

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

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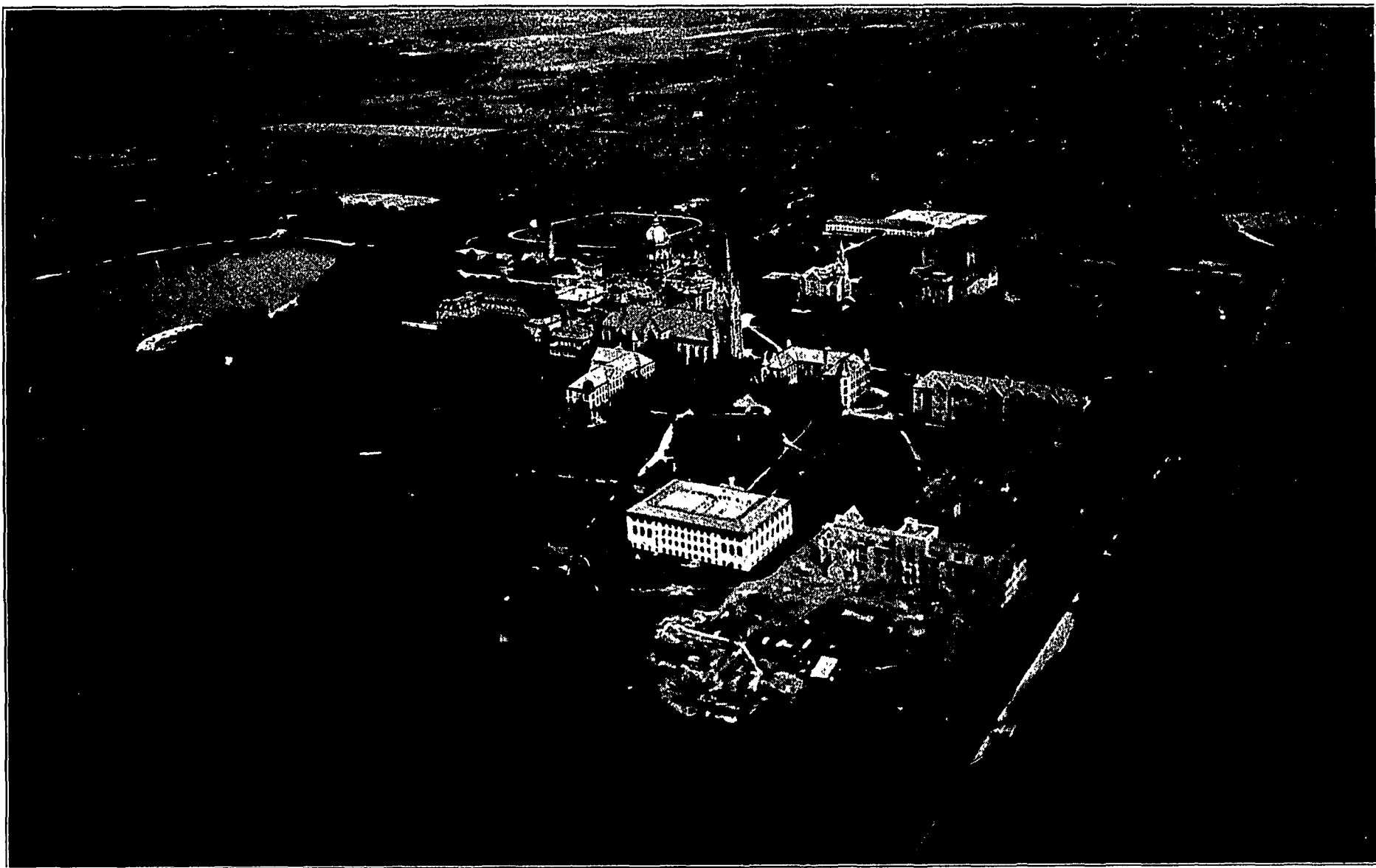
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A RECENT VIEW FROM THE AIR.

THE WEEK

When will we ever learn that Indiana weather cannot be foretold, suspected, nor recognized when it does come? Last week we confidently pointed out the fact of the arrival of Autumn. Hardly were the words off the press when it began to snow—snow in the middle of October! And ever since it has been continuing to snow, or threatening to snow, or preparing to snow. Comments on the weather have ceased to be platitudinous: they are each a vital part of the great question of today: What Next? Wednesday morning we walked up the path to the Main Building through four inches of clinging whiteness; overhead the tall maples (or are they?) made a canopy of old gold against the dun sky. And the pine trees in the Walsh Hall front yard made us feel like cutting our morning classes and boarding the next train home for Christmas vacation. A most peculiar effect—why not advertise it in the catalogue as an exclusive feature of Notre Dame? And then think of the miles and miles of home-like puddles that will follow the melting: we might never have had them if it were not for this snow.

Outside of the weather, and often in spite of it, numerous events managed to bloom, briefly but attractively. The trip to Minneapolis seems to have satisfied the most critical, and the printed account farther back in this issue, although told by an eye-witness of average veracity, leaves much unrevealed. Far be it from us to disturb the dusky corners. But we must note the Corby Hall Fire. In accordance with its usual policy of furnishing entertainment for the entire student body, and not just for those who participate in official student trips, the University staged an interesting fire in Corby Hall on Saturday afternoon. Only a small number of selected guests attended. Alfred Meyers, the hero of the week, ran several miles to find an alarm box and then returned to

battle the leaping flames. It seems not to have occurred to anybody to drop a nickel into the telephone and thus to secure quicker service without indulging in cross-country practice. Or perhaps the saving of Corby Hall was not deemed worth the expenditure of the jitney: it's an interesting problem. Father O'Malley, summoned mysteriously from the Gridgraph performance, led the desperate fight, armed only with a fire-axe and a bandanna handkerchief. The flames were quenched and blackened furniture thrown out behind the Hall where it still remains to enhance the mythical beauty of the campus. The usual post mortems occupied the rest of the week-end.

The melodious members of the Glee Club continue to meet for rehearsals every time you turn around: the personnel is constantly being cut, with, we hope, inspiring results. The Players Club held its first meeting Tuesday—everybody welcome—let's go—all that sort of thing. The Rochester Club announces the arrival of a seven-pound constitution which was promptly stored away where no one would ever read it. Jack Doyle, advance agent for R. & K. (no adv.) attempted with moderate success to hide the buildings of the University: lest the studios might miss a showing of Clothes for the College Youth, placards were thoughtfully posted on everything except the Dome and Father Sorin's statue. No reaction succeeded the ardent championing of the South Bend Library in last week's issue: are we losing our love of battle? The coming of Sousa's Band, too, created scarcely a ripple, the Whiteman concert having evidently drained October allowances. But the Galli-Curci series of concerts at the Palais, soon to begin, should prove worthy of campus interest, if only for the PURPOSE of hearing good music and feeling some pleasure in a place where neither is regularly to be found. —J. A. W.

TO MINNEAPOLIS AND BACK!

You wouldn't think it could be done in 48 hours. But the motto of the Twin City Notre Dame Club is "Time is fleeting but Jim is Swift;" and with the aid of the Soo Line, it was. (For the benefit of strangers, the "it" refers to Notre Dame's largest and best student trip.) If you will pardon "I," I shall use it frequently, because it was my own trip that left the most vivid impression.

I spent all day Thursday and Friday bewailing the lack of a berth, which postponement of reservation had denied me. But when we arrived in Chicago Friday night and I saw the berths, I was looking for Brady to thank him. Detachable backs on the day coach seats enabled them to be laid out flat and the result, while not feathery, was at least capable of permitting full extension and a deep breath.

Incident to the passage through Chicago on Friday night, there must have been a subsequent shortage of eggs, even in Chicago. The food problem was greatly solved by the presence in the baggage car of the Silver and Nolan buffet, distributing sandwiches and coffee at all hours,, and sending salesmen through the cars, also at all hours, with peanuts, candy, sandwiches and cigarettes. On the return trip the party was attacked with an epidemic of cracker-jacks, but the change of air at Chicago hastened the cure.

I woke up—and was not alone in the act,—at dawn on Saturday after a night of intermittent naps. All that was lacking in the landscape, which was becoming visible, was a Mounted Policeman. Had he been present I could have identified my surroundings as the Great Northwest at a glance. Snow and forests and all the gorgeous colorings of the trees came with the dawn, etc. It gave me the biggest thrill when I remembered that I had only worn a top-coat.

Well, at 9 o'clock we reached Minneapolis, as one of its big companies says "Eventually." Under the spell of the end of our journey, I forgave the means. The Band, suffering from a night's tossing about in tight trousers, rose to the occasion and

headed a parade through the business district, strictly in accordance with the Hoyle of parades. At the Andrews hotel, songs and cheers brought the team, among others, to the windows. After they had confirmed the rumor of our presence, we (you see this was true for everybody) marched to the Leamington hotel, where the Minneapolis-Notre Dame club had made the necessary arrangements. Most of the fellows stayed at the Leamington for the dance from 11 to 1 o'clock, staged so that the streets wouldn't be torn up until the game-going traffic had reached the cashier's window at the huge new stadium. The rest of the crowd scattered. I also scattered, but the reports of the dance brought me remorse.

The game was called at 2 o'clock. I don't need to tell you about the game itself. But before I became delirious at 2, I noticed several interesting things. Talking my way past a policeman in the stadium, I found that the policeman on duty had bet on Notre Dame, which afterward made me more glad that we won. I arrived early, as "One-Eyed" Connolly advises, and so had the unusual privilege of watching 52,000 persons assemble. A few ant-like figures dotted the huge horse-shoe of the Minnesota Stadium when I first looked at it. But at 1:30 a series of little streams of people could be seen trickling down the aisles from the entrance like water from a hill-side's springs, and when the whistle blew, the giant stadium was filled.

