

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus

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INTERIOR OF SACRED HEART CHURCH

THE WEEK

Have you noticed it? Students are actually beginning to study. Suddenly, during this last week, the settling down process reached rock-bottom and the long grind of work began. Try taking a stroll about the campus around eight-thirty next Tuesday night—that is, if your work will let you. Notice the halls. There is scarcely a room anywhere that turns an empty black window to the moonlight: every one is lighted brightly from within, mute evidence of a falling off in attendance at the Orpheum and Palace. Most of them frame a shadowy figure bending over—something. Cards? Letters? No: it's almost sure to be a book, or a typewriter pounding out a summary, or a scribbling pencil that strives to elucidate that unsolved question "Why I Came to Notre Dame"—credit, 3%. With Mr. Newman of beloved memory "we were amazed" to discover the changes in campus atmosphere wrought by a mere fortnight of actual classes. Too bad that Founder's Week-end must upset the smoothly running machinery.

We said students are actually beginning to study. That includes Freshmen. The Man of '29 has begun a zealous search for knowledge and the reason is not far to seek. Succinctly, it is called Education A. If you want to know more about it, consult the list of questions on the Library Bulletin Board: we guarantee a headache and a feeling of profound gratitude that Education A was put in since your freshman days. It would be interesting to know just what percentage of the Senior class, with three years experience in university libraries, could find answers to the questions these freshmen are given. Certainly Education A has secured patronage and hard work for the men behind the desks. What was the financial condition of the Bavarian Kingdom in 1923? Or something like that. We give

up. But the freshmen don't. More power etc. to them.

Diversions of the week were few but refreshing. The *Juggler* arrived, not so very late after all. The first issue under the new staff has several admirable qualities, among which we find most pleasing the lessening of the percentage of puns permitted. They are fewer and less atrocious than in any issue of last year. The art work is clever as usual, and, to quote Mae of the *Chi-Trib*, the humor is clean *clean*, CLEAN. The imminence of "an unique number" of *Pan* was announced on artistic posters which remained on the bulletin boards exactly forty-five minutes: their sudden disappearance and later transformation into wall-panels were flattering tributes to the designer but not much help to *Pan*. Not, you understand, that the Poetic Youth needed help: in this issue, at least, he proved quite capable of standing on his own cloven feet.

Speaking of bulletin boards reminds us: the S. A. C. has taken up the crusade we suggested last week, and has appointed an official bulletin poster. All hail, Ye Knight of the Thumb Tack! And while we are acclaiming people, we may as well include the Band. Their music at the game on Saturday was a revelation which ought not to go unnoted. Try sneaking over into the west stands during the half: you will appreciate the Band as you never have before. That's saying something.

Students are studying; but not on Saturday nights. And being broke as well as studious, they are patronizing Washington Hall in huge mobs. Instead of the former single performance, "The Gold Rush" made a double bow Saturday night. And Chaplin made a hit. Probably Charlie doesn't know it, but making a hit in Washington Hall is the final proof of greatness—J.A.W.

PAN COMES FORTH AGAIN

Pan and the Rockmen scored Saturday—again. Since the football team has the story of its victory printed elsewhere in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, we will take up *Pan*.

Pan's first play wins a literary touch-down. Professor Charles Phillips carries the ball and he even scores the point after goal. The opposition is known as materialism of the kind that is taught in non-sectarian colleges. It is worth the reading and it is a worthy introduction to that which follows.

Harry McGuire, Dennis O'Neill and James Armstrong compose the Notre Dame element in this issue. "Sing My Poet" which won for Harry the Scribblers poetry contest of last year is the first under the title of "Chansons d'Amour." Harry also "columniates" interestingly. Dennis O'Neill sings of "Galway Shores" in addition to giving us a "melodrama in one act," entitled "Get Your Man." It isn't a football story. James Armstrong, '25, sapiently reviews Ring Lardner's "What of It?"

Margery Doud's "Vaudeville" is realistic without causing an attack of nausea. And William Torgownik's "To Mencken" is so full of venom that one might think him a literary school teacher, policeman or congressman. This Chicago poet is of a class that Mencken makes nasty remarks about.

When *Pan* so desires, he can give his dulcet pipes the volume of a monstrous horn. Witness the "Biographical" among the advertisements. Los Angeles heard his appeals for copy and responded; he roared successfully above the metropolitan din of New York City. Oregon set aside its thoughts about the apple crop for him and Georgia let go the cotton crop to sing for the Hellenic band master. *Pan*, your notes are sweet and your volume is great.

Ray Hunt, Journalism, '27, is now conducting a weekly sport feature column in the *South Bend News-Times*. This is Mr. Hunt's first column to appear under his name. The SCHOLASTIC presents its congratulations.

ENGINEERS PLAN FOR YEAR

With the first official meeting of the Engineers Club, held Wednesday evening, tucked safely away in the files of the Recording Secretary, plans for an active year are in order and detailed arrangements are being completed for the work which will be carried on by the members. An initiation of Freshmen has been planned for the middle of October and at the same time the first smoker of the year will be held. Ben Bourne has been appointed chairman of the arrangements committee with Robert Graham, Gail Gurnett, and Tino Poggiani as assistants.

Plans for the decoration of the Engineers Building at Homecoming were discussed at the meeting with a view to final completion. Stanley Boyle will act as chairman of the decoration committee. He will be assisted by Malcom Knauss, Hugh Campbell and Robert Degnan. The cup annually awarded by the S. A. C. to the organization or hall with the most attractively decorated building was won by the Engineers last year and it is probable they will make an effort to retain the coveted honor.

By a unanimous vote of the members, arrangements have been made to aid David Van Wallace through contributions to the Father Brooks Fund which is being promoted by Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Prefect of Religion. Frank Mayer and Edward McCarthy have been appointed collectors. They, as a committee representing the Engineers, were also instructed to forward a letter of condolence to Van.

Officers of the club who will serve for the year are, Paul Harrington, President; Herb Eggert, Vice-President; Phil Doell, Secretary, and Charles Marguet, Treasurer.

The latter part of October will see the annual smoker given by the off-campus students, Father Mooney, their Director announced last Monday. The scene of the smokes, sweets and speeches will be St. Joseph's Hall in South Bend. The various committees are to be appointed by the end of the present week.

NINE BROTHERS TAKE VOWS

On the reverse side of a little card on which there is an image of the Crucifix are the following words from St. Matthew's Gospel: "Behold we have left all things and have followed Thee." Below this verse are the names of the nine Brothers who took their final vows in the Church of the Sacred Heart, June 28, 1925.

Five of these Brothers, Norbert, Ferdinand, Leonard, Hyacinth, and Neil, are alumni of Notre Dame, and are at present teaching in Catholic High Schools in Evansville, Indiana, Indianapolis, and New Orleans. The other four Brothers, Alonzo, Marcellinus, and Jacob are either studying at Notre Dame or are employed in offices here.

Many of the graduates of the Brothers' schools are students at the University. The Brothers, in addition to the above, have schools in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Chicago, making in all five feeders for Notre Dame. From this report it may be seen that the Congregation of Holy Cross, in its two branches, is devoted to the cause of higher education in a double capacity. A crying need of the hour is more Catholic high schools and more Brothers to conduct them. A more apostolic work can hardly be found than that of teaching the future leaders of the Church in America.

AUTOISTS TO PARK OUTSIDE

The attention of that section of the student body which is permitted to ride to and from school in automobiles, is called to the fact that a parking space has been reserved for such machines on the grounds opposite the Post Office building.

Within a short time, all roads upon the campus will be closed to automobiles, and students will be compelled to park their cars in the place indicated. In the meantime, students are asked to co-operate relative to this matter with the Department of Student Welfare.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED

Those students of the University who are interested in the Rhodes scholarships, to the College at Oxford, are requested to communicate with the Rev. Leigh Hubbell, C.S.C., Director of Studies. Father Hubbell asks that all prospective applicants interview him before October 17, in order that proper selections may be made.

The principal features of eligibility for a Rhodes Scholarship are included in the stipulations that the candidate: must have been a male citizen of the United States for at least five years back; must be between nineteen and twenty-five years of age; and must have completed at least the Sophomore year at a recognized university or college.

The scholarships carry a stipend of some 400 pounds per annum, and are so apportioned as to allow each state to select two candidates. In this manner, Notre Dame will be allotted five candidates from its entire student body; and from these, and from the candidates selected from the other universities of the state, the two allotted the State of Indiana will be selected.

NEW FRESHMAN BUILDING TO BE
CONSTRUCTED SOON

Within three weeks time, or even less, intensive work will begin upon a third Freshman dormitory to be situated somewhere in the vicinity of the present Howard Hall and the Library.

Work is now progressing upon Morrissey Hall, the second of the three Freshman dormitories to be erected in that section of the campus, and with the completion of this hall only the final freshman hall will remain to be completed.

The name for the latest of the three freshman halls has not been decided upon, nor will it be made known perhaps until the building is complete. However, a SCHOLASTIC man speaking with an authoritative person of the University was made familiar with the fact that the hall will be named after a lay professor of distinction.

THE NOTRE DAME LAKES

When the Reverend Father Sorin and his band of six Brothers first caught sight of the present location of Notre Dame University, in 1849, they were very favorably impressed. The ground, even the lake, lay thick with a coat of snow. The scene suggested to the holy men, the purity of the Blessed Virgin; hence the name Notre Dame du Lac, which, translated, means "Our Lady of the Lake."

