DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS---VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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FORWARD, MARCH!

JOHN CAVANAUGH.

begins this fall what promises to be the most successful year of its existence. In the two previous years the Committee had to convince the student body that there was work which it alone could do for the general good of the University. Some of the students were reluctant to feel full confidence in the S. A. C., but the popularity and prestige of the Committee grew gradually with its increasing service. Now the Committee is generally recognized as an indispensible element in student life.

The members of the Committee this year do not believe, however, that the relations of the student body and the S. A. C. should cease to become better merely because the students feel confidence in the Committee. In fact, the most effective work of the organization will not begin until there is a close feeling of coöperation between the general student body and the S. A. C. Just as it is the business of every citizen to take an active interest in the conduct of his government, so also, we believe, it is the duty of every student to do everything within his power to see that the Students' Activities Committee is run satisfactorily. For this reason, we do not merely say that constructive criticisms will be welcome—we say that it is your duty to make helpful criticisms. The business of the S. A. C. is your business. The S. A. C. lives and grows on complaints and suggestions. If you, a disgruntled member of the student body, or you who have a bright suggestion in your head, stand timidly by awaiting an introduction to the S. A. C., you will never feel comfortably that you are in the life of the school. On the other hand, if every student will feel a friendly confidence —the confidence that will permit at least one mistake—in us, if all will keep alive with good suggestions and good criticisms, the Students' Activities Committee will surely have its most successful year.

In exchange for this new and improved attitude, every member of the Committee promises to give his best energies to your service. The Committee has already many. movements in mind that must necessarily have full student coöperation. It is not because we believe in a policy of meaningless secrecy that we cannot announce now our full program, but often, for the best interests. of all, it is well to delay publication of plans until they ripen into probility. You may feel confident—confidence again—however, that your work is our work, that we are trying to do everything possible for your good. On your part, feel interest in the S. A. C., give us your cooperation, your support, and until they ripen into probability. You may feel confident—confidence again—however, that your work is our work, that we are trying to do everything possible for your good. On your part, feel interest in the S. A. C., give us your coöperation, your support, and altogether we should have a pleasant and fruitful year.

Notre Dame never was, or shall be, a place where somebody has everything done for him or where somebody does everything. have no weird and magic machinery which will fashion things to your liking. College existence is a constant business of getting up When everybody has chipped in, there will be turkey and dressing for all. If only one man chips in, he generally reserves the banquet for himself, and rightly so? If you want to yell, do it where somebody can hear you. Don't be your own private cheerleader, and other people's private knocker. That's the S. A. C. idea and with malice. towards none and charity to all, as Lincoln says, we want to have you agree.

MAGIC FOR SALE.

"Shall I wrap it up?" asked the shrivelled old clerk who was fingering the strange mirror.

Lathrop shook his head as he fished in his pockets for his bill-fold.

"A good buy, sir," resumed the clerk. "You'll not regret it. There was a woman here today who promised to come back later to get it. As a matter of fact, there is probably not another one like it in the country. We have had it scarcely a month. You remember the English archeologist, Dr. Samwell, who died at the Cloverton? This was his. His wife sold it to us when disposing of some of his effects—Twenty-five is right, sir. Perhaps you have many blocks to go. Should I make a package for you?"

Lathrop brushed aside the hand of the dried-up salesman as he picked up his purchase.

"I must enjoy the touch of it on my way home. To wrap it up would be to take away half the delight of carrying it. I'll cut my face if I shave in front of it, but who would mind that?" Then caressing the mirror as he placed it under his arm, Lathrop left the disordered shop.

The street lights were twinkling here and there along the avenue as he walked out of the place. A heavy mugginess hung over the city, pressed down like a damp comforter by the dark clouds. There was a scent of warm rain in the air, and pedestrians who hurried along the street seemed to wear pale colors of green and gray.

The threat of an approaching storm did not worry Lathrop. He bit his lip as he stepped briskly along the pavement. Bachelor though he was, there was still, even at thirty-five years, a curious energy in his bones. His tallness, emphasized by his slender build, gave him the appearance of an ungainly youth fresh from some frolic of mischief or plunder. One arm swung along in rhythm; the other held firmly the mirror that he had purchased only a few minutes before.

"Tommy" Lathrop, as his friends called him, had a weakness for odd things. The walls of his rooms were decorated with strange objects, like broken swords, grotes-

que knives, stoneware that was covered with illegible hieroglyphics, old prints that were almost faded away and a miscellary of other stuff that his less generous friends called "Tommy's bric-a-brac." The mirror that was obviously to be added to his collection would harmonize well with them. pentagon-shaped, bearing a border of figures that to the average person would have been suggestive only of pages from histories devoted to ancient Egypt. There were robed figures with straight beads and crowns, and women wearing ribbons and sandals. the back of the mirror were numerous figures, which were almost indistinguishable, as if worn away after many years. Around these a circle was inscribed. Except for a crack across one of its corners, the mirror was in perfect condition. In size, the whole thing was not more than eight inches across.

"Jumping jack-rabbits," Lathrop mused, as he continued his way along the street, "Eddie Pratt would have given a million to get his hands on this. It would have completed his Egyptian collection. The real stuff, too—that old boy in the shop didn't realize what he had, else he wouldn't have parted with it for a mere twenty-five dollars."

The damp warmth of the evening, which seemed to ebb and flow with the wind, caused him to continue his way on foot. The lighted street-cars that noisily passed exuded heat. Lathrop nervously wiped his forehead. It was sultry even in the open air. In the west, long streaks of lightning shot between the heavy banks of cloud, while the low rumble of thunder rolled away into the distance.

"Well, well,—you'd better hurry, Tommy, old boy," suggested Billy Evans whom Lathrop met in front of the Transit Club. "You'll get a drenching like the old nick, if you're not careful. It's going to pour down in about ten minutes."

"Wet weather doesn't bother me," he retorted, "at least, not the kind you mean. Better watch out yourself or your wife'll have to wrap you up in flannels tonight."

Evans' words made Lathrop realize the menacing threat of a storm. He preferred however, to take his time. He did not like the thought of consciously feeling that he might have taken anyone's advice. In his

present mood, any advice, he felt, was offensive.

The flashes of lightning that heralded the breaking of a storm a few minutes later ma'de him reconsider. Big drops of rain fell like hot lead on the sidewalk. The rustling of the trees filled the atmosphere with vague restlessness. When, with one rush, a heavy downpour followed a sharp flash of lightning, it was enough to send even a hardened bachelor looking for shelter. A nearby clock boomed nine as he hurried for protection under a tree, but the thought of getting his mirror wet caused him to look for more substantial shelter. A shivering crack of lightning broke at his feet. Then he hurried for a portico that he saw hidden back along a darkly shaded driveway.

Lathrop had scarcely set his foot on the porch when the door opened.

"Oh, dear, I thought you were John." There was surprise, disappointment, enthusiasm mingled all together in the words. The young woman in the doorway appeared puzzled.

Lathrop was speechless for a moment.

"The rain—it's pretty hard, and I didn't want to get wet," he murmured. The sharp run from the trees made his breathing short and rapid. "I'm sprry."

The young woman stared at him.

"You see I didn't mean to disturb you," he continued.

"Oh, but I was listening. I was sure it was John when I heard you."

"Yes?—but who is John?"

"Oh, why, John—he's my husband."

The rain began to beat in upon the floor of the porch. Against the background of the lighted hallway, Lathrop could see that the girl was shivering.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, turning to look into the lighted rooms. "There's no one here, but you shouldn't get wet by staying out here. You look perfectly nice, and so I trust you. I'm quite worried about John, though. You don't know John—no, of course you don't."

She ushered Lathrop into the library, which seemed to be full of long rows of books and leather chairs. A subdued green light fell over the room.

"You don't appear worried during the

storm," the hostess began. "I always am. Storms give me the shivers. There, you must let me place that mirror on the table. Yes,—what a curious thing. You have got wet, though. Do you think John will get wet?"

Lathrop folded his hands. He confided that he wasn't sure about John's getting wet.

"You don't know John. We've been married since January, you see, but he's always been home at six. It's almost nine-thirty now. I can't imagine. John didn't even call me up, you see. Can you imagine what has happened to him?"

Her listener fingered his watch fob. "No doubt," he said absently.

"And you know, to-night was to have been a good evening. We are just coming to an interesting part. It's this way. John bought an encyclopedia for us to read together of an evening. We're just reading the volume 'Goo-Hil'—and it's better than any of the previous volumes. 'Er-Gon' was rather dry, except the article on games. The other night we read about Feathers. We read together every night. We had two subjects to-night—Grandees and Grand-mirror. Now, I don't know whether to wait for John or not. This has never happened before."

