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When heaven with earth's—you know—in tune;
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To what these days may us impel.

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We'll celebrate with much display;
You'll hear the bugler in the morning,
You'll see a crowd the graves adorning.

Where sleep the Brothers on the ground
Who heard the drums of Lincoln sound;
Who soldiered down in Tennessee
And helped to vanquish Robert Lee.

So, do not fail to wend your feet
To yonder hall's much-famed retreat
And hear what orators can say
About the meaning of the day.

Though swimming's glorious in the lake
Remember what exams you'll take
Before the train some afternoon
Will bear you to your sunnymoon.
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OUR JUBILARIAN.

A GOLDEN Jubilee is an event so comparatively rare in the history of any given family or association that it naturally calls for some congruous commemoration. The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of a priest—any priest—is rightly held to be an occasion for exceptional joy, thanksgiving, and incidental eulogy, for to have lived several years beyond the three score and ten assigned by the Psalmist as the duration of human existence, and invariably to have worn through all those seven decades “the white flower of a stainless life” is of itself an achievement which, quite apart from any positive good works accomplished by the septuagenarian, the world deems worthy of no little honor.

In the case of one who, in addition to the incomparable dignity inherent in the priesthood, has worthily worn the mantle of exalted office throughout the major portion of his sacerdotal career, a Golden Jubilee is an outstanding event imperatively demanding appropriate celebration. Hence it is that Notre Dame, in common with other Holy

Cross centres throughout the world, rejoiced this week in commemorating the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the Congregation's venerable and well-beloved Superior-General, the Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C.



VERY REV. GILBERT FRANÇAIS, C. S. C.

A chronological record of the life which has thus reached its crowning honor would be of the briefest. Born in France on Feb. 4th, 1849, Father Français became associated, even as a child, with the Religious of Holy Cross, since at the age of eleven he entered one of their colleges in Brittany. He formally joined the Congregation in 1867, was professed in 1870, and was ordained priest on May 25th, 1872. Eight years later, in 1880, he was summoned by the Superior General of that period, Very Rev.

Father Sorin, to the presidency of the Congregation's most important institution in France, Holy Cross College, Neuilly, a suburb of Paris. During twelve years he showed himself an exceptionally capable and energetic educator, as well as a model of exemplary religious priestliness. It was accordingly no surprise to the Congregation when, in 1892, the General Chapter chose him to be the Coadjutor of Father Sorin. On the death of the latter in the following year, he succeeded to the high office which he has,

for well nigh three decades, administered with a whole-hearted devotedness and inspiring energy which could not fail to win the approbation of Heaven and assure the notable progress and consequent usefulness of his Congregation.

One quality as notable in Father Français as it was in Father Sorin himself is his conformity to the American spirit, in as far as that spirit is consistent with the glory of God and the promotion of the interest of His Church. Becoming a resident of this country when he had already reached the prime of manhood, he manifested an adaptability to its laws and customs and a sympathetic interest in its legitimate aspirations as creditable to the sanity of his judgment as it was stimulating to his fellow-laborers in this, the largest province of his Congregation. As a result, the progress of Holy Cross during the past thirty years has been especially marked in the United States; and the old proverb, " 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good" has once more been verified, since to the nefarious expulsion of Religious Communities from France is due the beneficent activity in our own country of this energetic and inspiring religious leader. Not the least gratifying result of his forceful spiritual leadership is the increase in the number of youthful Fathers and Brothers whom Holy Cross has of late years been sending to its Foreign Mission, Eastern Bengal.

A priest in whom the apostolic spirit has ever shone with conspicuous brilliancy, an educator thoroughly grounded in pedagogic essentials and the principles of Christian character-moulding, an administrator whose initiative is surpassed only by his prudence, a religious superior whose words and example uniformly call his subjects to the highest plane of spiritual life, and of late years a cheerful martyr to acute physical suffering Father Français deservedly wears today the crown of earthly honor.

A Christ in rank and power—priest, 'tis meet
That thou the fair resemblance shouldst complete.
Be thine His patient pity, love, and zeal;
Be thine the wounds of aching hearts to heal;
Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam,
And bring them kindly on thy shoulders home.
Be thine the Master's Cross with love to bear,
And thine in endless life His Crown to wear.

A CONCEPT OF GOD.

(Sermon preached on the occasion of the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the Very Reverend Gilbert Français, C. S. C., by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.)

In the beginning, O Lord, thou foundedst the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish but thou remainest: and all of them shall grow old like a garment:

As a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed.

But thou art always the selfsame, and thy years shall not fail. Psalms CI, 26-28.

Most Reverend Archbishop, Right Reverend Bishops, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, my dear brethren in Christ: A true concept of God must be at the basis of all satisfactory thought. There is no meaning to life itself, much less is there a key to its thousand perplexities except in the right notion of a Supreme Being. "In the day of my trouble," says the Psalmist, "I sought God. I remembered God and was delighted. I thought upon the days of old, and I had in my mind the eternal years." What the Psalmist and all mankind are brought to under the pressure of affliction is no less an insistent daily need. We cannot do without God: we cannot think out an explanation of the scheme of things except God be the Alpha and Omega of our reasonings. An occasion such as this, when with filial devotion we gather to keep the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of our venerable and beloved Superior General, finds an approach to its truest interpretation only in the broad light of the great truth which begins our Credo,—*"I believe in God."*

The necessity of that belief we shall not attempt to prove in a world which that belief saves from chaos. Nor shall we be concerned with the history of that belief through countless generations of men over the spread of continents of earth and thought all the cycles of time. Only now I would point out that if you would know what it is to be a priest, if you would understand the significance of fifty years in the priesthood, first or last you must come to the question, who is God. Because when God ceased to appear personally and visibly on earth to deal with His man, both in the Old Law and in the New, God gave to particular

men the sublime and dread duty, the awful honor, of standing between Himself and His creatures, to the creature representing God, to God representing the creature. And that is the priesthood, from the days of Aaron to Mount Calvary, and from Calvary to this morning's Mass. For if, seeking further, you would have a definition of the priesthood, you must look at the crucifix, but you must look at it with the eyes of God as well as with your own. We see God made man there dying for us: God sees man—albeit His only begotten Son—infinately, perfectly penitent, bearing the iniquities of us all and atoning for them. The priest, officially, is man made God: and mystically, he is God made man.

These are words of tremendous import; they are literally true in the divine order of grace, and they represent one of the noblest aspects of Himself which God has revealed to man. But, it will be asked, how can the puny creature in any sense be identified with the Almighty Creator? "In the beginning, O Lord, thou foundedst the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands." Surely, we must take leave of God's majesty and power when we say that the priest is God's vice-gerent, another Christ, somehow God Himself, in his dealings with man. Yet, if we say that the priest is another Christ and mean only that the priest is a man and Christ was a man, we divide Christ and we deny the Incarnation. We rob the priesthood of attributes which it has possessed through all religious history if we deny to it in some very true sense an official participation in the very divinity itself. Who, then, is God? In our search for a concept of God, which is also a search for a concept of the priesthood, let us stand boldly with David, King David, prophet and poet, prototype of Christ, the shepherd boy anointed of Samuel, and see for a moment, how, under the inspiration of God, he has taken not only accurate soundings of human life but how he has almost sounded God. It is not easy to sum up the Psalms: they are themselves a summary almost of all thought. They do not stop short at time and the shut portals of our human days. David, the fearless dreamer, has all but charted that Infinite Ocean, illimitable: shoreless, bottomless, trackless; all-powerful, all-beautiful; whose waters are fire, whose

waters are spirit, whose waters are blood: that Ocean which is Love, Wisdom, Mercy, Justice—which, all in all, when words are done, is the Being we call Supreme. "In the beginning, O Lord, thou foundedst the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands." The finite reaches forth to grasp the infinite. "They shall perish, but thou remainest: and all of them shall grow old like a garment." ("Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass.") "And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed." Behold creation, a tattered garment, faded and sere, a leaf that falls from the tree before the never-changing, everlasting, bright youth of God. "But thou art always the selfsame, and thy years shall not fail." The Ancient of Days whom the Church addresses on the day when as man He died—*Agios ho theos, ischuros, athanatos*, Holy, Strong, Immortal, God.

