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Christi

THE
MONASTIC
CHOLASTIC
Published weekly
at the University
of Notre Dame.



SIES

Vita

FR. MARSHALL, C.S.C.

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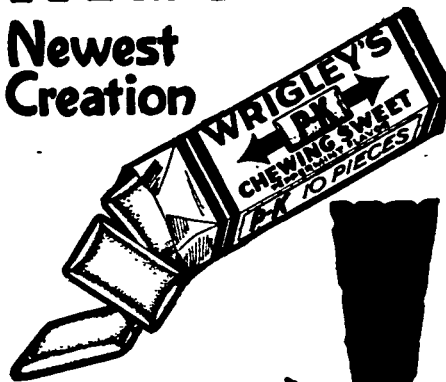
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CALENDAR

Monday, May 15—Florence Nightingale born, 1820.

Northwestern at Evanston, base ball.

Tuesday, May 16—Lincoln nominated, 1860.

Wednesday, May 17—First national fast, 1776.

Purdue at Lafayette, base ball.

Senior ball at Oliver Hotel, 9 P. M.

Thursday, May 18—Grant invests Vicksburg, 1863.

Glee Club Concert at Oliver Hotel, 8:15 P. M.

Wabash at Crawfordsville, base ball.

Friday, May 19—The "dark day," 1780.

Glee Club Dance to Seniors, Oliver Hotel, 9 P. M.

Illinois at Champaign, base ball.

Illinois at Champaign, track and field meet.

Saturday, May 20—Mecklenburg declaration, 1577.

Sunday, May 21—Ft. Galphin taken, 1781.

"Confession," a sermon by Rev. Charles L.
Doremus, C. S. C., in the Church of Our Lady
of the Sacred Heart, at 8:15 o'clock mass.

The SCHOLASTIC editorial boards meets.

The Students Activities Committee meets.

ESCOPLASMIC.

An artiste adept at the high kick
Was beloved by a simp of a psysic.

He asked her to wed,

But she knowingly said

"When you kick just as high as psysic." L. H.

On the Corner

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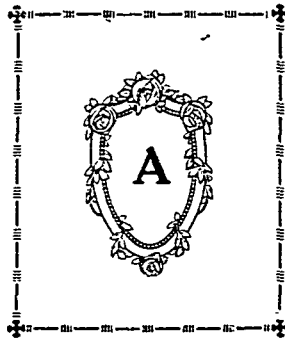
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Published Every Saturday During the School Year. Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917 authorized, June 25, 1918.

Vol. LV.

May 13, 1922

No. 29

THE MOULDING OF MEN.

L. R. WARD, C. S. C.

AFTER the closing of one of the common devotions at Sacred Heart Church, I chanced to hear these remarks of a visitor: "The greatest thing I ever saw. All my life I've been wanting to attend the like, and I could never have struck a better time." You know how much I would have liked to hear more of that eulogy, maybe there was no more; I might not eavesdrop at any rate. Instead, I caught up with two students. I noticed that they were talking about the preacher of the evening and his sermon, and I asked what they thought of them. One chap liked the simple vigor and directness of that particular Father, the other wished that he'd fire up—"he seems always to have so much reserve."

The preaching which we had heard that evening is, it seems to me, very like the practical religion of the Catholic college man who, coming in the vast majority of cases from thoroughly Catholic homes, and often from Catholic high schools, shows a simple straightforward piety, the living, growing force of which is known least of all to himself. The Catholic college man, I shall grant, may not always be the best student in the land; faults and foibles, too, he certainly has—who in the world has not? He may, for instance, be tripped up by human respect, that commonest failing; he may be—indeed he says he is—careless and perhaps lazy in his work, his dress, and his posture; frequently he wastes time and talent in reading magazines and other light literature. Always, too, some lads will be weak—a few of them woefully weak and perilously adventurous.

Yet you will find, I think, that Catholic

students in by far the greater number of cases are candid, conscientious, discerning—God and His holy Church be thanked for it! They are determined to lead Catholic lives and, though nature and example may at times oppose their purposes, they use the grace of God, and they lead Catholic lives. These young persons are yet plastic in will—as in intellect; only now they may be learning with definiteness many ethical and Catholic truths, but the obligations connected with those truths they have kept from their youth.

I have on my desk a statement of an American college president. This he made, I suppose, with conviction and after some experience with students. "Your present-day college man," he says, "talks of truth, honor, and service to others; but when you talk to him of a personal God, who deigns to go along with him, and lets man lean on Him, the college man does not know what you are talking about."

God forbid that such a generalization be true! God forbid that the college man, on whose shoulders the burden of our nation's welfare must soon rest, be so ignorant or heedless of the existence, the nature, and the mercy of God, and be compelled to lean on some broken reed—on truth indeed, without God, the foundation of all truth, or on service to others, with no thought of God or belief in Him. Why this service to others, forsooth, and not always and everywhere service to self, unless there be a God and that God be personal?

The author of that declaration, you plainly see, has not dealt with Catholic college men. He does not know from what kind of homes they come, or what kind of homes they go out to build: not understanding their Faith, he cannot interpret their lives in college or thereafter. But if you would see dramatized

the belief and the works of the Catholic college man, I urge you to drop into one of their churches for Mass on Sunday or, in fact, on any day; I am sure you will admit that the whole scene—the Mass itself and the confessions and communions—is inspiring, thrilling, hopeful, and that the Catholic college man would understand, if you should “talk to him of a personal God, who deigns to go along with him, and lets man lean on Him.”

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE HAPPY.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

“Then you believe that contentment is happiness?” asked the man in the speckled tweeds.

Peters, who is a banker, stout, suave and calm, nodded his head. “We are only happy when we are satisfied with everything about us—contented with the present, satisfied with what the future, through our hopes, will bring us. Happiness is not a mystery. Too often we are happy when we do not know it.”

The man in the speckled suit puffed leisurely at his cigar. The third man studied the headlines of the newspaper spread across his lap.

“Contentment—” said the third, turning a small, rounded face toward the other two, “contentment—. A funny yord, isn’t it?” “Do you know, you’re probably right,” he added affirmatively, turning toward Peters. “Contentment may be happiness. But there’s still the poor fellow who never finds contentment.”

There was a momentary silence, broken only by the swinging of a heavy door and the soft, yet abrupt click of billiard balls in another room. The man who had just finished speaking laid aside his paper and lighted a cigar.

“Happiness is pretty elusive, after all,” said the man in the speckled suit with a gesture of his hand. “Not much to argue about.”

“No,” broke in the third, “and yet we sometimes don’t analyze our happiness.” The light on his cigar had gone out and he paused to strike another match.

“That’s aside, though,” he continued. “I was thinking of a fellow who was always

seeking happiness. I’m still wondering whether he found it. Did either of you ever meet Clement Bonford? You probably used to see him here, eight or ten years ago. He was still pretty much of a youngster then, but Thomas—you remember Thomas—got him into the Medley club. Well, Bonford was the fellow I had in mind.” And with that the man with the small, rounded face launched into his story.

“Bonford was something of a spoiled kid. He ran up against nothing but luxury all through his early life. His mother was a Forsythe, one of the Forsythes of Pelham Hill. After her husband died, she spent money recklessly. At least, that is the tale that went the rounds of the town. The kid looked out for himself, and that wasn’t so hard to do when he had a pocketful of gold all the time. He started to study for medicine. Then his mother had a nervous breakdown, which meant Europe and winters in Naples and Venice. The boy absorbed something of his mother’s eroticness, I think. At least, when she died he lived riotously and spent money foolishly. He was past twenty-one then, but he had not got over being a child. He had quite a few friends about town who were willing to help him gratify any whims that struck him. Thomas, who was one of them, brought him into the club.

“The fellow liked to be making friends. He had new pals every week and most of all, he wanted everybody to think he was a good scout. It was in this room that I met him, one evening when the place was rather deserted. There was more of a younger bunch that hung around here in those days. I don’t think any of them were here that evening, so that he was striking in with the others. We chatted awhile. He was a tall, straight youth, with rather earnest, blue eyes, and light hair. His motions were always abrupt, jerkish, his conversation not continuous.

