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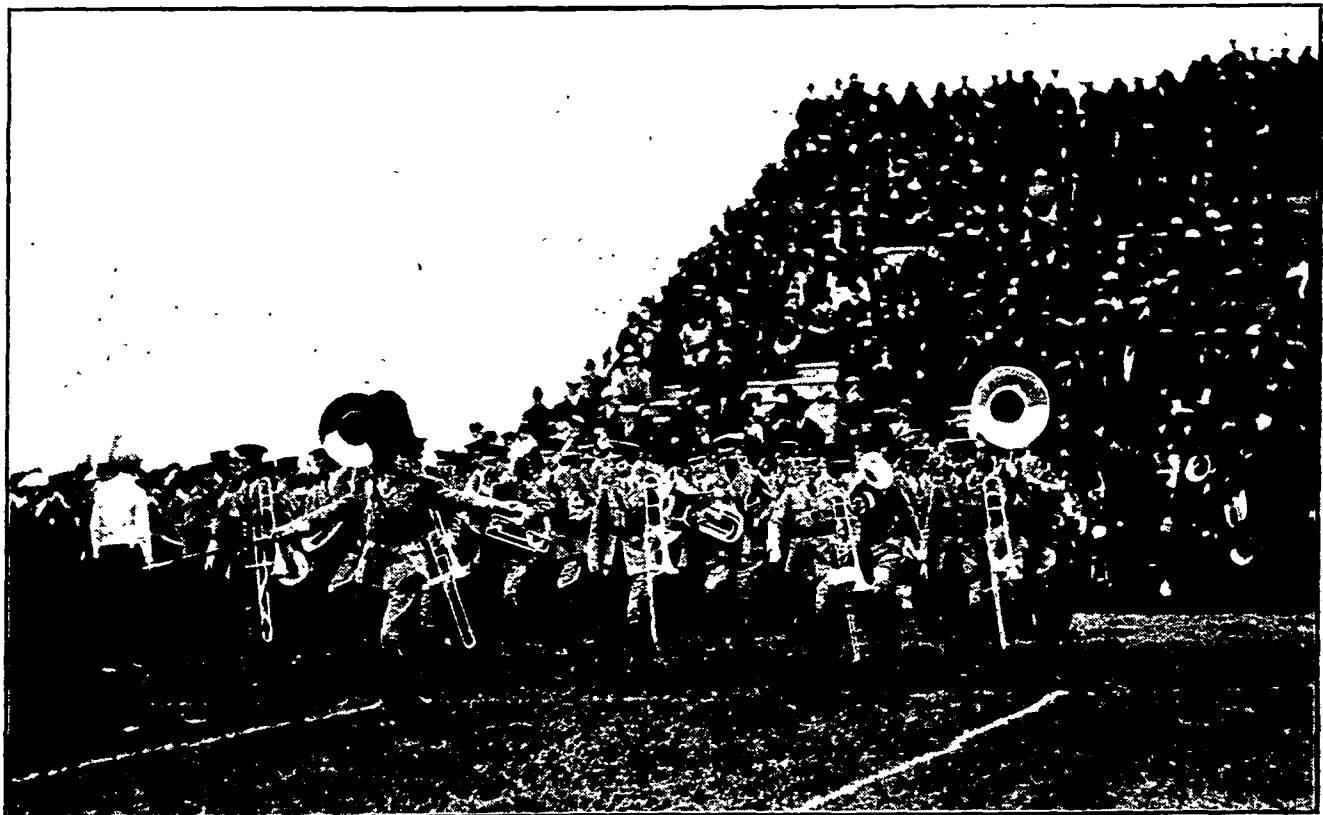
No. 7

THE FATTED CALF—WITH DRESSING.

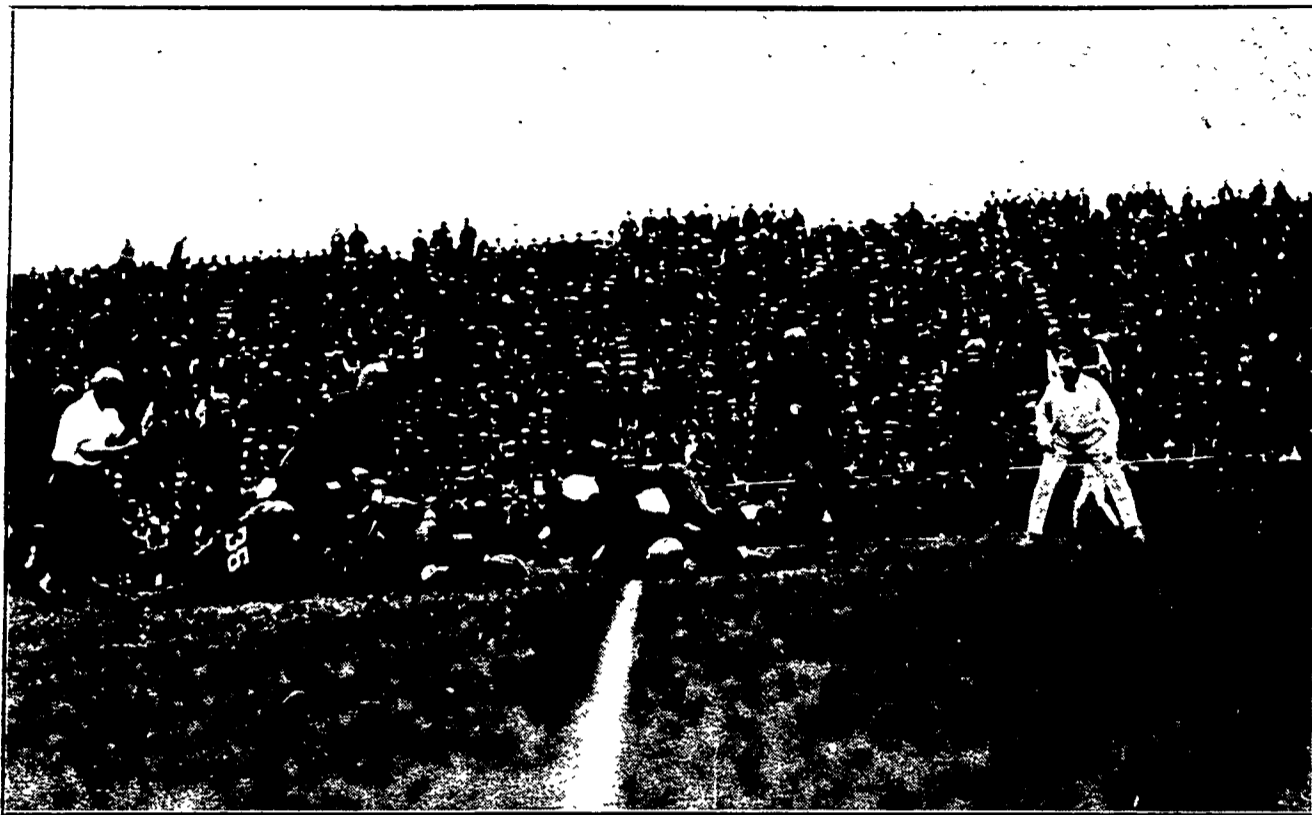
AROUND the time when Knute K. Rockne, Bachelor of Science, looked into the genuineness of his brand-new diploma, a youth—about whom there lurked at the time a faint suspicion of "Excelsior"—registered at this University and arranged with destiny to become Father Hugh O'Donnell, C. C. C. The strange significance of this coincidence was not detected by the world until last Saturday, when, due primarily to the efforts of these two men, Notre Dame witnessed the greatest homecoming celebration in its history. Rockne's long experience with Wildroot has taught him how well the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; there is for him nothing unusual in the circumstance that we were favored this year with the best team, the loveliest weather, the happiest of crowds and the finest school spirit in America. Father O'Donnell's ceaseless energy on behalf of vis-

iting alumni succeeded in rounding out a program that knew no dull moment and in handling the details of the vast pilgrimage to the complete satisfaction of a possibly intelligent army intelligence officer.

On Friday evening a round moon appeared suddenly in the heavens and gazed in astonishment at the goings-on in front of the Oliver Hotel. The monster parade and symphony of yells conducted under the auspices of Johnny Gleason threw South Bend into tremendous excitement. Football took possession of the atmosphere, and it is rumored that one traffic policeman forgot to change his "stop" sign and called out signals instead. What happened to other policemen on the same evening is not within our province to mention. The program at Washington Hall drew an overflowing audience which listened with delight to the Big Five, to Messrs. Gallagher and Shean, to John Urban Riley and P. J. McEvoy. Seldom has this much abused old hall seemed so well deserving of the right



MUSIC MASTERS.



A BIT OF ACTION.

to live. Later on the campus was wreathed in savoury smoke that came from a barbecue, where on charred embers lay the fatted calf in person, accompanied by portions of some among his acquaintances. The actual execution was not carried out, however, until the next morning, when under cover of myriad Notre Dame buns, the faithful calf passed to his reward.

