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THE IGNATIAN

Vol. III.

Wednesday, December 7, 1921

No. 5

ALUMNI GUARANTEE \$6,000 TO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Money Will be Used to Bring Nationally-Known Grid Team to Cleveland to Play Saints in 1922 and Also Help Defray Expenses of Football Season; Detroit University and Boston College are Under Consideration; Move Decided Upon at Meeting Last Monday Night

Six thousand dollars which will enable the St. Ignatius College Athletic Association to bring to Cleveland a nationally known grid team in 1922 and also help to finance the college football eleven for that season, was guaranteed by the Alumni Association at an important meeting last Monday night.

The meeting was decided upon Dec. 2 and accordingly notices were sent to the Alumni but owing to delay in the mails some did not receive the announcements in time. Wm. Corrigan, President of the Association, Fred Spitzig, Secretary, Wm. O'Brien,

Treasurer, Dr. Toomey, Dr. Kmiecik, Dr. Jarzinski, James Peppard and Al Bungart were present and worked out the details of the plan.

Just which team will be brought here to play St. Ignatius has not as yet been decided upon but Detroit University and Boston College, two schools that have elevens of well-established fame, are under consideration. Several other teams were also suggested, among them being Washington and Jefferson.

No matter what team is brought here, however, the game gives every indication of being the biggest ever played in Cleveland for some years.

SAINTS DROP FINAL GAME TO DAYTON U.

Lose in Final Period to Downstate Rivals

SCORE IS 13-6

Game Ends in Darkness

Well, its all over but the shouting and there's no reason for any of that. The Ignatius gridders pulled down the curtain on their season, which has been a very disastrous one indeed and the grand finale was just as calamitous as what went before.

This time it was Dayton University that did the job. They pulled the game out of the fire in the last few minutes of play and eloped with a 13 to 6 win much as they were undeserving of it. Ignatius gained at least twice as much ground as the Downstaters and outplayed their opponents in every other department of the game but Fate was unyielding and always had a prank to spring when the home team needed a break. Four times the Ignatians fought their way down to within the five yard line and then failed to register. Dayton got to within the Saints ten yard stripe only once and they made it count, and that for the deciding score. Even then they came into that position as a result of some rank officiating.

It happened in the final period. Darkness was rapidly approaching and Dayton had the pigskin on their own forty. Ignatius held for downs and the home team punted. And now here's the most important part, just as the Dayton back booted the ball the referee blew his whistle. It was hardly audible above the bedlam from the sidelines and the players continued the play. McFadden failed to get the punt out of the air and the ball bounded in front of him and up at his knee. Two Dayton players were there waiting for him to receive and one of them scooped it up but fumbled right into the others hands and he dashed over the line for a score. Coach Erdman refused to allow the score and the official claimed that the blowing of the whistle was accidental. This fact made no difference however as the ball was dead as soon as he had blown it. In a quandary as to how he could get out of the predicament he doped it out from a business standpoint and from a personal safety view, we presume, that he couldn't afford to leave the home team suffer by his mistake, so he promptly penalized Ignatius half of the distance to the goal. This placed the ball on the Ignatius thirty. From here Moody the big fullback sneaked around the end in the dark and before the Saints had located him he was on the five yard line. At this point the line held for three downs but on the fourth Mahrt, Dayton's crack half crashed across for the winning tally.

Neither team scored in the first quarter and Dayton drew first blood in the second when Mahrt circled left end from the twenty and was not tackled until he reached the goal line. The Ignatians came right shortly after when Lees grabbed a fumble on the twenty and dashed over the line.

In Memoriam

Whereas God, in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from this earth, Mr. J. Kleist, father of the Rev. James A. Kleist, S. J., of St. Ignatius college,

BE IT RESOLVED that we, executive council of the college union of St. Ignatius college extend our heartfelt sympathy to Fr. Kleist in his time of sorrow.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the repose of the deceased be recommended to the student body in their prayers.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the Ignatian.

By the executive council.

James J. Corrigan
Al. A. Acker
James A. Smith
Alan Lang.

LOYOLA PLAY IS HIT WITH AUDIENCE

Capacity Crowd Witnesses "The Conspiracy"

HAUSER STARS

Production is Well Staged and Acted

"There's no such word as fail!" Loyola has exemplified the truth of this saying of Richelieu in their production of "The Conspiracy" before an audience that taxed the capacity of Gilmour Council Auditorium on the evening of Nov. 30. Standing room was at a premium and the audience was visibly and audibly satisfied with what it had seen.