Are there not two lakes on the campus? Then why a title using the singular form of lake? This can be best explained by the fact that for several reasons, officials of the University decided that the lake should be divided into what are now known as St. Mary's and St. Joseph's lakes. The men of '29 can be assured that the original lake was not divided in order to give upperclassmen an additional bathtub into which to throw wayward Freshmen. The State of Indiana claims the right to hold open for the public benefit any body of water over a certain size, and two small lakes would be under the minimum requirements. This was one reason for the division. Again, a certain degree of privacy is essential to the welfare of the seminaries, and if the campus were made a park, this seclusion would be impossible. For convenience sake the fill-in might have been made. It was necessary to cross a bridge in order to reach the Community House; some of the older members of the Order still refer to this building as being on the island.

In 1902, the water-level became appreciably lower and the sloping banks turned into marshes filled with rank weeds. A dredge was assembled on the lake known as St. Joseph's, on the northeast corner of the campus. This dredge cut the banks straight down and threw the dirt upon the bank. This explains the fact that at the present time in many places the bank is higher than the ground lying immediately back of it. In the west side of the lake a number of small islands protruded and the dredge completely encircled them. When the work on St. Joseph's lake was completed, engineers decided that it would be costly to tear the dredge apart and re-assemble

it on St. Mary's lake, so it was decided to let the dredge eat its way through the narrowest point between the Community House and the Grotto. The big contrivance picked its way in the strip by throwing the dirt it picked up to the rear and literally carried its own pond with it.

The lakes abound with traditions. Until 1912, an inter-hall regatta was the annual feature of the commencement program. Each hall had its crew and the shells lined up on St. Joseph's lake, near the old boat house. The course was across the lake and back, turning at the west side. It was not uncommon for members of the crews to be taken from the shells completely exhausted. Pictures of the varsity crews which took part in the Silver Jubilee, can be seen on the trophy rack in the gymnasium. Several pairs of oars used still remain in the gym.

A drainage project along Dowagiac creek in Michigan and the drilling of wells for city water purposes near Leeper Park, are thought to have undermined the vein of water supplying the many springs that feed the lakes. The University uses approximately four hundred and fifty gallons of water from St. Joseph's lake, a minute. These causes and possibly others have caused the water level to drop lower each year. This summer's drought made the lakes reach a very low stage. Along the banks a gray slimish mud appeared where the water had receded. This mud is approximately ninety-five percent lime and could be utilized for agricultural purposes.

In order to save the scenic beauty of the lakes, the officials of the University have deemed it advisable to furnish some additional means of supplying water for the lakes. A well is being drilled on the Eddy Road, north of the campus, and a pumping house will force water down to the lakes. It is hoped that by supplying artificial means, the level of the lakes can soon be restored.

—C. J. CASH.

Professor John M. Cooney, Head of the School of Journalism here, will speak at the Columbus Day celebration at Middletown, Ohio.

THE FIRST JUGGLER APPEARS

The first number of the *Juggler* is out. It is fittingly entitled "Freshman Number" and is a credit in every way to Editor Lester C. Grady and his well-balanced staff. Wilbur McElroy, who holds down the job of Art Editor, is especially fertile in imagination, and deft in deliniation. His drawings, which are much more than the mere cartoons one usually encounters in coliege humorous publications, hold not one laugh, but dozens. The work of Quigley, Foglia, Harwood and Palomino exceeds the standard they set last year, while that of Richard Zimmerly was judged to be the best in this issue of the *Juggler*. Dick, therefore, was awarded the Funny Fellow's prize of five dollars, given monthly for art supremacy.

The contributions likewise sparkle with the well-known Irish wit. Several new names appear among the joksters this year, and, if they continue in the same vein in which they've begun, the *Juggler's* readers will be kept in continual good humor. Terence Donohue was awarded the five dollar prize for written work.

The make-up of the *Juggler* is in its usual good taste. The cover, by McElroy, is one of the best that have ever graced the outside page, while the interior of the magazine shows a nice distribution of type and picture. A judicious use of scissors and paste-pot has been made from the exchanges, to relieve the advertising.

GEORGE DEVER IS MARRIED

George Dever, LL.B., '23, was married to Miss Kathleen Green on Tuesday, September 29. In Chicago the groom is known as Mayor Dever's son; during his senior year at Notre Dame he was known as the Editor-in-Chief of the *Juggler*. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Alan Green. The best man was Mr. James "Jimmie" Young, also LL.B., '23. Press reports have it that Mr. and Mrs. Dever will motor to Florida.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES

Clarence J. Ruddy, editor of the Notre Dame *Lawyer* announces that the first issue of this journal will be published in about a month. An intensive subscription campaign will be started soon under the leadership of Maurice McNulty and Paul Butler. A contribution has already been received from Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. Judge Dudley G. Wooten of the Notre Dame law school will have a leading article in the first issue. Attorneys Pettingale and Shively of South Bend have also kindly consented to prepare articles. The editorial staff of the magazine will prepare student articles.

* * * * *

Oscar Lavery, A. B., '25, has registered in the Yale Law School.

* * * * *

Dean Konop and Judge Wooten of Notre Dame Law School are scheduled to speak soon before the Round Table Club of South Bend. Their subject will be "The Scopes Trial."

HUSTON TO SPEAK HERE

McCready Huston, well-known author and associate editor of the *South Bend Tribune*, who recently published his first novel, "Hulings' Quest," will lecture to students of the School of Journalism in the North Room of the Library at 12:30 p. m., Oct. 15. Mr. Huston has offered his services at the request of the School of Journalism, but all others who may be interested are invited to attend. The subject of Mr. Huston's lecture will be mainly concernd with the reasons and the method of his writing of "Huling's Quest." The author has consented to autograph copies of his book which may be brought to the lecture.

C. O. Molz, Journalism, '24, who is at present telegraph editor of the *Detroit News*, visited the University Saturday and Sunday.

Campus Opinion

Question: "Do you think Notre Dame is losing its he-man atmosphere?"

Where asked: Sorin Sub.

John Roach:

"There are too many lounge lizards and cake eaters infesting the campus. Where are the old corduroys and army shoes that N. D. men used to wear? We are forgetting the things that have made Notre Dame what it is."

Bill Jasper:

"Yes! After Notre Dame lost the Nebraska game two years ago, the boys got up at four o'clock in the morning and went downtown to meet the team when they returned. No such spirit is being shown lately. This year's Freshmen lack the huskiness of former years but they could make up for this by just a little more pep."

James (Red) Glynn:

"Notre Dame still has its he-men. Whether they are attired in knickers or corduroys they are able to take care of themselves. The day of the hobnailed shoes may pass, but Notre Dame is safe as long as female impersonators are kept off the campus."

Robert Graham:

"There are a good many men on the campus who have the he-man appearance, but it's a little early in the year to tell whether our Freshmen are imbibing the real he-man spirit."

Frank Mayer:

"Yes. A few years ago all the fellows on the campus spoke to each other. Now when an upperclassman speaks to a Freshman he thinks he's being goofed. That old real spirit of fellowship is being lost."

The *Juggler* salesmen who went through the halls last Thursday were very optimistic. It wasn't "Want a *Juggler*?" but "How many?"

CHEMISTS HEAR PHILLIPS

Members of the Chemist Club inaugurated the campus socials of the year on Wednesday evening when the first smoker was held in the north room of the Library. Father Vagnier, former head of the Chemistry department, and member of the Holy Cross order for eighty-one years, was the guest of honor. Professor Charles Phillips was principal speaker of the evening and entertained members of the club with reminiscences of his trip to Mexico during the summer vacation.

Robert Degan was elected President of the organization for the year and Ronald Rich, Secretary and Treasurer. Professor Froning was elected Honorary President and spoke for some time on interesting phases of chemistry.

Dr. Mahin, who for twenty years acted as head of the Chemistry Department at Purdue University and is now instructor in metallurgy at Notre Dame, was admitted as an honorary member. Dr. Mahin is a recognized leader in the field of chemistry and has produced two valuable research works on chemical subjects.

BOARD OF PUBLICATIONS ELECTS OFFICERS FOR YEAR

At a reorganization meeting of the Board of Publications of the University, the Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C., Head of the Department of Sociology, was elected chairman for the present year.

Father McGinn succeeds the Rev. Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C., who will remain as a member of the board for another year. The third member of the board is the Rev. William Bolger, C.S.C.

A daughter, Margaret Grace, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Breen, 10 Fairview avenue, New York City, August 28. Paul Breen was a debator and an active member of the class of '24 here. The SCHOLASTIC joins with "Tid's" many friends in offering him and Mrs. Breen heartiest congratulations.

CLOCK TO RESUME WORK; CHIMES WILL ADD BEAUTY

After a lapse of several years the clock upon the steeple of the church is to be roused from its mythical sleep, and set to work keeping time.

Within its line of duty of keeping time, the clock will control a set of twenty-three chimes which are connected with it, and which will ring at the quarter, half, three-quarters, and full hour.

The chimes were cast by Mr. Bollee, a celebrated bell-founder of Mans, France. They were blessed by Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Henni of Milwaukee, in 1856, from which time on they rang every quarter hour until a few years hence, when they fell into a long sleep.

Several expert clocksmiths will attempt to revive the "Rip Van Winkle" clock. We wonder, at the same time, if it was not the editorial which appeared in the first issue of this year's SCHOLASTIC which really influenced the authorities "to catch up on the time."

FATHER BURKE SENDS HIS CON- GRATULATIONS TO TEAM

Word has been received from Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C., former Director of Studies at Notre Dame University, and now President of St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas. Father Burke speaks of the rise of enrollment at Saint Edward's, and expresses gratification upon the Notre Dame victory over Baylor University recently.

