

THE H. C. C. JOURNAL

HAYS CATHOLIC COLLEGE

HOME-COMING NUMBER

VOLUME V

HAYS, KANSAS, NOVEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 3

MOTHER MINE

Excellent Entertainment Given Before Large Audience

The Newman Club of the Hays Catholic College, together with students of the Girls' Catholic High School, gave an excellent entertainment at the Strand Wednesday night in the drama, "Mother Mine." The piece was not heavy enough to be tiring and yet it carried a lesson and a message of human kindness and of love.

Miss Florentine Gottschalk was Cynthia Whitcomb, the deacon's wife, a part she took with ease and to which she gave color and natural ability. Miss Margaret Mackey was Miranda Peasley, or "Mother Mine," who, having been robbed of her husband by death and of her niece by marriage, longed for someone upon whom to bestow her affection. The success of her quest furnished the plot for the play. Josephine Huser was a neighbor, Martha Tisdale who took her part acted excellently, and Leona Tholen was also a neighbor with a "nose for news," who did well in a difficult role. Florence Ross was the deacon's daughter, who was very much in love and very enthusiastically opposed in her plans for the future by her parents. Angela Beilman was Mary Tisdale, Martha Tisdale's daughter, whose lines were well given and whose part was well interpreted.

John Grabbe was the deacon, a very grouchy individual, a characterization which he enacted with finesse. As Jack Payson, the merchant's son, Albert Spies was much in love with Lillian. Ernest Peay was Joe Payson, father of Jack, a part he handled easily. Alfred Giebler displayed unexpected talent as Jerry Mac Connell, a boy who escaped from an orphanage and was "mothered" by Miranda. His actions were all natural and there was an earnestness in his part unusual in inexperienced actors. Clarence Tasset and Fred Wiesner were both unusually good in their parts of an officer and constable, respectively.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cynthia Whitcomb, the Deacon's WifeFlorentine Gottschalk
Miranda Peasley, "Mother Mine"Margaret Mackey
Martha Tisdale, a NeighborJosephine Huser
Lettie Holcomb, with a nose for newsLeona Tholen
Lillian Whitcomb, the Deacon's DaughterFlorence Ross
Mary Tisdale, Martha's DaughterAngela Beilman
John Whitcomb, the DeaconJohn Grabbe
Jack Payson, the Merchant's SonAlbert Spies
Joe Payson, the MerchantErnest Peay
Jerry MacConnell, the NewcomerAlfred Giebler
Officer Lewis, from BostonClarence Tasset
Sam Blunt, the ConstableFred Wiesner

Time: The Present.
Place: Tapley Village, Maine.

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THANKSGIVING DAY

Summer is gone, the first glorious summer the Pilgrims had spent in the New World. And in his train he had left memories of joyful, happy, industrious days; but not only that: Summer had also left behind his treasures of rich, luscious fruits, of sound, healthy vegetables, and heavy, golden grain. It had meant work on the part of the men, women and children. But no one shirked to do his share and now they saw their reward: enough food for the long and severe winter, with enough to put aside for the spring planting.

But they did not take all the credit to themselves. No, they knew and felt that all blessings come from the Giver of every good gift, and to Him they raised their hearts in thanksgiving.

It is to the everlasting credit of the Pilgrims of 1620 that they gave us that noble example, which we, also laden with God's golden bounty cannot ignore. Their feast did not only include the personnel of the

settlement, it extended also to the Indians who, too, were responsible for the harvest in that they showed the Pilgrims how to plant and cultivate the virgin soil.

Our Summer has also passed, a glorious blessed summer, following on a none-too-promising Spring. And as wagon follows wagon, and truck trails after truck to the elevators, laden with the golden fruits of a glorious summer, can we, the happy recipients of all these gifts show less gratitude and be less thankful than were those pioneer farmers of yore?

It seems as if it were by a special Providence that such a blessed harvest should fall in the Golden Jubilee year of the coming of the Capuchins to our country. They have been in the harvest field of souls this many a year, and while we give thanks to God for the crops of 1928, we will also be grateful for the blessings that have come to us through these brown-clad pastors of souls.—L. W.

HOME-COMING A PERFECT DAY

Many Familiar Faces Here—Excellent Banquet Served

The H. C. A. Alumni, student body, and faculty celebrated the annual Homecoming Day Nov. 12, Armistice Day. The old grads started to gather at the school in the morning and talked over the good old times of by-gone days. Lunch was served for the grads in the dining hall at one o'clock.

About two o'clock the old grads, the student body, and the girls of the G. C. H. S. led by the American Legion Bugle Corps, paraded to Lewis Field to witness the football game between H. C. A. and the old rivals, LaCrosse.

A banquet was served in the Civic Club Hall at six-thirty o'clock. Of course the wives and lady friends also graced the occasion. The hall was beautifully decorated with the school colors, blue and white.

