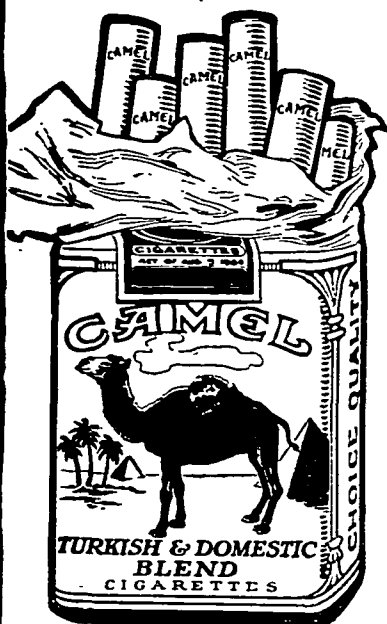




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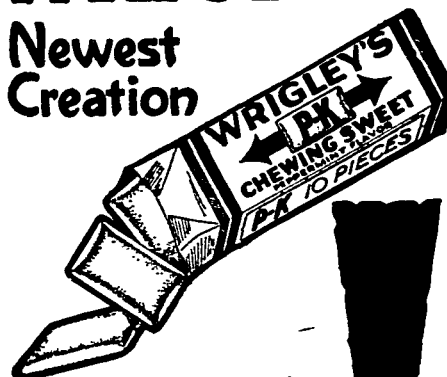
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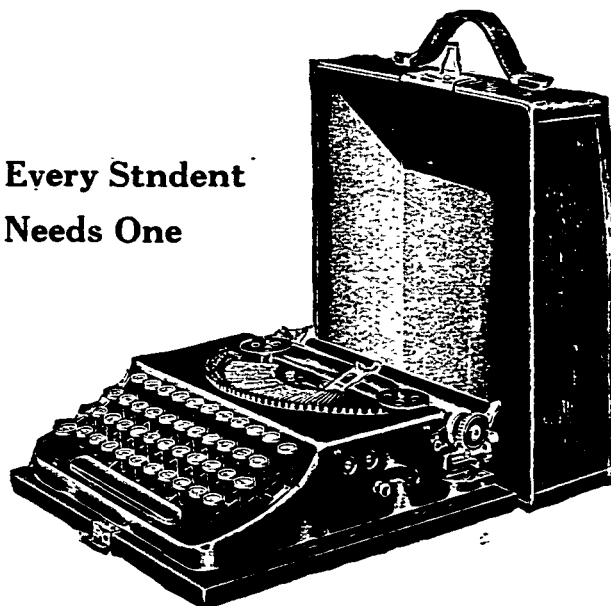
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CALENDAR

Monday, May 8—Battle of Palo Alto, 1846.

Room reservation for Seniors.

Tuesday, May 9—Battle of Resaca, Mexico, 1846.

Room reservation for Seniors.

Wednesday, May 9—Jeff Davis captured, 1865.

Room reservation for Juniors.

May devotion, 7:30. Sermon by Father Miltner.

Purdue vs. Notre Dame at Notre Dame, baseball.

Last day for credit in book store.

Thursday, May 10—Battle of Charleston Neck,
1779.

Room reservation for Juniors.

Friday, May 11—Crown Point taken, 1775.

Room reservation for Sophomores.

Saturday, May 14—War declared against Mexico,
1846.

Room reservation for sophomores (until noon).

Purdue vs. Notre Dame at Lafayette, baseball.

DePauw vs. Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, track.

Sunday, May 15—Mothers' Day.

Sermon by Father De Wulf in Church of Our Lady
of the Sacred Heart at 8:15 a. m.

There once was a cute little flapper,

So darling, and dainty, and dapper,

Her face was divine,

But her mind was supine:

So she married a heavyweight scrapper.

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An institution where your daughter is assured of all the benefits of an exclusive school, while surrounded with all the comforts and protection of home life. St. Mary's is devoted to the development of the highest type of womanhood in the girls entrusted to her care.

Many features of this school of high ideals, its broad campus and well equipped commodious buildings, cannot be touched upon in the limited space of this announcement. The President, therefore, cordially invites correspondence from parents having daughters to educate, and will take pleasure in mailing an illustrated catalog and descriptive literature. Address the President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY

NOTRE DAME P. O., INDIANA

Did they lather with Soapstone in the Neolithic Age?

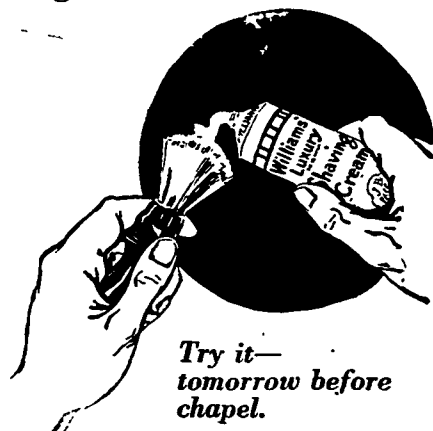
CAVE men had whiskers. Then one day John W. Troglodyte hacked them off with a hunk of sharp bronze and discovered—that men had faces.

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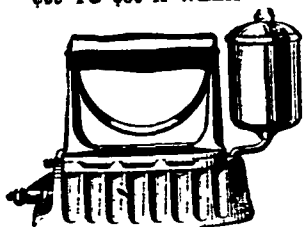
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The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURVS

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Vol. LV.

Freshman Number

No. 28

IN THE GROWING MIND OF A FRESHMAN—

A. A. SOMMER.

THIS issue of our college weekly is frankly dedicated by the Freshmen to themselves. It is their only chance to get any such dedication and it is therefore accepted with hope. Older men at Notre Dame will permit themselves the luxury of regarding what he have to say as incomplete, hazy and awkward. Doubtless they will be right. But the Freshman has not been living in Badin Hall all year for the sake of his complexion. Somehow or other he has been pulled into the life of the institution; its waves have rolled over him, its salty water has filled his lungs, and he knows that he is in the swim. Whatever may happen he will be part of whatever organization controls Notre Dame in the future. Whether he got his academic knighthood like Richard or like Don Quixote, a knight he is and must be. Looking back over it all, the process seems very pleasant, in spite of a thousand angles that rubbed his body in passing.

Gone is the timid, gullible, interrogative newcomer of last autumn; gone likewise is the fellow who knew it all and said so. How hard it was for some of these to change their spots we shall not try to reveal. But the spots are gone, or nearly so, and all have learned something about the business of fitting in. This does not mean a discard of all our ideas or fantasies. They have been sifted, and we hope that the best remain.

With the coming of May and the lengthening of the shadow of the sun-dial the Freshman steps from behind his earlier sim-

licity and lowers the flag which has fast turned into a color other than green. It is May. The Freshman marks the month of his emancipation; he leaves June to Seniors and brides. To the Notre Dame Freshman he merely transfers his actions to a higher field. He has no Bill of Rights to present.

One thing, however, he would say as to retrospect. Contrary to current opinion, a Freshman thinks. Absurd as it may seem, it is a fact. In many cases, men come to Notre Dame very well prepared—cock-full of ideas and opinions which a few years' residence obliterates into accepted institutions. The attitude in which these ideas are presented is with all due sense and sacredness of purpose. It is these ideas, however narrow they may seem to those of longer residence, which have not been accepted in good faith and which have caused their authors to be dubbed as insipid and narrow. These ideas or impressions ought to be retained by the Freshman for it is these very things which make an institution grow. They should not go as a transient thought or be regarded in any light as just a subject to write about which dies as peacefully as it is conceived in the mind of a college wit. It is to the upper-classmen and to the faculty that the freshman of this year would make his appeal to consider the ideas which the Freshman gets as first impressions. It is merely a question whether Alexander should have ridden the fiery steed when only nineteen or have waited until a dozen campaigns had hardened him. When a great obelisk had fallen repeatedly due to the slipping of the ropes it was a kid that hollered, "wet the ropes." The little kid was new on the ground and he thought. A Freshman thinks.