The play, which was adapted from Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu" to suit the needs of a high school production, by Mr. Robert Delmege, centers about the conspiracy to discredit and murder Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister of France, who is the power behind the French monarchy, and thus pave the way to the overthrow of the king and the triumph of the conspirators. George Hauser as Richelieu gave an admirable rendition of this difficult role. Ralph Hauser as the gallant Marquis de Mairat, whose love affair with the Cardinal's ward further complicates the plot, gave a good portrayal of the character, as did Frank Hribar as De Baradas, the leader of the conspirators. Edward McAuley and James Francy as Louis XIII and the Duke of Orleans respectively fitted their part well, and Sylvester Gilles as Joseph, the Cardinal's secretary, helped to relieve the tense situations with a welcome touch of humor. Joseph Peppard as Perrinet, Richelieu's page, gave a very real and spirited performance of the part. Melnot, the innkeeper, who as Richelieu's spy is chiefly responsible for the defeat of the conspiracy was well played by Joseph Deuch. William O'Neil as Francisco gave a pretty performance of the part, and the introduction of this character into the action went far to display the human side of the great Cardinal. De Beringhen, the fop, who is one of the conspirators, and Huguet, the traitorous captain of Richelieu's guard, were played by Clayton Welsh and Gerard Shiffer respectively, and they acquitted themselves well of their parts.

The Loyola Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Miller, pleased the audience with its numbers, sung by courtiers, guards and musketeers.

The costumes were colorful and attractive and combined with the work of the cast made an interesting and artistic effect. The music for the play was furnished by St. Ignatius Orchestra, and the audience was well pleased with their work.

In "The Conspiracy" Loyola has surpassed itself. It was not so much the settings, the characterizations, the costuming or any of the elements which go to make up a play. It was the excellent blending of all these essentials into a harmonious whole that made it what it was. To the cast, to Father Brockman, who had the play in charge, to Mr. Delmege, who arranged and directed it, and to Mr. Miller, who trained the singers, a large measure of praise and congratulation is due for a performance that will be long and pleasurably remembered.

"HOUSE OF HUNTER" TO BE SEEN SOON

High Play Will be Staged at St. Mary's Auditorium Dec. 14-15

TICKETS ON SALE
Crowded Houses Expected to be Present

On the evenings of Dec. 14 and 15 the students of St. Ignatius High school will present "The House of Hunter," a play of modern business and school life. Rehearsals have been in progress for several weeks, and the play is now in such shape that repetition of last year's success can be prophesied. The play will also be presented at a matinee performance, the date for which has not been settled upon.

The play will be produced under the direction of Mr. Carrigan, S. J., and will no doubt set a standard both as to the quality of the production and attendance that will be difficult to surpass. Tom Murray, "Red" McCaffery and Tom Ryan, who will be remembered for their excellent acting in last year's production, will again face the footlights. "Pug" Harrington, who will make his histrionic debut in this play, is a real find and will have the chief role in the production.

Others who will make their initial bow in Ignatian dramatics will be Steve Harrington, Arth. Baumeister, Bill Walsh, Butler, Wilfred Smith, "Egypt" McGinness, Ockington, Lawrence Murphy, "Tommy" Gibbons and others.

The tickets for the play are now on sale at the college, and those contemplating their purchase are urged to secure them at once. The sale at the college will continue until the 15th of the month. All tickets must be exchanged for reserved seat tickets at the college, but no ticket is to be paid for until it is exchanged for a reserved seat ticket. The tickets will sell for 50 and 75 cents.

LATIN LUCKY TO TIE HIGH IN HARD TILT

Junior Saints Outplay Old Rivals

GAME ENDS 6-6

Five Thousand Brave Rain to See Game

And the Latin jinx still pursues them. Stubborn and inexorable it followed the St. Ignatius high gridders into their annual Turkey Day classic again this year, and the Saints have yet to return to the sunset side of the river with their first victory over Cathedral Latin.

This time the contest ended with the rivals deadlocked, 6 to 6. It was a moral victory for the Saints but that is hardly soothing. It was the first time since the two schools have been staging their annual clash that the Latins did not cop a win. As a result of the tie the Catholic scholastic supremacy of the city remains undecided.

Latin entered the fray the favorites. The Ignatians stock had slumped the previous week when Hump Gallagher, crack half, suffered a fractured jaw in the Ashtabula game and Rough Murray, another star half and Tom Ryan vet tackle were ruled ineligible for the game because of the age agreement between the two schools. Coach Charlie Fitzgerald as a last resort shifted Schmucker to half in Gallagher's place and his hunch was justified. Schmucker proved his dependability and versatility by starring in the new berth.

