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HELLO WEEK.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

VERYONE of us is familiar with the ancient Biblical anecdote which recounts the futile attempt of our progenitors to erect the Tower of Babel. We all know how perfectly the plans for that edifice had been laid and to what

for that edifice had been laid, and to what extent they were carried out; how well the divisions had been organized to undertake various classes of work, and with what success they met, until the Creator interfered and confounded the tongues of the laborers so that it was impossible for one to understand the speech of the other. The ultimate consequence was misapprehension, disagreement and then disorganization. Completion of the tower without the use of speech was not possible.

Today, here on the campus, we are confronted with a problem somewhat similar to that of Babel. Each student, while attending the university, endeavors to build up his own tower: a "Tower of Friendship," which increases in height from day to day as new friends are met; a tower which automatically and concomitantly encourages better coöperation, mutual understanding and harmonious organization, knitting more closely together the entire student body. But just as with Babel, this "Tower of Friendship" cannot rise higher and higher if certain students always regard their tongues as "confounded" when meeting a fellow student anywhere and pass him by without speaking. It is for this reason then, that the first annual "Hello Week," beginning next Monday morning, is to be observed at Notre Dame.

As a constant reminder to say "hello" to everyone, small, dome-shaped tags are to be worn by all students throughout the week until after Homecoming. And they should not only be displayed in a conspicuous place on the body when one wanders about the campus, but also when one promenades the busy thoroughfares of South Bend or strolls "along that old familiar lane."

There are two different colored tags: blue for the Freshmen, and gold for the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. It must be clearly understood, however, that the object in having the different colored tags is not to label the Frosh for ridicule at the will of the advanced students, as is sometimes done. The chief and only purpose in making the distinction is to aid the Freshmen in becoming acquainted with the members of their own class as well as those in the upper classes, because they have been placed at a great disadvantage so far this year in not having a regular Freshman Hall in which to mingle.

On both sides of the tag is printed in big glaring letters, the word "Hello." Directly above this is a blank line upon which each student is to write his name, thus eliminating the necessity for any formal methods of introduction.

The tags are to be distributed in all halls sometime Sunday night so that there will be no excuse for anyone not wearing one right from the beginning of the week. All offcampus students will have to call for theirs at Father Gassensmith's office on Monday morning.

The success or failure of this innovation, now rests with each and every student. We all know that a horse can be led to water but he cannot be made to drink. The university efficials have done all that was possible to make this "Hello Week" a success; to promote a better spirit of friendliness among all the Notre Dame men. But if certain fellows who may regard themselves superior do not intend to coöperate, the plan will be a failure. All efforts exerted in trying to construct "Babels of Friendship" will have been in vain.

AS A MAN READETH.

JAMES P. COYLE.

The editor of a magazine of national reputation recently had a bright idea. He decided to find out just what a man who stood prominently in public affairs was going to do in the matter of "light summer reading" this year, when he handed the keys of his office to an assistant and lit off for his vacation.

Which one of the best sellers would get this man's vote? Would the "red-blooded" thriller of the West crowd out the Klondike? Where would the deep sea yarn rank? Would the society novel or the homely tale of the hero of Coolidge's Corners appeal more strongly? Or the narrative of a far country?

It was a situation loaded with interesting possibilities. But, pregnant as it was with surprise, probably the editor wasn't quite ready for the shock he got when he opened his mail and found the answer: "Replying to your communication with reference to summer reading for relaxation," wrote the wielder of civic destiny of whom the inquiry was made, "I beg leave to state that I am looking forward with keen pleasure to the re-reading of the works of Dumas, Plutarch and Victor Hugo."

"Light summer reading" is a phrase which borrows its appeal rather from circumstance than from strict attention to truth; for very few of us read by seasons, governing ourselves by the appearance of the pussywillows, or adopting a quarterly shift in taste when the sun enters at Cancer and then executing a literary about-face when the sun's rays fall perpendicularly upon the equator.

Taste in reading is ordered by no such immutable laws as this. There is one only factor which governs it, and that is growth in experience. Here, too, the new horizons one raises do not inevitably mean that the hills of yesterday are forgotten, ignored, or put aside out of mind as the things of a child—even though this does sometimes happen to be the case. If you have a hankering for the exploits of "Danny the Bandit," carried over from youth into your adult years (and a very many first-rate people have just this same sort of hankering) the chances are few that you will forego Danny and his tribulations when the aftermath carpets the stubble fields. And, likewise, if you are fond of "Plutarch's Lives," the chances are seven out of nine that you will be "looking forward with keen pleasure" to Plutarch as summer dyes the land.

Not many of us are like the famous United States senator who grabbed the first five books on the upper shelf, as food for diversion during his week off. The plan to read all the books in the public library beginning with "A," is as old as enthusiastic childhood. Its foregoal is as old as nascent wisdom. The professional reader, who regards the printed page as a trade, is welcome to such a tedious labor; common folks have other fish to fry.

That is why deliberate attempts to follow the suggestion in the "light summer reading" slogan fail so miserably with all of us. The suggestion is negative; men's minds, and their hopes and dreams, are, normally, positive. The phrase is an everlasting no to intellectual progress for all of us, while the impulse of my mind, and yours, is for the everlasting yea. Veiled beneath lies the hint that good books are difficult, tiresome, unentertaining, "highbrow," whereas common sense tells us, when we think it over, that good books are nothing of the sort. Else they were no longer good for anything except the dessicated scholar, the clammy intellectual, and the charitable dust of unsought bookshelves. The only reason which a book can offer for receiving the label of "good" is because ordinary people-very many of themhave found it to be so, and have, therefore, saved it out of the welter of trash by passing word about it along to their neighbors and friends.

Probably the truth is that none of us wants to stagnate—least of all while on a vacation. So any slogan which bids us fly from instruction (because we may get it while we are being entertained) is nonsense. Even Robinson Crusoe would suffer if it were otherwise. A friend of mine recently discovered that Defoe's dazzling narrative is crammed full of sound economics such as any hard-handed farmer would recognize in a moment, and that the tale is sprinkled with some ideas which we, today, 300 years later, still regard here as rather novel social experiments. "Why, this fellow outlines the idea of the coöperative," shouted the belated explorer, bursting with excitement.

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There was a great to do a few years ago when it was discovered that Woodrow Wilson diverted himself by reading detective stories. Wiseacres nodded. But how many of them recalled that this man's mind was noted for chilly logic? Or how many thought it worth while to remember that good detective stories are the very literary A B C of formal thinking? The famous single-track mind had merely gone off on a spur. It had not left the rails. It was following its natural bent—but along one of the many paths by which books have helped the human mind.

There is some sound philosophy, some tested record of human affairs, some hint to spiritual growth on almost every one of those trails of the printed word, which lie, ready at hand, biding our temporary leisure for closer exploration. Any one may make a list for himself and it will be different from any other ever made. For the combinations are myriad. One seeks "Romola" and another "Scaramouche"; one Irving's "Alhambra," his fellow "My Unknown Chum," or "The New Arabian Nights," or "Tristram Shandy." For some "Barnaby Rudge" and Daudet's "Letters From My Mill" and Maurice Level's "Tales of Mystery and Horror;" for others Hudson's "Green Mansions," Balzac's "Pere Goriot," Mackenzie's "Sinister Street." It is not the least bit impossible that one who enjoys Flaubert's "Salammbo" may also tear over seas of youthful glory with Capt. Marryatt's "Peter Simple," or that Lafcaido Hearn's "Fantastics" may touch the same thrill of beauty wakened by Conrad's "Tales of Unrest," that Meredith's "Harry Richmond" and Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" may enchant the one who swears still by the "Dolly Dialogs."

A good essay, soaked through with human experiences, was as much fun as a novel to the respondent in the magazine editor's query, yet Plutarch may be another man's idea of nothing at all. And he will be as right as the first. It is not merely literary cranks who lug a volume of Montaigne's essays off with them when they seek refreshment from life's tasks. Sometimes the least suspected folks startle us, as did a recent mayor of New York, when he confided to an interviewer that he never went on a vacation without a volume of Epictetus.