There was much music and color. The 120-piece Minnesota band, the Notre Dame band, which appeared to excellent advantage, the famous bugle and drum corps of the Minnesota American Legion post and the Ladies' Auxiliary Glee Club of the same post, lent harmony to the occasion. It was the official American Legion Day at Minnesota, an annual event and one when the Legion attends in a body. This year State Commander Joseph O'Hara, LL. B., Notre Dame, 1920, appointed the Minnesota-Notre Dame game.

After the game, inability to crowd into a car or bus or to look wistful enough to get a ride forced me to walk down-town.

Here again I was not alone, and, though hampered by the crowds, still managed to get down as soon as some of the riders. . . . Indicates a heavy two hours of labor for me, during which time the boys were busy in conducting post-mortems and shieking up for the big event of the evening, the dinner-dance at the Leamington. I might as well tell you here that all the big events of the evening weren't at the Leamington, so that you won't think that everybody that tells you about the trip is a liar. But that was the official event. The restaurants and theaters were crowded to capacity. The Minneapolis papers reported a hold-up in one of them during the crowded hours. I heard of hold-ups in most of them during the same hours, but saw nothing of it in the papers.

The special was due to leave at one a. m. Sunday, and left accordingly. There were several flying catches, and it was reported that there were also a few left behind in the rush, but I couldn't go back to see. Exhaustion conquered the ups and downs of the day coach life and I was completely out for six hours, waking in what I at first took to be Hudson Bay. I discovered, however, that we were really retracing our trip and that the snow had fallen during the night. I might add that the weariness that had downed me had also downed most of my companions and there was not the disturbance of the night before, when freshman fervor was at its height.

Oshkosh — (space is to be filled in at your own peril). The Church had been conveniently moved near the tracks and surprised us by providing room for everybody. Father J. Hugh O'Donnell said a low mass. The Oshkosh choir rendered, and all was well. Breakfast (every stop of the train was taken as a legitimate excuse to eat—I had five breakfasts Sunday) followed Mass. The crowd scattered through town and invaded the lunch counters. Scouts had evidently warned the Oshkosh food mag-nates, for there were a number of special preparations made. We came to a crowded counter and were about to enter in desperation when the proprietor pointed out a hidden stairway. Suspicious, but hungry, we

mounted and came into a place that looked like the old time banquets of the Ladies Aid, with the improvised tables on saw horses, etc., and the pretty waitresses. We had a fine breakfast and after the first pangs had died away, we began to wonder what the charges would be. The location of the place would have enabled them to charge \$5 a plate, and collect it too. On the way out we were sent down the backstairs to face the cashier. Our fears were groundless. The scenario entrance and exit were merely to facilitate business and the service was fine. The time between Mass and the train's departure was not long.

The trip between Oshkosh and Chicago gave everybody time to wonder just how many buildings had been burned down and which ones. You see the news service, on the special was intermittent and from the early dispatches in the papers, it was difficult to tell. Some mention was made in one of them of a dining room. Feeling confident that Father O'Malley had not opened a restaurant, the Corbyites seized the opportunity to shift the disaster to Carroll. The Carroll Hallers, who were numerous on the trip, trembled and hoped that such was not the case. The severity of the fire, according to the reports, ranged from the third story and the roof of Corby, to the entire Main Building, and there were hasty glances through other parts of the paper for headlines "Red Cross Rushes Aid to Notre Dame." It was almost discouraging after the long hours of speculation and anticipation to find that the damage had been so confined, but it was relieving.

Another half hour in Chicago gave the cafeterias near the stations and the telephone companies a busy thirty minutes. The last lap of the trip had the quiet of "it's all over now." But don't let the quiet deceive you. Most of the fellows would go again any time. It was great.

One of the interesting sidelights of the trip was the report from Minnesota followers that the Notre Dame game had aroused unprecedented interest among the Minnesota student body. Notre Dame has the pleasure of having fostered the beginning of a new era in Minnesota spirit.

EDMUND GLADE DIES HERE

Edmund George Glade, '28, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Glade of Batavia, New York, died early last Saturday morning after an illness of only two days.

The death of Glade at St. Joseph's Hospital was the first that has overtaken the student body of Notre Dame since April 1924, when William Dockman, of Baltimore, Maryland, was killed in an accident in Kentucky.

Mr. Glade, who resided in Room 243, Sophomore Hall, was taken ill Wednesday evening, October 21, and as he felt badly, did not attend his classes Thursday. His condition became worse Thursday night, and Friday morning he was removed to the Infirmary. There it was seen he was seriously ill, and Friday afternoon he was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital.

Attending physicians found that the young man was suffering from intestinal inflammation and hemorrhages, and that death would follow in a few hours. He was conscious until the time of his death and realized he was going to die. The last sacraments were administered to him by Father George McNamara, and both Father McNamara and Father John McGinn were with him at his death. Father George Finnegan, Vice-President of the University, remained at the hospital until midnight.

The young man's parents were notified Friday night, but were unable to arrive until after the death of their son. The body was taken to Batavia Saturday evening, accompanied by the parents and by Father McGinn and Father William A. Carey. Funeral services were held Wednesday morning. For the repose of the soul of Glade solemn High Mass was sung in Sacred Heart Church Tuesday morning at 6:30.

Glade was born at Batavia, June 30, 1907, and received his primary and secondary education in that city, having been graduated from Batavia High School in 1924. He took high school work in three and one-half years and pursued a classical course. He was a popular member of his class and was prominent in school activities.

Entering Notre Dame in the fall of 1924, Mr. Glade enrolled in the pre-dental course,

but at mid-year changed to the pre-law. He was considered an excellent student, and was well known. He was a member of the New York State Club, the Rochester Club and Le Cercle Francais, at Notre Dame, and recently was named a member of one of the Sophomore Cotillion committees.

—R. I. P.

MORRISSEY HALL PROGRESSES

The work on Morrissey Hall, the second of the new Freshman group of buildings, is being rushed by the contractors, Smoger & Sons of South Bend, so as to get the structure under cover before the severe weather of real winter sets in. Once the outside walls reach their intended height and the framework of the roof is laid, the interior work can be done in any weather and as rapidly as is expedient. Actual construction however, in temperatures far below freezing, would seriously affect the soundness of the building.

At present, the walls of what will be Morrissey Hall are almost halfway completed and a few weeks more should see them finished. The brickwork is in the general tone of the University buildings, while the architecture will harmonize with that of Howard Hall, the first of the group of three to be finished. Morrissey, upon completion, will afford space for approximately 250 students, with rooms for prefects and rector also.

When the Hall will be ready for occupancy is entirely problematical, but efforts are being made at present to have at least part of it ready by the second semester. Without doubt, the Hall will not be finished completely before June of next year.

Under the tentative titles of "Tutor and Tyro" and "Bottoms Up," the first novel from the pen of Harry McGuire, of the class of '25, is nearly ready for the press. This novel, the product of the summer vacation time, is a tale of middle western college life. McGuire is now at Yale, where he is mastering in Drama Writing.

KELLEGHAN'S MAGAZINE MART

Notre Dame picks its weekly magazines according to their covers. And on Saturday Notre Dame reads more papers than on any other class day. These are facts observed by genial Jim Kelleghan, manager of the news-stand in the Main Building.

Notre Dame's consumption of newspapers varies from about 300 on Mondays to about 650 on Saturdays. Somehow or other between wash-day and pay-day the sales slip up 300. Which paper sells best? That depends entirely upon when it is being bought. In the morning the Chicago Tribune and Herald-Examiner lead. In the evening the South Bend News-Times and Tribune oversell the Chicago American. The Detroit Free Press comes daily but its interest is confined chiefly to those coming from the vicinity of Detroit.

On Sunday over 300 Chicago Tribunes are sold. The Herald-Examiner comes next; the South Bend News-Times is third, and the South Bend Tribune is fourth. Papers like the New York Times, the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the Pittsburgh Post are represented by their Sunday editions. The New York Times of October 18 outsold the South Bend Tribune of the same date at the Kelleghan kenneled.

It is peculiar that here at Notre Dame only an attractive cover makes for a record sale of the weeklies. Here's an instance: for the week of October 10, the Saturday Evening Post bore on its cover a picture of a cowpuncher visualizing what might happen should he mount the "bucking broncho." The same magazine on its October 17 cover showed a girl and a dog. All must admit that the girl was at least fair; some would term her beautiful. But the cowpuncher cover sold better than did the girl and dog. That is what Notre Dame understands by an "attractive" magazine cover. The Saturday Evening Post outsells the other weeklies at the news stand. Liberty is second in quantity of sales. But like the Saturday Evening Post, its sales depend upon its cover. But all this theorizing about magazine covers and Notre Dame taste would be completely ex-

ploded if some of the local notables should appear in either of the magazines and the magazine should happen to have a "perfectly terrible" cover. Collier's has no such irregular readers as The Saturday Evening Post and Liberty. It sells with but little variation. Its sales can always be estimated within ten copies.

The monthlies and semi-monthlies are thirty-one in number. The Juggler, of course sells best. But the Funny Fellow should be excluded in this consideration for it is impossible for any magazine to "hold a candle" to a magazine that makes good reading for "the girl." The Cosmopolitan sells best. The Red Book is next in popularity. Argosy All Story makes a respectable showing. The other twenty-eight trail along in some way or other.

Notre Dame likes its laughs. Besides going to the shows in town it will buy them in magazine form. Judge outsells all the other humor magazines. (The Juggler is still excluded.) But its sales, too, depend much on its cover. Life comes second; for the same reason as that of Judge its sales are unstable. And College Comics is third.