An early morning downpour had made Dunn Field soggy and treacherous and this slowed up the attacks of both teams considerably. A record crowd of over five thousand was on hand to witness the proceedings.

No two rivals ever seemed more evenly matched. Each had a moderately heavy fighting line, a varied attack and one outstanding star, Pat McDonnell for Ignatius and Chuck Mahoney for Latin. Mahoney's spe-

(Continued on Page Two)

CAGE LINE-UP FOR S. I. C. IS HARD ONE

Fourteen Games Are Carded for Saints

Fourteen games are to be played by the varsity cagers in this winter's campaign and of these ten are slated for the home court. The team will make three trips and there is possibility that a fourth will be listed.

Manager Charley Patterson announced this week that eight of the home games are settled definitely and three out of town meetings are arranged so far. The first game away from home will be played at Columbus against Capitol University on Friday night, Jan. 27. The following evening, Jan. 28, they move over to New Concord, and try conclusions with the Muskingum five. On Feb. 11 the Erdmanites journey down to Toledo where they will meet the St. Johns University outfit. The St. John's five was the champion team of the middle west last season but lost five regulars at graduation and will have a new team in the field this year and should be less formidable. On the other road jaunt they tackle Detroit University at Detroit.

They make their seasons bow at home against the John Marshall School of Law team on Dec. 23. The Lawyers always turn out a fair aggregation and Coach Erdman is priming his men for a hard battle. St. Louis U. has the second place on the list, coming here on New Years Eve. The next date definitely settled is Jan. 13, when they play Wilmington college here. The first tilt with St. John is to be played here on Jan. 20. Hillsdale college of Michigan has the next date here on Feb. 3. Muskingum and Capitol play their return games in Cleveland after this and there is one more home engagement to be settled. There is a possibility that Niagara U. will be scheduled. The season will be brought to a close on March 17 with the annual Alumni game.

The high school boys are shining up to the college mathematicians these days. Reason: They rate punishments like this: Raise 825 to the 20 power.

Oratory Contest Prelims Soon

The annual Oratorical contest preliminaries will be held on Dec. 20, according to an announcement from the office of the dean. All students in the collegiate department, who are members of English or public speaking classes, are required to hand in a speech of 1,200 to 1,300 words on or before Dec. 15. All students who are not members of the aforementioned classes are invited and urged to participate in this contest.

From the speeches handed in, about fifteen of the best will be selected and the writers of these will deliver them before the students of the college on the above date. From these the students who shall appear in public will be chosen. The finals of the contest will be held in January, but the exact date has not been decided upon.

LATINS LUCKY TO TIE

(Continued From Page One)

cialty is long end runs and he gave several clever exhibitions of open field running. McDonnell, captain of his team specializes in line plunging and in this respect he was a constant menace to the Latins. Each was the big star of the game for his team. McDonnell made over half of the Ignatians gains and his defensive work was the feature of the game. Mahoney gained almost three quarters of the Latins yardage but did little on the defense.

The work of Schmucker, Ockington and Hugh Gallagher, the other three Ignatius backs is also deserving of

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praise. Gallagher displayed excellent generalship considering that it was only his second start at the pivot berth. Ockington looked decidedly better at half than at his former position and clicked off some nice gains. For the East Siders, Mahoney was nobly aided behind the line by Bost and McDermott.

Latins score came in the opening period. Getting the jump right at the whistle they slowly catapulted their way down the field to the goal. Several end runs by Mahoney played an important part. Ignatius only interrupted the march once, holding for downs but lost the pigskin shortly after on a bad pass from center. Eisele missed the goal after touch-down. From then on Ignatius had the best of the proceedings. They almost scored toward the end of the opener when a pass from the ten yard line was grounded behind Latins goal. The quarter ended with the ball on Latins 25.

In the second McDonnell knifed through right guard for 11 yards. Gallagher sneaked around end for 5 and duplicated the play for 7 more. McDonnell then punctured right tackle for the remaining 4 yards. Gallagher failed in his try for the conventional seventh point which would have given Ignatius the game.

All through the remaining three quarters Ignatius had a slight edge. It seemed only a question of time but the East Siders always braced at the critical moment and repelled the attack. Toward the end of the game Latin as a final resort launched an aerial attack that threatened for a minute. After they had made several substantial gains the Saints found a defense for McDermotts long shoots and halted the advance.

The goal after touchdown would have won the game for either eleven but a victory for one or the other by this one point margin would hardly have been fair. It would have been a hard game for either eleven to lose in this way. No game was ever more bitterly contested yet it was devoid of roughness. Few penalties were inflicted in this regard.