This is the Being of God. Him the priest represents; His word the priest speaks; His judgment the priest renders; His life, even His eternity, the priest shares. Thou art a priest forever, says Holy Writ, and at his ordination his destiny is taken out of the hands of time. He seizes in his youth the centuries of God's age and wisdom, and in his old age he is young with the everlasting vigor of God. In him impossible hopes that weave the dreams of mortality are all fulfilled. He it is who finds the fountain of perpetual youth. He it is who is custodian of the Holy Grail. It is he who wears invincible armor. His battles are with giants and with dragons. He is forever rescuing innocence, and he alone conquers evil because he alone converts the evil-doer. His victory is the peace of a thousand deathbeds; of souls redeemed by his endeavor. His glory is the innocence kept of the little lambs he feeds and the virtues of the flock he shepherds. And though with his own mortal age his shoulders bow and his hair is silvered and his step grows slow, though the leaf falls from his tree and the vesture of his earth grows old like a garment, he remains the selfsame and his years shall not fail. "This is my Body" said the young priest, fifty years ago today. "This is my Body" says the same priest today, and notwithstanding the mutations of half a century, it is the same Body,

because it is Jesus Christ, yesterday and today and the same forever, it is His Body which the priest calls "mine." "Ego te absolvo" said the young priest half a hundred years ago, with hand raised in blessing. "Ego te absolvo"—today the voice quavers and the hand is frail—yet it is the same. Time cannot wither that Ego which is as the breath of God. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; He is the priest's Alpha and Omega and all that is between. There is no denying this mysterious, this mystical fact. God is in His priest, the priest is in God.

God makes this official and mystical identity of person between Himself and His priest, so that there may be identity of interests as well. "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." "Behold I have made thee a vessel of election," says St. Paul, and in Ezechias we read; "Thou, O son of man, I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word from my mouth and shalt tell it them from me." It is with the interests of God that the priest stands charged. And what are these interests?—what but the saving of the nations. However the world veers to this or that concern, whatever direction philosophy and science may take, no matter the forms of government or the varieties of social organization, through all change and flux of exterior experience and of inner opinion which directs this change, the priest stands committed to the unchanging interests of God. Whether he move among the mighty or the lowly, whether he work in the schools or in the city slums, in the missions at home or in lands of the stranger, whether his name be Francis de Sales or Francis Xavier, or Vincent de Paul or Philip Neri, his work, his concern, is all for the interests of God. He does not forget it is God's interest that he himself should show forth to man the identity with God's person which the office of his priesthood entails. The measure of his consciousness of that, the extent of his effort to make it as far as in him lies, more than merely theoretical, that becomes the measure of his own saving. It becomes, perhaps, his sanctity. Sanctifying himself, he must save others, and the great interests of God are secured.

Fifty years ago today, at St. Sulpice in Paris, a young French religious was invested with the priesthood. He was a religious of the Congregation of Holy Cross, formed in the schools of Holy Cross, at a time when its founder, the venerable Father Moreau, was still its guiding genius and chief inspiration. Thus trained and educated, the young priest accepted gladly and intelligently his consecration to the interests of God as that Congregation was charged to further them. For him, this meant in the beginning, the service of the classroom, the care of boys in boarding-schools, with its manifold opportunities of promoting habits of piety, genuine and solid, as the very basis of Christian character. So great were his zeal and his ability in this direction, that he became known, in a relatively short time, as the best preacher to boys in the length and breadth of France. Thus engaged, the young priest was not oblivious of other phases of God's work committed to his community's care. A missionary at heart, he longed to join his brethren of Holy Cross in distant India. It was not written in the books of God's providence that his zeal for the foreign missions should be realized in his own immolation to the cause, though on the day of his religious profession he had taken the foreign mission vow. Much more was written there for him to fulfill. In due course, the young religious priest passed through the experiences of college teacher and college president, exhibiting alike a zeal for learning and piety which marked indelibly the lives of all who fell under his radiant and dynamic influence. Small wonder was it, therefore, when at the early age of forty-three, he was made Coadjutor Superior General to the illustrious Father Sorin, whom in 1893 he succeeded as the fourth Superior General of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

It is not my purpose to pronounce here a eulogy of the life and work which the venerable Jubilarian holds up in trembling hands today with the chalice he presents to God on this Golden Anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The history of his activity in promoting the interests of heaven has a hallowed place in the annals of his Congregation and it is safe in the memory of God. Sufficient is it to say that through dark days

and weary years he bore the burden of directing a community, despoiled in the old world of its very mother-house and that he saw, of its oldest and fairest Province, not a stone left upon a stone. An exile from the land of his birth, though in reality no exile since the land of his allegiance was heaven itself, he came to America, and here for twenty years he has lived and wrought in our midst, seeking for himself only the last and lowest place, living a life of retirement and modesty for whose parallel in religious history one must turn to the early ages of the Church. Yet, withdrawn as he has been from the world, not for a moment has he forgotten that the priest is taken from among men to be the leader of men; from his abode of seclusion he has directed valiantly and well the cohorts of Holy Cross actively engaged on the field of the everlasting conquest for God. Like Moses on the mountain, he has helped to win, with the uplifted hands of his prayer, battles which he could not even see on far-stretched horizons. Burning with zeal for the interests of God, he has cast fire upon the earth of far-off India, not by going there himself in person, but by sending others and exhibiting at all times the most profound concern for the foreign missionaries in this enterprise entrusted by the Holy See to his sons of Holy Cross. His words and his example have been the inspiration of our young, and in the houses of formation his spirit of religion and self-sacrifice forms the ideal towards which the generous heart of youth yearns and strives. Brothers and priests, students, postulants, novices, he has gathered them all into the fold of his great heart; to each and all without distinction he is a father in God. Today, crowned with years and virtue he has reached a golden page in the history of a priest's life. Today he rounds out fifty years of devoted service; today for fifty years he has been officially man made God, and mystically God made man. Humbly he has accepted and borne the weight of this tremendous consecration, looking always rather to the responsibility here, than to the glory which is to come. Into the holy places of his heart we cannot enter. We bring to the door of his heart the filial love of all our religious, we bring the allegiance of our obedience, we bring the

homage of our community's pride. We bring our unworthy prayers. We ask Almighty God, whose august majesty and whose tender solicitude our Father General exhibits in our regard, we ask Almighty God to give him this day foreglimpses of Paradise, and to give us for years to come the comfort and the wisdom of his presence as our guide and Father.



A GRANTED PRAYER.

TO THE VERY REV. GILBERT FRANÇAIS, C. S. C.

*On the Occasion of His Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee,
May 25, 1922.*

E'en as the Royal Psalmist's eager soul
For "goodness, discipline and knowledge" prayed,
So, fifty years ago, all unafraid
Of sacrifice and pain and sharpest dole,
Thy neck new-burdened with the priestly stole,
Didst thou, too, ask of Heaven constant aid
That mind and heart and will might be inlaid
With gems of grace, life's fairest glorie.
Ten lustres with good works for God replete
Disclose how fully granted was thy prayer,
How high thy soul each issue grave to meet,
Though humblest, thou, of all the cross who wear.
Or far or near the end, thy crown is won,
And Christ but tarries His acclaim, "Well done!"

DREAM MAKERS.

EDWARD K. THODE, '24.

The familiar essay is the most interesting as well as the most adaptable form of prose. It sustains interest by presenting a variety of prospects, for it is free to ramble almost at will. It has no unity other than a slight directing force. Its goal may be within reach but it chooses to walk leisurely so that nothing of true value may escape its notice. Though it permits many digressions, the familiar essay is headed just as surely for its goal as the tiny, irresolute brook is bound for the deep sea. Progress in the case of the essay, however, is guided by the whims and caprices of the essayist since he but follows the thread of his imagination through the labyrinth of life. He rests, as it were, among the stars, gazing at the worlds about him, and selecting for his investigation those which correspond to his particular mood. Nothing is so commonplace as to escape his notice, but the commonplace under his skillful treatment approaches the divine.

The mood of the essayist is the lens through which he views life; its color determines his interpretation of the scene. Some *idea of the comprehensiveness of the subject-matter* can be obtained by a study of the moods of the writers; so I shall give a few of them with examples of each.