The rain beat against the window pane like soft sand on a marble floor. The light-ning and thunder crashed and boomed alternately as the storm increased in fury.

"You musn't mind me, if you wish to read," said Lathrop. "As soon as the storm subsides, I'll have to go anyway."

"Yes, thank you. But I can't help think-ing of John."

The wind rattled the trees at the side of the house.

"Perhaps I should read. John wouldn't mind—do you imagine?"

Lathrop nodded his head, smoothing the crease in his trousers. She turned again to him a few minutes later, when she closed her book.

"Now I know what a Grand-mirror is—or was. I hope I don't bother you. This is the way John and I do. We talk to each other about what we have to read. They used to have grand-mirrors back in Egypt. They. were five-sided mirrors, all decorated and inscribed. Why—yes, they were just about like

that mirror you brought in. Where did you get it, may I ask? Why, that must have been one of them. Look at the picture."

She placed the reopened book in front of Lathrop. Sure enough, the drawing might have been a picture of his own curio.

"Wouldn't John enjoy that, now? But listen, I'll read to you. 'One of these mirrors, of which there were only a few, was said to picture at the wish of the one who held it, the actions of a given person at that corresponding time. No matter in what place he might be, the mirror was said to be able to reflect the exact actions of the person. When the person was named aloud, these miraculous pictures appeared almost immediately.' John would appreciate seeing—"

Lathrop saw the book fall from the young woman's hand.

"You wouldn't mind, would you? I'm going to try it. I'll see what John is doing." The girl clapped her hands together. "Do you want to watch?"

Outside the rain was still pouring down in torrents. Brushing aside his indifference, Lathrop rose from his chair.

"That's all a legend, but then you can try." The girl held the heavy mirror nervously. "John Macklyn—John Macklyn," she repeated.

She waited, standing breathless. "Look—look." Then she was silent and Lathrop did not speak.

Lathrop saw the mirror become hazy, as if there were steam on its surface. When the haziness cleared away, its face seemed like crystal, across which tiny figures were moving. The place was a brightly lighted restaurant. A man, comparatively young, whose dark hair was clustered around a high forehead, was dancing with a girl in black. The orchestra stopped. The couple turned toward one of the tables nearby. Waiters moved here and there.

"Well—;" said Lathrop as the woman put the mirror aside.

"It's John." She touched her handkerchief to her face as she said the words. "It's terrible. I don't know what to do. Is it a lawyer who gets you a divorce? You know John and I have only been married six months. I can't realize it. We haven't even gone half way through the encyclopedia yet. Poor mother, it will break her heart. Do the lawyers charge much, Mr.—why, I don't know your name? And it's all so shocking."

The girl dabbed her eyes with her hand-kerchief.

"I must look again."

A taxi was driving away from a lighted cafe, the mirror revealed. Within were the two people of the previous reflection.

Lathrop caught the mirror as it was slipping from the hands of the girl.

"If I had only known this would happen! Do you have to appear in court Mother will cry and cry. If I only knew what to do. I must cry."

Lathrop shuddered at the thought of tears, but the woman sank into a chair and wept. She moaned. She beat her heels against the chair. She screamed.

"Pshaw," he volunteered at last. "You are forgetting that the stuff you have read is all a myth. That is only a common mirror, despite its value as an Egyptian curio. You're making too much of a fuss over your imagination."

Only sobs and screams were his answer.

"All men are alike," the girl cried out. "They are all trying to deceive. They are all liars. You are trying to smooth things over. But you shan't—you shan't—"

The opening of a door startled both of them. Lathrop stepped forward. Both men faltered for a moment. Lathrop felt awkward.

"I happened in here by chance," he said in embarrassment, "in fact, to get out of the rain. Your wife has been quite frightened by the storm. I have been trying to pacify her. You can see she has been crying." Lathrop felt pleased with himself as he concluded.

"My little dearums, what is the matter?"
"Oh, John—." She drew away.

"Is it as bad as all that, sweetums? I had to stay at the office. I tried to call you three times, but I failed. They told me the line was out of order."

The girl fell into the chair and cried harder than ever.

"I knew you'd come John. Tell me again why you were late."

"Jenkins is away from the office. I had

lots of work to do. If the phone had been working, I could have reached you."

Struggling with her tears the girl rose and flung herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, John, I'm so glad."

In the ardor of the embrace, they swept the mirror that rested on a corner of the table to the floor. It crashed to pieces at Lathrop's feet. As he bent down to pick up its scattered pieces, his presence was forgotten. Anger over its loss swelled up within him. There had not been another one like it in the country, probably. And yet —he paused.

There was no longer any sound of rain. He slipped noiselessly out of the room, feeling humble and tired. In the hall he stopped to put on his hat.

"We must read to-night, dearums," he heard from the other room. "We must get through Grandees and Grand-mirror."

"Grandees will be interesting, John. But I have decided we will skip the other."

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

LIFE IN MOREAU.

It is not my intention, in this paper, to look down with disfavor upon those living in the world; nor to disparage any of their customs, or to criticize the manner in which they lead out their existence. It is my desire and purpose to set clearly before my reader's eyes life as it exists in Moreau Seminary. 1 take it for granted that all those perusing these pages are in my confidence, and consequently will not exert themselves to the finding of faults of diction, or faults of vanity on the writer's part which may perhaps, have crept in between the linesfor who can speak of himself without trying to "show off" his best side unless he be a saint or a hypocrite? And I profess to be neither.

There never has been, and I hope there will never be, the least doubt on my part that the inhabitants of Moreau have chosen the best life that this world knows. Like Mary at the feet of the Saviour they, too, have chosen the better part, which all of us hope, will never be taken from them. What matter if the Marthas busy themselves about many things, occasionally, and even fre-

quently utter complaints against them? The Master, when life's evening comes and all His children are gathered at His feet, will take the part of the Marys, and the Marthas. who now secretly pride themselves on their many duties will be gently reproved by Him. Our Father's home has many mansions. whose doors are ever open to receive the weary pilgrim and returning prodigal, but the roads leading to these blessed abodes are as various and numerous as the stars. Just as some stars are more brilliant than others. so the pathways of life vary, some are strewn with roses and appear pleasant to the eyes of the traveller, others are rocky and thorny and sometimes very hilly and crooked, but, yet withal, the worst are often the best, for it's not the road you go by but the home you're going to that makes for happiness. Life in Moreau Seminary is the safest, and I think, the best road, if safely and steadily travelled, to the home of everlasting peace.

Days which are much like those that preceded them are very apt to become monotonous; the same duties to perform day after day, the same companions to associate with, the identical routine holding sway as yesterday—all combine to make life weary, humdrum, and unlivable. People living in the world—and good people at that—often have this idea about our life: "How can you," they say, "give up so many of the pleasures of life and still be happy? You must get awfully tired of living, don't you?" These sympathising people forget that, though Seminarians of Holy Cross give up many of the things that bring pleasure with them, as money, wealth, and dear associates, they by no means give up their happiness; people confuse the idea of pleasure with happiness. A man may exteriorly appear to be miserable, whereas his heart is bounding with happiness. Our life is far from dreary. Days, no matter how laboriously lived, are never, when performed through love, filled with the least pang of regret—except it be that one has not done his all or his best. The idea some people have of our life is as farfrom the reality as is the "contrast between practise and poetry, between grand versified aspirations and every-day life."

Happiness, in Moreau Seminary, is farmore universal, more all-embracing than it is

in the world. Here it is the duty of every one to exhale happiness, and to make everyone else happy. The brotherly union existing between all the members is the charm which generates happiness. The Seminarians are on more intimate terms with one another than the members of a family. The joys, as well as the griefs of one are those of all.

Though it behooves men consecrated to God, and those intending to take an active part in the saving of souls to be of a serious nature, yet, there is nothing gloomy in the life of the Seminarians. Though brows may wear somewhat of a truculent expression gathered from diligent application to studies, though heads may become bald or auburn tufts of hair gather a lighter tinge, hearts do not grow old. Your dignified teacher who was so solemn in the class room a few minutes ago, class being dismissed, and recreation time at hand becomes as much a boy as the youngest in the house. Though the religious life is one of detachment, one is never without a friend. Men in the world part after college life, but here, at Notre Dame, a Seminarian remains with his class for life. The dear companions of one's youth become those of a life time. There is no separation in community life; distance is not capable of putting friendships on Time's forgotten shelves. When one grows old he need not fear to be forgotten, or cast aside as a vase that was once useful and beautiful and, now, having fulfilled its end is left in broken bits upon some deserted ash heap. The prayers of the rising generations of new Seminarians and priests accompany the old man to the grave and bear his soul up to the heavens, when it has deserted its old hull of a body.