All that morning the campus smiled its best to ever increasing throngs of visitors. In they came, with whiskers and without, with short skirts and long skirts, wide-awake and drowsy, but rejoicing every one in the beauty of Notre Dame, a beauty enhanced by a multitude of decorations. Even Cadillac managed to beguile visitors who consoled themselves for having been induced to solve the labyrinth of buildings by taking a drink at the Minims' renowned pump. Sorin, becomingly labeled "The Ole Nest," echoed with much cackling, and even the library drew a select crowd that looked over the art galleries in company with Father Gregory. The popular amusement was, of course, shaking hands; and a conservative estimate has it that 3,000,000,000 sets of this game were played. Even the landscape gardener, a comparatively new man in our section, is reported to have participated.

At two o'clock the Cartier Field stands were crammed with eager spectators. The

old West stands were crowded with dignity and South Bend; the new East stands were ablaze with the glory of the student body and thronging alumni and ladies accompanying both. Indiana, Studebaker and Notre Dame bands marched upon the scene, all in gala uniform and beating the loud bassoon. The Indiana aggregation distinguished itself, being by all odds the best college band ever seen on our field. A little later the teams approached, and were greeted with a sustained chorus of enthusiasm that would have made the renowned gladiator forget the approach of his funeral. Then, the game—we haven't much to say of it here; because the matter is thoroughly aired in another portion of this priceless periodical. Let it be enough to remark that in spite of the wide margin by which the game was won, the contest was brilliant and spectacular. Paul Castner's drop-kicking, Don Miller's perfect imitation of a seventy-five, and Harry Stuhldreher's majestic and formidable appearance, were matters never to be forgotten. Few games could be more consistently enjoyable, and Indiana fans, though disappointed in the score perhaps, had every reason to delight in the determined fighting of their team. As for ourselves, we saw with joy the grouping of youth and age as both have grown under Notre Dame's influence around the shining strength of a squad which is worthy of the

laurels that have come to any team in the past, and worthy, too, of its own laurels. We shall remember, also, the ladies, who smiled their sweetest and looked their best.

A lady was once more in evidence at the Monogram Banquet served in the Junior Refectory, when Miss Jane Fogarty, of Indianapolis, sang with exquisite grace down the critical road to the hearts of all. In addition this banquet had numerous excellent characteristics which we wish might be extensively advertised so that in years to come it may take on the prominent part in the program which it very richly deserves. Afterward came three dances at which the Olympians congregated and flitted away the night. No adequate description of these affairs could be supplied by any less notable an authority than Beau Brummel or John Cavanaugh. The first being off the earth and the second out of town, we shall pass by, advising the gentle reader to consult the *Brittanica*, article: Nymphs.

At the eight-fifteen Mass on Sunday morning, Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., delivered an appropriate sermon. With this the 1922 homecoming festivities came to a close. But of course they never really do close. Memories of a thousand friendly faces that seem never to have lost the look of an older time, when youth was jovial and life a plaything, cheer the days of work and wrap the evenings in a dream of Notre Dame. To those who were here we need say no more; to those who were not, here are a host of wishes and a fond welcome.

a host of wishes and a fond welcome. Let everyone resolve to come back next year for certain, bringing with him the honest intention of renewing youth and completing education in the best company imaginable.

As a postscript we draw attention to the admirable and efficient work done in behalf of the celebration by the Student Activities Committee and the Boosters' Club. These organizations, with attendant groups, sacrificed much leisure and sleep to conceiving and working out splendid ideas. Without them the whole affair would have been a muddle, and to them, each and all, the thanks of the university is due and is enthusiastically rendered. May they live long and prosper!

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

(For Armistice Day.)

JAMES P. COYLE.

It was not long ago that each Monday morning brought a cluster of news items: funerals of boys whose bodies had been shipped home from France for reburial. There was a service at the armory, or at the town hall, or at the church, or at a white house up a side street shaded by maples; and a rifle volley fired over the yellow earth of a new-delved grave. Sometimes a street or square was named for the dead boy.

In a few aching hearts these boys are not forgotten. But what of the nation for which, presumably, they died?

They were cut off in their blossom time. Their best was yet to be. There were young minds eagerly unfolding to grasp the wonder and majesty of earth; young lives quickening to useful careers; merry and generous hearts that might have beat in tune with friends and lovers;—a burial service and a rifle volley, like "bye-and-bye," is easily said. But these boys were denied the April of maturing-time, the July of parenthood, and the mellow October of an old age surrounded by grand-children in life's Indian Summer. For all they have forfeited there is nothing—no barren honor of funeral rite—that the living can pay which will recompense them. But there is an honor which might be paid and is not: and that is to see that the pledges be fulfilled which were given them when they were asked to give their lives. The only honor in the least worthy of these dead boys: is that the life they left behind should go on now, publicly and privately, at a higher level in memory of their sacrifice.

Can it be possible that it is only four years since the armistice? We seem three decades distant from it already in spirit.

The gay will laugh when thou art gone,
The solemn brood of care plod on, and each
one as before
Will chase his favorite phantom. . . .

So it goes in private life. What has become of all the bosom's gold minted in those last eighteen months of the war? Was it counterfeit? Was it paper money, fallen below par like the Liberty Bonds? Each one

as before seems to be chasing his favorite phantom: business, pleasure, personal ends.

In public life the discrepancy is more glaring still. There is cynicism: "It was always like this and always will be;" and then that hoary one, "You can't change human nature." Not certainly, while it repeats that canticle from the Devil's Litany. There is disillusionment: "The theorists were right: In modern war even the victors are vanquished." There is moral exhaustion. We are spent by the shocks of the war years, our very nerves are jaded. There is indifference. "Oh, go away and don't bother us. The world will go on somehow."

There were, of course similar moral slumps after both the Revolution and the Civil War, but never the equivalent public indifference toward the issues for which those wars were fought. But today it is possible to hear quite unreflective people remark that the man who fought in '61 was held a hero the rest of his days, but that nobody now seems to care whether a man wore the uniform in 1917 and 1918 or not.

The objects for which the European War was fought have been shamelessly repudiated by the statesmen who made the peace, without, so far, any effective popular rebuke either in Europe or America. A few stout voices have been raised. The rank and file seem too exhausted and too apathetic to care.

The recent disarmament conference was a belated concession. Let no one flatter himself that it was convened for moral reasons. The governments convened it for reasons of cold cash. Taxes were growing too heavy to be sustained. Armaments were threatening the already creaking international financial system with bankruptcy. And, even as it is, the international commercial rivalries of which these armaments are merely the expression are so fierce and implacable that the powers which met in the conference essayed to settle the main points of their disputes out of court, before they met face to face in the embarrassing proximities of the green-table.

And yet, we remember still the bodies that kept coming home from France. We remember still those piteous funerals—little flowers of memory blooming in a gloomy Winter of indifference. Was there something funda-

mentally false about the war itself and all its issues which has spread this moral paralysis through the limbs and heart of the Nation? Were we nourished during the war on adulterated fare which has failed us when it should have builded the bone and muscle of an abiding purpose to fulfill the pledges given those who marched away to die? Does no one care except a few friends and relatives?

Yes! There are those who care, who go on caring when the rank and file chase their favorite phantoms and forget. And the strange paradox of it is that a large part of those who care the most for what our dead are supposed to have died for are those who shouted least for the war itself.

To these, faithful at their posts under this inky sky of neglect, the dead boys from their graves are calling:

"Watchman, what of the night?"

And the Watchmen answer:

"The night will pass."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ADVICE TO THE COLLEGE MAN.

I suppose there are some, who, upon reading the above title will wonder what advice Lord Chesterfield might give to a Catholic college man which could be of value to him without conflicting with his principles. It is true that Lord Chesterfield merits our strictest condemnation for many of the actions of his life, but there is much of that which he was, which merits our esteem and emulation. The Catholic college student is being trained to take an active part in the world; and the world which he should live in (I mean in a restricted sense) is that of big men, of good society, of influence. It is the cry today that too few Catholics are near the top in contemporary art, literature, politics, finance, commerce, government. Only a few are there, the great majority being the mass which is led—this will always be true, but there should be more Catholics helping to lead the mass,—there must be more Catholics molding American thought, running American business, steering American finance, and guiding the American government. If Catholic men are unable to hold

their own in the society of our leaders, how, indeed, can they ever attain a position there or, once there, how can they remain? Society is a strict master. It demands certain graces, and they who possess them are well repaid for their application. Catholic young men must study these graces, these social conventions, these manners of the "beau monde." They need not interfere in any way with the diligent practice of a Catholic's religion. Did they, they would, of course, be wrong. But, social graces are not wrong, and therefore, the student of a Catholic University should study them, if for no other reason, than because, "they adorn, and give an additional lustre and force to both virtue and knowledge." No one, surely, spoke of the graces so well and so justifiably (for he was a living product of them) as did Lord Chesterfield in his letters to his son.

"A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's." And this bit of advice we may well take to heart here at Notre Dame. Most of us, "Dress as well, and in the same manner as of the people of the place where we are." It is true that there are a few who overdress, but I believe that they will soon realize their conspicuousness and adhere to the custom. On the other hand there are some, too many in fact, who are very negligent in the keeping of themselves. Of these persons Lord Chesterfield says, "If a man is negligent at twenty, he will be sloven at forty, and one cannot tell what at sixty years old." The point is clear: it is not only necessary that we watch our attire, indeed our conversation and demeanor at all times, because of our appearance now, but also because the ill kept man draws attention to his carelessness—and dress is a thing of consequence in the polite world—and habits formed at twenty usually become those of a life time.