After the banquet a dance was held in the Civic Hall. The entire football squad was present. The following is the banquet program: InvocationFather Justin
Song, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

Address of Welcome.....V. A. Weigel
ResponseV. A. Weigel
MusicEver-Ready Quartet
Address.....Geo. Ruder, '15
SongAlumni Quartet
Specials—Gab. Brull, P. E. Dreiling, Hyacinth Roth
RemarksW. A. Toepfer, Pres.
AddressFather Alfred
SongAlumni Quartet
"America"Assembly
Geo. Gottschalk, Toastmaster

William A. Toepfer '13, President of the H. C. C. Alumni Association, is proud of the fact that he has a member for the class of 1947. His name is Anthony. Congratulations!

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATED

Appropriate Program Rendered Friday, November 16

An Armistice Day program was given in the auditorium on Friday morning, November 16, at 10:30. The selections were all well rendered and were in keeping with the spirit for which the program was intended.

The program:
St. Paul Waltz.....A. J. Vaas
A. Linnenberger
Recitation Selections—F. Stecklein, J. T. Brock, Joseph Mermis, and Carl Wolf, Jr.
"In Flander's Field".....Mac Crae
A. Schmidt
"Just a-Wearyin' for You".....Carrie Jacobs-Bond
Edwin Weigel
Joseph Aich
"They Lie in France".....Allen R. Rupp

RecitationJoseph Schmidt
"Deep River".....Lucius Schmidt
"Flag of the Stars".....Fearis
MosquitosPaul Bliss

Glee Club
Songs by the Assembly
The student body, together with the faculty, sang various songs to close the assembly.

CANCEL WAKEENEY GAME

The game that was to have taken place Nov. 16 at Wakeeney between the H. C. A. and Wakeeney High School was cancelled because of the rain. No date as yet has been made for this game and it is very doubtful if the game will be played.

There was a nice crowd of out-of-town alumni present for the Homecoming celebration, but there was room for many more. An account of the celebration will be found on another page. Now aren't you sorry that you were absent?

MUSIC RECITAL

Large and Appreciative Audience Hear Students, October 29

A music recital given by the students under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Alfred was enjoyed by a very appreciative audience. A few of the students, it is true, appeared to be a little stage shy, but this can be excused by the fact that it was the first public appearance for them. All the participants are to be congratulated. These programs are enjoyed and we sincerely hope that in the future we may enjoy more of them. A number of out of town guests were present for the occasion.

The following program was given:

Piano, "At the Circus".....Streabbog
Frank Stecklein
Violin, "Star Spangled Banner"Greenwald
Julius Eberle
Voice, "Nobody Knows".....White
Lucius Schmidt
Piano, Black Hawk Waltz.....Walsh
Alphonse Linnenberger
Violin, "Flow Gently, Sweet Anton"Kelley
Paul Sauer
Voice, "Billy Boy"Folk Song
Joseph Aich and
Edwin Weigel
Violin, "Redowa de Wallenstein"Dancla

Bernard Jaster
Voice, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh".....Lewis and Young
Clarence Drees
Violin, Austrian National HymnDancla
Edward Schreiber
Voice, "The Rose of Love"Bernard Hamdlen
Harold Logan
"Mother"Johnson McCarthy
Leo Roth
Piano, "Dance of the Rosebuds,"Frederich Keats
John Grabbe
Voice, "Come, Where the Lilies Bloom"Will Thompson
MosquitosP. Bliss
Glee Club

BASKET BALL PROSPECTS

The call for Basket Ball men will be issued in the very near future according to Lewman Lane, coach.

The past three years has seen the Blue and White of H. C. A. well up in the winning columns. Although we lost several good men last year we expect the team to do as well this season as in the other years. Captain Wiesner is back and we are sure he will be right in there fighting. And we know his keen eye for baskets is as sharp as ever. Giebler, our diminutive forward is also back. Stanton, a guard of last year's team, is looked forward to perform well this season. Keberlein, another forward is here assuring us that he will be ready to go when the call is issued. Basgall, Mackey and Boucher, substitutes of last year's squad will be out and we think they will acquit themselves favorably.

The friends of Newt Budd regret to learn that he is slowly recovering from a recent illness.

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DEFEAT DID NOT DIM HIS GREATNESS

It is not often that Nature fashions a man like Alfred Emmanuel Smith. Nature bestows her gifts with no lavish hand. If she exceeds her measure in one perfection, she withholds another. Only a few are taken to her bosom and made the recipients of a complete endowment. To them she gives those graces of mind and heart which set them apart as leaders among men.

Alfred E. Smith would seem to be one of the favored few. His are those accomplishments that mark the genius of statesmanship. His intelligent understanding of the weal and woe of the people insures remedial and constructive measures through the intricacies of government. Progressive without being rash, fearless without being autocratic, large in conception without being neglectful of detail, and withal honest and candid, he invites confidence and devotion. Walking in humble faith with his God, he studies to give the full quantum of dutiful and conscientious service to his fellowmen. Rising from the ranks of the lowly, he has learned to move with ease among the rich and the cultured. With honors thick upon him and amidst the frenzied plaudits of numberless devotees, he maintains his simple dignity—the sign of human greatness. And as if to crown her work, Nature has given to him a cheerful heart and a smile. To adapt the words of Shakespeare: "The elements are

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world:
"This is a man." —E. D.

