, the only wet thing that William Jennings Bryan has ever enjoyed. Noticed a number of shacks about its shores,—summer cottages, and some aren't.

12:25 A. M. Fort Wayne reached. A serious accident occurred as the cast stepped off the train. A young lady, after anxiously surveying the crowd, rushed up to Prof. Sullivan and inquired if Wilson had been lost, Lavery, rehearsing his part, cried out, "Morals don't count against a mustache and a clear conscience isn't in it with a curly head of hair." After it was explained that Stovie, who is benevolently called "King" or "Swede" or "King Swede" by the boys, had made the supreme tonsorial sacrifice out of pure Players' Club patriotism, and he had been positively identified by four of the cast the young lady was somewhat reassured. Preceded by Cliff Randall and the orchestra the players paraded up the main street serenading the citizens with the Notre Dame battle hymn, "When do we eat?" After a strenuous work-out in the cafeteria they repaired

to the Elks' Temple where they repaired (scenery, furniture and costumes).

2:00 P. M. (Maybe after). "Our President" comes strolling in struggling desperately beneath a great slab of chocolate marshmallow candy. Soon he is not alone in his struggles.

The Royal Order of Shifters is formed. Scenery is shifted, reshifted and then shifted. This continues for four distressing hours. James and O'Donnell after much verbal abuse removed their coats and give the general impression of work. Berny Foley supplies the "Airy Top" for the "Arytop House," and everything is in order.

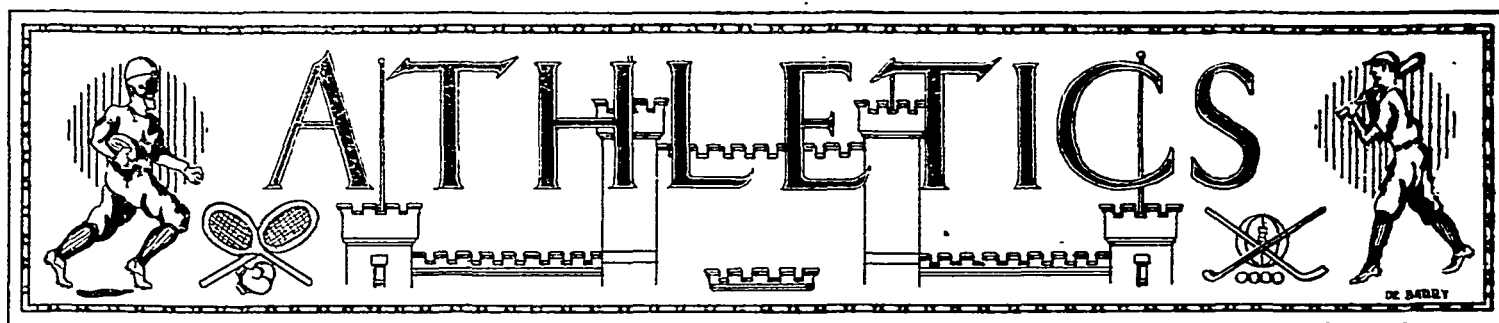
7:30 P. M. Lavery can't find his coat, Higgins has lost a collar button, Lennon has a daub of face paint in his eye, Randall's feet hurt, La Sage's wig doesn't fit, Vogle's voice will not work, and the first two people come into the hall. The stage manager (whose identity is being kept a secret) was very careful not to have any non-breakable cups and fall-downable stovepipes on the stage. The hall fills and the cast's knees begin to quiver.

8:00 P. M. The curtain rises. It shall not be necessary to relate the details to our readers principally because it is the intention of the Players' Club to give a performance in Washington Hall soon. "Change" McGinnis brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience with his faithful interpretation of "Pre-Volsteadian daze" in the second act. It really was very realistic.

10:30 P. M. The curtain falls. So do a number of the players. Believe me little diary it was *some* show. The players said so themselves. Steve Wilson, with able assistance, engineered a date bureau for the young men and all repaired to the Knights of Columbus Hall, where a dance was in progress. Foley broke the teeth out of seven combs trying to get the make-up from his hair but at last he appeared at the Knights.

8:00 A. M. Immediately after breakfast it was found very difficult indeed to chronicle the movements of the men. They went in too many directions. Some moved scenery and some did not. The College Melody Boys became very entertaining, the cast itself, cast itself all about the town. Ye Observer became so inconstant that he almost deserted, even you, little diary. Each man selected his favorite train on which to embark for South Bend and many, as later explanations revealed found that they had made some rather poor selections. Wilson broke the handles off his grip carrying the press reports of the play to the station.

