

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*



*The stern, unyielding dogma of the cross
Raised among blustering creeds that blow,
And ominous clouds of sinful centuries
That believe not and refuse to know.*



... THE WEEK ...

Poetry has recorded the relief of the inhabitants of Lucknow when they heard the heralding pibrochs of the reinforcements. The semester examinations ended Saturday and most of the students feel qualified to give the people of Lucknow lessons in relief—at least until the bulletins come in. You never can be sure about girls, and professors.

The period of strain was followed by a whirlwind series of events calculated to purge the worried brain of doubt and fear. Saturday afternoon the Varsity and Freshmen track men put on the Mercurial ox-fords and sped around the gym. The first string material showed up like Charley Paddock in a high school meet—and nobody, on the campus or off, accuses the Freshmen of being slow.

“Three parties” seems to put in an appearance frequently of late. Saturday night the active feet and tired brains were drawn in three directions. Rodge Kiley’s Loyolan basketeters invaded the Notre Dame boundaries and were driven back with severe losses. Coach Keogan’s quintet is out after big game this season and it seems to take an extraordinary outfit to check them.

Besides the game, the Villagers staged a dance at the Knights of Columbus Hall that drew all the hall could comfortably accommodate. With these two major attractions it would not have been surprising if the promoters of the Washington Hall entertainments had closed their doors. But they had prepared a strong counter-attraction in “The Sea-Hawk.” Whether it was the cold weather, the enthusiasm of the movie fans, the overflow crowds from the other activ-

ities, or the stern but paternal activities of the prefects—at all events, the doors failed to open as early as usual and both entrances were jammed with a crowd clamoring for admittance. And the picture justified the clamor. A few more pictures like it, and Washington Hall will have passed into the category of oil lamps, phaetons, and large families.

February is noted for three great events—Lincoln’s birthday, Washington’s birthday, and the first appearance of the Seniors in cap and gown. To the Seniors, the other two events mean little. With Washington’s birthday on Sunday this year, the Class of ’25 is becoming worried. But no one pays any attention—Seniors are always worried about this time of year. Last February had the advantage or disadvantage of being the “one in four,” but this year the men are enjoying it. Ash Wednesday inaugurates the reduction in the expenditures for dance tickets and cigarettes. Also the ideal season for writing a thesis—but the resolution to write your thesis before Easter follows the crooked trail of all New Year’s resolutions.

The Boy Guidance Number of the SCHOLASTIC certainly established that department of Campus Life. Until this event the Boy Guidance students occupied the position of the famous prophet in his own country. The “He-Man Number” of the *Juggler* is expected this week to give the campus “a world view of Notre Dame.” With these two publications on hand, the Freshman will be able to better write the customary essay on “My Impressions of Notre Dame,” the sequel of his first attempt, “Why I Came to Notre Dame.”

S. A. C. Notes

There will be a very important meeting of the S. A. C. in the Library on Sunday morning at 10:00 A. M. The business is urgent and a full attendance is necessary.

A survey of the letters received recently by the Chairman of the S.A.C. reveals a wide diversity of subjects.

A representative of the Student at Harvard wished to have information on the Student Union or any similar building at Notre Dame. Of course, because such a building "just isn't" here, the chairman was not able to transmit a great deal of the desired data.

A member of the All-University Council at the University of Minnesota asked how the non-fraternity men were organized at Notre Dame. That one was easy for the Chairman.

A gentleman from Brooklyn requested information about the mascot of the Notre Dame football team. He was writing a feature article on college mascots for a New York newspaper, and desired material on the following points: What is your mascot? When he was selected? Why was he selected? What was his history? What does he stand for?

The Chairman immediately telegraphed long paragraphs on "Tipperary Terrence."

A suggestion from Montana: that during vacation, Notre Dame students wear skull caps of blue and gold boldly emblazoned with the words "Notre Dame." The motivating purpose in his suggestion was that Notre Dame's sonship be displayed by her students everywhere and always. This man was the proud father of a son of Notre Dame.

The Chenoweth Film Company of Omaha, hearing of the proposed memorial to the team, asked the S. A. C. to buy a reel of the Nebraska-Notre Dame game, presumably the last one. The price was given as thirty-five dollars.

Other offers of assistance in providing a memorial are not lacking. The Newman

Manufacturing Company of Cincinnati and the Davis Memorial Company of Syracuse, New York, both asked for specifications.

HARRY DENNY'S COLLEGIANS TO FEATURE STUDENT VARIETY SHOW

Harry Denny and his Collegians will be billed as one of the feature attractions in the Student Vaudeville, which is to be presented on the Washington Hall stage under the auspices of the off-campus organization, Thursday and Friday evenings, February 26 and 27.

Mr. Denny, an alumnus of recent years, and his group of eight assisting musicians are in popular demand throughout the state, as the orchestra is considered to be one of the finest in this section. They are at present engaged in a local hotel, and have won instant favor by their pleasing renditions of the latest musical hits.

It will be remembered that Mr. Denny and his Collegians appeared in the Day-Student vaudeville last year, and presented an elaborately staged musical act. The same program of music and stage settings were used by the orchestra when it appeared in an amateur vaudeville contest at the Palace Theatre and won a silver loving cup as first prize for the best amateur act, the winner being selected by the vaudeville artists who were appearing on the regular Palace program at that time.

This year Mr. Denny has arranged a special program of the latest sensations in the musical world for presentation in the Student Vaudeville, and elaborate stage settings and lighting arrangements are being prepared for the act by Richard Lightfoot, who will be in charge of the production of the show.

Seven other high class acts will be offered in the bill of vaudeville, which will include a well balanced program of music, dancing, singing, and humor. Committees in charge are bending every effort toward the success of the production and the students will have an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest bits of student entertainment ever offered in Washington Hall.

INDIANA STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST FEBRUARY 13.

Harry A. McGuire, winner of the Breen Medal for Oratory, will compete for Notre Dame in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest at Franklin College on Friday, February 13, and by his speech, "Peace Through Independence," try to win for his school its third successive state title.

The schools represented will be: Butler, Wabash, Earlham, Purdue, Evansville, Notre Dame, Manchester and Franklin. The sequence of speakers will be that just given.

According to the rules of the state organization each speech is limited to fifteen hundred words. The prizes are two: Fifty dollars for first place, and twenty-five dollars for second place. Each school sends one faculty representative who acts as a judge. Each judge gives a place of rating to every candidate in the contest except the candidate from his own school.

That school which wins the State Contest gains also the privilege of sending its representative to the Interstate Oratorical Contest, held later in the year, in which fourteen states of the Middle West are represented.

Raymond M. Gallagher won both the state and Interstate contests for Notre Dame in 1923. In 1924 Mark Nolan won the State Contest and placed third in the final contest.

John Cavanaugh, '23, has entered the Holy Cross Novitiate to prepare for the priesthood. The ceremony of receiving the habit of the order occurred last Sunday morning.

Mr. Cavanaugh graduated from the Commerce school in 1923. While at the University he was noted for his part in campus activities among which was his work as chairman of the S. A. C. during his senior year. After graduation he accepted a position with the Studebaker Corporation and had just completed a tour of the United States in the interest of their advertising before his entry into the order.

Music

The Glee Club, entour through Michigan and Wisconsin, appeared in Grand Rapids Saturday night, January 31. An excerpt from the *Grand Rapids Herald* follows: "The Notre Dame Glee Club, last night in a concert of classical, football, modern and sacred music, exemplified to a capacity audience at the Knights of Columbus hall, that the institution of which it is a part ranks among the greater American universities in musical training.

"Throughout the concert was characterized by the individuality of the group and the unusual talent of many of its members. There was finish and feeling in the more difficult selections, such as "Laudate Patrem" and "O Bone Jesu;" the latter number was given with magnificent control and harmony.

"The club performed equally well in Irish and Scotch airs, John Butler, tenor, giving an exceptionally pleasing touch to these lyrics.

"Hike, Notre Dame!" by Joseph J. Casasanta, assistant to Director Dr. J. Lewis Browne, was encored again and again. "Old King Cole" by Forsyth, also pleased, as did "Song of the Volga Boatmen," a Russian number.

"George Koch appeared in a baritone solo, singing "Mother Machree" and "The Rose of Picardy" with exceptional clarity and a finished control.

"John Butler, Arthur Haley, George Koch and Alfred Meyers entertained with quartet numbers.

"Three of the "Four Horsemen," noted football players, appeared in a humorous number. Vincent P. Ducey and Gladstone McDermott, two Grand Rapids boys, appeared with the club.

"The singers and football players were guests at a dinner at the Morton hotel preceding the concert. Dancing followed the program at the hall."

The Boy Guidance Department

Through the courtesy and co-operation of the Editorial Staff of the SCHOLASTIC, members of the 1926 class in Boy Guidance were enabled to publish the "Boy Guidance" number. Through the medium of this column the members of the class acknowledge their grateful appreciation for the prompt and favorable response to their request.

—NDS—

The class wishes to express its thanks to those who worked so industriously to make the Boy Guidance number a success. Special credit is due Messrs. Connelly, July and Lacey for their work, and also to all those who contributed articles to the number.

—NDS—

Many of the men in the Boy Guidance course went to the High School auditorium, Monday afternoon, to hear Lieutenant Wade, one of the American fliers who circled the Globe, speak on his experiences. The address, which was given under the auspices of the Boy Scouts organization of South Bend, was both interesting and enlightening.

—NDS—

Although Monday was a holiday, the Boyologists were privileged to hear an interesting lecture by Rowland C. Sheldon, Executive Secretary of the Big Brother and Big Sister Federation of New York. After the lecture there was an informal seminar in the afternoon. Mr. Rowland devoted his time to explaining the methods and the motives of the Big Brother movement which has gained great recognition in this country because of the effective work it is doing in preventing the inroads of delinquency. During the seminar period, the class had time to ask questions, and derived great benefit from the interesting answers which Mr. Sheldon was able to give because of his vast experience.