Whims and caprices are salient properties of the essayist. We can easily perceive the fickleness of Morley's mood in "The Haunting Beauty of Strychnine." He merely follows, while caprice and imagination lead beyond the bounds of reason. He writes about nothing. He may be writing in the period of reaction that always follows deep concentration or, perhaps, he may be too profound for me. I shall credit myself by inclining toward the former theory, for Morley seems to be enjoying a brief respite in this essay.

Robert Cortes Holliday, in contradistinction to Hilaire Belloc, handles the commonplace in a humorous vein. In his delightful essay "On Carrying a Cane," he records and then comments upon his observations in a manner that testifies to his keenness. He portrays not the beautiful in the common-

place as does "Hilarious Hilaire," but the truth and its relation to human nature. Canes interest him because of the psychology of the bearer. The subject is relieved by the racy, intimate style of Holliday.

Kilmer's "Inefficient Library" serves as a type of the witty, satirical essay. He thoroughly ridicules those who laboriously build up a library of precision, efficiency, and utility. He contrasts the statistical, encyclopaedic knowledge of their libraries to the amiable associations of his own perfunctionary collection. He reveals his characteristic sympathy when he excuses his own collections on the ground that they were chosen in some mood of mutual agreement, just as one's friends are chosen. A man does not deliberately choose his friends; he can not deliberately select his books. There must be selection by them as well as by him.

"Words," by Agnes Repplier, exemplifies the critical essay. Miss Repplier lends encouragement to us all when she says that beauty of expression is not an inherent property of a writer but comes as the result of much zealous effort. As an instance she cites Flaubert's industrious adjustment of word to significance—he often spent days on a single sentence. "For every sentence that may be penned or spoken the right words exist. They lie concealed in the inexhaustible wealth of a vocabulary enriched by centuries of noble thought and delicate manipulation. He who does not find them and fit them into place—aspire to mediocrity and is content with failure." Miss Repplier then goes through her book-shelves, selecting here and there a gem of perfect expression, exposing it to the light of day and then directing its radiance. She excerpts Newman, Brown, Arnold, Flaubert, Shelly, Burke, DeQuincy, and Saintsbury as rarest examples of perfect phrasing. "The present age," says Miss Repplier, "is one which allows itself the utmost license of phraseology." From first page to last Miss Reppelier's admitted passion for nicety of distinctions and her reverence for the holy office of words explain her own subtle power of expression.

Max Beerbohm is at his best in the reminiscent essay. His portrayal of Swinburne in "No. 2 The Pines" is primarily a revelation of himself. He gives his own ideas about

poetry, art, and music but in a subtle, unconscious manner.

In "Nocturne," Simeon Strunsky illustrates the reflective mood. He takes the case of a poor perverted woman whose trade regularly forced her to violate the laws of God and man, and shows the effect upon her of contact with another sphere. Such was her hunger for a change that she looked forward to her regular arrest and visit to the night court, since there, in the social workers, the fashionable, and the curious, she caught glimpses of another world.

Strunsky concludes with a sincere comment upon the difference between realities and reproductions, when he says that the criminal court is our most influential school of democracy. The woman brought to court had never known that the gowns she occasionally saw in the shop-windows could be worn by any but the wax figures which stood in various stiff attitudes; the women beyond the prisoner's railing had never believed the newspaper reports about the other half of the world until they were confronted by the reality. Night court was a means of their getting together. Here again we see the attitude of tolerance so characteristic of the essayist. Strunsky does not say that the poor woman of the street, realizing the gulf that separates her from the rest of the world, will despair and sink lower, nor does he say that the court-visitors will be contaminated by the spectacle which confronts them. He explains that each has a corrective influence upon the other and is therefore justified.

Morely is serious in "The Man." He discusses, not the expediency of the step which his subject is about to take, nor his principles, but the psychology of the man who has staked his life upon an ideal, working, planning, and striving that his principle may be recognized as the guiding light of mankind. With a comprehensive sweep Morely clears these prospects from our vista and leaves us only the man, his ideal shattered by his own blow. Whatever our political impressions of Mr. Wilson may be, we cannot but see the heroism in his nature, nor can we but sympathize with him in his battle, for he probably foresaw that the product of his life's work would go down in history characterized by failure. Morely treats the subject with

such tenderness and pity that only the repeated clicking of Mr. Wilson's typewriter calls us back to the harshness and brutality of the scene.

"The Mowing of a Field" serves particularly well as an example of the reflective commentary on nature and human nature. The author goes to the commonplace for his subject and develops it with a simplicity and beauty that makes one's heart ache. If anyone can read this essay without experiencing a desire for better things, without feeling a deep respect for the clean, the pure, and the simple, without a yearning to quench his constant thirst for peace and satisfaction by having recourse to God—if there is such a person, then let me say that he is in grave need of spiritual advice and direction. Belloc becomes part of his subject; he lives in the very grass which he is cutting and from this point of vantage he has the opportunity to make many reflections. He makes a savored comment when he compares Death to the mower because it cuts down the unripe and Time to the reaper because it cuts down the ripe. Belloc assumes, above all, the attitude of toleration. His reflections are simple, beautiful, and logical. He loves things as they are because they are best that way. It is with regret that we come to the end of his lines for certainly one could read forever such a homily of the beautiful, such a breadth of sympathy that says not that the weather was warm, but that the "south had come to see us all," not that the mower scratched up some dirt with the grass, but that he "had made the meadow bleed."

In conclusion, let me say that the bond between the essayist, his subject and his reader is one of sympathy and understanding. The office of the author is a holy one; by some God-given instinct he can at times "listen in" upon the very intimacies of God and man—the music of the spheres—and transmit his raptures to us; at other times he can seek the very grass which we so inconsiderately tread upon, succor it, nurse it, and show us its true worth. He deals not with passion, or sensationalism, nor does he expect much remuneration for his services. He is merely doing, in the light of inspiration, what he cannot resist doing, just as the perfect mirror gives reflections.

SHE HAUNTS DIRECT AND SIMPLE THINGS.

E. T. LYONS, '25.

Ever since the beginning of the art of poetry, poets have eulogized Beauty. They have sought it everywhere—in stars, in all birds from the robin to the skylark, in the flowers, which they have been pleased to call “the fairest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul in,” and in the mud of the city street. Long ago they discovered that true Beauty is to be found in the common things of life. Wayland Wells Williams sums up their experience in a little poem which he calls “Where Beauty Lodges”:

“She revels in luxurious space,
Yet in a flake can be confined.
She hates the smug and common place
But loves the brave and simple mind;
She haunts direct and simple things,
Distrusts the complex and the clever
Bird-like to twigs of whim she clings
To flit away next breath or never.”

For thousands of years poets have sung of the Beauty that haunts direct and simple things. Their lives have been detached, god-like, for as G. K. Chesterton says: “It is only the gods who do not tire of the iteration of things; to them the nightfall is always new, and the last rose as red as the first.” Consequently the great poets were childlike men—children who never grew up. Like children they looked upon common things as if they were the first to discover their existence. They let their fancy roam and saw things not as they were but as they might have been.

I will not say that T. A. Daly is a great poet, but like the great poets he never tires of the iteration of things. Often he is not a poet at all but a successful newspaper columnist who rattles off the complex and the clever. But occasionally he takes one of the simple things of life and with the whimsical, fanciful imagination of a child transforms it into something beautiful.

Is there anything more simple, more common than a vestibule? Nearly every house of any size has one. Most people regard it as a place where they first greet its owner—a place where they hang their wraps. Few have seen its glory as Daly has:

“Welcome to the honored guest,
Little lips to mother’s pressed
Ere they start for school.
Lingering lovers’ last good-night
Lots of room for Fancy’s flight
In the vestibule.

There shall Fancy contemplate
Still a greater bliss:
When the good wife speeds her mate
With a morning kiss.
He who will not, when he may
With this blessing start the day
Is a knave or fool.
Many cares are overthrown,
Many battles fought and won
From the vestibule.”

Is the vestibule still a cold unromantic place? Is it still merely a place to hang one’s hat?