THE CRY FROM PORTO RICO

Out in the prodigious ocean of waters, far off the coast of Florida, lies the beautiful island of Porto Rico. Above spreads the vast firmament, as blue as the blue Atlantic which plays about its shores. The hustle and the bustle of the noisy world but seldom disturbs its usual stillness.

A few weeks ago, the news was flashed across the country, that a terrific cyclone had passed over the island, leaving desolation in its wake. Cities were demolished and fruitfields were destroyed. Over one thousand people were killed, thousands were made homeless, and tens of thousands were made destitute of the necessities of life.

A universal cry for help burst upon our ears from the stricken people. Among the many pleading voices we recognized one which was often heard within the very walls of our school. It was the voice of our beloved Fr. Robert, O. M. Cap. Less than a year ago, Fr. Robert left for Porto Rico to engage there in missionary work. He was a witness of the terrible catastrophe with which his new home was smitten. He raised his voice in behalf of his new subjects. His pleading for the unfortunate people was reinforced by the paternal words of the Very Reverend Fr. Thomas, O. M. Cap., Provincial, who asked all the Capuchin parishes of Ellis County to assist Fr. Robert in the task of reconstruction.

The people of Ellis County responded splendidly to the call for help. They gave money and they gave clothing. Dozens of boxes were brought, large and small. After they were properly packed and duly labeled, they were sent off through the Red Cross.

The good people of Ellis County were blessed with a good crop and they gave of what they received. May it be the guarantee of another blessed harvest. Even now they have the satisfaction of knowing that, according to the Lord's own words, what they have done to the least of His brethren they have done unto Him.—A. W.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

There is still prevalent in many quarters considerable vagueness as to the real meaning of the Immaculate Conception. Not merely among non-Catholics can this be observed, but even among many Catholics who entertain a sincere devotion to our Blessed Lady.

Of course the Immaculate Conception is denied by people who believe that there can be nothing supernatural. Non-Catholics also reject this teaching, because they hold that no sufficient proof for the dogma can be found in the Bible which they regard as the sole foundation of faith. But for Catholics the Immaculate Conception is a necessary article of their belief. It rests on Scriptural texts and on the teachings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

Some people are of the opinion that this prerogative of the Blessed Virgin has reference to some incident relative to the conception and nativity of Christ, in as far as she conceived the Savior by the Holy Ghost. Others refer the dogma to Our Blessed Mother's unique virginity or to her freedom from concupiscence throughout her life. These prerogatives, however, are only additional charms to the soul of Mary and furthermore play no part in the Immaculate Conception.

The Immaculate Conception means that the Blessed Virgin in the first instance of her conception, by a singular privilege granted to her by God in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin.

When God made the first man He raised him to the supernatural order by infusing into his soul a Divine Gift which we now call sanctifying grace. God thus adopted man into his household.

But Adam sinned and lost the supernatural grace, bequeathing to his children the guilt which he had

contracted through his sin. The children that were destined to come into the world enriched with the glory that once belonged to the father of the human family, now began their earthly existence in a fallen state, with the guilt of Adam's sin on their souls.

Once we understand the elevation of the human race to the supernatural state and man's fall therefrom through Adam's sin, it should be an easy task to give the true meaning of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. She, too, as a daughter of Adam, should have come into the world in original sin; but by a special privilege God infused into her soul, at the first instant of her conception, sanctifying grace, so that she be never under the thralldom of sin, and that her entire life be in keeping with the dignity for which she was destined.—R. G.

ST. CATHERINE AND TRUTH

The legend has it that in the year 305, when the Emperor Maxentius was persecuting the Christians, a young lady, Catherine of Alexandria, refused to yield to the blandishments and threats of the Emperor, and attempted to prove to him how wicked was the worship of false gods. The Emperor himself was incompetent to vie with her in argumentation, so he summoned fifty Greek philosophers to contend with her in public argument. She convinced all of the Christian truth and the furious Maxentius had all of them put to death by fire.

Later on Catherine declined the offer of the Emperor to share the throne with him, for which reason he immediately had her scourged and imprisoned. While Catherine was in prison, she was responsible for many conversions among whom was the empress, Faustina. An attempt to execute Catherine on a wheel set with razors proved futile, for the wheel broke and the razors flew about cutting the throats of the bystanders. Finally the enraged Emperor had her beheaded.

Even if this is largely legendary, the kernel of fact in the story shows the triumph of truth. Just as the simple girl armed with truth triumphed over the Greek sages, so can we with the use of the same weapon conquer the deceits of the world. It is for this reason that St. Catherine has been honored from time immemorial as the patroness of jurists, philosophers and students.