Chew: "Heard a new one today."
Smoke: "Shoot."
Chew: "A day-old baby crying."

Cage Captain Seriously Ill

Carl Turk, captain-elect of the varsity basketball squad, is seriously ill with pneumonia. Turk is a star at the cage game and his sickness is a severe blow to the Saints' hopes for a banner season on the court. It is hoped that his recovery will be rapid.

AMBROSE LECTURES BEFORE ACADEMY

Speaks on "Music and Mathematics" Before Scientists

On the evening of Dec. 5, James J. Ambrose lectured the Scientific Academy on "The Mathematics of Music." He dealt chiefly with the physical and mathematical aspects of sound and particularly of musical sound.

"Sound," he said, "is that form of vibratory motion or manifestations of energy which appeals to the ear. There are two distinct parts to it, the sensation conveyed to the brain by the auditory nerves, and the external cause of the sensation. The question is often asked 'If a clock were started ticking in a room and everyone should leave the room, would the sound of the ticking clock continue the same as when there was someone there to hear it?' The answer is simple. The clock continues to do the same thing exactly whether there is anyone near it or not; it sets up exactly the same vibrations in the air but if there is no person present there can be produced no sensation in the brain and hence the first part would not be fulfilled. In a word, the physical part would be fulfilled but the psychological part would not."

After he had explained the principles of sound and how by their application it was possible to differentiate between noise and music, Ambrose performed several interesting experiments including those which showed the waves produced by sound. He also explained the siren and the principles which underlie the construction of musical instruments in general.

The blending together of various sounds to produce music and the fundamental laws governing the latter were explained well.

From the point of view of matter, manner and of demonstration, the lecture was a very successful one.

The next lecture will be given Dec. 19 on "Water Power and Its Possibilities," by Thomas Haessley, '24.

S. I. C. Orchestra Will Appear Soon

The St. Ignatius Orchestra is busy as the proverbial bee of late. They are to furnish the music at a play to be given by the students of Lourdes Academy. The performance on Dec. 21 is in honor of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and that on Dec. 22 is for the public.

The concert which was given for the benefit of Lourdes library was a great success from every point of view.

Preparations are going ahead for the concert which the Orchestra is to give in February in Masonic Hall, at which Allan McQuae is to be the soloist.

JUNIOR SODALITY HOLDS RECEPTION

On Wednesday, Dec. 7, the Junior Sodality, of which Rev. G. H. Mahowald is director, held a reception of new members. The candidates were received by Father Rector, who encouraged them to be faithful in the performance of their duties as members of the Sodality.

The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. John A. Carrabine, an alumnus of St. Ignatius College.

Fifty-four new members were enrolled in the Sodality, which now has a very large roster as a result. It is to be hoped that the new members will imbibe the spirit of the Sodality in order that it may, with its augmented numbers, carry on with new vigor the work that it is engaged in.

Turk Will Lead Ignatius Quintet

At a meeting of the letter men of last year's basketball team last week Carl Turk was elected to captain the varsity cagers through this campaign.

Turk is a member of the junior class and is a two year court man. His first year on the team he played a guard position and last year alternated at guard and forward. He should make an ideal leader because of his natural sagacity and proven ability. Coach Erdman will probably have him at running guard. The choice meets with the approval of the student body as Turk has always been popular in all college affairs. He is vice president of his class.

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So says James H. Rogers, one of America's foremost composers and musical critics.

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Grid Team Loses Four Veterans

Graduation this year will not hit the varsity grid outfit very severely as only one regular and three substitutes will be lost. Neil O'Donnell is the lone regular departing. Neil played two years on the team and his presence will be missed as he was the only triple threat man Erdman had, being able to punt and pass, in addition to being a terrific line plunger.

Len Gerity, Gus Hanna and Leo Mahoney are the three subs whose services will be lost. All are two year men and were dependable players. Gerity filled in at center, Hanna worked on tackle and end and Mahoney performed at half.

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Magazine Page



The City Beautiful

Robert Moorhead, '24

Too often we long for things out of our reach and pass by with contempt what is equally desirable and close at hand. So it is with the beautiful about us. We long for the quiet coolness of Lake Lucerne, a mirror-like gem, set in a wondrous valley, and guarded by towering mountains, ever changing in the symphony of subdued color. We yearn to tour Italy, to feel the magic of its balmy breezes, and to see its skies of deepest blue. We want to see Egypt and its silent sentinel of times long past, the Sphinx. We must feel the spell, the majesty of Niagara, and explore the depths of the Grand Canyon. But these things we cannot do; yet must we go blindly on, disregarding the beauty that is ever before us? Must we never appease that innate love of what is beautiful?