CAMPUS IMPRESSIONS.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

Like a prophet stands the statue of Father Sorin. On his face are the stern furrows of hardship; from his deep-set eyes radiates the light of wisdom that has seen and conquered. But, most appealing to our own light-heartedness, most reassuring to our inward fears of life, is that all-embracing smile which take the awfulness from the flowing beard, the darkness from the over-hanging brows. How infectious has been that smile—how much must the felicity of that sun-lit granite character have held up the hearts of Notre Dame's founders when the grim ghost of failure threatened the destruction of their hopes! Had Father Sorin seen no stone placed on stone, no golden dome overlooking a nest of learning, the multitude of smiles that brighten our campus would be a keen satisfaction, a partial reward of his efforts.

The borders of the lake are clothed in the dark shroud of night; streaking over the rippled waters comes a flashing band of silver, persevering, ubiquitous. What a doting old fellow is the pale moon, that has smiled on lovers since the world began, that would have every rusty tree become enamoured of its equally rusty neighbour, every moss-grown rock of another decrepit stone close by. Out of the blackness that surrounds the sleeping lake rise the sepulchral forms of ancient knots of trees, surmounted disrespectfully by the square blot of an intruding building. Unhurriedly, a noctambulistic breeze rolls by, bearing on its breath the soft suggested odour of growing greenness, the esoteric news that spring is coming soon.

A brisk little group of men is coming up the road from Moreau Seminary. They are clothed in black gowns that scamper about their legs as they walk; an authoritative touch is added to their appearance by short black capes. One of them is dark and handsome; a happy smile that plays about his lips threatens to break into merriment. Another

is quite short, and bears himself with a gravity in keeping with the serious mien of his garment. A third is buried deep in thought; the lines of his face, the fullness of his forehead, proclaim the power of a rich mind, just as bits of wreckage on a stream betray the might of the surging flood that follows. So are they all—affluent in thought and hearty in speech, impressed with the earnestness of the mission that is theirs.

Badin is the hall of doubtful wisdom, of unrecognizable architecture, of greatness in hopes and enthusiasm. Of a morning bright witticisms and cries for the mail can be distinguished as coming from a general hum surrounding the porch. By noon the lethargy of study has silenced some, while from others the morning round of classes and professors now induces worlds of comment and advice. The afternoon passes, and evening brings with it the wise hour of polemical philosophy, indulged in by those freshman sages who have reserved their wisdom for this time. Then study, visiting, and the variegated outbursts that follow the 9:30 bell; finally a hurried turning in, the business-like admonition, "Lights out!", then an unfamiliar silence. May it ever be the same.

The stands are packed with bobbing rows of faces, like banks of many-colored poppies nodding to and fro in a soporific summer breeze. In the centre is the chessboard of the field, on which the kings, knights and pawns are lined face to face in passionate combat. As a nervous voice barks out numbers the stands become quiet and tense. Suddenly the men hurl themselves against one another; all individuality is lost in the ferociousness of the onslaught. Sharp cries mingle with the sounds of scuffle; then slowly the players disentangle themselves and once again assume their positions. Meanwhile the stands have relaxed, and are in a state of mild agitation. Dreamy puffs of smoke rise from a sea of faces, and are borne to oblivion by the booming thunder of a "Big U. N. D."



EDNA M.



JACK
ARMSTRONG



WALTER
BURKE



DEAN
COONEY



RAY
CUNNINGHAM



SOLMAN



MULVANEY

THE WANDERLUST.

JOHN P. MULLEN.

Set my feet on the open road
 When the new-born day is ruby red:
 Throw from my back the toiler's load
 And weigh me down with dreams instead.

Set the winged hosts a singing
 From their bowers among the trees;
 Let their notes, recurring, ringing,
 Swell the music of the breeze.

Let me roam the fields of flowers,
 And the sweet, sequestered glade
 Till the sun's high reigning hours
 Bid me seek the alder's shade.

Lure me on in endless quest
 Till the shade of Night retakes the hill;
 Then from the journey bid me rest,
 And with love my bag of dreams refill.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

WALTER J. HAECKER.

Time: Fish day at 8:37 P. M.

The massive pine door of the bungalow swung open on its rusty hinges and Gustave Findash galloped in out of the frigid atmosphere of that June month, for a heavy date. When he handed his fur cap, burlap coat and earlaps to Garnet Updike, who was ostensibly his fiancée, he was greeted with a happy smile, under which he saw the gritting of teeth. This reminded him of his seven minutes' tardiness and he said in a cool, yet sweet voice, while assuming the attitude of Napoleon, "Better late than never." She gazed at him with a disgusted look and replied, "There's no rose without a thorn."

Gustave's feelings were moved; he became emotional, in fact so sentimental, that he placed his arms around her—umbrella, which he was returning from a few years before, and said, "Once does not make a habit." So appealing was his answer that Garnet was just about to forgive him for his lateness, when her father, a man whose growth had been stunted from smoking "Cubeks" when just a young man of thirty-six, appeared in the hallway, glanced at his "Yankee Junior," then at Gustave, saying as he left the room, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Gussy was at a loss. He had been snubbed by his future mate, who was to help make the collapsible bungalow, which he had purchased from "Rears Soebuck," into a "love nest." His mind was awl; the thought of ending it all flashed through his brain,—but no,—he could not—. Garnet's father was president of the "Soundless Cornet Manufacturing Co." and had barrels of lucre. If he married Garnet the world and its wealth would be his, and so he leaned back against the stove and said in a subdued tone, "Everything comes to him who waits."

At this critical moment Mrs. Updike entered the room. Sigismund, as she called her husband, must have informed her of Gussy's late arrival, for, as she parked herself in the high-chair, she said "The early bird catches the worm." Gussie replied in a tone which showed his disapproval of her company, "Haste makes waste." Mrs. Updike now sought to continue the conversation by saying, "Where there's a will there's a way." Gussy said nothing but he was thinking barrels full. If there was only a "No Parking" sign around which he could place next to her. If the phone would only ring, of if anything would happen so that he could make amends with his "to be." But fate was against Gussy and for an hour he and Mrs. Updike held a conversation as follows:

"As you make your bed so shall you lie."

"There's many a slip 'twix the cup and the lip."

"You can't have too much of a good thing."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"A stitch in time save nine."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Here Gussy felt a thrill. He was positive that he had heard the telephone ring. Yes, it was the phone and now relief at last. But, Mrs. Updike failed to move, and instead Garnet, who had been seated in the corner not saying a word, arose and answered it. It was a friend of Garnet's, Gussy's rival in love. "Oh death, where is thy sting." Garnet conversed with said rival for some time and again Gussy and Mrs. Updike held conference.

"There is a pathway of flowers leading to glory."

"Persuasion is better than force."

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Necessity knows no law."

It was now 11:28, which Gussy was informed of, by a gentle hint from the Mrs., who she said, "Time nor tide waits for no man."

Garnet had now finished at the phone so Gussy prepared to leave. He entered into the hallway, followed by Garnet and her mother. Gussy had little chance to plead for forgiveness, until Mr. Updike called to his wife for a clean pair of pajamas. Then, they were alone. They uttered not a word, but looked into each other's eyes, from which "sweet nothings" seemed to come. Gussy saw that he had received forgiveness and he grasped her—hands in his. Gave them two short shakes and turning, left the house.

Moral: "After a storm comes calm."

A SLANT AT SLANG.

J. ARMSTRONG.

Honest, old thing, ain't it terrible the way slang has clamped a toe-hold on the old lingua matris as she is slaughtered? Far be it from me to try to get away with any high-brow slants on the way the shifters and cake-eaters are maiming the mother tongue, but when a meek member of the proletariat tries to get the drift of a 20th century chat in this country he might as well try to sell copies of Freud to the head-hunters. Volstead has caused such a hatred for humidity that English has almost been given the D. D. because it came across the ocean. A person has to be a radical pro-Websterite these days to be able to read anything, except the newspapers, without an open dictionary on his knees. Journalese is in a class by itself and is subdivided into more parts than even a real estate man would think possible. We'll bet our last eskimo pie-crust that the sport writer has to hire an interpreter when he talks to the editor. As far as the modern column writer is concerned Noah Webster was the old sport that threw the big yachting party for the inmates of the zoo. (At that you have to hand the daily sheet the cactus bath towel for the way it makes friends with the big guns like Mary and Doug and Fatty

and Madelyn and Etcetera.) The college magazine must look like an original copy in Sanskrit to the bewildered septuagenarian.