Men of truth are men of character. They adopt the principle: be true and honest always. They do not adhere to the maxim: when a lie means victory, tell it; when truthfulness means honor, be truthful.

To tell the truth may not always be easy. It may entail the displeasure of others, the loss of friends; but in such cases to say the truth shows the solid side of a man's character. Our Lord says: "The truth will make you free." How do we respect the truthful man? In every-day life do we not say: "He is a real man, you can trust him?" Why is Alfred E. Smith so popular? One reason is he is so candid, straightforward and truthful. It is in the nature of every man to be truthful; and a lie is unnatural. We detect two-faced, double-dealing people. A certain writer said: "If everyone would begin to tell the truth, the whole world would be reformed within a few days."—F. L.

ANGELS

The story is told of an ultra-modern sculptor who invited a friend, similarly affected, to his studio to view his masterful conception of an angel. In the soft light of the studio the visitor beheld a daintily poised figure, attired in a very abbreviated dress and ably equipped with wings. It was altogether unconventional. Upon closer scrutiny he was amazed to discover that the figure of the angel was arrayed in stockings rolled below the knees. "Heavens!" he ejaculated, "who ever heard of an angel with stockings?"

Both may have been quite correct because speculation along those lines is very limited. The subject of angelic spirits has long engaged the attention of great thinkers. It is not very tangible. It is like working with electricity: we know a few operations, many properties, and innumerable possibilities, but the essence will not yield to our comprehension.

That angels exist is certain. That they aid us thousands of cases attest. That they are powerful and vigilant the saints assure us.

Some would gladly dispose of them. How frequently these creatures are classed as fairies—fanciful nonentities—fit only to charm children: yet time after time these creatures have appeared on earth to man.

At Our Savior's Birth, choirs of angels proclaiming the glad tidings of Redemption; the great Michael, Tutelar Patron of the Church standing on Adrian's Tomb in Rome, sheathing his blazing sword to assure the plague-stricken city that God's anger was appeased; the resplendent spirit shielding the tender Agnes from the leering of the Roman Prefect; the brilliant creature in the pulpit with the great Ambrose as he victoriously confuted the Adrian bishops — all are telling instances.

Most consoling of all is the fact that one of these mighty spirits is assigned to each and every one of us as a guardian and companion ever vigilant, ever faithful, and most zealous to safeguard and preserve untarnished that priceless gem intrusted to him by the Creator. And this not only in the innocence of childhood but also in the more turbulent periods of life; for no matter how old we are, we are never too old to be good.—F. F.

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FACULTY NOTES

Rev. Father Director has been busy revising the study plan. The new plan calls for an extra recitation period a day.

Rev. Father Florence went to Park to conduct the services for All Saints Day.

Rev. Father Alfred offered a very beautiful program with his music pupils on October 29. All the numbers were well rendered.

Rev. Father Camillus and Rev. Father Casimir made another trip to the northwest in the interest of the New College. Fr. Casimir has recently been appointed to assist Father Camillus with the work on the fund raising campaign.

Rev. Fathers Matthew and Mathias assisted at the close of Forty Hours' devotions at Emmeram.

Rev. Father Denis assisted at the solemn services in the local parish on All Souls Day.

Rev. Father Vergil was celebrant at a solemn high mass at Catherine during Forty Hours devotion. Rev. Father Gregory preached the sermon.

Rev. Fathers Mathias and Vergil assisted at the opening of Forty Hours at Hyacinth.

Lane and Weigel are still relentlessly pursuing the wild ducks that happen to alight anywhere in the northern or eastern part of the county. They have added several fine mallards to their already large collection.

Coach and Mrs. Lane spent several days at St. Marys, visiting their parents and relatives. This visit was made possible because of the Annual Retreat at the College.

Prof. and Mrs. Weigel have increased the number of their household by adding thereto Prof. III. He is a fine lad who made his appear-

ance in this world Saturday, November 17. Congratulations!

Tuesday evening, Nov. 20, a number of the alumni "boys" called on Prof. Weigel to congratulate him on the arrival of his new son. For further information regarding the call ask the "boys."

JUNIOR JOLTS

All the Juniors taking typewriting claim to be good typewriters. Wonder what kind, Remington or Underwood?

Father Matthew in English Class: "Boucher, what is wrong with this sentence? 'The horse and the cow is in the lot.'"

Boucher: "The cow and the horse is in the lot."

Father: "What makes you say that?"

Boucher: "Ladies first."

Stranger: "Is there any good shooting around here?"

Student: "Well no, no deer or rabbit but the coach is taking a walk over the hill."

Basgall: "What kind of a watch have you, Father?"

Father Denis: "Kryslor."

Basgall, listening: "It has a knock like a Ford."

Schlyer: "Verg, do you believe what you don't see?"

Basgall: "No."

Schlyer: "Did you ever see your brain?"

Basgall: "No."
Schlyer: "Well, you haven't any then."