Take the glory of the sunset: an azure sky set with clouds of grey and silver, and suffused with mellow tones of orange, and lavender, or flecked with feathery masses of rose and yellow. This beauty, almost solemn in its majesty is for us all. God paints it with a master hand in all places.

Now in selecting what is beautiful and to be appreciated by us all, let us confine ourselves to the city in which we live, Cleveland. Let us tour the city in a day. We leave home on a bright summer morning. The lawns are soft and green and well-cared for; the streets are wide and in most residential sections of the city, are lined with verdant trees.

After some time we reach the heart of the city. None of us needs to be reminded of the beautiful buildings of which our city boasts; its stores, office buildings and theatres, large, bright and architecturally correct. We spend some time viewing these, and a walk of a few minutes brings us to the shores of Lake Erie. Here is inspiring beauty. The lake ever changing, now is calm and still, warmed by the summer's sun. A steamship, far off on the horizon leaves behind it a tiny stream of grey smoke. Sea gulls swoop over the placid waters. We are charmed. Then again, under a darkened sky, rent with lightning and reechoing with peals of thunder, we see the lake. Another time it is a great foaming mass, charging like millions of cavalymen against the rocks on the shore, only to be vanquished and fall with a resounding thud, but to give way to another great onrush succeeding it.

We feel too cool to be comfortable and leave the lake, to proceed to the Hight-Level bridge. This gives us a fine view of the harbor, and of our great shipping center, the "flats." The time has passed so quickly it seems hard to realize that it is already getting dark. The vessels on the lake are enshrouded in the mists of evening. We cross the bridge and face south. Here is a scene worthy of an artist's hand. Thousands of great chimneys belching forth great volumes of grey smoke; massive tongues of fire leaping from distant blast furnaces, illuminating all, then leaving us, for a moment, in the mysterious shadows of night.

We stand so for some time, filled with pleasure, and realize that true beauty is not confined to elegance of line or delicate shading of colors nor is it to be found only in remote parts of the universe. We are happy; we have found what we sought. We may still cherish the desire of seeing the grandeur of the Alps, of Lucerne, of Italy, and of Egypt; yet we feel contented and happy, and rightly so; we live in Cleveland, the city beautiful.

We'll hand it to Herb Davis of St. Xavier. The only man who made a touchdown against the great Centre team.

Mary, My Mother

James J. Ambrose, '24

O Mary, our race's benediction,
Reach out thy hand to me
That in all woe and sad affliction
Thou may'st my comfort be.

O Mary, mother of boundless care,
Let no pleasure frenzy me.
And so, dear mother, may I share
My pigmy joys with thee?

And when I labor, Mary dear,
O guide my faltering hand,
That I may do my duty here
And do God's least command.

And in my prayers, O heart of gold,
O wilt thou turn my mind
To thoughts of burning love untold
To which I would be blind?

O mother of tender consolation,
Be thou my guiding light;
Whate'er I do for my salvation,
Please help me do it right.

Reflection

E. R. McCarthy, '23

When I begin to think that I am king,
That my vast works attract attention wide,
And make all other works their faces hide

With shame, then does my sense before me bring
My faults. Yet demons' rasping voices ring
To my high praises, having sport to chide

This common sense and its sound truth deride,
To make me think the skies my praises sing.
But then this angel sense bids me to pause,

And shows me many qualities I lack
And countless men by whom I'm far surpassed.
I'm joyful, seeing closed, vile ego's jaws.

Thus common sense does rout the fell attack,
My ego flies, my faults do bind me fast.

My ego flies, my faults do bind me fast.

For Southwell and Mother

Robert J. McGinness, High '22

Ned Padden and his room-mate Harry Faulkner, whose Titian locks had dubbed him "Pinky," were plodding over their first English exercise of the year,—the proverbial, "How did I spend my vacation?" It was a big "HOW" to them both. The appearance of "Skids" Burman, who came bounding into the room, was a welcome break to their jungled mass of motors, yachts, and—other things.

"What do you think?" he almost shouted. "The lineup for tomorrow's game has been posted, and you're not on it, Ned. Armstrong's to start."

"No? Well, what could you except after the way I've been showing up lately?"

"I know, but the coach likes you awfully well. It's been a surprise to us all."

"So you fellows think Nolan plays favorites, eh? A fine bunch, I don't think! If that's all you've got to say, beat it and let us get to work."

The room-mates had just nicely gotten back to their English exercise, when a letter was slipped under their door.

"Oh, it's for you again. I don't know what to think of it. I haven't had a letter from home for over a week," said Faulkner, as he tossed the envelope to his companion.