Slang would make the discriminating logician's ghost slip Conan Doyle some indignant messages if they weren't too wise to come back to this old sphere once they get an honorable discharge. Take some of the current comments and peculiar phraseology that they might bring both Douglasses down on (undoubtedly Douglas puts out sereaphic patent leathers): there is the expression "oil can," commonly used as an expression of contempt, but how unreasonably! What is there that turns out any smoother stuff than the oil can. There there is "egg," also erroneously employed to designate opprobrium. Now, as the logician would say, doesn't the egg produce the chicken? And the influence of the chicken on man is one of the greatest of modern problems. To give some poor bird the "raspberries" seems to be an attempt to display disapproval. How foolish! How many people crave that humble fruit; how many miniature Dalton gangs risk the perils of parental ire to become smeared with the forbidden jam; finally, how much the gigantic toothpick industry depends upon this faithful promoter. One of the most glaring defects is calling the coin of the realm the "filthy lucre." I speak most authoritatively when I impart the dope that if ever a man enjoys the peck of dirt which science allots him during his natural life, it is when it is spread over the surface of that same lucre. Why lay down a verbal barrage any longer on a subject that is as apparent as the plot in a movie? How many times do you slip some duke a pat on the back when you are trying to plant a Dempsey on his jaw? Certain ardent advocates are agitating a compilation of these atrocities into an "American Anthology." Fine! It certainly would take a jolly load off the blooming Britisher's mind to have them eradicated from the category of the English language. But before some noble mind is sacrificed to the tabulation these pet proteges of the U. S. let's give them the double O two or three times and make sure that they are logical and lasting.

Feature that, slipping from simple sentences without sense into a regular slang sermon which, as far as effect goes, stands as

much chance as the fur trade in the Sudan. And to think that they go to Africa for ivory, and shoot men like Lincoln!

THE SPARROW'S PHILOSOPHY.

EDWARD F. DANKOWSKI.

In one of the nests that are sheltered in the architecture of Washington Hall, a sparrow was gently waking her two fledglings into the new day. The young birds opened their tiny eyes and immediately began a plaintive piping that seemed to assure them of their existence and safety.

"Keep quiet!" the mother chirped loudly. The squealing ceased and the old sparrow began to tell her young ones one of the lessons of self-preservation that every bird must know.

"Today I will tell you about the greatest enemy of the sparrow nation. This is the animal that you saw yesterday for the first time. He stands on his hind legs only and does not hop, but walks. With the exception of his head and his forefeet extremities, he is covered with peculiar feathers. The female has always less feathers than the male. These animals build big, strong nests like this one in which our nest is built. During the warm days, of which you will learn later, they migrate and return here when the days become cool.

"These animals have many gods but all of them are the same in one respect; they spit fire and breathe out smoke. The two-legged animals are the slaves of these gods. The gods can fly through the air, glide over the land and the sea with great speed, and always you will see that their breath comes out in clouds, either black or white; you will see also that they carry at least one of those two-legged slaves to serve them, their masters. One of these gods has a narrow, double, shiny path over which he runs several times a day, and he is so terrible that no one can stop him or cross his path when he is coming. He has killed very many foolish sparrows that tried to cross his path while he was rushing on. The two-legged slaves have gods in their large nests even. The gods live in the high narrow nests on top of the other big nests and you can see their black cloudy breath al-

most always. The gods are, however, not always good to their slaves. Sometimes they fill the sky with their breath and spit fire from above, and then pour water over everything.

"The slaves of these gods are clever because they can induce the fire gods to do many things for them. They have a straight, narrow branch-like god that kills other animals for their food. With this god the two-legged animals kill very, very many sparrows; do not forget that they are our greatest enemies. They do not eat worms like we do but attach them to long reeds and throw the end with the worm into the water. There are odd-looking animals in the water that swallow the worm and the reed also, and are then pulled out of the water and killed. When the two-legged animals return here from their hot day migration I will show you one of their festivals; they gather from all the nests around here and sit on two, opposite, peculiar-looking slopes to watch several of their number fight for a big brown egg. Now you know the habits and ways of the greatest enemy every sparrow—the animal that is not a bird, yet walks on two legs."

All that day the two young sparrows watched with wonder and fear the movements of their new enemies as they jabbered and walked from one big nest to another.

ON SELLING THINGS.

JOHN MULLEN.

I consider this venture to be the greatest catastrophe of my life. Since it smacks of irrationality, I might class it with the "Follies of Youth"; but I am reluctant to accuse myself of sophistry and conceit publicly even though, in dark moments of reflection, I have tried and condemned myself a hundred times. Fate had never decreed that I should become a salesman. The fact is that I was behind the wall on the other side of the street when this prominent young lady was chiseling her "Fiat" for my special benefit, and then having discovered that I missed the whole ceremony I foolishly decided to map out my own future—here's where the conceit comes in—relying on what I thought was worldly-wisdom for success—and here the sophistry—

The insult to the fair Queen of Destiny did not go unpunished; you will hear of my Penny-Ladylike success.

First, however, I must tell you that the whole affair is a matter of the deepest feeling (Who shall say where sentiment may not exist), which like the Pirithian rock is ever promising to crush me. My father, who had prophesied, takes special delight in turning the dinner-table conversation to "Histories of the World War," "Can-Opening Can Openers With Pressure Guage Attachments," "Household Brushes," and the like until I jump from my chair and fly from the table in desperation and hunger. Even in my room I can hear him laugh heartily. Why a thing that was nearly the death of me should be such rare amusement to others, driving them to fits of laughter, I cannot understand.

The past is a revengeful creature, like Conan Doyle's spirits, refusing to stay buried, so I determined to carry out a principle of silence toward the whole misadventure, not merely plantonically but practically. My pen falters now: it is only the hope that I may sound a warning note to other youthful and ambitious salesmen that enables me to scrape a line.

"Let us put you ahead; our agents make \$12,000 a year," the advertisement read. It was a very attractive circular, set in bold, open-faced type too persuasive to be denied; so I clipped it out and sent it away. Five days later I was a full-fledged salesman, a member of the Rockwell Company's staff, selling "Rockwell's Aluminum Kitchen Ware," and on the road to success and \$12,000 per annum.

Have you ever had the pleasure of using "Rockwell's Aluminum Kitchen Ware"? It is the best the world over (so the book of instructions said), "the wonder of the age, a master art in kitchen necessities." I liked that expression so I memorized it, knowing that half the game of salesmanship was a ready stock of just such phrases. It fitted perfectly too; all the pans and kettles were of such handy size and shape and of such a brilliance that no expert housewife could fail to recognize their superiority. On the next page of my book of patter Rockwell's wares became "a boon to every been of the kitchen." I didn't understand that quite so well, but I

memorized it anyway. In eight such utensils I knew a woman could cook ever so many dainties, making her husband happy and her neighbors jealous. But the greatest thing about "Rockwell's Aluminum Kitchen Ware" was the price—eight pieces of solid aluminum for \$1.65. It was inconceivable, unheard of.

I took my first order that very night and when I consider it was from my mother, whom I have heard say "no" to hundreds of salesmen coming to our door, I feel quite elated or rather did feel quite elated then. Her eyes lighted up when I displayed my stock and she laughed a little as if she were delighted with something. Although I wanted to deduct my commission, she insisted on paying the full price, saying that the pans were a bargain at ten dollars and really too pretty to use. She has them to this day, wrapped carefully in newspapers, and now and then she takes out the eight kettles and laughs a little. On that same night my father murmured something about charity beginning at home denounced the kettles as "trash," and hoped that I would go down the block and sell a dozen to the Mrs. Snobbish, whom he doesn't like. When I pointed out that Rockwell ware was solid aluminum he laughed so cruelly that I lost heart and decided to become an engineer; but Mother assured me that he didn't know the first thing about aluminum or anything else for that matter, and hence it was easy enough for him to laugh. I had always thought that my father knew everything about everything and as I lay in bed pondering over the matter I began to suspect that probably Rockwell ware was a tin composition and Father was right. I read the advertisement again. There it was: "Our products are solid aluminum, hole and dent proof." Who could deny such a forward statement? I was rapidly losing faith in all my childish institutions.