—NDS—

"Tommie" Murphy's fast Freshmen basketball team added another victory to its list last week when they journeyed to Culver and defeated the speedy Culver Academy five by the score of 31-17. Negotiations are under way now for a trip for the Freshmen team which will include games at Dayton and Terre Haute.

—NDS—

Edward A. Walsh was awarded first prize in an essay contest for his story of the International Boys Work Conference held in Chicago last December. Three prizes were offered by Brother Barnabas. Joseph Becker won the second prize and Romeo Leclerc the third.

WILLIAM DOOLEY ELECTED TO SCRIBBLERS

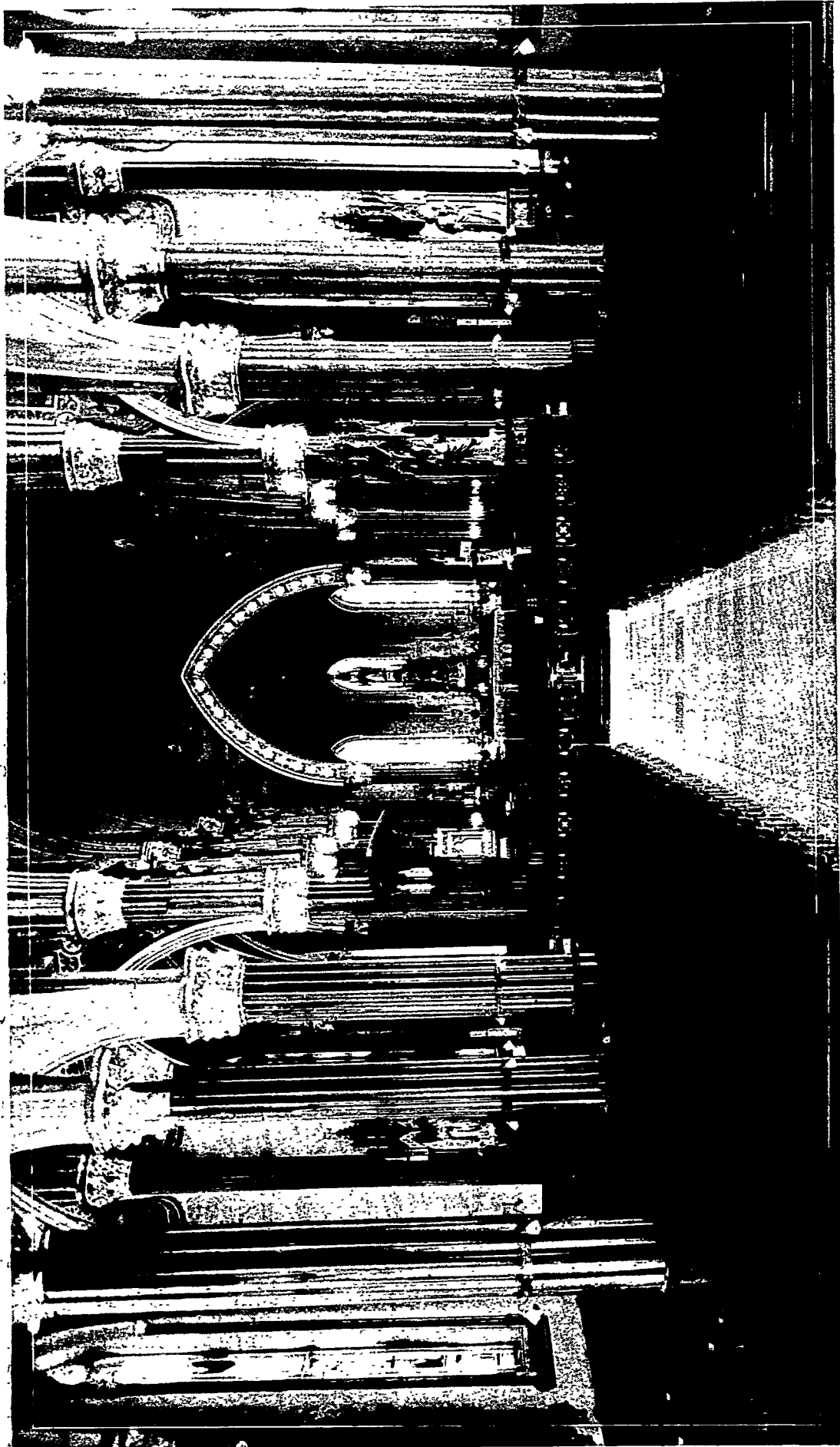
The Scribblers on Tuesday night held one of their periodic All-Scribbler meetings, at which each member is expected to read a paper for the entertainment of the Club, and for subsequent criticism. This meeting was marked by the reading of a number of excellent papers and a very lively discussion. Father Charles O'Donnell, honorary president of The Scribblers was present.

Besides the literary aspect of the meeting, there was the election of a new member to fill a vacancy. This honor went to William Dooley, Badin Hall, a Junior in the school of Journalism. Mr. Dooley has been a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff.

Among the most interesting papers read were "The Way of a Maid," by Les Grady, which appears in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, and which caused much comment at the meeting; several poems by Jerry Holland, and Jim Withey's lighter contribution at the shrine of the same muse. "House Rules" prevented the reading of a very interesting playlet by Harry A. McGuire, president of The Scribblers. The next meeting of the club will be on Monday night, February 9, when Mr. MacCready Houston will speak. Mr. Houston has delivered several fine talks before The Scribblers and an announcement that he is to speak is the guarantee of a full attendance.

CHICAGO CLUB MEETING MONDAY

The Chicago Club will hold a very important meeting in Brownson Rec Room Monday evening. A financial report of the Christmas dance will be read, and committees will be appointed for the Easter Dance. Every member is urged to be present, as some important matters concerning the Easter dance will be discussed.



*Sacred Heart Church
University of Notre Dame*

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-:- EDITORIAL -:-

NICE COBWEBS

COBWEBS... cobwebs... nice, long, intricately woven cobwebs everywhere. They hang in festoons from our student organizations this year. They are almost alive, they are so dead and numerous; they pull tenaciously at the fingers of the man—by the way, where is he?—who would stir up some campus activity. They droop with great dignity from the ears and noses of our student leaders. But it is on us—you, dear cobwebby reader, and I, more cobwebby writer—that the Kingdom of Cobwebs rules in the height of its majesty and power. Dull people we are, indeed, if we think the Nirvana in which we sleep is a sort of Elysium.

But we are chiefly concerned at present with the cobwebby condition of one particular phase of activities—dramatics. If any student effort is representative of the vigor and energy of the student body as a whole, it is the dramatic effort. When students want to act on the stage it is a sign that they are active elsewhere. And since cobwebs infest all activities this year, it is not surprising to find the Muse of Make-believe in a state of total coma.

Our dramatic tradition is a good one. Years ago student productions constituted a great part of the campus' extra-curricular interest. The partial decay of campus social life in the past few years has lessened this interest. But that it never completely died was manifested by the Players Club of two and three years ago, which did a number of good things very enthusiastically under the direction of Steve Willson, Richard Lightfoot, and others. Even Ray Cunningham's

Drama Club of last year, struggling over many obstacles as it was, gave one All-Notre Dame production that was well-received. But this year?—a blank.

There are men here who are anxious to combine in a dramatic effort. Are they going to allow the year to be wholly barren of a dramatic attempt, because they cannot marshal the necessary leadership and direction? Even productions directed by students would be better than no production at all. They would at least be stimulating and interesting.

False modesty hangs on the steps of only mediocre men. Nor do any but mediocre men allow cobwebs to thrive on them till they look like weeping willows. H. A. M.

THE ONE-FOOT LINE

COACH ROCKNE, when speaking at a recent banquet, referred to Notre Dame's valiant stand against Stanford on the one-foot line as, "the greatest moment in the entire contest." It was courage that stopped the apparently invincible, uncheckable Nevers, it was the kind of fight that never ceases until its life is crushed out, that held off the charging Stanford team and hurled them back from the Notre Dame goal line. And as Coach Rockne, who depends upon fighting spirit, admires the courage of the men who would attempt the impossible and succeed, so too does all the world love the hero who never gives in.

At Notre Dame, it is well known that the heroes of the gridiron are men of stout heart and incomparable fighting spirit. It did not require the Stanford victory to demonstrate this. Notre Dame does not

harbor the dastard, the poltroon, the coward; much less are they found on her football teams. But there are "one-foot lines" other than those of the gridiron; there are battles fought, as if hopelessly fought, and gloriously won by valiants who never receive the plaudits of the crowd or the laurel of the victor. Every training ground for youth must be a place of trial for youth, a place where many at some time and in some way are tested; where most experience the coldness of the wall at their backs.

There are the men who because of financial reasons, must struggle for an education. These men must possess a brave heart for they know well the discouragement which comes to the person who fights a hard battle. There is always the scoffer with an "Is it worth it?" to make hard the struggle for an education. Fight, fight on the "one-foot line," will always win out for the man of courage.

Then there is the plugger, the student who learns with difficulty. Each credit requires struggle; each success must be earned by hours of hard grinding study. This man, too, knows discouragement, knows the meaning of failure which seems inevitable. And there are many such, watching their more brilliant friends achieve easy success, always tempted to drop it all. The fact that they have the strong will to whip the lag-gard mind to its work bespeaks courage. Their degree to them is not so much a testimonial of knowledge acquired as of a great battle of courage nobly won.

In school activities, there are trials of courage. Most men are loyal to their school; not all men have the courage to assert that loyalty or to practice it. The advertising solicitors for a college publication must possess courage. Those who do not possess the spirit of fight do not persevere. They are the men who take care of the skirmish line of the publication. They deal with the public, accepting the rebuffs and the disappointments which the public always gives anyone with something to sell. Anyone who has ever sold advertising knows that there is a "one-foot line" there too, the moment when the weak heart gives up or when the man

of courage just begins to fight—or talk. These men receive no remuneration beyond the sense of being loyal to their school. Their display of courage is rewarded by no fanfare of trumpets. It is appreciated by few, but by some a very great deal.