N. D. REPRESENTED AT WORLD CONVENTION

Dr. George Sauvage, member of the Congregation of Holy Cross, will be the authoritative representative of the University of Notre Dame at a world convention of Catholic universities.

The convention delegates will meet in Paris, France, on November 25, when questions pertaining to Catholic universities will be discussed.

FRESHMEN TO ELECT SOON

The Students Activities Council met in the Library at 7:30 Monday night, October 5. The meeting was short, few matters of importance being considered.

Some concessions were handled by the Concessions Committee, of which Edward O'Neill is chairman. Those favorably passed upon were: That of McNulty and Scharer to rent cushions at the football games, and that of Maurice Fidell, a South Bend Jeweler, to distribute his business cards among the students at Notre Dame. Action on the request of Victor Lemmer to represent the Toledo Jewelry Company was deferred until the next meeting of the Council.

The matter of the Faculty Advisory Committee was taken up again, and two names of faculty members, between which a choice will be made, were proposed. The Prefect of Discipline and the Vice-President of the University are ex-officio members of this committee. One other member remains to be chosen.

The Freshmen election was set for the second week in October. At this election the Freshmen will choose their class officers, and the man they select as president will represent them on the S. A. C. A committee, composed of Edward O'Neill, chairman; John Tuohy, James Quinn, and William Daily, was appointed to take charge of this election.

A discussion of the student trip completed the meeting.

"BEST SERMONS" INCLUDES "THE CONQUEST OF LIFE"

"The Conquest of Life," a sermon delivered by Rev John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., ex-president of the University, has been included in "The Best Sermons of 1925," a book edited by Joseph Fort Newton, pastor of the Memorial Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, and published by Harcourt Brace and Company, New York. "The Conquest of Life" was delivered in Sacred Heart Church here, at the opening exercises of the school year several years ago.

Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

Campus organizations seem stricken with the anti-publicity attribute of modesty. A request was made by the publicity department in the opening number of the SCHOLASTIC that activities of the clubs be reported to this office for the edification of the public at large. So far the only organization news that has passed the line of publicity vision has come from the cryptic and transitory messages on the bulletin board or from personal observation, which was purely accidental.

The staff of the publicity department is not yet large enough to "cover" the highways and byways of the campus and take care of the production end of the business at the same time. The aid of the government has been secured and any information may be put out by a simple double play, informant to the P. O. to the publicity office. This information is for the benefit of the South Bend papers and anything of importance will be placed in other papers in localities interested.

Football is taking care of itself but other activities let themselves be belittled when they fail to make known what they are doing. This is an age of individual and collective broadcasting. Advertising still pays. This department asks that if direct information is withheld, will the officers of the organization please occasionally put their names on the bulletins.

—JAMES E. ARMSTRONG.

Reverend Father Lyons, C.S.C., returned to the University recently from St. Joseph's Hospital, where he underwent a tonsular operation last Friday. His condition is favorable, and he will probably resume teaching within a few days.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

Most of our space will be devoted to the Band this week, because it has been the most active of our musical organizations during the first weeks of school. The Glee Club is just barely getting organized, and the Orchestra has not had its first meeting this year, thereby leaving the musical field at Notre Dame entirely clear for the Band.

The Band has played at both Baylor and the Lombard games, appearing at the latter in their uniforms for the first time this season. It has been completely reorganized this year and appears to much better advantage, due to an added strength in trumpets and to a subtraction of some saxophones. The Band cannot be complimented too highly on the showing it has made so far.

The first social get-together of the year was held by the older members of the Band in an effort to get acquainted with the new members. The smoker was held in the Carroll Hall rec room on Tuesday evening, October 6th.

Among the speakers during the evening were Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, Prefect of Discipline, and Father Finnegan, Vice-President of the University, the newly appointed sponsor of the Band. After a few welcoming words to the new members by Gladstone McDermott, President of the organization, the program for the evening was commenced. Among those present were Hogan Morrissey, who sang several songs accompanied by Ronald McNamara; Taylor and Nowery, who gave a song and dance act. Coach Knute Rockne, football master, was there to give a few words of encouragement to the Band. Professor "Pat" Manion of the Law School acted as toastmaster and Mr. Joseph Casasanta, director of the Band, added a bit of sound musical advice.

The personnel of the Band is as follows:

Clarinets—Favero, Novak, Doll, Braeckel, Rees, Worthington; Banworth, Canizaro, Haskell, Beechler, Regan, Hodgson, Durban.

Piccolos—Heineman, Cline, Wozniak, McDermott.

Saxophones—Canizaro, Fitch, Rogers,

McCray, Hagerly, Robinson, Degnan, Leary, Segerson.

Horns — Swerdlow, Farr, Dougherty, Wagner, Higdon, Engels, Kerns.

Trombones—Barry, Genin, Grant, McGrath, Engels.

Trumpets—Samals, Johnson, Morgan, Solbrig, Carr, Short, Rust, Patton, Privitera, Casasanta.

Drums — Young, McLaughlin, Keef, Deutsch, Pender, Morency, Reichert.

Baritone—Young.

Drum Major—Bob Kirby.

Director—Mr. Joseph Casasanta.

The officers of the Band this year are G. T. McDermott, President; Bart Favero, Vice-President, and Jay Masenich, Business Manager.

* * * * *

The first concert of importance during the year will be that given by Paul Whiteman and his Concert Orchestra in the Blackstone Theatre on Tuesday night, October 20. This will be the second appearance of this Orchestra in South Bend, the first having been made the first of last year. Mr. Whiteman is again following his policy of presenting modern American music, with a sprinkling of his well known "jazz."

* * * * *

What's What in Chicago!

Great Northern:—"The Student Prince," the best bet in Chicago, as many will testify. "The Drinking Song" is the big hit from this operetta.

Wood:—"Kid Boots," with Eddie Cantor and Mary Eaton. Ziegfeld's big success is packing them in the same as it did in New York. See it—if possible.

Harris:—"Rain" with Jeanne Eagles. W. Somerset Maugham's play of the South Seas with Jeanne Eagles, inimitable Sadie Thompson. Ought to go on forever in Chicago, judging from its three years in New York.

Apollo:—"Naughty Riquette" with Mitzi. A genuine hit. See it if you like Mitzi—she's the whole show, with a little help from the English comedian, Stanley Lupino.

Cort:—"White Collars," a polite little comedy, notable only for the fact that Anne Nichols gives us it and "Abie's Irish Rose."

Playhouse:—"Charm". A nice little comedy all about a book of Etiquette and the trouble it caused.

Olympic:—"Sky High" with Willie Howard. Willie isn't so much without Brother Eugene, but there is some good dancing.

Illinois:—"The Grab Bag" by, with and about Ed Wynn. You ought to know whether you'd like it or not.

Alephi:—"The Fall Guy" with Ernest Truex. A little story about an innocent bootlegger, by the writers of "Is Zat So?"

LaSalle:—"The Patsy," a Chicago hit which hasn't much to recommend it but Claiborne Foster.

Princess:—"Candida" by Bernard Shaw with Peggy Wood. A great presentation of a great comedy.

Selwyn:—"Tell Me More" with Lou Holtz. Good music, and you've said it all.

* * * * * COMING ATTRACTIONS

October 10. Washington Hall.—Movie: "Stop Flirting."

October 12, Washington Hall.—Movie: "Friendly Enemies."

October 17, Washington Hall.—Movie: "The Freshman" with Harold Lloyd.

October 19, Palais Royale.—Concert. U. S. Marine Band.

October 20, Blackstone Theatre.—Concert: Paul Whiteman and Orchestra.

October 24, Washington Hall.—Movie: "Don Q." with Douglas Fairbanks.

October 27, Palais Royale.—Concert: Sousa and His Band.

—A. L. M.

NEW YORK HOME OF MANY NOTRE DAME GRADUATES

Charles De Barry, '24, of the College of Engineering, Department of Architecture, whose home is in Cleveland, is now situated in New York City where he is affiliated with the G. B. Post people, architects.

Also situated in New York City are: Harry Flannery, '23, editor of the *Dome* of '23, James Hayes, '23, who is connected with the Devin-Adair people, and John Bartley, '25, business manager of the *Dome* of '24, who is now affiliated with the *New York Times*.

K. OF C. INSTALL OFFICERS

Installation of officers in addition to a brief business session, marked the meeting of the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, held Tuesday evening. District Deputy J. Elmer Peak of Fort Wayne presided during the period of installation and addressed the members complimenting them on the choice of officers for the year.

Arthur J. Bidwell, Senior in the College of Law, will serve as Grand Knight with the other elected officers who include, Deputy Grand Knight, Daniel F. Cunningham, Chancellor, Michael E. Murray; Financial Secretary, Robert Irmiger; Recording Secretary, Edward Broderick; Treasurer; Howard Phalin; Advocate, Hugh McCaffery; Warden, John McManman; Inside Guards, Francis Schroeder and Richard Smith; Outside Guard, John McMullen; Trustee Bernard Wingerter; Lecturer, James A. Ronan; and Director of Membership, Bernard Cullen.

BEG YOUR PARDON!

Through a misunderstanding, a list of newspapers was published in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC as being subscribed to by the Library. These newspapers are bought by the School of Journalism for the use of students of that school, and are for the use of the general student body only secondarily. The Library was selected as the most convenient place for journalists to procure the papers.

PRICES FOR STUDENT TRIP ANNOUNCED

It has been definitely decided that the student trip for this year will be to Minneapolis, where the Notre Dame-Minnesota game will be played Saturday, October 24. The S. A. C. has made official announcement of the prices obtained from the Soo Line, over which the trip will be made from Chicago.

