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Monday, January 23—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Tuesday, January 24—St. Timothy, bishop and martyr.

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Examinations.

Thursday, January 26—St. Polycarp, bishop and martyr.
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Examinations.
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Friday, January 27—St. Vitalian, pope and confessor.
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Saturday, January 28—St. John, Chrysostom, bishop, confessor, and doctor.
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Sunday, January 29—St. Francis of Sales, bishop, confessor and doctor.

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As the young student looks.
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THE CAMPUS STORE
ON GETTING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

There is nothing very ornamental or sensational about the ordinary brass tack, excepting when it is left, point upward, upon the absent-minded person’s chair. But nothing in the world could be better designed to bring a person down, when it serves the natural function of all such tacks in keeping the carpet from slipping. This bringing down supposes being on the carpet, and so that is where we are going to put You for the time—“on the carpet.” You are a young man who has severed connection with parental apron-strings for the purpose of getting ready for the world. Education is going to change your character in many profound ways, whether you try to help it do so or not. Hereafter you can never succeed in being anything else but a product of that education. If you turn out to be a Hobo, it must be a trained Hobo; if you develop into a Saint, it must be an educated Saint. There have been several examples of both, but the world has yet to know a man who took away from a University no trace of passage excepting the degree.

What does this mean to you? Very simply either that you are developing the best things in you or that you are going to the devil. We read a great deal about success nowadays, about getting ahead, about being the fat man with the obese Ricorico whose spare change purchases a ringside seat ‘on top of the world.’ One may very well doubt whether that kind of thing is success in any real sense of word; but one may rest assured that for the college-man the only kind of prosperity possible is that which follows directly in the path of his education. The treasures of human wisdom, as preserved and imported by the Universities, are largely immaterial things; the moth does not consume them nor are they referred to very frequently in the American Magazine. They make up the commissary upon which the human race has tried to attain civilization, has struggled painfully to escape the threat of barbarism written across the skies after the Fall of Man. Therefore, as a college-man you are dedicated to the use and possibly to the increase of these cultural treasures. Having eaten, you must either grow strong or you must die. It is a great opportunity, but it is also a very great peril; it is, from the point of your happiness, the chance of a lifetime. From the money standpoint alone, it is a great thing; but money is only one very secondary aspect.

Now ask yourselves, candidly, what you have done so far. Have you entered into the spirit of University life? Have you even tried to realize that your immortal soul will never grow up on bread and butter? The motto of Notre Dame is “Anima sana in corpore sano;” she has tried to foster all of those things which will help to make you men; she has encouraged athletics as she has labored for the arts and the sciences. But Notre Dame would be as futile a place as can be found on this earth if she sent you forth with no other interests than those of the college-boy. She would be a horrible failure if at the end of four years there was nothing in you but a concern with the games and the pleasures of your campus days. Notre Dame has the right to ask: “What have you done so far?” If you cannot answer creditably, it is high time to “get down to brass tacks”—to see that this world into which you are going is no man’s playground but every man’s battle-field, and that, for better or worse, you must fight with the weapons which are fashioned by your education.

J. J. C.
Those who have written about Father Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., have been strongly tempted to use the superlative degree throughout, and, in truth, an impartial study of his life shows that he deserves nothing but words of highest praise. This Father Walsh was a large man, though of medium height, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, and smiling. For Notre Dame he was a valuable man, especially after becoming president of the University. Indeed, it is in this rôle that he is chiefly known. Endowed with the qualities of a leader, he possessed the freshness and the vigor of young manhood, was a man of exceptional mental qualifications and of rare judgment. With all about him he was as patient as a Polonius, lending his ears to receive new suggestions and old ideas, and his tongue to encourage and to advise. Yet he was always the master of his own mind and heart. Only a strong conviction could induce him to act. "Do well what is worth doing" seemed to be the guiding maxim of his life, and his success in following this principle is concretely exemplified in the flourishing condition of the University at the time of his death.

Father Walsh was not a native of our country, but was born in the village of Lacolle, near Montreal, in 1853, beginning his early education there at the village school. At the age of fifteen he entered St. Laurent College, conducted by the Congregation of Holy Cross near Montreal, and in three years finished his collegiate studies. He then entered the Novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross near the college, and, after the regular period of elementary religious training, was sent to France to enter La Collège de Ste. Croix at Neuilly, near Paris for his theological studies. In 1876, at the request of Father Colovin, then president of the University of Notre Dame, Father Sorin brought the young theologian to Notre Dame. The following year he was ordained.

It was at this time that Father Walsh began a career that has yet to be surpassed at Notre Dame. The youthful cleric taught difficult classes, was director of studies, and filled the chair of vice-president. His
achievements far exceeded even the expectations of his superiors, so that, two years after the great fire of 1879 he was, at the age of twenty-eight, chosen to fill the highest office in the University. The young president soon attained the zenith of his short day. His reputation as an orator spread far and wide; his name became synonymous with all that tended towards progress in Catholic Education. During his presidency he completed Science, Sorin, Washington, and St. Edward’s Halls. He began anew the collection of books which has grown into the University Library, and encouraged Professor Edwards in the founding of the Bishop’s Memorial Hall. Previous to this time Notre Dame’s influence had been limited to the neighboring states. During his administration, however, the University became an educational institution of nation-wide repute. Leader that he was, he gathered about him masters of every profession. He secured the services of Charles Warren Stoddard, Arthur Stace, and Maurice Francis Egan, in the Department of English. He engaged Professor Gregori to decorate the Main Building and to teach art, Colonel Hoynes to teach Law, and added Professor McCue to the faculty of the College of Engineering.

Father Walsh was a giant in the midst of these men. As a teacher in the classical course he was unsurpassed. He was able to teach almost every class in the curriculum, and at times left his official desk for an hour to take the place of some sick professor. His ready command of languages was no less remarkable than his knowledge of mathematics, and in French he enjoyed an enviable proficiency. He spoke the language of Richelieu with as much ease and grace as he spoke that of Newman. In fact Frenchmen here and abroad marveled at his perfect knowledge of the language. On the visit of Minister Washburne of France to South Bend, Father Walsh conversed with the Minister in his native tongue so perfectly and gracefully that the official said that he had never before heard more elegant French. At another time Father Walsh was called upon to address the Catholic Scientific Congress at Paris. So eloquently and easily did he accomplish this task that the Paris paper Le Monde remarked that Frenchmen had thought it quite impossible for a foreigner to master their tongue so completely. Bishop Spalding acclaimed Father Walsh the genius of his day and among the greatest of modern educators. “To have been in the company of an Aquinas,” said the scholarly Bishop, “was an education in itself.”

If in the memory of men the names of pioneer educators should be relegated to an unimportant place, Father Walsh will still be remembered as a gentleman of the finest culture, as an inspiring religious and priest. He possessed those beautiful virtues which everyone is forced to admire. His every action was tempered with prudence and charity, a double link binding him to his many friends. His life was one long series of kindnesses. An old Brother of Holy Cross who had been his companion at the grammar school of Lacolle, at St. Laurent College, and at the Novitiate, said of his friend’s perfection in this virtue, “I never knew ‘Tommy’ Walsh to say an unkind word or to do an unkind act.” Utter forgetfulness of self was another of his characteristics. At no time during his life of two score years was he known to act solely in his own interest. He seemed to think only of his work, to give himself entirely to it, and to lose himself in the accomplishment of it. “He thought himself only one of God’s plain workmen, like a little child.” And withal, he exhibited a modesty of deportment which attracted men and charmed those who were privileged to know him intimately. “I never knew him to make any allusion to any successes he ever achieved, and there were many of them,” said a companion of his boyhood, of his manhood, and of his death-bed.