While Prof. was out of the room, Basgall was telling the class that he got three ducks. When the Prof. returned he got five hundred. Perplexed fellow student: "What, ducks?"

Basgall: "No, spelling words."

Half-back Rupp was reprimanded for being a "way-back" in English.

Vic Stanton is laid up with a sprained ankle which he received in the LaCrosse game.

The Junior class is getting to be quite "sheiky." Weigel is having his eye-brows trimmed. But it does not add much to his natural beauty.

L. Schmidt, B. Jaster, H. Logan and E. Schreiber represented the Junior class in the Music recital given Oct. 29.

"Relics of Ancient Greece, said

Emil, as he drained the oil out of his old Ford.

The Juniors feel proud of their representatives on the football squad. The entire backfield of the varsity is composed of Juniors. The four Horsemen.

Boucher is continuing to high-hat many of us because some one with poor eyesight chanced to remark that he was fair looking.

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THANKSGIVING

There is no lot, the poets say,
But what might be much worse;
So each and all should thankful be,
If light or not the purse.

We're living in a mighty land
That fed and saved the world;
Our flag's the flag that always flies,
For right and truth unfurled.

So may we ever grateful be
To the Hand that guides us all,
And stand for God, to country true,
Whatever may befall.

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SENIOR NOTES

Dick Brull was asked why he talks to himself frequently. He answered that he likes to talk to a sensible man, and that he likes to hear a man of sense talk. Now Dick!

Prof.: "What is matrimony?" Tasset: "It's a punishment for man in this world before he can enter heaven."

"Man has three characters," explained "Gieby," "that which he exhibits; that which he has; and that which he thinks he has. The same may be said of a woman. Even more so."

Senior: Why do chimneys smoke? Dumb Freshman: I don't know. Senior: Because they can't chew.

John Grabbe's hair has finally grown long enough so that he can "slick" it down. He does—and how!

Here's a small article read by one of the students of the Senior class: The principal of a high school was in his office one day when in stepped a student.

"Didn't you receive my letter?" asked the principal.

"Yes, sir," answered the student very politely, "I read it both on the inside and on the outside. On the inside it read 'Expelled from school' and on the outside it read 'In five days return'—so here I am."

By the looks of "Tuff" Spies' hair his father must be an oil king.

"If a man before leaving this world left you a thousand dollars," said Giebler to Grabbe, "would you pray for him?"

Grabbe: "No, I would pray for another one like him."

Tony: "Why is a stick of candy like a race horse?"

Fred: "I don't know. Why?"

Tony: "The more you lick it the faster it goes."

Fritz: "Why is life the greatest

of riddles?" Oscar: "I'll bite. Why?" Fritz: "Because we must all give it up."

Joe: "They say the North Pole has been discovered."

Leo: "It wasn't much of a discovery, as the whole world knew it was there if anyone cared to look for it."

And Joe walked down the hall with a very spent look on his face.

Clarence Drees received a cut above his right eye which required a few stitches, and kept him out of scrimmage a few days. Clarence Tasset also nursed a bruised shoulder during this time.

Dick Brull has checked out a football suit and all he talks about is football. Funny how he forgot baseball.

The seniors enjoyed the first snow of the year very much. Can they throw snowballs? Ask the underclassmen.

Rev. Father Denis, our English professor, visited the parish priests at Emmeram and Victoria Sunday afternoon, Oct. 28, in the interest of the play. Alfred Giebler and Victor Stanton accompanied him.

Alfred Giebler and Harold Mackey (sophomore) attended the K. U.-Aggie football game at Manhattan, Oct. 20.

Five seniors had parts in the play given by the Newman Club, entitled "Mother Mine." They are Fred

Wiesner, Clarence Tasset, "Tuff" Spies, John Grabbe, and Alfred Giebler.

The class rings have arrived and the seniors are well pleased.

ALUMNI NOTES

Wedding bells have again been ringing merrily and three of the alumni have listened and been enchanted by their sound.

On November 19, Alois Staab, '24 and Olivia Korbe were married in St. Joseph Church, Hays, by Rev. Father Gregory, O. M. Cap. Lew Staab, '26 was one of the witnesses.

In Sacred Heart Church, Ness City, Kansas, Rudolph A. Diehl '23 was married to Miss Anna Haas, on November 20.

In the little country church of St. Patrick, near Gem, Kansas, Clem Bremenkamp, '23 was married to Miss Gertrude Ryan, before a solemn nuptial High Mass at which

the Rev. E. Duchene was celebrant assisted by Rev. P. O. Bergeron and Rev. Father Walter.

To all these the Alumni Association and the Journal extend sincere congratulations and best wishes.

Here's something of interest to the Alumni, although it does not belong under these notes. Prof. V. A. Weigel is the proud father of a son born Nov. 17. His name is Robert Harold. That makes "Prof III." Congratulations.

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SUMMER OR WINTER?