The following day was gloriously bright, a wonderful day for selling things. A distant part of the city was, I thought, an ideal place for a beginning for there I would be unknown and less likely to be ridiculed. The first housewife to receive a chance to order a complete set of kitchen ware was harder to determine since I had decided to show no preference. Taking a coin from my pocket I

flipped it into the air. The seventh house on the right-hand of the street won. Glancing through my instruction book thus gaining confidence and some control of my lower limbs, I strode bravely up the steps of the seventh house and rang the door-bell. With the sound of answering feet, however, my unnatural daring fled and when the door opened and a sweet-eyed girl quietly inquired what I wanted, I was a nervous wreck.

"Have you the pleasure——," I blurted out so loudly that the sound of my own voice startled me. "Have you the pleasure——," I repeated, louder than before. Something was wrong. My heart was pounding like a wild man at my ribs; my eyes were bulging from their sockets; strange noises filled my ears, and my tongue was endeavoring to creep back into my throat. I saw mountains of pans and kettles, people with hats of pans and kettles, horses eating from pans and kettles, Rockwell's utensils everywhere, and then it all came back to me and I shouted, "the wonder of the age, the master art of kitchen necessities" over and over again. I heard a laugh, a laugh from the sweet-eyed thing, that sounded so very much like my father's laugh of the night before that I cried out, "They are solid aluminum, everyone of them proof against dents and breaks. You do not know aluminum when you see it." With that everybody took off their pan-and-kettle hats, the horses looked up from their eating, the mountain fell over and everything became dark.

When I awoke my mother's sweet face was bending over me. There was an anxious look in her eyes and her mouth seemed on the verge of saying "yes" but still undecided. I hastened to assure her, "They are a boon to every bee of the kitchen," I said, "and ridiculously low at \$1.65."

"Yes," she answered, "I will take them," and I turned over and fell asleep satisfied.

I have tried other things since, books, lamps, can-openers, magazines, everything; but I never succeeded in selling anything to anyone except my mother. She has everything wrapped up carefully and laid away and each time she looks at them she laughs a little, and I hurry away in silence.

VERSE.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

From out the mystic dawn she came,
Her voice I never heard,
Her offerings might have made for fame,
But me! I caught no word.

Unheard, she passed me by again,
While of her gifts I dreamed,
My ear caught not her whispered name,
She flitted past, unseen.

LOVE, LAUGHTER, AND THE MASTER OF BOTH.

Cry thrice, for the joy of a day that will live,
A day made of amber and rose,
Whose luxurious glow only heaven could give,
A day filled with dreams and repose.

Cry once for the spark that enkindles all man,
The greatest that comes from above,
The backbone of ages, the adamant span
That unites kindred spirits in Love.

Cry once for the curling of two baby lips,
And the music that follows short after;
The soft-flowing rapture that blithesomely skips,
And gives life to the world with its Laughter.

Cry, last, for the master of both of these things,
That genius whose gold pen has spun
Purple dreams into truths, mendicants into kings,
And me into vassalage—Chesterton. H. A. M.

ROLLICKING SONG.

To be sung to the tune of "Old Black Joe," for proper effect.

I have ridden on the bumpers, I have ridden on a rail,

I have ridden on a jackass, till my heated face grew pale;

I have ridden through a desert, I have ridden near and far,

But the roughest ride I ever rode, was on the Hill Street car.

I've ridden o'er a rocky mount, I've crossed a rolling plain,

I've ridden on a camel and experienced no pain,

I've ridden on an angry sea, I've rumbled through a mine,

But now my heart contracts with fear, when I take the Hill Street line.

Refrain:

Hear the cling clang groan and the boom banging clack,

Hear the rattle rattle rattle on the Hill street track,

Hear the whistle—whooo

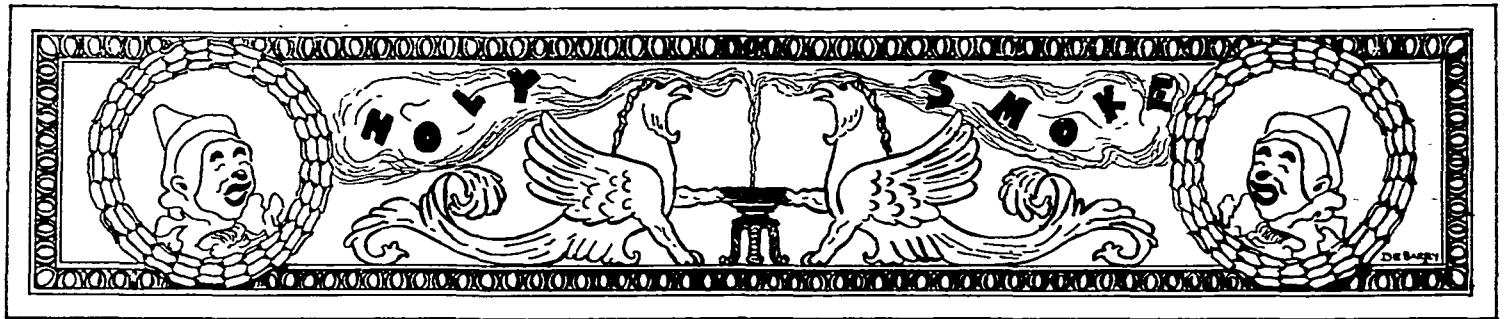
Hear the bell,

See the telephone poles going by like—whooo,

Oh I guess we'll soon be back at Notre Dame.

Moral—All that rattles are not bones.

HOLLISTER.



Uh: So you were sitting on the davenport with your arms around her when her father stepped in—light out?

Hu: I'll say I did.

First Prof: It's strange, isn't it, how a child loves horses?

Second Prof: I see all your class passed the exams this quarter.

She: My, I just dread to think of my thirtieth birthday.

He: Did you have bad luck on that day.

Officer: Do you know what has happened to this lady's purse?

Bystander : Search me.

Officer: I'm going to.

A: I call my girl Toughy and she likes it.

B: That's shocking.

A: So is my girl.

"Mike can lean forward at an angle of twenty-five degrees and not lose his balance."

"Some feat."

"Ya. You ought to see them."

Choo: And did she kiss you?

Shoo: Well I had the car parked on a lawn that had a sign which read: "No Walking on This Lawn."

Fresh: And so you think you could write a book?

Senior: Why yes, we might travel together this summer and next autumn, I could write something like "My Travels with a Donkey."

Clerk: Would you like to try on that suit in the window?

Demure Miss: Oh, mercy no; not unless the shades were down.

Prof: "The cow stood in the vacant lot without any day." Tell me what mood—

Fresh: Why the cow, of course.

"Holy smoke," said the preacher as he watched his sanctuary go up in flames.

Bow: Many a flower is born to blush unseen—

Wow: Ya, think of the negroes.

"Business is dead," said the undertaker as he tacked a crape on the door.

"Home, sweet home," shouted the ball player, as he scored from third on a hit.

Somebody's Aunt Sallie said that the committee was going to get those four horsemen of the Apocalypse, everyone is talking about, down at the county fair.

Somebody wanted to know if Marion, Ohio, was a good looking jane.

Frash to pal: Who is that guy standing over there?

Pal: I dunno his name, but he sleeps next to me in history.

Frash, with a weary look on his face: Gee, I've got to write a story out of my own head. What the deuce can I call it?

Brother Frash: Ah, if you don't call it, "Echoes From an Aching Void," call it "Absolutely Nothing."

THE SHOOTING OF JAM & STEW.

There are strange things done and the strangest one

That to me seemed hardly real,

Was the maddening rush of the mid-day crush

For the ghost of a good square meal.

For the lure of the feast turns man to beast,

And they claw and crowd and crash

In a desperate burst to be the first

To emerge with a plate of hash.

The grunts and groans, the feeble moans

Are unheeded in the jam;

For the multitude that is seeking food

Cares not one snappy d—n.

The ground is red 'til all are fed,

And never a cry of "Hold"!

And never a tear as the cold cashier

Rakes in the hoarded gold.

For life is sweet; men live to eat;

All thought of fellow man's lost,

As with reckless laugh they rush the "caf"

And never a thought of cost.

HOLLISTER-ARMSTRONG.