Those who have known Father Walsh can never forget the influence he had on their lives. He would walk about on the University campus, smiling on those whom he met, and lightening their burden with his kind words. And today, wherever the Notre Dame men of that time are gathered, their lips move to praise and their heart to pray at the mention of his name. He was always their cheerful friend, the man who never found fault.

Father Walsh was blessed with a personality unique in the truest sense. “He was a man of strong character, and yet he never
chafed others, because those who came in contact with him felt a superiority which he never had to impose." As a conversationalist he was remarkably entertaining and affable, and was gifted with a keen but not cutting wit. No company seemed to affect his manners. Cardinals and bishops, senators and governors shared the same greeting, a greeting that proceeded from the heart and that showed itself at every moment. Bishop Spalding declared that he "thought it worth while to go two hundred miles just to see his pleasant smile and to receive his kindly greeting." "I am persuaded," said the Bishop in his sermon at Father Walsh's funeral, "that if a man like Father Walsh were set alongside of any of the great men of any day, where beauty of spirit, where virtue was taken into account, I am persuaded, I say, in all sincerity, that this great, Christ-like spirit and human heart would compare favorably with any of those of old."

The last days of Father Walsh were worthy of the man who lived them. For more than a year previous to his death he had been ill. Yet he never complained. When signing the degrees and diplomas for the commencement of 1893, he told a friend that this was probably his last official act. A few days later, on June 19, specialists told him that his death was not far off. He went to Waukesha, Wisconsin, and a few weeks later was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee. During the two weeks spent at the Hospital he suffered intensely. A few days before his death he asked to read the prayers for the dying from his Directory, the small prayer-book of his religious community. On the evening of July 16 he became unconscious, and early the following morning he returned his beautiful soul to his Creator and Judge.

The Presidency of Father Walsh was brief in time but large in achievement. When he accepted his responsible position, he had nothing but hope in God to help him. The University had been razed to the ground two years before. It was Father Walsh's task to rebuild it. Little by little, he and his assistants accomplished that task, and the University of Notre Dame became one of the foremost educational institutions of America.

VERSE.

FIDELITY.

You need not seek me when your mind
Is light and free of care.
You need not come when fate so kind
Spreads gladness everywhere.
But when you're feeling sad and blue,
And toil-filled days seem long to you,
When friends you loved have proved untrue,
Come then, old friend, come then.

You need not come, old friend of mine,
When worries stalk my ways.
You need not bring your glad sunshine
Into my darksome days.
But when my heart is brimmed with song,
And nothing in the world is wrong,
When eyes are bright and love is strong
Come then, old friend, come then.

And if you want old fires to die
In doubtful dawning years,
Don't count the mist before my eye
Nor mind my heart's hot tears.
But after this abandonment
If, musing on the days we've spent,
Your heart should hunger to repent,
Come then, old friend, come then.

C. S. CROSS.

BADIN DREAMERS.

One night as I lay on my pillow,
One night as I lay in my bed,
I dreamed the craziest sort of a dream
That has ever entered my head.

Old Sorin Hall housed freshmen,
And Corby did the same;
While the valiant Badin football team
Had never lost a game.

The gym was next to Hullie and Mike's,
And the pool was under Carroll;
The Hill street car was painted pink
To look like a powder barrel.

The 'caf' was open night and day.
The food was doled out free
For all the gang were standing strong
For the refectory.

The Varsity was badly licked
By O. S. U. and Yale,
And Roger Kiley missed a pass
And had to go to jail.

And then I woke up with a start
And found 'twas all a dream,
For queer things happen now and then,
But they can't beat our team.

C. P. C.
HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH DRESSED UP.

JOHN S. BRENNAN.

"Clothes, happy invention, and yet such a bane." No one but a Fiji Islander would be so rash as to declare that clothes are unimportant. The question of dress, of what to wear and when to wear and where to wear it, has been one that has perplexed men ever since Adam put on his fig leaf frock coat and with Eve on his arm left the gates of Paradise far behind him.

We may be pardoned for supposing that Adam was unhappy because his new habiliments irked him. No doubt his uneasiness left him when his new costume became less strange, for one of the most important rules for being happy though dressed up is to feel that one's clothes are a part of one's self. The foremost living exponent of the great truth that familiarity with fashionable clothes breeds ease is John Drew, who, unlike most of the species, is perfectly at home in a dress suit largely because he has worn one so much, both on and off the stage, that he regards it as his working clothes, just as a day laborer considers his overalls just his overalls. We can not imagine Mr. Drew experiencing that peculiar undertaker-like feeling which the uninitiated are heir to.

Lord Chesterfield, who went to considerable pains to make his son a gentleman in every sense of the word, often advised him as to the manner of his dress. In one letter he says, "Dress is a very foolish thing, and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, in accordance to his rank and way of life, and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those he lives with; the difference in this case between a man of sense and a fop, is that the fop values himself upon his dress and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows that he must not neglect it." The same sentiment was in Shakespeare's mind when he put these words into the mouth of that estimable old gentleman, Polonius, making him say this, in speaking to his son Laertes:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

James Gibbons Huneker stated this much more simply in Steeplejack: "Clothes, like manners, should be unobtrusive." On another occasion Lord Chesterfield remarked, "I can not help forming some opinion of a man from his dress. Any affectation whatsoever, implies to my mind a flaw in the understanding." How woefully lacking in understanding must the college student of caricature be who returns to the home of his father wearing exaggerated English cut clothes with flamboyant checks; eight checks high for a six foot man, polka-dot shoes with lavender spats and an Alaskan sunset waistcoat, the tout ensemble very well set off by a Boston bull terrier on a six foot chain, a straw hat with a red, white and green ribbon and a moustache of three microns perimeter. We hope that the idiotic Beau Brummel has not prevailed, that these unfortunate gentlemen will continue to exist only in caricature and that the preaching of Shakespeare and Chesterfield has not been in vain.

Well made clothes which are in good taste have a recognized psychological effect upon the wearer as well as upon those with whom he comes in contact. Witness all the good things which came young Mr. Skinner's way after he purchased his dress suit and broke into society. It was Lord Bacon, we believe, who said, "A pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation." This fact is recognized in the business world where men are accustomed to rely to a great extent upon first impressions. A well dressed man has a much better chance of securing a good position than has his competitor who is out at elbows and down at the heels. Large business houses demand that their salesmen dress well because they realize the effect that an appearance of prosperity has upon the prospective customer. Tramps justly complain that their lack of good clothes mititates against them when they apply for a job. In only one case that we know of did a well dressed man find that his clothes prevented him from securing a position. When E. H. Sothern was a young man, out hunting for
a contract, he haunted the offices of Mr. Frohman. He was penniless but always took good care to have his clothes neatly pressed and brushed. Mr. Frohman told him years afterward that he had looked so prosperous and happy that he didn't think he needed a job and so kept putting him off with the promise that if something turned up he would let him know. For this one case, however, where clothes proved a liability instead of an asset, there are hundreds of cases where the reverse is true.