Sylve and Tom had finished their junior year at high school. Tom was the star pitcher on the school nine, and Sylve, with his two hundred pounds at guard, was the coach's pride and the idol of the eleven. The two were inseparable pals all through vacation.

One sultry morning they decided that the most comfortable place they could think of was the old swimming hole. Just as they started on their way they saw a former classmate with a lunch-basket on his arm.

"Here comes Joe," cried Tom. "I wonder where he is going."

"Probably to work," Sylve remarked. "They say he has a job at the mill ever since he quit school."

"So I heard. But it's past ten now."

Joe was about to pass the two without noticing them, when Tom shouted: "Hello, Joe! Where are you going?"

"Why, hello Tom; hello Sylve," came the greeting. "I'm going to try my luck at fishing up at the dam. You see, the mill is closed down for the day. Where are you two going? How about coming along?"

"Fine," said Tom. "We were just thinking of going out to the old swimming hole. But the mill dam, with both fishing and a swim, is still better."

So the three cut across the fields together.

Before they had hiked a quarter of a mile, Sylve, mopping his face with his shirt sleeve, remarked: "I wish winter were here again."

"Not I," said Tom. "Give me perpetual summer for my part."

"The same here," added Joe. "For I always feel better in summer than in winter. There's usually someone sick at home during the winter, but we seldom have any sickness in summer."

"Yet I believe," Sylve retorted, "that winter is, in general, a more healthy season than summer. It seems to me that more people die in summer than in winter."

"That may be true," countered Joe, "but the dampness of winter is the worst condition for rheumatism."

"But," objected Sylve, "just as harmful as winter is to rheumatism so, and even worse, is the intense heat of summer for the consump-

tives."

"I don't know about that," put in Tom. "But at all events, summer has the most pleasures and enjoyments. Take, for example, baseball, our national sport; or golf, England's national game. What winter sports can equal these?"

"Why football, of course," from Sylve. "Every real boy prefers football to golf or baseball. Besides, if you insist on baseball, why you can get nearly as much fun in winter out of a snowball fight; or if you are fond of golf, you have a winter substitute, if not its superior, in hockey."

This remark was followed by an awkward silence, till Joe remarked: "I do not know which season I should uphold. I believe fishing is my favorite sport, though I enjoy hunting nearly as well."

"Tennis is another great summer game," Tom added. "And handball, too, is quite popular."

"Yes, but handball is played indoors nearly as much as in the open," Sylve objected. "Whereas in basketball you have a purely winter sport."

"In summer, though, there is swimming, canoeing, and auto riding."

"And about skating during the winter. And to judge by the laughter that mingles with the tinkling of the sleigh bells, it seems that sleighing is enjoyed even more than motoring."

"As for summer," Tom persisted, "don't overlook camping, picnics, and excursions."

"That is true," admitted Sylve. "But there are more social gatherings and more parties during winter. There are also more and better feasts than in summer. Just compare the joys of Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day with those of Decoration Day, the Fourth of July, and Labor Day."

Joe, who had been following the discussion in silence for some time, broke in: "I have just been trying to decide as to which season has the most beautiful scenery—a summer evening with its glorious sunset,

its soothing breezes and the song of birds, or a moonlight winter's night with its bewitching stillness and its glittering white mantle spread over the land, dotted here and there with small cottages bulging with light and warmth."

"The summer evening for mine," Tom replied quickly. "It makes you feel happy and full of life. Give me the song of birds always, before the cold stillness of a winter's night."

"Yet that is just what strikes me most," Sylve reflected. "It inspires you with awe and reminds you of the greatness of the power of the Creator. And then those lighted cottages! Enter any one of them and you will be almost certain to find a group of children gathered near

the hearth roasting apples and cracking nuts, or crowded around grandfather's chair and listening to his quaint stories."

By this time the three had reached the dam, and all argument was instinctively stopped for fear of frightening away the fish. And soon the three were seated along the bank of the old mill pond, all eyes intent upon the bobbing of three corks.—A Senior.

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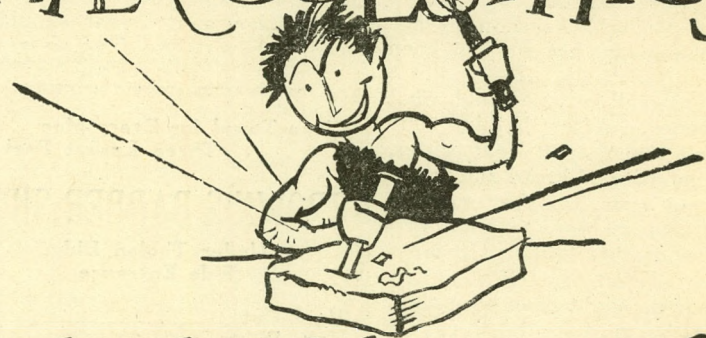
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CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Youth is called the "spring time of life." It is the period in life of which most people speak with the greatest pleasure. We sometimes meet people who can speak for hours about the events that happened to them during their youth.