“The election of 1912 was approaching and we drifted into a political discussion. We talked of the merits of Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt. Then he told me that he was voting for neither of these and explained that he had turned Socialist. “This money stuff is all wrong,” he insisted. “There oughtn’t to be any private wealth in the world. It’s the poor people who are always happy, anyway.”

The sooner my money is gone, the better. I'm certainly not contented. My money is going to disappear as quickly as I can get rid of it. Did you know that I gave a hundred thousand to the Charities Relief Federation this week? Fifty thousand goes to the Socialist campaign fund. I'm beginning to think that a man's happiness depends on improving the welfare of others. No more money for me. When I see Socialism established in this country with a firm grip, I think I'll be happy. I'll know I have helped the caused along. Goodness knows, I'm never contented or happy now.'

"I saw him once or twice after that in the next couple of months. He wore a somewhat tired look and seemed rather petulant, expectant of something. He insisted that things were coming along fine. He had some new plans for social work that would enable him to spend more money. Debs and the Socialists would certainly win in the elections, because everyone was tired of the bickerings within the Republican party and no one was confident of Wilson's ability. 'I'm personally disgusted,' he told me, 'but things are going to come along better. Next month, when the election is over, and I get this new settlement on its feet, I'll be contented.'

"When I saw him a couple of weeks later, he wore a chagrined expression, confiding in me that he was considerably disappointed about the election. He invited me out to dinner to his apartment and I accepted. Because I was with the *Times*, he wanted to talk to me about a new welfare project for the Lenfield district. He had an apartment well fitted out for comfort, where, he insisted, he was finding more and more seclusion. His eyes sparkled as he told me of the plans he was making for a big community house and two day nurseries that he had in mind for the Lenfield district. It was going to take his last cent, and that was the reason he was going to do it. 'I'm tired of money,' he said. 'I see men and women along the streets every day who haven't a cent in the way of goods of the world, singing and whistling as they pass me by. One of these days, though, I'll be whistling and singing like them.'

"It must have been a year before I saw him again. His name was in the *Times* frequently in connection with the Lenfield com-

munity project, but I never had occasion to see him. Work of my own kept me away from the club. Then one day, all of a sudden, he breezed into the office to see me. He wanted me to help him get a job on the *Times*. His clothes were shabby and he seemed thinner. He was earnest as ever in his manner. 'What I need,' he said to me, 'is contact with human nature. I want to be a reporter. These men mix in with life and are busy among people all the time. I'm too far away from human nature to be happy.'

When he appeared for work a few days later, I was interested to watch the effect on him. He told me, after the first day, that he was going to like it immensely. I asked him whether he was still a Socialist, and offended him severely. He kept his views to himself. He convinced me, at any rate, that all of his own wealth was gone. I learned from others that he was living in very modest quarters on Spring street. His signed stories in the *Times* occasionally created something of a sensation, especially his expose of the Ninth Ward crowd. Bonford lacked consistency, however, to be an outstanding figure on the staff. He had fits of laziness. When he left his job without a word of notice one day, he was not particularly missed. About a week later I got a letter from him, post-marked in Chicago, in which he apologized to me for not having seen me before he left.

"'You will be glad to hear,' he wrote, 'that at last I think I have found the thing for me. Tomorrow I am entering the Institute of Fine Arts. I have a little money saved and with pencil and brush I think I shall be happy. I'm sorry that I did not like it on the *Times*.' That, at least, was the substance of his note.

"Several years elapsed before I heard of the fellow again. It seems that his work in Chicago must have turned his talent into the channels of impressionistic art. Several of his pieces attracted considerable attention, one in particular 'Hope in the Night.' All of his work drew praise from the newer schools of art. Then suddenly his work diminished. He turned to lecturing before Art Clubs and the like. All of these facts I gathered from the gossip which dropped now and then here at the club. When he appeared before the City Art Circle, I attended the meeting per-

sonally. The awkwardness of his appearance and the dullness of his talk surprised me. The man seemed uncertain of himself; he bored his audience with generalities from first to last. He insisted that he was glad to see me. Before he left the city two days later, I had an opportunity to talk with him.

"We had dinner in a secluded restaurant in Valley street. Bonford seemed listless, nervous, dissatisfied. He ate very little during the meal, although he smoked cigarette after cigarette. 'There isn't much that I wouldn't do to get away from this travelling, talking art with a large A. I'm not satisfied. There hasn't been a moment's rest for me, even since I left the *Times*. You've treated me decent enough, Milton, and I don't mind admitting to you confidentially that I'm going to be through with it all shortly. I'm going to be married—a girl in Pittsburg. I'm going to be a happy man at last. That finest girl stuff doesn't mean very much, but it's the truth, and she and I will be happy. Her father is a steel broker and he's going to take me into the business. It's something like this which I need to make me happy.'

"A couple of months later the *Times* carried the story of the wedding. It was a big Pittsburg society affair. I began to wonder then whether possibly at last Bonford had not found the contentment—or call it happiness, if you will—that he had been hunting for. It was as Clement Bonford, steel broker, that I began to think of him. In those days, however, there was considerably more than Bonford to occupy one's thoughts. The war, which seemed to be sweeping the whole current of life before it, gave one little rest. The days and weeks and months went by rapidly. You possibly remember the reception which we gave here for the Second regiment along about in November, 1917. I was on the reception committee, busy as could be, when who should approach but Bonford. Wearing the uniform of a marine, he looked more of a man than he had ever looked before. He was only in the city for the night, but having read of the affair for the Second Regiment he had dropped around. His company expected to receive embarkation orders within a week. After a few moments' conversation, he disappeared among the other uni-

forms. Later in the evening, when the numbers in the room had dwindled considerably, I met him again. We sat down together away from the noise of talk and music for a smoke.

"It was then I learned of his disappointment in marriage, a disappointment that even the birth of his son had not removed. He had found the brokerage business endlessly dull. He had been dissatisfied from morning till night. 'Women are not what they seem, Milton,' he told me. 'They expect everything from you and want to give you nothing in return. I'm through with them forever. When I enlisted I believe I began life all over again. I fancy that I'll stay in the Marines even when this business is finished, if the life turns out to be all that I believe it will. There are opportunities, you know. Right now, I feel in a mood that I have never felt before. This is going to be an adventure that will bring happiness at last.'

"I do not know how many months later it was that the word got around that Bonford had deserted the army in France. It drifted into the *Times* office in the midst of tips and rumors of a kind that find a newspaper office their haven. The War Department verified it as true. Despite the dangers that a deserter from any army might have encountered in escaping to safety, Bonford eventually reached Australia. He sent me a letter, in which he asked me not to misjudge him because of anything I might have heard. No one, he insisted, could be denied the right to seek his own happiness. And that was only what he was trying to do, he wrote. He believed, apparently, that on the Australian plains, he was destined to find the peace of mind that he had been seeking. It suited him, he said, because it removed him from American life which he had begun to despise. Contentment would not be denied him there.

"After the war was over, I heard indirectly of his return to America. His father-in-law appears to have intervened in his behalf at Washington and through political influences was successful in having a sentence that was placed upon him remitted. His wife, it seems, was anxious for reconciliation. For a

brief time, he remained in Pittsburg, then he disappeared again. By this time I had begun to lose track of him.

"The summer of 1920 I spent, however, in Pacific waters. The ship I was travelling, the Orinoco, was a mail packet. It was not a swift, nor even a modern boat. It was one on board which, however, you could enjoy the lazy indolence of sea life. It was here again that I ran across Bonford. He had taken to the sea. I was never sure whether or not he was glad to see me, when we met. There was still about him a baffling uncertainty that made his attitude at any time almost inscrutable. There was happiness still to be achieved. He was not sure, he said, but what the contentment that he had always wished for was to be found on the sea. He was working on board the Orinoco as a common seaman. 'If I had known this,' he added once, 'years ago, perhaps all would have been different. But even yet,' he continued with a sparkle in his eye, 'it may not be too late.'