The
Notre Dame Scholastic
DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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Some one has said, "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and we firmly agree with this aphoristic statement. We cannot deny that this biological change is MODESTLY WE— and has been occurring for centuries past. Towering high above everywhere these living giants stand as proof of the statement.

We as Freshmen, then, like to draw from this an analogy comparing ourselves editing this, the Freshman Journalists' number of the SCHOLASTIC, to the little acorns which fall from their lofty birthplace on the spreading branches to the rich soil below, where they thrive and climb to great heights. We feel that we are typical of those nascent acorns just beginning life in the fertile soil of the university. It is Spring; and just as the acorns ripen into a new life promising to augment and rival those colossal trees which already brush their numerous leafy arms against the firmament, so do we embryonic journalists begin to mature as we pen our thoughts in this special Freshman issue. In this surrounding literary forest we see these giants, the masters of English literature, standing staunch and deep rooted, splendid examples for us to follow. We cannot help looking up to them in our adolescent period, admiring them, and hoping that some day we, too, shall be like them. CUNNINGHAM.

Some day a man will rush ecstatically from the Science building shouting the conventional "Eureka." To the subsequent inevitable crowd he will exhibit a BRAIN WASTE. machine for measuring the extent of the labor of the brain. There will be doubt and disbelief,

followed by awe and admiration as the upper classmen submit their grey matter to the successful demonstration of the invention. But when the humble freshmen are browbeaten through the novel ordeal, will there be a marked depression and degenerating fluctuation of the indispensable needle? Unless there is a marked movement of reform, there most emphatically will.

The present conception of college, in a large area of the prep and freshman circle, seems to picture it as a center of social, athletic, and otherwise sensation-producing activities. The authorities of the institution and the professors are merely entertaining; they are "it" and the object of the game is to dodge them. From the time that the uncious prep consented to plunge his school into gloom by accepting a diploma until the time when he casts a pall over the community by leaving, the theory which his fond family and friends incessantly instill into his then receptive mind is that, "The 'college life' is the important thing in a college education." We have seen with sadness the results of this doctrine in a number of students; able brain substance is carefully laid away in moth balls, while the owner devotes his remaining energies to the absorption of the sporting page of the dailies or the entertaining, but rather dubiously educational, columns of the esteemed *Juggler*. Instead of an increase in brain, the only noticeable addition in latitude occurs near the equatorial section of the body.

Don't jump up and grab the conclusion that the book-worm, the grind and the library-dweller are the heroes of this little outburst. The object is only to urge freshmen to throw the moth-balls out of the window and put those brains that are lying there useless to a more efficient task. The brain is like capital, it yields well if it is well invested.

A much hunted species of animal will soon become extinct if no protection is given that species. So it is with the Lifers Club at Notre Dame. Unless the very unexpected happens that club will be nothing more than a memory of the days that used to be. Admission to this club is exclusive indeed;

a person must have spent five or more years at the University before he can join the organization. During this scholastic year the club has about sixteen members. Of these the seniors number about four, the juniors two, the sophmores five and the freshmen five. This bodes that the club will have a few more years of life, anyway.

The circumstance which made it almost impossible for the club to continue for any great length of time was the abolition of the preparatory school. It used to be possible for a man to go from the grammar school right through to college graduation. One graduate of last year came from the minims to Sorin Hall. That was a rare exception and a thing that, chances are, never will occur after 1926.

The days of the Lifers, however, are numbered; it will not be long before the club, one of the best in the University, will be but a memory. The organization can be compared to the G. A. R. post of Notre Dame which became extinct last Spring when Brother Raphael, the last member of the Post, was called by death. So it shall be when the last Lifer is handed the object of his stay at Notre Dame. When that man has left the place which has been more than a home to him the Lifers' Club will quietly pass into the past. It will not be forgotten by the faculty, though, because a Lifer never fails to let the school know he is among those present.

A member of the club can not forget that he spent the most enjoyable days of his life under the Golden Dome. If he has let any of the Notre Dame spirit sink into him (and it would be an impossibility for it not to sink in) he will go out and show the world that his years at Notre Dame were not in vain. One who has spent five or more years at the best school on the globe will not go away from it and turn out a failure.

Lifers, when you have all gone the University will miss you and will fondly recall the day when you were under its wing. May you never forget you are more than Notre Dame men—you are, and were NOTRE DAME LIFERS.

HARLAN HERRMANN.

The Notre Dame Forum, a society that was perhaps the most active one on the campus in

recent years, is now on the down grade. At least the lack of interest manifested by the students is depressing to the officers of the organization, who are doing all in their power to restore the Forum to its former place. At the beginning of this school year, when the call was issued for members, a large number put in an appearance but as the year progressed the membership fell off until now it is a handful. The object of the Forum is perhaps not clear to all of the new students, but it is certain that the older classmen are acquainted with the work of this society. Questions of interest, both local and national, to every college man, are debated and discussed at length. Every member is given an opportunity to get on his feet and put forth his opinions. After all, this is a part of education. Sitting in a classroom absorbing knowledge and carefully pondering over textbooks is all well and good but to impart this knowledge to the world in another task, and one that requires ability. The Forum is the society where one can develop that ability and thereby gain an added benefit from his college course. If the Forum continues at the rate it is going it will be a thing of the past; added interest in this instructive organization will place it in its rightful high position among the societies on the campus.

J. J. SHEEHAN.

Among the numerous criticisms, either favorable or unfavorable, that can be made about a newspaper there is one especially which is very discreditable to the ethics of Journalism. It is such a criticism which we think we can be justly made because it seems that nearly all newspapers have, at some time or another, been guilty of violating the natural law in which an individual is referred to in print by his baptismal rather than by his family name. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Obenchain are called Ralph and Madalynne.

Hardly an edition goes to press throughout the United States (more noticeably of a certain Chicago paper) but infringes upon this law. It is not, however, observable in

the write-ups of an individual who has established fame, or who has been commissioned for a political job; but in the "write-ups" of some unfortunate who has been found guilty of crime, or who has been connected with a divorce suit. We do not mean to defend any type of law-breaking characters, but to prove that the newspapers are in the wrong when they "come out" with large flaring head-lines calling the individual by his birth name, informing the public of his ill-deeds. CUNNINGHAM.

OUR OWN LITTLE DRIVE.

(News from the Local Endowment Campaign for 100,000 Dollars.)

The Notre Dame movement to fill the University cash-box was begun with a sudden outburst of creative enthusiasm but has turned out to be a business of strategy and tactics that would interest Foch or Ludendorff or anybody concerned. We have settled down to fight this thing out as it has got to be fought—with brains, industry, ginger, postage stamps, bulletins, letters, psychoanalysis and everything that counts. At first it looked either like a proposition that couldn't be worked or one which would perform itself. Now it looks very simply like a job that we are going to do. And that's exactly as it should be.

We have passed the ten thousand dollar mark!

This good news means that the organization set in motion by the Student Activities Committee and bolstered up by the paternal discipline of the Main Office has found its way into the trenches. The various halls have undertaken the task each in its own way. At the present moment Badin, where dwell the hopeful Freshmen, leads the procession with returns just a bit over two thousand dollars. Walsh comes next with about sixteen hundred, although Brownson is stepping on the heels of Ye Honorable Millionaires with a handicap that could easily be managed in small change. Then saunter along Sorin and Corby with about fourteen hundred apiece, although Father Hagerty has forwarded a radio message to the effect that his men have not yet begun to fight. Father Quinlan responds that with the return of

Johnny Murphy to the subway, his cohorts are going up and up. Carroll has been lagging a bit, owing to difficult circumstances, but is learning the Battle Hymn of the Republic, a stanza at a time. The R. O. T. C., as we used to call 'em, have vowed to indulge in more postage stamps and redeem the character of their home towns. Reports indicate that they are "rousing themselves like a strong man after sleep." All in all, we can look at the fracas with a comfortable feeling only if we are sure that everybody is going to do what some have done.

We are going to pass the twenty thousand dollar mark!

During the early part of next week a pep meeting is going to reveal the inner workings of our machinery as it has never been revealed before and is going to thrill everything and everybody in the neighborhood. Club organizations of every sort are closing up and getting ready for bayonet practice. In this connection it is worth while noting that New England has been leading the world in the great race for the Studebaker. But when Linus Clitus Glotzbach moves his Minnesota cohorts into line, watch the dust. It will be gold dust, too. The thermometer is being observed with interest by every able-bodied citizen of this community and much warmer weather is predicted for the coming week, owing to the—well, the atmosphere.