Even the outcast from the kingdom of the careless, science, is converted into a midsummer night's dream adventure for the man who has a taste for Henri Fabre's "Mason Wasps" and "The Life of the Fly." I know of a farm hand who read the whole of Prescott's "Pem" and Carlyle's "French Revolution" one summer piecemeal, sandwiching in a few pages a day between his last gulps of lunch and the one o'clock whistle in a neighboring town.

What we enjoy in all good things of life depends upon our ability to appreciate more, to understand more: to grow. That is why the book of our boyhood does not always tempt us in our old age. That is why one does not put off or on the garments of his mental life for the summer solstice. For the seasons of wisdom march to no schedule of calendar dates. Nor does genuine refreshment dwell in a mental vacuum.

MARRIED IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Or, JUNIE'S JOKE. Extracted from Mountain Memoirs. FRANCIS KOLARS.

It was midnight. The dark and gloomy forest was whipped and battered by a teriffic mountain storm. Livid blue streaks of lightning cut the blackness incessantly. Trees were falling. Rivers were swollen. The smaller animals of the forest strove vainly to protect themselves against the drenching downpour. The larger ones tried to keep dry. Some of them ran blindly with fear. Others just ran. The storm was at its height. It was awful.

But unfit as was the wild night for travel, a lonely wagon was making its way down the tortuous side of the mountain. The wagon was drawn by a mule. On the seat slouched the bent form of a man. From time to time he turned in his seat and tried but with scant success to shield a huddled bundle on the floor from the wet and drooping boughs that hung low over the pathway. Then he would slouch forward again, and take on the appearance of being positively slouchy. The man was thinking, actually thinking (for I understand that the present youthful generation has done away with this unnecessary bit of mental extravagance); thinking; thinking thoughts, reader; thoughts of the scene he had just left behind him. He reached behind him with his left hand and drew forth a bottle.

It was empty.

He turned again in his seat, uncovered the bundle, and drew forth a fresh one, drew up the reins and drew off the contents at a single draught.* Muttering a curse through his unkempt beard he flung the bottle from him. It hit the mule, and he started again on his journey. For he was tired from the day's work, and knew that somewhere farther down the trail they would stop, he would be fed and sheltered for the night, and perhaps be fortunate enough to have a quiet chat over a cigar, and a game of checkers. Yes, even checkers; anything to keep his mind from the events of the day.

He would never forget that day. It was all so painfully vivid in his mind. The revenue officers; the old enmity between the law and the blue blood; his defeat, he of high pedigree, the best moonshiner in the fertile rocky corn land of Virginia.

But he had made them earn their victory. By Socks! he had shown them! that he was of fighting stock—a true gentleman. Half Irish, half Scotch, and half drunk, he had them half whipped, when the still under the unusual pressure had broken in half. Another half hour and all would have been well. As it was, with the liquor supply cut off, the officers had become enraged by their interrupted debauch, and not yet too drunk to shoot had surrounded him.

He had shot.

And now as he reviewed the tragedy in his mind, he felt no qualms; no pangs of conscience. They had forced him to shoot. He hadn't wanted to. The stake was too large. His little clearing of rye and corn on the sunny mountain side, where he had labored so peacefully and contentedly with never an interruption in his honest labor save perhaps the occasional shooting of a revenue officer; the little shed wherein he

* This is sometimes called "killing it."

kept his still, and the little shack wherein he kept his daughter, June. Her mother had died of that dread malady of the south known as Blooze. They were all that they had in the world. That is, they were all that each other had of one another.

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Yes, the stake had been too great. He had shot, and lost; with a miserable pair of sixes. The dice were loaded. Kicking out viciously at the nearest officer he had run—run like everything, to the cabin. And then had ensued the fight. They had hid themselves around the cabin, and from their places of vantage had brutally hurled bottles, tin cans and corn cobs. He had fought back valiantly with his muzzle loader, loaded with rock salt and kernels of rye. Two he had killed outright. A third he had shot in the stall, a fourth in the wood shed, and a fifth below the back stoop.

Then, scarcely three hours after sundown, night had descended. He had sneaked out and harnessed the mule to the broken down wagon, said good-bye brokenly to June, and taking with him nothing save a few broken bottles to protect himself with, he had gone for help down in the valley, telling June to take good care of the family pedigree which rested on the cupboard shelf carefully wrapped in bunting.

It was miles to the nearest neighbor and already the savagery of the elements was making its mark upon him (the mule, being from Scotland, didn't mind).

The storm had slacked a little, he thought. If it would only——

What was that?

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A weird light shone through the dense forest far to the right of the path. What could it mean? Could not be that he had already arrived at a settlement. The light meant no good. Robbers probably; or perhaps one of those steam engines that he had heard of. Still again it might mean aid. He reflected——. He would see. He was not afraid.

With true native spirit he took his courage in his hands, drained the last of it, and made his way towards the ever brightening gleam-----.

He awoke. Where was he? Why! in the other room of his own cabin (the bed room). But what had happened? His head felt sick

and dizzy. He felt of it with his hand. It was bandaged neatly with a section of burlap. He tried to tear it off. He couldn't. It stuck fast. He tried to think. He couldn't do that either. His mind was glued up. Then he tried to get up. That went better. He got up.

From the other room there burst upon his aching ears loud vociferations of merriment. Staggering to the adjoining door he gasped in astonishment. Seated around the table was a group of revellers; his daughter, the sole remaining revenue man, and five strangers.

At that moment June's eyes turned from those of the officers who had been pouring her wine. Her eyes were caught by those of her father. With a cry of girlish delight she came (a little unsteadily but with dignity) to him. She kissed the bandage, and then before he could speak, she was saying:

"Now don't say a word father until I tell you all about it. Here John, pour father a No, not that stuff. He wants the drink. real. Now father just you sit still and I'll tell you all. Father this is John (here she indicated the revenue man). John and I were just married. And this, father (she stretched her arm across the room to the biggest and roughest of the strangers), is his brother. The other men are his—well, his hired men. You see Tom was once in the ministry, but got tired of it, and now he and his men work at-er-well, they just kind of go from place to place. John and I became engaged last year at the fair but lost each other right after in the crowd, so Tom just married us. Tom and his men thought that you were a spy when they hit you as you went through the woods. Then they brought you here, and John recognized Tom as the light from the open door fell on him. So you see, father, everything (hic) is lovely." And it was.

HAPPINESS.

C. S. CROSS.

Bluebird, When you flew by You seemed like a bit Of fallen sky.

A TRIP THROUGH THE LAND OF TOPSY TURVY.

T. J. R.

Two men went into a temple. One knelt down to pray because he believed in God and the other sat down because the rain had caught him in a residence district without. a parasol. The former had affairs that asked attention, but the latter was dismally bored. If Raphael or El Greco had tinted the walls with a few divine dreams, there would have been art to admire, but this temple was only a decidedly plebian Chicago church which took up nickle collections diligently every Sunday. Outside the weather grew thunderous and stormy, and the worshipper started sometimes at the snarling lightning. The other irately consulted his watch, yawned, and complimented himself upon not being a pious idiot like the other. For instance, on the mere item of knees he haved energy amounting to-Whang! a terrific jolt, like Goliath throwing a cup of bad coffee at the head of a Philistine waiter, seemed to take the universe by the hair and shake it. The church was no longer a four-walled chamber, but in a wink had been converted into a labyrinth that coiled and coiled itself up for miles of tortuous convolutions. Our friend of the pew found himself in a Miltonic dusk with nothing substantial on the premises but the feel of dour walls that forbade passing. Down the corridor ambled a queer, sad light as if the dawn had struck an iceberg and lay perishing of hunger. With its aid he tottered on fearful, till his eyes met the demands of shadow. After an hour or so he rejoiced to behold a grey sallow figure reclining meditatively against a pillar of chalk. A seven-league key rested in its. left hand. "Friend," he gasped eagerly, "Isee you have a key." "Yes," bellowed the other, "a key mightier than the world has: yet seen, which shall unlock all gates and show mankind the path it must walk till theend." "That were indeed a key! What's its name?" "Science." "Well, can it let me out of this infernal darkness?" "No, I fear." "What is it the key to then?" "This is the magic key to Nothing. It will lead man to the only place he is destined for, Nowhere." "Fool, what is thy name?" "My name is:

legion. I am the professor." The man ran away, with a sensation of mingled thirst and An angular, satiric gentleman of relief. contemplative mien sat on a stone chewing a carrot. By his side lay a delicate apparatus composed of multitudinous ingenuously combined springs and rods. "Can you show me the way, my friend?" inquired the distraught wayfarer. "The way, my dear sir, sit down." He seemed to be wrapped in thought. "Way is a very involved term. To find my way, you must be trained. Your mind must learn the meaning of every detail of this involved mechanism; and then the glory of the true road will beam upon it." "How long will it take to master it?" "If you're as wise as I, ten million years might do." "Ten million years! man I have a wife at home." The other tapped a gleaming, sword-like instrument significantly. "This implement will teach you how to avoid being ass enough to have a wife." "Hm! Where will this ah—invention take me if I understand it?" "Tis a great problem, that. I really couldn't say. But there will be plenty of pasturage for everybody, a supply of genuine art, and no meat or God." "And what is your name, my friend?" I am Mr. Sociology.