Daly sees an Italian building a stone fence—not an unusual sight. This Italian, instead of using a wheelbarrow, is carrying the stones in his hands. Why this waste of energy? The practical man would say that the man didn’t know any better. Not so Daly. He has a more profound understanding of human nature; he investigates further and finds that the man has a wheelbarrow—

“But w’at you s’pose? From een under da door
Som’ mornin’-glor’ vines have creep eento da shed,
An’ beautiful flower, all purpla an’ red
Smile out from da vina so pretty and green
Dat tweest round da wheel an’ da sides da machine.
I look at dees Tony an’ say to heem: ‘Wal’?
An’ Tony he look back at me an’ say: ‘Hal!’
I no can bust up soocha beautiful theeng;
I work weeth my han’s eef eet tak’ me teel spreeng!”

Then comes that stanza whose haunting strains of beauty I shall never forget:

“Antonio Sarto ees buildin’ a wall,
But maybe he nevva gon’ feenish at all.
Eet sure won’ ta be
Teell flower an’ tree
An’ all kinda growin’ theengs sleep een da Fall.”

He has caught Beauty—the kind that is spelled with a capital letter,—the kind that is a joy forever, and imprisoned it within the narrow, ugly confines of a wheelbarrow. If he had written volumes he could never have expressed to better advantage the Italian’s worship of the beautiful.

Have you ever awakened on a lovely March morning when the sight of the rays of the rising sun on the dewy grass and trees set every fibre in your body tingling with the

very beauty of it? Certainly you have; many times. And what did you say? "What a beautiful morning?" How commonplace! how prosaic! The constant repetition has dulled your sense of appreciation. But the fanciful, childlike mind of Daly sees it as if for the first time:

"There's a tulip in this air
Last night never knew;
Strange, faint perfume's everywhere.
Round the dawn's gates too,
Cloudy curtains stir and lo!
Rosy-flushed are they
Trembling with the joy to know
God has passed this way."

Daly makes the description of this March morning more beautiful than the description you or I, who have become calloused to the beauty of simple things, could make of the golden fields of Arcady.

Again, how often has a friend of yours promised to send you a postal card while he was traveling? Did such an incident ever strike you as a suitable subject for a poem? Scarcely. You have little interest in Peoria's city hall or Reno's insane asylum. But listen to what Daly's Italian thinks of "Da Post-Card from Napoli":

"Oh, yes wan time da letter-man
Breeng soocha card to deesa stan':
Eet was from gentleman like you
Dat wanta to be kinda, too.
Eet showed da town, da bay—but oh!
I deed not need; so wal I know!
Oh! no, please don't a sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli."

Oh, wal, signor, you are so kind,
So good to me, I would no mind
Eef you would sand me wan from Rome.
Eh? Rome? No, dat ees not my home
Deed I not joost explain to you
I weell no care w'at else you do
So long you don'ta sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli?"

That postal card which the Italian fears to receive has the unexpected beauty of the most fantastic fairy-tale. Yet a post-card is a simple thing. A dollar will buy a hundred of them but circumstances and imagination may vest one of that hundred with a poignant beauty that no money could buy.

No one can deny that these poems which I have quoted possess real beauty. Yet they are all about simple and common things—

the things we see every day. Daly's imagination raises them from the commonplace to the fantastical. Daly has written many other good poems—and will continue to write the like as long as he realizes that beauty lies along the way of simple things, that the last rose is as red as the first.

VERSE.

CRIB PIECES.

In a back room, cloaked in dust,
Are Yuletide statues put away.
All year round I know they must
Be dreaming of next Christmas Day.

C. S. CROSS.

CORONA VIRGINIS.

Three things there were that I adored
In other days;
Three holy things you now afford
In your sweet ways:

One the eternal comeliness
Of Mary's face
That Raphael glimpsed: its nobleness
And serene grace;

One the majestic strength a tower
Rears to the sky;
Blessing in lofty stone the power
That will not die;

And beauteousness of stars that glow
In heaven until day;
This I love best, for you, I know
Put stars away.

V. E.

INFORMAL COLOR SONG.

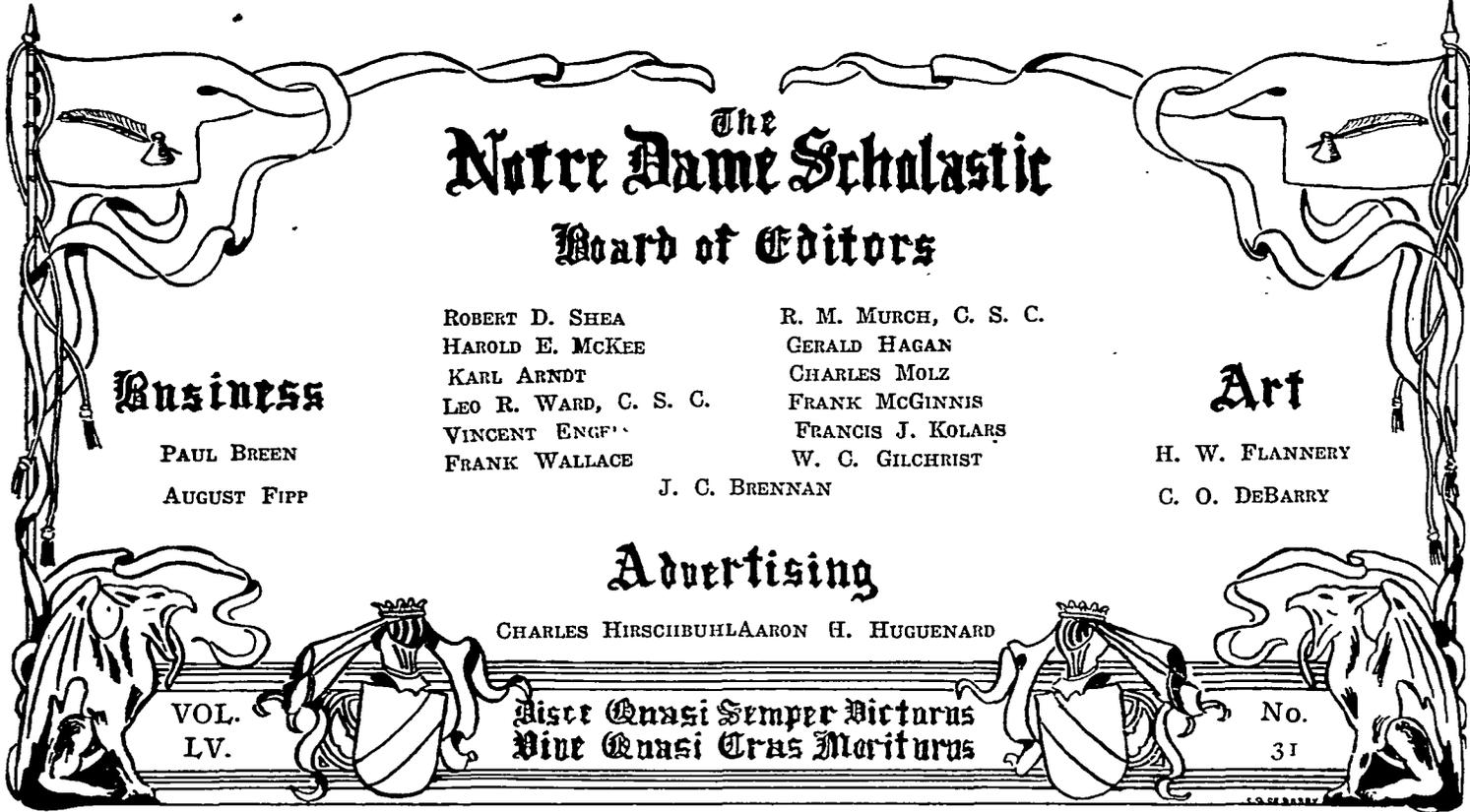
Pink-hearted apple blossoms, tipped with white,
Peeking the green leaves through;
Red-fezzed poppies, and mellow light
On lavender rue.

Silvery jasmine, jonquille gold,
Primrose of gold-green hue;
Flaming phlox in clusters bold,
And lavender rue.

Purple rhododendrons, beryl fair,
Pimpernel scarlet, too;
And with the colors lambent there
The lavender rue.