Do not think that because you mingle for a time with a class of people who buy their clothes ready-made at the corner haberdashery that you can afford to show poor taste in clothes to win their good graces. Nothing is farther from the truth. A candidate for the governorship of New York once lost the election because of the heat of the evening and because he wished to show himself one of the "people," he removed his coat and addressed a large meeting of laboring people in his shirt sleeves.

One of the surest ways to be dressed up and happy is to select clothes which one likes. Temper this liking with a little good taste and have the clothes made to fit. Mark Twain was charged with being sensational and wishing to advertise himself when he affected pure white raiment in his later years. When asked about it he said that dark colors depressed him while white was very restful. What was more, as a woman once remarked to her husband, when he purchased a canary yellow suit, with black stripes, "You are the one that has to wear it." Mark Twain chose to wear white, had a very good reason for it, and so the matter passed out of the gossip's jurisdiction.

There are a few things in the matter of dress which should be strenuously avoided. Nothing makes such a poor appearance as white socks with a dark suit, particularly if the socks are given a marginal communication with the outside world and nothing is in such poor taste as a combination of white duck trousers and brown shoes. What is so pathetic as one lone bird of paradise in a tuxedo at an informal party? Bell bottomed trousers are an abomination. During Madame Pompadour's regime ladies wore bell shaped skirts and the men wore knee breeches. How wonderful is evolution! Now the trousers have descended to a sensible length. Not satisfied with this the men must ape the French court and have a bell effect instead of cuffs. Wearing goloshes is another cardinal sin, particularly if one wears them unhooked so that they flap about like boats on some old swashbuckler.

"WHAT NOTRE DAME HAS DONE FOR ME."

BY A FRESHMAN OF LAST YEAR AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Now that my first year of college life has come to a close, it is quite proper to look back and see what Notre Dame has done for me.

First, in a scholastic way, I think I have now the meaning of the word "study." I have learned to delve deeper into all subjects and not to judge them by their superficial surface appearance. Also, I have become accustomed to a system in preparing my assignments. This was particularly emphasized by having a complete quarterly course mapped out so that one could look forward and make all subjects take position accordingly.

Next, I believe, comes the religious element. This has been of paramount importance at all times. It is hard to explain just how I have benefitted, and to classify it in mere words. Constant association with men in religion, the traditional atmosphere of devotion to spiritual life, the opportunity to partake in so many religious services and exercises has left an indelible impression on me, which, though hard to put in words, is nevertheless present and vibrant within me. Especially have I profited by the opportunity of frequent Communion. I think this alone would be sufficient return for this one year I have spent at Notre Dame.

Again, I have had my viewpoint on all questions broadened by constant association with fellow students from all parts of the country. Born and raised as I was in a small middle Western town, I had become accustomed to look on all discussions from a very narrow, provincial point of view. I had been led to judge all questions as to their
relative merit to that small sphere in which I lived, not taking into account the other millions that might be concerned for good or ill in the project. Since I came to N. D. and have associated with the representatives of these other millions I have come to look at things from a broader viewpoint, weighing their interests as well as those of my small community.

Then, there are the friends and acquaintances I have made. When I came to Notre Dame I was timid and lonesome, since I knew practically no one. As I got around a bit, however, I found nearly all the fellows in my hall to be in the same predicament, and, since “misery loves company,” it seemed no time until there was a large group of us banded together to form a mutual consolation society. Friendships were quickly formed in those lonely days—friendships which have lasted throughout the year, and which I hope will endure for ever. Those fellows were impulsive and true. They accepted one at face value and then stuck through thick and thin. During my life I have known quite a number whom I could call “friend,” yet none of them are dearer or nearer to me than those fellow students at Notre Dame.

Lastly, I believe one of my greatest benefits was, to speak slangily, “being thrown on my own hook.” I had no “drag” with any of the faculty or school officials, I had no influential student acquaintances, I had no previous experience in such matters, since I had never been away from home except in the company of my parents, and yet,—I believe I can say without boasting,—I made good. I had been afraid of myself, fearful that I would be overcome by home-sickness, afraid that I would always do the wrong thing, yet somehow, with the aid of fellow students I came through.

For the first time in my life I had faced the world alone, without the kindly hand of a mother to guide me, nor the name of a father to shelter me, and although I missed them sorely, I came through the great experience unscathed. This may seem like childlike chatter but when I came here I was but a child in experience. So it is that now I can look back on my first year of college life and call it a success, and I can always have a kindly thought for old Notre Dame, for it started me on that road whose ending should be the aim of each and every one of us—“CATHOLIC MANHOOD.”

THOUGHTS.

Not on the stage alone, but in life also, a man’s real character comes out best in his asides.

VANITY is like the oily secretion of a bird—it sleeks and adjusts the ruffled plumage.

FRIENDSHIP and love are the resultant of the recognition of ourselves in others.

VERSE.

THE LAUGHING TROMBONE.

Somewhere a victrola is playing “The Wabash Blues,”
And a laughing trombone
Adds its singular strains to the melody.
Mournful, dire, foreboding,
Are the strains of the laughing trombone.
They seem to be forecasting something.
Perhaps, the death of Ragtime.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.

THE DERELICT.

Sweet, curious child, who stop to stare,
Yet poised to leap and run,
You wonder if this matted lair
Hides thing of fear or fun;
If beard so wild and fierce as mine
A goodly man conceals;
Or if it be an honest sign
And a wicked man reveals!

I wonder, too, my fawn-like friend,
What sort of thing I be;
What, when I’ve found my mortal end,
Will eyes immortal see.
If being weak is counted sin,
Then they must see the worst,
For birth gave me a yielding chin,
And time produced a thirst.

So if you looked behind the mask
Where shrinks what’s left of me,
You’d find a creature of the flask,
The wreck of revelry;
With such a face—(ah, blighted face!)—
As dissipation strips
Of soul, and leaves in bloodless trace,
The cold and trembling lips.

D. C. GRANT.
THE SPACE BETWEEN.

They are sitting on the sofa,
He and she.
But Johnny's in the room,
So you see
They are sitting on the sofa,
He—and-she.
Then Johnny leaves the room,
Now you see
They are sitting on the sofa,
Heandshe.

***

Stude: I see by the paper that German marks are very low just at present.
Prof: After looking at your exam paper I am convinced of it.

***

She: Why don't you want to take me to the dance tonight?
He: I'm a little stiff from tennis, see?
She: Oh, that's all right. No one will know you're from there, and I don't believe the first charge at all.

***

Here's to the guy who thinks that Kipling's "Bell Buoy" was written about a front-boy.

***

"Yes, I take after my father."
"I've never tried it but if he's a small man it sounds good."

***

He: Between what ages do women flirt most?
She: Sixteen and ninety-three.

***

Her: Most matches give a warming glow;
The glow is from their phosphorus.

Him: We wed-matched oft receive a blow;
The blow is from our boss for us.

***

A great singer named Erasil McScoff
Met his death from a fall, not a cough.
He sure took a wild "Fling"
At the top of his voice and fell off.