Speaking of a man being known by the company he keeps, his Lordship says that "Nothing forms a young man so much as being used to keep respectable and superior company, where a constant regard and attention is necessary." "But the company of all others which a man should most carefully avoid, is that low company which is low in

rank, low in manners, low in parts, and low in merit." Such company has nothing to teach but crudeness, ugliness, and many times filth; for, the uncultured cannot teach culture as the ignorant are unable to seminate knowledge. In every edition of even the best newspapers we read cases telling us of vice among people of importance. What a few do cannot be taken as a criterion from which to judge the whole, and no sensible man will copy the vices of important people because of their lofty status. Everyone has his faults, and although it is ill-bred for a person to give evidence of them (not alone to brag of them—as I have heard some do); yet, sometimes vice will expose itself even when carefully guarded. Of course it should not be aped.

While speaking on the subject of associations Lord Chesterfield often advises his son to seek the society of woman; for "The company of women of fashion will improve your manners though not your understanding; and that complaisance and politeness, which are so useful in men's company, can only be acquired in woman's." But, it is very necessary to please woman when with them. His Lordship advises flattery. Of course it must be applied skillfully and with restraint, but used, for all women are responsive to its charm. Be attentive to woman—men too for that matter—as attentions win the good word and affection of people, and once the heart is captive the reason, in most cases, also becomes subservient.

I believe there is a lesson here that is much needed by Catholic educators. The Church preaches Catholic marriages, yet the colleges do not endeavor to throw Catholic girls and boys into the same company but hinder such associations. As a result the young men dance and chat with non-Catholics and the girls are not at ease when in the society of young men. How are these Catholics going to marry when they are not even allowed to know one another? But, this is not the only bad side of such an arrangement. The Catholic fellow, as there are so many of them in ratio to the number of girls—residents in a college town, comes into contact with, calls upon, and often experiences an affection for girls that are not of the best character though far from being lowly. Lord

Chesterfield would condemn such an arrangement as unfair to the students of both sexes, and, I believe, that he would be justified in doing so, because the association of young men with the right kind of girls is not only desirable but very necessary.

It is not my desire to reiterate the statements of Lord Chesterfield but merely to point out his advice on certain subjects of particular interest to Notre Dame students and to show, if possible, in what rests their value. Perhaps many of my readers will desire to peruse these letters, and, while doing so, they should heed His Lordship's own advice and follow it. "Remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are as many spots which you would no more imitate than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural one on his." Chesterfield's advice on religion is, from our point of view, at least, one of his vices. Religion, he says, is merely a matter of personal opinion to be picked as a man would choose a coat or an equipage; but, every man should have a religion, for he is less trusted, for being thought to have none. This and numerous other of his views are to be discounted entirely. The reader of his letters must be careful to separate his advice concerning social decorum from that dealing with art, politics, and religion.

But when Lord Chesterfield speaks of the graces then he is to be heard for they are his forte. They are, in his estimation, the most desirable accomplishments in the world, to be acquired though a life time be needed for their study. Of course placing them above all else is absurd, however, it is true that the charm they exert, and the pleasing "*je ne sais quoi*" which everybody feels, though nobody can describe, is due to them. Coupled with a fervent Catholic faith they should do much to strengthen the influence of Catholic men and help them to attain impregnable positions in the ranks of the country's leaders.

H. F. HAYNES.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a harsh reply keepeth out book-agents. Nor do orators fancy a silent response.

DUTY.

Clattering hoof beats of a hard-driven horse roused Sheriff Barnes from his day-dreaming in the saddle. Checking up his little roan he cast a hasty glance about him; just hasty enough for him to catch the picture of a crouched rider on a rangy nag gallop over a rise and disappear in the hollow cut by the now dry Deer creek.

"Betsy, that fellow seems to be in a darned big hurry to get somewhere. Just you click those little heels of yours fast enough; maybe we can show him a better road than that crick valley."

A nudge of the boot sent the little mare flying in the general direction taken by the other horseman. Parallel to the creek bed they seemed to skim along until a favorable break in ground offered an easy entrance to the shallow valley. Into this they galloped avoiding the rough spots with the ease of a goat.

"Thanks old girl, we're just ahead of this fast gentleman. Ease up a bit and we'll bid him the time of day."

Drawing a long barrelled revolver the sheriff dismounted. The mysterious rider was swiftly drawing nearer. The sheriff stepped down onto the trail.

"Halt! Up with your hands, and quick about it."

The rangy nag slid to a stop, shied, and reared. The rider with uplifted hands slid off his mount's rump to the ground.

Attempting to hide the surprise and anger on his bearded countenance the unhorsed rider forced a grin.

"Why the hold-up, Stranger? I'm broke. Poor pickin's, I am."

"No hold-up. Just my way of greetin' folks who seem in an unnecessary hurry. That appears to be a Bar Z horse and I don't recollect ever seein' you with the Bar Z outfit." The sheriff stepped closer to scrutinize the face of his captive.

"I——"

"You—— John Barnes? Put your hands down."

Sheriff Barnes, for once, was at a loss for words. Perhaps his thoughts were more than could have been voiced in ordinary language.

"Father!" burst out the bearded boy. Incoherent explanation of a criminal mix-up in which he was an innocent suspect followed. He paled at the sound of distant hoof beats.

"I had to get away. Let me go. I'll send this Bar Z plug back and make good."

Down the valley rode a posse headed by the sheriff of the adjoining county.

"Hello, Barnes. See you beat us to this bird, but I'm damned glad somebody got him. This is your county so I reckon he's yours."

Turning to young Barnes, "Well, Brandon, you won't need any more Bar Z horses. You must be a circus acrobat to ride so many. This is about number six, ain't it?"

"So that's Brandon, is it? You take him back with you. He's not wanted in this county."

Sheriff Barnes turned, led the roan out of the valley, and slowly pulled himself into the saddle.

"Betsy, I'm an officer of the law and honor bound to keep it. But I hope the angels won't let his mother know."

RIORDAN.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN LITERATURE.

JOHN P. MULLEN.

Modern literature, we have heard said, has thrown off the chains of conventions and come into its own. It has been released from the bondage of a few and received into the waiting arms of the many. The tether of selective principles and forced universality, which confined expression to defined limits, with few exceptions, has been severed and a world of emotions, moods, and themes have been thrown open for unrestricted browsing.

The poor beast is free, we cannot help but admit, for we have found him in our gardens contentedly feeding upon our cabbages and onion tops, grazing upon the iris and moonflowers we had planted and reared with such tenderness; we have caught him in our kitchen even, hunting other sweets to appease his enormous appetite. He is too free.

The earliest literature was epic and objective in its manner; it told usually of great battles, but forgot that they were fought and won through individual efforts. It pic-

tured races and types with an impression of universality and discarded that which was personal and individual. Colossal and commanding, it was isolated. It did not give a panoramic view of humanity, but a concentrated picture of a few commanding personalities who stood like giant mountains above the valleys. These have preserved no record of the feelings and emotions of the greater mass, who seem stark and silent; they were far above these things. The personal element was there, yes, but it was forced to ascend through fleecy clouds into a new atmosphere remote from common life; to crowd upon the summit it was driven to blend its substance into one great form, and to assume a universal hue.

The literature of the earliest periods was, nevertheless, an art, simple, massive, and noble. The truths which it expounded were general, clear, and indisputable, arising as they did from a limited knowledge of the world and men. But the art was above the multitude; it was the master and not the slave; humanity was not conceived of as greater than its expression. Conservatism was the chief characteristic of a literature bounded by strict frontiers which men dared not cross. Truth and beauty predominated over human life.

The change which took place was inevitable, for as the years multiplied into centuries, and the centuries into epochs men came to understand more of their nature and the world in which they lived. Experiences broadened, motives, moods, situations, and themes increased and literature was forced to expand its scope to express these new and larger hopes and passions. The selective principles of the past gave way to a profound passion for an understanding of life; the types and symbols of the Greeks and Romans which presented the thoughts and aspirations of this ancient civilization in a universal and massive form were superseded by more intimate methods which grew out of the desire for an impartial spirit of revelation.

The change was contemporaneous with a general development of self-knowledge which characterizes modern life. The expression of impulses and instincts which are a part of human nature was normal and necessary.

To impose on a literature of a later and more complex age the standards and limitations which sufficed for an earlier period of a simpler nature, is irrational and foolish. During times of imperfect realization there will be of necessity fewer convictions to demand expression; and these will be worked out adequately by a few. Surely some greater and more comprehensive idea of life lies in the mind of the modern world than ever defined itself to the men of earliest times. As broader conception of life became the property of a larger mass, became general rather than individual, the faculty of expression developed correspondingly until it became the possession of the multitude. Since the old flagon is not deep enough to hold the wine of experience we must have a larger cup.