Are we going to pass the thirty thousand dollar mark?

We think that's up to you. Remember this campaign isn't a business of passing the buck, but of passing the bucks. Get a copy of the address delivered by Judge Kickham Scanlon to the old boys in Chicago and get wise to the fact that you are a Notre Dame man. Then get the tickets and let's go.

T. D. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

The death of Mrs. Timothy E. Howard, aged and venerable wife of the Judge who was during so many years the inspiration of our College of Law, removes from South Bend a revered pioneer citizen and from the life of Notre Dame a neighbor and friend. We bespeak the prayers of all.

HERE AND ROUNDABOUT.

All graduation theses and essays for prizes must be handed in by May 10. This includes essays for the Meehan and Dockweiler medals and for the Monsignor O'Brien prize.

The Saint Joseph's lake, which at one time receded so far that it threatened to dry up, is now about back to normal.

"Red" McInery swam a race in the lake the other day. "Fat" Ryan was the starter but no one seems to know what Wurzer was doing.

Bert I. Richmond, pupil of Prof. O'Connor, received honorable mention in a recent competitive art exhibition in South Bend. The art professor is now at work on his "Chef d'oeuvre"—he is painting his own house.

The Catholic Times, of Portland, Oregon, carried in a recent issue a tribute to the work of Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., Ph. D., as president of Columbia University. Under Father Burke's administration Columbia has managed to carry off championship honors in about everything imaginable. This recognition is not a matter of surprise to Notre Dame men who knew Father "Gene" as professor and prefect here.

Edward J. Lynch, alumnus of Toledo, Ohio, has recently donated to Lemmonier Library seven volumes of Ohio Code Ann. and two volumes of Ohio Laws.

Prof. John J. Becker, dean of the Department of Music and director of Glee Club has resumed his duties after taking a few days' vacation needed to marry the one real girl in the world.

An efficient secretary has just been appointed by the Central Dry Plate Company of St. Louis, Missouri. The gentleman in question is William A. Griesedieck, preparatory student here from 1908-1911.

Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C., the Super-

ior at the seminary has returned from Mt. Clemens, where he has been receiving medical care. Father Margraf, the assistant superior, took charge during the four weeks' interval.

One of the strongest evidences of Spring is seeing the art classes under the direction of Prof. Vincent O'Connor out on the banks of Saint Mary's lake transferring some of the wonders of nature to a sketch block.

William (Billy) Gilchrist of Sarnia, Canada, left the University last week to accept a position with the Imperial Oil Co., in the Dominion. He will be connected with the publicity department.

Billy, who was a sophomore journalist, was very popular and took an active part in a number of the college organizations. He weighed the offer very carefully before accepting and we sincerely hope that his decision brings him success.

Some of the Law students could not agree as to the relative speed of Frank Thomas, a football and baseball man, and Joe Miller, a barber in the Campus barber-shop. To decide this dispute a hundred yard dash was scheduled for Thursday last at 4 p. m. The loser is to give a dinner for six at the Oliver. Both Corby and Sorin are heavily backing Joe. The prodigy previous to Brownson "wreck" room said that he has been training since April and claims that he now does the hundred in 10.3 and at the same time said that he doubted that Thomas could do it in 11, as has been claimed.

"Resolved, that the actions of the K. K. K. (Korby Kampus Klub) were justified," was the subject of a debate at the Forum meeting last Thursday. Mr. Baker and Mr. Sagistetter upheld the affirmative while the negative which won the decision was upheld by Mr. Watson and Mr. Starzel. The next debate, "Resolved, that the Philippines should be free and independent" is scheduled for May 18th. It was also announced that the

annual banquet and smoker will be held in Kable's Campus dining-room next Thursday.

The seminary is to have a new building directly in front of the present structure and the ground is already broken for the basement. It will be a three story building, thirty-five feet wide and one hundred and fifty-six feet long, made of rough yellow brick. The basement will contain recreation hall and baths; the first floor, study halls, parlors and the office; the second and third floors, rooms and dormitories. This is the first of three buildings that have been planned. The second is to be put in the court at the rear of the seminary and the old building will be torn down and the third put in its place.

The Villagers gave a dance at the Oliver on April 28th and donated the proceeds, amounting to about \$75, to the Endowment Fund. One hundred and twenty couples nicely filled the floor. An innovation which was a joy to all present, was a "sparkler" dance during which Fourth of July sparklers fastened to the ceiling and the walls took the place of the ordinary lighting system. A committee of five in charge of the affair was composed of Leo Rieder, chairman, Paul Wuthrich, Julius Beyer, Henry G. Christman, Jr., and George Henegham.

While restoring paintings in the home of Archbishop Michael J. Curley, of Baltimore, Md., Father Gregory, a Benedictine monk, has discovered by accident, a painting which may prove to be the work of Murillo. Many noted artists have already substantiated Father Gregory's opinion, which if proved, will add another masterpiece to the list of great paintings which he has discovered. The painting which he believes to be the work of the great Spanish artists of the seventeenth century, was discovered patched into a full length painting of Christ carrying the Cross.

Father Gregory labored for a year and a half in retouching the canvasses now hanging in the Notre Dame Art Gallery and dur-

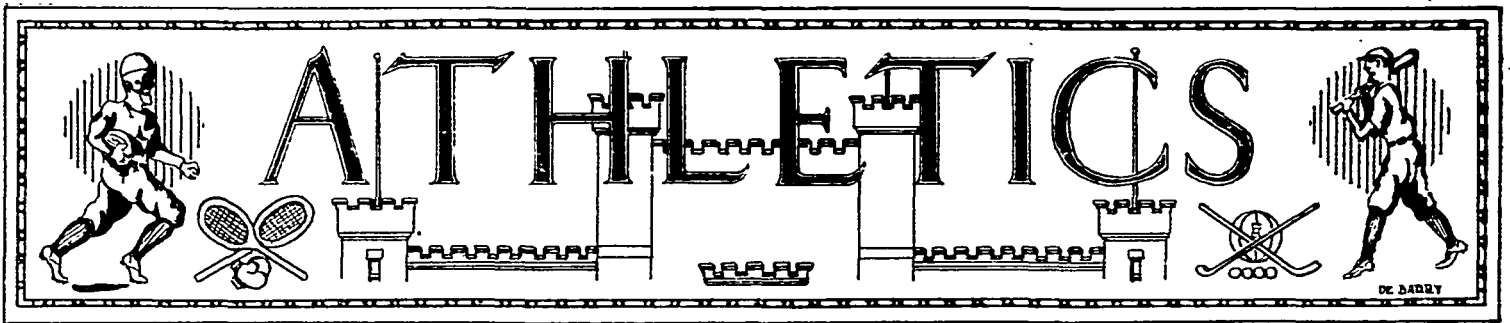
ing that time he uncovered many valuable paintings by great masters which at the time were thought to be pot-boilers.

Father Gregory is a great friend of Notre Dame and has been engaged here during the past four sessions of summer school in teaching oils and sketching.

A meeting, composed mainly of foreign commerce students, and presided over by Father O'Hara, was held in room 219 of the Main Building, on Tuesday of this week, to determine the courses of "bumming" to be pursued by these students this summer. Arrangements are being made for students to work their way to the Far East, Europe, and South America. About one hundred and twenty-five men attended the meeting, but no names were taken; Father O'Hara is now busily at work seeing what can be done to accommodate them. Foreign Commerce upper students will be given first choice; lower Foreign Commerce students second choice. Next in order come the upper and lower Domestic Commerce students, and lastly all the other upper classmen. Father O'Hara hopes to have positions for all applicants.

The Debating teams broke even with Western Reserve University. The affirmative: Cavanaugh, Nolan and Engels, in the contest held in Washington Hall on April 28th, lost by a decision of 2 to 1. Prof. James Hines was chairman and Prof. Robert Phillips, of Purdue University, Hon. Henry Barnhart, of Rochester, Indiana, and President John E. Roessler, of Valparaiso University, were the judges. The negative team, Rhomberg, Gallagher and Hogan, accompanied by Father Bolger, went to Cleveland and inflicted a defeat by a decision of 2 to 1 on their opponents. Father Bolger went from there to Indianapolis to attend the Indiana Debating League Conference held in that city, and secured debates with Wabash, Indiana, Purdue and Earlham for next year. The question will be ready sometime this spring. All of the members of this year's team will be available next year with the exception of Hogan and Rhomberg.