Grand Finale. If possible the chronicler of this diary would like to make a serious note before he closes forever. In the name of the Club he wished to extend thanks to all persons in Fort Wayne who assisted in giving the men a very kind welcome and taking care of their erring young impulses while in the city. The kindly welcome and delightful entertainments given to the men have made an impression upon them which shall be indelible. They all have labeled Fort Wayne as a "wonderful town" and express hopes of being allowed to return in the not far distant future.



THE WEEK.

Four games away from home have been carded for the Notre Dame baseball nine this week. Wisconsin and Beloit will be met on Monday and Tuesday and Michigan and Michigan Aggies will be visited on Friday and Saturday. The Wisconsin and Michigan games represent two of the high spots on the local schedule and the success of the season will be determined to a great extent by the showing which the team makes this week.

Paul Castner, football and hockey star, will be called upon to perform the heavy work of the week as he is slated to pitch against both Wisconsin and Michigan. Both teams beat the big southpaw last season and Wisconsin took a fall out of Falvey last week. Castner has shown a marked improvement in his games this year, especially in control, the lack of which cost him his first Michigan game of last year when the Wolverines rallied in the ninth after Paul had walked three men.

The Notre Dame outfield which showed a lack of speed against Wisconsin in the opening game of the western season, has been speeded up by the addition of Chuck Foley, who will play left field and George Prokup, who has been shifted from first base to center field. Frank Thomas has been moved from left to right.

Capt. Blievernicht has been shifted to first base and his place behind the bat taken by Gene Murphy, who caught a perfect game against Dayton and has shown an inclination to hit. The new lineup is expected to increase the speed and stick work of the team which were lacking against Wisconsin.

The proposed meet between the Notre varsity and freshmen combination and the I. A. C. of Chicago which had been tentatively arranged for May 6 has been abandoned because of the inability of the I. A. C. to assemble a team. Instead, Coach Rockne

has arranged a varsity-freshmen handicap meet which will replace the I. A. C. engagement as a part of the Junior Prom entertainment.

DePauw comes to Cartier field for a dual meet May 13.

THE BADGERS BITE.

After pitching magnificent ball for three innings, during which time he fanned six Wisconsin batsmen, Dick Falvey faltered in the fourth frame of yesterday's game with the Badgers at Cartier Field, and a combination of walks, hits and errors allowed five runners to score, giving Wisconsin a lead which the Irish never threatened afterward and causing Notre Dame to lose the first game of the home season, 9 to 1.

After the rectic fourth, Falvey settled down and pitched good ball until the eighth when another barrage of hits netted the Cardinal clan three more counters and brought "Red" Mageveny to Falvey's relief. The Badgers scored one more tally off "Red" in the final stanza.

During all this period, the Irish sluggers were able to do little or nothing with the slants of Hoffman, the Badger moundsman, who held them to two widely scattered hits. Hoffman's control was also good and his support halted several near rallies by the Irish. That Falvey's two games on the training trip, leaving him as it did with but four days' rest, was a factor in his weakening, was evident as the big fellow seemed to tire after the first three innings. During that time the lone Irish run loomed awfully large, as Dick was setting them down in order, never allowing the Badgers a chance.

That all of this was blasted in the fourth was not all due to an inferior brand of hurling by Falvey. After Crombacker, the first man up, had walked, Caesar attempted to sacrifice. Instead, however, he popped

straight to Falvey, who had an easy double play before him. Dick hesitated a moment and threw hurriedly to Prokop, the ball going wild and allowing the Badger runner to get back to first in safety. The next two batters walked, filling the bases, and Barry hit a perfectly placed smash to right for three bases, cleaning up the sacks. Several hard hits, another walk and an error by "Micky" Kane and two more runs were over, putting the Irish on the small end of a 5 to 1 score.

Notre Dame's lone run came in the first inning as the result of a scratch hit by Sheehan, a wild throw by Elliot, and another wild throw by Williams on Kane's fly to left.