***

THAT REMINDS ME.

Sy: I bought a new ribbon for my typewriter.
Low: That reminds me, I must get mine a box of candy.

HOLY SMOKE INFLAMMATION BEURO.

Three questions answered each day:

Dear Holy Smoke: I am thinking of buying some socks. Can you tell me how much six pairs are?

G. A. Boon.

Dear Gaboon: Six pairs of socks are exactly one dozen.

Holy Smoke: I am havving trubel with mi frensh. Can you advize me

Betty Wins.

My Dear Gambler: If you are having as much trouble with your French as I had with your English I feel sorry for you. Would you care to go to a picture show some night?

Dear Religious Cloud: Don't you pity homely people?

Sir Round.

Sir Cles: No, I don't pity you. Homely people are behind their faces and don't see them. It's the public that suffers.

***

Jones says that
The guy
Who called it
Wed-lock
Knew his stuff.
Jones has been
Married
For three years
And on
Numerous occasions
He has been
Locked either in
Or out.

***

Brown: Why do they run two cars at noon on the Hill line?
Son: The cars run close to each other so as to keep the ends of the rails from flying up.

***

"What's the matter, feel blue?"
"Yes."
"Here try a drink of this. How do you feel now?"
"Green."

***

"They say that Aunt Eppie Hogg was held up last night."
"It must have been a regular lifting bee."

KOLARS.
As the time for quarterly grades approaches, we shall be confronted again with the complaint against grades in the “twilight zone,” that narrow range of marks between 65 and 70.

A WORD ABOUT GRADES. Usually the complaint is lodged against an instructor who has given the student a grade of 68 or 69. The latter laments the loss of the quarter’s work because of one or two points. Generally speaking, there is no objection to passing by a margin of one, or even two; place the points on the other side, however, and the fun begins.

We doubt that in very many cases is the student’s complaint justified. From observation we have come to believe that the instructor will favor the student if he needs only a few points to pass. Figures would probably show that there are five times as many grades between 70 and 75 as there are between 65 and 70. The fact that the undergraduate does get the benefit of the doubt in almost all cases makes his complaint less justifiable.

There may be something to be said, nevertheless, in behalf of the man who opens objection to a grade of 68 or 69. He knows that the system of numerical grading may easily be unreliable, that uniformity is often lacking. When there is an element of uncertainty in the system, he naturally believes that uncertainty may have exercised its force against him. The situation illustrates sufficiently, however, the danger that is presented when a student’s work sinks to that zone which centers about the passing mark. There will never be any satisfactory adjustment of this problem. The student deserves, as we have said before, the benefit of the doubt. Yet for him to hold a grudge against the instructor simply because he receives a mark of 69 is merely shifting the blame, which is his own, to the shoulders of someone else.

The scene on the streetcar returning from the basketball game last Monday night was a disgrace to any intelligent college man who may have been present. When men have received from four months to four years of college training it is presumed they know the difference between a streetcar and a stable and that they know how to ride in a car without having to kick out windows and break lights to show how playful and “college” they are. Men in long trousers are supposed to be past the age for “playing horse.”

The weeks of labor which the S. A. C. have spent in trying to better conditions about the college might as well have been spent in trying to steam-heat Cartier Field. The friendliness and cooperation which the Committee has received from the officials of
The traction company is poorly repaid with broken street cars.

The very reason why better cars have never been put on the Hill street line is plainly seen in the light of Monday night's rowdism. If men have no regard for property, if they disdain to cooperate in any move for the betterment of conditions and if they care nothing for the work others may do to better such conditions, they should at least give some consideration to the good name of their college.

F. J. M.

Competition is one of the greatest routes to progress. Though along with it are bred envy, jealousy, and sometimes hate, a virtue that far outweighs these three of the seven sins is honest resolve to go ahead. Progress means better methods, enlightenment, the forward movement that is ever producing what is better than what came before. And much of this advance is the result of competition.

In colleges this striving to do better than the other fellow is very keen. Some try for athletic honors and others for scholastic honors; but whatever the goal may be, the fittest will win. Ability coupled with work is the only method in the game. No matter how talented a man may be, no matter how well he is cut out for the job he tackles, he must work. He will always find other men who are willing to sacrifice much to realize that very thing he is striving for.

And so the keener the competition, the higher the standard set. The one who has worked the hardest and who in the end is found to be the most fitting will fill the position sought, or will receive the honors that were his goal. But what of the other fellow, the man who tried and tried hard? Is he left out, not to be noticed, has he done nothing? The answer to this may well be put by quoting from a conversation heard recently on the campus, "I'm going to try out for the team next year. I'm going to give 'em the best I have, and then if I fail I'll know that a better man than I got the place." It's just that. We try. We probably don't succeed, but what we have really done is to set the standard higher, to make the competition keener, and in this way to raise the athletic or scholastic standard of the school. That is not all. We have improved, not only the school but also ourselves. The men who were appointed, or who received the distinction, had to work harder. We tried to follow them, and in so doing we enlarged ourselves.

It is the one game that you can't lose. Look at it from any angle and the result is the same—every body is bettered. Why, then, hang back? Why not pitch in and "take a crack at things." Bury the envy and jealousy. They eat and eat but give nothing. There is a type of person who consoles himself with the thought that he "hasn't done his best." He sees the other fellow leave him behind, but is not worried, because he "hasn't got busy." The refuge offered by this sort of philosophy is weak and flimsy. It is simply lying to oneself. Let us all be truthful to ourselves and see just what we are capable of when we put forth the real effort. Notre Dame's standard is high. Hard work and earnest effort enlivened by competition will keep it so.

KOLARS.

Three years have left among us only a disappearing sense of obligation to the soldiers and sailors who went to the colors in 1917. The days since THE SOLDIERS' RECEPTION, the armistice have, it is true, bred many words of praise. Benevolent politicians have been profuse in their platitudes. The newspapers too have published high-sounding editorials. But the political leaders, we observe, are silently inactive when it comes to a bonus bill, while many newspapers have been frankly "hostile to whatever recognition the service men have gotten.

There was something plainly comforting, in relief from this, in the demonstration of South Bend people in behalf of the service men, Monday evening. The event showed, at least, that down in our hearts, we and our neighbors are still conscious of the debt we owe the men who wore the uniform. Old-fashioned gratitude, which speaks not volubly but sincerely, was vindicated.

The average ex-service man hardly worries, we think, about the volume of thanks he receives. He has a consciousness of a job
well done—and that is enough. He welcomes appreciation, however, regardless of the form it takes, and he accepts such demonstrations as that which took place in South Bend this week as a sincere expression of gratitude and good will.

MOlz.

WASHINGTON HALL.

Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" was the screen attraction shown in Washington Hall last Saturday night. The screen version proved not nearly so entertaining as the story, and play dragged noticeably, particularly towards the end. It is worth while to note that the latest bookings for the hall show fewer of the "blood and thunder" stories than have been shown in the past.

***

On Monday afternoon the Glacier National Park was shown in an interesting travelogue. The lecturer had a large number of scenes with him in addition to a few moving picture reels, which revealed all the beauty for which the Treasure State is famous, but the speaker did the Montanans an injustice in his statement that the scenes were taken but three years ago. Most of those who appeared in the pictures were garbed in "before the war" clothes, while the automobiles shown would seem to indicate that the course of empire had ceased its westward travelings in the vicinity of the Mississippi. Nevertheless these small details detracted in no way from the enjoyment of the views shown.