Boss Jim says that business with him is good. The first week of school his stock "turned over" twice. Like all other trades his has its tricks. A bit of advertising will do wonders. A rumor brings about near miracles. There's a lot to be said about Jim. Some day, perhaps, when the time is propitious there will be a "Boss Jim" edition of the SCHOLASTIC. —J. F. O'DONNELL.

CLEVELAND CLUB PLANS DANCE

The Cleveland Club considered initial plans for a Christmas dance and a smoker to be held during the holidays when it met in the Library recently. According to reports, a committee will be appointed to complete further arrangements relative to this matter.

Guiding the destinies of the club this year are: President Charles A. Mooney; Vice-President Thomas Byrne; Secretary Gerald V. McDermott; Treasurer Martin A. Daly, and Lecturer John A. Gallagher.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What did you think of the Notre Dame-Minnesota game?*

WHERE ASKED: *Minneapolis.*

Dorothy Miller: Minnesota University.

"I don't think Coach Spears used enough men. Our boys were all tired out. The game was the biggest thing that has happened around here for a long time."

* * * *

J. C. Brown: St. Thomas.

"Notre Dame got the breaks, but they made them. Minnesota gave them a run for their money. Poor punting by Minnesota resulted in two of Notre Dame's touchdowns."

* * * *

Pat Collins: Badin.

"I think that the game was as good as the Nebraska game of last year. All our fellows went fine."

* * * *

Adele Ziegelmaier: Minnesota University.

"It was certainly a great game. Minnesota did wonderfully for a green team. Notre Dame used too many players."

* * * *

Cris Shull: Badin.

"Some game! I don't consider it luck that Notre Dame blocked two punts, or that the Minnesota punts were poor. The Minnesota punters could kick, but they were rushed by the Notre Dame line."

A Barristers' Smoker will be held Tuesday night, November 10, at 7:30 under the auspices of the Law Club. Under the leadership of Dave Stanton, an excellent program has been arranged. Hurwich, La Cava, and McGrath will give vocal numbers, featuring "Lindy Lou," the newest Labetz Engels song hit. Dean Konop, Judge Wooten, and Professor Manion will address the Lawyers. Boxing, refreshments, and smokes will round out the bill of entertainment. Tickets may be obtained from Dugan, Trombley, Hagerty, Stanton, Travis, or Dailey.

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB MEETS

The newly organized Architectural Club of Notre Dame met for the first time Wednesday afternoon, October 21, in the Design Library. The meeting was addressed by Professor Vincent Fagan, who mapped out a definite plan of procedure for the year. The primary purpose of the club is to foster research work. The Club committee is composed of James Quinlan, Wilbur McElroy, Austin Hall, and Alfred Nachtgall.

DANTE CLUB GREETES NEW MEN

Formal welcoming of new members occupied the greater portion of the time at the first Dante Club entertainment held in Carroll "Rec" Room Tuesday evening, October 21. With the increase of the membership to 50, it was decided that hereafter only club talent would be used in entertainment activities.

A distinguished roster of speakers, including Father Cunningham, Father Maher, Father Finnegan, Professor Phillips, and Mr. Pirchio, was introduced by Vincent Capano, President of the club.

Joe Prelli, who can carry a melody as well as he can a football, sang several numbers, featuring "Un Bocio," and "La Spagnola." Lopresti rounded out the musical part of the program with the rendition of "O Sole Mio." The popular Charleston was cleverly presented by Scilla and Di Russo. Bontempo's interpretations of popular songs were well received, as were the clouts which Di Pasquale and Garcia tendered one another in their interpretation of the art of Dempsey and Sullivan.

During the evening Father Finnegan, Vice-President of the University, was elected Honorary President of the Club. The success of the event was due to the efforts of Bart Favrero, general chairman, and his assistants, Lopresti, Bontempo, Rini, Matrianna and Di Russo.

The football number of the *Juggler* will be out about November 12. Thus the Funny Fellow will be on hand to greet the Homecoming visitors and to relieve the strain of the quarterly exams.

BLUE CIRCLE LAYS PLANS FOR
HOMECOMING

The plans of the Blue Circle to make the Homecoming of this year as characteristic and even more enjoyable than those of previous years, are rapidly taking shape. Chairman John Tuohy of the Blue Circle and the chairmen of the various sub-committees met last week, and discussed ways and means of bringing about this desired result.

The Barbecue Committee, of which Michael Murray is chairman, announced that the big open-air roast will be more savory this year, if possible, than ever before. O. A. Clark, who conducts our own *restaurant particulier*, has again donated the 2500 pounds of beef and pork wherein to provide the "fatted calf" element of the feast. He has also promised to have on hand, as he has done in previous years, several men who are versed in the business of cooking the steers and hogs in this somewhat novel manner. The pit will be dug inside the gym this year, instead of outside, as has been customary. The Rocky Mountain Club and the Louisiana-Mississippi Club will aid in the work connected with the Barbecue.

The Decorations Committees, headed by James Ronan and Gerald McGinley, Campus and Downtown respectively, are also working hard to beautify both the city and the University for the host of visitors who will sweep down on Notre Dame for the annual celebration. The campus end of it has always been well-taken care of. This year the city will show a vast improvement over other years, as the merchants are planning to make an official celebration-week out of the event, and their coöperation will be a vast aid to Chairman McGinley in dressing up the city as it has never been arrayed before for Homecoming.

The plans of the Entertainment Committee, in charge of Chairman Arthur Bidwell, are also running smoothly. They are not, of course, fully completed as yet but the many visitors will not lack for suitable diversion while they are here. A particularly interesting program is being arranged to be given in Washington Hall the night before the game. As Washington Hall will

accommodate only a very limited number, students are asked to give precedence to the out-of-town guests. A suitable program will probably be arranged for the students themselves on this night.

The Reception Committee, with Lester Lovier as Chairman, is busy with plans for placing information booths at all the downtown hotels, the railroad stations, the University Post Office, and at all other points where they will be needed. This Committee will also see to it that accommodations are secured in private homes in South Bend for those visitors who are unable to secure hotel reservations.

The Blue Circle has ordered the "surprise" bombs, which traditionally open the Homecoming football game, from manufacturers in Chicago, and they will be on hand at the required time. It has also secured a new set of pennants to decorate the new stands, which will be ready for the Carnegie Tech game. These pennants represent the schools Notre Dame has met on the gridiron and are fastened to staffs affixed to the top-most railings of the stands. The new set will make the whole display uniform.

DAY DOGS TO HAVE THEIR NIGHT

The annual smoker of the Off-Campus students will be held Wednesday evening, November 4, in the gymnasium of the South Bend K. of C. Home.

The program includes talks by Father Walsh, Coach Rockne, and Father Mooney, music by the Druid's Orchestra, boxing by Charley Springer's pugilistic proteges and several feature acts. Eats and smokes will be served during the affair.

As an added attraction, Rockne's "Four Winners" will be given as a prize to the holder of the lucky number. Tickets are procurable at the Off-Campus Office.

The committees in charge are as follows: Arthur Denchfield, general chairman; Refreshments: John Stackpool, Jerry McMullen, Walter Shelly; Entertainment: Edward Quinn, Philip Tomkins, William Vahey, Alan Foley; Publicity: Harold Klein, Alan Foley, Richard Parrish; Tickets: Chester Smith, James Curry, Mansiel Hagerty, James Kenny, Don Schettig.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The bandmen are back from their first trip of the year—to Minnesota—with nothing but praise for the reception they received. The Minnesota Band, composed of 150 members, appointed themselves guardians of the Notre Dame Band for the day and there was no lack of excitement from all reports. Among the items of entertainment were a buffet lunch in the Student Union, a tour of the campus and a dinner, at which various members of the Minnesota and Notre Dame Bands were called upon for speeches.

* * * *

One of the features of the Homecoming celebration will be the first rendition of a new number, called the "Homecoming March", which has been just completed by Norbert Engels, '26. It will be played by the Band at the Carnegie Tech game.

* * * * *

The Oliver Theatre announces two legitimate attraction for November. The operetta, "Blossom Time", based on the life of Schubert, will play for one night, November 19.

The mystery farce, "The Cat and The Canary" will play for three performances on November 20 and 21, the week-end of the Northwestern game.

* * * * *

The first of the series of concerts at the Palais Royale will be given Monday night, November 2nd, when Amelita Galli-Gurci will appear in a song recital at 8:15 p. m.

* * * * *

The Glee Club is at present composed of the following 66 men. There probably will be another cut before long and the men remaining—about 57—will be retained for the year. Only 40 will be taken on the major trips however.

First Tenor: John Butler, Francis Creadon, Jack Curtis, Joseph Cusick, Tom Ferriter, John Flynn, John Ginz, Anthony Kopecky, John Lenihan, George O'Brien, Conrad Ochoa, Joseph Raddigan, George Schmidt, Thomas Walsh.

Second Tenor: Seward Bower, Edmund Brennan, Herbert Brady, William Corcoran, Robert Dixon, Stanley Fagan, Marcus Far-

rell, Joseph Griffin, Arthur Haley, James Harrigan, Donovan Hogan, Victor Lemmer, John Kovack, Philip Lopresti, Gladstone McDermott, Terrence O'Malley, Fred Pfortner, John Reidy, Edward Ryan, Charles Schlieckert, Charles Shelanskey.

First Bass: John Adams, Carl Bontempo, Paul Brady, James Brady, Vincent Carney, William Dooley, Vincent Ducey, John Griffin, Thomas Hart, Frank Hagenbarth, Regis Lynskey, Jay Masenich, Ronald McNamara, Francis Schroeder, Fred Wagner, Richard Wehs, Jesse Wood.

Second Bass: Thomas Carey, Edward Flynn, Anthony Highberger, John Harrington, Joseph Langton, Edward Lowth, William Mahin, Alfred Meyers, Andrew Mulreany, Eugene O'Brien, Claude Pitsenberger, Neil Regan, Vincent Soisson, Rudolph Sturm.