Finally there is the courage which enables a man to follow a vocation to the priesthood though it involves tremendous sacrifice. Such courage is admired on earth universally and in Heaven eternally. There is, parallel to this, the courage of one who will tear a thing from his heart because it does not belong there, who will renounce what is sweet and desirable and good, because there is the conviction that such a thing can exist more happily elsewhere. There is a courage which brings a man back from sin when that return must be accompanied by agony, which makes a man smile at the world when his heart is breaking.

It takes courage to cry all night and rise at dawn—to laugh! —M. C.

UNITED WE FALL

THERE is an imminent decay of campus clubs that ought to be growing, and a decline in campus literature at a time when things are ripe for literary achievement.

As in similar cases, the effects are obvious but the causes are not so plain. Graduation has been used by many schools to explain drops in standards set in previous years. Notre Dame has not that excuse. Many of the men whose names stood out in their Junior year have suddenly become lost to their former pursuits.

Changes in personnel are often cited to excuse deficiencies in an organization. The personnel of most of the campus clubs has not changed to any appreciable extent. Failure to make the work of the organizations interesting cannot be advanced. How can the staff of a publication or the officers of a society arouse the interest of men who never appear at meetings? Moving pictures do not appeal to the blind and the best of programs is wasted on the absent. Demos-

thenes didn't talk to the sea because he wished to avoid an audience. And no officer can call a meeting of himself and deliver such a peppy soliloquy that he will pay himself his dues, and put on a private banquet and dance for one—and then buy a page in the Dome for his picture. An organization is a group, a union of individuals, a gathering of persons, a collection of people, interested in approximately the same subject or object.

Analysis reveals only partially a probable cause. That is that most of the organizations got away to a bad start and have not been able to get back into the running. The only remedy for a depression in any kind of a group is attendance and co-operation. Get away from the idea that an organization is a body of men united to enable the officers to have their names printed on stationery. Stop boosting your organization individually to non-members and commence advancing it collectively.—J.E.A.

A NEWS STORY

RATHER than have his murderer son's life snuffed out by the noose of the hangman, Thomas Scott, the convicted youth's father, begged and pleaded with tears in his eyes to be given a chance to substitute for his boy on the gallows. "I am old," he entreated, "and my son is just entering the threshold of life. I have worked out my life; there will be nothing left for me if my son dies. Let me take his place."

This story made streamer headlines in many newspapers because, from an editor's point of view, it was news. Yes, it was news—sad news that the unfortunate youth was sentenced to be hanged; but the feature about the father offering up his life for his son, which was "played up" in the news story really was not news. Every day in every home parents are making sacrifices that their children might have a chance to succeed. It is the human instinct in the parents, that noble, unselfish characteristic of love for those of their own flesh, that makes them subordinate their

own desires and pleasures to provide an opportunity for their children.

Some college men too frequently fail to realize the sacrifices their parents have made to send them to a university to acquire those things so essential to a successful career. The greatest delight that can come to one's parents is that of knowing that their children have achieved some honor and distinction in the community in which they reside. And if they know that their children's progress was made even in spite of many obstacles, which, through the parent's sacrifices, their children were able to overcome, their joy becomes even more intense, and their desire to sacrifice still more, increases proportionately.

Those of us who read this story of Thomas Scott, begging the jurors to let him take his son's place on the scaffold, should not be awe-struck by his courage. In this respect he did nothing which anyone of our parents would not do for us under similar circumstances. Think it over!

—R. C. C.

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The Weave in the Character of Lady Macbeth

BROTHER AGATHO, C.S.C., '25

An adequate analysis of Lady Macbeth's character requires more space than can be allotted in a single issue of the SCHOLASTIC. This treatise will therefore be divided into two articles.

SEVERAL years ago a young artist became noted for the unusual manner in which he painted his pictures. To the beholder, he seemed to be working without any definite idea in mind as to what his picture was to represent. Just when one thought he had caught the outline that was to be developed, a smear or daub of paint would efface the suggested figure. In fact one might think the artist was depicting the fantastical images of a deranged mind, so grotesque were they in contour. There was no indication of an ideal, no apparent attempt at a color scheme, not a hint at symmetry. The whole thing looked like a huge blotch of paint that a mischievous child might have smeared on the canvas. But what a surprise when the picture was inverted! What before had appeared so utterly shapeless now proved to be a representation of a beautiful landscape or a close study of a human face in which nobility of purpose and high intellectual power were depicted in every lineament.

To the casual spectator of MACBETH, Shakespeare's delineation of the character of Lady Macbeth might seem to resemble the work of the artist who painted his pictures upside down. In order to appreciate the picture of her character, one must turn it around in its natural position, examine it from every perspective, as the masterpiece it is, or else a snap judgment will be formed. She is simply too complex in her makeup to be understood at once. She is not a saint—no; neither is she the devil incarnate. There are two opinions of her true character: some share the view of Samuel Johnson that she was a "species of female fury;" others accept Verplank's judgment that she was "a woman of high intellect, bold in spirit, and lofty in desire, mastered by a fiery thirst

for power and that for her husband as well as for herself."* Both of these views are supported by equally eminent critics, but when placed in the scale, the weight of evidence in favor of the latter interpretation makes the balance kick the beam.

We first see Lady Macbeth in act I. sc. 5, reading a letter from her husband in which he acquaints her with the prophecies of the Weird Sisters. The contents of that letter touch the chord of her ambition, and we are to hear its jangling vibration throughout the medley of the next act. Fully aware of the vacillating character of her husband, as is indicated in the same act and scene, she becomes so entirely possessed by the desire to see him king that, on her husband's return, her greeting is devoid of every indication of wifely affection, of every vestige of concern for the dangers through which he has passed. The one thing uppermost in her mind is revealed in her words:

"Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter."†

When told that Duncan is to visit the castle that same evening, Lady Macbeth can hardly believe that circumstances are so soon to aid her in carrying out her designs:

Thou art mad to say it" ‡

she tells the messenger.

No one will gainsay the statement that Lady Macbeth was ambitious, but not all are in accord as to what was the impelling motive of that ambition. Some there are who affirm that her personal lust for power, like that of the fallen angels, was the motivating principle of her action; that to her the crown was the "ornament of life" for which she was willing to sacrifice every dictate of honor and morality; that she set up an altar to the god "Power" at which she worshipped in utter abjection, and on which she was immolated by the fires of her own passion. Then, on the other hand, there are those who maintain that her love

*Shakespeare's Heroines—Mrs. Jameson, p. 322.

†Act I. sc. VI. 1.59.

‡Act I. sc. V. 1.35

for her husband and her knowledge that he was "too full of the milk of human kindness" urged her to discard all feminine qualities of tenderness, all regard for the moral and divine law, even all regard for herself, and to incite her husband on to the dastardly deed which in the end was the cause of his ruin and of her own misery, remorse, and suicide. It would be the height of folly to think that such a controversy could be settled arbitrarily. In the fabric of every character are interwoven varied-colored threads; some are dark, others are golden. The composite whole is adjudged by the predominance of one or several strands. It is in this way we can best analyze Lady Macbeth's ambition.

Royalty to this poor, misguided woman, is the acme of all that is desirable on earth. Infatuated by the glitter of the jewels in the diadem, by the purple of regal robes, her ambition never once falters in its purpose; never tolerates the slightest opposition. The inconstancy of her husband evokes her waspish taunts to his manhood, his bravery, his love for her. She even goes so far as to desecrate motherhood. Fairly swept away by the force of her passion, she fears to trust the execution of her plans to another, and with masculine intensity insists:

"You shall put
This night's great business into my despatch
What shall to our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."*

Like one in a horrible dream, driven on and on by some intangible force to the very brink of a precipice, her ambition ruthlessly, persistently, doggedly pushes her on in her mad purpose. Loyalty to her sovereign, respect for the unwritten laws of hospitality, reverence for the sanctity of sleep—all are indiscriminately brushed aside. There is no mandate, divine or human, no dictum of honor or of ethics, no tenet of refinement or of delicacy, that could stay the insane career of such an ambitious soul. Her rapacious nature brooks no restraint. "She is doubly, trebly dyed in blood."

From what has been said it is patent to all that ambition is the dominating trait in Lady Macbeth's character. Let us next examine the evidence in order to determine whether she was actuated by a purely selfish motive, or whether she was instigated by love of her husband and a consuming desire to see him king. Her soliloquy which takes place immediately after perusing the letter from her husband* may shed some light on this mooted question. In it we fail to find any reference to herself. On the contrary, the whole tenor of the passage is vibrant with a desire to see her husband on the throne:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shall be
What thou are promised; yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way."

Were she acting solely from a selfish motive, would it not be quite natural that she should make some allusion to the benefits that were to accrue to her individually, rather than to be wholly concerned by the emoluments her husband was to enjoy? There is, however, in this monologue, an evidence of her superior will and of a deep-seated conviction that she can and will assist Macbeth in surmounting all obstacles which may beset his path to the throne. In the sixth scene of the same act, where she assumes responsibility for the accomplishment of the murder, we cannot fail to notice that she uses the plural form "our" in referring to the "sovereign sway and masterdom" which they are to acquire.

But what do commentators say on this point? In Furness' *Variorum*† we read "She (i.e. Lady Macbeth) the wife of his bosom, knows the direction of his thoughts; and bound to him in love, exerts every energy and sacrifices every feeling to minister to his hope and aspirations. This is her sin and no more. She affords another instance of what women will be brought to do for love which listens to no consideration save love for her husband." According to Fletcher, (cf. *ibid*) "She covets the crown

*Act I. sc. V. 1. 67

†Mrs. Jameson, *Heroines of Shakespeare*, p. 323.