The wanderer looked again at his instructor, for he had heard much of him-but ten million years and no meat! He hurried on and came to a garden in which purple buds bleached in the grim twilight and a fountain of saffron water moaned. A half-clad woman sat in the spray and at her feet a lighthaired youth smoked a cigarette. Ashes were strewn on the mottled flags. The pilgrim paused embarrassed: the scene looked private and perhaps he was intruding. "How goes the gloaming, friend?" queried the languid youth. "Ill enough. Could you show me the nearest road out of here?" "Ha, why not tarry? I've asked it myself of science and his brother, but I've come a little farther and sat down." "Ah, but there isn't room, The woman smiled and the man you know." said, "Oh, there's plenty of camping ground. Wait around the fountain a bit and you will see." And lo, as one walked, the fountain disclosed its magic art-a step and one had the sensation of absolute seclusion. Restful it was, but somewhere lay the presence of

the complete and desolate retirement of Everywhere beauty laved her hair Ceath. in the dense mist, and there were plenty of cigarettes and amphorae of wine. For a moment the traveller was tempted to remain, but the atmosphere was sultry and the labyrinth pricked at him for solution. He walked on for miles perhaps, along a gentle incline and the sweat stood on his brow. Suddenly the air grew fresher, and as he turned an abrupt corner, a cheery light beamed through a window-pane like the starry eye of hope. He panted towards it, thrust open a little latch-locked door and stood within. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and a man with a tumbler of creamy beer before him sat reading a book on which was stamped in fierce red letters, "The Death of the Dragon." On the wall a sword was slung over a marriage-certificate, and a furred coat rested on a nail. As the reader turned round, our pilgrim leaped forward with a start.

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"Is it you," he cried joyfully to the pious visitant of the Church, "and are you lost too?"

"I hope not," replied the other gravely, "for the way lies clear and free."

He pointed to a window through which the level light streamed. The dusty one rushed to it. Before him stretched a far, clean path over field and wood and river and hill. On the horizon gleamed the sea. A ship rode at anchor. No doubt of it, this was the endless world.

"Can you get out that door?" he asked. "Certainly, if you have the key."

He pointed to the table, where fashioned like some mediaeval-device for hammering back a bar, there lay a prayerbook.

"Is this the key?" he queried incredulously.

"That unlocks the stars and the sea and God."

The other sank deep into thought.

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"And they—those yonder—have they never seen it?" The householder smiled and opened the door through which the wanderer had entered.

"My friend, look back," he said. And lo the labyrinth was paved with keys!

"LAUGHING TOMATOES."

FRANK SUMMERVILLE.

It was that strange epithet applied to the tomato by a poet that prompted me to write a few words on modern *vers libre*. It seems to me that the modern movements in poetry are seriously misunderstood not only by people in general but by a great many critics who have a weight of authority behind anything they may say about Parnassus.

So many have stressed and re-stressed the faults of *vers libre* that that side of the proposition is fairly well understood. It is my purpose to be impartial, and so I could not overlook the fact that some free verse is little better than what more austere critics charge all free verse of being,—meaningless prose cut up into irregular lengths with the beginning of each new line capitalized. But should really good *vers libre* be condemned because the most of free verse is really bad? No more so than rhymed poetry can be condemned because the majority of rhymed verse is doggerel.

In this paper I shall not argue, but merely quote good vers libre and convert you that way. Condonable ignorance is the root of the critics' condemnation of this new poetry. They have preconceived ideas, and either will not read, or, reading, shut their eyes to the charm of the verse. Philosophical considerations should not enter the question. Because something appeals to a sense rather than to a soul faculty, is slender reason for diatribing it. Yet I have heard criticisms leveled at vers libre under just this head, and by those, too, who would never think of abusing music or painting. Let us bring philosophy into our consideration only this far,--it defines art as beautiful expression given to the beautiful. If free verse fulfills this condition it has a title to being classed as art along with rhymed poetry.

Elizabeth Coatsworth would be a very able witness for us in her "Stream,"

Like a troubadour riding to battle, Flinging his sword in the air, And catching it

As he sings,

The stream comes in white armor down the hillside.

With that little poem I could shame any lines ever written of a stream in any language. Comment is unnecessary, a bit of verse like that can well stand on its own merits.

"Bareback" is William H. Simpson's contribution,

> The winds ride bareback, Swinging lassos. Their reins hang loose, Their knees cling tight. The trees bend down. . . Behind, rides the rain.

It has often been said that poets nowadays write free verse because their powers are not equal to the verse of the old masters. They write it because they simply cannot write anything else. However, the contrary is the truth. The best *vers libre* writers are generally the best writers of the classic poetry. I have several of Miss Coatsworth's to quote, but, being of a dozen or so lines, I will omit them and give one of Mr. Simpson's instead.

> Inarticulate O dumbness of tree And of sod— You can say so little to me, So much to God!

Limited space, of course, makes the quotation of lengthier pieces impossible but I think there are so many delightful short ones that it will be unnecessary. Florence Ripley Mastin has caught in five short lines a mood that every young girl in America has felt at some time or other.

FROM THE TELEPHONE.

Out of the dark cup Your voice broke like a flower. It trembled, swaying on its taut stem; The caress in its touch Made my eyes close.

I do not doubt that the three tiny gems set before you have increased your desire to see more of their kind. When one first reads free verse he feels

"Like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken."

That is all I have to say, it is all I need to say. If free verse is beautiful, free verse is art. From my own little experience I may say that I would not make a serious effort to write *vers libre* because it is much more difficult to do well than is rhymed verse, and it requires much more of a poet than I think I was born to be.



PATHOS.

Freshman: I am worried. The doctor just told me that my heart was in the right place but— Junior: But what?

Fresh: But that I had a floating rib.

We know a young fellow named Still; His methods sometimes make us ill. At the car stop he will holler, "Got a jit; can't break a dollar." We think that young Still is a PILL.

"Why did you send him home so soon? Did he try to kiss you?"

"That's just it. He didn't."

He: Now that we're home from the dance I think you owe me an osculatory salutation.

She: I don't know what you mean, and besides my father might see us.

Lifter Snifter says: "Be cheerful—look around at some of the girls you wanted to marry a couple of years ago."

"How did her father strike you?" "With a ball bat!"

PROVERBS—REVISED.

1. The longest greyhound takes the shortest way home.

2. Youth quaffs at all bubbles.

3. There's no fool like an old fool: This means nothing. All the old fools used to say it when they were young fools.

Mabel: Why, I didn't think that he was so slow. What did you do?

Mary: Well we went home. It was cold so we hugged the fireplace.

Mabel: Is that all.

Mary: Yes, just the fireplace.

SYMPATHY.

Fresh: I'm sick. I think I'm going to die. Soph: Better hurry up before the ground freezes over.

"I walked to Niles yesterday." "Some feat."

STYLE FORECAST.

Galooshes will be worn; so new pairs must be purchased.

Headwear: Parents' nerves will be worn (ragged) with bills.

Dance hall floors will be worn more than ever this year.

Either last year's or this year's tie (the affectionate kind) may be broken in twain but at a risk.