Modern literature, however, did not know how to treat its freedom; it went to the other extreme. The passion for truth and expression not only deepened the channels, but seeing no use for dykes and flood-gates abolished them with the resultant deluge that has forced us to the tree-tops. Determined to know everything, to see everything, it risked all taste revealing the hideous and the loathsome with the pure and the good. The modernist, frantic in his search of the mind and heart, is not satisfied with what he finds, and so he imagines and colours details to secure the desired effect. With the right of expression in his hands he has gone far beyond a catholic and sympathetic selection of the newer and deeper conceptions of human relationship; instead of a frank disclosure of the true principles of human activity the modernist has sponsored anything and everything as long as he thought it pictured the individual and unveiled the fashion. The dreams of Rousseau were explicit confessions, and, good or bad, they are accepted because they were individual and natural. The lowest beast in the gutter of life holds interest for the modern eye because nothing intervenes between him and the gutter.

Literature no longer interprets life, it no longer tries to uplift, being satisfied with a display that parades egotism, filth, and brutality. Professing to hold an art which is the necessary and universal quality of literature, modern literature has overlooked the first principles which require us to stifle

the evil within us that is constantly striving for utterance. In the belief that life has always a new word to utter, modern literature has become vastly more flexible and blind, and volume after volume, calculated to stimulate the baser instincts of man, has come out under the protection of art since the standard of common-sense has been abandoned. In its evolution to radical individualism and materialism literature has lost all idea of balance and of worth. Its art has suffered degradation for the want of harmony. In its visualization of the individual it has feared to soil its hands with the crucifix. The true end of human effort has been forgotten; instead of treating of man, our new literature records the emotions of beasts; to avoid going above reason it has gone below it; to escape bondage it has entangled itself in a dark labyrinth. While seeking beauty it roamed the slums, feeling the need of religion it has hastened from the doors of the Church.

As long as the people of today are satisfied with this pottage of ultra-realism, this sickening materialistic spirit, this hyper-sentimentalism, no remedy can be offered. But when a few tired hearts demand sincerity, honesty of purpose, masculinity, a reality that is not commonplace; when they become nauseated by the repulsive odors that arise from the pages of modern literature; when their philosophy becomes wholesome and effective, then a great step will have been taken towards that spiritual heritage for which they were born.

All literature will be vain until the Catholic spirit is reborn in the hearts of men, recalled to secure a balance between conservative and radical tendencies, to curb excessive individualism, and to glorify the life of the ordinary man while holding proper regard for the experiences of the centuries. Liberation from this new bondage can come only by the acceptance of a spirit which conforms with reason, religion, and true beauty. Only by following the path of the Catholic spirit can modern literature find the bridge over the mire.

THE mind expands when the heart is warm.—A. E. B.

VERSE.

TO A STUDENT.

C. S. CROSS.

You walk in mighty mysteries,
 And holy moods attend you.
 You are a knight with armored light
 And angels to defend you.

The seraphs lackey where you go,
 And sainted sires smile o'er you.
 Dim whisperings of heavy things
 Are crumbs of manna for you.

You are a kingdom and its king,
 And master of Another
 Whose Blood and Flesh your soul refresh,
 And His Son is your Brother.

THE GROTTO.

Autumnal eve; the wooded way
 Lies dim in sombre twilight grey,
 But in the dusk there is a light
 That shines and glows benign and bright;
 A candle at the Virgin's shrine,
 Through oak and elm and fragrant pine
 I see its rays. It typifies
 The love for Her, that never dies;
 And as I pass, the candle white
 Burns on into the silent night. J. C. RYAN.

"ODE TO LYDIA."

J. W. SCALLAN.

Tell me Lydia, by the gods above,
 Why Sybaris lies a victim of your love?
 Why flees he from the broad and sunny plain,
 When long inured to suffer heat and pain?
 Why does he not the warlike contest heed,
 Nor hold with bitted rein his Gallic steed?
 What terrors have the Tiber for him now,
 That to its yellow waters he must bow?

Why does he shun the gladiator's ring,
 As though it held concealed a viper's sting?
 Nor do those arms the marks of armor bear,
 Whose martial prowess once no more would dare
 Is he like Thetis' son, who fled the Trojan field,
 When braver men for battle had been steeled?
 And does he hide, with coward's bated breath,
 Lest manhood's garb should send him to his death?

VARIETIES.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

The velvet sky was studded with stars. A solemn silence hung over the lake. It was broken only by the faint rush of the breeze that swept through the nearby trees.

I had left my comrade for the first time during the day. He was resting quietly. A feeling of weariness stole over me as I sat in front of the cabin.

In the top of an old oak tree not far distant a mocking bird was pouring forth his sibilant song.

The gentle rush of the breeze died away. The mocking bird was pouring forth his sibilant song; then from across the lake the sound of a clear soprano voice was borne to my ears. I could hear the words, "what are we waiting for, you and I." The song, I knew, was Tosti's "Good-bye."

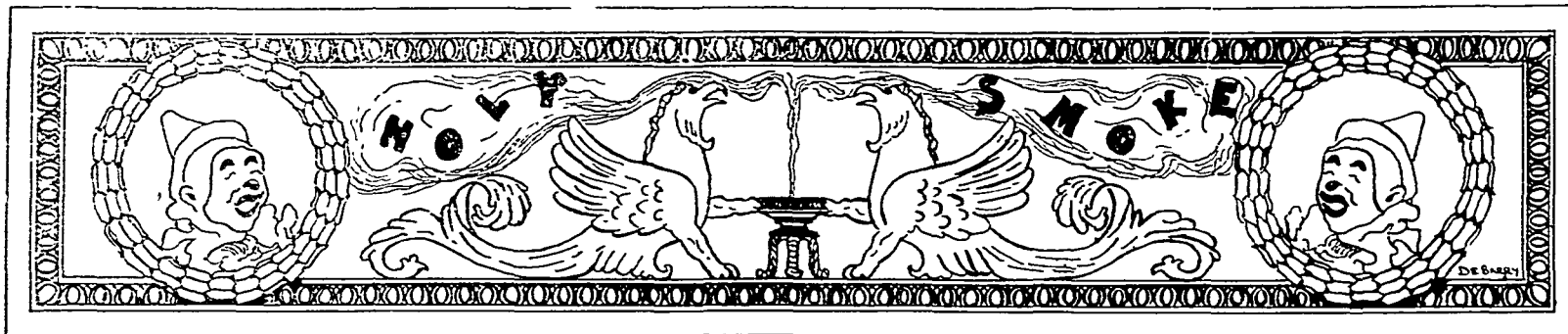
I crept quietly back to the cabin to my comrade's bedside. His brow was moist. My hand stole nervously to his heart—and stopped. A feeling of anguish crept into my heart. As I stood transfixed, looking down at him, the moon light falling softly on his pallid face, I heard the dying notes of the soprano's song.

R. E. LIGHTFOOT.

Mr. Raymond G. Fuller of New York, member of the National Child Labor Committee, has collected the following schoolboy "howlers": "A renegade is a man who kills a king." "A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian." "The Pharisees were people who liked to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms." "A saga was a pitiless warrior but a kind and loving husband." "A saga was made of wood and brass, held on the left knee and played with the right hand." "A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist, but a pianist looks on the dark side." "A hypenated American is one that talks in short sentences." "The salaries of teachers are paid from the dog tax."

"WEST VS. EAST."

| | |
|------|---|
| 1909 | Notre Dame, 6; Pittsburgh, 0. |
| 1911 | Notre Dame, 0; Pittsburgh, 0. |
| 1912 | Notre Dame, 3; Pittsburgh, 0. |
| 1913 | Notre Dame, 35; West Point, 13. Notre Dame, 14; Penn State, 7. |
| 1914 | Notre Dame, 0; Yale 28. Notre Dame, 7; West Point, 20. Notre Dame, 48; Carlisle, 5. Notre Dame, 20; Syracuse, 0. |
| 1915 | Notre Dame, 7; West Point, 0. |
| 1916 | Notre Dame, 10; West Point, 30. |
| 1917 | Notre Dame, 7; West Point, 2. Notre Dame, 3; Wash. & Jeff., 0. |
| 1919 | Notre Dame, 12; West Point, 9. |
| 1920 | Notre Dame, 27; West Point, 17. |
| 1921 | Notre Dame, 28; West Point, 0. Notre Dame, 48; Rutgers, 0. |
| | Total—Notre Dame, 274; opponents, 131. |



WE WONDER.

Gladys: Yes, I always have good times at the Notre Dame dances.

Fritizie: But it's strange, isn't it; that we never meet anyone who's a Freshman up there.

There once was a liar named Bill
Who became quite suddenly ill.
He grew worse day by day
And at last passed away,
And now our William lies still.

Co: I hear that Jones is doing a fine business in Detroit.

Cain: Yes, but his running expenses are too high.

Co: What ya mean, running expenses?

Cain: Running across to the Canadian border.

When I grow old and youth has flown,
And age has crinkled up my back
There's just one thing I'll call my own—
That subtle word, sweet Epicac.

Oh, Epicac; Oh, Epicac,
If you've a meaning, Epicac
I know not, care not what it is
It's simply for the punch you pack
That I've become a maniac
To murmur you; my Epicac.

No other word can take your place
No other word can ever sack
My heart as you have—rougish Ace
You're ruining me my Epicac.

Oh, Epicac; oh, Epicac,
You are steam-heated, Epicac.
I'll have you written on my tomb.
And when the whole wide world goes black
With one last feeble dying quack
I'll gulp and utter Epicac.