And everyone knows that spring has its flowers and sunny days but sometimes it rains, too, and the clouds gather upon serene skies; but after they pass one is all the better off for the little change; one's character is strengthened; past faults or negligences, perhaps, are atoned for; one's disposition grows sweeter, and sympathies are enlarged that formerly were so very, very small. It is an every day life, we grant you; but after all, the only real holiday is a holiday is a holy day—in Paradise.

J. A. P.

EDGAR ALLAN POE—HIS CRITICS.

RAYMOND SHERIFF.

Perhaps no other American writer has been so highly praised and at the same time so despicably despised as our southern author and poet, Edgar Allan Poe. Some of those critics who wax most fervent in denunciation of his "word jingles" are certainly ignorant of this laudible canon, in the world of criticism, that works of art and literature are to be judged solely on their merits, irrespective of the character of their creator. They would forget that some of the greatest masterpieces of the human intellect are wholly anonymous; and of still others nothing beyond the name and date of their author remain, thus hazily identifying them. Invaribly time will veil all personality and then it is that those few characteristics that survive to remind us of the human weakness of a genius, such as Poe most surely is, proving that, really like ourselves, he was of flesh and blood; subject to the same trials of life that we must endure, will be forgotten and forgiven in the glorious harvest of his legacy to mankind.

Edgar Allan Poe has been named by Tennyson as "the most original genius that America has ever produced." It is true that some of his weird tales were written actually for bread; but let us ask the critics if their own profession, to their way of thinking, be any more honest than that of those whom they so glibly reproach. Should art and literature be a hobby indulged in only by those of independent incomes?

Poe's peculiarly eccentric personality, nurtured by an irregular childhood and later life of abject poverty, mental derangements and the like, is responsible for those strangely fanciful moods—poignant with fear and even a certain intensity of cosmic terror—that created such a grim realism, the fervor of which no successor has ever reached.

Fear was the primitive temper of the human race. It lies deep in us still; and in some minds of high development the restless dread, the shuddering superstitions of the centuries, have been sublimed into a grim attractiveness by the aid of inscribing quills in master hands and will forever be retained

as long as the mystery of the universe shall press upon the lives of men. Poe was born to feel this terror; born to hear

"Time flowing in the middle of night,
And all things moving toward a day of doom";

born to behold all sweet and sacred emotion curdling on the temple floor into a supernatural horror. Poe is far less lustful and cruel than Baudelaire who so often drew inspiration from him; Poe dwells more on the gruesome aspects of physical decay— "Soft may the worms about her creep" is his requiem over a maiden motionless in death. Some critics say this is too crude, and too repulsive for modern taste and that "Poe lacks an infallible artistic instinct." What then is true art? Is it a metamorphosing of the realities of life and death into a delightful dream; but not daring to dream of the truth that surely awaits beyond? Their criticisms should be aimed rather at the pampering of modern tastes than at authors who will not sacrifice the qualities of true art in order to be conformists.

One of Poe's most important claims to fame rests mainly upon a very narrow ground: namely, the strange beauty of a few lines of his verse. Few verse writers have become so famed in the face of the fact that their poem's were barren of any serious message; narrower in range of thought, experience and emotion. Few verse writers whom we can truly call poets have left so few lines and of that so large a portion is even indefensibly bad. The beauty of Poe's lines lies in its melodious flow before a background of regret; its constraining power is so fused with terror in some parts, that it enters the heart with a poison that is a delight as well as a pain. Poe has won prizes with a few small patterns, more or less intrinsically meaningless; but no one of his generation could exactly improve upon

"Banners yellow, glorious golden,
On its roof did float and flow;—
This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago."

What Byron or Browning or Bryant can we quote with such liquid melodies interspersed with melodious vowels like deepening choirs led through an eternity by the diapason of "time long ago."

WITH A HEY AND A HO.

"Aha, Fair Maiden, wilt canoe with me?"

Now of the wages of autumn there are three richer than all others, finer than golden apples, merrier than starry nights: red leaves, wild grapes grander than the emperor's purple, and rivers that flow grey to the sea.

If you would find the happy hunting grounds, seek them in autumn, along some wooded stream, where the brown hills slope high above you, and any fashion of a wind will tease the ruddy leaves until they reveal to you the plump clusters of the vine.

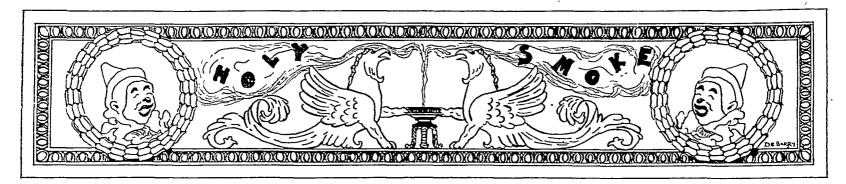
Each afternoon I rise above my labors—pull a peaceful hat over my right eye, and stroll through tangled grasses to the river shore. There I find a canoe, and, whistling softly to the kingfishers, push out into the current—out where the fallen leaves dance on the ripples—then to drift with them out of the universe and into paradise.

There are weeping willows on the shore, and gay old oaks that shamelessly support any number of clinging vines; sweet autumn flowers too, but I see them not. I sleep, until my worthy vessel drifts beneath the limbs of a cedar that overleans the stream, and its palms tickle my nose. Awaking, I am the god of peace.

For many autumns, and I guess in a hundred places, have I done this. Ten times in a wooden canoe, forty times in a canvas contraption, and fifty times in a dainty birchbark—the virgin of canoes. But that was in Ouiskonsin, where the greyest streams are, and the reddest leaves, and the purplest grapes.

Once there was a young man who went canoeing with a lovely girl. As they drifted through the leaflands, he observed a wild grape vine and paddled ashore, which was the right thing. He ate some grapes, but the maiden refused. She said they would discolor her lips and teeth as they had already discolored his. Then the young man looked at the lovely girl, and decided that a bit of purple would only make her lips more beautiful. So he kissed her, and left a royal tint about her mouth.

He was a good canoeist. I would have done it, too. V. E.



THE AUTHORWACKY

'Twas Egan, and the Opie Reid Did Snaith and Malet in Black Payne. All Haggard was the Gorky Meade; And the Hawthorne Marked Twain.

Beware the 'Nonymous, my son: The Sienkiewicz! The Ollivant: Beware the Oscar Wilde, and shun, That Guy, De Maupassant.

He took his Spearman sword in hand, Long time the Belloc foe he sought. So rested he in his O. Henry; All Lewised up in thought.

And as in Wiseman thought he stood, The Ollivant with eyes aflame, Crept Kipling through the Wister wood, Ayscoughing as it came.

One two! One two! and through and through The Spearman sword went snicker snack. He left it dead and with its head, He Hergesheimered back.

And hast thou slain the Ollivant? Come to my arms, my Service boy. Oh, Merrimee; Lindsay; Bronte. He Trolloped in his joy.

'Twas Egan, and the Opie Reid Did Snaith and Malet in Black Payne, All Haggard was the Gorky Meade, And the Hawthorne Marked Twain.

STATISTICS—DID YOU KNOW THAT:

- 1.—If all of the leaky tubes autoists threw away last year were patched and put in Lake Erie in a row, they would—float?
- 2.—If a man walked into a room that had Three Hundred and Seventy Seven mad Hornets in it he would be—feeble minded?
- 3.—If all the Examination Questions for the coming year from ten leading colleges were distributed evenly amongst ten high schools, there would be at least ten—happy colleges?

She: But my dear, I can't see why he took to his heels. I thought you told me that he is a boxer?

Her: He is. His father makes the card board kind for shoes.

She: He probably would have stayed and fought if it had been paste board.

PHONOLOGY.

"What's that Freshman's name you have over there?"

"Guy George. Do you think-"

"Don't 'By George' and 'Think' me. I'm in a hurry. 'Gimme his name.'"

"Listen—Guy—"

"And don't call me 'Guy' either, or I'll come over there and 'Guy' you. What's his name?"

"George (almost tearfully) —. His last name

"My name ain't George. Now quit being funny and gimme that name."

(Desperately) "His name is George — Guy George."

"Oh, that's what you were trying to tell me was it? Fine! Now quit calling me 'Guy' and give me his last name."