Each year More and more students Are trying less and less For the squad, But more and more For the Squab.

All wrathy is Danny McGowan; Lost a ring to a sweetie down town. His friends, to cheer his cup Said, "Did you call her up?" He answered, "No, I called her down." ***

THE GAILY EXPIRING REPORTER.

(Every day the reporter asks himself five questions five times.)

Today's Question: Do you think that the jokes in Holy Smoke are original or not?

Les Driftt (Freshman): Since my roommate moved I have been unable to get hold of a SCHO-LASTIC, but I do remember reading the first number and it was full of puns. Now I believe that people that use puns should be punished. I don't know what "Original" means.

Skept Tickle (Junior), says: "I'll bite, are they?" George Howcudya (Day Pup) says: Undoubtedly, unless his contributors are enemies.

I. M. Hottstuf: I never saw a joke in the SCHOLASTIC except last year when they ran the pictures in the Editors' number. It was great. I will never forget them.

Mein Bouye (Senior) says: I am loth to expatiate my views, however cognizant it becomes to individuals of my acumen that Holy Smoke could be reprimanded for plagiarism. A psychological prospective would be the more expedient and even then undue stress exerted upon data of minor importance would lead to an inevitable although erroneous conclusion. However, zinziberaceous facetiousness—(but we shut him up). KOLARS.



The appearance of candidates for the position of varsity cheer-leader emphasizes for the time being the importance and the

A BIG SIREN, WHAT SAY?

cheer-leader emphasizes the importance and the exertions of the cheerleader's place. Under the system of college athletics, there must al-

ways be room for the man who can properly lead a few thousand students from the bondage of silence into the promised land of bedlam and noise. Such a man should occupy the pedestal of a monarch; his crown should be of laurel. Today the noise of a partisan student body is an essential part of a successful athletic contest. In the midst of the noise, the spectators enjoy the gyrations of a cheer-leader as much as they enjoy the accomplishment of an athletic star. They look to the cheer-leader for the role of graceful clown. His part is not easy, to say the least. At his best he must be a combination of Nick Altrock and a Russian ballet dancer; he must be able to play both Krazy Kat and Ignatz without changing make-up; he must have the ideas of a jester, but the sanity of a general. No doubt there is fun, even satisfaction in his work, but there is also labor. He labors hard even when he labors least. In behalf of this year's leader and the men who are trying to succeed him, we declare that whatever honors are achieved are well MOLZ. earned.

Can you think of anything more conducive to the arousal of the "old spirit" than *Stars* and *Stripes* or any good circus march by a hundred piece band?

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EOOST THE BAND. Notre Dame has a band whose ability to fill the

ether with stirring melodies is unquestioned. This is due to Professor Parreant's excellent directorship of his small coterie of musicians. Please note the word *small*.

The large bands of other universities cannot be ascribed solely to exemption from military drill. There is a distinct interest manifested and it is considered an honor to be a member of one of these musical organizations. Some bands have even held successful reunions.

Several years ago, the University of Wisconsin band attended the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Purdue has also gained national fame for her university band.

What we want is interest in band work, not only during the football season, but also throughout the rest of the year. If you have ever played a horn, or if you desire simply to be a member of the band, see Professor Parreant in the band room at Washington Hall any evening at five o'clock. Give the band your support so that we may have volume as well as quality.

Boost the Band.

THIEMANN.

Say "Hello" and meet a friend.

Mister Disappointed, who believes that the University of Indiana is not represented by a good football team, and who declares that

the Homecoming game TO A QUEER BIRD. will be a notable event only in the size of the crowd—a word in your ear.

You probably do not realize, dejected sir, that you are a bona-fide member of that unholy coterie whom an enlightened age has classified "knockers." If you are not aware of this, allow us to point it out.

What discouragement a football coach must feel, with you treading the same earth that he does. When, after giving days and nights to the development of a worthy team, bringing to his work all the skill of experienced years he is confronted with your criticism of the opponents he has selected, what a mighty desire to plant a toe upon you must surge through that rugged pulse. Lord! he should turn loose after you his squad of forty huskies—order them to toss you in the lake —bury you beneath their cleats—annihilate you, completely, irrevocably; be magnificently indifferent to your physical oneness.

Hurrah for Homecoming—hurrah for our opponents whoever they be—hurrah for the coach who picked them—yea team!

ENGELS.

Today the football team starts down the home stretch of its schedule. Out of six games, including the one at Atlanta this afternoon, five will

CAMERA TO THE FRONT.

be played on foreign fields. Few of

us perhaps, can sit in the stands on the bluffs along the Hudson a few weeks hence, or, two weeks later, sit in the boxes at Forbes field, Pittsburg; nor is Lincoln a short distance away. Through the foresight of the senior class, however, some of the pleasures of watching these games can be realized. No one, we hope, is unaware of the fact that the enterprising men of 1923 have arranged for the photographing of motion pictures of the major games. Even while the Gold and Blue are battling against the Yellow Jackets this afternoon, the cameras will be clicking. Pic-

tures of the respective games will be shown at the Blackstone theater as soon as possible after the contests, and tickets for the entire program of four pictures are being sold now by members of the senior class. The price of one dollar includes the regular entertainr. ent of feature pictures. We have never seen empty stands at Cartier field; it is unlikely that there will be empty seats when these pictures are shown. Nevertheless, the SCHOLASTIC urges the purchase of tickets. The seniors have shown ingenuity and initiative in arranging these programs. The students, from the greenest Badinite to the most debonair lawyer who swings a cane, can hardly be expected to do less than buy these tickets. Purchases are not limited to one ticket—buy two, and no questions will be First down and ten asked. MOLZ.

SHOOTING STUDENTS.

Early days of a Dome editor's season are filled with the bothers of picture taking, and his nights with wierd spectres of photographers hiding beneath black photo hoods, spectres of students chasing him about to ask whether their Senior pictures can be taken over again, and spectres of myriads of club presidents inquiring about pictures of their aggregations. The Senior and class pictures done, the editor murmurs a soft prayer of thanks, but yet frets about organization and faculty individuals, and club This years' faculty who had not groups. previously smiled before McDonald's kodak are now smiling there; organization luminaries are asking Van Dyke's and McDonald's for dates, and clubs are congregating at Bagby's, Mangold's and on the Library steps.

New arrangements have been made for taking pictures this year. Payments, for instance, must be in advance, so that this year's Dome will receive payment for all, not half, of the club pictures. Payments are higher, too, five dollars, which covers the cost of photography and part of the cost of engraving. Clubs who delay their picture-taking until after the early part of

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Your name on a card may get you a pard.

November will pay the full cost of both; ten dollars. In either case, the club is asked to send a check to the 1923 Dome, receive a receipt and the right to make a date with Bagby's if the club has a total membership of less than thirty-five, or to make a date with the campus photographer, the National Photo Shops, on the campus if the membership is more than thirty-five.

Clubs that guarantee the sale of a dozen or more pictures will be charged two dollars and a half instead of five dollars. Extra pictures cost fifty cents each at Bagby's, and -two dollars each if less than twelve and one dollar and twenty-five cents if for more than twelve at Mangold's. Clubs that guarantee the sale of a dozen or more pictures may have their pictures taken at Mangold's.

The Dome editor has been busy explaining all this for the past week and he will continue to explain it until all the pictures are taken. And then—there is something else to do. HARRY W. FLANNERY.

FILMING FOOTBALL.

All of us cannot make all of the trips with the football team, but all of us can see the big plays of the big games, thanks to the Senior class. Last Spring Maurice Dacy, president of the class, had a brilliant idea. This Fall the idea will result in the showing of five hundred feet of the Georgia Tech game, five hundred of the West Point game, five hundred of the Nebraska game, and five hundred of the Indiana game with its parade of students, filled stands, feature events between the halves, and other especial parts of the day's program, on the screen at the Blackstone theater on a day of the week following the week each game is played. The money made from the sale of tickets to these pictures, which will be shown in addition to the regular program, will be a part of the Senior ball fund, and should greatly reduce the cost of the ball.