According to the announcement, the following prices have been set:

Railroad fare, South Bend to Minneapolis, \$11.50. Two in lower berth, \$1.88 each. Two

in upper berth, \$1.50 each. One in upper berth, \$3.00. Ticket for game, \$2.50.

Thus, for two men in a lower berth, the total expense of the trip, excluding meals and personal expenses, will amount to a total of \$15.88 for each man. For two men in an upper berth, the total will be \$15.50 each. For one man in an upper berth, the total will be \$17.00. No single lower berths. The trip will be made in tourist pullmans.

The schedule of the trip follows:

Leave South Bend 5 o'clock p. m. Friday. Arrive Minneapolis 9:30 a. m. Saturday. Leave Minneapolis 1 a. m. Sunday, arrive South Bend 6 p.m. Sunday. A stop will be made at a convenient point to allow the students to attend mass.

Entertainment for the students who make the trip has been arranged by the Twin City Alumni Association, of which Jim Swift, '24, former president of the S. A. C., is secretary. The students will be met at the train, where there will be a demonstration, followed by a march to the headquarters of the team. From 12 noon until 2 p. m. a free tea dance (minus the tea) will be given free of charge for the students. Four hundred young ladies will be present at the dance, anxious to meet the "Fighting Irish." In the evening, after the game, a dinner dance will be held.

SCRIBBLERS ELECT NEW MEMBERS

The Scribblers elected four new men to membership at their meeting last Monday night. The successful applicants were the following: Francis Klein, Porter Wittich, Joseph McNamara and Joseph Breig. They will experience the rigors of initiation at the next regular meeting of the Scribblers.

Walter Layne and Frank O'Toole read assigned papers and then listened to criticisms of their works as put forth by their fellow members. Frank McKinley and Alfred Meyers were given papers for the next meeting.

Ideas as to publishing a book somewhat similar to *The Scribblers Book of Notre Dame Verse* of two years ago, were discussed but no decision was reached. The discussion will be continued at the next meeting.



THE STAFF

W. R. DOOLEY, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
 A. J. DIEBOLD, Jr. - - - - - Business Mgr.

J. A. BREIG - - - News Editor
 W. H. LAYNE - - - Literary Editor
 F. A. O'TOOLE, Ass't Literary Editor
 J. P. McNAMARA - Sports Editor
 J. A. WITHEY - "The Week"
 A. L. MEYERS - Music and Dramatics

NEWS

F. A. KLEIN - - - - - R. L. NOVAK
 J. F. O'DONNELL - - - - - J. T. CULLINAN
 W. J. COYNE - - - - - C. J. CASH
 F. J. PENDERGAST - - - - - W. J. CRAIG

D. M. MEINERT, Jr. - - - Local Adv. Mgr.
 J. A. WITHEY - - - Foreign Adv. Mgr.
 J. P. HILGER - - - Foreign Circulation Mgr.
 D. M. MEINERT, Jr. - - - Local Circulation Mgr.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victorius
 Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

THE CLASS OF '29

Notre Dame is a democratic university—the scholastic “melting pot” of the country. Social caste is forgotten here; men matriculate and are graduated on the same plane of equality. This is tradition, and not a transitory creation of the past decade. The spirit prevailed with the arrival of Father Sorin in the bleak, desolate country which now supports a veritable oasis of democracy.

Men of '29 squandered little time in imbibing this admirable spirit. They have done well in the main. Their efforts are displayed in the various campus movements toward a more closely knit university. Attendance at required exercises has been far above normal; support of the innumerable clubs, and of athletics, has been gratifying. In short, their enthusiasm and vigor have proved a source of inspiration to the more hardened and callous students. This news is welcome, and Notre Dame will continue to flourish while men of this caliber continue to enroll within her sacred and traditional walls.

The first convocation addressed by student and faculty leaders resulted in a highly satisfactory understanding. The Freshmen are willing to learn. Upper classmen should serve as instructors; not only by word but by action. The class of '29 will look to them for guidance and the trust must not be misplaced.

—J. T. C.

CAMPUS ENTERTAINMENT

Campus entertainment has always been a characteristic of Notre Dame life. In the past years there have been many pleasing and edifying programs presented to the student body in the form of movies, lectures, and concerts. One of the most gratifying features of the present scholastic year has been the fact that there has been no divergence from this policy. The committee in charge of these presentations has been unusually active this fall.

There are numbered among the future visitors to South Bend many celebrities whose specific talents would be especially beneficial to the students were they brought to the campus. Every effort possible should be used to bring such entertainers as Galli-Curci and Paul Whiteman before the student body. The Scholarship Club has engaged John McCormack to open the new gymnasium; and to follow this up with other programs of the same caliber would be distinct educational service.

It is true that South Bend offers many varied opportunities to the pleasure seeker; but these are not always of a character that is beneficial to the student. These places of pleasure are less frequented as a result of good campus entertainment. There are those students who are not desirous of leaving the campus in their search for diversion. This type of student is usually a

most deserving one and should be afforded the finest talent possible.

In the past all programs have necessarily been held in Washington Hall. This hall is unable to accommodate even a small portion of the student body; but with the opening of the new gymnasium there will be provided an auditorium that will seat all students who wish to attend a performance. The basketball games that have been held downtown will now be played on our own floor; and many other advantages will be a result of this new addition to the campus buildings.

We are well pleased when we look at the list of coming attractions. We hope that the entertainment committee will strain every effort possible to bring all available talent to the campus. Students seek diversion in South Bend only because they are unable to see the same on the school platform; and if the best is brought to the campus the amusement appetites will be gratified.

—W. H. L.

A NEW IDEA OF THE LIBRARY

In her Library, Notre Dame has riches upon riches stored away, "treasured up on purpose," and available to all who will but go and find. Yet how pitifully small is the number who realize what a pirate's chest the Library is! The majority of students look upon it as a place of duties, either of the classroom or of reference work. The apparent newness of the building awes them; the silence oppresses them; they are glad when their work is finished and they can leave. Few understand the charm of the place; the hospitable arms which it holds out; the quietness which soothes and rests high-strung nerves. Queer as it may sound, there is no place at Notre Dame, except the chapels and the Church, which is more restful.

But let us scrutinize these treasures a bit more closely. Take, as a single example, the Magazine Room, where bound volumes of periodicals, covering many fields of thought, smile down at one. Here we have *Harpers*, dating back to 1850; the *Atlantic Monthly*, complete from 1858 on;

the *Catholic World* since 1865; the *Century*, from 1881; the *Ave Maria*, from 1866, and venerable *Blackwood's* from 1819. Then there are reviews upon reviews, the most aged of which are the *Dublin*, 1836, and the *Edinburgh*, whole and entire since 1802. Just pause a moment and *think*—think what these dates signify. A hundred years and over, of contemporary life and thought, set down from month to month, or even week to week, by the best minds of the day. With these sources at our hand, we can live again the days that are gone forever; place ourselves in the position, the critical frame of mind of people alive and breathing five and six generations ago. 1802! Then Napoleon's star was flaming brightest, Byron was evoking universal admiration, Shelley was both enchanting and scandalizing the world, Scott as a novelist was delighting thousands, and all the other modern classicists were just finding their pinions, soaring across the sky in first flight. To get this picture, this panorama, we have but to leaf back a few pages.

To come nearer our own time, in the *Atlantic Monthly* we have Parkman, Holmes, Thoreau, Mrs. Stowe, Professor Agassiz, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Mark Twain, Howells, Henry James, and hosts of others, more or less famous, giving their work in the original to the public. In *Harpers* and the *Century* we have them, too. Can one pass by shelves containing all this, and never experience a tremor? It seems impossible, yet it is a fact.

It is easily realized that not all are thrilled to the bones by the grand thunder of great names passing in review; not all can feel the romance, the grandeur, the mystery of things that are past and done. So be it. That is merely one niche in this cave of Ali Baba. Here, also, are enough statistics to stagger the nation, enough facts to build and wreck a thousand arguments, enough cut-and-dried information to satiate the most omnivorous. Realize it; use it.

Our plea, therefore, resolves itself merely into this: Understand the Library; know it as a friend, a companion, and not as a cold pile of stone stacked to the ceiling with dusty volumes.

—F. A. K.

The Last Assignment

W. PORTER WITTICH, '27

CLYDE SPENCER was the oldest reporter on the staff according to his age, the newest according to the length of his employment, and the worst according to the rest of the force. Six months before he had been hired and put to work covering small assignments, but as yet had showed no marked promise as a reporter, no ability as a journalist, and was of no use what so ever to the paper.

Miss Cowan, society editor, had her desk beside Spencer's, and the two disagreed: she told him he was no good as a writer and he insisted he was. Miss Cowan was talking.

"Why only yesterday," she said "look what happened when you were sent to the undertaker's to get the story about the death of Mr. Crocker. You had it all messed up. A man as old as you, and on an assignment like that! Next time let the office boy go."

"But I tell you it was the fault of the proofreader; I had the name right, it was the printer who spelled it 'Croaker' and the error just slipped by unnoticed."

"How about his age? You had it wrong twelve years. Goodness! And he died of pneumonia, not typhoid. Heavens! When will you learn?"

His answer was drowned by a shower of clicks and raps from Miss Cowan's typewriter.

Spencer reached in his pocket for his cigarettes, and found a pad of folded paper. He looked at it with curiosity and then smiled nervously. A fireman had performed a heroic act during a tenement blaze. Spencer had taken notes and put the story in his pocket—two days before. It would have looked nice, he thought, on the front page, and the editor would have been pleased—day before yesterday. He glanced at the pounding society editor and smiled. "Oh well," he murmured, "it'd have probably been written up all wrong anyway."