—A. L. M.

ROCHESTER CLUB ADOPTS
CONSTITUTION

A constitution drawn up by a committee composed of Victor Yawman, Gerard Smith and Gil Schaefer, chairman, was passed unanimously at a meeting of the Rochester Club, at 7 o'clock, Wednesday night, October 21, in the K. of C. Council chambers, Walsh Hall. President Schaefer, newly elected head of the club, presided.

To insure a successful program of entertainment for the coming school year, a committee composed of Arthur Slavin, John Beck and Arthur Lintz, was appointed. These men will have charge of all theatre parties, luncheons and events to be provided by the Club.

The Club has already begun preparations for Homecoming. James Hartley, John Brennan, and Gerard Smith, all of Badin, will welcome all visiting alumni from Rochester. The organization has also decided to offer its services to the Blue Circle at Homecoming.

Two popular song hits, "Lindy Lou," and "An Orientale" have recently come from the pens of Victor Labetz and Norbert Engels, students at the University and members of Harry Denny's Collegians.

SENIORS TO SPONSOR DANCE

The dance on the night of the Northwestern game, November 20, is to be sponsored by the Senior Class according to the announcement made this week by Francis J. Bon, President of the Class. It is to be held in the Knights of Columbus ballroom and Harry Denny's Collegians are to play for it. The Senior Concessions Committee, under Gerald J. McGinley as chairman, will be in direct charge of arrangements.

Coming on the night after the Cotillion, this dance will give the Sophomores an opportunity to finish off the week-end in company with their brethren of the other classes.

HEGELE SPEAKS TO DOME MEN

Les Hegele, Business Manager of the *Dome* of '25, now associated with Thomas Murphy, in a business enterprise on Michigan Street, spoke at a meeting of the advertising staff of the University annual Tuesday night in the *Dome* Building. He was introduced to the 14 men who make up the present staff, by Mark Fiehrer, advertising manager.

The meeting was held for the purpose of explaining to the workers the methods to be used in securing ads, and the work which is expected of them. Other meetings will be held in the future and a program of activity will be outlined.

The editorial staff has compiled most of the senior questionnaires submitted. Those Seniors who have not filled out their questionnaire, are requested to obtain a blank from Editor Walter W. Smith, 336 Walsh.

The following appointments to the editorial staff of the *Dome* have been tentatively announced:

James Ronan and Lester Lovier, Seniors; Dan Cunningham, Activities; William Carter and Ray Hunt, Athletics; R. L. Novak, Publications; Joe Breig and Frank Prendergast, Traditions; Terence Donohue, Satire; William Murphy, Clubs; Rupert Wentworth, Arts; Francis Ahearn, Organizations; Frank Doan, Stage; Leo McIntyre, Dances; Harley McDevitt, Classes; Kramer, Photographer.

Others who are assisting on the staff are: Stephen Sherry, Edward Brown, Carlos Lane, Richard Parrish, Paul Bartholemew, Ray Flanagan, Jim O'Dowd, and Walter Layne.

The scenic section of the *Dome* which was compiled during the summer months is ready for the press of the McClave Printing Company of South Bend.

THE STUDENT TRIP HAMMER

While Watts Eicher was dancing in the Flame Room of the Radisson Hotel, the flames were carrying out the law of averages in 208 Corby. Father O'Malley might investigate the theory of telepathic communication as the cause of the Corby conflagration.

* * * *

Jake Purcell and Eddie O'Neill entered the race for train callers. They were handicapped by being understood several times and the odds are still on the cheerleader at the gym gridgraph during the Army game.

* * * *

I was interested in Minnesota's colors, songs, etc. "What is Minnesota's favorite flower?" I asked. "Pillsbury's Best!" I lost interest.

* * * *

Mr. Bell should be among those receiving special thanks for the trip. The booths in Chicago especially were kept warm during the change of trains.

* * * *

After seeing the large number of fur coats in Minneapolis on men and women, I don't see how any geography can state that the climate is good for fur-bearing animals.

* * * *

Two Freshmen on the trip were disappointed because almost every girl they met spoke English without saying "bane" and "tank".—*"Tank" here means the popular Scandinavian interpretation of "think."

* * * *

Prefects would have hailed the millennium if they could have heard the loud howls for "lights out" at 10 p. m. Friday. And similarly contrary to nature, it was the bird who has to be dynamited out of bed at school who was up at 5 o'clock yelling "all out."

JUNIOR HALLOWEEN DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT

An innovation in modern ballroom decoration, appropriate to Halloween, will feature the Golden Tornado Dance to be given by the Junior Class tomorrow night, Oct. 31, in the K. of C. Home, South Bend, according to James A. Jones, chairman of the Arrangements committee. Every effort has been made by members of this group to make the occasion typical of a Halloween at college.

Advance ticket sales, announced at a meeting of the various committees in the North Room of the Library at 7:30 o'clock on Wednesday night, indicate that the first social event of the Junior Class for the year will have a large attendance.

Tickets are selling for \$1.50 and may be obtained from Jerry LeStrange, chairman of the Ticket Committee, in Walsh Hall, or from those whose names are mentioned on the bulletins.

FIRE THREATENS CORBY HALL

Fire of undetermined origin destroyed room 310 Corby Hall Saturday afternoon, and for a time threatened the entire building. The blaze was discovered about 3:30 p. m. by two students who were the only persons in the Hall at the time. Prompt action on the part of students and firemen prevented the spread of the blaze. The value of the destroyed property, which has not yet been officially determined, is covered by insurance.

At the time of the fire nearly all the students on the campus were following the fortunes of the Notre Dame-Minnesota football game by means of the gridgraph in the gymnasium. A small crowd gathered quickly, however.

The room destroyed was occupied by Edgar Maggi. The room beneath, occupied by Fred Clements and another occupied by Watts Eicher, were damaged by water. Difficulty was experienced in extinguishing the fire which had crept between the walls and beneath the floor and threatened to spread to other rooms.

Rumors which reached students at Minneapolis, who were there on a student trip,

claimed that the entire third floor of Corby and part of the Main building had been destroyed, and that other buildings were blazing.

In the excitement of fighting the flames many amusing incidents were recorded, the climax being reached when, amid the litter and splash of fire hose, a prefect sternly rebuked a student for spitting on the floor, asking, "What do you want to do, dirty the floor?"

FRESHMEN ELECT CORCORAN

The members of the Freshman Class, under the auspices of the elections committee of the Student Activities Council, gathered last week to elect their officers for the present scholastic year. The gymnasium resembled a miniature pow-wow of Tammany Hall and politicians in the making were active—not soliciting but merely suggesting.

Successful nominees for the office of President were Irvin Corcoran of Chicago, Ill., and Lloyd Johnson of Robinson, Ill.; for Vice-President; Edward Walsh of New York, and Robert Woepfner of Cleveland; for Secretary, Donovan Hogan of Ashtabula, Ohio, and Walter O'Malley of Aurora, Ill.; for Treasurer, Louis Mahan of Boston, Mass.; and Fred Lucy of Canton, Ohio. The successful candidates were: Corcoran, Walsh, O'Malley, and Mahan, all of Carroll Hall.

Irvin Corcoran in addition to his class activities has become a member of the Glee Club and a member of the Freshman football squad.

Rev. James A. Burns, Ph. D., C.S.C., has presented to the Library a copy of Hugo Grotius', "Mare Liberum." This little volume was published in 1633 by the Elzevir Press of Leyden. It is a valued addition to the Elzevir Collection which numbers about 20 works.

"Al" Sommer, Journalism, '25, is reporting for the Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

DAUBERS MEET TO PLAN INITIATION

The Daubers Club met on Wednesday evening to plan the initiation of the men who have qualified for membership in the organization and to discuss and plan its other activities for the present year.

Those who have successfully met the high requirements placed upon membership in the Daubers were guests of the Club at this meeting. To be a member one must be a regularly registered student in the School of Fine Arts and must have an average of 85% in his academic work.

The initiation into the club will consist of three degrees. The first two degrees will be administered at the next meeting and the third degree will be given at the following meeting which will be held at the home of Professor and Mrs. Ernest Thorne Thompson. That meeting will be followed by a banquet.

The Daubers are to sponsor an exhibit of the work done by the students in the school of Fine Arts. This exhibit will probably take place next spring. Medals and other awards will be offered to those deserving them. Professor Ernest Thorne Thompson, Head of the School of Fine Arts, has donated the medal which will be awarded to the best all-around student in the School of Fine Arts. The medal will be known as the "Thompson Medal" and it is now being designed by the donor.

The officers of the Daubers are: Harry Engel, President; George Krispinski, Vice-President; and Robert Servatius, Secretary-Treasurer.

An unusual conflict in the program of local entertainment is seen in the decision of the Class of '28, to hold the Sophomore Cotillion in the K. of C. ballroom on Friday, November 20, and the action of the Scholarship Club of South Bend, in having John McCormack, the Irish tenor, sing on the same evening, in the new Notre Dame auditorium.

The final climax, however, will be presented on the following day on Cartier Field, when the Fighting Irish meet Northwestern and Notre Dame plays host to several hundred rooters from Evanston.

S. A. C. MEETS TUESDAY

The Students Activities Council met Tuesday night at 7:30 in the South Room of the Library. The usual meeting-room on the top floor of the building was unavailable.

At this meeting no action was taken on the various petitions for concessions privileges brought up at the last meeting, because Chairman Edward O'Neill of the Concessions Committee was absent from the meeting.