Then Night, the picaroon, plies his trade,
Bearing a great, grey sack
Where he holds each pilfered color shade,
Leaving only the black.

C. S. CROSS.



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VOL.
LV.

*Disce Quasi Semper Victorius
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
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From the time when he slaps a green cap on his head until, diploma in hand, he marches across the campus for the last time, the American college man is confronted by traditions. Like the ivy that creeps along the stone walls or climbs the faded brick of the college halls, traditions have grown up to add charm to hallowed places. They become respected, revered, cherished, and acquire meanings that deepen as the months go by. The freshman stands in awe of them; the tolerant sophomore encourages; the junior admires; the omniscient senior has learned to love them. Traditions link past and present. College traditions arouse the student from the sleepy indifference of youth. They awaken loyalty. They add new interest to the life of the campus. No one except a cynic would condemn them as nonsense. Only the man lacking in emotion would say that they are futile. Serious or gay, they lift the student out of routine and carry him, for the time, away from his books. Through them his days are endowed with color and warmth. The nights when the men are gathered for traditional fun, and the days on the green "quad" with flags flying everywhere in anticipation of an annual ceremony—these pictures are in later life enchanted memories. Class days and time-honored frolics stand out

in bold relief against the background of ordinary events. The unforgotten things are always traditions that the men, as students, help to preserve. These traditions become, therefore, something substantial. Since they are being firmly imbedded in college life, they are likely to remain. MOLZ.

Ireland is now allowed to walk alone. For four hundred years she has been in a specially made first-steps cart and Mother England has persistent-IRELAND WALKS ALONE. ly insisted on guiding the toddles of the infant. When Ireland did things that a baby should not do (began a promising manufacturing establishment, for instance), England reproved the child and cautioned, "Naughty, naughty! Hand off, hands off!" This was very considerate, no doubt, but Ireland has argued about it, refused to cry because of spankings, and refused to be a good child. Of course, all this had to end at some time. Perhaps, if de Valera and not Griffith is right, and the Irish people will not vote to approve the Free State treaty, it is not ended yet. But if it is ended, Ireland has a brilliant way before her. Untouched natural resources of iron ore, marble, and other minerals, fisheries, great opportunities for manufacturing, a splendid commercial position, even better than England's as regards prom-

imity to America, always important agricultural industries, and a people who will work harder now that they know the things they do will not be in vain as regards their own good—all these can produce much for Ireland. Irishmen are already going back to the "Ol' Sod." There will be no more hegiras because of war and famine. It will be Ireland for the Irishmen henceforth. And who can say what a place "Baby" Ireland may not eventually take among the nations? Surely steadfast heroes of centuries, in a country so endowed as is Ireland, will not leave the Emerald Isle very close to the rear.

FLANNERY.

Not content with sending us Lady Nancy Astor, England is temporarily visiting upon us another one of her human specimens, in the person of Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle. Lady Astor THE COMING OF SIR ARTHUR. merely talks; Sir Arthur, going her one better, sees "spooks." A few years ago he was no more than a mere author, content to lounge around in a dressing-gown and slippers smoking a pipe. He was then only the creator of Sherlock Holmes, harmless detective, who was all the time solving strange mysteries of crime. By a paradox, Sherlock Holmes in his wildest adventures never encountered anything so weird as the present philosophy of Sir Arthur. Since the war, the latter has been strangely overcome by table-rappings, cabinet ghosts, and spirit messages. The reasons for his coming to America have not yet reached the Middle-West. When he arrives, however, he will probably bring along all the trained "spooks" which compose his show. If they be particularly ambitious spirits, they might try to solve the Chicago crime war. We should hesitate to invite Sir Arthur and his tribe to Notre Dame. The memory of the Washington Hall ghost still persists, even though more than a year has elapsed since its appearance. We do not know whether or not the English "spooks," which Sir Arthur's seem to be, are friendly toward their American fellows. There is one thing, however, that Conan-Doyle might well do, if he can get a particularly "spooky spook" to frighten his fellow-citizen, Lady

Astor, into talking less. Things have come to the pass where her words bother us more than Sir Arthur's ghosts.

MOLZ.

This is the season of anticipations. June is just around the corner, and June-time means vacation days. Vacation promises, for all, relief and freedom. THE PASSING DAYS. The freshman, fretting under the restraints of youth, counts the hours until the end of his term. Two weeks more, he reasons, and his days as a novice will have ended. Tomorrow he will spread his wings to fly, his eyes fixed on distant fields. His anticipations of being a sophomore are sweet nourishment. Many days have passed, but the days that lie ahead appear to him more attractive. The second-year man, misanthropic perhaps, shudders at his own indolence and looks forward to the ending of a languid year. His months as a sophomore have been hard. The exuberance of his freshman days has spent itself; the novelty of studying himself and others has worn away; the confidence of his junior fellows is yet unknown. The hopeful junior knows that June will bring him senior privileges. His vacation will come, but it will be merely an interim, and autumn will usher in halcyon days of wisdom, roseate with long-sought honor. The senior, in the flush of pride, studies his calendar. Visions of commencement fill his days and awaken him to a new sense of his importance. The morning will be, for him, a setting sun. Tomorrow the purple curtains will be lifted. Tomorrow the dream world of his past will become the stern theater of reality.

MOLZ.

OBITUARIES.

It is with regret that the SCHOLASTIC learns of the death of Owen W. Sullivan, C. E., 1892. To his relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

The *Indiana Catholic* for May 12th contained a half-tone and sketch of Michael W. Carr ('73), who passed away at his home, 1720 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, after a brief illness. Mr. Carr was the

founder of the *Toledo Review*, and was at one time special correspondent of the *Indianapolis Sentinel*. In 1896, he founded and for a time edited the *Pen*, a monthly magazine. He also produced several volumes of local Catholic history. R. I. P.

THE BALL OF '22.

Without question the event of the Notre Dame school year was the senior ball held at the Oliver Hotel last week. Officially the occasion extended from 3 p. m. Wednesday until the midnight of Friday. On Wednesday afternoon an informal tea dance, in the nature of an appetizer for the more imposing affair, was given in the Chippendale Room of the Oliver. At nine o'clock began the ball proper. The lobby, mezzanine, and Rotary Room of the hotel were decorated with a finesse that would have made them unrecognizable even to the owner, Andy Weisberg, had he had the pleasure of feasting his eyes upon the scene. N. D. banners, monogram blankets, flags and great drapings of gold and blue, were hung in an artistic abandon that fairly confounded the eye. Maytime flowers with their perfumes greeted one on every side. Then came the first strains of Isham Jones' Orchestra, and the greatest evening of a lifetime was begun for a hundred and fifteen couples.

At twelve o'clock there was a grand march to the Salle à Manger, where dinner was served. After the meal dancing was continued with unconfined joy until three o'clock. Diversion during the dinner was furnished by David O'Malley, better known in Chicago's Marigold Gardens as the "Irish Apostle of Pep." He was ably assisted by Harry Maxfield. Miss Dorothy Lang, also of Chicago, entertained with interpretations of aesthetic dancing. The applause which she received was sufficient to convince the most skeptical that Notre Dame teaches among other things an appreciation of art. Favors for the ladies consisted of a combination address-engagement book, bound in rich blue leather carrying a gold N. D. Perhaps there was a bit of mild irony in the handsome billfolds given to the gentlemen.

The guests of honor were: Mr. and Mrs.

A. R. Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. George O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Studebaker, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. John Weber, Judge and Mrs. Francis Vurpillat, Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne.

It is not inappropriate to suggest that one of the new halls be dedicated to Chairman James Murtaugh and his nine fellow-members of the Ball Committee. If success is commensurate only with effort, we feel that we cannot estimate the amount of work done by these men. On Friday night the Glee Club of the University gave at the Progress Club a concert, which was followed by a dance. The week was then brought to a fitting close with a dance given complimentary to the seniors by the Glee Club at the Oliver Hotel.