"I'm gonna hang up. I'm crazy. I don't know what it is myself now."

THIS YEAR'S SHORTEST STORY.

We are hereby giving to the public for the first time that famous story entitled "CURRENTS ARE BAD FRUIT" or "IT WORKED."

First Chapter:
Live wire

Last Chapter: Dead Man.

Yes, Mates,
She slapped Eddie.
He had told her,
That she
Had a skin
Like cream;
Her father is a
Milkman.

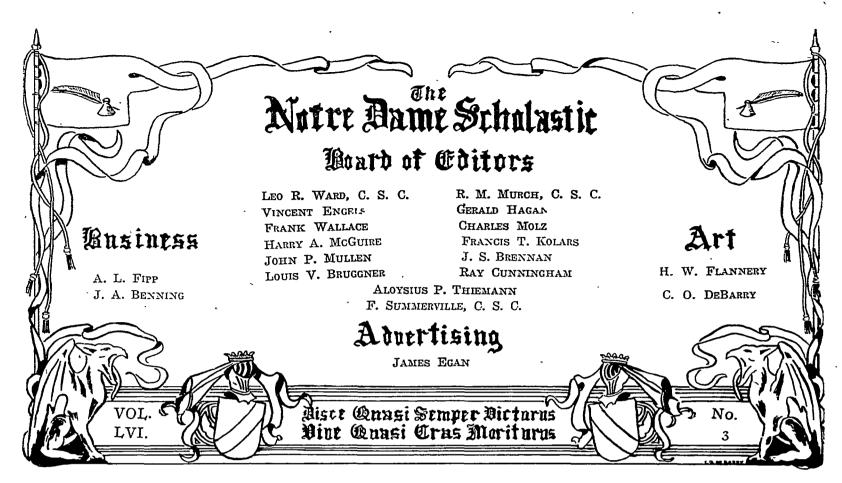
I. M. Knumb (Day Dog)
Has Just
Found out that
Jersey sweaters
Do not
Come from cows.

"There's a lecture in Washington Hall tonight!"
"What's the subject?"

"Lecture on the Martyrs!"

"Should be "To The Martyrs"

KOLARS.



There is always abundance of talk about colleges and about education. Being in the public mind, the colleges become an easy subject for disIN THE LOOKING GLASS. cussion. Why go to college? What

is the value of a college education? Who should be permitted to go to college? These questions are always asked, and the debate never ceases.

"What the typical boy sees in college," wrote John Palmer Gavit in the New York Evening Post recently, "apears to be not any educational process that he is to undergo through instruction, so much as a chance to live, in all that the word may be taken to mean, in a very pleasant environment and amid most interesting events and social activities for four years or more before the hurly-burly and the more or less irksome routine of hard work in the outside world swallow him up." This judgment was passed after an extended survey of life in American colleges and universities.

"College training would have meant much to us," wrote Jay E. House, a journalist whose reputation equals that of Mr. Gavit, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* a few days ago. "We learned to play poker by the light of a smudged lantern which pierced very imperfectly the bocky shadows of a dusty haymow. In summer the haymow was too hot; in winter it was too cold.... Had we

gone to college we might have learned to play poker in a comfortable 'frat' house.... College is for the hick. Any agency which tends to mitigate the hick, or reduce his numbers, is of great social and economic Any institution which can take a hick and in four years time transform him into an alert and sophisticated citizen is a tremendous asset to civilization." Mr. House has seen the process operate. "We have watched young men who had never known a nightshirt go away to the university in September chewing a toothpick. We have seen them come home for the Christmas holidays with silk pajamas in their new kit bag. Bill Hodges was one of these. We ate dinner with Bill's folks one Sunday before he went away to school. He was so excited he could hardly keep the peas on his knife. When he came home for the Christmas holidays he was using a fork for everything."

Expressing a viewpoint that is not often so emphatically voiced, Ernest M. Hopkins, president of Dartmouth, has offered this opinion: "Too many men are going to college. The opportunities for obtaining an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right, especially since funds either publicly or privately given, are limited. A working theory that will co-operate to define the individuals to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended,

and to specify those from whom the privilege shall be withheld, is essential. It is incompatible with all the conceptions of democracy to assume that the privilege of higher education should be restricted to any class defined by accident of birth or by the fortuitous circumstance of possession of wealth, but there is such a thing as an aristocracy of brains, made up of men intellectually alert and intellectually eager, to whom increasingly the opportunities of higher education ought to be restricted."

Here are three utterances that challenge the interest of the college man. Each presents a different attitude of mind, and no single one of them could be taken as final. One may believe that the observations on which they are based have not been fully representative. If this is true, the opinions become valueless. No one will deny, of course, that college life has its compensations in the way of good times, or that the country rube may be transformed into the blazing fashion plate whose etiquette is faultless, or that many a youth has wasted his time in college. But there are other facts that must be considered. There are determined individuals who enter college with the firm purpose of getting an education, and there are those who have no intention of acquiring only the polish of the tea-table and the ball room. Just as, also, America today is not constituted in such a way that selection in the matter of higher education is possible. Happily, the opinions represented are not of great moment to the student. They may interest him, but they will not cause him to lose any sleep. MOLZ.

The Giants, a fighting team, have annihilated the Yankees, a good team. Man for man the Yankees are probably the equal of the champions. But FIGHT PLUS BRAINS McGraw is the greatest wins. est manager in baseball—therein lies the phenomenal success of his players.

McGraw has been lambasted and condemned, in public and private. Why? Because he is a better man than the rest, and an aggressive fighter. Has he howled or threatened under continual bombardment? No need for that, he knows. So he has con-

tinued to use his brains, and to fight when fight is called for.

The power of a leader is communicated to those he leads. Alexander's soldiers were undefeated till he died. Caesar's men lived in his courage and nobility. The quick mind of Napoleon almost led the French to mastery of Europe. And so history is but the combined biographies of great commanders, of dominating intellects.

The Giants are the result of such a personality. And our own Fighting Irish are akin to them—Rockne and McGraw are brothers. Tell Rockne that you think he is a miracle man or a dub, it means nothing to him. He knows what he is, and he also knows that he is neither of those things. Like all fine leaders he goes back to his work, unchanged by the words of the world.

H. A. M.

In a class fight at Milton college in Wis-

consin a day or so ago, a student was killed. This instance more tragic and for that reason better known to us is not much differ-DUBIOUS DIVERSION. ent from others which occur every fall. Students year after year pay for hazing at a price of not only temporary injuries but permanent deformities. Faculties, despite their very evident duty, smile on these activities as harmless. may be, but mothers and fathers of students think differently. The man carrying around for the rest of his life a deformed body thinks differently. The world, looking on the college as an institution worthy of the greatest respect, thinks differently.

Hazing loses everything and gains nothing. Its existence anywhere is a disgrace. Education means more then booklore. It calls for the inculcation of that very uncommon thing, common sense. When students fail to think for themselves, the college is morally obligated to do it for them. There is no place in university life for hazing, and the sooner students and faculties realize this the sooner will people be willing to acknowledge the merits of collegiate education.

C. WARD.

November fourth is Rock's day. Get into the stone wall that makes up Notre Dame support.

YOUNG AMERICA SELF-REVEALED.

That the frequent reception of Holy Communion by the students at Notre Dame is attracting attention not only in the United States but in other countries as well is shown in an article in the London Tablet by George Barnard, entitled "Young America Self-Revealed." Because this article is of interest to Notre Dame men The Scholastic takes the liberty of printing the following extracts.

"Americans are much more statistical than the rest of humanity. They strive to reduce everything to figures and percentages. Whilst the Englishman is satisfied to classify, the American is not content with anything short of minute analysis. Until one submits to cross-examination by Americans on their native heath one fails to sound the depths of one's profound ignorance of the things among which he has hitherto moved and had his being.

"The matter which concerns us at the moment is the soul of the American Catholic boy as he has revealed it by means of a questionnaire circulated among the students of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. I have never heard of this kind of thing being done in an English Catholic College, and I think that a great many people besides educationists might be interested in this characteristic American experiment.

"The authorities at Notre Dame sent out 1,200 copies of their questionnaire and received 550 replies. The answers were not signed, and the average interest taken in the inquiry was judged to be high considering the personal nature of the questions. Only five of the answers, the authorities report, showed a spirit of levity or bad taste. On the other hand, the questionnaire proved very popular on the part of the students, who looked upon it as a splendid opportunity for self-expression upon matters in which they felt a keen interest. It is stated, further, that the survey has already served a useful local interest in calling the attention of students to certain lines of religious development. If, in addition, the authorities add it will serve to start a discussion between Catholic colleges and parishes, the authorities of the University will feel amply repaid

for making public this analysis of the inner life of the student."