"During the course of the trip, Bonford was taken sick. He had contracted a severe fever while he was in Australia, a malady to which he was subject still. Out of compassion for him I saw that he was placed in a first class state-room during the period of his illness. Under skillful care he improved until when we reached the coast his normal strength had returned. He was pleased at the kindness that I had shown him. Until he bade me farewell in San Francisco I had never seen him so visibly affected emotionally. 'But for you,' he said, 'I might not be able to enjoy the happiness that is ahead of me on the sea.'

"When a few months later, I received a letter from him dated in Virginia, I was surprised. It was not lengthy. The fever, which came to him with recurring spells of illness, seemed to be getting the better of him. He had been compelled to quit the Orinoco because of it. Now he was ill. Yet still undaunted, he was hoping for his recovery. Everything depended on his getting farther south, preferably to Florida. The recent death of a cousin left him with money in which to live comfortably there, in the event he was able to move. The sunny warmth of the Florida tropics, their verdure, a passive life there—and his happiness would

be complete. Briefly he pictured the dream of his own contentment which he was building. Remembering my kindness to him the preceding summer, he wondered whether I would not make the railroad trip with him. His friends were few, and under present conditions he was unable to go alone.

"When I agreed to go to his assistance, I did so only because I felt that I would be completing a kindness begun in the summer. I felt as if these two acts were one. The trip was hurriedly made. As the train rumbled along, there was something akin to gladness in my heart. I imagined that possibly the picture that Bonford painted was not an idle dream—that even yet he might achieve his long-sought happiness."

The man who was narrating the story stopped to relight his cigar.

"When I reached the Virginia town, a dull oppressiveness settled over me. I wondered whether Bonford might have not have overestimated his hopes again. The thought came to me that he might have misjudged the strength that remained in a frail body. These ideas may have come to me from the way in which the gray winter clouds swept across the sky in front of a warm wind. There was in their movement all the fever of dissatisfaction, of pursuit. The day was the kind that Bonford would have understood."

There was another pause in the narrative.

"Vague premonitions overcame me while I was on the way to the hospital, and in the manner of the attendants when I inquired for Bonford, I understood the thing that had happened. In writing to me he had failed to realize the weakness of the frail body which had moved about so restlessly in search of happiness. All his pursuits had ended."

The little man studied the rug, suspending his cigar in front of him.

"The faces of dead people have no interest for me," he continued finally. "And yet, do you know, I have never seen a man in whose countenance there was expressed so much peace and contentment. All the features of his face glowed with a soft smile. Death seemed to be only a rest for him."

There was a brief silence as the story was concluded.

"Then it is all true?" asked the man in the speckled tweeds.

The third man, who had told the story, nodded his head.

"In which case," said Peters, suavely, calmly, "the poor fellow never found happiness."

But the little man with the rounded face did not reply.

A TALE OF TWO STONES.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

The river bank is steep, and the large stone that tumbles down it seems furiously intent upon plunging into the swirl of oblivion below. It acquires speed as it topples over and over itself. It seeks an inglorious end, this reckless stone, that would leave behind it only a wavering path of dents and gashes in the river-bank's rocky soil.

The water almost gained, the stone careens to one side and crashes into a smaller one, then passes on more slowly, its momentum retarded. It topples to the river's edge, seems about to roll in, then stops—safe. But the smaller stone, a martyr to the other's wildness, lies shattered, smashed to a thousand pitiful fragments. Was its sacrifice worth while?

The light from the fireplace played queer pranks on the woman who basked in its warmth. One moment it painted her in damask, the next it bathed her soft, aged features in glittering gold. Her eyes were half shut; the contemplation of something sad seemed to possess her soul.

A young man, handsomely dressed, tiptoed into the room.

"Ma," he whispered, stooping to kiss her forehead, "I don't want you to wait up for me any more. I'll be late again tonight."

His mother slowly opened her eyes, and smiled.

"Jim," she said, "I wish you wouldn't run around so much. Of course an old lady like me has no business to know what you do all these nights—but Jim, I'm worried. Months ago you looked fresh and strong; now you seem kind of worn out and haggard, and sometimes you act awfully queer when you

come home from your good times, all tired out. You've changed, Jim, and I think I liked my old boy best. But I'll be waiting for you, son; I may go over and see Mrs. Ferguson to pass away the time."

For a moment the young man frowned at the fire, then laughed listlessly.

"Well, youth must have its fling, you know. And life's so short, and death so long——"; he paused, then walked away from his mother and the silent fire.

Two hours had passed. Fluffy flakes of snow sifted down to earth, and, fallen, huddled close together, like sleeping children. Through the dancing whiteness wandered a cozy roadster, now speeding, now rolling along slowly. On one side of the man at the wheel was a girl, on the other a bottle. To both he was friendly, even affectionate. The half-empty bottle he addressed as "the best little pal a man ever had"; the girl he called "Maizie." She was strenuous-looking, and blonde; her gaudy appearance stood out in glaring contrast to the simple beauty of the snow.

"I'm awfully glad you picked me up," she confided to her companion, "cause you're just an awful nice kid."

Having thus bared her heart for the twentieth time, she reached again for the bottle; but Jim held back her arm.

"Naw, li'l girl, naw. I don' want to shee you drink any more. It wouldn't be nice for you to become intockshicated——now!"

"But I'm not. An' anyway I wanna——."

"Yeh, you want it, but I won't letcha have it."

The girl giggled, and made a futile lunge for the forbidden flash. Jim roared out his wild glee, and increased the speed of the machine. Presently, however, her thoughtless attempts became dangerous. The speeding car swayed perilously from one side of the road to the other. Jim shouted, "Cut it out!" but the girl heeded him not, endeavoring with all her puny might to "get that bottle, get that bottle"; and the car rashed on, faster, faster.

Suddenly the shrill, ominous shriek of tightened brakes; the terrorized scream of a girl; a dull thud, and a wee agonized cry; then, silence. Jim leaped from the car.

She lay in a little muddled heap in the

middle of the road. Her gray hairs were mixed with snow; her eyes gazed unseeingly at the hidden moon that strove to break through the clouds. Even the tiny beaded handbag that had been her pride lay beyond her outstretched, toil-worn hands.

Jim knelt beside her; his brain had cleared, and some merciful angel had whispered away the fetor from his lips. He raised the helpless head—lightning flashed through his heart as he gasped, "Mother!"

Her eyes moved slowly; beholding the dim face of her son, she weakly smiled, then spoke in the whisper of murmuring aspens bidding farewell to the dying day.

"Jim, I'm going—far away—but I'd like to know—that you're going to be—just what you used to be—my boy."

Tears flooded his cheeks, and mingled their eternal pledge with the sobs of his tortured soul. His heart, not his lips, had answered.

The old lady sighed happily; then lingeringly she closed her eyes, and passed quietly into sleep. The snow was scarcely falling now; gloriously bright, out of the shifting clouds that had enclosed it, rode the silver moon.

PLANNING A VACATION.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

With the approach of the warm weather, and the budding forth of the green foliage on the trees and shrubbery, the school year draws to a close. And concomitantly the students' thoughts naturally turn toward vacation and the planning of where it is to be spent.

Each student utilizes considerable time scrutinizing his brain to outline satisfactorily the course of amusement he will follow during the summer holidays. It is human nature to desire and map a vacation even long before the set time of rest arrives. We are all prone to do that; everyone from President Harding to the little newsboy, with the dirty bare feet and torn blue shirt, as he stands upon the corner of the main thoroughfare selling his papers. Probably while the chief executive at Washington is choosing between a cruise on the "Mayflower" to the South Seas, or an excursion to Alaska, the little newsie is undecided as to whether he will spend his vacation at the scout reservation

or down at the newsboys' camp on the municipal beach. At times, however, one might be inclined to believe that the reason for planning any vacations at all is that a great number of individuals are scrupulous and have faith in the old aphorism, "there is no rest for the wicked;" and rather than have anyone misjudge them as possessing a shady character, they too plot a vacation. Of course, this is only a hypothesis. We know from the scripture that even the Infinite Creator took a rest on the seventh day. - And so from this we can safely conclude that we also should take some kind of vacation; it is essential. The three or four months preliminary discussion connected with its planning is a natural, unavoidable sequence.