* Act I. sc. V. 1. 15 ff

†Pg. 427.

for her husband, even more eagerly than he desires it for himself." We might be led to believe that pride in her husband's career acted as an impetus to her ambition. But we are not without opponents in this view. Some writers stigmatize Lady Macbeth as a virago, a human leech, a domineering, self-centered, egotistical woman, whose soul is bereft of every redeeming quality—a harsh judgment, to say the least, when we recall, for instance, her reflection,

"Had he not resembled my father as he slept
I had done it." *

and the numerous expressions of tenderness she uses in addressing her husband throughout the play.

We can hardly know what proportion of Lady Macbeth's ambition was personal and set it over against the part that was inspired by her interest in her husband's welfare. Her character defies such scrutiny. Whatever her degree of guilt, let it be said in extenuation of her participation in the deed that she was not the first to propose it. That idea originated in Macbeth's mind immediately after the verification of the first prophesy, in which he was greeted by the king's messenger with Macdonwald's title of "Thane of Cawdor." Evidences of this are shown by his demeanor, in his utterances, and in his musings in the first act. Banquo notices the absorbed mood of his companion and cautions him against putting confidence in the Witches:

"That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange!
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence." †

Is there any direct evidence that Macbeth contemplated the murder of Duncan before his wife's whisperings and subsequent chidings were poured into his ear? There seems to be conclusive proof of this in his reverie while he is still enveloped in the fog of the blasted heath; in act I. sc. III l. 130 his

perturbation of soul quite unmans him. Fascinated by the idea suggested by the third Witch, he vainly strives to reconcile "this supernatural soliciting" with the principle of good, since, he says, "it commenced in a truth." Still, he is not satisfied that the suggestion "whose horrid image" makes his hair stiffen on his head and his heart pound violently against his ribs, could have had its origin in anything good. Yet, if we are still in doubt about this question as to whether Macbeth had conceived the idea of assassination, or whether it was the product of the fertile brain of his wife, we have but to turn to Act I. Sc. IV., l. 47 to find proofs, the import of which would seem to settle the question. In this scene Malcolm is appointed successor to his father. And what are Macbeth's thoughts about this? He likens the heir to a step over which he must fall down or else overleap, if he would hold the scepter in his own hand.

"Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires."*

are words which portend evil intent to the royal person and his son. Later on, when Macbeth is wavering in his resolve to gain the throne at the price of blood, his wife blandly accuses him of having proposed the murder first. In forceful language she asks:

"What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?" †

Furthermore, as Mrs. Jameson sagely observes, Macbeth could not be the hero of the play were he the mere accomplice of his wife; she would in that eclipse him. It is clear, in view of the sequence of the tragedy, that Macbeth is not the foil of his wife. While she adroitly batters down the conscientious scruples of her husband with the vigorous denunciations of her glib tongue, it is only fair to her to admit that she was not the first to propose regicide.

A further circumstance that palliates Lady Macbeth's seeming grossness of character is the fact that she is in no way implicated in any of the other murders. She

*Act II. sc. 1. 13
† I. sc. III. 1. 120

*Act I. sc. IV., 1. 49
†Act I. sc. VII., 1. 48 ff

is unaware of her husband's designs on Banquo's life. This we can gather from the context of act III. sc. III. 1. 40-49, where Lady Macbeth tries to arouse a more jovial spirit in her husband, whose mind "is full of scorpions." She naturally believes this fit of melancholy is caused by the qualms of conscience that accuse Macbeth for Duncan's murder. He lets drop an inkling that some business of considerable import is afoot, to which she asks:

"What's to be done?"

And her husband replies:

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed."*

Nor is she in any way connected with the butchery of Macduff's wife and family. That wanton deed is done at Macbeth's bidding

*Act III. Sc. I. 43-45

"This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan."*

who, learning from the Weird Sisters the futility of his efforts to prevent the accession of Banquo's descendants, strikes like an enraged animal at the nearest object which bears any resemblance to complicity in preordained developments. He has been cautioned by the Witches to avoid Macduff. Learning of his flight to England, Macbeth cravenly sets his murderous confederates on the defenseless wife and children of the man he fears. In the sleep-walking scene, Lady Macbeth asks:

"The Thane of Fife had a wife.
Where is she now?"

a passage which commentators point out as evidence that she was in no way involved in that abominable murder.

* Act III. Sc. IVV. 1. 62-seq

Love

I saw a Cross of Sorrow in my dreams,
In tragic silhouette 'gainst an evening sky.
I heard a cry
Of sorrow that re-echoes endlessly
Within the channels of my tortured soul,
Until my tired heart knows
The peace that comes from grief and pain to those
Who gain Love's goal.

—EDWARD A. WALSH.

V E R S E

Faith

I found you in the brightness of the stars
 And in the beauty of the twilight's glow,
 When all the world was hushed, and, lapping low,
 The darkling waves, unhurried, murmured by.
 'Twas then a silent voice spoke in my heart
 And turned my face, transfigured, towards the sky.

Others

The sun, the stars,
 The streets, the cars,
 The faces and looks,
 Words and books:

These are beautiful things.

—F. C. M.

Midnight

The clock strikes in the tower:
 Another day is done!
 Behind me lie ten thousand days,
 Before me . . . maybe none!

—C. WOOD, '26

Cause of College Correspondence

I try to write verse,
 And my pen begins bravely—
 But it grows ever worse.
 I try to write verse,
 But her eyes mine immerse:
 From the frame they plead gravely—
 I try to write verse,
 And my pen *begins* bravely.

—JAMES WITHEY, '26

Keep Cool

LESTER GRADY, '26

TOMMY M'FADDEN had been a contender for the middle weight championship. That was some eight or ten years ago. Now he is managing the fistic aspirations of "Young Steve" Murphy, who distinguishes himself more and more as a lightweight every time he enters the ring.

Murphy could not have employed a better guide. No one knew more about the boxing game than Tommy McFadden. He knew the inside and the outside and any other side of all that took place in the world of fisticuffs.

There was, however, one serious fault with McFadden: he was absolutely useless at the ringside; couldn't make his mind function at all. There he became melancholy—in fact, a different man. This peculiar characteristic never was explained satisfactorily; but it was known that his decisive defeat in a middle weight championship bout had considerable to do with it.

This characteristic of McFadden's was somewhat of a handicap to the career of "Young Steve" Murphy. It was an obstacle that had to be surmounted every time the lightweight put on the gloves. Murphy had overtopped it right along. During a fight he paid no attention to his bewildered manager, although outside the ring Murphy was all attention to his advice. Before a fight he always secured enough suggestions from McFadden to tide him over.

It is the evening when "Young Steve" Murphy is to meet Tony Mossino in a scrap which is to nominate the opponent for the lightweight champion. Manager McFadden is in Murphy's dressing room.

"Steve, I think I've given you all the dope on the wop. I can't think of anything else about him that'll help you. Just remember that he's got a nasty left. Keep out of its way. If he ever hits you with it your act is finished."

"I ain't goin' to give him a chance to use his left. I'll make him take the defence, just like you told me, and then I'll make him take the count.

Tommy McFadden smiles at the boast of his pupil. It pleases him to think of the confidence that Murphy has in him, the confidence that has enabled him to become one of the two leading contenders for the lightweight crown.

"You know, Steve, sometimes I think it ain't good for me to go dumb while you are fightin'. Maybe it is, though. Whether it's good or not don't matter much. We're gettin' along O. K. just the same. I would like to know what goes wrong with me when the fight starts. I can't figure it out. Ever since I got my head socked off me that night—nearly ten years ago at that—I don't know what's what when I sit by the ringside. All I think about is the wallopin' I took and what I might have been if I was the guy givin' the wallopin'."

Some one raps on the door and informs McFadden that it is time for Murphy's bout. "Let's go, Steve. Keep cool no matter what happens. If you don't you'll be licked. Remember what I told you, carry the fight in every round. Don't forget about the guy's left mit. Use the old noodle and when the fight's over you're goin' to be in line to tackle the champ."

They enter the ring. The usual hand shakings, introductions, flash lights, and announcements are made.

McFadden leaves the ring. He goes down into the ring-side seats. He watches Murphy closely, sees him get the final instructions from the referee in the center of the ring, and shake hands with Tony Mossino. But when the bell clangs for the opening round McFadden's mind becomes clouded. He is unaware of what is taking place as the bout starts.

Murphy immediately takes the offensive. He peppers the Italian with rights and lefts throughout the opening round, which ends in his favor. Already the crowd, strongly in favor of the Irish lad, start to howl for a knock out. The second round starts. Again Mossino is forced to take the defensive side of the bout. Murphy lets go his right and staggers Mossino. The crowd rises and pleads for a knock out. Mossino is slow in getting his hands up and Murphy lands a

right to the jaw that topples the Italian. The referee starts his counting, and Mossino gets up slowly. Murphy uses his right-hand wallop again; but, in his anxiety for a knock out, he misses. The Italian is staggering. He can barely keep his hands up. Murphy sets himself to give another right wallop. He delivers the blow. It strikes Mossino's chin and he goes down in a slump. The referee calls off the count. The bell clangs for the end of the round. Mossino, saved by the bell, is assisted to his corner.

McFadden has jumped to his feet. Something strange has happened. His mind has stopped wandering. He realizes that he is at a prize fight, that his fighter is in the ring. His mind is right again!

"Praise to God! I'm back on earth," he yells. "That's my man in the ring. It's Steve!"

He pushes his way to Murphy's corner.

"Steve, I'm all right. I know where I'm at and what's doin'."

Murphy becomes alarmed. The unexpected change that has come over his manager startles him. Before he is able to compose himself the bell is sounded for the third round.

Mossino has managed to recover from the beating he received in the second round. Murphy is showing the effects of McFadden's sudden recovery. He is somewhat dazed. He has not the same sprightliness he exhibited in the first two rounds. His opponent appears to have stolen it from him. Mossino becomes the aggressor in this round. He hits Murphy at will. The round ends.