At this point Mr. Barnard devotes three columns to a resumé of the religious bulletin which appeared last year.

"With this I shall leave the questionnaire. I think will be agreed that in this instance it reveals something of the hidden thoughts of men who have reached the age at which character has begun to show itself: I think it lights up the dark places in the soul of the student. The questionnaire had 46 notes of interrogation, and the heads of the University have much useful information upon which they can work.

"There are 1,187 Catholic boarding students at Notre Dame University, and in the scholastic year finishing in 1921 they received an average of 100 Communions each during the 246 days of the school year. If there are any large Catholic schools in England which can beat this record, it would be in order for them to step forward to establish their claim.

"The students who responded to the questionnaire number less than one-half the total; and it must be understood that the replies to questions given above should be considered in proportion to the number replying (550), and not to the total number of students at the University.

"The excellent spirit of spirituality which prevails at the institution—a spirit which is, of course, essential to the cultivation of the habit of frequent Communion—is shown by observation in the 'Homiletic and Pastoral Review' (February, 1921) relative to frequent Communion at Notre Dame:

"'If human respect is at work among the students its effects are good rather than bad. No one feels that there is anything unusual about being pious; in general an infrequent communicant is an oddity. It has been noted that the best athletes and best students are daily communicants, and when the great natural heroes of boys show such an example of edification, there is no room for timidity on the part of students who may be self-conscious.'

"America's greatest football 'star' of a couple of seasons ago carried the University's colours to victory in many a hard-fought battle on the 'grid-iron.' Every

schoolboy from Maine to California knew of and adored George Gipp in the sense that every English school boy makes a sporting idol of Jack Hobbs. At the height of his fame George Gipp was called by death. On his death bed the example of his comrades had its effect. He was baptized and died a Catholic. On the day following his death 679 of his comrades received Communion. On the previous day there were 379 communicants, and on the day following there were 383, which figures were in conformity with the then prevailing average.

"There would seem to be great hopes for an 'educated Catholic laity' in America when religion can be weaved into University as Notre Dame is weaving it."

J. C. BRENNAN.

S. A. C. NEWS.

When the first S. A. C. meeting of the year was advertised, it was the cause of much speculation on the part of the new comers. In order to clear up the mystery for the first year men and to let upper class men know what their representatives are doing on the governing council we write this informing article on the work of the Students Activities Committee.

The Committee this year is composed of nineteen men including the four class presidents and the president of the off-campus students organization. With customary vim and vitality the S. A. C., started to work the first week of school. The "Campus Beautiful" campaign was instantly reorganized and the co-operation of the entire student body was secured in an endeavor to save this wonderful campus of ours for future Notre Dame men. Through the influence of the Committee street car service has been improved, double cars have been put on by the traction company during the rush hours of the day, and the car company has promised to take care of all complaints and thus see that the comfort of the car-traveling student is well taken care of.

Henry Barnhart, with the assistence of Cheer Leader Gleason, Student Athletic Manager Ed. Lennon and others staged one of the most gratifying and peppiest pep meetings in the school's history. Barnhart also has charge of the mammoth Homecoming Celebration which is being planned. The S. A. C., after a study of conditions attending student body trips with the football team, chose the Purdue game at Lafayette for the annual student journey. Complete arrangements have been made by "Red" Shea.

The Committee has secured faculty permission to stage a dance on the night of every football game, as a celebrating event with which to wind up Notre Dame's victories. These dances with the exception of the Homecoming dances will be turned over to the different classes and organizations to run under the supervision of the Dance Committee. The men supervising these dances for the S. A. C. are Ed Shea, Chairman, Leo Reider and James Swift.

The Committee has decided on a university calendar, the idea being to have every organization on the campus place the date of every meeting of any importance such as a smoker, entertainment, class session, etc., in advance with the Secretary of the Committee. It is thought by this method that conflicts between dates of student meetings will be minimized.

A good deal of the Committee's time has been occupied with considering petitions for the sale of numerous different articles about the campus and on the student football trip. Of course this is to be expected the first part of the school year.

At present the S. A. C. is working with Father McGinn to make the South Bend Expansion Drive of October 16-17 a great success. The Students' Activities Committee realizes that only through the active and untiring coöperation of the student body will this drive bring the desired results.

As a grand conclusion to this article it might be again said that when you want something done tell an S. A. C. member and we will do our best. If you have a grouch air your pet peeve before the S. A. C. and you will witness the transformation of a critic into a booster.

F. N.

Don't forget the homecoming celebration, old boy.

Be here and cheer.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

October the thirteenth is of special significance at Notre Dame, for it is the feast of St. Edward, patron of Father Edward Sorin, founder of the University. Coming as it does at the beginning of the scholastic year, it happily reminds us of him who by his foresight, labor, and sacrifices implanted and cultivated the seeds of piety and learning that have blossomed into Notre Dame. When Father Sorin came to Ste. Marie du Lac eighty years ago, the surrounding country offered little for success in a worldly way. But Father Sorin was a man of faith. placed his school under the guidance of Our Lady and of St. Edward, his patron saint. Under their protection Notreprospered. Unforgetful of the cause of such prosperity, Father Sorin took occasion of the festival held in his honor each year of St. Edward's Day to thank his heavenly protectors publicly for the spiritual and temporal favors they had obtained for his work. Thus St. Edward's Day has become with us a day of holy traditions. After the death of Father Sorin about thirty years ago, it was decided that the traditional observances of St. Edward's Day should be continued. Hence we have at the present time a day set aside for thanking God and His Holy Mother, St. Edward and all the saints for their kind protection during the past and for asking of them new blessings for the future.

From the very earliest years of the University, programs were given each St. Edward's Day in honor of the founder, and as years passed by, these programs became more elaborate. As a rule the celebration began after supper on the eve of the feast with an entertainment. On this occasion Father Sorin was both the guest of honor and the victim of his young friends, who to tell him of their filial affection frequently used three or four hours and five or six languages—an atrocity which would not now be countenanced. On the morning of the festival Father Sorin celebrated Holy Mass solemnly, and preached on the virtues of his saintly patron. During the day boat races and athletic competitions were held.

To-day only a few vestiges of the old celebrations remain, the religious ceremonies

and the Minims' field day. In time the latter mode of celebrating may fall into disuse as have similar customs in the past, but it is difficult to think of the time when the successors of Sorin will fail to lift their hearts and voices to heaven in thanksgiving; it is impossible to conceive of the day when they will cast aside this beautiful, holy tradition which has now become what Father Sorin wanted it to be—a day on which we recall God's wonderful gifts to Notre Dame and say with the deepest fervor: Deo Gratias.

R. M. MURCH, C. S. C.

ON WITH THE DRIVE!

Adopting as its slogan, "Help Build the Greater Notre Dame," the executive committee of the South Bend organization of the Endowment campaign, completed plans during the last week for the raising of the remaining \$250,000 pledged by the citizens of South Bend to the Endowment fund, during the week of October 16.

Preliminary organization of the workers was effected over a week ago at a meeting in the Rotary room of the Oliver, attended by about 75 of the representative business and professional men of the city. According to the procedure decided upon, the city has been placed in charge of seven ward chairmen, under the executive committee, each ward chairman being assisted by precinct chairmen and committeemen. A group of the representative students of Notre Dame, chosen by the S. A. C., is to help the South Bend organization in the actual solicitation.

A hearty welcome was tendered Fathers Burns and McGinn by the selected group of students at their meeting last Monday in Washington Hall. A preliminary talk by Father Burns did much to work up the enthusiasm of his hearers, on whom he placed the responsibility of the success or failure of the drive in South Bend. According to Father Burns, three hundred donors in South Bend, most of them business men, contributed \$254,000 last fall when the Endowment drive was opened. Efforts to secure the remainder of the half million dollars from South Bend were discontinued, he said, to make way for the annual civic charities campaign of the city, and were not

again resumed until this last month. It is the hope of the men in charge to get the additional \$250,000 in cash and pledges from citizens of South Bend who did not contribute to the first quota.

Father McGinn confined his remarks to outlining the procedure of the campaign and to exhorting the students in his characteristic forceful way to unrelenting efforts to put the drive over the top.

Final organization of the student group was made at a second meeting Wednesday morning in Washington Hall, at which it was announced that students would be excused from classes during the hours they spent on the drive.