But, to get back to the students again. It is not an uncommon thing upon entering a student's room any time after the first of April to find a flock of fellows gathered there in passing out some of that famous Notre Dame line, and drawing upon their imagination as to where they will spend their vacation. One fellow lying outstretched in a deeply sunken morris chair will exclaim that his folks have purchased a brand new cottage at Rainbow Lake, and he is going to spend the entire summer there. Another fellow standing over in one corner of the room admiring the picture of a movie actress, will burst out saying that he is going on a camping trip up to Bathurst Isle in the Melville Sound. A rather gentle voice coming from the opposite end of the room from an individual seated on a table will tell that he intends motoring across the country with his "steady" and her parents. From the upper bunk of a double decker where a fellow is lying, comes the information that he will either get a cabin boy job on a South American steamer for the duration of the vacation or bum around the country in quest of excitement. Two other fellows lying on the lower bunk, smoking monogram pipes, will assure the crowd that they are going on a canoeing trip down the AuSable and intend to take plenty of time out in transit for trout fishing.

And so on, the everlasting "line" gushes forth in a redundant fashion like the mad waters of a flood breaking through a levee, until a prefect interrupts and distributes a few demerits.

FRESHMAN FANTASIES.

APOLOGETIC.

Even the grackles in the spring
 Try to sing;
 And, perhaps, with much more reason
 In this season
 Freshmen try their hand at verse—
 Call the hearse.

N. E. C.

LIGHT STUFF.

When Nero enlightened his nation
 By starting a great conflagration,
 He little did dream
 That to us it would seem
 To be king was a light occupation.

GEORGE W. JONES.

TO M. J.

Love is just a game for two to play at:
 It is nothing but a game of chance,
 For the winner often is the loser—
 Love, forsooth, is never pure romance.

Danger always lurks in Cupid's arrows:
 They are poisoned, so the wounded say.
 If you're smiling at the fate of others,
 Easy—for your turn may come to-day.

VIRGIL P. FAGAN.

A CONTRACT.

Each sigh, each look, each act of mine
 Shall be an act of love divine.
 Yes, everything that I shall do
 Shall be, dear Lord, for love of you.

Here is my heart. Oh, make it true—
 A fountain sealed to all but you.
 What is there that I would not do
 My God, my all, for love of You?

JOSEPH HELLMUTH.

IN A JUGULAR VEIN.

There was a wise fellow named Crockett,
 Who carried a flask in his pocket.
 He made his home brew
 In a way that was new—
 He'd first make the mash and then crock it.

JULIUS W. BEYER.

IN HOC, ETC.

I lost all my money at poker
 So I took my few jewels to a broker.
 "I'll give you one buck
 For the whole of this truck."
 Say, boy, but that Jew was some soaker.

HOWARD W. KUEHL.

'LASSES KISSES.

There once was a girl with a lip stick
 Who had for a steady a flip hick.
 But he closed his lips tight
 When she kissed him good-night,
 And the stuff on her lips made his lips stick.

H. W. K.

EX SPORTELLA.

It nearly always spoils my Sunday
 When teachers says, "A poem for Monday."
 The words I like to hear the best:
 "No themes this week; you need a rest."
 If a thing's disliked by college men
 'Tis forever scratching with a pen.
 It's scratch and scratch and toil and toil
 Until one's blood begins to boil.
 For all my pains, I simply hear
 You may do better, Zell, next year.

RICHARD ZELLER.

O PIE PUER.

A hungry small youngster named Cy
 Was once caught stealing a pie.
 Soon out in the shed—
 But that's enough said.
 Well, poor Cy for that pie had to cry.

CLARENCE BUNCE.

TO A STAR.

Tell me, star of beauty,
 Gleaming through the night,
 Do you shine to guide us
 To a land more bright?

Is your light a beacon
 With its fairy beams,
 Leading little children
 To the land of dreams?

Are you only fire-rock
 Held by unknown force,
 Puzzling seers of ages
 Who seek your secret source?

W. CYR.

TO THE WARBLERS.

Little warblers of the spring,
 How I love to hear you sing
 From your throne up in the tree
 Please, oh please, do sing for me.

Sing to me your songs of love,
 Sweet as music from above;
 Let your lovely voices ring
 In a glorious hymn to spring.

From your throne up in the tree,
 Please, oh please, do sing for me.

J. M. CONWAY.

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VOL.
LV.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victorius
Vincit Quasi Cras Meritorius*

No.
29

Tomorrow, everywhere throughout the land, we shall find Mother's Day faithfully observed. The fad of commemorating our mothers upon this day is not new, but with the passing of time, as our dear mothers advance in years or the memory of them stimulates a greater fondness in our hearts, we learn to appreciate what they have sacrificed for us and we join full-heartedly on this particular day of celebration in paying homage to them. However, because of the fact that we are students away from home, living for the most part on the campus, the formality of wearing a flower is not necessary to prove our love. We can demonstrate our loyalty and manifest our gratitude for the numerous things which they have offered us by remembering them especially on this day in our prayers.

CUNNINGHAM.

Notre Dame and South Bend necessarily have an interest in each other's welfare. The growth and expansion of the University mean to South Bend reflected prosperity and added prestige as a city. The development of South Bend places Notre Dame in closer touch with large-city activities and enlarges the field for practical study in the departments of commerce, law, engineering and journalism, giving the school at the same time the influence

which goes to a school situated near a center of population. The University must contemplate with satisfaction, therefore, the program of civic expansion which South Bend is undertaking upon the appeal of the Studebaker corporation. Coming as it does at a time when the University itself is entering a new period of growth, this program gives to the city a spirit of enterprise and industry that is common to the school. Each must feel pride in the other's growth. When both are growing, the feeling becomes mutual and therefore doubly gratifying.

MOLZ.

What is a college education? If this question could be answered definitely and positively for all time, much quibbling and argument would be eliminated. Fortunately it remains unanswered, giving opportunity for such simple minds as ours to meditate upon it—yes, even to venture an answer. The prototype of our modern universities was comprised of a lecture course given by experts in their particular fields. This situation was ideal. It is true that changed conditions and an increased number of students have made this impossible at present, but we have drifted altogether too far from the ideal. Where lectures were given in an earlier day moving pictures are now shown. We do not wish to say that

moving pictures are abominable or useless, but when they are substituted for lectures an irreparable loss is entailed.

If the question were remote it would not be subject-matter for this editorial, but unfortunately it is most pertinent to Notre Dame. There are too many picture shows and not enough lectures. Men do not come hundreds of miles and spend thousands of dollars yearly in order to see a five-year-old cinema production. They are here to be educated, and if that is not their purpose they would be far better off at home. They must have diversion, that is true, but what was J. P. McAvoy's lecture but a most pleasant form of diversion? It was more than that, it was educational and inspiring, and therefore worthy of its audience.

The essential part of a lecture course must be composed of the more educational kind of lecture, but these need not of necessity be, as is often supposed, dry and uninteresting. Doctor Walsh's Dante lecture was anything but that and it is safe to say that fifty lectures of this kind would comprise a better college education than any combined program of class-room and moving pictures. If, while they are in college, men do not have the opportunity of listening to such lectures the chances are that they will never have it, and if they do there is still a greater chance of their passing it by. They should be given the opportunity of hearing good lectures now; and if there is anything that Notre Dame stands in need of, next to its endowment fund, it is a more adequate lecture course.

J. X. BELL.

The man who becomes such an enthusiast over a thing at which his friends shake their heads in doubt has, in popular parlance, either gone loco, turned WHAT IS YOUR bugs or become a nut. Right WAVE LENGTH? now the great American populace has gone loco over radio. The small town man has gone bugs; the city man is plumb nuts. In radio enthusiasm there is apparently no middle ground; no one becomes simply a fan. There are baseball fans, movie fans, theater fans, but not radio fans. Listening to a concert by Galli Curci or to a market report by

the chief inspector in the bureau of fertilizers (the department of agriculture) is the pastime of the radio bug. "Have you a little radio in your home?" becomes for him the national anthem. The fact that Peggy Joyce is on her way back to America is lost sight of.