"Steve, you ain't in there. You're not cool. You're away off. You ain't watchin' his left. He's hittin' you with it every time. Keep on the defence like I told you."

"What do you mean, 'defence'? You told me to carry the fight in every round. He won't hit me with that left of his once in the next round. I was all off before. You scared the head off me jumpin' up. You was the cause of me not bein' cool. I'll carry the fight to him. I'll knock him clear out of the ring."

"You do what I told you and let him carry the fight."

"You're crazy! You shouldn't have come out of your sleep. You're gettin' me all balled up. Tellin' me before the fight to carry the fight and now to let him carry the fight. I'm goin' to carry the fight!"

The bell clangs for the fourth round. Murphy hops up convinced that McFadden is not thinking properly owing to the deliverance from his customary stupor.

McFadden becomes frantic when he sees that his orders are going unheeded. Mossino, as desirous as Murphy to be assailer, stands toe to toe with his opponent and a slugging match develops. It is over in Murphy's corner that the milling is going on.

McFadden, almost delirious, is trying to get the attention of his man. Murphy knows but ignores his trainer. McFadden is excitedly shouting to the confused Murphy.

"Steve! Steve! don't be crazy. Move away. Get out of that. Steve! Listen to me. Move away. Steve! Look at me! Steve! Look here a second!"

Murphy obeys.

As he turns, Mossino lands a fatal punch and floors him. Murphy has been knocked unconscious. The referee counts him out. Murphy's seconds crawl into the ring and drag him to his corner as the referee holds up Mossino's arm designating him as the winner of the bout.

Sunset

To westward lies the gaudy tomb of day,
A scarlet sepulchre, divinely wrought
Of fragile things the wanton winds have
caught

In their loose nets to hold the night away.

—DENNIS J. O'NEILL, '26

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

The *Santa Maria* has again made its appearance and again reflects the genius of its veteran editor, Ray Cunningham, and of the very capable staff. In this issue are gathered together a group of contributors which a more elaborate publication might well envy. Dr. James Walsh, K. K. Rockne, Grantland Rice, Harry Houdini, George Trevor and Harry Stuhldreher have contributed articles. Lester Grady's cartoons are done in his inimitable *Juggler* style and give the necessary comic relief to the serious matter. If you have not seen a copy of Cunningham's latest brain-child, by all means borrow a dime and get one.

—NDS—

The merry three-century war over Mr. William Shakespeare, late of London and Stratford, still goes on. Professor Charles Phillips recently analyzed Strachey's famous essay on "The Final Period of Shakespeare" in the Saturday Thesis Class and it appears that Shakespeare's final period is still more of a question mark than anything else.

—NDS—

"Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884-1918" is a book to be published soon by Charles Scribner's Sons. It should interest all students of recent American history and politics.

—NDS—

The publishers of the new Lincoln biography by Stephenson, (Bobbs, Merrill, Indianapolis), recently noted in these columns, have now announced still another addition to their *Lincolniana*—a novel by Irving Bacheller entitled "Father Abraham." A year or two ago, Mr. Bacheller gave us "A Man For the Ages," which dealt with the earlier life of the great Emancipator. His new work tells the story of the Last Years.

—NDS—

D. Appleton & Co., who recently took over the dramatic publications of the house of Nicholas Brown, continue their output of books relating to the study of the drama. Their latest is Barrett H. Clark's "A Study of the Modern Drama." "Oxford Poetry, 1924" is still another Appleton book of special interest to university men.

Barnum once wrote to Matthew Arnold that while Arnold was famous, he, Barnum, was notorious. The Anglican clergyman, Dean Inge, well known as "the gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, London, is bidding strongly nowadays for notoriety. His latest card in that game is a paper in the February *Atlantic Monthly* on "Religion in the Future." Anyone who has read other outbursts of the London dean need not be told that this one also is highly flavored with anti-Catholic bigotry.

—NDS—

"Nicholas Cresswell," edited by Samuel Thornley, is an authentic journal of an early American family. This diary has been lost for two hundred and fifty years. Cresswell visited this country just before the Revolution and was on intimate terms with Washington and Jefferson. The book has unquestionable value as a mirror of the times and conditions in which it was written.

—NDS—

"Men and Politics" by the eminent American lawyer, Elihu Root, is a collection of addresses and writings from the activities of the past five or six years. There are included in this volume Mr. Root's tributes to Roosevelt, Choate, Carnegie, Lincoln, Cleveland, and Robert Bacon; various articles on law and its administration; speeches on the war and re-adjustment; and pronouncements on the Permanent Court of International Justice.

—NDS—

"The Matriarch" by G. B. Stern is called a "Family chronicle" depicting the fight between family and freedom. Miss Stern is a prominent English novelist and her latest book is said to be highly original and striking.

—NDS—

"Lottery" is the title of a new novel by a young novelist, W. E. Woodward. He has already contributed a satire called "Bunk." "Lottery" has been written with a purpose in view—to show the part played in American life by luck. After reading 308 pages of the 424 in the book we are a trifle uncertain as to just what the story does reveal. More on the subject may be expected later.

A Resurrection

PAUL HARRINGTON, '26.

DOCTOR SANSON of New York acknowledged no soul and no hereafter, nor did he profess to believe in a God. After years of self-deceit, during which pride and fear of public opinion served as torches to burn his bridges behind him, he had come to believe implicitly in his absurd theories.

His only gods were Matter and Pleasure. As a final tribute to the latter God he had assembled in his offices on the Thursday of Holy Week, in his thirtieth year—when he should have had more sense—a potpourri of choice spirits to celebrate his latest discoveries concerning Matter, and incidentally to sample other and older spirits from his cellar. Friday morning the doctor was to leave for a foreign "college" with atheistic views, while his friends slept off the effects of the farewell party.

By three o'clock Friday morning all the guests, save one, had departed, and the host and his lone companion were warmly arguing some scientific point. They finally came to blows; the Doctor struck the other. The fight grew serious and ended only when the "friend" possessed himself of one of the Doctor's knives that Sanson had neglected to put away, and inflicted a small cut on the young physician's head. The knife had contained along its edge considerable quantities of a drug called "curare." Sanson fell as though he were dead, the while his drunken opponent sallied forth, pulled the springlock door behind him, and immediately lost all thought of the matter.

Now, curare is a drug that was first employed by South American natives as a material for tipping their 'poison' arrows. Its effect is to paralyze the motor nerves, thereby making all muscular movement impossible, even to the winking of an eyelash or movement of the eyeball itself. And yet, the sensory nerves are not effected, so that the capacity for suffering pain is in no way

lessened, nor are sight, hearing, taste, or smell affected.

This was the exact way in which the drug affected Sanson. As he fell, so he lay, on his back with his arms and legs extended, forming a perfect cross. He attempted to rise but found he could not move a muscle, nor even take his eyes off the now disgusting array of food which was in his field of vision. To close his eyes was a physical impossibility. The rigid vocal chords refused to render audible any mental call for assistance. He could hear nothing but the steady ticking of the wall clock. His head ached and throbbed, and he soon longed to scratch various spots on his tortured body. Flies alighted upon his hands and face and roamed about undisturbed except by the intermittent stream of air from his lungs. Thought failed to help him. In vain did he have recourse to considerations, adaptation to environment, self-control, rule of mind over matter, materialism, and other pet theories. His mental anguish was only increased and multiplied. As the minutes passed into hours, moreover, the pangs of hunger and thirst, augmented by the ever-present sight of the food on the table—so far and yet so close—kept gnawing at his senses. From his eyes tears or rage, and of futile effort, fear and remorse kept flowing. He knew he would eventually die if the poison did not loosen its grip on his muscles. Every nerve in his body throbbed, and each succeeding interval between the clock-ticks seemed longer than the last. He came to listen and await each tick in an agony of fear lest he die and never hear the next sound. He yearned to look at the clock, especially when it struck, for he had an overpowering sensation that he had wrongly counted the slow, solemn, resonant sounds. He had the same desire to shriek and scream to the pedestrians who occasionally passed before his closed door.

As the morning hours passed with the leisurely dignity of the centuries, he suddenly remembered that the day was Good Friday. That today—the clock boomed once—at this very hour, Christ had begun to die.

Simultaneously, it dawned on him that his body, like that of the Master, was extended in the shape of a cross. Could this be an accident inspired by Matter? Surely not: no one but an all-knowing God could bring him to such a realization of his weakness. While thus pondering he felt his heart falter and his breath fail him. He felt himself dying by inches, like the thief on the cross, and like that thief he was moved to repentance. He turned to prayer for consolation, and, as the drug paralyzed his brain and weakened his faculties, a calm resignation took the place of the agitation that had held

sway in his body for more than ten hours. He no longer heard the ticks of the clock—he no longer saw—where was he?—what?—who?—And then came darkness and peace and oblivion. The clock resounded thrice, mournfully, softly.

Easter morning. The glad, joyous pealing of the church bells told the world that Christ had risen and cried, "Come and adore Him".

In Sanson's office a bowed figure rose, trembling, from his knees to disclose a face transfigured by the calmness, placidity, and settled maturity of the man who had risen from the living grave.

In the Foot-Hills

In the foot-hills, when Winter lays
A pure-white shroud o'er Nature's dead,
There is no steel to desecrate the grave;
No smoke to smear with dingy finger-prints
The virgin beauty of the snow.

There are no narrow, ugly streets
Where chasm'd walls shut in the sight.
But only winding paths across the fields,
Bordered by magic works of Winter's
handicraft.

Horizons lie on far-off tops of hills—
No certain lines, but blended with the sky,
So that the eye oft' thinks it sees beyond
And fancy pictures far away
Strange cities, states, and citadels.

For Winter makes each man a poet and a
dreamer

In the foot-hills.