Prof: Where is the Oder river?

Stude: I think it must be that back slew on Hydraulic avenue.

AND THIS IS WITH US AGAIN.

"No it isn't so cold here. You see it's the dampness of the air. Now if the air—etc., etc."

DO YOU THYNKE SO MYSTER GALLAGHER?

IYME NOTTE SO CERTAIN MYSTER SHEAN.

I aym a poette of olden dayes
Ye modrene poettes are insayne
Forsooth me thynkes somme of your stuffe
Woulde mayke ye paypre blushe wi' shayme.

Alle vulgar is your modrene verse
Wythe lovve and vice ye mayke a salade
Whye are ye not conservativve
As ye were in Le Scottishe Ballade?

Society note: Mr. Blunt met Mr. Sharp during Hello Week.

Fair: Do you want to take a chance on a free ride to Pittsburgh.

Warmer: No, I took a chance on a skive last night and expect a free ride home.

Prof (reading): And the big car tore up the avenue.

Voice (from away back): And they had to re-pave it.

Mary's lamb was all bruised up
For into things it would slam,
It wasn't blind at all. It simply
Didn't give a —.

Jones was trying to become a member of the Tough Club. Only those who were extremely wicked could join. After writing out a list of his various vices he ended by saying, "And I sleep in church." He then mailed it. Two days later he received this reply, "We are sorry but your application has been rejected. Our members do not go to church."

"Why does she call you Countless?"

"I guess it's because between me and that other guy that's rushing her I count less."

"There's plenty of room on the track team this year."

"How so?"

"That guy with the big feet isn't coming back."

KOLARS.

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VOL.
LVI.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victurus
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
7

Some time ago a friend of mine asked me why Notre Dame does not do more for her sons in the way of advising them in matters particularly interesting to future Catholic men. In the best of faith he had doubted the good-will of the University in her anxiety to instruct her students so that they would not be shamed and embarrassed later in life by a hostile and bigoted world.

We are proud of our Catholic Faith and the traditions of our Church. We now think that our success in later life is positively assured. But the questions that bothers me and scores of others is this, May I be a good Catholic and a good business man, professional man or student of literature at the same time? I ask myself where I can find a source of information telling me that I may be both of these at the same time.

Father Irving has consented to give a series of talks every other Monday. These discussions are led by a priest who is a lover of boys. He has lived with them all his life; he has learned to know of their trials, troubles and joys. Moreover, he is in constant touch with men engaged in business activity, and he knows them, too. The lectures are only one-half of an hour in length, from seven to seven-thirty. The second one of the series will be held in room 222 of the Main Building next Monday evening. It is your desire and intention to attend. Brush

up your memory. There will be no refreshments, however. The privilege of hearing Father Irving makes them unnecessary. He will appreciate your attendance.

THOS. HODGSON.

Clean sportsmanship is one of the first aims, if not the first, of intercollegiate contests; winning games is a secondary consideration. Because this is true, we think that one of the finest achievements that a Notre Dame team ever won was the recognition which Atlanta and Georgia Tech gave the Gold and Blue for its fine exhibition of sportsmanship and clean playing in the game in the South two weeks ago. We believe this is more important than the fact that Notre Dame won.

The attitude of the writer on the Atlanta *Journal* who counselled Georgia Tech that "to lose to a team of the strength, the versatility and spirit that was Notre Dame's; to lower your colors to as fine a bunch of fellows as they were is surely far from disgrace" was expressed in similar phrases by others. No less laudatory of Notre Dame sportsmanship was the *Technique*, Georgia Tech student weekly. "A fine spirit of sportsmanship pervaded the atmosphere at all times," said the *Technique* for November

4th, in pleading for continued athletic relations between the two schools.

The manner in which the Georgians spoke of the team's sportsmanship and the greeting which they gave that sportsmanship prove that there is an appreciation of the higher element in intercollegiate sport. The reception which the team received and the friendship which it created present an argument in favor of intersectional contests.

MOLZ.

Two or three days after Christmas, one can hear father mumble something about being glad Christmas comes only once a year.

AN ECHO OF HOME- We have imagined this
COMING. week that we heard a
similar h y'm n from
those who participated

in the recent Homecoming, and that included everyone. It is unnecessary for us to pass judgment by saying that the affair was a success. Perhaps, from more than one standpoint, it was too much of a success. Homecoming, at any rate, is by this time an established event. The number of old men who returned this year was sufficient to overcome any doubt, if such could exist.

Despite the fact that the event is an established one which can be made bigger and more successful from year to year, no one should believe that certain aspects of the affair cannot be overdone. The object of Homecoming is primarily to enable old graduates and old students to return to visit the school and mingle again together. It becomes by necessity the occasion for a good time. There should be no restriction except one about the meaning of a good time. That restriction is that during the achievement of it, the participants should act like normal human beings. Now, according to accepted standards, normal human beings are not rowdies, nor do they overlook the common things that make for decency and self-respect. Rowdiness, in particular, is regrettable at any celebration which has a purpose the same as or similar to that of Homecoming. At times rowdiness may be amusing, but it is not always pleasant; at times it becomes to others very offensive.

We repeat that the celebration of last week was a success. It was successful in spite of unnecessary rowdiness. It could have been equally successful if this element had been absent. We believe, however, that next year when Homecoming is here again that both alumni and students should unite to discourage a repetition of the less manly tactics which accompanied this year's celebration. There ought to be no compulsion about such a movement. Regulations are not needed when the disciplinary rules are so clear about conduct; secondly, as little as possible should be done to interfere with the immunities which have contributed to the success of Homecoming. We have in mind that the students and alumni should promise of their own accord that they themselves will not tolerate disagreeable conduct. Men should be expected to act rationally. No more, nor less, can be asked.

MOLZ.

It is about this time each year that we all experience a peculiar, instinctive sensation; a rather primitive, unsatiated desire to forsake the regular routine of life, and to roam solitarily about in some woodland or forest, alongside a crooked stream, where the tang of burning brush, commingled with sight of the ever-falling crimson and russet leaves, lends a fascinating charm to the brisk Autumn atmosphere. Unfortunately, there are many persons, especially those living in the large cities, who do not have the opportunities to appease this transitory impulse whenever it overpowers them.

We students here at Notre Dame, however, are particularly fortunate in having as part of our campus about which to stroll when this feeling overwhelms us, just such a wood hedging in two lakes and a stream. A wood through which we may wander at our leisure, rustling and scuffling at our feet as we go, the once luxurious foliage which now completely covers the ground, forming a carpet that is patterned in delicate tints of yellow and old gold, in daubs of maroon and brown and in splotches of scarlet. A wood wherein the little chipmunk who seeing us approach scampers to safety behind a thick-

ly moss covered log. A wood wherein we may hear the cheery whistle of a Bob White or the staccato of a Woodpecker on a distant hickory tree. A wood that is aglow with glory as the slowly setting sun gradually blends the azure haze of evening into soft and subtle tones.

But this strong desire pulsing within us is only human nature reacted upon by Nature. In but a few more weeks the cold, poignant, wintry temperature will stifle this wanderlust and concomitantly all the beauties of Autumn will be buried beneath a spotless quilt shaken out of the heavens.

CUNNINGHAM.

A person familiar with conditions on the other side of the Alleghenies mentioned recently by comparison the interest which western college men, particularly at Notre Dame, take in politics and in the important problems of the day. He found in this neighborhood, for instance, a more intelligent interest in the fall election, with reference both to local and national conditions, than would exist similarly in the East. We believe he was right at least in part in estimating that there is a body of students here who know something of the world that stretches beyond the campus. That group might, however, be larger. It is not expecting too much to hope that it may eventually include everyone. A college man's world is as big as the globe itself; it will be as interesting as the man makes it. The classroom should awaken interest in the multitude of problems and questions that challenge the intelligent man. Knowledge should begin, not end, there. If Notre Dame men show an understanding of current events and problems, the foundation of that understanding has been laid in the classroom.

MOLZ.

NEW PRIZES.

An announcement of interest to all students is that a number of prizes have been offered in the various colleges for scholastic excellence. The prizes are to be awarded in June and the conditions will be made known later.

Three prizes of fifty dollars each have been offered in the College of Law by N. R. Feltes, Arthur Hubbard and William McNerny. Dr. C. D. Lippincott has offered a fifty dollar prize in the School of Commerce. J. M. Stephenson of the *New-Times* and F. A. Miller of the *Tribune* have offered two prizes of fifty dollars each in the Department of Journalism. Two prizes of fifty dollars each are given by James Oliver II. and Joseph D. Oliver, Jr., in the Agricultural School and a prize of fifty dollars has been offered by George L. O'Brien in the College of Science.

THE BOOSTERS.

Now that Homecoming is a thing of the past for this year, the Student Activities Committee realizes more intensely than ever that the idea of a Boosters' Club was a happy and useful thought. This representative student organization worked hard and self-sacrificingly to make the celebration a success. Without its ceaseless and untiring effort Homecoming Week could not have been filled with the varied activities which combined to create a lasting impression upon the alumni and visitors at the University. Homecoming for the old grad will remain a happy memory until next year, when the Boosters will boost, plan, and execute on a much larger scale. The Boosters have justified their existence as a coördinating and coöperative body and will from this time become a permanent fixture organization.