Every kind of prediction is being made by the radio bug. Wireless, according to his prophecy, will put an end to the newspaper, the school, the church and everything else. Offices will be unnecessary. The tired business man can tune his set to 100 meters, broadcast his letters to a stenographer or two, and enjoy a smoke in bed. Students won't go to universities. They will play tennis and carry radio sets on their shoulders. Baseball will be played via wireless and Babe Ruth will knock ethereal home runs that can be heard in Honolulu. The only thing yet to be perfected is the transmission of hootch, but a sending station in Montreal should accomplish this splendidly. The most promising prospect for us is the disappearance of the university classroom, which seems assured. No doubt committees on absences and eight o'clocks will disappear along with the classroom.

The situation becomes somewhat muddled, of course, when it becomes apparent, as a Pennsylvania investigator insists, that the lowly cockroach is a radio expert. If this is true, it proves how far behind the cockroach man really is. A cockroach, for instance, has a wave length of between one-half inch and an inch. The Pennsylvania authority made this discovery while he was seeking the shortest wave length in a bug-infested barracks in France. When a cockroach wandered between two sets, the darned thing put them out of commission. This shows what a disadvantage humankind will be at, if the world becomes sufficiently well infested with cockroaches. It proves the fallacy also of trying to get up a station over a restaurant.

MOLZ.

The current *Ave Maria*, has under the heading, "An Opportune Word," the following in connection with the Catholic Education Week:

The present week is an opportune time for emphasizing the fact that the Church's ideal in matters

educational finds expression not only in the slogan, "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school," but in this other rallying cry, "No Catholic youth in a non-Catholic college." Ideals of course are not always immediately attainable; and, in default of the best possible, we are often constrained to put up with the best practicable. Hundreds of thousands of American Catholic children are perforce attending public schools; and tens of thousands of Catholic young men—many of them of very limited financial resources—are students of State universities or other secular colleges. Confronted with a condition, not a theory, our ecclesiastical authorities do the best they can to offset as far as possible the evils of that condition. In the case of the children, their pastors are bound to take exceptional pains in securing their religious instruction. As for Catholic youth in other than Catholic colleges, there have been established in several university centres Newman Halls, Catholic social centres, and similar breakwaters against the tide of false philosophy, materialism, and agnosticism constantly flowing through class-room and lecture-hall.

Such measures are, under the circumstances, most commendable; but it would be a disastrous mistake to declare, or believe, that they furnish a sufficient reason why Catholic young men, whose parents can afford to send them to Catholic colleges, may prudently attend these non-Catholic institutions. Such attendance is purely and simply an evil, tolerated where the poverty of the youth precludes his going to a Catholic college—just as mixed marriages are tolerated,—but inexcusable, as voluntary exposure to the danger of losing one's faith, where the plea of poverty can not be urged. No Newman Hall or Catholic social centre, however well organized, can serve as an effective equivalent for the atmosphere of our own institutions, or an affective antidote to the poison imbibed in the great majority of secular institutions.

THE OPENING OF THE DRIVE.

The Notre Dame of the present was there to persuade the Notre Dame of the past to help make the Notre Dame of the future. Take "there", "persuade" and "make" in their superlative degrees and you have some idea of the spectacle enacted last Monday night at the formal opening of the Notre Dame Endowment Drive, in the Elizabethan Room of the Congress Hotel, in Chicago. The immediate "protagonist" of the evening was the vociferous band of dwellers under the Dome, two hundred and fifty strong headed by the renowned cheerleader, Al Slaggert. All day Monday the clans were assembling, migrating from the vicinity of South Bend

to Chicago by ways many and diverse. Early Monday evening a preliminary "warming-up" was held in the lobby of the Congress just to show the people of the earth, and of Chicago in particular, what real, big-time cheering is.

From the lobby the line of march was up the stairs to the Elizabethan Room, where Chairman Clem Mitchell was making the opening speech. At the precise psychological moment he introduced the crew to the twenty-five hundred supporters of Notre Dame assembled there. As these exuberant youths swarmed down the main aisle of the great hall, amid their own din, many a grey-haired alumnus longed for the days of old and wished that he, too, might join in that embodiment of Notre Dame spirit, and with it crowd to the front of the hall. Arriving there, the youngsters started the "Victory March." In a trice everyone in the room was on his feet, and as the volume swelled, the old "Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame" seemed to rise to the face of the high heavens and to presage surely the success of the drive. At such a pitch was the enthusiasm that it was several minutes before the Rev. William Curley, President of St. Viator's College, could be heard. His speech raised the interest and spirit of the crowd even higher. The eloquence of Father Cavanaugh's address dissipated any doubts that may have been entertained by pessimists concerning the Notre Dame dream of the future.

The spirit of the meeting was again epitomized by the Big Five Orchestra, whose inspired renditions advanced the perfection of the evening. Then the mock trial was put on, in the case of Notre Dame vs. Her Reticent Alumni, the crimes of lack of school-spirit, deficient generosity, and the like were disclosed in all their ugliness. Superlatives have been used so freely in this account that they begin to lose their force. Suffice to say of this trial scene that it was in harmony with the occasion and served well the purpose intended. After these features were completed the Spirit of the Dance was enthroned by the orchestra, and to its inimitable rhythm, the last two hours of the evening were while away.

R. SHEA.

OUR OWN DRIVE.

The big reason for Notre Dame's Endowment Campaign was obvious last week when the students were reserving rooms for next year. In order to make certain that they might live on the campus, many "parked" in front of the Registrar's office the night before registration day. When the office opened the next morning there were hundreds standing in line, and the rooms in all the halls were reserved in record time. Many were turned away, and in this situation we see one of the most urgent needs of Notre Dame.

Developments in the Student Campaign within the last week have boosted the mercury above the twelve-thousand-dollar mark. Al Ryan reports the standing of the halls in the same order they had a week ago, but the dollar sign before each name has increased in size. Badin Hall is still leading in the race, with Walsh, Brownson, Sorin, Corby, and Carroll following in the order named. The S. R. O. T. C. stands next to Badin. It is a little difficult to organize the students in town, but they are working steadily to live up to their name and to show us that they are not "day-dodgers." If they once get the spirit of organization into their systems, the halls on the campus will have to combine in an effort to beat them. Many of the day students have experienced the need of a room on the campus and many of them have again been turned away from the Registrar's office without a room. With this as an incentive, the off-campus men will soon be pushing ahead.

Sorin Hall is fourth on the list, but Jack Higgins is helping to put her over the top. He has arranged for a series of dances to be given in Indiana towns; the price of admission to these dances entitles those who go to one chance on the automobile, and all the money thus made will go to the Endowment Fund.

The spirit of the Campaign is observable on every side, but it is action that counts. Every man now at school has an organization of his own, consisting of the persons to whom he has sent books on the Studebaker to be sold. So it is an opportunity to show your ability as an organizer and to have the satisfaction of doing something worth while for

Notre Dame. We have but one month left in which to do for Notre Dame what we have promised. Hence every man who still has tickets on his hands should send them out in order that the returns on them can be had before commencement time.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

From far-off France we have received the announcement of the marriage of Mlle. Delphine Ainaud to Mr. Louis Patrick Harl, Ph. B. in Journ., 1916, at Nimes, France, April 6, 1922. Mrs. Harl is the only daughter of Madame and Monsieur Alfred Ainaud, director honorary of the postal and telegraph service, Chevalier of Legion of Honor. Louis is connected with the European editorial staff of the New York Herald at Paris. Congratulations!

Patrick Maguire, famous Master of Arts around the year 1920, writes that he was recently ordained deacon by the Rt. Rev. J. H. Tihen, D. D., Bishop of Denver. He will be ordained priest within the next few months. His Reverence's address is St. Thomas Seminary, Denver, Colo., and his letter states that he will be at home any time to receive correspondence.

May 2, 1922, was primary day in South Bend, Indiana, and it held special interest for Notre Dame because of the alumni who sought nominations. The race between Frank Coughlin, LL.B., 1920, and Floyd Jellison, LL.B., 1916, for Republican candidate for prosecuting attorney was excitingly close. Our "little Willie" was a few votes ahead at the final count. Eddie Doran, LL.B., 1920, was the Democratic choice without opposition for the same office. Arthur B. Hunter, LL.B., 1920, received the Republican nomination for state senator.