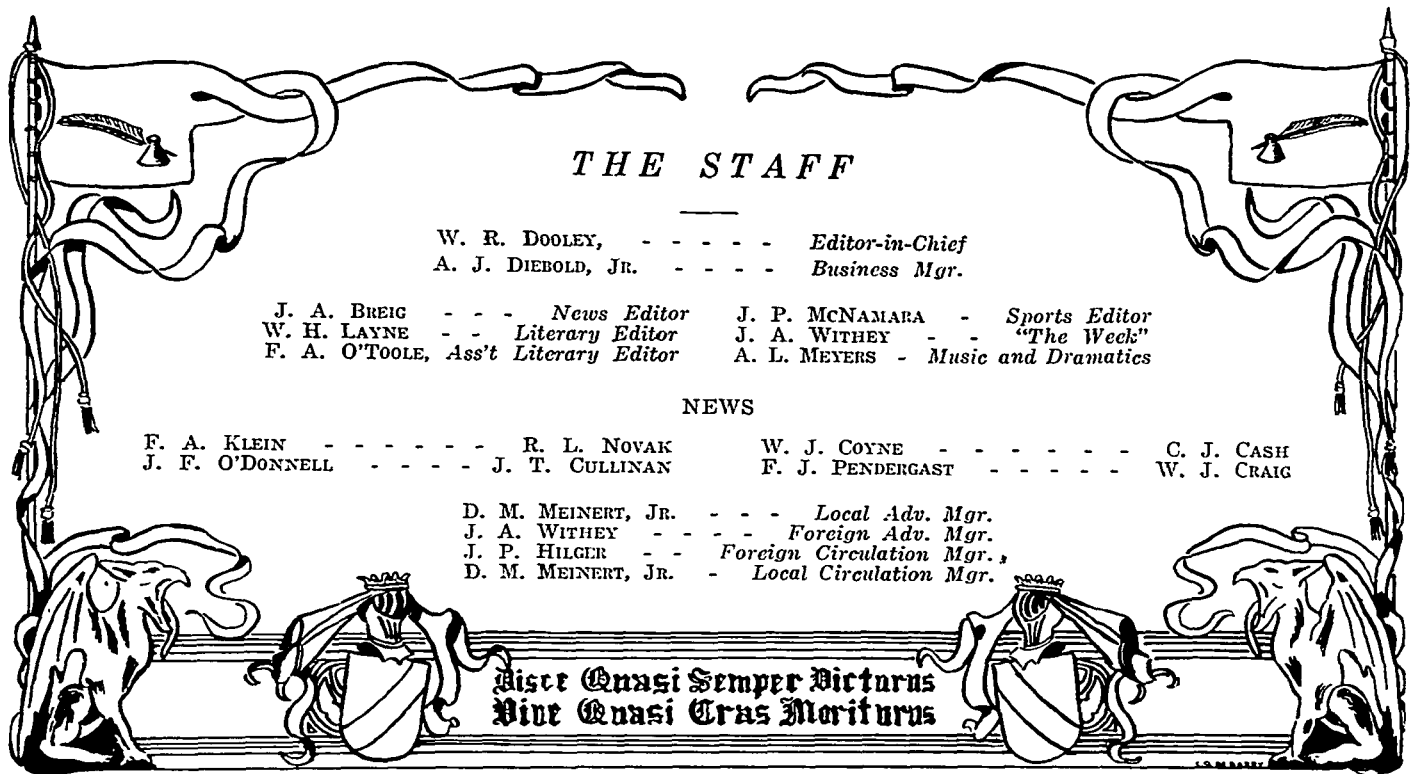
The report of the Gridgraph Committees, both Operation and Finance, were read to the Council and proved satisfactory. The returns from the operation of the Gridgraph last Saturday were naturally small, due to the fact that a large proportion of the student-body made the trip to Minnesota.

Irvin Corcoran, the newly-elected President of the Freshman Class, was present for the first time at an S. A. C. meeting. He is the official representative to the S. A. C. of the class of '29. Any suggestions the Freshmen may wish to make to the Council will be taken care of by Mr. Corcoran.

SCRIBBLERS HEAR SEVERAL PAPERS READ

The reading of his one-act play named "Light—A Reflection," by Paul Harrington featured the meeting of the Scribblers held Tuesday evening in the Library. The play was pronounced by its audience one of the best, ever written by a Notre Dame student. Frank McKinley introduced an original type of biography in his story of the life of Samuel Johnson and Frank Miller read several of his poems.

Further plans for the 1926 Scribbler publication were discussed, and the first definite step was taken toward its writing. Frank Miller drew the unlucky number and will have the task of starting the fun. Several communications were read and brought forth spirited discussion. William Dooley and John O'Donnell were assigned to read papers at the next meeting, after it was decided that due to the appearance of Galli Curci and her contemporaries meetings during November would be held on Tuesday evenings.



THE STUDENT TRIP

It is the opinion of those who have made them all that the last student-trip was the best. For courtesy, entertainment, sportsmanship and general good-will in Minneapolis it would be hard to find an equal. The men making the journey were treated as guests, and not as cohorts of an invading athletic enemy, serving as the butt of ridicule and abuse. The arrangements made for the student-body of Notre Dame were carefully planned and as carefully executed. What was Minnesota's was Notre Dame's, while the latter had use for it. The town "and everything that's in it" was theirs, no less than the University and the hospitality it afforded.

Jim Swift, who headed the S. A. C. so brilliantly and who was so prominent in other activities while he was here at Notre Dame, deserves the heartiest congratulations on the success of the Minneapolis end of the trip. He fulfilled to overflowing all his promises made while Minnesota was being considered as the student-trip of the year. Praise no less should be given our own men, and particularly the S. A. C., who labored over the wearisome details of the journey and made them all harmonize.

A student-trip is advantageous in many ways but in none more so than in the fostering of a better relationship between the

school visited and the visitors. This close touch of student-bodies enables the men of both institutions to come to a clearer understanding each of the other. When this has been accomplished, a great step has been taken to eliminate, or at least to mitigate unreasonable ideas which one school may have of another, conducted under different direction and with a different end.

Judging by this criterion as well as by others, Notre Dame's latest student-trip has been eminently successful and should be the advocate of many more, equally pleasant and equally purposeful, in the future.

—F. A. K.

"N. D's."

A couple of years ago the wearing of Notre Dame monograms on slickers, sheepskins and on other parts of the apparel was wisely prohibited. As at other universities, it is at Notre Dame the custom to leave the wearing of monograms to those who have distinguished themselves in athletics. The public announcement of this ruling added that the genuine Notre Dame man didn't need any kind of labeling to inform the world of his alma mater.

Since that ruling was made two classes have matriculated at Notre Dame. The class of '28 seems to have been properly informed of the ruling concerning the wearing of

the monogram and, having been informed, this class has done very well in carrying out the mandate. But the class of '29 seems not to have been informed. It takes only a little rain to bring out Freshmen in monogrammed slickers. If '29 has not heard of the ruling, let it listen now. Those monograms must disappear. Get busy again with the ink.

—J. F. O'D.

MISSION FOR THE NOTRE DAME MIND

The word *intellectual* is a wholesale adjective which adds the elements of thought and culture to the substantive *man*. A plural noun, *intellectuals*, has been coined out of this adjective which often is made to connote a chosen few, who with cold cynicism and lofty arrogance consider conservative thinking synonymous with backwardness. All of us, of course, should reach out after culture and a position of intellectual distinction. There is no aristocracy anywhere to compare with what Bishop Spalding calls 'the aristocracy of the mind', with what Father Cavanaugh calls 'the culture of the soul', with what Father Miltner calls the mentality that 'preserves its balance'.

Cynicism, however, is not culture. Rather it is an excrescence of self-centralization, a mental fatty degeneration resulting from too much intellectual self-love. It is developed oftentimes from smart reading, in which shabby fun is made of high things that the seriously minded have always regarded with reverent concern. Association with a scoffer begets a scoffer. We can not long read books or magazines that make light of the sacred Person of Christ, that shrug incredulous shoulders at great historic truths of faith, without ourselves catching the phrase and aping the manner of the scoffer. Men do not gather figs of thistles. There are hundreds writing special articles in the daily papers, in the magazines, who have 'new thoughts' with which to euphemize old sins; thousands of essayists and short story makers who have freak theories to offer as substitutes for old beliefs. These old sins our fathers and mothers, our grand-fathers and grand-mothers kept away from, because they prayed, re-

ceived the Sacraments and had no curiosity for symbolism and erotic adventuring. And these old beliefs: some of our ancestors died for them joyously, or lived for them in spite of repression and persecution.

Literature which gives a wrong twist to right thinking, which soils a wholesome imagination, which flatters us into a critical attitude about beliefs which thousands more gifted than we have accepted with great joy as a new revelation—such literature can only dwarf the soul's essential stature.

We must grow. We must grow not for ourselves only, but for others also. In some town in the far north, south, east, or west, there is waiting the man of the shop. His face maybe is grimy, but his soul is very white. He waits for the young man, his neighbor, who went where they have the learning, to come back home and help to uphold the truth which he has been defending for so long with all the might that is in him. The boy who went to Notre Dame three or four years ago will be back in the summer. This champion will crush his enemies and Truth will stand up triumphant in her own temple. A fancy, you say? No; a living reality, if we will have it so.

God grant it may be so. God grant a keen thinker, a clean liver, a young man of deep faith and great courage will go back to the shop-man who is heart hungry for his champion. God grant no cynic with a grin, a shrug, a jesture of unconcern will descend upon this toiler to wither his hopes.

—L. L.

Now that the mechanics in charge of operating the gridgraph have had considerable practice in their art (not only on Saturdays but at extra sessions held for this purpose) they are looking forward to an exceptionally successful afternoon "on the boards" tomorrow. They are expecting that the students will patronize "home industry" and not cheat the South Bend residents out of their places near the outdoor radios and in the Palais. This is not too much to expect: Notre Dame men should get the returns of the game on the campus.