The personnel of the Boosters' Club is as follows:

Tom O'Connor, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Norm Smith, Youngstown, Ohio.
 Bob Worth, Indianapolis, Ind.
 G. Bischoff, Indianapolis, Ind.
 P. Schnieder, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 F. Breen, Akron, Ohio.
 John Henaughan, DeKalb, Ill.
 John Mullen, Toledo, Ohio.
 Ray Cunningham, Toledo, Ohio.
 John Hurley, Toledo, Ohio.
 V. Rickard, Pocatello, Idaho.
 Joe Luley, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 John Chapla, Lorraine, Ohio.
 L. V. Bruggner, South Bend, Ind.
 S. Bradbury, Robinson, Ill.
 Vincent Engels, Green Bay, Wis.
 Ed Gould, Chicago, Ill.
 John Byrne, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harry McGuire, Denver, Colo.
 R. Kohin, LaSalle, Ill.
 John Stephan, Chicago, Ill.
 Pat O'Connell, Chicago, Ill.
 E. T. Holmberg, Indianapolis, Ind.
 P. C. Doran, Akron, Ohio.
 C. Ward, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Frank Wallace, Bellaire, Ohio.
 Paul Funk, Elgin, Ill.
 George Barry, Chicago, Ill.
 E. Chaussee, Negaunee, Mich.
 H. Berra, Murfreesboro, Ill.
 R. Cahill, Rochester, N. Y.
 V. J. Brown, Batavia, N. Y.
 Tom Lee, Waukeon, Iowa.
 T. Beuchner, South Bend, Ind.
 F. X. Disney, Albany, N. Y.
 Jack Norton, Chicago, Ill.
 John Fogarty, Anderson, Ind.
 Joe Nyikos, South Bend, Ind.
 John Gleason, Menominee, Wis.
 Steve Willson, New York, N. Y.
 Ed Lennon, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Nels Callahan, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Ed Kreimer, St. Paul, Minn.
 John Montague, Chicago, Ill.
 Jas. Welch, Rochester, N. Y.
 J. M. Rohrbach, Flat River, Mo.
 Jack Cochrane, Toledo, Ohio.
 James Egan, Springfield, Mass.
 Owen Desmond, Chicago, Ill.
 Ed Deneen, Chicago, Ill.
 A. P. Thiemann, Madison, Wis.
 B. Foley, Wingate, Ind.
 Tom Hodgson, Fergus Falls, Minn.
 Tom Walsh, Chicago, Ill.
 Jack Scallon, Columbus, Ohio.
 Jim Hayes, Chicago, Ill.
 Ed Raub, Cleveland, Ohio.
 J. Q. Adams, Newark, N. J.
 Charles Martin, Bay City, Mich.
 John Lynch, Geneva, New York.
 Louis Murphy, South Bend, Ind.

H. BARNHART.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

That Tim Galvin, '16, was present, goes without saying.

Hon. John W. Eggeman, '00, of Fort Wayne, varsity center, attended, as did his townsmen, Byron and Thomas Hayes, both graduates of the law school.

Angus McDonald, besides being vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, has another claim for fame. Mr. McDonald was the first man

to register a goal from placement in the west. He was also one of Notre Dame's greatest first basemen.

From Indianapolis came Albert Feeney, all-western and all-American center with the Rockne-Dorais combination, and Francis Fox, '18, feature sport writer on the Indianapolis *News*.

Gilbert Ward and John Buckley locked their respective law offices on Friday and left their clients to settle their legal difficulties as best they could while they renewed old acquaintances.

Erie was represented by Richard Daly, '17, baseball captain and all around star, and "Stretch" O'Connor, who was recently married and arranged his honeymoon so that it would include November fourth and Notre Dame.

F. H. Wurzer, '98, Detroit, president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, took a great interest in the recent activities. Mr. Wurzer's welcoming address from the balcony of the Oliver Hotel was one of the features of the week.

Cleveland sent the Millers, "Red," football captain in 1910; Ray, '14 and Walter, '19, half back in '18, '18 and '19; Thomas McGarry, '17; "Nigger" Kane, '14; Joseph F. Smith, '15, and Bill Kelleher, who played half back with Rockne and Dorais under Jesse Harper.

A unique feature of the Alumni Mass on Saturday morning was that it was celebrated by three monogram men, Reverend James A. Burns, C. S. C., '88, Reverend Dominic O'Malley, C. S. C., '03, and Reverend Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., '16.

Frank Farrington, '20, and Jim Dower, '20, write from Ayacucho, Peru, that their contract with the Department of Public Instruction of the Peruvian government has expired. They recently received eight months back pay in small change and were obliged to hire two mules to haul it over-

land to a bank. Both promise to visit Notre Dame when they return to the states.

Senator John Shea, '06, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, writer of the "Victory March" and "The Fighting Team," left his constituency to attend the game. Senator Shea is a candidate for re-election but even such a weighty matter could not keep him away. With him was "Peaches" Granfield, who is now a lawyer in Springfield. Both men have monogram earned in baseball and basketball.

In the Chicago delegation to the Homecoming celebration were Daniel Hiltgartner, '17, of the Chicago *Tribune*, president of the Chicago Notre Dame Club; Frank B. Hayes, '14, attorney at law; Fred L. Steers, '11; James E. Sanford, '15, also of the Chicago *Tribune*; Byron V. Kanaley, '04, former baseball captain and now a member of the firm, Cooper and Kanaley, real estate and brokerage; Austin McNichols, vice-president of the Chicago Notre Dame Club; Mark L. Duncan, '15; Mark Foote, '73, the oldest living Notre Dame graduate and monogram man; Daniel J. O'Connor, '05, baseball and track star; Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15, and Clement Mitchell, '02, member of the board of lay trustees.

BRENNAN.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

Wherever books are read, there is interest in books and authors. Here at Notre Dame worthwhile books are by no means absent from the student's reading table. This, then, is our justification for this page of book chatter, which will hereafter appear regularly as a feature of the SCHOLASTIC. What its contents may lack in sophistication, we hope to overcome through its informal note. An easy, readable tone will take the place of measured wisdom. From time to time attention may be briefly given to important books, but as a rule most consideration will be given items of gossip about those who write and what they have written.

The slogan "Buy a Book a Week" has its counterpart in "Read a Book a Week." For those who find it impossible to follow the first advice, we earnestly

recommend the second. It is worth as much to have read a library as to have built one.

For holiday giving, Dodd and Mead have produced a beautiful octavo edition of "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville. "Moby Dick" may easily rank as a classic; its salt-sea flavor and its picturesque characters in their endless whale hunt are almost unique in literature. The book is, however, too little known, even despite the recent awakening of interest in Melville and his work.

At a luncheon attended by London publishers recently, discussion arose over the qualities a book must have in order to climb the best-seller ladder. To the question, "What is a best seller?" one of the publishers gave this answer, "There is a substratum of readers who take pleasure only in the frankly sensational or the sentimental. Above this class of readers are those who demand a higher grade of literature. Topping this grade is a class which approves only the best in contemporaneous fiction. For a book to be a best seller it is necessary to please all these strata. Thus when all kinds of readers feel the irresistible urge to read a book which contains something for everyone of them the best seller has been achieved."

From the editorial offices of *Poetry* in Chicago comes the announcement of the annual awards made by that magazine for the best poetry writer by Americans during the year which ended October first. First mention goes to Robert Frost for his "Witch of Coos"; Alfred Kreymsbourg is second, his "Pianissimo" being ranked next to "Witch of Coos"; Robert J. Roe receives third place. The list of winners of the first prize in past years includes the names of Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay.

Among the new books: Padriac Colum, "Wild Earth and Other Poems," Macmillan; W. J. Lockington, "Soul of Ireland," introduction by G. K. Chesterton, Macmillan; Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.), "Overset," Doubleday, Page; Augustus Thomas, "Print of My Remembrance," Scribners; "Letters of James Gibbons Huneker," edited by Josephine Huneker, Scribners; H. L. Mencken, "Prejudices: Third Series," Knopf; John Galsworthy, "Loyalties," a drama, Scribners.

A spectacled old lady approached a Chicago book counter the other day and asked for "Football and How to Watch For It," by Percy Haughton. She probably thought football was a comet.

The reading diet of the late Lord Northcliffe in-

cluded, it is said, many novels, but few were of the best-seller kind. Thomas Hardy was his favorite English novelist. Northcliffe is said to have measured the intelligence of the places he visited, either at home or abroad, by dropping into a book store to learn whether or not the works of Hardy were on sale.

"If Winter Don't" by "A. B. C. D. E. F. Notso-muchinson," a parody on "If Winter Comes," is being brought out here by E. P. Dutton and Company, after limited success in England. We doubt that the book will be any more successful than was Carolyn Wells' parody, "Ptomaine Street," which was a monumental mistake. Skilfull parody is not burlesque. True parody must be the work of an artist of words and ideas, who respects and understands the book he tries to parody. Speaking of parodies, however, there is more than one moment of fun crowded into the reading of that book of verses, "A Parody Anthology," which Carolyn Wells edited and published a number of years ago. Between its covers are gathered all the gems of poetic parody that have ever been written.