Among the guests on the occasion were: Miss Helen Johnson, Lemont, Ill.; Miss Catherine Gallagher, Charleston, W. Va.; Miss Helen Ott, Eau Claire, Wis.; Miss Loretta Rafter, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Edna Morency and Miss Beulah Morency, Sturgis, Mich.; Miss Ermangarde Kuebelkamp, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Beatrice James, Elgin, Ill.; Miss Cecilia Foote, Chicago; Miss Marion Dixon, Dixon, Ill.; Miss Catherine Mahoney, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Grace Downer, Chicago; Miss Linda Minihan and Miss Helen Minihan, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Theresa Burke, Chicago; Miss Mercedes Fenlon, Pittsburgh; Miss Frances Kennedy, Lafayette, Ind.; Miss Henrietta O'Brien, Detroit; Miss Eleanor Carney, Akron, Ohio; Miss Marguerite Wheland, Canton, Ohio; Miss Mary Hagenbarth, Salt Lake City; Miss Alice Hannan, Chicago; Miss Patricia McGarty, Madison, Wis.; Miss Helen Walsh, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Edith Newman, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Agnes Mooney, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Betty Loosen, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Miss Ruth McGregor, Cincinnati; Miss Marguerite Dehler, Indianapolis; Miss Helen Dwyer, Gordon, Ohio; Miss Margaret Fahey, Carnegie, Pa.; and Miss Catherine Downs, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

PEOPLES raise their greatest buildings to their gods, and the Woolworth building is the modern Rheims,

OURSELVES.

The formal presentation of the Laetare Medal to Charles Patrick Neill took place in Washington Hall on the evening of Ascension Day, May 25. A detailed account of the program will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Not to be outdone by the Orchestra or the Players' Club, the Glee Club has once more brought itself into the limelight. Wednesday afternoon a program was given to the Rotary Club at the Oliver Hotel. The feature was the work of William Furey, "South Bend's own," whose solos were received with enthusiasm. On Thursday night the South Bend concert was given and on Friday the annual dance, the singers entering into the activities of Senior Week in a manner to be chronicled later.

The fruits of the labors of Harold McKee and his faithful assistants are now being given their first inspection, for the "greatest year-book in history," the 1922 *Dome*, has been placed on sale. This is the first time in the memory of the oldest living "lifer" that the book has been published so early in the year, but no signs of haste appear in the volume. Special efforts are being made to circulate the *Dome* among the alumni, since a recent decision of the faculty making it impossible to charge the book on the school bill has reduced the campus sale.

Prominent among the artistic triumphs of the year is the achievement of the Players' Club in their latest production, "Peaceful Valley," given in Washington Hall on the evening of May 8. Fresh from their Fort Wayne triumph, the players entered into their parts with an enthusiasm which assured the success of the play. "Peaceful Valley" depends almost wholly upon the characterizations, as the plot develops no unusual situations. To mention all the meritorious parts would be impossible, but those of Oscar Lavery, as Hosea Howe, and of Frank McGinnis as Jack Farquhar were especially notable. In the part of Jotham Ford, the hotel keeper, Edward Lennon continued his good work in "old man" parts, and Bernard Foley as Leonard Rand showed him-

self capable of a much better role. The acting of Stephen Willson and George LeSage in the difficult work of female impersonation is deserving of praise. All the members of the cast supported the principals well, and the promise of the players assures the success of the revived drama at Notre Dame next year.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira W. Hurley, of Chicago, Jeanne Marie, eight and one-half pounds. Date: May 10, 1922."

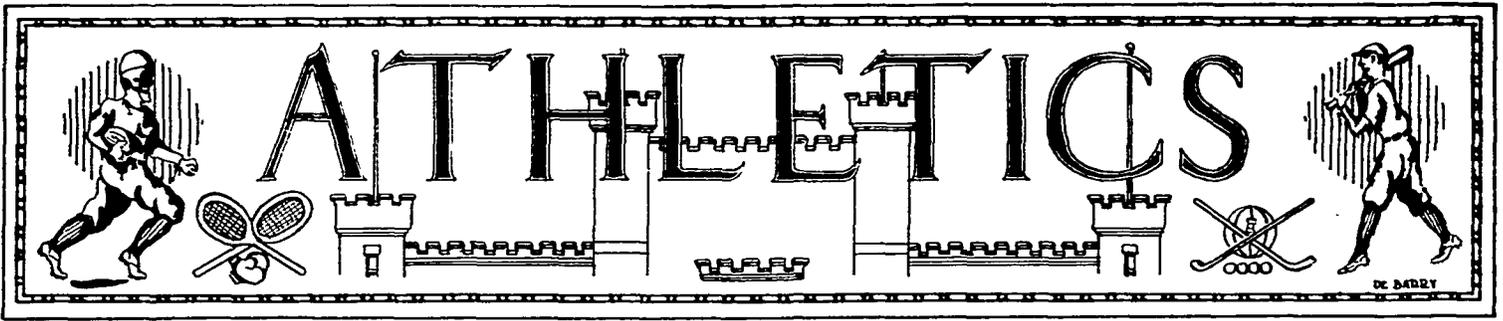
Wyman, Hopkins, McKeever & Colbert announce the formation of a partnership for the general practice of law, with offices in the City Hall Square Building, Chicago. The third member of the firm is Francis H. McKeever, Litt. B., 1903, LL. B., 1904.

Maurice Carroll, Arch. B., 1919, is architect of the beautiful church of St. Vincent in the course of erection in Kansas City. It is a great triumph to have been chosen for so important a work. The drawings show beautiful outlines.

On April 26, 1922, Miss Helen Murray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Murray, was married to Mr. John Comerford, in St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Illinois. Mrs. Comerford is a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. John was for several years a student in St. Edward's and Carroll Halls.

A few days ago John F. Coad, old student, 1881 to 1888, who is president of the Packers' National Band, South Omaha, Nebraska, paid a visit to the old place for the first time since "demerit days." Among the former teachers whom he saw were Sister Gertrude and Brother Phillip. John enjoys the distinction of having been of the first "hundred minims." He was also a member of the Rowing Club.

Registration for 1940 opened the other day when Joseph M. Byrne, Jr., made a reservation for Joseph M. Byrne III, who made his bow to the world during Easter week. The father came on in person from Newark to make the registration, and during his brief stay at the University delivered to the Chamber of Commerce a splendid talk on the operations of the New York Stock Exchange.



PUZZLING PURDUE.

A crowd of four thousand persons watched Paul Castner, football and hockey star of Notre Dame, achieve glory on the diamond when he pitched a beautiful no-hit, no-run game last Wednesday against Purdue, at Lafayette, Indiana. His teammates bunched hits in two innings and the Boilermakers succumbed in their first defeat in ten games on the home grounds, 4 to 0. The Irish star well earned the credit accorded his performance. Only once during the game did Purdue really threaten to break through his excellent twirling. This was in the fifth inning, when an error by Kane at third, coupled with a stolen base, put men on second and third. Castner proved himself master of the situation, however, by whiffing Wallace and forcing Morgan to ground out, and thus retiring the opposition without a tally. Except in this inning, Castner's support was almost air-tight. Kelly, in center field, by sensational catches, robbed Eversman of hits on two occasions, and Sheehan played a splendid game at shortstop.

Thirty-one men faced Castner during the battle. He readily disposed of twenty-seven of them; the other four got on base in consequence of two errors, a base on balls, and a fielder's choice. In the last four innings only twelve batters were permitted to try to mar Castner's work. The secret of the Notre Dame pitcher's success is written in the play-by-play story of the fifth inning. Eversman, the first man to bat, lined a hard drive to center, which Kelly snared an inch above the ground, in a wonderful catch, which did much to save the game for Castner. Wagner was safe when Kane muffed up his grounder, and he took second on a short passed-ball. Wather grounded to Sheehan, who threw to get Wagner at third, but both men were safe. Castner fanned Wallace and Danny Foley tossed out Morgan at first.

Notre Dame's first run came in the fifth. "Chuck" Foley singled and was then sacrificed to second by Dan Foley. Kelly grounded out, but Sheehan singled and Foley scored. In the seventh the visitors ran rampant. "Chuck" Foley singled. Dan Foley laid down a perfect bunt, and the first Foley took second. Kelly grounded out. Sheehan singled, scoring Foley. Murphy batted for Prokup and walked. Kane tripled down the right foul-line and both Sheehan and Murphy scored, clinching the game.