Don Quixote

JACK MULLEN, '28.

THE mention of Cervantes' great work *Don Quixote* suggests one thing to the minds of most people. They immediately visualize a man in full armor, astride a worn-out horse, furiously charging upon a group of wind-mills. With the exception of that one scene, they know very little of the Mad Knight of La Mancha.

There is more to *Don Quixote* than the wind-mill episode, a great deal more. That particular incident occurs in the first few chapters, which may be the reason for its being so well known. It is surprising that Cervantes' masterpiece is not read more, especially as it is a book that should appeal to a man in almost any mood. It is full of romantic and highly imaginative adventure, of humor both quiet and boisterous, of ironic philosophy, and even occasionally, of tragedy.

Cervantes is said to have written the book simply as a burlesque upon the fanciful romances of his day, which put chivalry and its attendant virtues at a premium. But *Don Quixote* is more than a caricature of Knight-errantry. He is an epitome of all the idealists of the world. Like them, he is a fool to everyone but himself. He sees things not as they are, but as they would be in the imaginary world he has created. As a consequence, he is the laughing stock of everyone he meets. Misfortunes crowd upon him. He is struck down and almost killed by wind-mills; he is beaten by shepherds when he makes war upon their flock, thinking it to be a hostile army. He even loses his much cherished helmet, and is forcibly conveyed to his home; only to set forth later in search of more high adventure.

The story is a great comedy, and yet, at times, it is difficult not to take it seriously. We cannot help sympathizing with the Don in his numerous down-falls, nor in rejoicing with him when he decisively defeats an army of pigs. He is both funny and pathetic, this crazy man. He is so much like men we have known, who go through life waging unceasing

war upon wind-mills, and herds of sheep, and other imaginary enemies, or in giving undesired assistance to maidens in distress only to receive a slap, or still worse, a laugh, in return.

Like a shadow, Sancho Panza is always at the heels of Don Quixote, as faithful a squire as Knight ever had. Sancho is a common man, with a wife and family, but his ambitions have been aroused by the knight's promise of the governorship of an island when he shall have conquered the world and become emperor of Christendom. It is usually poor Sancho who suffers most when Don Quixote attacks the ogres and giants which he sees all about him in the persons of law-abiding citizens. Despite everything, however, Sancho's faith remains unshaken, though he is occasionally moved to rather sarcastic reflections upon the non-appearance of his island.

Sancho is full of a humorous philosophy upon life. Though a common man he has rather uncommon sense, and furthermore, great tenacity of purpose. He is even willing to brave the opposition of his wife rather than give up his expeditions with Don Quixote.

Cervantes had a wonderful knowledge of human nature. As we turn the pages of his book, we are amazed to meet our own acquaintances, disguised as the barber, the herdsman, the priest, the inn-keeper, his wife, or his daughter. Doubtless, we are there, too, if we could but recognize ourselves. The characters talk much as they would talk to-day. It is surprising to find that people have changed so little in three hundred years.

Though written so long ago, *Don Quixote* is still regarded as one of the greatest of all books. It contains every requirement for literary immortality. It is essentially comic, but is far from being a mere comedy. Into it, Cervantes has introduced several picaresque "novelas", fore-runners of the modern short story, of which he was a master.

A Modern Tragedy

LEO J. McCAULEY, '27

MRS. WALSTON flung herself upon the divan, and surveyed her pretty figure appraisingly in the long mirror that graced the opposite side of the room. That the reflection was not unappealing, was indicated by the pleasant smile that grew slowly at corners of her full curved lips, and, indeed, any painter would have been charmed at such an entrancing picture. Not the least important item was the beautiful head of golden brown hair, piled profusely but attractively about her oval face. This alone, not to mention a pair of distracting blue eyes and a seductively graceful figure, would have made her the envy of many members of the fair sex.

Yet Mrs. Walston was dissatisfied. A pouting frown succeeded the smile. She was unhappy. She had dressed for dinner, and Tom had just telephoned that he would not be able to get home till late. Business was the excuse. She sniffed, rather daintily. As if business was a suitable excuse for missing such a lovely dinner, not to mention the privilege of setting opposite such a lovely wife! But this was not the first time that disappointment had been her lot since she married Tom, four months ago. No less than six times he had failed to appear for the evening meal, and she had been forced to remain alone the whole evening. Her brow darkened and her dissatisfaction increased as she recalled how nonchalant his voice had sounded on the phone. Then her eyes narrowed, and suspicion tainted their beautiful depths. Could it be? No! She tightened her lips determinedly. She would not believe it until actual proof had been displayed—until she had seen with her own eyes. She picked up a book and read casually, but suspicion would not be downed, and her distraction increased. If it were true and he actually did contemplate that—but then it was impossible. Still, was it? And what would she do if it did happen? Rage flashed in her eyes, only to be succeeded by a look of cunning. She would not lose her temper as

other women had, and do something for which she would be sorry. No, assuredly not. She would act carefully and cautiously. She would lay her plans first, and then proceed.

After a little thought, she went to the table at the side of the room, and then hesitated. Should she? Perhaps she had better call on the phone first. She reached for the receiver, and spoke, lowly and hurriedly, with just a trace of agitation in her voice.

"Park 6363. Hello Tom, this is Helen. I am so lonely, dear, I just had to call you. I hate to think of being alone here all night." Then, purringly, "What are you doing, dear?"

Her eyes glistened at the evident confusion her question had caused. Tom was evidently embarrassed. "Why, er, I was dictating a letter dear."

"Oh, where were you this afternoon?"—casually.

Again, confusion, and then, "Oh, I just knocked about a bit."

Helen bridled, but controlled her anger to ask in silken tones, "Were you at the Liberty Building, dear?"

Tom hesitated, and then blurted "Er—yes—that is—well, I had to really, Helen, I—"

Mrs. Walston's eyes flashed fire as she slammed the receiver. "That settles it," she murmured grimly, "I'll do it."

She dashed upstairs, and after a few hurried words to her maid, she returned fully dressed, called for her car, and left the house.

Tom Walston pulled at his neatly waxed moustache thoughtfully. He paced the room with a puzzled look in his eyes, stopping now and then to gaze out of the window at the seething mass of humanity five stories below.

What could have gotten into Helen to act so strangely? As he gazed reflectively out of the window his attention was caught by a trim little coupe that made its way through the crowded traffic very dexterously. It stopped outside of the building across the

way, and his wife stepped out and hurried inside.

Tom's bewilderment faded, he gasped, and then walked the floor feverishly. Would she do it, he muttered, would she have the nerve to do it? Anger gleamed in his eyes, only to be replaced by fear. My God! How long would it take? Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and he started as his wife reappeared at the entrance of the Liberty Building. Her whole figure radiated satisfaction, and the car fairly leaped from the curb as she stepped on the gas.

What should he do? Nothing better than face it, he thought, and grasping his hat, he

started for the door.

They met in the hall. Resplendent in a new evening gown, she had just come down stairs. They regarded each other for fully a minute. He noted the difference in her appearance and sank into a chair.

"My God," he blubbered weakly. "You've disgraced me, why did you do it? Why? Why?"

Mrs. Walston's eyes flashed—"Why did you go to the Liberty Building? Didn't you disgrace me too?"

"I told you if you ever had your moustache clipped that way again I'd have my hair bobbed,—and I kept my promise, so there."

Concerning Me

LOUIS FRANKLIN, '26

INTROSPECTION rightly should be the keynote of an essay based upon one's self, but I think college students of the present day are sadly lacking in the old Grecian habit of meditation, either upon themselves or upon anything or anyone else. As for myself, I happen to be no exception to the given rule.

I have two courses open to me in the formulation of the words to follow: I can dwell with loving detail upon my many virtues, my wonderful personality, my striking appearance. In short I can paint a picture of a paragon of youth—but would anyone recognize the portrait as one of me?

Then I could swing to the other extreme and, striking a most modest note, describe myself in words which, upon reading, would make one throw the paper down with a stifled yawn and a mere thought as to how such a boring and totally nil personality could come into being in this day and age.

Either of these paths, while open before me, would inevitably lead to a "reductio ad absurdum" which, thank God, I hope I escape. Therefore what to do? If I praise myself, I become blatant and boring; if I go to the other extreme, I become merely boring and—well, shall we say more boring?

The problem and the solution thereto is merely, to relapse into the vernacular, to "Be Yourself"—a most difficult thing to be—in writing. But really this dissertation on what I might do is getting one nowhere, so perhaps it might be just as well to plunge right in and sink or swim on my own merits.

Suppose I say, just for a good beginning, I was born in the year 1905. The only truly remarkable thing about that is that I came then, and one year later came the San Francisco earthquake—two great cataclysms of nature in two years, one felt immediately, and one not until much later. Only Time can show whether the effect of one was as great as the effect which will be produced by the other.

Now that I've got myself born successfully, we'll proceed to the next milestone. I believe that was the moustache I grew last summer; yes, upon reflection, I'm sure it was the moustache. My pride of coming into the world has been surpassed only by the pride of bringing into the world myself that black line, which I still maintain was a true moustache, without omitting any of the qualifications whatsoever.

Of course, others might have and in fact did disagree with me as to the merits and

appearance of the said—shall I be trite and call in—said hirsute appendage, but any disagreements I may have had over it I always attributed to jealousy and promptly forgot them. It is only natural that a striking bit of personal adornment should call forth envy in those less fortunate in its possession.

But alas! My treasure is gone the way of all good things. Like Man, who is cut down by the Grim Reaper, so was it cut down by a grim reaper of another sort. Its day of usefulness was past; why foster an unnecessary being—a parasite? 'Tis gone.