—ANSELM MILLER, '25

A Pseudo-Moses

L. A. C.

THE Universities have been criticised destructively and constructively by those who have taught and those who are teachers, by those who think and those who capitalize their inability to think. Our greatest humorists, Mr. H. L. Mencken and Mr. Stephen Leacock, have told us just what is the trouble and why it exists. Mr. Leacock's criticism is valuable: his humor is conscious; Mr. Mencken, I fear, is sometimes serious. Were he not so, the other should look to his laurels.

Under the scathing strokes of the critic's pen the college-professor and other pseudo-litterateurs wilt and vanish: their uselessness is too apparent, their day is o'er. The whole problem of education is now solved: dispense with the teachers and their methods and instead of clouding the mind of youth, in place of stifling his ambitions, and quenching his upstarting flame, give him leeway, give him latitude. With the teachers gone, the only remaining impediments to true thought are the text-books and the schools and colleges.

Not until I had read Mr. Mencken did I realize the tragedy of it all. The idea of trying to teach a boy to write! What absurdity! Buffon's ashes rise Phoenix-like as his immortal axiom is Menckened. The fact is that we don't learn to write, we just do it... probably by some scribular gland or literary secretion. Precepts of style rival the ten commandments in uselessness, and the inability to write English drove Mr. Spencer to philosophize on something which does not exist.

To those lacking in fundamental culture and basic knowledge, the processes by which effects are produced are clouded by the effect and, being unknown, are duly underestimated and misprized. A person's English, following Buffon and his modern interpreter should be as his Philosophy and

conversely. That is something which I should hate to believe.

The gardner who has carefully tended his precious beauties, has kissed their dewy petals, torn away the attacking weeds, dreamed of his treasures, fed them, loved them,—gazes askance at him who says: "They had grown better wild and untended." The bespectacled pedagogue who has treated it, disciplined it, steered it from the shallows of superficial thought to the depths of philosophy and the clear waters of worthy expression, . . . he, too, feels a trifle amazed when you tell him it has been in vain.

Among the greatest truisms "the ability to think clearly is a requisite to clear expression" is one whose catholicity we all admit. So, too, is the ability to hear a theme essential to the violinist who plays from Wagner. Each one, however, requires a touch of technique or all his native genius is worth little.

No pedagogue, not even the most blind and "pseudo" ever taught or hoped to teach a boy to write. But we all try to make a boy write well, and use the means to that end.

Arguing against facts is much like battering ones head against a concrete wall. Even if our head is as hard as the stone we make no progress. You can't upset overnight what ages have established. Your petty onslaught may appeal to the rabble but they laugh at your aching head afterwards and hail you as Don Quixote.

However useless, injurious and impossible may be pedagogic methods, we must use them till Moses comes to lead us forth and show us the errors in our way. Moses must also show us how to correct them. Till then he is not a true Moses.

There is one day for which pedagogues pine. It is that on which all attacks, virulent or amiable, on pedagogues and pedagogics will be classed where they truly belong. . . . in Humor of the Day.

∴ THE MAIL ∴

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

Each hour the ailments of the world are multiplied.

This is the morose greeting from a pair of reformers who would suffer even hyperidrosis to soften the harshness of life with a bit of humor. Some friendly critic will tell us that we know as much about conducting a column as an Eskimo does about sunburn. We refuse to admit it. To admit a fault is to denote a weakness. Furthermore, we won't even argue, for that is to admit two sides to the question.

We feel chesty to think we are in competition with other great columnists, far and near. We won't mention any names. In parading our weekly banter in the pages of the venerable SCHOLASTIC we hope to have company and sympathy, (we scorn pity), in order that the success of our enterprise may be assured. Its beginning has already assured its commencement. Like all other things and beings, the infancy of THE MAIL lacks maturity. Hence we seek the good will of our readers, and especially their contributions.

You may be a poet or a versifier. Perhaps the absurdities of life, and particularly college life, have impressed you and you want to express them. Send them to THE MAIL. Already my colleague has written the diary of a self-confessed skiver who had a key to the door of the Main Building. Your thoughts in any mood, your hidden hopes, will find an outlet on this page. Our repertoire will be as large as you make it.

And it is with the greatest respect and affection for Notre Dame and its memorable achievements in mental and physical fields that we invite you to be a contributor.

—NDS—

"There's many a true word spoken in jest" runs the old proverb. To our prospects we would say that if the jest is good, don't be squeamish.

—NDS—

If this column isn't run as it should be, remember it has two conductors and no motorman.

—NDS—

We hope we print a great many things you won't like. That's the only way to get contributions. Our confidence in our inability to please is so great that we have secured a post-office box.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." We are debating the feasibility of putting "Ha ha" after each of our intensely humorous quips.

—NDS—

Our specialty will be poetry and prose. But anything else that's good will receive consideration.

—NDS—

FISH!

"O Mr. Cerney, O Mr. Collins."

"And what's on your mind this morning Mr. Sheehan?"

"I've a carload of white fish,
Just as fine as one could wish,
And I think if we could sell them 'twould be keen."

"O Mr. Sheehan, O Mr. Sheehan,—

We're the best men at this job you've ever seen,
For as salesmen we are fine
We've an extra strong fish line."

"Absolutely, Mr. Cerney? Positively, Mr. Sheehan."

—NDS—

Short verses, preferably a quatrain or two or a limerick, will be welcomed enthusiastically, at least till read.

—NDS—

This column is not an attempt to establish spirit communication with the late Mr. Grundy. Our motto is "Nothing that the victim wouldn't pay space rates for."

—NDS—

Friendly arguments between contributors will be fostered by this column, and may the side-offer win.

—NDS—

This is THE MAIL

It's yours to fill;
If you don't do it,
We suppose we will.

—NDS—

But when you've read one or two of ours, you'll do it.

—NDS—

Address: THE MAIL, Box 43, Notre Dame.

—NDS—

It's cheaper to write to us than to *The Line*. One cent covers the local postage. And we aren't much more particular.



VARSITY-FRESHMAN HANDICAP TRACK MEET

Coach Knute K. Rockne trotted out his best varsity track team on Saturday, Jan. 31, and pitted it against the freshman aggregation for a trial work out, distributing handicaps to both teams with a profound sense of liberality.

The varsity tracksters had much the better of the meet, even though some of the Freshmen were given a fair start over the more veteran performers. The Frosh took a wide margin to start with in each event, and came in for a share of the honors.

Wayne Cox running from scratch won the half mile in 1:58 2-5. Layden taking off the mark for the first time this year, came home an easy winner in the 40-yard dash in :04.3. Adam Walsh, all-round athlete par excellence, won the high and low hurdles in good time. Wendland took the mile run with a 30 yard handicap in 4:29.5. Harrington found a new rival in the pole vault when he tied with Carey at 12 feet. Harrington tried to make it three inches higher, but just touched the bar, and rattled it from its perch.

The one mile relay team will go to Boston this week to run in the Knights of Columbus games. Walsh and Layden will also compete in special events.

Summary of the events:

Mile run—Wendland V. (30 yd.) first; Dalmadge, V., (50 yd.) second; Judge, V., (S) third; Phelan, F., (50 yd.) fourth. Time, 4:2.5.

Shot Put—Milbauer, V., (S) first; Trombley, F., (5 ft.) second; Boland V., (S) third; Bachman, F., (1 ft.) fourth. Distance, 41 feet, 4 inches.

40-yard high hurdles—Walsh, V., first; Ernewein, F., second; Casey, V. third. Time, :05 3-4.

High jump—Carey, V., (S) first; Layden and Sobatski (3 in.) third. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

40-yd dash—Layden, V., first; Parisien, F., second; Riley, V., third; Cunningham, V., fourth. Time, :04. 3.

Low Hurdles—Walsh, V., first; Barron, V., second; Gebhardt, V., third; Casey, V., fourth. Time, :05 2-5.

Half mile run—Cox, V., (S) first Conlin, V., (60 yd.) second; Degnan, F., (50 yd.) third Fischer, F., (75 yd.) fourth. Time, 1: 58 2-5.

Broad Jump—Cunningham V., (6 in.) first; Parisien, F., (6 in.) second; Layden, V., (6 in.) third; Craydon, F., (18 in.) fourth. Distance, 20 feet, 9 inches.

Pole Vault—Tied for first from scratch, Harrington, V., and Carey, V., 12 feet; Hanmill, V., (S) third; Bannon, F.; (11 feet 6 inches) fourth.

440-yd. run—(First race) McDonald, V., (10 yd.) first; Stack, V., (5 yd.) second; Lahey, F., (10 yd.) third; Norton, F., (25 yd.) fourth. Time :52 2-5.

(Second race) McCauley, F., (20 yd.) first; Brunnett, F., (10 yd.) second; Della Maria, V., (5 yd.) third; Riley, V., (5 yd.) fourth. Time, :52.

NOTRE DAME-LOYOLA BASKETBALL GAME

Playing on the home floor for the first time since they were handed two defeats in succession at Creighton, the Notre Dame cagers took a 40 to 21 victory from that scrappy but ineffective Loyola quintet, Saturday night, Jan. 31, at the local "Y."

Notre Dame had the game pretty much its own way and chances are that many more points might have been piled up, although the work of Capt. Devlin of the visitors cannot be hidden, since his splendid efforts at the guard position caused Notre Dame some trouble.

It was a case of team work against five willing but uncoordinated youths, and the degree of mastery of the game displayed by Notre Dame easily accounted for the vast difference in point totals.

Crowe, McNally and Nyikos contributed

generously to the total score, Nyikos playing but 12 minutes to register 10 points. Capt. Kizer and Crowe both appear to be well back into their regular form, the Irish leader making himself most effective in blotting out the few Loyola rampages that were directed towards the Notre Dame goal.