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Francis Disney has been put in charge of the sale of tickets. He, Dacy, Hullie's, and the news stand, have tickets to sell at thirtynine cents each, or one dollar for four games. The committee which arranged for the taking of the pictures was headed by Dacy, and included Frank Wallace, John Flynn and Ed Lennon. They will bring the Notre Dame games played on foreign fields to South Bend, where we may all see the plays that will bring thousands to their feet to cheer.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

ON YOUR TOES!

What Homecoming Will be Like.

Attention! The big event of the year is drawing near. The Student Activities Committee has been active and the Boosters have been boosting to bring to completion plans for the greatest Homecoming celebration that Notre Dame alumni and students have ever enjoyed. The S. A. C. believes that this is the proper time to say a final word concerning the reception and courteous treatment of the expectant visitors who will be numbered by the thousands. Homecoming is a time set apart to make the old grad feel that he is once again a student at the University. It is up to us to help him relive his previous experiences and to recall the events of his college days. If we are to accomplish this effectively we must place our own pleasure secondary. We must go the limit and if necessary deny ourselves certain comforts in order that the deep significance of the word "Homecoming" may impress itself upon our guests.

The Homecoming celebration will be auspiciously opened on Friday evening, November 3rd, with a monstrous "pep" meeting and reception of the Indiana team at the Oliver hotel. Campus students will meet at the Notre Dame postoffice where a red torch parade will be formed in charge of Cheerleader Gleason who has enlisted the aid of several assistants for the occasion. The Off-Campus students will meet the assembly on Michigan street, and will follow a most unique snake dance. This will culminate at the Oliver hotel, where the "pep" will find an outlet in cheers for members of the

Don't make tag-day a stag-day.

visiting team and for the Alumni who will address the student body. To make this a success every student must participate.

At nine o'clock in Washington Hall will follow the medley of entertainment which Steve Willson and his energetic co-workers have devised. The University and Big Five orchestras; words of welcome by Father Walsh and Coach Rockne; several Alumni acts; songs by Mr. William Rogerson of the Chicago Grand Opera Company; Gallagher and Sheehan (Gould and O'Connell); the Glee Club Quartette; Dumke and Doyle, and boxing bouts, are only a few of the features which will interest the graduates who are invited to bring the children. There will be something of interest to the whole family.

On Saturday morning at 8:30 o'clock, a Solemn Requieum High Mass will be celebrated for the deceased members of the Monogram Club.

After a short lull in which the guests will have time to renew old friendships, a Barbecue, the big event of the morning, will take place. A fat and innocent calf has been coaxed and groomed to play the leading role in this little drama of college life. At precisely ten o'clock this luscious, savory, and delicious morsel will be consumed by the multitude. Students being the hosts are requested to leave "seconds" for the visitors. Members of the Rocky Mountain Club with lariat and chaps will supply the proper atmosphere and tend to the wants of the guests.

The football game will follow at 2:30. Between halves there will be entertainment of various sorts, a short memorial service, and presentation of the notables in attendance. At 6 p. m. a sumptuous Monogram dinner will be served in the Junior refectory. Four S. A. C. dances have been arranged for the evening—two at the Oliver hotel, one at the Tribune building and one at the Elks.

Information booths will be placed in each of the hotels and at the campus entrance. Each of these will be provided with addresses of faculty and students, a register of Alumni and other necessities for the convenience of the visitors. The South Bend Alumni will coöperate with John Montague and his active Boosters in receiving the incomers at the stations and every effort will be exerted to make the visitors feel at home.

The campus will be decorated under the supervision of Jack Norton and his competent committee, with the aid of Father Heiser. A prize has been offered for the best decorated hall. Joe Nyikos and his vigorous helpers will paint the city with blue and gold. The Art and Signs committee, under Nels. Callahan, will furnish the banners and placards for the occasion.

Congestion of traffic will be prevented by Edward Kreimer and his corps of traffic experts.

Father Irving and Father Hugh O'Donnell have helped greatly in formulating the Homecoming plans.

In this brief summary many important things have not been emphasized and thrills aplenty remain unmentioned. It has been the ambition of all to make this occasion one of genuine pleasure to Alumni and guests and it now rests with the student body to carry out these plans successfully. Each student must give his constant and wholehearted coöperation, for in this way alone can Homecoming be made a memorable and happy event. CAVANAUGH-BARNHART.



Brother Florian, now and always of Notre Dame, extends to all his old friends the greetings of the season, and informs them that rain or no rain, cigars or no cigars, he will welcome them on November 4th.

Take the S. A. C.'s S. V. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAS OUR COLLEGE ROOM FOR YOU?

Editor the Scholastic. Dear Sir:—

The decision, more or less vaguely expressed, of the great endowed universities and colleges of the East to restrict the number of students admitted during any year is a matter of interest to every college man and alumnus. It involves, over and above questions relating to justice, liberality and snobbishness, the great query: Precisely what is college education supposed to do? There is no doubt that the endowed schools of the country must limit enrollment. Resources adequate for the housing and development of two thousand students are altogether primitive if three thousand men attempt to use them. Analogy will bring this home clearly to every mind. If a restaurant has food for a hundred people, it can have nothing more than sandwiches for two hundred. And, as a matter of fact, educational restriction went its way very quietly for a time. Some schools subjected entrance papers to a very rigid selective scrutiny; others automatically "flunked" a certain percentage of the Freshman Class; and still others-including an involuntary Notre Dame-. showed the prospective football rooter an attic in the slums leaving him to draw his own conclusion that there was no room in the inn. All in all, things went along nicely until Harvard candidly avowed that social qualifications were a test of the student's desirability and thereby proved what most progressive people have been denying-that there is a Jewish problem.

This is an unfortunate fact, which Notre Dame has thus far been able to discountenance and which we believe she will continue to discountenance. It is clear that only the creation of Catholic schools has prevented their being just now a Catholic problem. In this connection an article by Mr. Boas in the current Atlantic is illuminating. But really, there is much to be said for Harvard. The most genuine thing about education is, after all, atmosphere. Six leading Notre Dame graduates of last year's class, when asked to write about what they had got out of education, answered by putting a premium on friendship and association. The average alumnus, with a son ready for college, buys a bill of lading for his old Alma Mater not because of the duties she once made him write or the Greek words she constrained him to memorize, but because the memory of the 'old boys' and the 'old profs' inspires him to those two most human things -laughter and tears. Harvard alumni cannot rediscover the ancient charm in a Semitic atmosphere. Wherefore, exit Semitic atmosphere.... charge it up as another problem born of changing, seething America, charge it to prejudice, but voila, the appearance of a serious policy which may lead many contented citizens to believe that education is an earnest business after all.

We do not believe that Harvard has been wise. It is impossible to see how she can practise wisdom. in this instance and still be Harvard, the Harvard of traditions, but it may be that sooner or later, with so much else in a shifting democracy, she must agree to be something different. Either a gentleman's club or a mob scene. . . . either the devil or the deep blue sea. We do not believe that the same problem will confront Notre Dame. After all, somehow, under the hand of Our Lady, we have managed to be both mob scene and gentlemen's club. Our exclusiveness is the result of circumstances. We have had to pull down even the sign, "Standing room only." And now, let's go before the public more determined than ever to make the endowment campaign a success, to build for the coming throng of lads the shining towers of a greater Notre Dame.

Sincerely yours, SPECTATOR.

"HATS."

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

The lack of editorial material as evidenced by Mr. Molz's article in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC on the wearing of suitable headdress is indeed appalling at a school the size of Notre Dame.

It is not, however, the purpose of the present writer to criticize so august a publication as the SCHOLASTIC but rather to dispute the view-point of one of its editors.

Possibly his insistence on chic chapeaux will have suggested to many of his readers a solution of the problem of leaving a cap unattached in the cafeteria for fifteen minutes or so and the consequent attempt at deducing the whereabouts of the headdress. Again, he may be employed by the Associated Hatters of America to extend their trade through efficient propaganda. Or some hair-grower manufacturer may have become interested in him and have demonstrated to him a way to keep himself in funds while in college by causing the undergrads to find it positively necessary to use this philanthropic producer's wares.

But on reading Mr. Molz's article again, I cannot but persuade myself that he was prompted by lack of material to advocate something already conventional through long periods of use. R. M. W.