The box score:

WISCONSIN	AB	R	H	P	A	E
R. Williams, lf. _____	5	0	1	5	0	1
Combacker, 2b. _____	4	1	1	1	2	0
Caesar, cf. _____	5	0	1	1	0	0
Elliott, ss. _____	4	2	2	1	5	1
J. Williams, 1b. _____	4	2	2	12	0	0
Barry, c. _____	5	2	3	5	0	0
Rudiger, 3b. _____	4	2	1	0	3	0
Dugan, rf. _____	4	0	1	2	0	0
Hoffman, p. _____	4	0	0	0	2	0
Totals _____	39	9	12	27	12	2

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Sheehan, ss. _____	4	1	1	0	4	0
Prokop, 1b. _____	4	0	0	13	0	0
Kane, 3b. _____	4	0	1	1	3	1
Blievernicht, c. _____	3	0	0	10	0	1
Castner, rf. _____	4	0	0	0	1	0
Thomas, lf. _____	2	0	0	0	0	0
D. Foley, 2b. _____	2	0	0	2	1	0
Reese, cf. _____	3	0	0	0	0	0
Falvey, p. _____	2	0	0	1	1	1
Mageveny, p. _____	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals _____	29	1	2	27	11	2

Score by innings:

Wisconsin _____	000	500	031	—9	12	2
Notre Dame _____	100	000	000	—1	2	4

Summary: Struck out, by Falvey, 9; by Hoffman, 5. Bases on balls, off Falvey, 3; off Hoffman, 3. Three-base hit, Barry. Two-base hits, J. Williams, 2; Elliott, Rudiger. Passed balls, Barry, 2. Sacrifice, Prokop. Umpire, Smith.

MORE DIAMOND DUST.

The following are the scores by innings of the three games played on the spring training trip that were not covered in last week's

SCHOLASTIC. In all seven games were played, and seven wins recorded for Notre Dame:

April 20 at Lexington.	R	H	E			
Notre Dame _____	104	000	331—12	11	4	
Transylvania _____	020	000	203—	7	5	6

Batteries: Falvey, DeGree, Murphy and Blievernicht; Halbert and Powell.

April 21 at Cincinnati.	R	H	E			
Notre Dame _____	101	000	200—	4	8	3
St. Xavier's _____	000	001	000—	1	5	3

Batteries: Castner and Blievernicht; Hoffenbarger and Hart.

April 22 at Dayton.	R	H	E			
Notre Dame _____	000	003	412—	10	12	1
U. of Dayton _____	000	000	000—	0	2	4

Batteries: Mageveny and Murphy; Bradley and Sullivan.

INTERHALL SCHEDULE.

The Interhall league will begin operations tomorrow when Corby meets Brownson, Badin clashes with Carroll and Sorin attempts to strangle Walsh. The games will be continued until May 28 and will be staged on Saturdays and Sundays except when varsity baseball or track schedules interfere with the Saturday games, which will then be transferred to the next day.

For the first time in three seasons the Off-campus students will not be represented by a team. The task of assembling athletic outfits from among the town boarders has become too arduous a proposition for the city managers.

The official Interhall schedule is here announced for the first time:

- April 30—Badin vs. Carroll.
- Brownson vs. Corby.
- Sorin vs. Walsh.
- May 6—Corby vs. Walsh.
- May 7—Carroll vs. Sorin.
- Badin vs. Brownson.
- May 13—Brownson vs. Sorin.
- May 14—Carroll vs. Walsh.
- Badin vs. Corby.
- May 20—Corby vs. Sorin.
- May 21—Badin vs. Walsh.
- Carroll vs. Brownson.
- May 27—Brownson vs. Walsh.
- May 28—Badin vs. Sorin.
- Carroll vs. Corby.

WALLACE.

KENTUCKY KARBONS
OR
SIRLOINED LETTERS ABOUT THE TRIP.
BY FRANK WALLACE.

St. Mary's, Ky., April 16, 1922.

Dear Elizabeth: Down here with the Notre Dame baseball team and if you can imagine any worse place to spend Easter say it with some sweet lady-like cuss words for me—I have exhausted the other kind. The place is all right, I suppose, but when I think of last Easter and the Carroll Club dance and of the party at Della's—Heck, whats the use—?

We won today of course, which is some consolation. Dick Falvey set the boys on their ears looking for the curves and his speed ball brushed the letters off their chests. I had a pretty fair day and will send you the clippings when we get back—show 'em to the gang.