The Kansas Industrial (not a labor paper but the organ of the Kansas State Agricultural College) informs us of the oratorical ability of Charles Bachman, LL.B., 1916. The Kansas school is putting on a drive for a Memorial Stadium. Following Charley's talk, the students pledged \$76,000. We wish we had a copy of his speech for some of the fellows here who are delinquent on the Endowment Drive.

LOCALS.

Dr. Cooney's proteges have completed their plans for the annual Journalists' Banquet, to be given May 23.

A meeting of the Law Club was held Friday night, at which a law pin was decided upon. Plans for a banquet were discussed and the nominations of the officers for next year were made.

At the regular meeting of the Knights of Columbus Tuesday night in the club rooms in Walsh Hall, Reverend Thomas Irving spoke on "Formation of Character." Father Irving's talk was one of the most interesting and helpful of this year's series.

On Friday evening, May 12, the Glee Club journeyed to Michigan City to give one of their memorable concerts. The club's season is nearly over. A concert which is to be given in South Bend at an early date will probably be the last.

Entries for the golf tournament closed Wednesday night, and further particulars are now being worked out. There is an ever-increasing number of golf enthusiasts at Notre Dame and every effort should be made to foster the sport.

On Saturday evening last the Notre Dame Orchestra gave its first local concert. The work of Father Remmes with the musicians has evidently been very successful, for the program given on this occasion was one of the most pleasing heard here this year. The local concert was followed by one at St. Mary's, whither the artists went to charm with their harmonies. Reports say that this concert was even more successful than the one at Notre Dame. The work of our musical organizations this year has been uniformly excellent and the time may come when the musicians will be rewarded with longer trips.

On Wednesday the combined sections of the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce gathered to hear Mr. Travis, a worker with the American City Bureau. This bureau is

undertaking an extensive survey in South Bend and several of its representatives have already spoken before the commerce men of the university. Mr. Travis is a man of experience and an expert in his field.

The Mechanical, Mining, and Electrical Engineers forgot their professional differences long enough to take a trip on Wednesday afternoon to the plant of the Clark Equipment Company at Buchanan, Michigan. The plant of this company is considered a model manufacturing establishment and is widely known throughout the country for its progressive policies. It is thought that the engineers conceived some brilliant ideas in consequence of having seen the plant in operation.

The mining engineers will receive practical training in their work in June, in the form of a field trip to the important mining districts of Ontario, Canada. The class, accompanied by Prof. Smith, will visit the nickle and copper mines of Sudbury, the iron mines at Moose Mt., the silver mines at Cobalt, the gold mines at Kirkland Lake, and the largest gold mine in the world, the Hollinger, at Timmins, in the Hudson Bay region. The students will make a study of the various methods of mining and the machinery used, together with ore dressing plants, smelters and cyanide mills. The latest process of flotation for the recovery of valuable minerals, will be demonstrated. The geology of the areas will be studied and a complete underground survey of a mine with the accompanying maps, will be made by each student with university equipment. Employment will be available for those who remain for the summer.

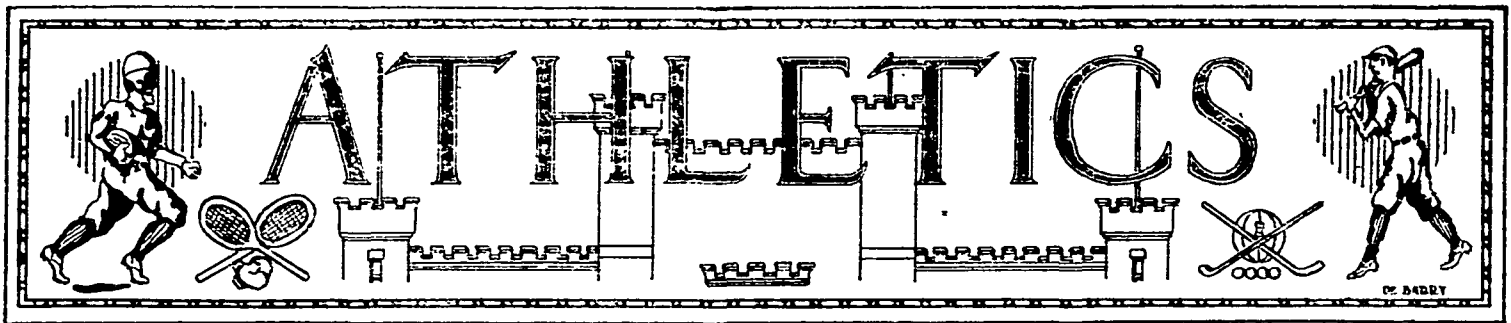
BRENNAN-HAGAN.

THOUGHTS.

KNOW the friends of your friend by the cigars he gives you.

WHEN an individual degenerates he becomes an individualist.

BECAUSE we are debtors to God for ourselves we should be good enough business men to pay back as perfect a principal as He has lent us.



RECENT GAMES.

Again our baseball team has lost to Michigan, the super-rival over whom a victory would have been sweet satisfaction, and again did the men lose after having swung away to an opening lead. Again did errors, eight of them this time, discount the work of a pitcher, who deserved a better support. The Wolverines won 6 to 3, after we had led until the final half of the fifth inning. Dick Falvey pitched very creditable ball and "Micky" Kane had a field day, scoring all of the Notre Dame runs and taking three bases off Vick, the all-American football center and highly-touted conference receiver. Captain Blievernicht batted "Micky" home twice.

Michigan.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Uteritz, ss. -----	5	0	1	0	0	0
Wimbles, 2b. -----	5	1	2	2	2	0
Knode, 1b. -----	4	0	2	9	0	1
Kipke, lf. -----	3	1	1	3	0	0
Klein, lf. -----	4	0	1	0	0	0
Poper, 3b. -----	3	2	0	2	3	0
Vick, c. -----	4	1	2	9	1	0
Elliot, p. -----	0	0	0	0	1	0
Schultz, p. -----	3	1	1	1	4	0
	34	6	10	27	11	1

Notre Dame.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sheehan, ss. -----	5	0	0	0	0	1
Prokup, 1b. -----	5	0	2	7	0	0
Kane, 3b. -----	2	3	1	2	2	0
Blievernicht, c. -----	3	0	2	9	0	1
Castner, cf. -----	3	0	1	3	0	2
Thomas, rf. -----	3	0	1	1	0	0
D. Foley, 2b. -----	4	0	0	2	3	3
C. Foley, lf. -----	3	0	0	0	0	0
Falvey, p. -----	4	0	0	0	3	0
	32	3	7	24	7	8

Michigan -----	001	012	11x-6
Notre Dame -----	101	010	000-3

Two base hits: Schultz. Hits: off Elliot, 1 in 2-3 inning; off Schultz 6 in 8 2-3 innings. Base on

balls: Elliot, 3; Schultz, 1. Struck out: by Schultz, 9; by Falvey, 5. Double play: Vick to Knode. Left on bases: Michigan, 7; Notre Dame, 7. Stolen bases: Kane 3. Passed ball: Blievernicht, 2. Wild pitch: Falvey. Umpire: McAllison.

Against the Michigan Aggies on the following day, May 6, at Lansing, the crew settled down and backed Red Magevney to the limit, getting him a 3 to 1 game on three bingles and perfect fielding. That kind of ball means that every man on the club was playing in style, and it is useless to pick stars.

Michigan Aggies.	AB	R	H	C
Melencamp, rf. -----	4	0	0	1
Fullen, 2b. -----	3	0	1	5
Higbe, 3b. -----	4	1	0	9
Brown, 1b. -----	4	0	0	10
Pacuski, lf. -----	3	0	3	2
Williams, cf. -----	4	0	0	4
Daly, ss. -----	3	0	1	4
Brady, c. -----	3	0	0	5
Johnson, p. -----	3	0	1	4
	31	1	6	44

Notre Dame.	AB	R	H	C
Sheehan, ss. -----	3	0	1	5
Prokup, 1b. -----	4	0	1	14
Kane, 3b. -----	4	0	0	7
Blievernicht, cf. -----	4	1	1	2
Castner, lf. -----	2	1	0	0
Thomas, rf. -----	4	0	1	0
Foley, 2b. -----	4	0	0	6
Murphy, c. -----	3	1	1	9
Magevney, p. -----	3	0	0	2
	31	3	5	44

Three base hits: Pacuski. Two base hits: Blievernicht. Struck out: by Magevny, 6; Johnson, 3. Base on balls: by Magevny, 1; Johnson, 3. Hit by pitcher: Castner, Thomas, Fullen. Umpire: H. Ray. Errors: Higbe, 2; D. Foley.