"Cheer up, Pinky. You'll be home for Thanksgiving, and can then make up for lost time."

Faulkner went back to his reminiscences of the past summer, while Padden read his letter. All of a sud-

den Ned jumped up and began dancing about the room.

"Well what's the matter with you, Ned? You can talk all you want about me having a bad case, but you never saw me jump around like that when I got a letter."

"You're mistaken, Pinky,—it's from mother. What do you know about it? She's coming here tomorrow just to see me in the game. Isn't that great?"

"Great is right! You sure have some mother. Mine hates the game. I couldn't persuade her to let me play. Gosh! It's hard luck you won't be in the game tomorrow."

"I had almost forgotten that, Pinky," and Ned buried his face in his hands.

That night Padden did not close an eye and was out of bed long before the sun had risen. He did not know what to do. What excuse could he give his mother? She had come many miles to see him in the game, and now he was not to play. It was with reluctance that he made his way to the room of Father Atfield, the director of athletics to solicit his influence in placing him in the day's game.

After exchanging pleasantries with the priest for some time, he finally came to the point with an effort. "Father, I'm in trouble," he managed to say in a quavering voice.

"You in trouble, Ned? I hope it's nothing serious. A love affair, eh?" he continued with a smile.

"No, not a love affair in your meaning of the word, but still a love affair in a certain sense." He could not help smiling.

"That's right, Ned. I knew I'd make you smile. You look more like yourself—but, now to business."

Padden explained the object of his mother's visit, and the way he felt about it. After he had finished his story, the good-natured priest came close to him and slapped him on the back saying: "Why, my boy, don't let that worry you. You've been a regular back so far, and there's no great difference in your abilities. You'll be in the game this afternoon."

Padden did not leave the priest's room as happy as might be expected. There was something in him that told him he had not done right. But he could not disappoint his mother.

The afternoon of the game drew on. The campus was thronged with merry students, all sure of victory. A word from Father Atfield was all that was necessary to secure for Padden his regular position at full-back. Ned had

placed his mother in Faulkner's care, and went with the squad to the field. But a few minutes before play was called, he approached the coach and said boldly:

"Coach, I can't play after all. Armstrong's your man."

To the coach's entreaties he kept repeating, "Southwell Hall means too much to me."

The day was a glorious one for Southwell Hall: Armstrong's field goal had taken a victory from its greatest rival. That night was such as only a college town knows. The culminating feature was a banquet tendered the squad and their friends by the faculty of the college. Ned was happy, happier than if he had played. His mother, too, was happy as she sat next to him at the table.

After things had somewhat quieted down, the coach rose to toast the "Hero of the Day." He commenced by congratulating each member of the team, and then came to his real toast. "Let us now drink to the real hero of the day, the man who won the day for Southwell Hall, the man who sacrificed himself at a cost which we cannot realize. Let us drink to him who preferred Southwell to any personal advantage. Let us drink to the real hero of the day—Ned Padden."

The hall rang with applause. The coach again rose in his place, hushed the happy gathering to silence, and continued: "Let us now drink to the woman who has given Southwell Hall such a son. Let us drink to Ned Padden's mother."

In a few moments Ned was in the arms of his mother.

"My son, I am proud of you," she sobbed as her lips met his.

Hacken: "Every time I look at that guy I think of the tailor the time I tore my pants."

Sack: "How come that way?"

Hacken: "He sewedum."

APOLOGIES TO WEBSTER

How to torture your debtors: Wait till you're stepping onto a street car and then flash a roll of bills before their eyes.

SYNCPATED SKIRMISH

She: "You're a monkey."

He: "You're a donkey."

She: "You're a doggone, low-down slob."

He: "You're a dumbell, and you know dum well I'm not a slob, take that, you snob."

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THE IGNATIAN

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Forward

The announcement of the Alumni Association's action, is, we believe the starting of a new era at St. Ignatius college. It is the dawn of that long awaited day, when St. Ignatius college would emerge from the obscurity of the past and take its place in the sun with other great institutions of higher education. We, who have been close to her, know the valiant uphill fight that she has been waging to gain that place, and so we rejoice with her, for we are confident that the goal is now in sight, that the time has come.

There is nothing, we believe, that will do more to establish a college in the eyes of the public, nothing that will do more to spread its name and fame broadcast than a great football team. The alumni by their action have opened the way. The cost of supporting a football team, the size of the guarantees necessary to attract teams of established reputation and the rental of a playing field are far beyond the average person's idea. This fact has prohibited a more pretentious schedule in the past.