Although I was born and reared in the city, yet my first recollections are of the visits which I made to my grandfather's farm. It is an incident which happened during one of these visits, before ever I had started school, that I can and probably ever will remember most vividly.

My uncle, John, who is about two years older than I, one day found a rifle cartridge in a drawer of the workbench. He put the shell into his pocket and that afternoon, while we were rolling marbles on the front walk, he pulled it out with a handful of marbles. It was the first time I had seen a bullet, and, like most boys of my age, I was eager to know what was in it. My uncle's curiosity having also been aroused we decided to find out. After several fruitless attempts at opening it John finally placed it in a crack which we found in the concrete walk. He intended to break it open with a stone, but with the third blow the shell exploded. Not suspecting any danger, but bending close, anxious to discover the contents of the cartridge, we were nearly blinded by the explosion, not to speak of how we were frightened.

Before we realized what had happened, grandmother was standing on the porch. As soon as she saw us she knew that we had been up to some kind of mischief, and we told her as well as we could what had happened. After bathing our hands and faces with cold water, she put a poultice of bread and warm milk on our eyes, for they were so bloodshot that we were scarcely able to see. Grandfather said that it must have been a blank cartridge, otherwise one of us might have been shot, and that, as it was, we would be very fortunate if we did not lose our eyesight. Two or three fresh applications of bread and milk, however, gave us relief, and in the morning

we were as well as ever and somewhat wiser, perhaps, for we had learned a lesson: that firearms are nothing for children to play with.

Another day of my early childhood, which is fresh in my memory, is the day on which I was first caught smoking. It was on a Saturday morning after Mass. Mother was busy cleaning the house and, as I was in her way, she told me to see if the letter-carrier had come. I went down to the front door, but, as there was nothing in the mailbox, I stepped outside to see if the carrier was in sight. Just as I did so a young man walked by and, in passing threw the cigarette which he had been smoking into the corner of our step. As soon as he passed I looked down and saw that the butt was still burning. The temptation was strong, and picking up the cigarette I walked into the hall. However, I did not dare to smoke it there, for fear some one would see me. So I closed the hall door and stood behind the door of the vestibule. But I had scarcely done so when I heard some one coming down the hall and opening the door. Thinking that the person had passed on, I started to puff at my cigarette, when suddenly the door behind which I was hiding swung back and a man stood before me. You may imagine my surprise and fear when I saw it was my father.

Father did not say a word to me, but taking me by the arm led me into the house, where we found my mother and my uncle who was visiting at our home. There followed a consultation as to what should be done with me. The first suggestion

was to give me a sound thrashing, which I from the very beginning had expected. Mother, however, proposed that I be locked in my room for the rest of the day. This punishment would have been worse for me than the former, but it did not seem severe enough to the judges for they finally agreed to send me to the reform school. My uncle immediately went to fetch a policeman

and mother went to my room, as she said, to pack my bundle. When the

(Continued on Page 7)

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CHILDHOOD MEMORIES
(Continued from Page 6)

suggestion was made to send me to the reform school, I thought I was getting off very easy, for I was anxious at that time to start school. The word "policeman" however, had a very different effect, for I was dreadfully afraid of a policeman. I was soon crying and promising I'd never do it again. Finally father agreed to let me off this time and give me another trial.

One circumstance in the case which I could not understand for a long time was, that father had scarcely spoken the words of pardon, when mother and my uncle again appeared on the scene and, to my great joy, no policeman followed them. However, it seems that this scare was not sufficient to deter me entirely from smoking, although it sufficed for some years.—A Senior.

A REAL MAN

A real man never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, and the chances he ought to have, and all that. All he claims is the right to live and be a man.

A real man is just as honest alone in the dark in his own room as he is in public.

A real man does not want pulls, tips and favors. He wants work and honest work.

A real man is loyal to his friends and guards their reputation as his own.

A real man is dependable. His simple word is as good as his Bible oath.

A real man does a little more than he promises.

A real man does not want something for nothing; so the get-rich-quick people can not use him.

A real man minds his own business. He does not judge other people.

A real man always has excuses for others; never for himself. He is patient and charitable to them; to himself he is strict.

A real man is glad to live, and is not afraid to die.

A real man never hunts danger, and never dodges it when he ought to meet it.

A real man's love is like a dog's—and that's saying a great deal.

A real man is—well, he is a real man: the finest, best, noblest, most refreshing thing to find on all the green earth, unless it be a real woman.—Merchants' Journal.

The H. C. A.-Wakeeney game which was scheduled for November 16th had to be cancelled on account of the Wakeeney gridiron which was partially under water at the time. It seems Wakeeney has no other open dates this season so the contest must be dropped entirely.

PURPOSE NOVEL

Some people are very angry when they find, after reading a dozen chapters of a book, that it is a purpose novel. Marion Crawford used to maintain that a man who bought a book and found after perusing it that it was propaganda, should have his money returned just as a crowd of people, assembled to see a drama might justly demand the return of their money if a preacher appeared when the curtain was raised and delivered a sermon.