The box score:

Notre Dame (4)	AB	R	H	C	E
Sheehan, ss.	5	1	2	6	1
Prokop, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0
Kane, 3b.	4	0	2	3	1
Blievernicht, c-1b.	4	0	0	7	0
Castner, p.	4	0	2	6	0
Falvey, rf.	4	0	0	0	0
C. Foley, lf.	4	2	2	0	0
D. Foley, 2b.	2	0	1	2	0
Kelly, cf.	4	0	0	3	0
Murphy, c.	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	34	4	9	34	2

Purdue (0)	AB	R	H	C	E
Morgan, 2b.	4	0	0	2	0
Fawcett, ss.	4	0	0	3	0
Allsopp, 3b.	4	0	0	4	0
Strack, 1b.	3	0	0	11	0
K. Fawcett, rf.	3	0	0	0	0
Eversman, cf.	3	0	0	1	0
Wagner, lf.	3	0	0	4	0
Walther, c.	3	0	0	9	0
Wallace, p.	2	0	0	2	0
Campbell, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	0	0	36	0

Score by innings—

Notre Dame	000	010	300	—4
Purdue	000	000	000	—0

Summary—

Three-base hit: Kane. Two-base hit: Castner. Struck out: by Castner, 7; by Wallace, 9. Bases on balls: off Castner, 1; off Wallace, 1. Sacrifice hits: D. Foley, 2. Umpire: Henslein.

DOUBLE EVENT WITH ILLINOIS.

Following Paul Castner's no-hit and no-run game against Purdue on Wednesday, May 17, the varsity baseballers incurred a rainstorm at Crawfordsville on the day scheduled for the game with Wabash college, and so moved on to Champaign for Friday's contest with the University of Illinois. The track team, with Coach Rockne, Student-Manager Eddie Lennon, and Trainer Hennes in charge, left South Bend Thursday afternoon for their track meet with Illinois. They were met at Champaign by the baseball men and the two parties held at the Beardsley hotel a reunion of some fifteen minutes, after which Rockne and Halas sent the boys to bed. The following morning dawned cold and dreary. The rainy day was the occasion of a 11 to 3 baseball game and an 84 to 42 track meet, both in favor of Illinois.

The Illinois team played better baseball. Notre Dame had a good start and apparently were set to bombard Mr. Lefty Barnes' port side with heavy hitting. The difficulty, however, was the activity of Lefty's friends. He had an outfield behind him. Dick Falvey began the pitching for Notre Dame and did it right well for a few innings. Then Illinois popped some dinky flies, which our defense could not gather in. Dick "raised the ante" by tossing wild, and then he took a terrible wallop on the knee-cap from a hard hit ball. Magevney went in, but lasted for less than two innings, because of his inability to find the plate. Castner took up the burden with the sacks full, and Illinois "soaked" the ball often enough to realize six runs in one inning. Cas held them thereafter, but Barnes held too. The box score:

Notre Dame (3)	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Shehan, ss. -----	4	1	1	1	1	0
Prokop, 1b. -----	4	0	0	8	2	1
Kane, 3b. -----	5	1	2	1	2	1
Blievernicht, c. -----	4	0	1	5	2	0
Castner, rf-p. -----	4	0	1	1	2	0
Falvey, p. -----	1	0	0	0	3	0
Reese, rf. -----	2	0	0	1	0	0
Kelly, cf. -----	4	0	0	4	0	1
C. Foley, lf. -----	3	1	0	0	0	0
D. Foley, 2b. -----	4	0	1	2	2	1
Magevney, p. -----	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals -----	38	3	6	24	14	4

Illinois (11)	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Crossley, 3b. -----	4	2	1	1	0	1
Daugherty, c. -----	3	1	1	8	0	0
McCurdy, 1b. -----	4	3	2	9	3	1
Vogel, cf. -----	5	2	3	3	0	0
Hellstrom, 2b -----	4	1	1	1	3	0
Reichle, rf. -----	4	1	1	2	0	0
Peden, lf. -----	5	0	3	1	0	0
Stewart, ss. -----	3	1	2	0	2	2
Barnes, p. -----	3	0	0	2	2	0
Totals -----	35	11	14	27	10	4

Score by innings—

Notre Dame -----	200	100	000	—	3
Illinois -----	013	610	00x	—	11

Summary—Two-base hits: Vogel, Blievernicht, Castner. Struck-out: by Barnes, 7; by Falvey, 1; by Castner, 3. Bases on balls: off Barnes, 3; off Magevney, 4; off Castner, 2. Umpires: Cusack and Pollock.

Track is a different matter, and on previous counts we knew that the Illini were apt to double the score on us. The best that could be expected was a good fight from every Notre Dame man, and that was afforded. Illinois has this year the best track team in the country. Notre Dame gave a better battle against the classic group than did Michigan, and would have surpassed Wisconsin's showing if Leon Moes had not been called home on the eve of the meet. Illinois walloped us aplenty in the distance runs, but in the other events Notre Dame gave them an even break. They have a fine young sprint man named Ayers down there, whom they confidently expect to beat Bill Hayes; but William gave us one good smile by beating the Illinois entrant and another by running away from the field in the 220-event. Gus Desch pulled far away from the troupe in the 220-low hurdles, for an Illinois track record of :24 3-5.

People in Illinois had never heard of Tom Lieb, but Tommy attended to that by taking firsts in the discus and in the shot. Paul Kennedy ran a good race in the half and Fritz Baumer tagged on nicely just in the rear of a superhuman two-miler, who finished the distance like a dash man. Our quarter-milers ran close to :50, but the other lads were too mean. Ray Kohn just missed a monogram by taking second in the broad jump and trailing in the high jump. "Chuck" Foley earned a place in the javelin-throw by shooting 161 feet, in a baseball uniform after

he had taken part in the ball game. The wet take-off hampered Johnny Murphy's jumping and the Captain bowed to Osborne, who cleared six feet and five inches. The Illini star was hot; but Dewel Alberts was just as hot early last year and Captain Johnny came back and trimmed him in the conference and national college meets. Give us a good day and a big crowd for the next jump two weeks hence. Summaries:

100-yard dash—Won by Hayes, Notre Dame; Ayres, Illinois, second; Desch, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

One-mile run—Won by Wells, Illinois; Patterson and Wharton, Illinois, tied for second. Time, 4:30.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by San Wallace, Illinois; Johnson, Illinois, second; Carroll, Notre Dame, third. Time, 16 2-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by Fessenden, Illinois; Schlaprizzi, Illinois, second; Sweet, Illinois, third. Time, 48 4-5 seconds (new record).

Two-mile run—Won by Swanson, Illinois; Scott, Illinois, second; Baumer, Notre Dame, third. Time, 9:39.

220-yard dash—Won by Hayes, Notre Dame; Ascher, Illinois, second; Fitch, Illinois, third. Time, 22 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Desch, Notre Dame; Smith Wallace, Illinois, second; Johnson, Illinois, third. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Yates and Klopper, Illinois; Kennedy, Notre Dame, third. Time, 1:59.

Running high jump—Won by Osborne, Illinois; Murphy, Notre Dame, second; Kohn, Notre Dame, third. Height, 6 feet, 5 inches.

Shot-put—Won by Lieb, Notre Dame; Cannon, Illinois, second; Flynn, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 42 feet, 2 3-4 inches.

Pole-vault—Won by Collins, Illinois; Cameron, Notre Dame, second; Chandler, Illinois, third. Height, 12 feet, 3 inches.

Discus-throw—Won by Lieb, Notre Dame; Carlson, Illinois, second; Cannon, Illinois, third. Distance, 141 feet, 3 inches.

Javelin-throw—Won by Angier, Illinois; Carlson, Illinois, second; Foley, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 191 feet.

Broad jump—Won by Osborne, Illinois; Kohn, Notre Dame, second; Brady, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 22 feet, 5 inches.

INTERHALL GAMES.

Team.	W.	L.	Pct.
Corby	4	0	1.000
Carroll	2	2	.500
Badin	2	2	.500
Brownson	2	2	.500
Sorin	1	3	.250
Walsh	1	3	.250

Jimmy Burns of Brownson, set down the hard hitting Carroll team without a hit Sunday morning. The game lasted seven innings, and Brownson won 4-0. Burns struck out twelve men, almost duplicating his performance of a year ago when he pitched a no-hit game against Carroll, striking out 17 men. Score:

Brownson	202	000	0—4	5	0
Carroll	000	000	0—0	0	2

Burns and Heneghan; Martin and O'Connell.