The Alumni have made it possible for St. Ignatius to broaden the field of its athletic endeavors. This fact will attract students, who heretofore have allied themselves with schools, that were nationally known. Thus the opportunity is afforded Ignatius to grow in the athletic world and consequently in size. The time for big deeds is with us. Let us make the most of it. Let our motto be: IGNATIUS. ONWARD. UPWARD. FORWARD.

—R. J. G.

The Immaculate Conception

(The following is an extract from a letter of Cardinal Newman, written in defense of the devotion to the Immaculate Conception. Nothing more fitting could be said of this feast, which is now at hand.—Ed.)

"The feast of the Immaculate Conception is upon us, and close upon its octave, which is kept with special solemnities in the churches of this town, come the great antiphons, the heralds of Christmas. That joyful season, joyful for all of us, while it centers in Him who then came on earth, also brings before us in peculiar prominence that Virgin Mother who bore and nursed Him. Here she is not in the background, as at Eastertide, but she brings Him to us in her arms. Two great festivals dedicated to her honor, the Immaculate Conception and the Purification, mark out and keep the ground, and, like the towers of David, open the way to and fro for the high holiday season of the Prince of Peace. And all along it her image is upon it. . . . May that bright and gentle Lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary, overcome you with her sweetness and avenge herself on her foes by interceding affectionately for their conversion!"

Your Library

The impression exists that a college library has no other reasons or excuse for existence than as an aid to class work, a sort of clearing house for matter that cannot be covered in the routine of school work. The average student hies himself thither when a book report impends, and avoids it at all other times as a sort of literary plague for the infection of which school offers enough chance. The frequenter of the library is set down at once as a book worm.

Yet of all the benefits that attach to a college education, a genuine friendship for books and reading is the greatest and the most lasting. It is a treasure that will be long remembered and cherished when the good times for which the student now forgoes the college library will have been long forgotten.

A friend may be false to you or may die. But the friend you have made of a book is a true, unfailing companion and mentor, at whose bidding you may explore again the thrilling deeds of history or renew your acquaintance with the characters of the great novelists or be soothed by the beauty and the lilting music of poetry.

The library at St. Ignatius has nothing to apologize

for either in the number, the class or the selection of its books. Recent additions have brought it thoroughly up to date. Whether it is instruction, relaxation or amusement the student desires, he can easily find any or all in the college library.

The student who avoids it not so much because of a dislike for books as a fear of the appellation of "book-worm" is permitting an unworthy motive to keep him from the greatest benefit that his college career can offer to him. Without it he cannot get the training or the polish that is rightly expected of a college man, let alone the enjoyment and the pleasure that a taste for books will give him in later years. The library is yours—use it.

—L. C., '24.

PASTE AND SHEARS

Why Is An Alumnus

(The following editorial was clipped from THE SPRINGHILLIAN, published by Springhill College, Mobile County, Ala., whose editor reprints it from the Creighton Courier of Oct. 1 with the comment that "it embodies ideas so germane to the interests of every college paper, that it seems almost a duty on our part to reproduce it." A perusal of the article below should convince the reader of the truth of the above words.—Ed.)

An obvious though perhaps inconsequential question, quite as baffling as why is there an end to the day, or to achievement. But seriously, isn't it worth while to consider the significance and the proper function of an alumnus? If schools were merely impersonal organizations like dry goods stores or butcher shops, the graduate of an institution of learning might properly take the position that, having paid the price for the commodity offered, he was under no further obligation, financial, moral or otherwise; but the fact is that no student, whatever the tuition he pays, returns to the institution from which he graduates more than a small part of the outlay necessary for his education. Even if he paid enough money to cover the actual outlay of money made on his account he would still be debtor to the institution beyond his power of repayment, for it is utterly impossible to estimate the value of the time, the talent, the industry, and the devotion of any respectable faculty. Moreover, it would be impossible to discover the precise creditor to whom the student should make payment, for the faculty, whatever its eminence, has discovered first-hand, at most, a small part of the instruction offered to the student body. Teachers, no less than students, are merely travellers along the pathway of knowledge and experience and are debtors to the past for most of what they offer to their disciples.

It is just as idle for a citizen to pretend that he has discharged his whole duty to the state by paying his taxes, for a student to take the position that his account is balanced merely because he has paid his tuition. The fact is that the progress of the race is in large part measured by the extent to which the blessings of education are distributed and those to whom most has been given should give back most in return. The schools are merely society's means for imparting the experiences of the race and as such they discharge a public duty of far-reaching and incalculable significance. The graduate, therefore, should not feel that he has no further interest in the schools or in his own institution of learning, but should realize that Commencement is in fact the beginning of a new relation with added responsibility and with the duty of more helpful co-operation in all that promises for the common weal through the proper direction and development of the country's institutions of learning.