In the meantime, the South Bend executive committee, at its meeting at the Oliver Monday evening, completed arrangements and made known plans for publicity. According to Mr. A. R. McDonald, of the Lamport-McDonald Advertising Co., chairman of the publicity committee, large street banners and electrically-lit bill boards were being prepared, window displays and posters arranged for, and street car advertising and automobile stickers printed. In addition every possible bit of newspaper space was to be used, notable contributions being fullpage ads by both South Bend newspapers, by the Studebaker Corporation, Yellow Cab Co., First National Bank, U. S. Lumber Company and a half-dozen other firms. All this advertising made its appearance during the course of the week.

On the eve of the drive, the stage appears to be set for a stirring exemplification of the pride and interest South Bend takes in the University. Last minute preparation of tabulated names of potential donors is under way, with the anticipation of having soon proved the loyalty of South Bend to Notre Dame.

BRUGGNER.

The Numismatic Collection at the University Library has been increased recently by the donation of several coins given by Mrs. Peter Kelley and Mrs. Ella Coogan, both of Watertown, Wisconsin. We are grateful to Father Maloney of St. Patrick's church, South Bend, through whose influence these coins were presented.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

The Chicago Grand Opera Quartet ushered in the Washington Hall concert season last Monday night. The following artists were included in the company; Irene Jonani, Prima Donna Soprano; Barbara Wait, Prima Donna Contralto; Jerome Uhl, Baritone; and Ralph Errolle, Tenor.

Notre Dame will be well represented at the Carnegie Tech game, November 25, in the stands as well as upon the gridiron, if the plans of the Keystone Club materialize. Plans for hauling the Pennsy Club to Pittsburg on that date were discussed at a meeting held last Thursday.

Professor Alejandro E. Bunge, of the University of Buenos Aires, an economist of international repute, began a series of conferences in American universities with a lecture in the south room of the Library, September 29. Professor Bunge also lectured to the Commerce students on the following Monday.

The New Yorkers held their reorganization meeting and election of officers Wednesday evening. Daniel Culhane was elected President, John Flynn, First Vice-President, Francis McLaughlin, Second Vice-President, Cullen Burke, Secretary, and Edward Wollensak, Treasurer. Father Finnegan was unanimously chosen honorary President.

Sectionalism prevailed at the Freshman ballot fracas held in Washington Hall last week. Results showed that the New York-New Jersey faction created a landslide for Robert L. Cahill of Brownson for President; Thomas A. Burke, Brownson, Vice President; James A. Whelan, Badin, Secretary; and Edwin O'Neil, Brownson, Treasurer.

The latest bulletin from Tegucigalpa, Honduras, informs us that Signor Pompilio Ortega, graduate in Agriculture, class of '19, is director of the Normal School of Varones. A portion of Signor Ortega's duties consists of editorial worries about a well-printed, learned monthly bulletin. On the cover of this we note a photograph of a baseball

picture, a Central American southpaw tone, and the Welsh ditties. The program winding up for the strike-out. We are sin-was well varied but had a fault common to cerely proud of Ortega's success.

most of the entertainments of heretofore—

Sophmore, Junior, and Senior Engineers viewed the Government Educational movie, "The Use and Abuse of Abrasives," shown in Washington Hall, Wednesday afternoon. The manufacture of carborundum, and its utilizations in the making of carborundum wheels was the subject of this picture. Mr. Bradbury, a representative of the Niagara Falls firm, spoke briefly on the same subject.

That the Junior Prom should be made the big dance of the year in preference to the Senior Ball was proposed by the Sophomores at their organization meeting Tuesday. A committee, including Harry McGuire, Joseph Burke, and Jack Scallon, was appointed to decide means of raising funds to defray the expenses of the Sophomore Cotillion and Smoker.

The local branch of the A. I. E. E. held its second meeting of the year Monday evening Oct. 9, in the Engineering Building. After the usual business had been disposed of, Prof. Caparo gave a very instructive talk on the relationship existing between science and philosophy, ending by a few words on the benefits to be derived from membership in the A. I. E. E. Mr. Dooling and Mr. de Tarnova then entertained those present by radio concerts from Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and other points. These same men then put the big Tulsa coil in operation, and displayed a few of the wonders of electricity. The program was brought to a climax by a generous helping of ice cream and cake, and the evening was unanimously successful one.

A Welsh quartette afforded last Saturday evening's entertainment in Washington Hall. It might not have been up to the standard of some other fours which have displayed their wares to the student body in the past, but it certainly merited a larger audience than it had. For the most part the songs rendered were familiar songs that are in the repertoire of nearly every quartette. The numbers that stood above the others in point of excellence were several solos by the bari-

tone, and the Welsh ditties. The program was well varied but had a fault common to most of the entertainments of heretofore—it was too long by about twenty minutes. Maybe this is a partial excuse for the inexcusable breach of gentlemanliness some of us committed by leaving the hall before the entertainment was over.

The Forum held its first meeting of the year Friday evening, at which event, officers for the ensuing year were elected. Lyle Miller was chosen President, John Briley, Vice-President, and Rev. Joseph Burke, Secretary. Brother Alphonsus, who has guided the destinies of this forensic society for years, was by unanimity retained as the honorary head.

In a lengthy and spirited talk to the large membership, Pres. Miller, outlined his plans for the year.

A membership committee will be appointed to solicit the freshmen. It is hoped that the yearlings will take advantage of this active membership in the Forum, the purpose of which is to develop public speaking.

The library of the late Reverend John A. Zahm, C. S. C., who died in Munich, Germany, during the past year, arrived at the University during the summer and is now being catalogued under the supervision of Reverend Paul Foik, C. S. C., the librarian. Comprising approximately thirty-five hundred volumes, the collection is made up largely of books on biography and travel. Besides the bound volumes there are numerous pamphlets on various subjects. in the library were several hundred edition volumes of Dante which have been added to the already famous Dante collection. Father Zahm used this library in the preparation of his last book, "From Berlin to Bagdad," which appeared recently. While there are no books of exceptional rarity in this latest addition to the University library, it is noteworthy and is of interest to all those who knew Father Zahm's work.

The Chicago Club held its first meeting Tuesday evening for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. James Martin was elected President, Roger Kiley, Vice-President, Richard Gibbons, Secretary, and Frank Dufficy, Treasurer.

A NEW BOOK.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. By George N. Shuster. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00 For sale at the bookstore.

"English Literature," says Cardinal Newman in a famous passage, "will always have been Protestant," not that its cradle, as in the case of most other good things we moderns enjoy, was not made and rocked by Catholic hands and itself suckled at the breast of Holy Mother Church. From Caedmon through Venerable Bede and Chaucer down to (and as I believe including) Shakespeare every artistic voice heard in English was a Catholic voice. But the Religious Revolt in England as elsewhere happened altogether by accident to synchronize with an age of amazing discovery, invention and general mental excitement; and hence more great literature was produced in England at that time and during the two centuries immediately following than had appeared in all the centuries before. Now, authors, like chameleons take on the color of the land they run over; and so it chanced that our modern English language received in its earliest infancy a baptism of prejudice from which, (like a real baptism) it received a mark or character it can never - lose. Add to this hostile literary tradition a hostile historical, political, social, educational and religious tradition, and you get some idea of the power of the anti-Catholic current against which the Bark of Peter has been obliged to make its way. How the hostile literary tradition has in considerable measure been overcome is the theme of Mr. Shuster's book. It is a great theme.

The architecture of the work is modified English Rennaissance—that is it permits of the addition of any good feature to the original plan. There is first-after a piquant and well-flavored preface—a delightful opening chapter on "The Lost Tradition" which is, so to speak, the orchestra tuning up before the overture—only vastly more harmonious. Then a precious resurrection of my old friend Kenelm Digby, whom I had thought hopelessly dead to Mr. Shuster's generation. To some three long chapters on Cardinal Newman may appear excessive recognition, but the truth is that Newman alone deserves more credit towards Mr. Shuster's thesis than all the others mentioned in this book taken together. After him the historians—some of them non-Catholic -have had most to do in preparing Englishmen to see us fairly and write of us justly and even sympathetically. The historians get their due meed of praise in their own place. Patmore de Vere and Hopkins are yoked together in a fine chapter and a group of distinguished minors have another to themselves; Francis Thompson is duly canonized The Pre-Rafaelites, Ruskin and such moderns as Benson, the Chestertons, Belloc, and a diminishing trail of Irish and American names, catalogued and labelled apparently in some haste, complete the work. It is a great body contest.