A blank sheet of white paper glared at him from his Remington: his day's work.

It was nearly four; there was no use staying longer. He got up to leave.

"Spencer." The voice came from the outer office.

"Me?" The reporter nudged himself in the chest.

"Yes, c'mere." The city editor stood in the doorway. "Sit down. He motioned to a chair.

"A-a, Spencer, perhaps you realize the situation. You have been tried out; a reporter on condition as it were, and you've rather fallen down in our expectations. Perhaps you started too late, Spencer, to get the drift of writing, to acquire the knack that makes a news reporter so valuable to his paper. You are careless and forgetful. Any one of your news items might have been written by a school-boy. You have no style, you have no quality at all that would profit this paper by keeping you. You see how it is?"

Spencer nodded.

The city editor continued: "We're giving you a chance to stay with the job. One chance! There's a man in town you've got to interview. It's a hard job. He's been here for some time and he wants it kept a secret. I got a tip today at noon. Perhaps you've heard of him, Maxwell Harlin, famous poet, lecturer, and novelist. Where or how you'll find him I don't know, but that's your job: locate him, interview him if possible and find the name of his new novel he's writing. If you don't get the dope don't come back. If you want your job get the story."

Spencer lit a cigarette and walked from the office. The city editor was relieved. It had been hard work to tell a man the paper was through with him, and particularly so when a man was as old as Spencer. Still he had given the reporter a chance, but as he thought of it himself he frowned. Impossible? No, not impossible; an experienced reporter favored with good fortune might secure the story. But Spencer? The

city editor scratched Spencer's name from the staff.

The next day Spencer's desk remained vacant. The editor smiled and nodded his head. The third day was the same, Spencer had gone.

Then in the middle of the morning of the fourth day the city editor was handed a telegram, wired from New York. It read: "Got the Maxwell Harlin story—shall I send it?"

C. L. SPENCER."

The editor read it twice. "Great Scott! Half way across the continent for a story! Great Scott!" He sat in his chair dumb-founded, but tremendously pleased with Spencer. That, he said to himself, was a display of real newspaper spirit. He read the wire again. It was too late for the story, besides it couldn't amount to much anyway. It was the reporter's keeping after it that pleased the editor. He wired back: "Too late for Harlin story. Your

position and a ten dollar raise are waiting." Then he wrote Spencer's name back on the staff.

The first thing the city editor saw in the paper next morning was the Harlin story, on the front page. "The old news hound," he chuckled, "sent the story in any way. Wacha know about that!" He scanned the column. "Nice story" was the comment, "Couldn't have done better myself. He read farther. The last paragraph stunned him. He read it over once, twice. . . . he eyes roved back and forth, back and forth over the last lines. He rushed into the adjoining room, filled with reporters and editors, arriving for work. He shouted. "Listen here!" He read the last paragraph: "While here, the novelist spent most of his time as a reporter for the local paper, and it was there that he gathered most of the material for his novel."

The city editor walked back to his office, and scratched Spencer's name off the staff.

ELEGY

Yesterday her laughter died and now
 My mournful footsteps wander back to greet
 Sad echoes were beside the silent lake she danced
 And wove a melody of grace so sweet
 She wondered, laughing softly, when she glanced
 The painted lindens flowing at her feet
 And bearing on the mirror's envious face
 Her image clothed in rippling water-lace.

But now the worldless lindens
 Sway law, burdened with a sigh
 That croons a plaintive echo of her song
 While slow their batons stir a close-press'd sky
 And willow fingers search the depths for long,
 Then rise up dripping tears that fall
 Accusing every shadow, mourning beauty, all.

—JOHN O'NEILL, '28.

As It Was In The Beginning

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER, '27

I.

THE livid, brilliant flash of Tierno's pistol lit up the dull walls momentarily; the conclusion broke the stillness of the chatter of Pete's Restaurant like the droning of a huge bee. Cuando, the Mexican horse trader, crumbled, spasmodically clutching his stomach, and lurched to the floor.

Tierno did not shoot again, though he knew that Cuando's wound was not fatal. He tucked his pistol into the sash about his waist, gave the awed crowd a sort of devil-may-care and defiant look, turned on his heel and left the place, his spurs clinking.

There was a rush to pick up the wounded Cuando where he lay bleeding on the hewn floor. The onlookers placed him upon the long lunch counter while a woman, a little less timid with blood than the rest, attempted to staunch the flow from Cuando's lean side. No one pursued Tierno, whose horse's footfalls had now become inaudible.

Pete the owner ran for Dr. Machi a second door up.

Life is a funny proposition. There was Tierno, very handsome and daring, with no favors of fortune. How he lived no one knew or cared to know. They only had seen his quickness for the trigger, the mad-like tenacity of his hate, a gallantry in his vindications: the first they had learned to respect, the second they sought to avoid, the third they loved. That is why they did not pursue Tierno after the dramatic incident in Pete's Restaurant.

The night was cool and chilly as Texas nights are. Tierno rode home slowly and meditatively, permitting his horse to idle along at an almost ambling walk; he rode as a man-made statue, like a spirit erect scooting lazily through the night. All of the time he was thinking. The whispering of the wild life about him, the faint rustle of the scarce foliage, the hum of the town in the distance, did not distract his

thoughts. They formed sort of a harmonical symphony to his soliloquy which assisted him in the pursuit of his wonderings.

He wondered why he had shot Cuando. All had been peaceful; he had been enjoying the gay life of Pete's place. Cuando was respectable — perhaps — Tierno meditated. Juarez blinked like a skeptical city in the blue night. No, perhaps he had not better shot Cuando for merely kissing Margot. Perhaps she wanted to be kissed by Cuando who was lean and handsome. Anyway, Cuando was not badly hurt. Margot would nurse him to health. There would be no trouble for himself, Tierno, because the people would protect him. He knew that.

The morning was young and a breeze was just beginning to stir the raw atmosphere.

Yes, Margot could nurse Cuando back to health. But—then Cuando was a Mexican, she was Spanish-Mexican, well—very beautiful. He was sorry he had shot Cuando. He thought this as he unloosed the belly-strap of the saddle and let his pony run free into the corral. He felt like a pilleur, a robber of love. He felt glad that Cuando would live.

II.

Juarez coiled serpent-like in the hot suns of the days that followed. The hard, bleached desert gritty with moistureless beatings from hoofs. Life went on among the lower classes, among the traders, among the merchants, much the same as before.

But Cuando did not improve as rapidly as was expected. Despite careful nursing from Margot, his beautiful beloved, his kiss had been costly, for Tierno's bullet had bored itself rather deeply and rather deadly.

Juarez heard little of Tierno, the reputed picaroon. Little stories were carried in

from the South of small operations. If Cuando died it was his own dying and no one else's. Notwithstanding, Margot wore a rose and appeared not half so sorry as she might.

One day in the early evening Tierno, the ladrone, came across the desert slowly, as he had gone, seemingly asleep, his handsome, dark face shiny and his eyes bright. At his saddlebag there was a deep protrusion, indicating that his plunderings had not been exactly unprofitable.

Over wine a fellow whispered to him that Cuando was to die—the rich Cuando was very ill from the bullet of Tierno. *Es Verdad?* Leaving his wine, half-drunk Tierno swaggered down the street to the home of Cuando. The servant at the door was pushed aside and Tierno found himself in the sick room.

Margot was not there.

Tierno stepped into the light and the sick man saw the shadow and turned. His eyes brightened but he said nothing, just gazed. Perhaps he was weak.

"I am sorry for my hurt I gave you," said Tierno slowly, easily and softly, his voice sounding like a modulated organ. "I am here to apologize for my indiscreteness. As it was in the beginning, I loved Margot, whom you also love, and who loves you. I did not know this. I thought only of *my* love and therefore I fired, not to kill, but to warn. All for which I am sorry."

Cuando heard this.

"Yes, it is still as it was in the beginning," Cuando wheezed, evidently not conscious that he repeated Tierno's words.

"But I am going to die, that is different. You meant to warn me, Tierno, but you have also forestalled your warning."

A devious smile flitted perceptibly over Tierno's visage at the mention of "dying." Tierno could hate so deeply!

"I will die to-night, maybe; at least to-morrow," continued Cuando after a pause. "She is then yours."

"Mine" assented Tierno crossing his arms and looking at the pictures on the walls.

"You will watch over her?"

"Yes," said Tierno, thinking of the jewels and booty in his sack.

III.

Tierno went back to the desert very much satisfied that Cuando was to die and Margot was to become his own, for she loved him, he thought, next to the rich Cuando.

But Cuando did not die. He lived and grew stronger as weeks fled and was once more upon his feet.

When Tierno returned to Jaurez some weeks later, he heard of this restoration to life. He bowed his head a minute, then gave a low whistle.

"It was only a warning after all," he said half audibly, almost to himself.

Then he turned and rode out into the desert, into the burning twilight. His hands were heaped heavily with the spoils of his corsair activities. As he rode he strewed the costly trinkets one by one into the sand until the cool night cut the gold from the fabulous fancies of his life.

AFTERNOON MOON

The pale disc of an early moon,
While waiting for the day to die,
Has spent a weary afternoon,
Star-lonely, in a cloudless sky.

—ANSELM D. MILLER, '25

My Anthology

URBAN SIMON, '26

POETRY, the expression of what is most beautiful in nature, in human character, in God, is one of the most pleasing subjects in which one can be interested. I cannot conceive of a nobler accomplishment than to write poetry. But this is not possible for all, and particularly impossible for me; so that the next noblest thing to do would be to collect the beautiful bits of poetry and present them to people in the most agreeable fashion.