Why is an alumnus? Because of his good fortune in being selected from a very large group of persons, many of whom are perhaps more deserving than he; because opportunity has smiled upon him and given him a chance to complete the long course leading up to his diploma; because in a special manner he has been permitted to share in the accumulated wisdom of the ages through the agency of the schools; because he has been deemed fit for the honor of leadership and for the responsibility of ameliorating the condition of his fellows by putting into practice some of the principles he learned in the school. The alumnus is a select, not necessarily perhaps because of his own worth, but nevertheless a select and he should measure up to his opportunity and responsibility. If, in the light of his experience, he can make suggestions which will improve the schools, he should not hesitate to give this advice to the proper persons; if he is in a position to extend the influence of his school, duty requires that he should.

NEWSY NOTES

Mr. J. Kleist, father of the Rev. James A. Kleist, S. J., professor of Greek and Latin in the college, died at Hindenburg, Germany, on Nov. 27. The deceased was 87 years old, and according to advices received here his death was principally due to undernourishment.

Father James J. Daly, S. J., Associate Editor of "The Queen's Work," was a visitor at the college last week. Fr. Daly's new book on the life of St. John Berchmans has just been published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

Fr. John A. Carrabine, who delivered the sermon at the Junior Sodality reception, is an alumnus of St. Ignatius, of the class of '07.

The members of the casts of the playlets recently produced at St. Mary's Auditorium were entertained by the Young Ladies' Sodality at a luncheon and dance in the clubrooms of the parish last week. The boys had a wonderful time from all accounts.

"Doc" Guerink, Justin Lynch and Bert Greulich, erstwhile Ignatians and now at the Dental School, Western Reserve University, visited us last week.

The members of the college orchestra are planning for a banquet, which is to take place before the Christmas holidays.

The Campionette, an exchange of THE IGNATIAN, has started an "Odds and Ends" column. Best wishes are in order.

It is rumored that the college play this year will be Julius Caesar. However, no official announcement has been made.

Fr. G. H. Mahowald, S. J., Moderator of the "Ignatian" conducted the retreat at St. Mary's from Dec. 4 to 6 inclusive, which was held under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Sodality.

The Annex, the new college lunchroom was opened on Monday, Dec. 5. This lunchroom is open to students of the college only.

ODDS AND ENDS

Well, even though ye editor of this column takes a "French leave," there must be a substitute, so here goes.

Kind reader, you have probably noticed that this column starts with a Well, and so in deference to ye editor, we have done the same. Variety means nothing in our young life, especially where ye editor is concerned.

We are always glad to furnish advance information, so we shall let you in on the secret that the next issue of "THE IGNATIAN" will be a Christmas number. We are suggesting several appropriate gifts. Give us a subscription to the paper. Give the business manager an ad. Give the staff a vacation. (Loud applause from those present.)

Did you notice that the present staff,—notice we say present—the printer threatens to give us something for Christmas if we don't stop changing it,—well, the present staff has thirteen members. Nothing superstitious about us.

Also, we have found out after a long cold spell—you know the staff members used to get a cool reception at the "IGNATIAN" office—that these modern inventions are not such a much. Our demon statistician reports that one coal, not cold, stove is equal to an infinite number of wireless heaters.

So great was the relief of one of our baker's dozen that he burst forth into poetry. We don't want to keep this choice bit of verse to ourselves, so we give it freely. It's not free verse, but it is.

Ring out the old, Ring in the new.
(Sing to the tune of "A hot time in the old town tonight")

First Outburst

The old one was made for beauty,

The new one constructed to use.

To the gods we raise

A song of praise!

It doesn't require a fuse.

Spasm Two

Oh, the Westinghouse was a beauty,

In a stove's peculiar way,

But it could not beat

With its meager heat

The cold of a winter's day.

Third Outrage

Now the new one is a grievance

To an artist's critical eye,

But you're glad to note

That your overcoat

Can be shed till the embers die.

Final Round

Then hail to thee, victor o'er winter!

And hail to each bright, ruddy ray!

And each tongue of flame

Could at night justly claim,

"The end of a perfect day."

The Sophs nearly exploded when Jimmy Kunes and "Mary" McGinness gave the quarrel scene from Julius Caesar. Remember that line, when Brutus tells choleric Cassius: "O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb." "Mary" and her little lamb as it were.

The manager of the football team was negligent in not providing the team with searchlights to use at Dayton.

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