LULEY.



THE WEEK.

A double-header track and baseball engagement will feature the week's athletic card at Notre Dame on Saturday afternoon. The Notre Dame baseball nine will meet Kalamazoo at one-thirty o'clock, and the Rockne cinder artists will clash with DePauw in an adjoining field at 3:30 o'clock. The Purdue baseball club will appear here Wednesday, May 10.

Coach Rockne will pit his stars against DePauw with instructions to polish off their work for a supreme effort against the Illinois track team at Urbana Friday, May 19. Capt. Murphy, Hayes and Lieb, first place winners at the Drake and Penn games, will be in the local lineup, although Gus Desch's participation in the hurdles is still a matter of uncertainty. The injured leg suffered by the prize hurdler several months ago has not yet healed sufficiently to allow him to compete in this special event.

Coach Halas hopes to win both baseball games of the week. Purdue will be the first Indiana team to face the Irish and the result of the contest will have an important bearing on the Indiana state title which the Halas team won last year. Castner, Falvey and Magevney—the three hurling aces of the local team, will be available against the Boilermakers with Falvey as a probability.

Tennis prospects took a leap this week when Coach Rockne announced that eight men would probably be sent to compete in the Indiana state meet. No further competitive events are expected this season but the near completion of eight new courts on the campus promises to boom the net game for next spring.

Plans for the organization and financing of an informal golf team were also discussed at a meeting held here last week. Efforts are being made to conduct a course on the campus and to prepare the way for the entrance

of a competitive team against other schools next season.

THE GAMES.

I.

Edgie DeGree started his second varsity game against the Western State Normal in great shape, but after he had filled the bags in the third inning he was relieved by Castner, who retired the side with one run and held the Teachers the rest of the game. The Notre Dame sluggers got their hitting eyes working in the same frame and scored six runs—enough to put the game on ice.

Up to the third inning DeGree had held the Normalites hitless and had fanned three men. But after losing the Wisconsin game the same way Coach Halas couldn't take any chances and sent Castner in to do the pitching.

The cold weather kept the boys from doing any extraordinary feats. Murphy's hitting and Capt. Blievernicht's work around first were the features of the game.

Western State Normal	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bennett, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Gill, 2b.	3	0	1	2	2	0
Coughlin, 1b.	3	0	1	8	0	0
R. Miller, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Gunderson, rf.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Simmons, cf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
M. Miller, ss.	0	0	0	0	1	1
Field, ss.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Potter, c.	4	0	0	7	2	0
Kreuz, p.	2	1	1	0	4	1
Totals	29	2	7	24	10	2

Notre Dame.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Sheehan, ss.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Prokup, cf.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Kane, 3b.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Blievernicht, 1b.	4	1	1	8	1	0
Thomas, rf.	2	1	1	2	0	0
Kelly, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
C. Foley, lf.	2	0	1	0	0	0

Reese, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
D. Foley, 2b.	4	0	1	3	2	0
Murphy, c.	4	0	2	8	1	0
DeGree, p.	0	0	0	0	1	1
Castner, p.	4	1	1	0	2	0
Totals	34	6	10	24	9	1
Western State Normal.....	001	000	01	—	2	
Notre Dame	006	000	00	—	6	

Game called at end of eighth to catch a train.

Two base hits: Prokup, Thomas. Three base hit, Simmons. Double play, Castner to Blievernicht to Kane to Murphy. Base on balls: off DeGree, 4; off Kreuz, 1. Hit by pitcher, Sheehan by Kreuz. Struck out: by DeGree, 3; Castner, 4; Kreuz, 7. Hits: off DeGree, 0 in 2 innings; off Castner, 7 in 6 innings. Umpire, Cortright.

II.

Hard hitting and Magevney's pitching were the features of a 12 to 6 victory for Notre Dame over Michigan Aggies on Cartier Field Saturday afternoon. Notre Dame sent two of the Aggie hurlers to the showers, but Ross, their last pitcher, was the Aggies' best bet.

Magevney allowed the Farmers five hits and struck out eight men.

Notre Dame opened the game by scoring four runs in the first frame and then came back and scored five more in the second. Before the game was over Coach Halas used many of his bench warmers.

Micky Kane got three hits and Blievernicht, Danny Foley, Prokup, and Church Foley registered two blows each. One of Capt. Blievernicht's two hits was a home run.

Score:

Michigan Aggies	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Fullen, 2b.	4	2	0	1	3	0
Pacynski, lf.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Higbie, 3b.	3	0	0	1	5	0
Brown, 1b.	3	0	1	14	0	1
Farley, ss.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Stephens, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Daly, 3b.	4	1	1	1	4	0
Brady, 3b.	4	1	1	1	4	0
Steadman, c.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Wenner, p.	0	0	0	2	0	0
Kuehn, p.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Ross, p.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	35	6	5	24	15	1

Notre Dame.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Sheehan, ss.	4	1	1	1	3	1
Prokop, cf.	4	1	2	1	0	1
Kane, 3b.	6	2	3	1	3	0
Blievernicht, 1b-c.	4	3	2	11	2	2
Castner, lf.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Reese, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
C. Foley, lf.	2	0	2	0	0	0
Thomas, rf.	2	2	1	0	0	0
Kelly, rf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
D. Foley, 2b.	5	0	2	3	2	0
Murphy, c.	3	1	1	6	2	0
Barry, 1b.	1	0	0	4	0	0
Magevney, p.	2	1	1	0	5	2
Totals	3	12	16	27	17	6

Michigan Aggies	120	200	100	—	6	
Notre Dame	450	011	01x	—	12	

Two base hits: Prokop, Thomas. Three base hits, Pacynski, Brown. Home run: Blievernicht. Stolen bases: Prokop, 2, Kane 3, Blievernicht, Castner, Thomas, D. Foley. Sacrifice flies: Sheehan, Blievernicht. Double play, Kane to D. Foley to Blievernicht. Bases on balls: off Magevney, 2; off Wenner, 1; off Ross, 8. Strikeouts: by Magevney, 8; by Ross, 3. Wild pitches: Ross, Magevney. Hit by pitcher: Higbie by Magevney; Magevney by Kuehn; Prokop by Ross. Hits: off Wenner, 4 in 2-3 inning; off Kuehn, 3 in 2-3 inning; off Ross, 9 in 6 2-3 innings. Umpire, Smith.

III.

Notre Dame met Wisconsin at Madison and was defeated 10 to 4. Castner, who was on the mound for Notre Dame, was nicked for 14 hits. Castner pitched good ball until the eighth inning when a couple of hits mingled with a couple or errors netted three runs.

Notre Dame played ragged ball and had five errors checked up against them.

Pickford who had started on the hill for Wisconsin was knocked out in the fifth inning and he was relieved by Hoffman, who pitched a two-hit game against Notre Dame a couple of weeks ago.

Score by innings:

				R	H	E
Notre Dame	020	001	001	— 4	8	5
Wisconsin	120	110	23x	— 10	14	2

Batteries—Castner and Murphy; Pickford, Hoffman and Barry.

IV.

Hitting lustily and consistently behind Dick Falvey, who pitched a good game throughout, Notre Dame staged a come-back against Beloit and defeated them 16 to 7.

The heavy hitting of the Notre Dame aggregation was the feature of the game; they nicked Winkenwerger for 15 hits, which interspersed with a few errors, netted 16 runs.

Up to the time Falvey was in the game he allowed the Beloit boys 4 hits and also showed a puzzling assortment of stuff that had the Beloit boys on their ears.

Eddie DeGree, who relieved Falvey when the game was on ice, was touched for four runs.

The score by innings:

		R	H	E
Notre Dame	103 301 071	10	15	2
Beloit	000 200 104	7	8	3

Batteries—Falvey, DeGree, Blievernicht and Murphy; Winkenwerger and Schact.

BERRA.

CINDER WINS.