In my short years of experience, I have fulfilled many of my childhood ambitions, so many in fact that now I have only two. In confession, I might say that they are: to call the Prince of Males, "Ed" or "Al," according to my mood at the time; and to eat caviar. I don't know what caviar is, I don't know whether it's fish, animal or fowl; but I do know that someday my lust for caviar is to be gratified. Who has ever read a novel in which the hero did not call

for a "small caviar sandwich?" To a budding author, who wishes to become cosmopolitan in his writings, this little touch about the caviar lends that much to be desired Continental flavor.

Hence I've read of caviar till I start up at night sometimes with a cold sweat breaking from every pore, and my mind can only grasp one thing, and one other thing—I must call Edward Albert, "Ed" or "Al," but most of all—I must have caviar. Who knows. Possibly that day is nearer than I could ever imagine. Again, only the old bromide, "Time will tell," seems to adequately describe the situation.

As I said at the beginning, introspection is utterly foreign to me. In the words of Huxley, "My nature is so simple as to become complex." And as Chesterton preaches that paradoxes are the best form, suppose we close on that note, played in a subdued minor key, without the least bit of haste in the tempo, but with infinite expression.

"Myself—what a subject to write upon!"

ROMANCE

Old times are changed and manners gone
Since men have grown so wise;
Thus, cherished sights fade one by one
As clouds from summer skies.

List to the fate of image quaint—
Grim idol at yon store,
In feathers fringed and smeared with paint,
The 'genius' by the door:

A harness-shop across the way
From old established mart,
Displayed a steed of dapple grey
That preyed on big Chief's heart.

And straight, he dropped his sample weed,—
Fierce tomahawk then drew;
Vaulting on that trusty steed,
Into the sunset flew.

—F. K. E.

Ensington's Alarm Clock

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER, '27

ENSINGTON lay flat on his back searching the figured ceiling with his eyes. From time to time he readjusted the pillow under his head. Out of his mouth there was emitted spiritual-like spirals of blue cigarette smoke that ascended and made hazy clouds in the upper strata of the atmosphere.

There was a rumble and rap at the door.

"What you want?" Ensington growled.

"Goin' to biology? The bell's rung." A young voice came through the panel.

"Naw. Goin' to cut it to-day, Frank. Don't feel like goin' over. See you later."

The boy went away but Ensington remained there motionless, staring. He felt miserably disgusted with life. There seemed to be nothing to look forward to but the backwash of regret, the unsoluble intricacies of struggle. Once he had read a poem about a man who wanted to live by the side of the road and watch the race of men go by. Poor fool. No one could do that!

From without whistled the chill flow of autumn breeze washing along the brown stone of the dormitory; here and there throughout the building came graduated echoes of laughter and conversation. Ensington pondered on the race of men.

His mind went back over his two years at Lanning University. Those years had been only interims of toil, sickened with the added acerbity of his dying faith in humanity. Those first autumn afternoons in the woods, the long walks alone with the gray sky and wind-washed clouds, the pleasing groan of leafless branches sorrowing over their lately lost adornment. . . all these things colored themselves in his mind.

What way was out?

As if in answer he got down and walked over to a wardrobe trunk in the corner. From one of the drawers he drew forth a small pistol, made sure it was loaded and in working condition, and returned to his former position on the bed.

The alarm clock pointed five minutes of three. He set the alarm hand at three o'clock!

"At three o'clock I shoot myself," Ensington said solemnly, almost ridiculously out loud, for there was no one to hear him. "When Big Ben indicates three o'clock I send a bullet into my worthless brain and that ends it all. . . at least *here*."

The gun braced against the side of his temple Ensington kept his eyes glued on the clock, ticking, almost galloping, on the table.

As he lay there waiting for death the panorama of his life began to re-unfold itself, tumbling out of his memory like a long serial film, scene upon scene, tragedy upon tragedy.

His childhood in a small Indiana town where life ran much without rancor or ripple; where, feet bared, he trod the trails of innocent happiness. School with its empty differences, its small worries, the beginnings of struggle, came to him. His first tussle, his first bloody nose, his mother's solicitous care when he had the measles and small pox. He remembered the verses he used to scribble in the back of his grammar about blue skies and red flowers, and how the instructor, annoyed at this made him stay after hours and erase them laboriously from the pages of his texts. That had been the end of his career as a poet.

He began his high school work but Ensington's father was failing. Ensington could see it as daily his parent dragged himself off to work, grayer in the cold early morning, more haggard in the warm evening firelight. Then his father layed off a day or two, then shortly after he layed off a few more, and a few more; then, he stopped working. One day Ensington came home from school to find his father very ill. Two days later he had passed away with the words: "My boy, get an education above anything. I didn't have it. See how I had to work."

How to get an education. That was the question. His mother wanted him to work

but Ensington wouldn't think of that. He agreed to quit his freshman year in high school and go to work in the glass factories. Then came the gruelling shifts in the hot, blinding bottle rooms where, in the tepid summer afternoons he used to look up at the blue sky and wonder of education meant relief from that.

Ensington seemed unaware, in his thoughts, that the clock crept near three o'clock.

His mother died, too, in a few months. Edward Ensington was the only child so he got the small house and double lot, the heritage from the life labor of his father. He sold the house and with the money as an asset started back to school. The local newspaper wanted a night cub reporter. He got the job, attending high school in the day time. After a while he had climbed into the position of night editor.

Then college! September, with its rush of matured flashiness in the face of impending autumn, saw him ready to take up the difficult struggle for self-support. He had saved \$300 with which to pay his tuition for the first year. It was up to his own initiative to keep going from there on.

In books he had casually picked up, such as "Stover at Yale", "College Days", and "Bound to Rise", he had read of boys working their way through a university unassisted. Once a fat, patricious business man said to him: "Anyone can get an education if they put their mind to it. Anyone can made their way through college if they *want* to bad enough. Yes sir, they sure can."

But that was all tucked in the pages of books, he had found out. When the brain is confronted by two identical duties, that of work and study, the education is bound to suffer.

At Lanning he became acquainted with other fellows that "worked their way" and who had more jobs than they knew how to hold. He "hashed" for his meals, worked in a dry goods store in the afternoon, and studied every night. He jammed through the first year successfully, but fagged by the continuous battle of mind and muscle. The second year discovered him slowly reverting

to a standstill. His body began to revoke his ambitions, his mind began to creep backward and forward in search of a way out.

Ensington looked at the clock. A half minute of three! How long the minutes seemed!

Then there was a girl, two of them, maybe more. They came into his life with the christening light of happiness and left it more faded than ever when they chose to depart.

Here Ensington was on the brink of decision. He felt that he was incapacitated to face two or three years more of this eternal duality of struggle for livelihood and learning. He was a consummate coward, he admitted to himself, but then there was an end to some things.

In Ensington's mind as he lay there waiting for the alarm to blare out, he saw stretching before him the broad highway of honesty and ethical integrity. The way was a bit bumpy and craggy for the first few miles. But his eyes did not seem to perceive the elastic brightness of happiness past the bad stretch of road. Ensington's years were young but his body was old, very old, and his heart tired.

He cocked the gun and put tension on the trigger. The broad highway faded from his imagination.

Why didn't the alarm ring? Surely it was far past time.

He waited.

Finally he listened intently. No ticking sound came to his ear. **THE CLOCK HAD STOPPED.**

He dropped the automatic and rushed into Bill Strickler's room next door.

"What's the time, Bill?"

"Three-twenty."

Somehow Ensington fumbled back to his room. He picked up the alarm clock and with a hysterical laugh cast it through the broad window. There was a great crash of glass.

As he stood there laughing, almost crying, the gray floor was suddenly gilded with a burst of golden light as the sun came out from behind an impending cloud. Ensington saw the broad highway shining into the sky.

SPORT NEWS

Gophers Grounded, 19-7



MAYER

It was a case of "off again, on again, gone again Flanagan" in the Notre Dame camp. When frost has touched leaves in the fall some grow leaden and die; others take on a new golden life. So it is with adversity. If anyone had any doubt as to how the Blue and Gold might react to the frosty clutch of the Army defeat those conjectures were settled by the brilliant running attack unleashed to down Minnesota 19 to 7 in the Memorial stadium at Minneapolis last Saturday. The stored-up fury of a week's rankling under the humiliating score inflicted by the West Pointers, came to the surface as the Rockmen, displaying the best brand of football shown so far, slid round the ends and smashed the tackles to down the giant Gopher combination. In a word, it was a contest between old smashing methods of attack modernized, and the latest in high speed playing, and—well everyone knows that spears are useless in the face of a whirlwind.

The Gophers presented a strong offense to the invaders but were unable to gnaw their way through the line which had been shattered by the Army big guns a week before. The Fighting Irish took the field a better team for the week's work and during a greater part of the fray outclassed their northern opponents to a greater extent than the score would indicate. Both teams displayed a deversified offensive and the strategy called into play by both sides was ad-

mirable. Minnesota, shifting both line and backfield presented a smashing attack. They were unable to run the ends but managed to gain on line plays in creditable manner. Herb Joesting was the main cog in this latter style of play and to him goes a great deal of the credit for the strong showing made by his team. Notre Dame, on the other hand, seemed to have regained some of the team work that so characterized last year's National Champions and the interference given runners was one of the brilliant features of the afternoon's performance.