If you will pardon the inelegant language, this place gets my goat. We sleep in a dormitory that is miles behind the old Siberia and which makes the Sorin sub seem like a palace. For breakfast we get a concoction called "bumpus" which is relished by the natives and Red Magevney. It consists of bread and molasses, ad infinitum. There is also a delicacy known as sausage—but why go on? The coach says it is good for us here and he wishes we were to be here for a week. He might know baseball BUT—maybe, he just wants to make us satisfied with Notre Dame when we get back. Personally, I'll be satisfied with any place I can pick up the 20 pounds I dropped here.

George Prokop won the Kentucky Derby today. He met a girl whom he had never seen before, trusted her with ten tickets for the drive and she actually sent a ten dollar bill up to him tonight. He says "dobje."

Wish I could be with you tonight kid. Suppose somebody else sent you flowers though, and that you will go to about six dances this week with Charlie. O well! Got to get the old slumber..

MIKE.

Lafayette Hotel, Lexington, Ky.
April 19.

Dear Melita: Down here in the heart of the Blue Grass with the Notre Dame ball club but haven't seen the blue grass yet.

Won our first three games. The first was easy but Castner had a tough nut in the second but you know the old Fighting Irish—we licked 'em. I had a good day—two ground balls got away but the infield was bad. We knocked off Louisville easily. Bumpus Magevney gave the Colonels only one hit in seven innings with his dad and mother watching him pitch his first college game. Castner got two home runs and I got a couple blows.

There was some big goof pitching for the Louisville team who reminds me of Leo Kane. I never would have believed a guy could be so dumb if I hadn't seen him. He looked like Babe Ruth all right.

but he tried to act like him, too, and the boys got on him—and when this outfit gets on a guy—Didn't want to let us take hitting practice at all but his captain ran him off the field. Then while he was warming up he asked the catcher if his fast one had a hop on it. I went over and asked him to pose for a picture which he actually did instead of throw a ball at me—wait till you see that picture.

Corny Pfeiffer, Ed Pfeiffer, Bloemer, Angemeier Phil Dant, the well-known hurdler of whom you have often heard me speak, and other fellows from school live down here and rode us over the city and out through Cherokee Park. Red Dant goes with a girl who lives in a mansion out there in Cherokee Park.

Say kid, I must hand the palm to the city of Louisville for the swell women. Never saw so many in one town in my life. Was all set for a big dance at the Hawaiian Gardens but the Coach blew us out of town after the game. Saw Col. Jones holding up the Seelbach steps as we breezed by.

About them good looking girls in Louisville. There are more there than in any city I have seen but I must admit that some girls I know, and if it were not bold I might say that one in particular, in other cities, are prettier than any I saw in Louisville.

It's kind of tough not to have a picture of any girl in your room; why don't you have a heart. Guess I better not get started on that, though. We play Georgetown tomorrow.

Dance a couple for me this week and don't forget that I'll be home this summer. How about a date for June 10? Ans. TOMMY.

Metropole Hotel, Cincinnati, O.
April 22.

Mary Darlin': I know you'll pardon the affectionate greeting if you understand the circumstances. Have been down in Kentucky with the N. D. ball club all week and haven't met a girl all week—Easter week—can you imagine it—with me laying off dancing all during Lent? Sometimes, I doubt the proclaimed happiness to be found in being good. I'll bet Tokio gets a play when this bunch gets back.

You know, Mary, I'm a pretty good guy but a little shot of licker helps a fellow now and then. Well, we have had several swell chances to oil up a bit but the Coach watches like a—if you'll pardon the expression, he sticks around like a—well, you know what I mean anyhow. Somethin' like your kid sister—gosh! That makes me feel bad, Mary. To think that I might be there at home with you instead of down here in Cincinnati where I haven't seen any of that beer yet. That's what it is to be a good ball player though. I should have struck out in spring practice instead of hitting 'em out of the lot. But I'll bet I shake my doggies before I get out of this town.

Lexington is supposed to be the fastest town in the country for its size but if there are any swell women down there they must have all had dates the night we were there. There was one good thing

about the town—Tom Young. That boy is the real stuff. Used to be in Sorin Hall but if he ever comes back now we'll give him the parlor of the main building for a garage.