Every novel is a purpose novel. But the general reading public will not connect this odious term to a work which aims to dethrone some moral institution of high standing. If a writer preaches iniquity this charge of prostituting the novel to

the interests of propaganda is not brought against him.

Vic Stanton and Henry Leiker have been on the sick list.

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WINS HOME-COMING GAME

The Hays Catholic College Defeats LaCrosse Here on Monday

H. C. A. won its Home-coming day game by a score of 6 to 0. Although the Hays team was by far the superior on both defensive and offensive plays they could not score. The game was erratic and marked by many fumbles in the Hays team. The fact that Hays made 17 first downs to LaCrosse's 1, and this one was on a penalty, illustrates very clearly how very much superior the Hays eleven was to the La Crosse team. Hays' only score was made when Wasinger, halfback, executed one of the prettiest end runs ever seen in high school football, for 32 yards. Wasinger outspurred the La-Crosse players very easily. Hays C. A. has two more games on its schedule, the first with Wakeeney on November 16, at Wakeeney, and Thanksgiving day at LaCrosse. Stanton playing halfback for Hays was injured in this game, probably to the extent that he will not be able to participate in the next fray with LaCrosse. A sprained ligament in his ankle is the extent of his injury.

HAYS	Pos.	LaC
Giebler	le	Klamm
Tasset	lf	House
Schieber	lg	Whiteman
Drees	c	Schwab
Spies	rg	Schwab
Peay	rt	Darr
Mackey	re	Bott
Schlyer	q	Milberger
Stanton	lh	Obenhouse
Boucher	hr	Stock
Walter (C)	fb	Siebenlist

Summary of the game:
Substitutions: Hays, Wasinger for Stanton; LaCrosse, Serpon, Thompson, Graham, Sell, Sutcliff, Haloperich.

Yards gained from scrimmage: Hays, 265; LaCrosse, 39.

First downs: Hays 17, LaCrosse 1. Attempted passes: Hays, 5, completed 1.

Penalties: Hays, 7 for 65 yards; LaCrosse, 4 for 36 yards.

Punts: Hays 3 for 110 yards; LaCrosse 10 for 360 yards.

Officials: Bronson, Hays, referee; McVey, Hays, umpire; Schmitt, K. U., head linesman.

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H. C. A. WIN FROM BISON

With Score of 20-0 Academy Defeats the Buffaloes Friday, Oct. 26

H. C. A. defeated the Bison eleven on Friday, October 26, on the Academy gridiron by the score of 20 to 0. Bison could not master the smashing attacks of the Hays team. Hays practically gained at will.

The prospects two days before the game looked rather gloomy, as Drees, our center and co-captain, received a gash above his eye, Tasset had a lame shoulder and Giebler had not wholly recovered from his injury of two weeks previous. The day before the game Schreiber, another first string player, sprained his ankle and consequently was not able to play. But matters turned out satisfactorily as all of the first string began the game except Giebler, and he went in a few minutes after play started.

The line-up:

HAYS	Pos.	BISON
Ross	LE	Schuerman
Tasset	LT	Kottal
Leiker	LG	Schuerman
Drees	C	Schwindt
Spies	RG	Weichen
Peay	RT	Gerboth
Mackey	RE	Neve
Schlyer	QB	Roeske
Stanton	LH	Stang
Boucher	RH	Beiber
Walter (C)	FB	Breit

Substitutions: Bison, Schuerman, Baehm, Reinhardt. Hays, Giebler for Ross; Logan for Tasset, Wasinger for Boucher; Leiker for Stanton; Rupp for Mackey.

Yards gained: Bison, 163; Hays, 305.

Referee, Fry, K. S. T. C.; umpire, Carter, K. S. T. C.; head linesman, Hawkes, K. S. T. C.

H. C. A. BESTS ELLIS

With a Score of 19-6 the H. C. A. Win November 5

H. C. A. defeated the strong Ellis eleven Monday, November 5th, on the Lewis Field by a score of 19 to 6. The game was a real grid spectacle, but the superiority of the Hays team was soon in evidence. In the second quarter the Ellis team was ripping the left side of the Hays line by off tackle smashes and end runs. Fox and Hess of the visitors played a fine game. It is hard to name any individual stars for Hays, still it may be said that Walters was a powerful factor in both the offensive and defensive strength of Hays.

The game had been scheduled for Friday but the storm coming when it did caused the two coaches to stage the classic on Monday.

LINEMEN RECEIVE NO PRAISE

In football the one who receives the most praise is the backfield

man. The crowds cheer him on and are ever praising him and telling him of the wonderful game he played. The newspapers tell about the long runs he made and his great strength at plugging the line. But the lineman is not mentioned. He opens holes for his backs to go through and spikes and blocks the opposing players. No one sees or watches the work of the lineman. He plays hard the entire game and takes much punishment. Very few linemen receive praise no matter how good they are.

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