***

On Tuesday evening the Sam Lewis Company, composed of a pianist, violinist, reader, and Mr. Lewis as vocal soloist. The program was a pleasing one, with Mr. Lewis easily the star of the company which bears his name. The work of the pianist was pleasing, while Mr. Schuler on the violin drew his share of applause. Mr. Lewis has an exceptionally pleasing voice, and unusual diction, the two combining to make him a most popular artist. We look forward hopefully to musical entertainments of the same standard.

IN MEMORIAM.

It was with sincere regret that we learned of the death of Mr. Otto Blievernicht, father of Jerome. Mr. Blievernicht died at his home in Elmhurst, Ill., January 10. Through the SCHOLASTIC the students of the University extend sincere condolence to Jerome and his relatives.

On January 13 Frank Thomas' father died at his home in East Chicago, Ind. To Frank and his relatives the students of Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy.

Word reached the University on Thursday, January the twelfth, that Murray Donovan, a Sophomore, had died at his home in Decatur, Illinois. Murray was a promising lad, whose soul was right and whose friends amongst us were numerous. These, and all of us, will pray for the rest that our Lord can give him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Gerald Hagan, Notre Dame Scholastic, Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Mr. Hagan: In reply to your article in the current number of the SCHOLASTIC, we beg to state that the man in the picture did not fall two-thousand feet. We can not believe that; you are trying to kid us! No man could do that and live, even in the movies! What we noticed was that he fell from the end of a rope that had been cut. How far he fell was left to the intelligence of the audience to figure out from the nature of the injury suffered,—we were sorry to see that some could not figure it out. How far he actually did fall in no way compares with the fact of how far your article fell from the statement of things as they were.

We could get pictures that would please some of the Saturday-night crowd—only a few, however, we are glad to say—but the rest of the audience would not care to look at them. We are judging from the nature of the outcries and guffaws that punctuate the showings in the hall. We know that human nature is prone to forget itself especially in the dark; at least we always associate evil with darkness. You understand, of course, we are not accusing you of this; but we would say that if you are shocked at the attractions in Washington Hall just think of the rest of us who read some of the articles that appear in the SCHOLASTIC. "Out of the Depths" had nothing on "Holy Smoke" for instance.
If the Scholastic Board wants to clean house let's get together.

Hoping that your next article deals with the atrocities before the screen in Washington Hall and not with imaginary ones on it, we beg to remain, Your truly,

"IN THE BOOT." 

UNDER THE DOME.

The University Library has received the gift of a singularly beautiful copy of Dante, the text of which is the Italian version approved by the Dante Society of Italy. Though every detail of the volume is excellent, the binding, done in the strict old Florentine style, naturally attracts attention. This valuable addition to Notre Dame's famous collection gains added interest from the fact that it is one of two hundred copies prepared to the order of the Italians of America in honor of the great poet's centenary, and distributed by them amongst the leading libraries of the United States. All of us are very grateful indeed for this rare and practical courtesy.

***

We are reprinting, from the New-Times, Mr. Engels' rhapsodic account of the banquet given by Mr. Olen Clark to this year's team. It will be observed that at the time he wrote this, Mr. Engels would have voted for the able host on any ticket, for any job. Here goes—

Olen A. Clark gathered together 40 members of the Notre Dame football squad and 60 men intimately associated with them; spread before their enraptured eyes a gorgeous feast that would have delighted the palates of the most discriminating connoisseurs of ancient Greece and Rome; provided for their entertainment exquisite and spirited music and lively, laughter-teasing speeches; added for their education masterful and inspired orations, and earned for himself the undisputed title of All-American entertainer, at the annual football banquet held in Kable's banquet hall last night.

It was a big night for Notre Dame—undoubtedly the biggest night enjoyed by the gold and blue since the Cornhuskers swept down from the prairies of Nebraska, and were met with the same sort of overwhelming spirit that characterized the reception to the fighting Irish last night. Editorials have been written, songs have been sung, orations have been woven around the Notre Dame spirit, but that spirit seemed to have been expressed in its consummate glory when the 100 guests rose to a man and cheered for Notre Dame, for her great coach, Knute Rockne, for her great sons, the football men of 1921, and for her great friend, Ollie Clark.

"Men," said Frank Hering in an enthusiastic outburst of inspired speech, "men, you have been given the training for leadership—the training that will help you to battle successfully against the greatest difficulties that fate may throw in your path—you have been given that training—make use of it. And when you have succeeded, do not forget Notre Dame. Return every year at homecoming and commencement, for it is here that you will draw new vigor and courage, just as it is here at Notre Dame that you have drawn the inspiration that will make you leaders in the world without."

Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, former president of Notre Dame, and the most eloquent man in America, his musical voice ringing silver clear through the banquet hall, said that he holds athletics to be the surest foundation for success in life. "It is upon firm and healthy flesh that great moral characters are built," said Father Cavanaugh. "If I were a boy again, in the light of my experience I would go in for athletics, regardless of my proficiency in mathematics or literature or philosophy." After making this point he turned his attention to Mr. Clark and thanked him heartily for the whole evening. "It makes me young again," he said, "to be in such company, and at such an affair as this."

Then referring to Coach Rockne, Father Cavanaugh warned the audience that he was ready to demand a monogram for his own services in building up athletics at Notre Dame. "I appointed Knute Rockne head coach after Jesse Harper resigned," he said, "and Mr. Rockne has developed four great teams in four years. I demand a monogram."

Columns could be written on all the fine talks that were delivered during the evening—on Walter Halsas' praise of the "wonder team," on Eddie Anderson's farewell address, on the words of advice given the members of the freshman team by their coaches, Barry Holton and Duke Hodler, on the appreciation of Notre Dame made by the host, and finally on those bits of brilliance handed out by the toastmaster, "Miracle Man" Knute K. Rockne, the greatest coach in footballdom.

"It is my opinion," said Frank Hering, speaking of Rockne, "and in my football days I played under Stagg, of Chicago, and Williams, now of Minnesota—it is my opinion that Knute Rockne is the most versatile coach ever developed in the history of the game, He has brought football to its perfection. He has attempted and achieved things that no other coach has ever dared to try, and he has done the work of six good men, and is doing the work of six good men today at Notre Dame."

At the very opening of the banquet, the guests were given a delightful taste of what was in store for them when Miss Josephine Decker sang several songs. During the course of the banquet, Walter O'Keefe entertained with a monologue, the varsity quartet earned rounds of applause, the Notre Dame Big Five orchestra performed superbly. At the
close the varsity men fell right in with the spirit of the occasion and ended a perfect celebration in a perfect manner by agreeing to postpone the election of a captain until one of their number, F. Thomas, quarterback, who was recently called home, had returned.

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At a recent meeting of the South Bend Women’s Club Professor Smith, of the Department of Mining Engineering, spoke to an interested audience on “Diamonds and Radium.” Among the many things which appealed strongly to the listeners was his explanation of how a diamond of ordinary color can be made a gem of delicate hue and great value by being subjected to the power of radium rays.