WOODS IN AUTUMN.

F. B. S.

A gipsy artist is abroad the land With paint of chill weather.

Lo! How the woods blush beneath her hand,— Each bough is a red-bird's feather!

Register for good fellowship.

UNDER THE DOME.

The St. Mary's College Club of Chicago wishes to announce an informal dance to be given November twenty-ninth, Thanksgiving eve, in the Elizabethan room of the Congress hotel. Tickets may be obtained at the door.

The Texas club held its re-organization meeting recently for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. R. C. Scoggins was elected president; Ed Naughton, vicepresident, and Joseph Shelley, treasurer. "A smoker," says Mr. Shelley mysteriously, "will be one of the first events to be pulled off."

Maurice Dacy, Senior class president, issued a call at a meeting, held Monday noon in the library, for loyal boosters in the Senior activities of the present year. Reports of class committees were heard, and plans laid for the football dance of next Saturday night.

Harry Flannery, editor-in-chief of the 1923 Dome, is the author of an essay appearing in the current issue of the *Grail*, also of a special article in the *Catholic Historical Review*. The latter article is one of a series began by Father Walsh, president of Notre Dame, on the history of this University, and discontinued because of his active participation in the endowment drive. Mr. Flannery's article was substituted for one of Father Walsh's, and has received meritorious comment from many critics.

Journalism students have received another incentive to intellectual attainments. The South Bend *Tribune* has established an annual prize of fifty dollars, in the University's journalism department, to be awarded to the student having the best record for general excellence, in his four years. The award is equivalent to a thousand dollar contribution, and manifests very patently the South Bend institution's particular interest in Notre Dame's department of journalism. The University has gratefully accepted the prize, and will award it annually, beginning with the present graduating class.

The Forum, having been forced to postpone its meetings for some time past, held a rejuvenation session Friday evening. A very interesting program had been arranged by the recently appointed committee, which consisted of Charles Sollo, Joseph Burk and Mark Kreutzer. Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., addressed the forensic society, his subject being "Cardinal Newman." Joseph Burk spoke on "This Freedom" and John Mahon expounded upon the economic influence of Henry Ford's wealth in the United States. A miscellaneous program of an impromptu nature is the committee's offering for the next meeting to be held Friday evening, 8 o'clock, in room 217 of the Main Building.

Last Saturday night's performance in Washington Hall was unquestionably the best given there so far this year. But empty chairs make a rather disconcerting audience and an unappreciative one, too. Though there were more present at this last concert than at the one before it, the relatively small attendance confirms the opinion that the schedule of entertainments could be arranged much more judiciously. One need not have even the most cursory acquaintance with psycho-analysis to know that, when a football game comes in the afternoon, a concert company, no matter how good, is sure to draw only the most anemic of crowds that night. A night's entertainment, costing several hundred dollars. should entertain enough of the students to make it worth paying that amount. The simplest solution, it seems, is to arrange to have the concert, or whatever it happens to be, earlier in the week. But to return to the concert proper. Father and Mother Georgio and their three daughters had rare musical wares to offer. The daughter violinist was the best who has appeared here for several years,—to be ex-

Don't try to be Mr. Anonymous.

act, since Jacobinoff gave a recital. Only one slight thing marred the performance. Mannerisms and eccentricities are to be avoided on the stage. Mr. Georgio, when announcing each successive number, could not be said to be entirely devoid of them.

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A "Harvest" party, with all the accompanying pumpkins, apples, and cider, and Halloween atmosphere will be given by the Badinites next Monday evening. Short talks by Coach Rockne and Father Irving and a number of novelty acts will feature the program.

A meeting of the Fort Wayne Club was held in the Law building Sunday morning at which it was decided to hold the club's annual dance during the Christmas holidays instead of Easter week as has been the custom.

Mr. Miller of the South Bend *Tribune* addressed the members of the Journalism department Thursday noon. He gave a vivid description of the mechanics of the modern newspaper, and emphasized the necessity of this knowledge for the young reporter.

Father Lrving, the vice-president of the University, gave a very inspirational talk on "The Loss and Gain in College Life" before the Knights of Columbus at their regular meeting on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hunt, of Iowa, a Grand Knight, also made a few remarks.

After a short business meeting at which blanks for the first initiation were distributed, Harry McGuire, the Lecturer for the coming year, took the chair. He immediately proved to all the assembled Caseys his ability to do credit to the duties of his office. Doyle, the famous Badin Hall toe-dancer, and Mike Dufficy with his Notre Dame pickups climaxed the entertainment.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Brother Alphonsus' rectorship was fitly commemorated by a smoker held Wednesday evening

in the Brownson "Rec" room, at which every hall on the Campus was represented.

The Brownsonites presented Brother Alphonsus with a sterling silver watch, a token of recognition and appreciation for his faithful services during the past twenty-five years. Leo Sutliff made the presentation address. In his response Brother Alphonsus thanked the students for their evidence of good will, and commended the spirit of fellowship which he had known from his earliest contact with the Notre Dame men.

Father Joseph Burke spoke briefly on the value of such gatherings in promoting a friendly spirit among the Campus students of his special interest in Brownson Hall, and the advantages one receives from personal contact with such men as Brother Alphonsus.

The "leather pushers" of the Campus entertained with several lively bouts, and Ed. Mann did a bit of Irish jigging to the music furnished by Jimmie Egan's Gold and Blue Syncopators.

Last Saturday afternoon the University parlor was the scene of a brilliant social affair; for thirty Seniors from St. Mary's College were entertained by the members of the Boosters' Club. At two o'clock the guests were introduced by Brother Florian to the budding social lions of the university. The party then witnessed the Notre Dame-De-Pauw football game and, it is said, the various members of the Boosters' Club were busily engaged in enlightening their partners upon the intricacies of the game as displayed by Coach Rockne's "Fighting Irish." Each team has four quarterbacks and two halfbacks, haven't they?" "How far apart are those white lines?" "Now, don't forget to tell me when they are going to throw a forward pass." "How many points does that count?" And the Boosters' enthusiasm was undaunted as they answered these much warranted questions.

After the game a dance was held in the University parlors, music being furnished by Mike Dufficy and his Notre Dame Pickups.

In due time the fair guests were escorted

to the notorious St. Mary's gate and our Galahads watched their Elaines and Eleanors stroll up that romantic concrete road ceilinged with verdant Gothic arches, while note was carefully taken that all of them were safely within the gates. It is reported that John Cavanaugh, being of an adventurous turn of mind, eluded all detection and reached the St. Mary's Administration Building.

The affair was declared a huge success and it was intimated that if the football schedule could be changed and more games played at Cartier Field this year, similar affairs would be held. Boy, page Mr. Rockne!

THIEMANN-MULLEN.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Daniel J. Carr is now busily engaged as head of the science department at Seton Hill College at Greensburg, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from Notre Dame in 1921 with a B. S. in Pharmacy degree.

Eddie Anderson, captain of last year's football team, and Bill Hayes, former track star, were guests at the Monogram Club dance last Saturday.

"John Dore and Roderick Sullivan," says Father O'Hara, "are memorable men." Memerable or not, they are the last of the Chinese voyagers to report for duty in the College of Commerce.

The Writers' Club, according to its president, Harry Flannery, will meet soon for the purpose of outlining its plans for the coming year. The Writers' Club is an informal but very active organization composed of Journalists and those from other colleges who are interested in the art of writing. Its sessions in years past have been both entertaining and instructive, and the interest shown by the new blood promises well for the future.

John J. Buckley, M. A., '21, J. D., '22, has

opened law offices in Youngstown, Ohio. Day Dodgers will remember him as their president three years ago and campus students will recall him as one of the "spirits" in Washington Hall. John has promised to return for Homecoming if for nothing else than to recite once again the harrowing details of the nocturnal visits by the musical ghost.

Reverend Francis Kehoe, C. S. C., has returned to this country, broken in health, after three years' missionary work in India. He landed at Seattle and is now at Deming, New Mexico, where he will remain until he recuperates. Father Kehoe was graduated from Notre Dame in 1914 and spent the next four years in Washington. He was ordained June 17, 1919 and left the next fall for India, accompanied by Father Brooks. After spending a year learning the language, he was given a mission on which he worked zealously, gaining many converts. He was the best type of missionary; his happy disposition and brilliant mind being ideal for this work. The prayers of the students are requested for his recovery.