Line-up:

NOTRE DAME (40)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Crowe, lf. _____	5	3	3	1	13
Mahoney, rf. _____	1	2	2	4	4
McNally, c. _____	4	6	3	2	11
Kizer (C.) lg. _____	0	0	0	1	0
Conroy, rg. _____	1	0	0	1	2
Dienhart, lf. _____	0	0	0	1	0
Ley, rf. _____	0	0	0	0	0
Nyikos, c. _____	4	4	2	1	10
Dahman, lg. _____	0	0	0	0	0
E. Crowe, rg. _____	0	0	0	3	0
Edwards, c. _____	0	0	0	0	0
Totals _____	15	15	10	14	40

LOYOLA (21)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
McGraw, lf. _____	4	7	4	0	12
Connolly, rf. _____	1	3	2	1	4
Doyle, c. _____	1	1	0	1	2
Wiatiak, lg. _____	0	4	2	2	2
Devlin (C.) rg. _____	0	1	1	2	1
Kamin, rf. _____	0	0	0	0	0
Schlacks, c. _____	0	0	0	0	0
Hurtubise, lg. _____	0	0	0	0	0
Totals _____	6	16	9	6	21

Officials—Kearns, DePaul; Reynolds, Chicago.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

The Notre Dame hockey schedule in its complete form is announced by Coach Tom Lieb as follows:

- Feb. 6—M. A. C. at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 7—St. Thomas at Minneapolis.
- Feb. 9-10—Minnesota at Minneapolis.
- Feb. 13—Wisconsin at Madison.
- Feb. 14—M. A. C. at Lansing.
- Feb. 23-24—Minnesota at Notre Dame.

NOTRE DAME LOSES TO WABASH

Playing desperately, and at times holding the lead, the Notre Dame basketball team went down to a 40 to 30 defeat at the hands of Wabash college at Crawfordsville, Feb. 3.

Capt. Noble Kizer and Clem Crowe played a fighting game and found the net on numerous occasions for scores, but the

dazzling attack of the Little Giants, led by Chadwick, flared up often and strongly. The odds were just a little more than Notre Dame could offset. Chadwick and Robinson were the high-point men for Wabash, scoring 20 and 14 points, respectively, for their team.

Summary:

NOTRE DAME	WABASH
Crowe _____ F	Robinson _____
McNally _____ F	Dezol _____
Nyikos _____ C	Chadwick _____
Kizer (C) _____ G	Burdette _____
Conroy _____ G	Caffel _____
Dienhart _____ F	
Mahoney _____ F	

Field Goals—Robinson 5, Dezol 2, Chadwick 8, Caffel 1, Crowe 5, McNally 1, Nyikos 1, Kizer 3, Conroy 1, Mahoney 1. Free throws—Robinson 4, Chadwick 4, McNally 1, Nyikos 4, Mahoney 1.

FROSH WIN FROM CULVER

The Notre Dame freshmen basketball team took an interesting game from the Culver Military Academy cadets by a score of 31 to 17, Jan. 31. The first half ended with the visitors leading 15 to 11. The Academy boys were playing gamely but when play was resumed it was apparent that they could not hold out against their more experienced and bigger opponents. Forwards Happer and Purcell were the high point men for the Freshmen while Cole played an excellent guarding game for Culver.

The line-up:

CULVER (17)	B	F	PF	TP
Briggs, f. _____	2	0	1	4
Deford, f. _____	2	0	0	4
Folkemer, c. _____	1	1	0	2
Harris, g. _____	1	0	1	2
Cole, g. _____	0	0	0	0
Whitcrafft, g. _____	2	0	0	2
Totals _____	8	1	2	17

NOTRE DAME (31)	B	F	PF	TP
Happer, f. _____	4	0	0	8
Purcell, f. _____	4	0	1	8
Devault, f. _____	2	0	0	4
Murphy, c. _____	2	0	1	4
Rust, g. _____	0	1	0	1
Harvey, g. _____	3	0	1	6
Totals _____	15	1	3	31

NOTRE DAME SPORT PROGRAM

February, the shortest month in the year, will be the biggest month in point of athletic events for the coaches and performers in the sport circle at Notre Dame. No fewer than twenty-eight events are booked for the month on home and foreign fields. Basketball, track and the minor sports, boxing, hockey and swimming, will vie with one another for a share of the limelight that is relinquished to the winter sports, now that the all-encompassing pastime of football is history.

The Saturdays throughout February are accorded the greatest favor as being the most convenient date on which to engage in athletic competition.

formers will also have played Wisconsin on Lake Mendota at Madison.

The hockey and boxing teams will spread their arms on Saturday, Feb. 14, the stickmen invading Lansing for a return match with the Aggies, while the glove pushers will be introducing Notre Dame to the middies at Annapolis, thus completing athletic relations with the government's two service schools. The boxers are hopeful of making as good an impression on the sailors as gridders made on the Army guards last fall.

While these two teams are away from home, the feature attractions on the bill for the local fandom will be a track meet with Illinois at the Notre Dame gymnasium in the afternoon and a basket-

<i>Date</i>	<i>Basketball</i>	<i>Track</i>	<i>Hockey</i>	<i>Swimming</i>	<i>Boxing</i>
Feb. 7	Illinois here	Boston Blue and Gold	St. Thomas there	Fort Wayne here	
Feb. 9			Minn. there		
Feb. 10	Butler here		Minn. there		
Feb. 11			Wisconsin there		
Feb. 14	Wabash here	Illinois here	M. A. C. there	Interteam here	Navy there
Feb. 21	Penn State there	N. W. there		Hoosier A. C. there	Ames here
Feb. 23	Carnegie there		Minn. here	Indiana there	
Feb. 24			Minn. here		
Feb. 28	Franklin here	Ill. Relays there		M. A. C. there	
Mar. 3	M. A. C. here				
Mar. 7		Wisconsin there			

Saturday, Feb. 7 will see Notre Dame teams competing on five different fields. While Coach George Keogan's basketball team is entertaining a share of fandom with the Illinois game at the local "Y," the swimming team will be engaged in a water carnival with the Fort Wayne "Y" at the City natatorium. Away from home will be Coach Tom Lieb's hockey team, playing St. Thomas at Minneapolis, while Rockne's crack one mile relay team, with Layden and Walsh in special events, will be competing in Boston. Rockne will also stage the annual Blue and Gold meet in the Notre Dame gym, Saturday afternoon.

Intervening between Saturdays will be a game with Butler college basketball team here, and two hockey matches with Minnesota university at Minneapolis. Before the end of the week the ice per-

ball game with Wabash in the evening at the "Y." The track encounter is certain to be numbered among the stellar sport attractions appearing in South Bend this year. Harry Gill, of the Illini track team, will bring several record-breaking stars with him, including Dean Brownell in the pole vault and Dan Kinsey in the high hurdles. Both men are Olympic performers.

The week of Feb. 14 to the 21, will be devoid of any intervening attraction. On Saturday, Feb. 21, a boxing match with Ames will be the only local attraction and one that should be the equal of the Nebraska football game last fall. The Irish glove wielders have a score to settle with the Ames scrappers, and Springer's proteges are warming up now for the feature ring attraction of the year.

On the same day, the Notre Dame basketball

team will meet Penn State at State College, Pa., and Rocknes' track team will endeavor to annex a victory over the Purple fliers at Northwestern. The swimming team will also be engaged in pitting their speed and endurance against the Hoosier A. C. at the state capitol.

On Feb. 23, Keogan's cage team will swing into Pittsburg for a tilt with the engineers at Carnegie Tech and the swimming team will travel to Bloomington to meet Indiana. Lieb's puck chasers begin a two game series with the Gophers on the local rink if robbins and peach blossoms have not dispelled the ground work for the ice contest.

The basketball team will play host to Franklin, the Hoosier "wonder team" on Feb. 28, while the tracksters are seeking honors in the annual Illinois relays at Urbana and the swimmers are entertaining the Aggie water men at the city pool. These three events will climax the sport calendar for the month of February and likewise preclude the end of the winter program which will be completed with a basketball game at Lansing on March 3 and a track meet with the Badgers at Madison on March 7.

The calendar of events will require the services of approximately 70 performers played off in a total of 35 hours, of which 16 hours will be played on the local fields. Five coaches will be required to direct the destinies of these teams and the hours spent in preparing for the events are numberless.

NAME PERSONNEL OF IRISH RELAY TEAMS

After conducting time trials in the quarter and halfmile events, Coach Rockne announced Wednesday, the members of the two relay teams that will compete on foreign tracks Saturday night. Capt. Barr, Coughlin, McTiernan and Stack will comprise the one mile relay team which will run in a dual race with Harvard at the Knights of Columbus games at Boston Saturday night. Elmer Layden will run in a special sprint race and Adam Walsh will compete in a special hurdle race at the Boston event.

A two mile relay team including Cox, Masterson, Nulty and Judge, will compete in the Kansas City A. C. games at Kansas City Saturday night. With the exception of Judge, the other three runners were included in the team that won the special two mile relay race at the I. A. C. games in Chicago on the occasion of Nurmi's first appearance in the central west. On that team, Young ran in place of Judge.

N. D. BOXERS MEET IN ELIMINATION TO DETERMINE TITLES

The elimination bouts for the championship of the university and to determine the personnel of the glove team that will defend the Irish colors against the middies at Annapolis on Feb. 14, was staged

in the Notre Dame gymnasium, Wednesday night. Nearly one thousand spectators filled the gallery and ringside seats to witness one of the scrappiest cards put on at Notre Dame this year.

Lorenger and Harvey opened the program in the bantamweight division, mixing it hard and fast for three rounds. Lorenger won the decision in the second and third rounds, Harvey taking the first, and showing a good right hand.

Jack Spillane won the next fight in the featherweight class from Brisbane, and appeared again in the evening to clinch his title by winning a whirlwind scrap from Donnelly. Against Brisbane, Spillane swapped punches on even terms in the opener but took the last two with a flash of superior fighting. Brisbane fought a game fight against his more capable opponent.