***

The Church Unity Octave, which commenced on Jan. 18th and which will continue until next Wednesday, is being observed at Notre Dame with the special intention of bringing about the success of the Catholic Students’ Mission Crusade. Active work in the furtherance of this great cause will be undertaken soon, and it is hoped that this school will show itself in this, as in other things, the first Catholic school in the land.

***

A year and a half of anticipation will end on February 24th when two hundred Sophomores hold the first class dance of their college careers. Yes, that dance is to be another of the famous Sophomore Cotillions. As attendance is limited, those who have promised solemnly to go had better be sure to buy tickets as soon as they are put on sale, which will probably be on Jan. 25th. It is also advisable that all who wish to take St. Mary’s girls acquaint themselves with the arrangements which have been made. Jordan’s Louisville Orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music, and the rest of the program—well, that’s to be a surprise. James Swift (Chairman), Don Gallagher, Peter Cray, Stanley Comfort, and Hugh Magevney are on the Dance Committee, and Bill Gilchrist, Raymond Brady, Tom Hodgson, Charles Molz, and John Reardon (Chairman) are in charge of finances.

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The largest and most appreciative audience that was ever packed into St. Vincent’s Hall, Elkhart, attended the Notre Dame Glee Club concert which was given there last Tuesday night. Among the numbers that were especially well received were the songs of the Glee Quartet and the xylophone solos of Holland. After the performance there was a dance at which E. Toth’s Club Orchestra played long and merrily. The Elkhart Knights of Columbus were in charge of the entertainment.

***

The Sophomores believe in preparing for social activities as well as for scholastic endeavors. For on Thursday, February 2nd, they are going to meet at the South Bend Chamber of Commerce, reunite themselves as a class, enjoy a good entertainment, and incidentally prepare themselves for the Cotillion which comes later in the month. The program for the smoker, which is being arranged by Messrs. Jack Long (Chairman), Paul Funk, Les Brown, Frank Cahil, and De Roulet, is being kept a secret. “So just you wait and see.”

***

Father Irving, C. S. C., will give the first of his conferences on prayer tomorrow morning at ten o’clock in the Sorin Hall chapel. Three more conferences will be held on the succeeding Sundays. The purpose of Father Irving’s series of talks is to supplement the sermons being given in the Students’ Mass on subjects pertaining to the Catholic life of laymen.

***

Just what a young journalist encounters when he starts to practice his profession, and just how much money he can expect to earn, were some of the things made clear to the students of journalism by Macready Houston, head of the editorial department of the South Bend Tribune, in a speech made on Thursday, Jan. 12th to the classes of journalism. His good answer to the question, “How much can I make when I get out?” made the talk exceptionally interesting.

Another instructive talk on the subject of newspaper work was that given last Tuesday afternoon by C. N. Fassett, conductor of the “Slant” Column in the South Bend Tribune. He condensed forty-nine years of experience as a reporter and editor in a brief speech for the benefit of the Senior Journalists, and explained many things about conducting columns.
FAMILIAR FOLKS.


Al O’Donnell, old student of years ’04, ’05, ’06, writes that he “cannot afford to miss a number of the SCHOLASTIC.” Al is secretary and treasurer of the Union Trust Company, of Donora, Penna.

On December 28, 1921, the Notre Dame men of Fort Wayne, Ind., gave a banquet in honor of the Fort Wayne students now attending Notre Dame. About fifty attended. Judge John Eggeman, LL.B., 1900, was toastmaster. Harry Hogan, LL.B., 1904, and Charley Niezer, old student of 1898 and 1899, gave talks. The affair was in charge of Joe Haley, who attended here in 1897, 1898 and 1899, and Byron Hayes, LL.B., 1914.

Bill Murray, old Brownson Haller of 1913, has received his M. D., and is preparing to practice medicine in Johnstown, Penna.

Emmet Rhoyans, LL.B., 1920, is now in Washington, where he is connected with the law firm of Gilbert and Miller.

Leo O’Donnell, who graduated in Pre-medics in 1917, has finished his medical course, and is an interne at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Penna.

Jimmie Hayes, LL.B., 1917, is in Washington, with the United States Veterans’ Bureau. He is manager of the Fourth District with headquarters at the capital.

Eugene O’Connell, old student during 1913-14-15 and of forensic fame, is on the staff of the Journal-Gazette, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Simon Mee, LL.B., 1915, who has been practicing law at Sterling, Ill., has gone into the commercial field. He is opening an auto accessory business at Oklahoma City, Okla.

Tom J. Dundon, B. S., M. A., 1873, writes to the SCHOLASTIC that he is receiving two copies of our worthy paper although we are charging him for only one. Tom was on the champion crew at Notre Dame for four years when rowing was the major sport. He is also a recipient of the Medal of Honor, a medal given to the best all-around athlete and student in the “other days.”

A citizen of Muscatine, Iowa, brings tidings to the effect that Dick Swift, lawyer of ’20 fame, is doing great things out on the Mississippi river. We are informed that Dick had one case during the Christmas holidays which will compensate him as much as most youthful lawyers receive in a number of years.

Morris Starrett, student from 1916 to 1920, and a former member of the SCHOLASTIC staff is reporting news for the Port Townsend (Wash.) Bugle.

Gus Cooper, here during 1890, who was the battery mate to Father Burns, President of the University, has assumed the management of the Hotel Julian at Dubuque, Iowa.

Henry Atkinson, 1918-1920, and Jerry Martin, 1916-1920, are studying medicine at Marquette University. Their former classmates, Matt Weis, Bert Pulscamp, and Dan Sexton are pursuing the same course at St. Louis University.

During the Christmas vacation, Al Feeney, too well-known to put down his years here, entertained the basketball team at his home, Hampton Court, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mike Schwartz, Bob Sheehan, and Joe Heiman, all degree men of 1921, were campus visitors during the Xmas recess.

W. P. McLane, A. B., 1886, who received his law degree from the University of Virginia in 1889, is an active alumnus in Henderson, Ky., and wishes to be remembered to all his former friends here.

Bill White, B. S. in Ag., ’21, is now doing post-graduate work at the University of Illinois. Incidentally, Bill is taking care that N. D. is receiving due credit around Urbana and Champaign.

Within the pre-Christmas week the Notre Dame Glee Club started the musical season by two concert tours. On December 12th a fresh air entertainment was given in the auditorium of Healthwin Sanitarium, and on the next Thursday, a concert was presented in St. Joseph’s Hall, Mishawaka,
under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Among the special attractions were vocal solos by Clarence Manion, Hillis Bell, Harold Bowden and William Furey; a xylophone solo by Holland; several exceptionally good songs by Manion's Varsity Four; and varied artistic selections by E. Stephen Toth's Glee Club Orchestra.

Mark M. Foote, M. A., '75, chief accountant in the City Comptroller's office, Chicago, was at Notre Dame, January 7, 1922, to attend Father Zahm's funeral. Mr. Foote was a classmate and a very close friend of Father Zahm during his college days.

Sherwood Dixon, LL.B., '20, won his first case before the Supreme Court of Illinois a few weeks ago. The question concerned a technicality of Real Property Law and had never been before the Illinois Court up to this time.