My creation would be a book of poems for the ordinary student, presumptively using myself as an example of the general run of intelligence found in a university. I cling tenaciously to the principle that "a flower born to blush unseen" might as well have never been born. So with poetry a really fine bit of writing which is appreciated by but few, is less worthy than an inferior piece of poetry which is known and read by many. Indeed, a poem, read by many and enjoyed by all that read it, can afford to waive a bit of its art. The good subject matter for a book of poems is to be discovered half way between the great and the trivial, a sort of mean between popularity and art. The greatest appreciator of the class of poetry is found in the ordinary student, if I may use myself for an example.

I do not mean to say my collection would not include any true works of art, because many of them are sufficiently popular to be appreciated by a great number. My theory is not that a good poem must be forgotten or little known, nor that every popular thing should be included in my anthology. My aim is to gather together those popular things which more closely approach art, and those artistic things which nearly approach popularity.

Another principle which should bear recognition in more books of verse is Poe's theory, that a poem should not exceed that which may be read at a single sitting. I would set that limit at one hour. It is beyond belief that any student who has not

taken accounting or metaphysics would spend more than a half hour on one poem; so one hour is an arbitrary length of time. Another compromise between popularity and art!

A book of verse which is to accomplish the end which I hope for, would correspond to the variation of numbers in a vaudeville show. Something containing a diversity of themes; a little of comedy, a little of tragedy, a modern number, and an overwhelming photoplay of love, honor and romance in the days of King Henry III. Such a book would contain four sections. One devoted to nonsensical verse, another to odes and philosophical poetry, a third to modern "stuff," and the last to the Elizabethan knightly themes.

The object of such an unusual combination is apparent,—to have a diversity of subjects. The value of a change from heavy to light tripping poetry is apparent. Change has a distinct psychological advantage, because it keeps the mind from becoming stale. Variety is necessary. My object is to carry this principle to its extreme; the more the variety the less the danger of mental stagnation.

William Pitt said: "Anyone can talk sense but who can talk nonsense?" I believe that nonsensical rhymes are valuable to our literature because they remain on the tongues of people for generations. Can you imagine anyone with no sense of humor being a poet? Why, poetry is the most human of arts. It is a desirable characteristic to be able to see the funny side of things. Yet not for these reasons alone should humorous and nonsense verse be included in anthologies. Such verses often display a haunting tune that is not really forgotten. "With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino" is a good example of the easily remembered kind. Satire and wit are truly desirable things and I would not miss including them in my anthology. Such sparkling bits of parodies as "Ode on a Jar of Pickles" by Bayard Taylor, "'Twas Ever Thus," by

Henry S. Leigh and "The Ancient Mariner" parody, by an unknown author, have a true literary value and possess wit and humor as well. "The Jungo Bird," and "The Jabberwocky" and "On The Shores of Old Squidunk" are so senseless that they are really enjoyable, though their literary value is much in question.

Serious poetry, perhaps approaches nearer to the ultimate poetic principle of absolute melancholy than any other branch. Beauty and melancholy are sometimes synonymous in regard to the effect of poetry. I find that true in my own experience, when something really depressing is read to me, even in prose. The essay "Mary White" is my best example of this. Whether it is the beauty of it that causes me to shed melancholy tears, or the melancholy of it that envelopes me with ethereal beauty, I cannot be sure. I inquire of my soul, but cannot distinguish between the two. I would admit being a failure as an anthologist if I would miss the finest point in literature: poetry of the beautiful and the melancholy.

Under the head of modern "stuff," my Oscar Wilde would possibly occupy the first place. "Lepanto" is an exuberant thing that would have to be included. And the works of Oscar Kyaham and "our" Joyce Kilmer; Vachael Lindsay and Agnes Repplier are all worthy of recognition.

The ballad and sonnet reached the apex of their perfection during the Elizabethan period of English literature. On this glowing and brilliant page of literature, such men as Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelly and Wordsworth wrote lyrics to the queen "or any other reason why." Such understanding was theirs of human nature, that coupled with a virgin field and elevating influences, they produced such tremendous pieces of art, that we are justly proud in saying that we were born in an English-speaking country. The Elizabethan period is a most illustrious one in history and one which I would make prominent in my book.

So much for the subject-matter; though it is of prime importance, exclusive consideration cannot be given to it to the neglect of the character and material features

of the book itself. First of all the binding; it must, of course, be well bound, in order to withstand rough usage, for a book is usually the handiest thing to throw at one's room-mate. The toughest and least expensive material must be chosen to bind the cover. Pigskin! That would fit the purpose admirably, dyed blue like a Maxfield Parrish blow-pipe masterpiece. The paper would have to be thin and tough, in order not to give unnecessary bulk to the book,—something of a fine India paper; like that in the Americana Encyclopedia. This would allow sufficient space to set up the poem in its most attractive style of type, and still contain a great number of poems with introductory notes. Combining all these qualities in a single book, we would have a sturdy, ornamental product, handy to carry about, and attractive to the eye.

The illustrations are important, perhaps the most important feature of the whole book. Wallace Smith alone would be capable of illustrating my book to suit me. Since he is busily engaged at present, and wouldn't illustrate for me if I were presumptuous to ask him, I should be obliged to do it myself. I could allow no one else to tamper with my production. In illustrating a book of any kind it is necessary to bear in mind three principles: vividness, color and connection with the subject. Now I think I could conform completely with the first, because black ink on white paper contrasts so beautifully. It is the most extreme stage of vividness, as well as the most desirable kind of contrast. The second rule is a more difficult one to follow; my lack of colors, except black India ink, forces me to select sombre subjects for my illustrations and by so doing I incidentally conform with the third regulation.

I believe that the cover design should follow the same principle as that invoked in giving titles to scenarios. It should be a box office title, something catchy, indicative of the character of the show, but no means revealing the theme or contents. It is difficult to select such an illustration, or even to do one myself, for the same reason that the movie industry has not yet settled just

what constitutes a box office title. For instance, a novel named "Smith" was filmed and re-named "Flaming Maidens" and turned out to be a flat failure. Another book called "Burning Passions" was re-named "Jane" and proved a huge success. The experience of motion picture producers does not help me out of my predicament in the least degree. Still a true pioneer does not falter because he lacks precedents, so

I should not hesitate to submit my idea of a box office and cover design to my publisher.

The necessity for such a book of verse is eminent. Its desirability can scarcely be doubted and its popularity would, or should be, instantaneous. Having treated upon each of the different sections of the book, in order of their importance, it remains only to be published.

The Hill Street Car

VINCENT F. BALL, '27

SEARCHING frantically for a token and finding one, I tumbled into the car. While skillfully attempting to pick my way through a maze of feet, and legs, I was thrown by the lurching of the car into a seat beside a buxom madam who seemed to be on the worse side of forty. She drew herself up primly and regarded me as haughtily as she could out of a pair of watery blue eyes. Being of a rather retiring disposition, I did not return the gaze but began to study my neighbors.

Most of the men on the car were college students returning from an afternoon downtown. They were chatting gaily. The hum of their voices was occasionally punctuated by a roar of laughter at some particularly appropriate sally. They dominated the car as if saying, "We are college men—we are leaders—look at us—make way for us."

In the rear of the car a group of roughly-clad men sat, silently hiding their dinner

pails in their big clumsy hands. Their care-lined, unshaven faces looked haggard. Their grimy eyes were deep and sorrowful. The years of care and toil had taken the smile of youth from their faces. They seemed to be waiting patiently for some release.

Farther up the aisle were some women—fleshy, comfortable women. Ease of living was written on their selfish faces, and artful subtlety hidden in the depths of their eyes. They seemed to be appraising each other, some enviously, others critically, and others indifferently.

I looked from them to the laughing eyes of the students, and then to the tired eyes of the men. The humor and tragedy of life never seemed so poignant. After all, what is worth while? The women were thinking of themselves or perhaps of their children. The men looked at the students regretfully, a little wistfully. The students did not look at the men—they were not thinking of them. But the age holds wisdom—and who knows the ways of wisdom?

CLOUDS

Like lazy, drifting, curling smoke,
The clouds float slowly by,
And seem like wounded gliding birds,
Against the azure sky.

—ARTHUR STENIUS, '28.

A Panorama

RUSSELL VOYER, '27

HAVE you ever ascended a hill and looked about at the wonderful panorama? Greatly awed was I the first time that I beheld the panorama of a great city. The impression that I received from this beautiful spectacle was its striking comparison with life.

In the panorama of a city one sees all that comprises such a cosmopolitan center of activity. Over there is the black industrial section, standing out like a splotch on a beautiful picture. The tall stacks are belching forth smoke that is stifling the life around them. It is the practical side of the city and the dreary side of life, for it means work and hardships. In the foreground is the residential section with its cool, shady trees peaking at the heavens. Beautiful homes radiating care and honor stand out like proud, haughty monarchs. The tenement section to the left is, indeed, a sad contrast with the elegant homes of the rich. Here, we see large brick blocks without symmetry or grace. Their cold barren aspect is anything but that of a home-like atmosphere. From every window clothes lines, with drying washings, are strung. The white color of the drying apparel seems to be a flag of truce surrendering to the onslaughts of poverty and hardships. What a life it must be for those poor unfortunates. But let us pass to the more beautiful tints in the panoramic picture, for there are many. Straight ahead is a park. We know it is a park for we

see flowers swaying in the breeze; children can be seen playing at their various games. The stretches of grass, lying in the shade of large trees, seem to beckon us to come and enjoy their comfort. A lake in the center, glistening in the sunlight appears like a drop of silver poured from some huge ladle. It is, indeed, enchanting to gaze upon these various parts of a beautiful picture; to compare and to contrast, to wonder at and to admire all the things that are of interest to us. Yes, it is even magical, but as I have said at first, the panorama of a city is the panorama of life.