Tom took us in hand when we blew in from Louisville Tuesday night and he stuck with us till we left Thursday evening (tonight). He knew what we wanted but the coach—the coach—. We thought we had old Smoke down once, though. Tom gave us a dinner at the Lafayette hotel and when the coach went out Tom spiked his ginger ale plenty. Smoke was wise. He had measured up the glass before he went out and instead of gulping it himself he fed it to Tom and our host eventually passed out and there remained only us and the coach. Smoky knows something beside baseball.

Tommy came back the next day and took us out to see Man O' War. We got some pictures of the world's greatest horse and some of the world's greatest ball-players together. Saw a colt of the speed merchant—just a day and a half old. Tommy Thomas is kind of cocky since he beat Rock a 100 yard dash and wanted his picture taken with Man O' War but the horse kicked.

Knocked off Georgetown and Transylvania. Ed Degree joined the hall of fame which gives us four good pitchers. We think ourselves not bad. I got a couple blows each game—not worrying much about my job now.

Gene Murphy, Ted Kelly, Thomas and myself asked every cop in Lexington where there was a dance in Lex but they all sent us back to a joint which was closed. We did find one place but it was a private party, they said. Tom Young said they had a lot of nerve calling that place private.

Play St. Xavier's here tomorrow. Give my regards to the gang. The old canoe will still be in shape this summer. A scout is following us around but I like the home fires and—guess I better not get started along that line. Don't forget that candy you promised.

GEORGE.

Phillips Hotel, Dayton, O.

April 22, 1922.

Dear Ruthie: Here I am with the Notre Dame baseball club. We finished up seven wins this week and will knock Wisconsin sky high. Look for the score next Tuesday.

Everything past Cincy is ancient history because we saw some life there. Bill Castellini took us out to his home for what he called luncheon. There was plenty of lunch and then some and then there would have been something else if it hadn't been for the coach—that guy has spoiled more good intentions on this trip—real champagne, can you imagine it? I don't understand how we can continue to win ball games but we do. Castner pitched a swell game against St. Xavier's and all the girls around seemed to think he was a young Greek god or something. They eat up that bunk about all-American football star and hockey star. Then he has a smooth way

that must have come from close association with Bill Voss—another heart-cracker. If I knew Castner's home town girl I'd advise her to sign him up quick.

This guy Castellini sure has a swell girl fooled. Her name is Ruth, dearie, just like yours. She has your same wonderful eyes and little tricks of expression and would make a wonderful wife for Bill—just like you, honey—gosh! Watamlsayin'? Bill's mother and father make the all-American angel team without a murmur.

The alumni gave us a dinner at the Metropole after we entertained Chief Myers' gang. The coach succeeded in spoiling it for us again but he didn't have any check on the alumni. Cincinnati is still Cincinnati, evidently. Couple of the boys hung it over on ole Smoke. One guy drank from an opaque mug and the other secreted himself at an outlying table among some gin, liquor and alumni. The funny part of it is he got two blows against Dayton today. But the Coach is still hitting about .998 for the trip.

CHAS.

Sub-cutaneous Membrane

Snoring Hall, April 23.

Dear Johnny: The trip is over and we win seven straight—which is considerable more than Detroit has won to date, I notice. I might loan you a couple of the boys. It's a good thing you got out of the outfield before Tommy broke in.

I was proud of the boys in Dayton. They acted like gentlemen—in direct contrast to another group of collegians which I had occasion to observe.

Ed Degree, Castellini and I happened to be coming out of the Casey club in Dayton and passed three fellows on the sidewalk who were fumbling with a coat. There came a loud smash and some of the liquor smirched my trousers. Then:

"You dumb animal. A quart of vermouth (if that's the way you spell it) Twenty bucks shot."

"Maintain a strict decorum, sir," from another voice, "ere you incur the ire of James Girard Giddap."

I am very glad Johnny, that we don't have boys of that sort on our club. We happened to be leaving from the same station. My men were all in early when this troop of hyenas came marching down to the tune of

"Ding, ding, ding, here comes the ball club."

One fellow varied it with:

"Ding, ding, ding, here comes the captain."

Which caused me to shudder to think that I might have acted in such a manner, and I offered thanks for the paternal discipline and the watchful care of our good coach.

We only had one accident on the trip. Bumpus Magevney was supposed to tell our official photographer and press agent when it was time to come out from under the Pullman berth but Bumpus fell asleep.

Yours,

JEROME.