Joe Doran, who took law here from 1918 to 1920, is still plugging away at Blackstone. He intends to take the New York bar exam in June.

Chief Meyer, old student, 1915-1918, is coaching at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. He was in Indianapolis the other week, negotiating for a game with Pat Page's Butler football team.

Leo Vogel, engineering graduate of 1917, was a visitor early in the month. Leo is sales representative of the Godfrey Conveyor Co. at Pittsburgh, Penna.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McDermott, announce the marriage of their daughter, Eleanor Catherine, to Mr. Edward Evans Peil, Saturday, January 14, 1922, at Chicago. Ed received a Ph. B. degree in 1915. Best wishes!

Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, Colo., who spent his "prey" days here and received the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1917, spoke in South Bend, January 10, 1922. A great number of Notre Dame students heard his splendid address.

In building the new gymnasium at the University of Virginia, Kimball and Co., architects, have placed Stanley J. Makielski, formerly a student at the University of Notre Dame and now an instructor in architecture at Virginia, in charge of construction.

Another N. D. man to be married Saturday, Jan. 14, 1922, was Tom Moore, old student during 1914-1915. He was married to Miss Amelia Constantine of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Congratulations!

Ed Bushman, old student from 1919-1921, was on the campus January 11, 1922 to see the Notre Dame-Kalamazoo basketball game. Ed is now representing Pennsylvania athletics at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

John M. Rabb, LL.B., took office January 2, 1922 as municipal judge of Mishawaka, Ind. We have his promise that he will be lenient should the fell clutch of circumstance force any of his brother alumni to be haled before him.

Ray Kelly, student in the law school 1912-13, is a member of the law firm of Speed, Ring and Kelly, which has been lately organized in Detroit, Michigan.

George O'Byrne was married to Miss Bernice Hart, Nov. 26, 1921, at Goodland, Kansas. George was a student here during 1918-1919. Best wishes!

News has been received of the recent appointment of Bernard D. Heffernan, alumnus of the University, as Assistant U. S. District Attorney at Washington, D. C.

On Wednesday, December 28, 1921, the Reverend J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., was raised to the dignity of the Holy Priesthood, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids, Michigan, and celebrated his First Solemn Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral of that city on New Year's day. Father O'Donnell was graduated in law in 1915, and will be remembered as one of the most popular students of that time, being president of the Senior Class, and center on the Varsity football team. He has returned to Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., to complete his studies in history at the Catholic University. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Father O'Donnell, and wishes him every blessing upon his priestly career.

Earl S. Dickens, who for the past six years has been the Sales and Advertising
Manager of the O’Brien Varnish Company of South Bend, Indiana, has resigned. Mr. Dickens has purchased an interest in the Dolphin Color Company of 922 Locust Street, Toledo, Ohio, and will take up his work on February 1st as General Manager in charge of Sales and Advertising. The Dolphin company was founded in 1885 and is one of the pioneers in the paint industry.

Mr. Dickens came to South Bend thirteen years ago, and was for several years, Secretary to Father Cavanaugh, former President of the University. Notre Dame is very sorry to see him leave South Bend, where he has always been a ready friend and helper, but wishes him the greatest success in this new venture.

On November 10th at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City there was held a meeting of the New York City Committee of the Endowment Drive of the University. This committee has charge of the activities of the drive within the metropolitan area and is composed of the following alumni: Joseph Byrne, Jr., chairman, Angus MacDonald, Rev. Michael Shea, Ambrose O’Connell, John O’Connell, and Peter McElliott. Reports were made of the activities of the committee. Chairman Byrne gave an account of the organization of the alumni. Among other alumni present were Mr. Joseph D. Callery, of Pittsburg, member of the Board of Trustees of the University, and Mr. Hugh O’Donnell, of New York City, policy manager of the New York Times.

QUARTERLY EXAMINATIONS
WEDNESDAY-SATURDAY
January 25-28, 1922.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25.
Classes taught on MONDAY will be examined at
8:10 A. M. 8:10 A. M.
10:10 A. M. 10:30 A. M.
1:15 P. M. 1:30 P. M.
3:15 P. M. 4:30 P. M.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26.
Classes taught on TUESDAY (But not taught on Monday) will be examined at
8:10 A. M. 8:10 A. M.
10:10 A. M. 10:30 A. M.
1:15 P. M. 1:30 P. M.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27.
Classes taught on MONDAY will be examined at
9:10 A. M. 8:10 A. M.
11:10 A. M. 10:30 A. M.
2:15 P. M. 1:30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28.
Classes taught on TUESDAY (but not taught on Monday) will be examined at
9:10 A. M. 8:10 A. M.
11:10 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

Professors will arrange for the examinations of classes not provided for in this schedule. In making these arrangements the professor should keep in mind that the students are obliged to attend the examinations officially published.

Registration for second semester classes will be held in the south room of the Library on Monday, January 30th. Students who present themselves for registration on any other day will be required to pay a fee of five dollars.

CHANGE
McGinnis

The Juniors at Columbia University are starting a fine custom. Thinking that the Columbia men did not know enough about their college traditions they have introduced “Traditions” night which is to be an annual affair. On this night older members of the faculty and prominent alumni address the audience, which is made up of men from all classes; telling them of traditions, stories and anecdotes of the college in the years gone by.

At Brescia Hall, the Catholic Co-ed’s residence at Western University—way up in Canada a peculiar custom reigns. If the dashing young chap wishes to take HER to the theatre, tea, or what not, he must carry along a chaperone, who, of course, must have her seat, rations, etc. Heavy orders on father for new books by all Western University students and a boom in the chaperone business have been the most notable results of this practice.

On February second at Northwestern University a chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic fraternity will be installed by Lee A. White, editorial secretary.
of the Detroit News, and Kenneth C. Hogate of the Wall Street Journal, who is president of the fraternity. Fourteen students of the lately-founded Medill School of Journalism will be initiated at the installation.

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THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.

A number of Goucher College young ladies who have the great good fortune to be auburn-locked have banded themselves together in a sort of mutual admiration society known by the euphonious name “Titan Tints.” The avowed purpose of this hot-headed band is to convince the world that red hair is beautiful. Miss Billie Burke famous for her red hair as well as her acting has been asked to become the honorary president of the club.

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The rumor has crept out that Northwestern fraternity men are dressing dolls to show their ideas of just how the co-eds should dress. Goodness Gracious Agnes! What will these college men be up to next?

***

So NEAR AND YET—

At a dance recently held at Brown University, the orchestra which supplied the music was in Newark, N. J., over two hundred miles distant. A wireless telephone with a huge amplifier did the trick and according to reports the music was perfectly satisfactory. If this is feasible, why not, with a little imagination stage a St. Mary-Notre Dame long distance dance every now and again? Arouse yourselves engineers!

***

By a vote of 1421 for and 248 against the green Freshman cap and the Sophomore-Freshman rush were reinstated at Wisconsin. The Student Senate decided to abolish these traditions last semester but placed the question before the men students in a referendum vote.

***

Shoe repairing has been added to the curriculum of Valparaiso University. Students of such a course should enter whole soledly into their work, stick to the last at all times and if necessary be ready to give their awl. Baseball men should seize the opportunity to sign up with the cobbler prof and get some winter practice in “pegging”.
WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

ONE ON ICE.