The fellows continued their improvement at home on Wednesday afternoon, May 10, in winning a 2 to 1 game from Purdue, which

was easily the best home contest played to date. Tommy Thomas is out of the line-up because of sickness, but Ted Kelly "subbed" for him by cutting off, with a perfect throw from center, the Purdue run that would have tied the game. Captain Blievernicht nipped two men off the sacks and George Prokup, Danny Foley, and Bill Sheehan flashed some clever fielding. Kane and Dick Falvey did the necessary hitting against the Boiler-makers, with "Blieb" and Sheehan casting two sacrifice hits at the right moments.

Purdue.	AB	R	H	C	E
Morgan, 1b. -----	4	0	1	3	0
W. Fawcett, ss. -----	3	0	1	5	0
Allsoph, 3b. -----	3	0	0	2	0
Strock, 1b. -----	2	0	1	10	0
K. Fawcett, rf. -----	4	1	2	0	0
Everman, cf. -----	4	0	2	1	0
Walther, c. -----	3	0	0	7	0
Wagner, lf. -----	3	0	0	2	1
Wallace, p. -----	3	0	2	5	0
	29	1	8	84	1
Notre Dame.	AB	R	H	C	E
Sheehan, ss. -----	3	0	1	5	0
Prokop, 1b. -----	4	0	0	11	0
Kane, 3b. -----	4	1	2	4	0
Blievernicht, c. -----	3	0	0	9	1
Castner, p. -----	3	0	2	7	0
Falvey, rf. -----	3	0	1	0	0
Keeley, cf. -----	3	0	0	2	0
Foley, 2b. -----	3	0	0	9	0
Reese, lf. -----	1	0	0	0	0
C. Foley, lf. -----	0	0	0	0	0
	28	2	6	48	1
Purdue -----	000	000	100	—	1
Notre Dame -----	001	001	000	—	2

Stolen bases: Strock, Kane, Falvey. Struck out: Castner, 5; Wallace, 7. Base on balls: Castner, 3; Wallace, 1. Three base hit: Castner. Umpire. Huesbein.

Tommy Lieb, newest star in the athletic firmament, carried away individual honors at the varsity-freshman handicap meet staged at Cartier field Saturday afternoon, May 6. Lieb won the shot put and novice 100-yard dash and capped his efforts by the stellar achievement of the day when he tossed the discus 139 feet for a new Cartier field mark. The varsity won 63 to 56.

100 yard dash—1. Hayes, (v) 2. Layden, (f) 3. Kelly (v). Time: 10.
One mile run—1. Baumer (v) 2. Wentland (f)

25 yard handicap, 3. Connel (v) 90. Handicap. Time 4:39 1-5.

440 yard dash—1. Hamline (f) 25 yard, 2. Coughlin (f) 25 yard, 3. Barr (f) 15 yards. Time :50.

Shot put—1. Lieb (v) 2. Moes (v) 3. Flynn (v). Distance 42 feet, 6 inches.

High jump—1. Horan (f) 8 inches, 2. Sobatsky (f) 9 inches. 3. Murphy, (v) Weekes (f) Hogan (v) Kohin (v). Height 6 feet, 2 inches.

220 yard dash—1. Hayes (v) 2. Layden 4 yards (f) 3. D. Miller 6 yards (f). Time: 22 3-5 seconds.

880 yard run—1. Murray (f) 75 yards, 2. Kennedy (v) sc. 3. Jackson (v) 35 yards. Time 2:02 1-5.

220 yard low hurdles—1. Desch (v) 2. Dant (v) 3. Stuhldreher (f). Time 27 3-5.

120 yard high hurdles—1. Casey (f) 2. Walsh (f) 3. Ross (f). Time: 16 2-5.

Discus throw—1. Lieb (v) 2. Walsh (f) 15 yards. 3. Flynn (v) 15 yards. Distance 139 feet.

Pole vault—1. Driscoll (f), 2. Hogan (v) 3. Cameron (v). Height 12 feet.

Broad jump—1. Brady (v) 2. Livergood (f) 3. Kohin (v). Distance 22 feet, 2 1-4 inches.

Novice 100 yard dash—First heat: 1. Lieb, 2. Don Miller, 3. W. Eaton. Time: 10:3-5.

Second heat. 1. Vergera, 2. Flynn, 3. Caldwell. Time: 10 3-5.

Avoidupois 50 yard dash—1. Starzil, 2. Milbauer, 3. Paddock. Time :06.

Referee and starter—K. K. Rockne. Timer—Geo. A. Cooper.

FRANK WALLACE.

NOTRE DAME WINS STATE MEET.

The nine men whom Coach Rockne took to Indianapolis Tuesday, May 9, to compete in the Indiana A. A. U., won seven first places, one second, and one third, and led all other organizations in the final scores by a wide margin. The following results speak plainly:

Sixty-yard dash—Desch, Notre Dame, first. Time: 6 2-5 seconds.

300-yard run—Desch, Notre Dame, first; Hefferman, Notre Dame, third. Time: 34 seconds.

Running high jump—Murphy, Notre Dame, first. Height: 6 feet, 2 inches.

Running broad jump—Hogan, Notre Dame, first, 19 feet, 11 3-4 inches.

Shot-put—Lieb, Notre Dame, first, 41 feet, 5 1-2 inches.

1000-yard dash—Kennedy, Notre Dame, second. Time 2:23 5-8.

Pole-vault—Hogan, Notre Dame, first, 11 feet, 3 inches.

600-yard run—Walsh, Notre Dame, first; Montague, Notre Dame, second. Time: 1:18 3-8.

The complexion of the DePauw meet today has been changed somewhat by the 88-45 win which the Greencastle team turned in over Wabash last week. The forward movement in Tiger athletics which became evident during the football season has evidently spread to track; and although no serious doubt remains of the ability of the Rockne stars to win from the Tigers, Rockne will prepare for a stiff series of events, especially in the distance runs.

The DePauw meet will mark the only remaining appearance of the Notre Dame cinder men at Cartier field this year, but will begin the active season of competition. A dual meet with Illinois at Urbana, the state meet at Lafayette, the western conference carnival at Iowa City and the national intercollegiate at Chicago will complete the season on consecutive Saturdays.

INTERHALL BASEBALL.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Carroll	1	1	500
Badin	1	1	500
Walsh	1	1	500
Carroll	1	1	500
Brownson	1	1	500
Sorin	0	2	000

Two closely fought games featured the Interhall league play, Corby winning a hot battle from Walsh, 7 to 5, and Brownson winning by a last-minute rally from Badin, 9 to 8. In the third game, Carroll took advantage of Sorin's careless playing in the first two innings to win 8-3.

Corby	010 301 111	—7	9	0
Walsh	000 023 000	—5	7	0

Batteries: Layden and Cerney; DeGurse and Cook.

Carroll	350 000 0	—8	7	2
Sorin	030 000 0	—3	7	4

Batteries: Martin and O'Connell; Sharpe and Stuhldreher.

Brownson	040 030 002	—9	10	1
Badin	100 202 300	—8	10	2

Batteries: Boint, Alnock and Welch; Burns, Higi and Mhoan.

COMING EVENTS.

The winner of the high jump at the Penn Relays and the victor in the same event at the Drake Games will meet on Friday, May 19, at Champaign, when Captain John Murphy, of Notre Dame, and Lloyd Osborne, of Illinois, are to clash for the first of several times this season. Murphy defeated Osborne in two instances last year and tied with him twice, but the improved form of the Illini leaper has made him a favorite this year. The Notre Dame baseball team will play that of Illinois at Champaign on the same day that the track representatives of the schools clash—one of the unusual sport events of the year in college circles.