The future enrollment of Notre Dame and Saint Mary's has been aided substantially in at least two instances. On September 21 a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll, of Portage, Wisconsin. John was declared a Ph. B. here in '14, and his wife is a Saint Mary's graduate. On October 3rd, Edward Joseph Beckman, Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio, addressed his parents for the first time. Mr. Beckman, Sr., is a real Notre Dame man.

Phil Sweet, '17, is now in the automobile business at Momence, Illinois.

Tom Whalen, well known as an athlete in '12 and '13, was here last week to look over the old familiar faces. Tom played end for Georgetown for three years, had a try-out with the Cubs, played with the American Association last season and is now assistant football coach at Indiana. BRENNAN.

Know yourself but advertise it.

The Notre Dame Scholastic



DEPOSING DEPAUW.

Displaying the Utopian kind of football that every kid of fourteen pictures himself as some day playing, Jimmie Crowley led



STUHLDREYER.

last Saturday's onslaught against DePauw, which ended in a 34 to 7 victory for our warriors.

Though only in the game for a short time, Crowley rambled through the opposition for two touchdowns, once on a brilliant 35 yard dash, and again, in the last quarter, on a 65 yard run. His gains were also largely responsible for another touchdown. It can scarcely be said that Crowley dashes, or that he runs—he just dodges like a rabbit through a field of scrambling men, out-maneuvering one player, snapping a leg from the threatening arms of another, and leaping from the grasp of a third. And before the season is over his gains will be needed badly.

But Crowley was not the only Notre Dame star. Stuhldreher shot a pretty pass to Mayl for the first touchdown, and went through on a short line plunge for the fourth marker of the game, besides playing in a manner that was clever and brainy all around. At the opening of the second half Cerney received the ball on his own five yard line, and electrified the crowd by racing 95 yards down the center of the field, behind perfect interference, for the third touchdown. Layden, Desch, Bergman and Connel were consistently pulling off thrilling runs.

The line worked hard and well, but its potential strength was not indicated, on account of numerous substitutions. Capt. Carberry, Mayl, McNulty and Vergera looked good at end, while Cotton and Oberst snagged many DePauw plays in the vicinity of tackle; Brown played a good game at guard.

Castner, Don Miller and Degree remained on the sidelines, and a very small part of the first team was ever in for any length of time. Our numerous reserves were a great advantage for fresh men were constantly going in, while DePauw could seldom afford to take out a man unless he was injured or exhausted.

DePauw's squad was badly battered, but fought back hard and pluckily. Fitzpatrick was their individual star, and it was he who raced 65 yards around end in the second quarter, and made the first score against Notre Dame this year. After getting by our

A Notre Dame man is one of Notre Dame's men.

safety man, Stuhldreher, Fitzpatrick outran several N. D. men who were hot on his heels.

The Tigers, who were a widely-heralded "mystery" team before they came here last year, used an odd line shift on the offense throughout Saturday's game. The added impetus that it gave the linemen was offset, however, by the haste and inaccuracy with which it forced the men to work. On the whole the Greencastle bunch appeared to be the best that DePauw has sent out in several years.

Today comes the first real test of Notre Dame's eleven, when we run into Georgia Tech at Atlanta. The foe is one of the country's best teams, notwithstanding its defeat last Saturday at the hands of Navy, 13 to 0, a defeat which was largely due to a poor defense against passes. Since the loss of Lieb our line has been weak, while the Southerners' line is heavy and aggressive. But we bank upon the fight of Rockne's forwards and the brilliance of a wonderful backfield to take all Tech has and possibly return a bit more. And it is not impossible that the Yellowjackets will again have passes buzzing around their ears. Detailed play:

Burton kicked off for DePauw to Cerney who returned to the 30 yard line. Connel punched left tackle for 15 after which DePauw held and punts were exchanged. Layden stabbed tackle for 13 and after DePauw held Layden missed a drop-kick. De-Pauw made two first downs by line plunging and Layden intercepted a pass and ran 60 yards but the ball was returned for off-side play. Thomas made a nice return of a punt and Connel took a ten yard pass from Layden as the quarter ended without a score.

Crowley went in. The first score followed two runs by Jimmy, a pass by him to McNulty and another pass over the goal line to Mayl. Regan recovered Fitzpatrick's fumble and gave Jimmy another chance to show. He ran 35 yards, passed eight tacklers by perfectly timed pivoting and dodging and brought the stands to their feet. Crowley kicked goal again. Then Fitzpatrick had his inning. He passed the Notre Dame left end cut back to midfield and slipped by Stuhldreher, the safety man, for a touchdown and kicked goal. After the next kickoff Desch went in, ran the ball 15 and took a pass. Notre Dame foozled a chance to score when the ball was on the five yard line.

DePauw was never dangerous in the second half.

Cerney took the first kickoff 95 yards for a touchdown and kicked goal. After the next kickoff Layden outpointed Fitz in a punting duel and then Lay-



REAGAN.

den ran 43 yards. Stuhldreher converted the run into a touchdown, after Connel and Crowley had pushed the ball to the three yard line.

In the last quarter, Crowley broke loose early with a 65 yard run off-tackle for a touchdown but missed the goal. The crowd stood up and cheered when he left the game. Scoring stopped then. Bergman, Livergood and Logan added runs of 25 yards —Bergman covering the distance twice, but heavy penalties kept the Irish from the goal line. Lineup:

NOTRE DAME.	DEPAUW.		
Carberry (c), McNulty, Collins	Clark		
Left end.			
Cotton, Stange	Fortune, Miller		
Left tackle.			
Brown, Harrington Left guard.	Fisher (c)		
Walsh	Johnson		
Regan, Voss	Webster		
Center.	:		

Open your mouth, even if you have to shut your eyes.

Kizer _____ Simons Flinn, Weible _____ D. Fisher Right guard. Oberst, Flynn, E. Miller, Milbauer____Pressler

Right tackle. Vergera, Mayl, Hunsinger____Adams, Irwin

Right end. Thomas, _____ Krumheur, Stuhldreher, Logan _____ Fitzpatrick

Quarterback.

Layden, Crowley, Kane, Bergman____Nesbit, Young Left half.

Connel, Desch, Ccughlin_____Daniels Ormerod Right half.

Cerney, Livergood _____ Burton, Crabbe Fullback.

Score by periods:

6

 Notre Dame
 0
 14
 14
 6

 DePauw
 0
 7
 0
 0

Touchdown—Mayl, Crowley, 2; Fitzpatrick, Cerney, Stuhldreher.

Points after touchdown—Crowley, 3; Pitzpatrick, Cerney, 1.

Referee—Lipski of Chicago. Umpire, Reid of Michigan. Head linesman, Millard of Illinois Wesleyan. Field judge, Wyatt of Missouri.

LAMPING THE INTER-HALLERS.

During the past week the campus, and especially that part of it around the Main Building, has been in a furore—the impossible has happened. For the first time in the history of Inter-Hall football, Carroll has defeated Brownson. The portentous game, played last Sunday, was a thrilling scrap from the beginning to the end, when Carroll had the long side of a 24 to 6 score. During the first quarter Brownson's straight football made them look like winners, but Carroll was favored by a fluke play in the second quarter, and made its first score. In the second half a touchdown by Brownson was followed by three Carroll markers, two on fumbles and one through a pass.

The whole Carroll line was good, though Berry and Ziliak starred. Finch, Shiffer and Rigali went like toradoes in the backfield. Coffey was the bright light in the Brownson aggregation. The Day-Dodgers beat Freshman Hall in a close, hard fracas, 2 to 0; the lone score was the result of a blocked punt. Corby defeated Sorin by default. Carroll-Brownson lineup:

CARROLL.		BROWNSON.
Berry, O'Connel	·	Ryan, Flynn
	. Right end.	
Ziliak		McKenna
	Right tackle.	
Hatten	· · ·	Goss
	Right guard.	
Murphy		Silver
•	Center.	
Keenan		Meehan
	Left guard.	~ ,
Gebhard	·	Thomas
	Left tackle.	•
Kisser		_ Moleran, Blum
	Left end.	
Purcell, Finch		Brown, Johnson
Rigali, Purcell .		Coffey, Graham
	Right halfback.	
Shiffer		Kreiger, Cahill
	Left halfback.	
Urban		McKeown
	Fullback.	