Notre Dame's 1922 hockey squad lived up to all advance notices on Tuesday afternoon in Ann Arbor, when in the hardest and most thrilling game ever seen in that city, they nosed out the good University of Michigan sextette by a score of 3 to 2.

The contest, which developed into an overtime affray, since the score was tied at the end of the regular session 2-2, was in addition a proof that the steady practice of the Gold and Blue squad was well spent, for at the end of the game superior condition and team play of the "Fighting Irish" puck chasers was making itself more and more evident.

Michigan presented a well-rounded team, however, and for the first two periods there was little to choose between the two teams, for, although Paul Caster's end to end rushes often made the Wolverines look bad, their forward line was always boring in and they maintained a stubborn defense.

Michigan "broke the ice" in the scoring line early in the first period and it was not until the second period that Caster beat Comb, the Michigan goalie, with a hard shot. The Wolverines forged ahead soon after but they could not hold the lead and shortly after a three man combination by Notre Dame, Caster to McSorley to Flinn bulged the twine of Michigan's goal for the tying count.

Both defenses tightened after this and although the game continued clean, the checking was closer and harder with the result that neither forward line was able to get within the danger zone very often.

With the score tied, the game went into overtime—all ice battles are "to a finish," and the "finish" in this case proved to be Michigan's.

After the short rest between the end of the game and the beginning of the over time session, the "Fighting Irish" stepped out on the ice and their greater stamina was at once apparent when Caster stick handled through the Maize and Blue warriors and shot the winning goal.
The Notre Dame defense, which was good all the way through, became impregnable from this point on and Michigan failed to come through with another goal. Castner was the big gun in the scoring battery, notching two goals, while Neil “Spike” Flinn, Captain of the sextette, was close on his heels with one. The defeat of Michigan stamps Notre Dame at once as one of the strongest teams in the West and with a heavy schedule looming up, it is believed that by the end of the season the Blue and Gold will have a well founded claim to the ice championship of the West.

Flinn (Captain), Castner, Gorman, Wilcox, Gibb, McSorley, MacDonald, Crowley and Feltes composed the squad.

The teams lined up:

Notre Dame. Michigan.

Right Wing
McSorley ———— Sanregret

Center.
Castner ———— Barkell

Left Wing.
Flinn, Captain ———— Kerr

Right Defense.
Gorman ———— Kahn

Left Defense.
Wilcox ———— MacDuff

Goal.
Crowley ———— Comb

Substitutions: Michigan, Folis for Kahn, Steketee for Barkell; Notre Dame, Gibb for McSorley.

GILCHRIST.

NOTRE DAME HAS GREATEST FOOTBALL TEAM IN COUNTRY.

BY LAWRENCE PERBY,
Noted authority on college sports.

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Football in 1921 saw its greatest season. There have been seasons in which leading elevens were separated by narrower margins than has been the case this year but the handful of 1921 outfits which may be named as outstanding compare favorably...
with the best elevens of past years, while in point of absorbing public interest and attendance at games in all sections of the country the present autumn stands incomparable.

In ranking the various teams of the country the task this year has been to some degree simplified by the numerous intersectional games that have been played; this phase of the schedules of many of the teams which annually play important roles in a gridiron season has been wholly commendable, marking as it has the flowering of a trend which has been in evidence for some years. The casual follower of football, or one whose prejudices are his guide, will, without too much thought, permit comparative scores to stand as the sole basis of reckoning when it comes to a question of relative form. And while it is indeed difficult and often dangerous to oppose more or less expert theory against established facts yet, taking the game of football by and large, the critic who is willing to accept scores as his chief basis of comparison is more likely than not sacrificing the interest of accuracy for the principles of safety.

We may for example select the six important unbeaten teams of the country and place them in a superior class, but the classification would be unfair if only because of discrepancy in the calibre of opponents encountered. The big student elevens that went through the season without defeat are: Cornell, Centre, California, Detroit, Pennsylvania State, Iowa and Washington and Jefferson. But Cornell's opponents were all of second or third rate with the exception of Dartmouth, whose form this season was well below the Hanover standard. Centre must stand high because of Aictory over Harvard in the one game she played against a team of superior grade. Detroit met no opponents of class, Penn Pittsburg, outplaying the Crimson, however, and being slightly outplayed by the Panthers. Iowa must stand high because she defeated Notre Dame and Illinois. Had her schedule been as stiff as that of Ohio State, Chicago, Michigan and other conference schools she might or might not have her clear record. None the less the Hawkeyes were a splendid team whose success was due as much, if not more, to her star players than to team efficiency.

In fact, having seen Notre Dame play twice, the writer is inclined to discount the defeat of the South Bend team by the margin of a field goal in her third game of the season, October 8th—Iowa being the victor—and to rate her as the leading team of the country in general excellence. This means team efficiency, individual merit and versatility. There was nothing Notre Dame could not do and did not do. Her short forward passing game was deadly, her long overhead game, equally so, while her running attack, including the opening of holes, the celerity of backs in taking them and interference, was on a par with that of Cornell, to say which is to leave nothing more to be said. Her showing in three games within ten days against Indiana, the Army and Rutgers was nothing short of marvelous and the fact that the week before the Indiana game Rockne's

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men beat the powerful Nebraska eleven, Missouri Valley champions and conquerors of Pittsburg, should also be taken into consideration.

Our ranking, therefore, is as follows:

1—Notre Dame.
2—Iowa.
3—Pennsylvania State.
4—Centre.
5—Lafayette.
6—Cornell.

Cornell might have displayed her crushing power against more exalted opponents, but since she did not meet them there is no way of knowing whether or not her rushing attack could alone have prevailed against a strong and discerning defense. This is to say that Cornell’s overhead game has not been impressive. Pennsylvania State did not win two of her important games, those against Harvard and Pittsburg. She would thus get even lower ranking than above had she not defeated Georgia Tech and the Navy. Her defense all season was far inferior to her attack.

Of other teams the writer saw no eleven in the east, or from the south, that impressed him as Chicago did. But Ohio State was regarded by competent observers as slightly better than the Maroon. State’s victory over Stagg’s men bears out this opinion, which, however, was not formed on the basis of that game. Rating teams by sections, the following works out:

East—Pennsylvania State.
All-West—Notre Dame.
Western Conference—Iowa.
South—Centre.
West Coast—California.

The season’s play showed very gratifying tendency on the part of coaches to seek devices through which opposing lines might be penetrated successfully. This has led, especially in the West, to the adoption of various devices in the way of line and backfield shifts. No doubt this shift question will come up before the rules committee, but it would be a calamity were they outlawed, or even modified in material manner.

In forward passing the rules committee will be asked to apply some measure whereby a screen forward pass shall be operated only upon the basis of strict observance of the rule that eligible men shall not be taken out after the ball is thrown. Notre Dame showed that the forward pass may be thrown with a large percentage of chances in favor of successful receipt. With further demonstration next season some legislation may be forthcoming seeking to cripple the pass. If so we shall probably see western teams withdrawing from affiliation with the present body of rules makers. The same will be noted, probably, if the shifts are frowned upon. This, of course, would be grievous, since through the present system of intersectional games the whole country is drawing closer together in a football sense, with consequent better understanding and common respect.
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