In the panorama from the hill we see the things that we love and the things that we despise, because they are real and are before our eyes. In the panorama of life it is the same. We see there the beautiful things: love, charity and faith. Ah! These things inspire us, like the sight of the comfortable homes and beautiful parks. Then, we see selfishness, untruth and hate, and like the factories and the tenements, they nauseate us, for they give us the feeling of unnaturalness, of something that is out of place. Thus, it is that I say that the urban panorama is a life panorama. For everything that there is in life, there is a reflection of it somewhere else. Sometimes we see it and again we do not. It is, perhaps, best that we do not see such things for to some of us it would be ghastly. But after all, a panorama is to be viewed and admired, and life is to be lived and cherished.

SONG OF THE WIND

Rushing onward, ever onward, I go
 With a heart that's careless and free
 From the east to the west and back again,
 While the land and the sea fly beneath me.
 With the speed of lightning I ride
 On, on, faster than mortal can see.
 I am the Wind!

—ARNOLD WILLIAMS, '29.

SPORT NEWS

Irish Bombard Lombard: 69--0



ENRIGHT

Battleship gray were the skies last Saturday as Rockne's squadron cruised out onto Cartier field to joust with Lombard. But the fleet little destroyer backs and the ships of the line reported smooth seas and the long heralded Lombard. But the swift little the efforts of one Coulter never materialized. It was Notre Dame's game from the start to the final play, and when the smoke of the battle had rolled back a 69 to 0 victory was chalked up on the score board for the Fighting Irish. After the first few plays one got the impression that it was moving day on the home vessel and everyone seemed to have but one port in mind: the Lombard goal. They seemed to be able to dock there at will, and to a certain extent of some ten touchdowns, did so.

The contest got away to a rough start and on the second play, Red Hearden was taken from the game with a gash in his cheek. This was the first of a series of injuries that are liable to make the game rather costly to the Rockmen. Shortly after this Rex Enright, who had been playing a stellar game at the full back position, injured his neck seriously, and Captain Clem Crowe sustained an injured ankle. But such things could not hold the light cavalry and soon Harry O'Boyle had crossed the final white line for the initial marker. It was like sparks to an oiled rag and before the quarter ended another seven-pointer had been posted on the score board. The pointage was rolled up by the efforts of

Roach, who counted twice; Hanousek with two; O'Boyle with a brace of markers, and Prelli, Cody, Dahman and Flannigan. The predominant feature of the first half was the frequent fumbles by both teams, but even with this Lombard never stood a chance to break into the scoring column. The half ended: Notre Dame 27, Lombard 0.

The start of the second half saw the inauguration of a parade toward the Lombard uprights. In the third quarter four touchdowns were added to the total. The playing showed a marked improvement over that of the first half and Notre Dame interference began to work like a broom in sweeping the way clean of tacklers. About this time Dahman clicked off a sixty-seven yard run for a touchdown, eluding the entire Lombard team. Soon after Edwards dodged no less than nine of the opposition in returning the ball sixty yards after receiving a punt. Then the ball was given to Christie Flannigan who wound through a broken field for a score.

Among the backs that showed up unusually well was Cody, playing in the place of Hearden. At full back Enright prior to his injury had been playing a stellar game and deserves special mention. At times, when Dick Hanousek got going it looked as though another Layden had broken loose. Elmer Wynne and McCabe also turned in nice games in this department.



M'MULLEN



ROACH

At the wing positions Voedisch deserves the most credit. Coming up from the ranks he broke loose and played a stellar game throughout the entire time that he was in. He was especially good on the defense. Wallace and Joe Benda also showed up well. At tackle McMullen tore them up and was easily the outstanding line

star, while Boland, Poliski and McManmon played their usual high class football. John Smith had the call on others in the guards division although he had to go some to best Mayer, Marelli and Ed Crowe. At center Maxwell and Boeringer appeared to be outstanding stars. Fredericks, a new pivot man, was sent into the malee toward the end and acquitted himself very creditably. Murrin also passed them back in no mean style.

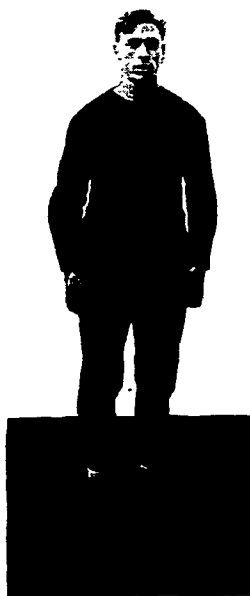
In the half-back positions we find O'Boyle, Hearden, Flannigan, Dahman, Prelli, Coughlin and Cody playing about the best. All are fast and have a great deal of drive and all cut loose at different times during Saturday's contest for long gains.

Lineup and Summary:

Notre Dame (69)

Wallace, Voedisch
 Benda -----R. E.
 Poliski, McManmon---R. T.
 Mayer, E. Crowe,
 R. Smith -----R. G.
 Maxwell, Boeringer,
 Murrin, Fredericks---C.
 Marelli, J. Smith-----L. G.
 Boland, McMullen ----L. T.
 Crowe, White, Rigali
 Moore -----L. E.
 Edwards, Scharer,
 Riley, McNally----Q. B.
 Hearden, Flannigan,
 Dahman, Trombley, R.H.
 O'Boyle, Roach, Prelli,
 Coughlin, Cody----L. H.
 Enright, Wynne, Hanou-
 sek, McCabe-----F. B.

Lombard (0)



DAHMAN

Fremont -----R. E. Luke -----L. E.
 Evans -----R. T. Murphy -----Q. B.
 Swanson -----R. G. Mosher -----R. H.
 Bradley -----C. Henderson -----L. H.
 Hart -----L. G. Coulter -----F. B.
 Ssetson -----L. T.

Summary:

Touchdowns: O'Boyle 2; Hanousek 2; Flannigan 2; Roach 2; Prelli, Cody, Dahman.

Points after touchdown: O'Boyle 4; Flannigan 2; Dahman 2; Roach.

Referee—Gardner (Cornell). Umpire—Lambert (Ohio State). Field judge—Kearns (De Pauw). Head linesman—Young (Illinois Wesleyan).

INTER-HALL FOOTBALL

Sunday's soggy gridirons saw ten teams of inter-hall aspirants get a running start in what promises to be one of the fiercest struggles for supremacy in the history of the school. Each of the combinations showed up well and displayed a thorough knowledge of the game. Every yard was fought for desperately, the players tackled like demons and the linemen used their hands craftily or blocked in a finished manner as the curtain rose on the 1925 season. Most of the games were won by but a scant margin and the race promises to be a close one throughout.

SOPHOMORE HALL WINS

With a good set of backs and a non-yielding, fast charging line the Sophomore Hall aggregation emerged on the long end of a 14 to 2 tally. During the first part of the game Corby held the Sophs in a finished manner. However, all doubts of the supremacy of the latter combine disappeared before the close of the third quarter. Sophomore had the backs in the persons of Purcell and Brown and they functioned behind their forwards with an accuracy and dispatch which far outdistanced the best efforts of Corby's defence. The Sophs scored twice before the skirmish went to the end of the third quarter. Those scores were enough. The remaining plays were only embellishments that proved the great probability of the Sophomores adding another link to their chain of championships.

DAY DOGS 7, BROWNSON 6.

The men about town pounded and smashed away to a one point victory over Brownson Sunday afternoon largely because of superior reserve and heavier material. Brownson was the first to score when Lutz intercepted a forward pass in the first quarter and leaped, pivoted and skirted down the field for a touch-down. Seemingly the boys from the Main Building were lording it over the Villagers, until Old Man Dope came along and spoiled things in the final minutes of play, and allowed Koenig of the Off Campus contingent to take the pigskin over the last white line for the tying tally. Then Smith kicked the goal giving the game to the Day outfit by the 7 to 6 score. Denchfield was the outstanding star of the game.

SORIN 3, BADIN 0

The terrific tackling of Andy Conlin; the dazzling forward passing for long gains and scientific kicking of Wade Sullivan gave the Sorin Hall pigskin wrestlers the edge of the battle and a 3 to 0 victory over Badin Hall. The whirlwind attack launched by the Badin team held the Sorin men scoreless up until the last few minutes of play when Wade Sullivan dropped the ball over the uprights for the winning shot.

FRESHMEN BEAT CARROLL

Freshmen opened the 1925 season by defeating Carroll Hall 3 to 0 in a game that turned out to be a very close affair. If it had not been for the good work of the Carroll ends, Hatten and Carroll, the Frosh might have broken loose on several occasions. The strength of the Carroll line was most noticeable after Freshmen had carried the ball with dazzling speed to the one-yard line only there to be stopped by the uncanny tackling of Carroll. The newcomers excelled through the second half, and after several sensational plays Gilbert of the Freshmen aggregation drop-kicked from the twenty-five yard line to score the only points of the game.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

Beloit humbled Northwestern college with a typical Notre Dame score last Saturday as an appetizer for to-morrow's contest with the Rockmen. When the curfew gun was sounded Beloit was on the smiling end of a 40 to 0 score.

* * * * *

Minnesota uncovered a vast amount of unexpected power to down North Dakota by a 25 to 6 tally. Peplaw, Gopher quarter-back, cut loose with a fifty-five yard run to the counter that gave Dr. Spears' outfit the lead they never lost. Almquist also starred.