A critical biography of William Dean Howells is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton and Company. The author is Delmar Gross. . . . A New York critic, commenting on mid-west culture, says the west spends "millions for manure and not one cent for poetry." Well! . . . Heywood Broun, the versatile critic of the New York *World*, whose column "It Seems to Me" New Yorkers are wont to swear by, appears now in the role of novelist. "The Boy Grew Older" is the book. . . . After more than two years of legal controversy, the case brought against a now-famous book of highly romantic fiction has been dismissed from the New York courts. Publication of the book, recently priceless, is to be resumed. But no, we won't reveal the title. . . . A question now in order is, will Sinclair Lewis cut further into the strata of American life and give his public a story of the metropolis done in the same heavy pencil manner of "Main Street" and "Babbitt"? . . . Now that numerous people have completed their historical chute-the-chutes in the company of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" and others have looked into the word test-tubes of the "Outline of Science," eastern publishers announce that the "Outline of Literature" is in preparation. . . . A new Chesterton book, "The Ballad of St. Barbara and Other Verses," has just been published in London. . . . "Atolls of the Sun" by Frederick O'Brien may be placed alongside O'Brien's two other books on the South Seas. Memories of "White Shadows of the South Seas," are still fresh in the minds of many readers. . . . "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst."

OURSELVES.

The College of Commerce has business opportunities for experienced cost accountants, for an actuary and for recent graduates to train for executive positions. Applications should be addressed to the Dean.

A two-page article on the 1923 Dome appears in the current number of the *Art Crafts Review*, a publication devoted to college annuals. Articles on the Badger, of Wisconsin; the Illio, of Illinois; the Syllabus, of Northwestern, and other large annuals, appear in the same issue.

Members of the S. A. C., officers of the K. of C., of the Glee Club and the classes, and members of the editorial staffs of the SCHOLASTIC, Dome, Juggler and Law Reporter are asked to have their Dome pictures taken at the Van Dyke Studio, 123 West Washington street, next week, so that all these individual pictures will have been taken.

All of the Homecoming celebrations were climaxed last Saturday night by the three S. A. C. dances which were held in the Oliver Hotel, the Tribune Auditorium and the Elks' Club. The "Big Five" orchestra stationed at the Oliver, Harry Denny's orchestra in the Tribune building and the Music Masters at the Elks' Club furnished a superior quality of music which instilled into the dancing couples of the over-crowded halls, an abundant quantity of pep, enabling them to glide gayly over the tessellated and highly polished floors.

Many will recall what a certain speaker of last year had to say concerning the most deadly of known gases, namely, Lewisite. "An enemy's aeroplane could drop a bomb of it on Notre Dame and another on South Bend," he said, "and not a living person would then be found in either place." Dr. W. L. Lewis, head of the department of chemistry at Northwestern University, has directed an immense amount of research on this gas for the government, and it is after him that the gas is named. It was, consequently, with much interest that his lecture

was received when he spoke before the local section of the American Chemical Society at the University Library. So corrosive is the gas in its action on the human body that fifty of his staff of one hundred chemists were always in the hospital. The gas is made by passing ordinary acetylene into a mixture of equal parts of arsenic and aluminum chloride, and distilling the resulting paste. Much credit is due to Dr. Lewis for his productive work on this noxious compound. But he surprised all of us when he told that it was not he but Father Nieuwland that discovered the gas. This happened nine years ago when Father Nieuwland was preparing the thesis for his Doctor's Degree at the Catholic University. Dr. Lewis was here under the auspices of the University, and expressed delight in the interest shown in chemistry.

Club pictures for the 1923 Dome will cost \$10 if payment is not made to the Dome before to-day, the 11th, the Dome editors announced at the beginning of this week. The price was \$5, which covered but part of the expenses of engraving and printing the picture, but the new price covers the whole cost. Payments are exacted in advance so that the Dome will be certain of payment, previous Domes losing half of the money due them for these pictures. All of the club pictures must be taken this month, in order to close that section, and insure early publication of the book.

On the Feast of All Saints Solemn High Mass was celebrated in Sacred Heart church by the Reverend President, assisted by Father Thomas Irving as deacon and Father Joseph Burke as subdeacon. Schopf's four-part Mass in A was sung by the University Choir under the direction of Rev. Walter O'Donnell, C. S. C. The Offertory and Communion selections consisted of the motets "Cantate" by Croce and "Domine Non Sum Dignus" by Mitterer.

The campus barber shop reports an excessive demand for "Kokol Oil," a general discard of the famous corduroys has been noticed, the boys are sporting immaculate collars with the air of a Northwesterner, the

careless fashion of dress has given way to a more genteel style. The reason can be read on every bulletin board—the Dome pictures are in order. The student is determined to look his best so that when the vacation days come round and the "best in the world" is turning the pages of the Year Book in increasing wonder he can point with all masculine pride to his shining countenance and exclaim, "That's me."

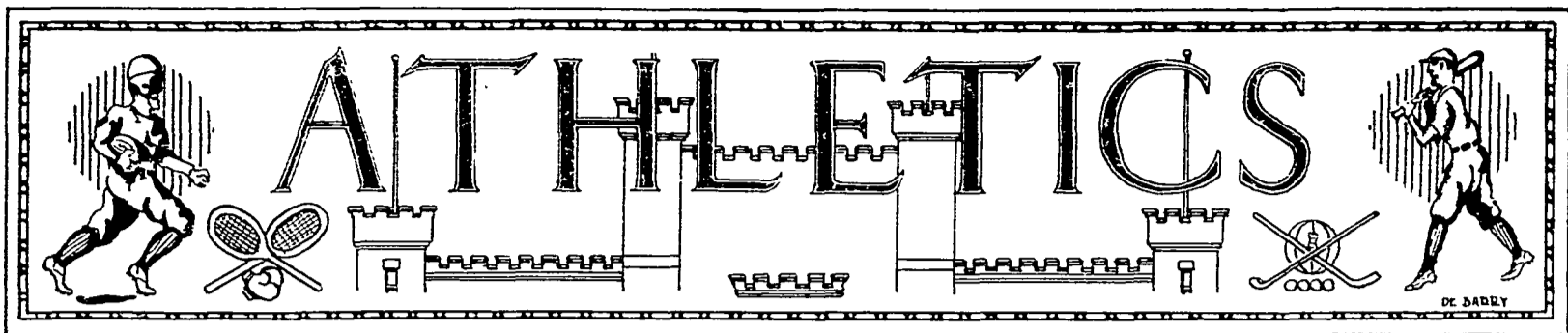
The newly reorganized Engineering Club, which comprises all the different engineering departments on the campus, has planned a tour of inspection to include all the greater industries of South Bend and the neighboring towns. South Bend boasts of some of the largest and most up-to-date factories in the country and the trips should not only prove of interest, but should give the student-engineers of Notre Dame a knowledge of modern methods that will be of important consequence.

The Writers' Club held its reorganization meeting in the Journalism room Wednesday night. With characteristic ability the Scribblers placed Harry McGuire in the President's chair and voted Ray Cunningham into the office of Secretary and Treasurer.

In order to secure a personal atmosphere at the meetings and to promote a genuine interest in the club's activities the membership of the Scribblers' organization will be limited to twenty. With a determination to produce more than a "mutual adoration" society a very promising program has been planned for the coming year: a lecture by some prominent authority on English literature will feature each meeting together with readings, literary criticisms, and an occasional feed.

Professor Weir spoke before the Knights of Columbus at their regular meeting Tuesday evening on "Homecoming Afterthoughts." His speech went to the very heart of the Notre Dame spirit—loyalty, and subjected it to a very strict analysis. Lecturer McGuire then introduced Father Haggerty whose few words implied a great deal. After a short business session Victor Labetz pounded on the piano.

MULLEN.



HOMEcoming: WITH BACON.

Playing his last football game on Cartier Field, Paul Castner scored the 27 points by which we beat Indiana last Saturday in the annual Homecoming game. Eighteen thousand people broke into continual bursts of admiration at the perfection of Castner's work; yet there was a note of sadness in his very brilliancy, because thousands who have come to look upon Paul as the quintessence of what Notre Dame stands for, realized that they would never again lose themselves in the glamour of his knightly, scintillating play.

Castner made three touchdowns, kicked three goals and two dropkicks, one from the 45 yard line and the other from the 35 yard line. Don Miller, who co-starred with him, ripped off many beautiful runs, and in the third quarter made a 57 yard dash, the most sensational of the game, which was disallowed, however, because of Notre Dame's roughness. Crowley did not carry the ball so often as Castner and Miller, but made a few pretty runs.

The linemen worked like Trojans, held well, and were successful at tearing holes in the enemy's defense. Cotton tackled like a 16-inch shell, and Brown and Degree broke up play after play.

The first string backfield was kept out until the second quarter. The men that started, Thomas, Kane, Cerney and Connell, were not able to score against Indiana, though Cerney and Connell made some fine gains. Layden, substituting for Crowley, was also impressive.

Indiana let loose a medley of short passes that proved successful for a while, but which were eventually broken up or intercepted. They were too short to be very dangerous at any time, though on the whole their passing system was good. Our warriors used but few passes, and these usually when a gain

was badly needed to make first down. Indiana put up a good fight, but most of our end run and off-tackle plunges were too consistently good for them.