HITTING THEM AGAIN.

While the Blue and Gold was swamping DePauw on the gridiron last Saturday, our cross-country team proceeded to do the same thing to the Tiger harriers over a three and one-half mile course. Paul Kennedy led the field by 50 yards at the end, making the distance in 19:43 minutes. He was followed by Connel and Cox of Notre Dame, Maxwell and Austell of DePauw, Wentland and O'Hare, N. D. Nine men finished for the Irish, and five for DePauw.

The team is scheduled for a run with Michigan Aggies at East Lansing today, and on Nov. 4 it will compete in the state meet at Lafayette. H. A. M.

If you can't pronounce Stuhldreyer, say "Harry."



Lasts

THE SHIFT.

Notre Dame occupies a not altogether enviable position in the football world this fall. Since 1913 when the Blue and Gold first appeared on an eastern gridiron and smothered the cadets at West Point, Notre Dame has held an independent place in the national football world.

Last year many regarded the South Bend team as the greatest in the country, and the two preceding elevens of this institution ranked among the best. As a consequence much is expected of Notre Dame. She must live up to a high reputation if she can. It is not yet certain that she can.

Of the great combination which played last autumn Castner, the fine back, alone is left. Of men who got into the 1921 line-up as substitutes Degree, a guard, has a disabled shoulder; Tom Lieb, tackle, has a broken leg; Mahl and Desch, backs, are suffering from a broken hand and a chipped heel bone, respectively. None will be able to play until after the Georgia Tech game, and Lieb is out for the year.

Against Purdue last Saturday the Notre Dame center trio weighed 158, 163 and 167 pounds. The backfield meets the Notre Dame standards, but even the best set of backs must have a strong forward wall if it is to accomplish much. The team is light. The chances are it will find approaching games with DePauw, Georgia Tech, Indiana, the Army, Butler, Carnegie Tech and Nebraska far too big a dose to swallow.

What Notre Dame hopes to do is to finish the season with the feeling that she has earned the respect of every opponent. It is regarded here as too much to ask that the eleven escape more than cne defeat.

However, Notre Dame probably will make more of what it has than could be accomplished anywhere else. For all the universities which the writer has visited, football dominates the atmosphere of this beautiful institution to a greater extent than elsewhere.

Finally Notre Dame elevens are always so precise, so mechanically perfect that the writer was impelled to ask Knute Rockne how many scrimmages he held each week. He said "never more than one." The other days are spent in grouping and special practice.

Everyone here plays at football and some 300 are playing it every day up to the hilt. Notre Dame eleven well-organized, splendidly-coached has elevens with substitutes. There is the 'varsity, the 'varsity scrub, the freshmen and eight dormitory teams. Intramural football thrives here. It is the only institution of which the writer has knowledge where it does flourish

LAWRENCE PERRY.

"So you were attacked while you were night watchman at the Bucket Factory. Did you get hurt?

"No, I just got a little pale in the face."



HELLO EVERYBODY.

Just a short time ago the annual "Hello Day" was celebrated on the Kansas University campus. Everyone said "hello" to everyone else, propagating a general spirit of friendliness among the students, which it is hoped, will last throughout the year. Anyway, it was a huge success. Next week, starting Monday morning, Notre Dame University will observe its first annual "Hello Week" by asking all students to wear the "hello" tag, and to greet every other fellow student wearing a tag. This too, will be a huge success if all coöperate!

The modern dress seems to be distinctly the design of some of the foremost modistes of the day, yet in reality, the long side drapes are but a copy of the flapper of the Indian's blanket which he folds around him, allowing the point, or flapper, as it is called, to hang at his side, declared Mrs. Ada B. Millican, an authority on Indian life and customs, when addressing the students at Oregon University. We do not doubt her statement. But what we would like to learn from her now about our "fair sex" is this: Are the Indians also responsible for the long hair vogue which is gradually replacing bobbed hair; for teaching them the technique of daubing on paint; and for their clever mastery of the bow and arrow when working hand in hand with Cupid?

"A LESSON FROM NOTRE DAME."

"It was actually contagious," editorially comments the Varsity Breeze, St. Louis University, when referring to the sportsman-like zeal manifested by Notre Dame students on Cartier field, "and it is to be regretted that the entire student body was unable to attend the South Bend classic and observe the attitude of the real live sport-loving mass of student rooters who backed the Notre Dame squad. Exceptionally unified in their deafening cheering, quick to applaud a good play of a plucky tacle on the part of their opponents, never yelling derisively when the St. Louis team was penalized nor hissing a doubtful decision of the referee, yet forming a wonderful stimulus to their grimy favorites on the field, they presented a spirit of sportsmanship to the 'pep' representatives from Billikenville that will long be remembered." Such is the impression which our visitors carried away with them on October seventh. And such is the resplendent tribute paid to the whole student body.

The Freshmen at the University of Wisconsin do not wear the old style, green skull cap any more,



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I did not depend only on the college students, but each afternoon I went out and called on from ten to thirty men. As Simpson values are exceptionally good and I could save the men from \$10.00 to \$20.00 on every suit or overcoat I nearly always succeeded in getting from one to five orders a day. The opportunity to do this work was a God-send to me and I can think of no better way to meet expenses than by getting the agency for Simpson clothes. The firm is 100 per cent on the level—a big, reliable, honest institution and I cannot speak too highly of them. This season I will do even better as I have several hundred satisfied customers whom I can resell." GUY C. HARRIS.

If you are looking for a means of making money, you can find no better or more profitable way than by making application for the Simpson agency at your college. All our suits and overcoats are made from virgin wool fab= rics, tailored to order and sold for the fiat price of \$29.50. In fit, style and quality, they are equal or superior to the average garments retailed at \$50.00. We are one of the largest tailoring organizations in the United States and stand back of every garment with an honest guarantee of absolute satisfaction. If you are working your way through school, write us.

Please address your letter Attention of Salesmanager.

J. B. STIMPSON, Inc. DEPT. 324 831-833 W. Adams St., Chicago. but instead wear a sailor hat, like the ones worn by enlisted men in the United States navy. It is green in color and is decorated with six red ribs running to the center of the crown, and a red "W" on the front of the brim. A colored button on top of the crown indicates the college to which the Frosh belong. Engineers wear a purple button, agricultural students a brown button, letter and science students a yellow button.

*** PIGSKIN TOTERS GET SHEEPSKINS.

When the Indiana football warriors arrive here for the big Homecoming game on November fourth, they will all be wearing long, fleece lined "sheepskin" coats which the co-eds at the university purchased for them to wear while on their northern grid invasions. Now we suppose, that in the future, the players will not work for monograms but rather for sheepskins.

There is a restaurant Not far away Where the students get their meals Three times a day. Oh how the students glare When they read the bill of fare Oh how the students swear Three times a day.

-Columbia Spectator.

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SIAMESE RATS.

During a recent experiment on the nature of vitamines and the pertubation produced by their absence from the diet, Dr. L. R. Dragstedt, of the department of physiology, Chicago university, has made use of the method of parabiosis, or Siamese grafts, joining two white rates by a surgical operation in such a way that they have a common abdominal cavity and has discovered certain important things concerning the passage of food substances from one organism to another. He found that although the tissues of the rats grew together, the blood stream of the animals remained separate and that the only very diffusable things, such as sugar and salt, could pass from one to the other. The vitamines, however, were not carried from one rat to the other. If one received a deficient diet while the other received an adequate diet, the one failed to grow and developed symptoms of disease while the other remained normal. The rats recovered almost immediately from the operation, and have been kept alive and in good condition.

Just what is wrong with this sentence asks the Columbia Spectator: "I'll take tomato soup, roast chicken, egg salad, coffee, ice cream, cake and pie," said the student as he extracted a twenty dollar note from his wallet. All together now fellows! What is wrong?





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