How has the work been done? Petulantly? Con-

troversially? Aggressively? Abusively? None of these things, of course. It has in general that beautiful urbanity of tone that Newman himself so charmingly exemplified and so eloquently preached. There is nothing more remarkable in the literature of all Catholic lands than the absence of a sour or puritanic spirit. The note of the old faith from the beginning has been one of joy and innocent cheer. Nothing could be finer than Mr. Shuster's temper, nothing more genial, more mellow, more wholesome than his tone.

The style is nervous, vivid, picturesque. It crashes like a thunderstorm in denunciation here and there, but most of the time its velvet rhetoric purrs like a kitten in appreciation of the gentle things of life and Christianity. It is a style of splendor and pageantry on occasion, rich in literary and historical allusion, and often it burns with color like a maple in October. A Gothic atmosphere is everywhere with dim cathedral lights and a faint trace of lingering incense.

If is a delightful book—not perfect, but very delightful. A far more experienced, though not more scholarly man, attempted an "Outline of History" and in the second edition had some thousands of errors to correct. In a work almost as far-stretching, in a field of thought almost as difficult and subtle, Mr. Shuster is entitled to a few intrusions and omissions which the next edition can easily correct.

OPINIONS GRAVE AND GAY.

A survey which is important and authoritative.

—Boston Transcript.

Well-written but extremely unconvincing.—H. L. Mencken.

On the whole it is a fine book, fine in its intentions and fine in its craftsmanship.

J. M. Flynn, in The New World.

It is difficult to conceive any work which more imperatively needed to be written—or to cite another which more imperatively needs to be revised.

---Catholic World.

Any appreciator of good English prose will welcome this addition to the literature of the day. In support of his thesis the author brings a storehouse of knowledge and a splendid style.

—San Francisco Call.

The whole question of "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature" has been wisely and ably set forth by the author....He treats of living Catholic writers with a very just discretion.

-London Tablet.

Having found this much fault there remains little to do save to express thanks and appreciation for the book, for its freshness of vision and its insistence upon factors of importance in the makeup of the life of to-day which are apt to be underestimated by those to whom they are not congenial.

-Literary section, New York Herald.

BASHFUL BEAUTIES AT NOTRE DAME.

There are no co-eds at Notre Dame but the Dome presumes that there are beauties at Notre Dame as well as at Michigan, Wisconsin, and St. Mary's. Inasmuch as the campus at Notre Dame is said to be one of the most beautiful in America, and inasmuch as birds of a feather flock together, it is logical to assume that there are beauties at Notre Dame. The Dome is determined that these birds of rare feather shall no longer hide their radiance, but shall be made to shine before all men. No longer will the Dome permit these handsome ones to allow the question on the lips of every one from Hollywood to Finland and back again, to remain unanswered.

The manner of ferreting out these modest young men is simple, according to the Dome plan—a beauty contest. Every order for a 1923 Dome will count as a vote for a hall, or off-campus, beauty, and a vote for a beautyat-large, the super-beauteous one. Because of the outcry raised against campus rules and the Eighteenth Amendment, the Dome believes that rules are not popular, and so will have no rules to its contest. The voter may even stuff the ballot box—by ordering more Domes than one, each extra order counting as an extra vote. The Dome does not care whether marcel waves, miniature walrus on the lips, freckles, or black eyes, are considered the standard for beauty. Rules are taboo, and each voter may make his own standards. The Dome urges every Notre Dame man to perform his duty as a Notre Dame citizen, and vote.

With the issuance of this Dome the old order gives way to the new, and the newer system will give future editors the benefit of past editors' advice, give coming editors the necessary training, give all workers more incentive, and the chief editors salaries.

The theme of the 1923 Dome is a greater Notre Dame. Appearing when the present drive for new millions has been completed, it will aim to picture the spirit of a new Notre Dame fitted to prepare more young men intellectually and morally for the world. Everything is being prepared with the idea—a greater Notre Dame—in mind, so that wherever possible, the book will suggest that

thought. The dedication has been voted for the man who heads the drive, Rev. Dr. James A. Burns, C. S. C. The borders will picture the Notre Dame of the past and the Notre Dame of the future, and the division sheets with standard background picturing graduated Notre Dame men, will form a border for three-color inserts appropriate to the division each precedes. Several of these inserts present opportunities for especially significant beauty. The president of the university, the deans, the head coach, the S. A. C. head, all others, writing on phases of university life with which they are most familiar, will picture in the total composition, the university, its purpose, and its contributing factors to a successful career.

If this theme can be carried out as planned, the greater this first greater Dome, about a greater Notre Dame, will be.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS. NUMBER TWO AND OUT.

The Notre Dame backfield displayed some pretty and elusive open field running in last Saturday's game on Cartier field, when Rock's men romped over St. Louis, 26 to 0. During the first half our visions of a monstrous score vanished slowly, as the Saints held on like bull-dogs, nipping our runners and breaking up our formations. The only score during the first half came following a beautiful 55 yard run by Thomas, when Castner went over for the points.

Between halves, while the St. Louis rooters, 150 strong, were prancing around the field in high glee at the performance of the Blue and White, the Notre Dame squad got in touch with the rake and the coals. Result: at the opening of the second half Don Miller received the kick-off and on a clever shifting play pranced 94 yards for the second touchdown. After which certain South Bend fans were heard to remark that this was "sure enough a Notre Dame team." On this play Lieb and Mayl helped Don to wend his way through the whole St. Louis team.

Mr. Miller, however, was by no means satisfied with himself, and so he shortly after threaded his way for 30 yards and the third touchdown of the day. A few minutes later

he again took it into his head that it was drier past the enemy's goalposts, wandering the remaining 14 yards to find out. But the efficials disallowed the play and penalized Notre Dame. Don has probably won himself a temporary title to the job at left half, leaving the other half open to competition between Dutch Bergman and the rest of the fighters.

Castner's runs were consistently good, as were his punts. He missed a couple of long tries for drop-kicks, the first, from the 44 yard line, failing by a lone foot or two. The work of Layden, Bergman and Crowley was excellent, and Stuhldraher, who crashed over for a short touchdown, played mighty fine football.

The line was invincibly strong on defense. The fact that St. Louis made only 30 yards in the entire game, and not one first down, was of course due somewhat to a disadvantage in weight. But our line held well and fought hard, though on the offense it sometimes failed to hold the enemy long enough for our backs to get well under way. Some fine work on the line was done by Capt. Carberry, Stange, Lieb, Tim Murphy, and Vergara. Degree was injured, and will probably be out of the game for some time. Neil Flinn has a good chance for the place.

The field and stands were soaked by a rain which kindly withdrew before the game started. Several times, however, our men were prevented from making gains by the slipperiness of the grass, and Thomas was once cut off from a probable touchdown because of the condition of the field.

During the past week the men have been undergoing strenuous training in preparation for the Purdue contest today, and as a consequence the team is still a bit crippled. From all reports Purdue is going to be no cream-puff, even though they defeated Milliken last Saturday only by a score of 10 to 0.

The army team, by the way, is beginning to loom as one of the strongest they have had in several years. Their defeat last Saturday of the excellent Kansas eleven, 13 to 0, revealed a brilliant aerial attack and a heavy, aggressive line. Their adherants are lustily promising to turn the tables on our men this year.

H. A. M.

AS IT WAS PLAYED.

Castner knocked the ball off the tee to begin the encounter. Avis, receiving on his 20 yard line, was downed by three men and the game was away to a running start. After failing on two plays, Hannigan punted 40 to Thomas who made a determined run. through the St. Louis team and was stopped by the slippery grass which caused him to fall. Maher, Crowley and Castner failed at the line and Castner's 44 yard attempt for a drop-kick was wide by yards. After Carberry had spilled Eggner for a six yard loss, Hannigan punted to Thomas who again made a brilliant run through the St. Louis team for 55 yards to the five yard line where he was pulled down from behind. Crowley drove off tackle and Castner hit center for the touchdown. Castner's try for the point was blocked.

St. Louis tightened and by close guarding of the line prevented the fleet Notre Dame backs from getting away for the remainder of the quarter. A neat open field tackle by Vergera and a nine yard smash off tackle by Crowley were the only incidents to relieve the punting duel which Hannigan and Castner staged for the rest of the period which ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on the St. Louis 18 yard line.



Compliments, Hagan and Galvin.