SECOND ANNUAL MID-WEST STUDENT CONFERENCE OF COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

Thirty-eight student delegates representing twenty-seven schools in eighteen states of the middle-west were registered at the Second Annual Student Conference, held at the University of Kentucky, April 20, 21, 22. The following schools were represented: Purdue, Indiana, Northwestern, Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas Agricultural College, Kansas State, Tennessee, Alabama, Tulane, Texas, Carnegie Tech, Miami, Michigan Agricultural College, Michigan State, Kentucky, Creighton, Illinois, Arkansas, DePauw, Missouri, Cincinnati and Notre Dame.

All of the delegates to this conference were men who have taken an active part in student government of their particular schools, and were personally interested in the student problems of the universities. Angus G. Goetz, captain of the University of Michigan football team, was one of the delegates. Harold H. Anderson, editor-in-chief of the Northwestern Daily was another. Robert B. Stewart, University of Wisconsin Student Senate president, led the discussion on athletics.

How the students are able to manage every activity of campus life from their humorous publications to the managing of trips by teams and musical clubs, came in for discussion two days and a half. Methods of picking the leaders of student organizations received no less consideration than the control of finances through faculty hands.

Northwestern told how they were combatting the adverse publicity of the press. Wisconsin explained the management of the Student Daily. Michigan outlined the success of their Union and the campus publications of that school.

Every university from North Dakota to Texas asked questions or answered those of the other students in attendance on some big campus problem.

Due to the unfortunate death of the wife of the President of the University of Kentucky, the joint session of the Student Conference, Deans and Advisors of Men of Mid-Western Institutions, Directors of Extension Work and the Deans of Arts and Science Colleges of the Mid-West was eliminated from the program.

Mr. Paul A. Potter, of Iowa, was elected Conference Chairman.

The following committees were appointed:

Committee on Resolutions—Ireland, Cincinnati; Johnson, Tulane; Bradley, Alabama.

Committee on Constitution—Chairman Anderson, Northwestern; Brown, Missouri; Burton, DePauw.

Committee on Audit and Finance—Chairman, Blasius, Notre Dame; Fischer, North Dakota; Kelsey, Purdue.

Committee on Publicity—Chairman, Summers, Indiana; Dudley, Kansas; Havelaar, Cincinnati.

Committee on Meeting Place—Chairman, Jones, Kentucky; King, Ohio Wesleyan; Granberry, Texas.

The first afternoon was taken up with discussion of publications, H. Anderson, of Northwestern University, leading. The discussion was divided into sections—taking first the daily or weekly publications, second monthly publications, and third, the year book. The business management, editorial staff, student and faculty control were discussed thoroughly. Individual management and corporation plan of management and control were well brought out.

A banquet at the Phoenix Hotel served by the University of Kentucky and the discussion on Musicals and Dramatics Thursday evening were under the direction of Frank C. Blasius of the University of Notre Dame. A summary of the prevailing conditions of these organizations at the different schools was quickly gone over after which an open discussion was held. Student and faculty control, methods of financing publicity and student interest were thoroughly gone over.

The Conference opened again on Friday morning with an interesting discussion of Undergraduate government by A. A. Anderson, of the University of Minnesota. Mr. Anderson not only touched on a number of points in his own discussion that were of interest, but later led an open discussion among the delegates.

A joint session of the Deans and Advisors, and the Mid-West Student Conference took place Friday afternoon.

At the final meeting held Saturday morning, invitations for the conference next year were offered by Northwestern and Purdue. Because of its central location, accessibility, and accommodations for the conference of this kind, Northwestern was chosen. The conference chose Mr. H. H. Anderson of Northwestern, president; Mr. Kelsey of Purdue, as vice-president; Mr. R. B. Stewart of Wisconsin as secretary and treasurer for the coming year.

When the time for dissolution came around, all of the delegates were firmly convinced that the conference was a great success and that the experience of the last two years ought to make the next one even more beneficial to the schools represented. The conference idea in its practical application serves as a valuable means of uniting the student bodies of the various institutions because of the similarity of the problems with which they are all confronted.

S. A. C.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

The luckless student who tramples upon some of the sacred traditions and the good name of Princeton University may now be expelled by a body of students elected from all classes. Each class elects its own representatives to the student governing body and these men have lately been given the power to expell men from the University without giving a reason for such expulsion to the faculty.

NOW THEY ARE IN BAD.