Garcia and De Pasquali mixed three hard and furious rounds in the lightweight class, De Pasquali taking the title in an extra round. The first frame went about even, but Garcia showed plenty of fight in the second, winning it by a fair margin. The third round found both contestants tiring from the furious milling, but in the extra round, De Pasquali landed to the face and body cleanly for points. The greater part of the fighting included body blows, both men missing considerably.

Gosling and Willoughby took up the card for the welterweight division, Gosling getting the decision. Neither man inflicted much punishment and the blows were wild but hard. Pat Campbell and Pete

Donnelly gave a clever exhibition of footwork and teryly fought rounds, the tide of battling changing in almost every round. Lyn started out with a world of speed, but failed to last. Campbell hammered his way for winning points in the second and won the third round and the fight by administering a hard beating to his opponent who hung on the ropes till the bell. Lyn's speed was of no avail in the closing minutes and the terrific jabs of his opponent played havoc with his defense.

One of the best fights on the program was run off when Spillane appeared again to fight Donnelly, announced as the amateur featherweight champion of Cleveland. Donnelly started out well and took a fair share of aggressiveness throughout the fight, but lost on points in the extra round declared necessary by the judges at the close of the third.

Donnelly gave a clever exhibition of footwork and lightning punches. In the early stages of the fight, he turned back the attack of Spillane, who was handicapped by having fought one fight earlier in the evening. Donnelly took the second round, landing flush to Spillane's face, the latter losing his guard under the lightning-like blows. In the third round, Spillane came back, somewhat refreshed by the brief rest, and broke through his opponent's guard for blows that counted. Donnelly was tiring and in the extra round failed to ward off the aggressiveness of Spillane.

McClure and O'Brien fought three rounds of tame boxing, McClure being billed to fight a second bout with Campbell. Campbell, however, forfeited because of injuries. Gosling also forfeited to De Pasquali, being badly cut in his bout with Wiloughby.

The final event on the card brought together Pat Canny of Notre Dame and Bobby McFarlane of Chicago, the latter being billed for the main event of the show at LaPorte Thursday night.

CLEM CROWE ELECTED TO LEAD 1925 VARSITY

Clem Crowe, of Lafayette, Ind., a junior in Agriculture and substitute end on the Notre Dame football team of 1924 was elected captain of the eleven of 1925 to succeed Adam Walsh at a banquet given by the athletic association to the members of the varsity and freshmen teams at the Oliver hotel, Thursday evening, Feb. 5.

Crowe who did relief work for Charley Collins on the national champion eleven of last fall, is a genuine Notre Dame football product, being developed by Coach Rockne since coming to Notre Dame. Crowe was a basketball player in high school and was picked as forward on the Indiana all-state team for three consecutive years.

After the balloting, Crowe spoke a few words to the players in which he thanked them for the exceptional honor they had bestowed upon him, and promised them that despite the heavy schedule that was outlined for next year, he and the team would be out there giving their best.

Rex Enright of Rockford, Ill., a fullback on the teams of 1922-23, was placed in the race for the office with Crowe on the first ballot. After the result had been announced, Enright congratulated the new leader and told the players, that for the same reason that it was better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all, so it also was that he was glad to have been considered and lost than not to have been considered at all.

The banquet board around which the varsity and freshmen players sat, together with the assistant coaches, managers and guests, was not entirely one of rejoicing. The hour marked the parting of the way for a team that had played and sacrificed together for three years and which in the final act had brought to Notre Dame a national title and to the coach and players, lasting fame.

Each of the passing players as he was called upon by "Rock," expressed his sincere regret for having to leave the team and the school and tear apart the material ties of friendship that had knitted the team into such a perfect unit of power and coordination. Unanimously they voiced their thanks to Rockne who by his patience and encouragement and careful teachings had made them Notre Dame football men. They also expressed

the hope that the life after school would find them putting into practice the ideals and the philosophies they had learned from "Rock."

Among the guests were many men prominent in South Bend business and professional life. Many of them were called upon by Rockne who acted as toastmaster, and their sentiments were expressed in keeping with the spirit of the evening.

After the program of talks, Coach Rockne delegated Adam Walsh to send telegrams to Jimmy Crowley at Green Bay and to Ward "Doc" Connell at Beloit, stating the regrets of the team that they could not be in South Bend for the last assembly of the team as a whole.

Coach Rockne, speaking his personal sentiments on the occasion said that he regretted the passing of the team, because he was sure that the eleven of 1924 was the most perfect organization that ever carried the standard of Notre Dame.

"There are many fine boys going out," he said, "and their work during the past season reflects a credit upon them and upon the school that will not soon be forgotten. We cannot expect to duplicate the performance of the past season for many seasons to come. Football cannot be learned over night and the new men who will move up in the ranks can only hope to give their best while they are acquiring the experience that was earned by the men who are passing on."

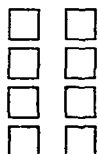
In introducing each player who will be graduated in June, Rockne was generous in praise of their ability, expressed his regret at their leaving, and wished them individually the best of success in after life.

"Remember," he said, "in the years to come, that no matter where you are or what circumstances you are in, you will have a perpetual welcome here at Notre Dame where the latch string is always out. When you come back here to visit, you will know that you are among friends. Also you will find in the years to come that the friendships you have formed with your teammates will be the most durable of things that you can imagine. They will be lasting and sincere, and should the contending forces of life strew the shattered remnants of your hopes and ambitions at your feet, you will know that among your teammates you will find a friend and one who will sacrifice for you when you are down."

Following is the list of guests and players who responded to toasts: Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., George Hull, Mike Callon, Frank Coughlin, Carl Ginz, Dr. C. L. Guyer, William Hayes, Jess Pavvey, Cap Edwards, Thomas Hynes, Al Ryan, George Keogan, George Vergara, Hartley Anderson, Tom Lieb, Eddie Luther, Leo Sutcliffe, Charley Glueckert, Ed. Hunsinger, Bernie Livergood, Bill Cerney, Don Miller, Joe Bach, W. Eaton, E. Miller, John Weibel, Noble Kizer, Charley Collins, Harry Stuhlreher, Elmer Laydon, Adam Walsh and Joe Harmon.

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BY WARREN W. BROWN

Knute Rockne is becoming as well known in the After Dinner League as in the council chambers of football.

At the last reckoning, Rockne was two dinners up on Will Rogers, who is accepted as the world's champion speaker after banquets, luncheons, and at any and all meetings of the Associated Badge Wearers of North America.

When the Notre Dame coach left South Bend a few days ago, for a trip to Philadelphia to accept the trophy awarded his team as national champions by the Veteran Athletes' Association, Mrs. Rockne suggested rather mildly that it was about time for the After Dinner Circuit's schedule to end.

"Never mind, my dear," Rockne told her. "Next season we'll lose three or four games and I'll be home for dinner every night."

* * *

The demand for Rockne's presence at so many gatherings of the "That Reminds Me of a Story Club" is due in a great measure to his fame as a football coach. But the reputation of the coach as a story teller is widening. His audiences no longer listen respectfully to what he has to say about football. They want him to tell stories. And he can tell them.

* * *

Rockne's Fogarty story, and the yarn about the young man who didn't want to slip off the bench, have been told and re-told so often that their author has had to dig up some new ones for this season in the After Dinner League.

When he appeared at a dinner in Los Angeles, following the game with Stanford, Rockne, one of the last speakers, sat by while he heard Andy Kerr, Stanford assistant coach, relate the bench slipping yarn.

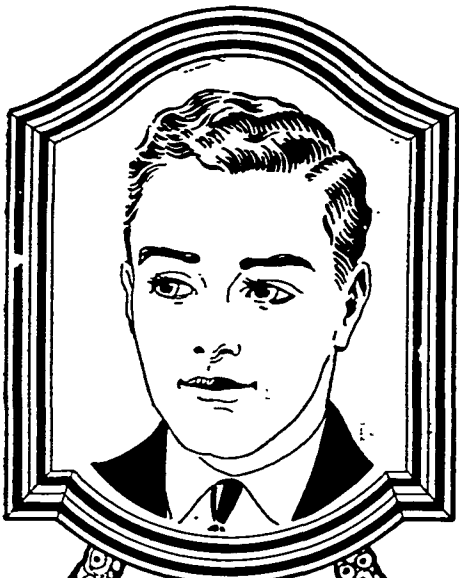
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One story that Rockne has been giving an airing lately has to do with a Notre Dame team of a certain season, playing Pittsburgh, and not having a very nice time of it.

Finally a new quarterback was sent in to open things up, a quarterback, Rockne says, who had never opened anything up but an umbrella in his life. He called for a double pass, followed by a lateral pass. The double pass was all right, but the lateral was all wrong. The ball rolled to the Notre Dame one yard line and Pittsburgh recovered.

"The Coach shot in a new guard," Rockne said, "and when he reported to the referee, the team could see he was just dying to tell them some message of great import. So they pitched into the defense with a fury, and Pittsburgh's first smash was held without gain. The players were around the new guard in the flash, ears up like donkeys.

"What'd the coach say?" the demanded.



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"The new guard cleared, his throat, and gasped: 'The coach says to HOLD 'EM?'"

* * *

Rockne's wit is not limited to the After Dinner League. He is as fast on the come-back as any one now before the sporting public.

When he was in the East recently, it was called to his attention that Glenn Warner had said much about all the first downs and all the ground his team had gained at Pasadena.

"That's right," answered Rockne. "And next year, in the world's series, they're going to decide the games by the number of men left on bases."

* * *

One of the visitors at Pasadena was an official from this territory, who had called three fifteen yard penalties against Notre Dame in a game last season.

"Hello, Cyclops," Rockne greeted the official.

When the coach had moved away, the official wanted to know what was meant by that. He was reminded that Cyclops were mythical "One Eyed" Connollys, whom nature denied anything but a one-sided view of any situation.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.



Somebody wants to know if Finchley will show official Ku Klux Klan uniforms.

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