At the start of the first quarter neither team could gain, and so punts were exchanged between Degree and Hanny, after Kane had made one nice eight yard plunge. Again punts were exchanged. Connell made eight around left end, Cerney three through center, and Kane shot a nice 15 yard pass to Cerney, which put the ball on Indiana's 15 yard line. The Crimson held for downs, then kicked. After a 15 yard penalty Notre Dame kicked, and the quarter ended with the ball in Indiana's possession on her 40 yard line.

The regular backfield went in for the second quarter, after Hanny had punted over our goal line on a nice kick. Don Miller dashed through right tackle for 25 yards on a pretty play. Indiana held for downs and Sloate took the ball on his 48 yard line and ran it 20 yards through Notre Dame's line. After a couple of plays Hanny was tackled so hard that he fumbled, and Vergara recovered. Miller ran around left end for 27 yards, and a moment later made 20 yards more. Castner flew around left end for 23 yards and a touchdown, after which he kicked goal. After Stuhldreher had carried the kick-off to the 25 yard line Paul Castner went 13 yards off left tackle, then had to kick, making a splendid punt past Indiana's goal line. Indiana was forced to kick, after which Layden went around right end for 22 yards. Miller fumbled and Indiana recovered. Our line held and Hanny's punt was partly blocked, then recovered by Regan for Notre Dame. Then the half ended with the score 7 to 0 in favor of the Gold and Blue.

When the second half opened Castner took Indiana's kickoff and ran it back 40 yards to Indiana's 40 yard line. Smashes by Castner and Crowley put the ball on the visitors' 22

yard mark. Then Castner slid around left end to the two yard line, from which he plunged through a shifting offense for a touchdown, and then kicked goal. Castner received the kickoff and was downed on his 30 yard line. Crowley waltzed around end for 30, putting the ball on Indiana's 40 yard mark. A couple of plays failed to gain, so Castner dropped back to the 45 yard line and booted a drop over the bar. Later in the period Don Miller staged his 57 yard run, which was disallowed because of roughness. Castner punted 65 yards over the Crimson goal line. Indiana made first down, then completed a six yard pass. Again Hanny passed to Moomaw, who was immediately tackled by Cotton for a three yard loss. Hanny punted and the quarter ended with the ball in our possession on our 35 yard line, and the score 17 to 0.

Early in the last quarter Castner punted out of bounds on Indiana's 30 yard line, and Crowley intercepted a forward pass on the Crimson 30 yard line. Castner plowed through center for 10, and a few moments later dropped back to the 35 yard mark and made his second drop kick for three more points. Hanny fozzled his kickoff, and Walsh was downed with the ball on the Crimson 21 yard line and Castner attempted a drop kick which failed by a few feet. Castner was now the only first string backfield man in the game. Suddenly Indiana attempted a pass over center, which Castner jumped into the air and intercepted, after which he waded 35 yards through half the Indiana team for the last score of the day. He kicked goal. Jerry Miller received the kickoff and in a remarkable burst of speed returned the ball to the middle of the field. Livergood made five, but N. D. was penalized 15 for roughness. Livergood punted, after which Bergman intercepted a pass on the visitors' 38 yard line. Livergood made five off tackle, and Collins received a pass from Bergman for an eight yard gain. Livergood and Bergman took the ball to Indiana's five yard line, and after two fumbles, which N. D. recovered with losses, a six yard plunge by Bergman, and an unsuccessful pass, Indiana got the ball. Hanny punted and the whistle blew.

Our game with Army today is in many re-

spects the crucial battle of the season. Army has been undefeated, has tied Yale, and is recognized as one of the finest teams in the East. Its line is even more than traditionally strong, while ours is not by any means the steel wall of last year. Army has always relied upon a battering line attack, and this year they have added to their offense a dangerous aerial game. Our success or failure will depend very largely upon our line, which, notwithstanding the splendid fight it showed at Atlanta, is yet admittedly weak in some spots. And if it can open a few holes for our backs, then Notre Dame will mark up its seventh victory out of nine games played at West Point. Army may complete some short passes, but our backfield is well-trained in breaking up long ones. It is expected, moreover, that Rockne's men will not only disclose some new passes that they have kept in reserve till now, but also some intricate plays that will prove baffling to the soldiers. If Army falls, then look out, Butler, Carnegie Tech and Nebraska!

Lineup:

| NOTRE DAME. | INDIANA. |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| McNulty, Collins ----- | France, Wilkins |
| Left end. | |
| Cotton, Stange ----- | Smith, Niness |
| Left tackle. | |
| Brown, Weible ----- | Butler, Cox |
| Left guard. | |
| Walsh, Regan ----- | Lohrei |
| Center. | |
| Degree, Kizer ----- | Clay |
| Right guard. | |
| R. Miller, Flynn ----- | Springer, Knoy |
| Right tackle. | |
| Vergara, Mayl, Hunsinger ----- | Hanny |
| Right end. | |
| Thomas, Stuhldreher ----- | Moomaw |
| Quarter back. | |
| Kane, Crowley, Layden, Bergman ----- | Sloate |
| Left halfback. | |
| Connell, D. Miller, G. Miller ----- | Thomas |
| Right halfback. | |
| Cerney, Castner, Livergood ----- | Howard, Harris |
| Full back. | |

Officials: Referee, Gardner of Cornell; umpire, Moomaw of Army; head linesman, Pratt of Michigan; field judge, White of Princeton.

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A GOOD POLICY.

Some exceptionally clever insurance agent conceived a new plan to increase the number of policy holders in his company. As a result of his conception the entire Northwestern football squad has been insured against injuries. The terms of the policy guarantee the Athletic Association a fixed sum for every player injured or taken ill during the football season, and also provide a fifty per cent additional sum for every player sent to the hospital. Compensations already have been received for five broken noses. Now all that remains for insurance companies to do is to insure teams against defeat.

We feel confident that there is at least one class in which the co-eds of Oregon University do not have to worry about flunking. It is a class in dancing, which has just been added to the curriculum.

SET 'EM UP RASTUS!

Now that the cold, dreary days of Winter are creeping slowly onward, the golf and tennis enthusiasts will not have the opportunity to get their regular amount of out-door exercise. The students at M. A. C., however, are determined to get plenty of indoor exercise instead. They have organized bowling leagues which are scheduled to meet regularly throughout the dismal months. Just as a suggestion: We have two bowling alleys in the basement of Walsh Hall that are seldom, or never, used.

The co-eds in many of the Eastern colleges have been struck by the new fashion craze of wearing masculine apparel: such as topcoats, knickers, boots and neckties. We suppose that if this fad becomes universal, a reaction will result, and the college fellows will be borrowing each other's dresses to go to a dance.

SLIPPING IT OVER ON VESPASIAN.

The largest athletic stadium in the world is being built in England, on a two hundred acre tract of land, just ten miles northwest of London. The chief purpose in building this giant amphitheater which will seat 125,000 for field meets and 175,000 for boxing exhibitions, is to match the best American university athletes against the best British university athletes in international games of all sorts. The monster stadium, when completed, will measure on the inside about 800 feet long and 300 feet wide, with space reserved for a quarter mile circular track, football fields, polo fields, cricket fields, baseball diamonds, a 200 yard straightway and for other games.

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The Flavor Lasts

All of the students at Oregon University are being urged to take up golf as a means of keeping physically fit while attending school. The golf instructor there is not in favor of football, basketball and baseball for getting bodily exercise, because he says that the majority of college men are preparing themselves for indoor jobs which require some sufficient out-door exercise to keep the body healthy and the mind alert, and these youthful games cannot benefit a man in later life as golf can, for one is never too old to play it.

Daniel Berman, although only twelve years old, has matriculated at Columbia University, and he, as well as his parents, contend that even though he is the youngest student at Columbia and one of the youngest students in the United States, he is not a prodigy. At the age of nine and one-half years he entered high school, completed the three year course in a little more than half the time required by the average student and won a Regents' state scholarship for high scholastic standing. His program for the year embraces these four subjects: Contemporary Civilization, English A1, French 3, and German A1.

IMPROVING A BETTER EVIL.

A general crusade against betting on any college games has been started by Coach Stagg, Chicago University, who is fostering the campaign extending through all the Big Ten colleges. He maintains that betting is now taking the shape of a very serious menace against the welfare of intercollegiate athletics, especially football. He divides the gamblers into two groups: those who think they are expressing loyalty to their school by so doing; and those who hope to make some easy money. The former, he claims, is a mistaken idea and a misplaced impression of loyalty; the latter condemns itself.

After more than twenty-five years of research, the physiologists of the University of Toronto have prepared a serum which is pronounced an absolute cure for diabetes. The injection of ordinary pancreas in the blood, heretofore attempted in the treatment of diabetes, was unsuccessful because that part of the secretion intended for the stomach digestion destroyed the element to be used for burning of sugar in the blood.

GALOSHES GALORE.

The celebrated galoshes which caused so much comment last Winter threaten to return again this year to rival in popularity the Russian "Bolshevik" Boot. We feel we can conclude this because it was at a football game two weeks ago that a co-ed of Indiana University made the initial appearance of the season in a pair of them—and as usual they were flapping, flapping, flapping.



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