An indignation meeting of the "eds" on the Texas U. campus against the dress of the "co-eds" was held recently. Now the young women come back with a meeting of their own at which they became very indignant at the action of their brother knowledge seekers. They expressed the opinion that the men should apologize and that the men were in no position to criticize seeing that they continually dated the young ladies who wore the "columnnated skirts." "Anyways the girls' dress is no more extreme than that of the men."

This is indeed a hot shot and we are awaiting anxiously for the men's retort.

At the University of Idaho it was discovered that a number of students were forced to leave the institution because of financial troubles, and therefore a Student Loan Fund Week is to be observed. A drive will be conducted among the students to obtain money for the replenishment of the fund and from the capital thus created needy students will be allowed to borrow to tide them over times of strengency.

FACULTY FOOLISH FOIBLES.

Recently at Illinois the faculty departed themselves in a festival known as the Faculty Follies in which these august members of the intellectual world demonstrated their ability to appear foolish, or just human. A number of the profs and their ladies took part in hoop skirt dances and a few interpreted the modern dance, set in a Puritan day background.

At the University of Chicago the Senior mustache race is in full swing. This is an annual event and it is noticed that the Freshmen look forward to the day when their own visages may be adorned with stubble, with anxiety and impatience. When the auspicious moment arrives the freshmen may be heard singing, "That's Worth Waiting For."

It is, or should be, a great consolation to Seniors who are not attending Harvard or Oxford Universities to know that they do not take final examinations as the last year men of those places must. There, it is necessary for the men who are com-

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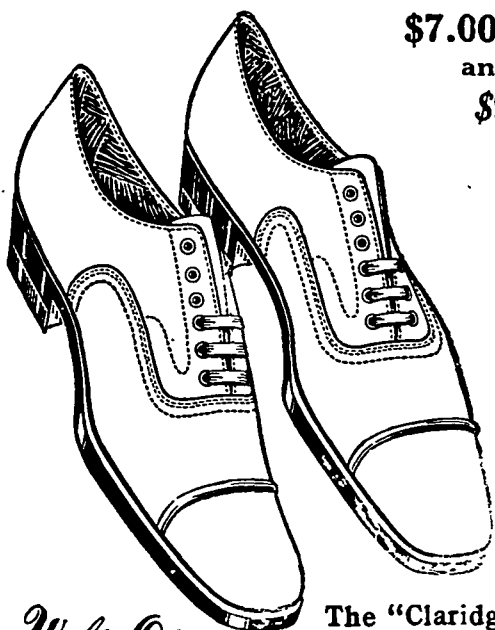
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LIGHT WORK-OUTS IN THE CAFE.

Fellowships in Food Research, a new branch of chemistry dealing with the relative values of foods to the human body, in the Food Research institute of Stanford University, have been offered to Seniors and graduates in the University. . . The fellowships give stipends ranging from \$600 to \$1200. The work will be counted toward a degree of master of arts, or doctor of philosophy.—*Exchange.*

WASHING PRICES RISE.

At Illinois among the numerous other commencement week festivities is the annual Senior Siwash. We are at a loss to associate the activity with the name, not having been given the full particulars. Conjectures may be many and reasonable but the guess which seems most plausible to us is that the Seniors give an annual bath to the freshmen,—a Si-wash.

"Heavy rainfall delays sowing of oats," headlines the Daily Illini. We are moved to wonder if they are wild oats. If they are we contend that the word "sowing" should be altered to "sewing" since it is the usual procedure with a young man when he wishes to plant wild horsefeed to go out on "a tear."

The Harvard Crimson presents us with another version of the college man, or more properly, with another version of what the college man should be. "A college graduate should be a healthy man with a few close friends, a hobby, and a few books." This is a very elevating thought; however, one other of our college contemps makes a remark which is designed to stay the flight of the elevator and summarily bring it back to earth, if not to the cellar. It adds "And after all what more is there for us to acquire? (Alas, enemies, conventionality and well-thumbed magazines)." We note that there is no counter force in the second statement directed against the word hobby and if we have permission we shall add our own. We contend that there is one thing more necessary to make the college man complete and that is "a job."

Owing to the exigence of numerous other activities in the department this week, the editor has not the slightest idea how the remainder of this column is to be filled out. Though he has a suspicion that if he continues in the same vein as at present the space will in some manner take care of itself. As three-quarters of his business is conjecturing he may here have an opportunity to judge of his ability as a conjecturist. The purpose, however, was to fill the space and that's just what it is—filled.

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