* * * * *

Harry Wilson veteran back had a great part in the Army victory over Detroit at West Point Saturday. The new forward wall of the Cadets functioned almost perfectly, while the backs resorted to a smashing, plunging game for substantial gains. The future officers looked mighty good in smashing out their 31 to 6 rout.

* * * * *

The Golden Tornado made it a clean sweep against V.M.I. to take their second start by a 33 to 0 count.

* * * * *

Without the services of Five Yard Baker, Northwestern managed to eke out a 14 to 7 victory over South Dakota. Leland Lewis, a two hundred pound full, was responsible, to a great extent, for the jubilation in the Northwestern camp.

* * * * *

Captain Ed. Wier completely humbled Grange and Company to the tune of 14 to 0 in one of the greatest upsets of the season. From Saturday's showing it looks as though the Cornhuskers will undoubtedly be one of the outstanding pigskin combines of the season. In justice to Grange it must be said that the field was soggy after a heavy rain and that his interference failed to function. This first-hand information was brought back by several Notre Dame men who attended the game.

SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

It was about the third quarter that someone around us remarked that the score board looked like an Indiana license tag. But after the curfew period was well under way we understand that he was willing to admit that it resembled the serial number on a one-dollar bill.

It was a day for Bovines. We noticed "Bull" Poliski and "Long Horn" Coulter in the line-ups.

In the first quarter a couple of ambitious horseback riders worked out in the field south of the stands. But it would have taken more than even Earl Sande and Buffalo Bill to draw any of the attention away from Rock's horsemen on Cartier field.

And don't forget that Maxwell's staccato yells were just about the outstanding features of the game.

Among the celebrities up our way was Roger Kiley, who was down looking them over. Roge is coaching at Loyola and his proteges tangle with Lombard to-morrow. About N. D.? Roge thinks they're great.

Coulter of Lombard didn't have to be sent to the showers. He got his right on the sideline when he connected with the Galesburg water bucket when run outside in an attempt to cut around Notre Dame's right end.

It reminded us a great deal of the dope bucket that had just been kicked for a row. The wires had just ticked: Nebraska, 7; Illinois, 0.

How did you like the Texas leaguer Scharer lifted over the goal posts to clinch the added point after Roach had taken the ball over from the thirty-three yard line?

The fellow at the next typewriter pauses to remark that he heard that there were thirty-five men out for football at Beloit this fall. But what a thirty-five!

Advantage of a Higher Education!

One of the most pathetic scenes of the afternoon was enacted when three Uni-

versity students tried to figure up the N. D. score. Each tried it mentally and having as varied an assortment of answers as possible, decided to figure it out with pencil and paper.—No, none had hit it correct. (Boy, page Messrs. Wentworth-Smith.)

Charlie Riley showed some stuff when he pulled his sky-rocket dive to elude Lombard tacklers-to-be that faced him on returning a punt.

Speaking of punts. It looked something like the greased pig stunt at the county fair when Edwards travelled sixty yards, and dodged no less than nine of the opposing team in returning a punt.

Two of Notre Dame's touchdowns were made "on the gun." That is the shot had been fired just after the scoring play got under way.

Evidently "Twenty-three—Skiddo" still holds a potent charm. Anyway Roach, wearing that number, believed in it, for he broke loose for some nice gains, notable among which, we might remark, was a forty-three yard streak for a touchdown.

"Baylor stockings" were much in evidence in the Inter-Hall circles Sunday.

From appearances we'd say that someone must have dehorned Coulter. Or maybe he was only a "short horn" anyway!

Friday's scrambled eggs had their effect upon the team. Anyway they sure rolled over and over.

Then after they had roved all over the field at will during the entire matinee and had travelled just about everywhere, Moore ended the afternoon by yelling "Let's go to town."

We just got this "straight." The cop that rode out to talk to our friend, the aviator, was just giving him a sticker for parking at an improper angle

And to-morrow it's Beloit. Let's get 'em, gang!

—GHOUL POST.

RESERVES ROMP OVER ALBION

Albion College was victimized to the tune of 40 to 20 in a hard fought battle with the Varsity Reserves last Saturday afternoon at the Michigan school. After the first quarter the Notre Dame team got well under way and at no time were in danger. One of the tense moments of the play came after a long pass brought the Albion team to the Irish three-yard line, where they were stopped for no gain after seven downs. The northern college's team was a heavy one and as a result injuries were frequent.

In the splendid line play that was shown McAdams at tackle and later at guard showed up best. Graf another tackle performed creditably. In the backfield Parisien was the individual luminary. His generalship was good and he cut loose for some substantial gains, notable among which was a sixty yard reverse of the field in returning a punt for a touchdown. Ed. Walsh at half passed with deadly accuracy and with Chevigney, another fleet footed back, on the receiving end was responsible for three touchdowns. Fred Collins displayed a lot of power and drive and smashed for gains at every opportunity. Collins has weight and speed,—a combination hard to beat. Hurley also played a good game.

WENDLAND ANNOUNCES SCHEDULE

Coach John Wendland's harriers are making visible impressions on the roads around the University these days in order to be in shape to open the cross country season on October 24th. The schedule calls for five meets, and in every case the Notre Dame team will be away from home.

CROSS COUNTRY SCHEDULE

- November 21 Conference Meet.
- October 24 Indiana U. at Bloomington.
- October 31 Northwestern U. at Evanston.
- November 7 Michigan State at Lansing.
- November 14 Indiana State Meet.
- November 21 Conference Meet.

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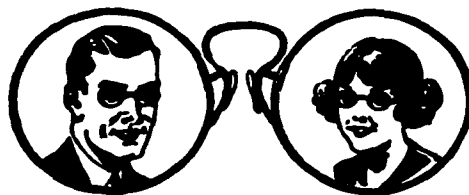
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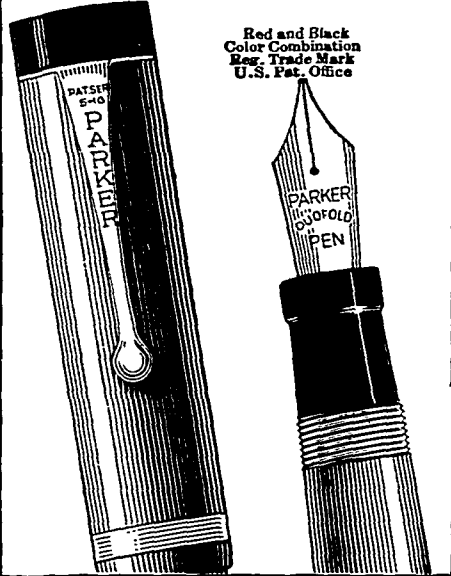
Those who know its 25-year point, Man-size Grip and Over-size Ink Capacity have come to depend on it in overwhelming majorities everywhere, but nowhere more than in the colleges.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without it—stop at the nearest one.

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THE SAFETY VALVE

The Sophomore symbolist sets it down thus: "The New St. Mary's has a tower. That is Strength. In the tower is a light. That is Learning." There is also a building. That is Pressed Brick.

* * * * *

The fore part of the week a promising 'He's-a-Notre Dame Man' sat sipping a bottle of de-horned Budwiser in the cafe and says to his pensive (our favorite adjective) self: "So near beer and yet so far!"

* * * * *

SAMPLES OF PARADOX

Progressive Ignorance.
Summer School Pep Meeting.
Scholarship Dances.
69-0.

YOU CRITICS, WATCH OUT!

"Res Clamat Domino" was first used by Sedulius. Some scholarship in this column.

* * * * *

"How many of us to-day know anything about the immortal Dante?" queries an inquisitive freshman.

Mr. Phillips, you're wanted at the telephone!

* * * * *

"Badin Hall has always been a good loser," says a Badiner, (or Badinite). So has John's Hopkin's, but there's not much comfort for wet feet in that.

* * * * *

Asks a quiet appearing young writer of themes: "Do you love nature as Wordsworth loved her?" No.

* * * * *

"We can show," says our enthusiastic advertiser, "the largest 2-pants suits in Northern Indiana." You can not, brave sir. We have pants here, each leg of which Rockne uses as a screen for secret practice. They are spread along the football field before a rain, and later are pressed by a steam roller.

* * * * *

Out beyond where the so-called West ends a man declares in effect: "Notre Dame can teach me nothing." He is probably right.

* * * * *

Some chagrin is shown because Mr. Fullerton avers we will have only a fair team. Let's prove Mr. Fullerton only a fair prophet.

* * * * *

"The sacredness and antiquity of the venerable custom set it upon a mythical pedestal and men of Notre Dame ought to bear it reverent and pious demeanor" (Period)

* * * * *

WEEK-END POETRY

Clash the cymbals,
Beat the drum.
Beloit this afternoon,
Ho, hum!

HOW DRY I AM—

Framers of the eighteenth amendment conceived of nothing quite so dry as the inside of a Sawyer's (Frog Brand) Slicker during a shower.

Those who are fortunate enough to be so protected can dare Jupe Pluvius to do his worst—and laugh.

Get a Sawyer Slicker, make sure it is marked "Frog Brand" and wear it to the game, to classes, or anywhere when inclement weather threatens.

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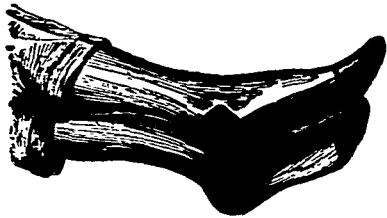
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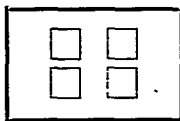
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