Notre Dame gained fame at two of the greatest athletic carnivals of the year at the Drake and Pennsylvania Relay Games last Saturday.

Captain Murphy won at Pennsylvania by a leap of 6 feet, 2 inches. Murphy defeated Brown, of Dartmouth, who has been going like a house a-fire all year in the East.

Bill Hayes won the 100 yard dash at Drake from a field of good runners in .10 flat.

Tom Lieb captured the discus when he threw it 133 feet, 4 inches. Tom made a record by this heave, as it was the first time that the discus was on the Drake program.

The quarter mile relay team was defeated by Nebraska by 2-5 of a second. The relay was run in divisions and the Cornhuskers made better time. The relay team was composed of Ficks, Heffernen, Desch and Hays.

The mile relay team finished third in their race. Illinois won the relay.

Many records were broken at Drake and Pennsylvania. Osborne, of Illinois, broke the inter-collegiate record in the high jump with a leap of 6 feet, 6 inches. The Illinois four mile relay team broke the world's record.

Coach K. K. Rockne was the referee at the Drake games.

INTER-HALL.

The Inter-hall baseball season opened Sunday with the Carrollites losing to Badin by a 4 to 1 score. The game was closely contested except in the first two innings when Martin of Carroll, who by the way, struck out 14 men, received very poor support. A home run by Donovan of Carroll was the feature of the game. Score:

		R	H	E
Badin	202 000 000	4	2	1
Carroll	100 000 000	1	7	1

Batteries—Martin and O'Connell; McCarron and Welch.

Corby defeated Brownson Sunday afternoon, 12 to 6. Vegera, Father Quinlan's star pitcher struck out 8 men and allowed 3 hits, but, 6 errors by Corby allowed the Main Building boys to score. Higi, Brownson's star twirler, pitched a good game but his support was very ragged. The hitting and fielding of Nolan and Collins were the features of the game.

		R	H	E
Corby	110 005 203	12	7	6
Brownson	000 210 003	6	3	12

Batteries—Vegera and Cerney; Higi and Mohan.

Sorin lost to Walsh Sunday by the score of 8 to 2. DeCoursey, Walsh's pitcher, allowed Sorin 8 hits but kept them well scattered after the first two innings. Stienle pitched a good game also, but his support was worthless. Cook's catching, Susen's work in the garden and Stuhldreher's hitting were the features of the game.

		R	H	E
Walsh	103 002 02x	8	8	3
Sorin	101 000 000	2	8	5

Batteries—DeCoursey, Hurley and Cook; Stienle and Stuhldreher.

INTER-HALL STANDING.

	W.	L	Pct.
Corby	1	0	1000
Badin	1	0	1000
Walsh	1	0	1000
Carroll	0	1	000
Sorin	0	1	000
Brownson	0	1	000

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By McGINNIS.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

A number of Northwestern students thirsty for a sip of hootch, spied a dory out in the river and made a great effort to induce the crew of the bootleg boat, laden with cases of the precious liquid, to make a trip ashore. But in vain. The dory headed her course in the opposite direction. Later, they learned that the dory was a coast guard supply ship, but it did not carry the nature of supplies they craved. Courage, fellows, we all have to wait until our "ship comes in."

Women have so far progressed in the field of athletics within recent years that now the opinion is voiced that soon they will be contending in the Olympic games. Indeed, intercollegiate games between Vassar, Sweetbriar, Bryn Mawr and other young ladies' schools (notably those famous for supplying the coat of "finish") are expected soon to become an actuality. In the event that women are allowed to compete in the Olympics England, France and Germany will not find the United States far behind when it comes to supplying female athletes.

Ohio State has now taken to conferring honorary degrees on circus elephants. Tillie, a huge member of the species, was recently given a degree in law, the ceremony being accompanied with all the necessary decorum and punctilliousness of a real graduation. The elephant was 106 years old on the day it received its degree. As one of our exchanges has remarked, "There is still hope for some of us."

According to the *Anthenaeum* of West Virginia, a number of the university professors have purchased English editions of scientific books from Germany for their own use, taking advantage of the cheapness of the German mark in the United States. One professor bought \$30 worth of books which, with duty and freight, cost him only \$5.60.

The University of Wisconsin is offering an Extension course to state prisoners. And, according to the university officials, the prisoners are on an average much higher in their grades than the other students pursuing the same subjects. The difference is credited to the distraction caused the regular students by dances, movies and social affairs. Let some of our reformers get a hold of these facts and they will be advocating serving a prison term as a "prep" course.

The faculty of Iowa State University awards a medal each year to the senior who has made the highest scholastic and athletic record. This year's recipient has not yet been selected.

There will be some keen rivalry among the stu-

dents of Colorado University now that they are getting into politics. The *Silver and Gold* tells us that the Democrats have formed an organization and are sending representatives to meet the political officials of Denver. They even contemplate sending out speakers to back the party at the next election.

It has been said that the best way to get to a man's heart is via his stomach. The "co-eds" in the home economics class at the Oregon University serve meals daily to the boarders ("eds"). We don't want to insinuate that these girls have to rely upon this domestic method of penetrating to the depths of a man's heart. Not at all. The female way of fascinating is one hundred per cent better. We just want to assert that there is another way, and that they can use both methods.

"Thirty students in maritime commerce are at sea in this quarter, bound for the Orient, Europe, South America, the east coast and Africa," says the *Oregon Emerald* referring to those following that subject in the university. Fifteen months at sea, on freighter or passenger liner and an exam, are required to complete the course.

A boycott against all of the merchants of Iowa City, including motion picture houses, has been declared by the university students. Judging from the popularity of Rudolph Valentino with the fair sex in the past, we feel safe to say that regardless of the boycott, the "co-eds" will flock to the theatres showing his latest picture.

Headline in a college paper: "Caterpillar War Begins." What? Another war? It seems that the world will never be at peace. Probably Lloyd George will extend an invitation to attend the Genoa conference.

The University of Chicago received a Dante medal from the National Dante Committee for the part it took in the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death. This distinct honor belongs to but two other American institutions.

A sure way for the professors to get work out of the "co-eds," according to the *Athenaeum*, is for the professor to be very particular about his personal appearance. "Why, just the mental picture of one immaculately neat professor makes me work hard for him," one of the girls said, while another spoke up, "There are just two classes of professors for whom I work. Those for whom I have to study and those at whom I like to look. I prefer doing it for the latter."

We learn from the *Northwestern Daily* that a psychology student there is experimenting with a system of rating individuals to discover what traits are common to those whose qualities have made them prominent in school activities. He has put "check-

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ers" on certain popular students about the campus to list their qualities. The principal characteristics upon which they will be rated are their "tendencies toward ascendancy or submission, cheerfulness or sullenness, interest or lack of it in the world, to overestimate or underestimate their ability, to act quickly, think quickly, and their persistency, dependability, activeness, narrowness or broadness, sociability or non-sociability, selfishness or unselfishness, and general intelligence." If the ratings coincide, he will consider the experiment successful and practical.

About this time each year, down in Indiana University, they crown the most prominent and popular "co-ed" Queen of May. What we don't understand is why they don't complete the royal ostentation by acclaiming a king also.

THE CHILDREN OF THIS GENERATION.

It's true I haven't paid much heed
To lecture or to text;
Each letter from my home I read
Tells me that they're quite vexed.

Now I'll confess that this is true;
I have no alibis.
I may not know all Plato knew,
But I am worldly wise.

I've learned, although it's cost me some,
That it's not wise to lend
The hard won cash, that's lately come
From home, to any friend.

I've learned the wiles of flapper smiles;
I know their code by heart;
And though I alter with the styles,
I'm safe from Cupid's dart.

I've learned to use a billiard cue
With some degree of skill,
And I can rattle "bones," it's true.
(Not only can, but will.)

I'm not so bad at auction bridge;
Five hundred isn't strange.
And I'm not stranded when I land at
Poker for a change.

I've learned the tricks in modern trade;
These lessons, too, cost dough.
But I feel the money's well repaid
By the business wiles I know.

I've learned to win without a sign
That'll hurt the loser more;
I've learned to lose without a whine,
To cheerfully pay the score.

It's true I've not learned much from books;
I suppose I've been quite slack.
But knowing the way of the world today
Keeps a fellow on the track.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

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