More varsity timber was uncovered when Olnock, of Badin, pitched beautiful ball against Walsh, holding his opponents to four hits, and striking out eleven men. Neither side played tight ball, and errors were frequent. Score:

Walsh	000	000	000—0	4	3
Badin	300	001	12x—7	9	3

DeGurse and Cook; Olnock and Welch.

By taking advantage of Sorin's numerous errors, Corby won a slow game Sunday morning, 9-1, and "cinched" the interhall title. Corby had two big innings—the first and the third, scoring four runs in each frame after two men were out. Score:

Corby	404	100—9	6	1
Sorin	000	001—1	4	5

Layden and Cerney; Sharpe, Steinle and Stuhlrahr.

GOLF AND TENNIS.

Gold and tennis activities have been particularly active around Notre Dame during recent weeks a tennis tournament, now in progress, has revealed exceptional talent which we shall say more of later on. Unfortunately the new outdoor courts have not been adequate. The golfers of course have troubles—and successes—all their own, which ought perhaps to be left to the reader's imagination.

WALLACE.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

Upton Sinclair, the famous author of Socialistic books and lecturer on labor topics, talked recently at the University of Chicago, and then accepted the challenge of the Chicago tennis-team champion to a match. Mr. Sinclair recently defeated the Wisconsin tennis "champ." He seems anxious to show his superiority over all the college boys—in tennis, at least.

Two thousand students of Columbia University recently chartered the steamer "Mandalay" for their annual trip to West Point. There are a baseball game and a track meet each year between the two schools, and the gay young collegians took the occasion this year to make a picnic of the affair.

A survey among the students of the University of Indiana, conducted by the Registrar for the purpose of determining the motives of the students in coming to the University, has disclosed some interesting facts. It was found that eight co-eds attributed their coming to their husband's influence. There was not a single man, however, (we mean a single married man) who would admit that his advent to the Indiana campus was brought about by the verbal suasion of his better-half. Teachers persuaded 480 students to attend Indiana, "friends" influenced 465, parents caused 108 to come, and 121 came because they were sons and daughters of alumni.

A group of students on the campus of the University of Colorado do not like their college president; wherefore, they raided the museum recently and taking all the stuffed specimens draped them in grotesque attitudes about the president's quarters. Stuffed monkeys, an elephant, a camel, a bewhiskered donkey, and a polar bear were exhibited, with a sign saying that such displays would continue until the president had been removed from office. A live cow was permitted to roam at will about the college lawns. The indignation of the students is the outcome of the dismissal of Coach Parsons by the president.

At a number of universities Mother's Day was celebrated by having the mothers of students present. The University of Oregon and the University of Kansas both had pleasing programs arranged for the entertainment of the visitors. Eight hundred mothers were present at Kansas for the day, and the editors of the daily paper have expressed the hope that a much larger number may come next year.

Two hundred books have been published by the professors of Northwestern University within the last year. Though most of them are technical

Bim vs. the Widow Zander. The only bad feature number of popular books, which have met a good demand in book stalls and libraries.

THE COLLEGE COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

The University of Iowa is conducting in its moot court the famous Chicago *Tribune* case of Uncle Bim vs. the Widow Zander. The only bad features of the trial reported so far are that the judge and jury find it impossible to keep straight faces. But judges, juries, et alii never have straight faces anyhow. The case at Iowa ended most satisfactorily to all but the lawyers. Uncle Bim and the widow were married in the court.

Another Northwestern item informs us that the "Co-eds" are hereafter to receive their mail before the eight o'clock class, in order that they may be relieved of the nervous tension which has made them inattentive in class. Formerly they had to wait until noon for their letters from their families—and others.

Exponents of the ancient Scotch, hit-the-ball-and-walk-a-mile, game on the University of Oregon campus are to find in the near future competent facilities for the exercise of their passion. A four-hole golf course is to be constructed. There is also a possibility that instructors may be secured to give a course in golf-balling. The professors on the campus will now find time and place for their *puttering*.

"A course designed to teach bank employees how to shoot bandits is being offered here. Twenty-five employees of downtown banks are enrolled in the course, it was announced."—Ohio State *Lantern*.

We cannot bear to think of what would happen to the student who should flunk this course. It would probably be worse than a letter home.

FOWL!!!

That a man who is not a chicken-fancier has no place in an agricultural school, was evidently the conclusion reached by a young student of Ohio State who withdrew from the school because he did not care for the "co-eds." The young man stated that he appreciated the young ladies, but that he found it impossible to recite in the same class with them.

President and Mrs. Lowell of Harvard University make it a practice to remain at home on certain days and keep an open house for any of the University men who may care to make an informal call.

The University of Oregon is to have a literary magazine, to be published by the Pot and Quill, literary society of the campus. The name of the periodical is to be "Green Ink"—this has no connection with the freshmen, however.

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First Stude (Indicating a fat man across the lobby): They say he is very interested in mines.
Sec. Stude: Ya; vitamins.

AT THE CONCERT.

The Girl: Isn't that second bass wonderful?
The Man: Ya, but you ought to see our pitcher.

My idea of a real man is one who buys oil stock with counterfeit money.

First Bo: How much booze d'ye drink a day?
Second Bo: Wal, some days I have fifteen er twenty and then some days I have quite a few.

About this examination
Stuff.

The reports are

Always sent

Home.

But this time

We get there

First.

It is rumored that light wines and beer will win out, if for no other reason than that it will stop prohibition jokes.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS.

Here's a good one to use when you get in late at night: Tell the folks that the car turned turtle and that's why it took so long to get home.

First Business Man: Yes, my stenographer does more or less work. How is yours?

Second Business Man: Mine never does more and he couldn't do less.

Holy Smoke wants suggestions as to a suitable prize for the guy who registered in the typewriting class as a listener.

First Track Man: What are you out for?

Second Track Man: Swearing at the coach.

Fresh: I love her just as sure as her head's on her shoulders.

Soph: Are you sure it is always on her shoulders?

"They're off," said the visitor as he watched a foot race at the insane asylum.

Baby: I want my bottle.

Mother: Hush, you're just like your father!

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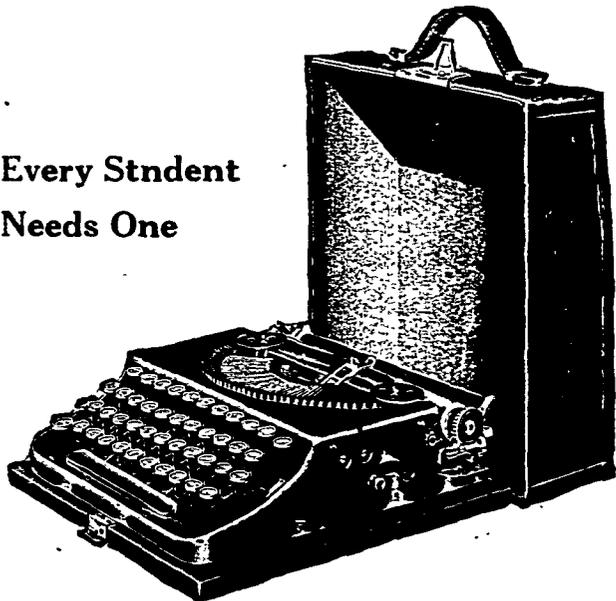
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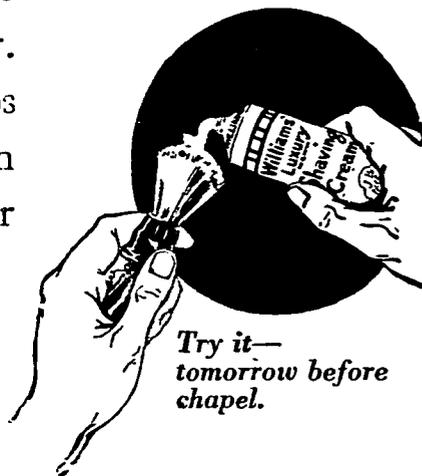
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