In addition to the event between Murphy and Osborne, the track meet will produce other features of note. Bill Hayes, winner of the 100-yard dash at Drake, will again meet Ayers, of Illinois, who ran Hayes a close second in the century at Drake. Desch, famous low hurdler of Notre Dame, and Lieb, discus sensation, who won the Drake event in his first outdoor appearance, are local favorites for firsts. Eddie Hogan, pole-vaulter, and the mile-relay team, composed of Desch, Montague, Hefferman, and Walsh, are expected to push the Illini representatives.

The baseball game with Illinois at Champaign on the same day as the track meet will conclude a lively week for Coach Halas' men. The team is to open the tour at Evanston, against Northwestern, on Monday, and is to meet Purdue, at Lafayette, on Wednesday. Wabash will be engaged for the first time in two years, at Crawfordsville, on Thursday and the Illini contest will conclude the week. Castner, Falvey, and Magevney, the three reliable pitchers of the local squad, will do the hurling in the four games.

FRANK WALLACE.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

FRESH!!!!

Freshmen will get fresh even in Oxford; but these Freshmen were particularly fresh. The grandiloquent and dignified intellectuals of Oxford were notified by means of placards that Dr. Emil Busch, professor of psychology at the University of Frankfurt, would speak on "Freud and the New Psychology." They immediately made a mental note of the fact and on the date of the lecture attended in large numbers. Dr. Busch was introduced by Dr. Heythrop as one of Europe's greatest psychologists amid loud cheers from the audience. Pomposely Dr. Busch arose and soon psychological phrases such as "claustrophobia" and "motors of centre" were rolling fluently off his tongue. Some of the intelligentsia found the doctor's remarks a bit too profound and therefore readily admitted that Dr. Busch was a truly great man. Cheers greeted the doctor at the conclusion of his remarks. He acknowledged them with a graceful bow.

Now the intellectual are chagrined. Dr. Busch and Dr. Heythrop are both Oxford college freshmen!

Keep Your Drive for Notre Dame.

The University of California track meets lack pep in the cheering section; therefore the facile-minded students have devised a plan. Before each class on the day before any meet the students of the class lift their voices in song. This performance keeps the date before their minds and also affords good exercise.

Drive on for Notre Dame.

The Kansas lawyers and the Kansas engineers recently had a dispute in which eggs, stink-bombs, fire-hose, law-books and black eyes played a very prominent part. After the engineers had burned a dummy labeled as a law student they attacked the law building, which was serving as a fort for the law forces. The only dispute remaining is the question of who is to pay the damages.

N. D. U. Will Put It Through.

The tender-hearted but tough-skinned Freshmen at St. Olaf college are going to have their day just as does the proverbial dog. May seventeenth is the day on which the greenies will doff their green



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and enter into the blessed stage of campus sophomoredom. The Sophomores, whom we suspect have some ulterior motive, are giving a program for their poor, abused under-class brethren.

Ten Dollars for a Two Cent Stamp!

There are a number of shocking books in the library of Indiana University. But don't jump at conclusions. We mean that it has been discovered that a student in walking over a glass floor in the library sometimes receives a shock if he should attempt to remove a book from the stacks which is filed near one of the metal supports. The more the student walks the bigger shock he gets. You see the shocks are due entirely to static electricity and not what the author has put into his book at all.

A Good Big Shove and Over She Goes!

A class in golf-lore has been organized at Northwestern University. There are about fifty students enrolled. Perhaps some measure such as this will be found necessary here if the library windows are to be saved. It is drastic but if we must, we must.

Endow Others as You Would Be Endowed.

At Iowa University the Iowawa club is going to give an Iowiggle, or in English, an annual dance. This sounds so much like Indian and the Iowawa being a club we cannot but conceive that it is to be a war dance. Ejaculations of Iowastudes after the Iowiggle at the Iowawa will be "Iowalot."

"Old Notre Dame Will Win Over All."

The Indiana Daily Student recently sent out three hundred questionnaires to a selected list of students, faculty members and people in the city asking what their estimate of the student paper might be. Estimates ranging from "Excellent" to "Rotten" were received. But on the whole much helpful advice and criticism was given to the editors. They found that the taste of men students and women students in news varies generally, the co-eds liking the feature stories and the men reading the business and industrial news.

Hang Your Banner at the Top of the Pole.

The Silver and Gold of Boulder, Colorado, reports that Boulder Creek is roaring with very high waters this year and therefore the May Fete grounds will probably not be used for the presentation of the Greek play. Knowing Greek costumes as we do we

should say that high tide would be good for the fete. Perusing the article further we find that the reason for the probable change of place would be that the actors could not be heard above the roar of the waters. All well and good; but if the Greeks are like the Greeks we know in the restaurants,—well, probably we don't know all the circumstances.

Talk Won't Build Dormitories—Act!!!

Lead off by the Journalists, Indiana University has blossomed with straw kellies. On last Saturday the scribes appeared at the Earlham track meet wearing the summer oval, officially announcing the coming of summer. Not to be outdone the ladies appeared in gingham and white shoes. We hope they didn't get wet.

You Can't Afford to Flunk This Test.

Candidates who have been defeated for office at some time or other during their college career are forming a "Lame Duck's Club" at the University of Oregon. Those getting the fewest votes are elected as officers of the club. This club is being organized after the similar club known as the Defeated Candidates Club at the University of Washington.

Let's Show Them What Endow-Ment.

SPRING.

M. J. L.

No spell of time, no sky's gem-tinted blaze
 Could reach the darkness of the lifeless sod,
 But God's deep vision saw and clearly knew
 'Twas time earth's magic liveries to renew.

A tremor in the sleeping withered form,
 A lisp in sapless bough and swaying reed,
 A fretful stir, and Nature wakes to bide
 The vibrant note of Spring's returning tide.

The winds, the rain, the breathless starry eve,
 The blue hill's haze, the sunset's tapestries,
 The song and sheen of swift returning wings,
 Are but the offerings which Spring's largess flings..

God's love sings through the clear and tuneful rills,
 The lark's loud song, the breaker's surging sigh.
 Fresh rains play music in each budding thorn;
 God's finger pencils each returning morn.

The musk-rose bloom ambitions to appear;
 The flow'ring fields show colors heaven-mixt.
 All Nature wakes man's loveliest dreams, and sings
 With voices fit for pageantry of kings.

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BY ELIZA ATKINS STONE

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This reprint from THE AVE MARIA is remarkable as being written by a Protestant. It was originally prepared to be read before a non-Catholic audience. It is just what is needed to offset some of the strong anti-Catholic prejudices still so rampant in many places in our country. Even those who have given up faith in most of the anti-Catholic caricatures of history still cherish the old idea of the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition. For such this reprint is just what is needed.—*Denver Catholic.*

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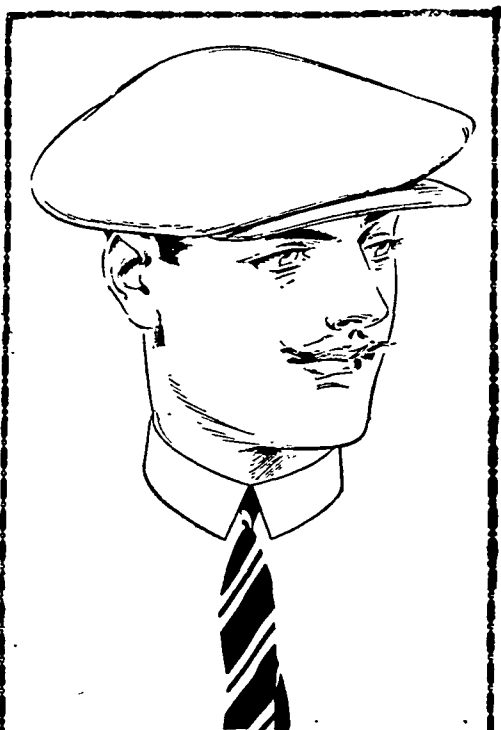


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