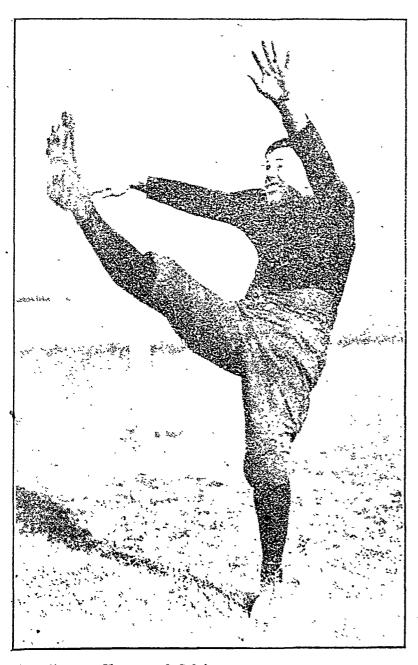
CARBERRY.

The high light of the day was flashed at the beginning of the second half. Don Miller, receiving the kick-off on his own six-yard line, dashed sharply to the center of the field and then to the right where Lieb and Mayl accompanied him on the 94-yard march to the goal line. The only St. Louis man who came close to tagging Miller was dumped by Lieb. Castner's attempt at goal hit the post.

Castner returned the next kick-off 35 yards. Bergman followed Don Miller in a well-executed tandem around left end for 16 yards. After short backfield dashes Don Miller cracked the St. Louis left tackle for a splendid dash of 30 yards and another touchdown. Castner kicked the goal. Miller received the next kick-off and ran back to the 33yard line. Neil Flinn went in for Eddie Degree and Layden supplanted Bergman. Layden made 19 yards at the end and St. Louis was penalized 15 yards for roughing. Layden added eight more and Stuhldraher sneaked through for seven after which Don Miller tore loose for 14 and another score, but the ball was called back and Notre Dame was penalized. Castner battled through center for nine, Layden added a brace and Stuhldraher punched a hole at center for the last touchdown. Layden made the dropkick.

Notre Dame, 26.

St. Louis, 0.



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DEGREE.

Score by periods:

Notre Dame6	0	20	0
St. Louis0			

Touchdowns—Don Miller, 2, Castner, Stuhldraher. Points after touchdown—Castner, Layden. Referee—Birch, of Earlham. Umpire—Griffith, of Illinois. Head linesman—Ghee, of Dartmouth.

Field judge-Young, of Illinois.

OOM PAUL.

To be a star in one sport comes to many men but to reach the heights in three sports is a rarity. Observe this record of Paul Castner, Notre Dame football, baseball and hockey star—and all of it achieved in his junior year:

He captained the informal hockey team for two years and coached the sextet which last year won the undisputed western collegiate hockey title. At center he is without a rival in western college ice circles.

He pitched a no-hit, no run game against Purdue, shut Michigan out 5-0, played outfield when not pitching and was considered one of the sluggers of the team. Received major league offers in his junior year but declined them and was elected captain of the 1922 Notre Dame baseball team.

His punts averaged over 50 yards during the 1921 football season and he completed four of six drop-kicks attempted. Two of these, from the 43 and 47 yard lines, came in the Rutgers contest at the Polo Grounds. He was picked by Fullerton for all-American halfback although he had only divided a halfback position during the year.

In the first game of the 1922 football season he ran through the Kalamazoo team twice for touchdowns. The runs were for 90 and 95 yards and both came from kickoffs. In the same game he ran another kick back 40 yards and was stopped by the safety man.

The informal hockey team which won the western college championship in 1921 will go east this year with Castner as coach and star. He may finish his college career as an acknowledged champion in hockey and an all-American in football and is certain to receive many big league baseball offers.

FRANK WALLACE.

-CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM-

COLISEUM A LA MODERN.

The new double decked, horseshoe shaped football stadium at the Ohio State University which cost \$1,500,000, measures one third of a mile from end to end and towers 107 feet high, will be dedicated next Saturday when the rival Wolverine and Buckeye elevens clash on the grid within the amphitheatre. One feature of the day will be an attempt to re-unite every Ohio State squad since the original eleven in 1890, and have the former captains lead their respective teams in the parade down the field. If every one of the 63,000 seats is occupied when the kick-off whistle blows, previous attendance records for the middle-west will have been broken.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Students at Wabash College held a special meeting recently at which they decided to eliminate cribbing during all examinations. This report comes to us like a bolt out of a clear sky. Who would have thought that such illicit methods were being practised in a learned institution right in this state?

The Columbia Spectator informs us that a course in Chinese Language and Civilization has been added to the curriculum, while the Green and White, Ohio University, reports the addition of a major, four year course with a degree. It is Physical Education.

ADVERTISING DOESN'T PAY.

Twenty men at the University of Indiana are without room-mates and they have utilized every known salesmanship principle in the line of advertising with hopes of getting someone—but in vain. Maybe it is because they forget to mention in the ad who would be expected to get up first on Winter mornings to shut the windows.

A call has been emanated at all of the leading including state colleges throughout the country, including Notre Dame, for applicants to try for the Rhodes Scholarships which are tenable for three years and carry a stipend amounting to approximately \$1,545. The students who will be fortunate enough to receive them must possess certain characteristics, which are: personality, attainments and physical vigor. They must also be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five, and have completed the sophomore year in college. It is rumored that the Indiana Rhodes Scholarship Committee will meet here at Notre Dame this year to pick the two men to represent this state. All appointments become effective on October 23, 1923, when the winners will sail for Oxford, England.

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HERE'S THE DOPE.

In view of the fact that the Christmas holidays are only sixty-six days away, we thought all N.D. men would be interested in knowing just about what "she" will be wearing when Xmas comes around and so we quote a few lines from the Daily Iowan regarding the latest styles. The dresses will not be shorter than eleven inches from the ground, and most of them will come in "flowing panels and hanging drapes often extend much lower than the body of the dress and sometimes reach the ankles. . . . Poiret twill and tricotine are the most popular materials for street apparel, while all kinds of silk crepes are used for afternoon frocks. . . . The dress frocks have long clinging lines and graceful flowing sleeves. All kinds of draped effects with handsome ornaments, gorgeousy embroidered peasant sleeves, Egyptian girdles, tiny tucks, and caracul fur are the various ways of trimming the new gowns." They are just adorable!

SH! IT'S A SECRET.

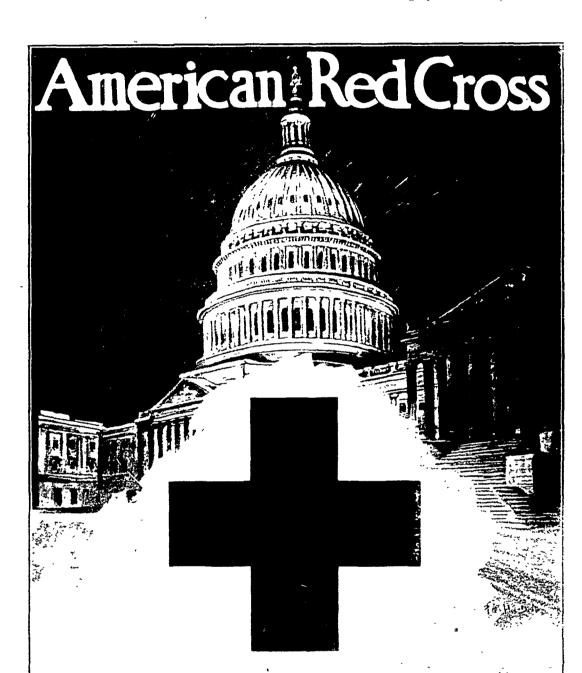
Many of the co-eds at Indiana University have been slipping one over on Mr. Volstead recently. They manage to get a regular "kick" regularly, and it does not result from carousing "raisin-jack" or "white-mule" either. They have joined a women's rifle club which meets for target practise every afternoon.

A debating team of three representatives from Oxford University, England, is scheduled to meet teams from Bates, Columbia, Swathmore, Princeton, Yale, Harvard and New York Universities; and is to defend the affirmative of the proposition: "Resolved, That the United States should at once join the League of Nations." The custom peculiar to British debating societies, of not picking any judges for the debate, will be adhered to. In all probability this international debate fad will be taken up by many other colleges, especially in the West.

Antioch University officials have purchased the Yellow Spring News, a village weekly newspaper, for the students to continue publishing along with the regular college paper, The Antichan, which will be included as a supplement.

The third largest telescope in the world is to be erected on the Ohio Wesleyan campus, and an eighty-nine year old astronomy professor there will pay every cent of the \$200,000 it has cost to build it. This is indeed, a far-sighted donation from a fore-sighter donator.

When planning a color combination for the 1923 Ohio auto license tags, authorities did not seek a color chart or spectrum, but decided on the Ohio State University colors—scarlet and gray. It is needless to add that many of the men in charge of the license business are O. S. U. graduates.



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