During the first quarter the Blue and Gold excelled and worked the ball in Gopher territory during the entire period. Twice they threatened to score, and as the quarter ended the pigskin was resting on the four yard line. On the first play of the second frame Rex Enright rammed through center for the first touchdown of the game. Flanagan added the extra point a moment later. Notre Dame kicked off to Dr. Spear's men and they immediately uncorked a hard hitting attack to march down the field

on successive gains that culminated in a counter as Almquist smashed through tackle on a criss-cross play. Asher lifted the oval over the bars and between the up-rights to the pointage at seven all. After an exchange of punts the Minnies again threatened. A thirty yard pass



FLANAGAN

worked off drop-kick formation brought the ball to the Notre Dame two yard line. Here Joesting was given the ball in an effort to score but as he crossed the line of scrimmage the elusive pigskin slipped from his grasp. Art Parisien, who had just gone in at quarter, collected the wandering oval into his arms and streaked down the field some eighty-three yards where he was downed deep in the Big Ten school's territory. A pass, Parisien to Roach, brought the ball to the four yard line. Enright was sent through center on the first play and carried the ball to the Minnesota six-inch line. Here the timer's gun cheated the Blue clad warriors of a touchdown and the half ended: Notre Dame 7, Minnesota 7.

The third quarter belonged decisively to the Irish who recovered two blocked punts and threatened to score several times. Flanagan went around right end with the opening of the final act and scored. The try for point after touchdown failed when a place kick was blocked. Shortly afterward Flanagan again cut loose and placed the ball on Minnesota's five yard line. Enright scored on the next play. The kick for goal was missed.

The Gophers now desperately turned to passing as the dying minutes of the game flew past; but to no avail. The game ended: Notre Dame 19, Minnesota 7.

Shorty Almquist, by his clever strategy and stellar player marked himself as one of the outstanding players of the fray. Upon Herb Joesting devolved the greater part of the Gopher ground-gaining activities and we would pick him as the individual luminary of the matinee. Walsh and Hanson, guards, turned in fine games along the forward wall.

When passing around the praise Tom Hearnden should not be left out. Many of the long gains were traceable to the stellar work of this plucky red-head. Rex Enright, at full, played in a finished manner. John Smith looked best among Notre Dame linemen. Joe Boland blocked a few punts, smashed through on defense to spoil plays and otherwise did about all that is expected of a tackle. "Bud" Boeringer spent most of the time at center and his pivot play was

a feature in itself. Marelli turned in his usual steady game. And don't overlook Mr. Parisien. In a manner it may be safely said that he saved the day for the Blue and Gold to a certain extent and greater things may be expected of this Sophomore.

NOTRE DAME (19)

MINNESOTA (7)

Crowe (c), Voedich	L.E.	Tuttle Koplin
Boland, McMullen	L.T.	Drill, Hyde
Marelli, J. Smith	L.G.	Hanson, Kaminski
Boeringer, Fredericks	C.	Cooper, MacKinnon
Mayer, R. Smith	R.G.	Walsh
McManmon, Poliski	R.T.	Gary
Wallace, Rigali	R.E.	Wheeler, O'Brien
Edwards, Parisien,		
Riley	Q.B.	Almquist
Flanagan, Scharer,		
Roach, O'Boyle	R.H.	Asher (C)
Hearnden, Prelli	L.H.	Murrel, Peplaw
Enright, Hanousek	F.B.	Joesting, Van Duzee

SUMMARY: Touchdowns. (Notre Dame) Enright 2, Flanagan, 1; (Minnesota) Asher.

Point on try after touchdown: (Notre Dame) Flanagan; (Minnesota) Asher.

Officials, Referee—Magidsohn (Michigan); Umpire—Schommer (Chicago); Field Judge—Corey (Nebraska); Head linesman—Huston (Parsons.)

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

First Downs—Notre Dame 11, Minnesota 7.

Yards gained in scrimmage—Notre Dame 324 yards on 53 attempts. Average gain of six yards. Minnesota: 156 yards on 50 attempts. Three yards average gain.

Yards Gained by Passing—Notre Dame: One completed out of five attempts. Gain in yardage: 16 yards. Minnesota: Two out of six attempts completed. Gain 36 yards.

Yards Lost in Scrimmage—Notre Dame: 24 yards on six attempts. Minnesota: 4 yards on two attempts.

Fumbles—Notre Dame 2. Minnesota 2.

Penalties—Notre Dame, 20 yards. Minnesota, 5 yards.

Punts—Notre Dame: 251 yards on seven kicks. Average, 36 yards. Minnesota: 232 yards on eight kicks. Average, 29 yards.

Punts blocked—by Notre Dame, 2; Minnesota, 0.

Longest runs—Notre Dame, Parisien, 83 yards; Minnesota, Herb Joesting, 19 yards.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

The entire squad was given a thorough workout when the yearlings were split into two groups, one meeting Kalamazoo on Friday and the other squad journeying to Lake Forest to play in the mud on Saturday. Neither game resulted in a victory for the Freshmen; Kalamazoo won by a 21 to 0 count and Lake Forest took home the honors to the tune of a six to nothing victory.

Breaks were the deciding in the Kalamazoo struggle. A driving attack followed by a pass accounted for the first score. The second mark came when a Kalamazoo back intercepted a pass and followed it with a forty-five yard run. The Freshmen fought hard in the third quarter and it was not until shortly before the final whistle that the fumble occurred that gave the Teachers their final seven points.

Failure to take advantage of the breaks that came their way caused the downfall of the Freshmen. The defensive work of Janeky at fullback with the line play of Fitzpatrick Snell and Vezie was the outstanding features of the Irish play. Hughes at quarterback gave a good account of himself, calling his signals with snap and precision.

The Lake Forest game developed into a battle from whistle to whistle. The Freshmen outplaying and out fighting the Foresters through long, muddy periods. It was not until the last quarter when a punt went out of bounds on the Yearlings 15 yard line that Lake Forest was able to plow over for a touchdown.

The Freshmen pulled a duplicate of what occurred to the Varsity at Minnesota when the first half ended with the ball in their possession on the six-inch line. They had been placed there after a series of drives from the fifty-yard line. A touchdown was practically certain.

The brainy work of Crowe and Lynch at quarter and the punting of McGrath featured the play of the backfield. The defensive work of the tackles and ends accounts for the low score.

OFF-CAMPUS VS. ARMCO

The "Day Dogs" spent an enjoyable week-end at Middletown, Ohio, demonstrating the Notre Dame spirit in that bustling industrial center. They duplicated the Varsity's experience of the week before, emerging on the zero end of a 27-0 score in a joust with the strong Armco team. An unparalleled quantity of mud necessitated a trip to the laundry for the red jerseys of the downtown boys. Otherwise all was well. The "Day Dogs" were unable to make any headway against a heavier and more experienced aggregation. Most of the gains were made around their ends as the line was adamant. Ryan at right tackle, and Smith at center were largely responsible for this. At half and later as full, White turned in a fine performance.

BROWNSON BOWS TO JONESBORO 49-0

Brownson fared even worse at Jonesboro, (not Arkansas) though nobody could be found who knew the exact extent of the injuries. The light and fast boys from the Administration Building were no fit foes for the athletic heavyweights that composed Jonesboro's attack. One of the Brownsonites is quoted as saying they were harder to tackle than a barrel of flour. During the few times the dorm dweller's advance was able to get under way Krieg made good gains. He also showed up well on the defensive. Norman, playing center, offered strenuous resistance to the Jonesboro backs who invaded his territory.

INTER-HALL DOPE UPSET

Last week, Old Man Dope tackled two inter-hall gridiron machines and spoiled their smoothly running, synchronical machinery. Before his appearance, the Sophomore Hall combination had repeatedly taken the ball over the last white line two or three times more than their opponents. Then the Badin aggregation came along and marred their winning streak by defeating them to the tune of 12 to 0. The other tilt between Walsh and Corby ended with the Walsh outfit bowing in defeat.

BADIN 12—SOPHOMORE 0

Displaying a versatile attack and a strong defense, Badin Hall defeated the Sophs due to their superior reserve strength and heavier material. The Sophomore rugby wrestlers held the Walsh outfit throughout the first two periods with a speedy, dodging running attack and aerial assault. But during the last half the mighty toe of Lalsalle began to take its toll of the battle, putting the pigskin over the uprights twice out of three attempts. Badin scored its touchdown in the third quarter by rushing the ball in a series of runs around alternate ends and plunging over and through the line, McDonald diving over for the winning points. Purcell, showing exceptional ability in getting away to long end runs. Bachman at guard and McCarthy, a center, were the outstanding stars of the team from the east end of the campus.

CORBY 6—WALSH 0

Corby Hall nosed out the Walsh combine last Wednesday afternoon, rolling up a total of six points while their opponents went scoreless. The battle was a losing one for Walsh from the start, the well-timed passing, punting, and running of the Corby outfit bringing about their well-earned score. There were several occasional flashes in the game such as when Sheridan of Corby circled the end for a pretty run, when Degnan of Walsh ploughed off tackle, or when Reidy made a several yard gain. The superior plunging and off tackle smashes of the Corby aggregation was largely responsible for their yardage and Walsh finally bowed in defeat being routed in the last half after putting up splendid opposition for two periods.

INTER-HALL STANDING

	Games Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Howard	2*	1	0	1.000
Off-Campus	3	2	1	.666
Freshman	2	1	1	.500
Brownson	3**	0	1	.000
Carrell	2*	0	1	.000
Sophomore	3	2	1	.666
Corby	3	2	1	.666
Sorin	2	1	1	.500

Badin	2	1	1	.500
Walsh	2	0	2	.000

* Tie Games.

INDIANA DOWNED BY CROSS COUNTRY COMBINE



YOUNG

Pontoons and barges would have been the order of the day if the Notre Dame harriers could have had their way as they splashed up enough mud to emerge on the smiling end of a 23 to 32 score while dedicating Indiana's new cross country course at Bloomington last Saturday. There was one individual who was determined to have his own way about things, however, and this accounts for the mark hung up by Young as he finished after eighteen minutes, one-and-two-fifths seconds of brilliant running over the rain soaked course. The rest of the field finished in the following order: Rose and Cain of Indiana, Dolmage, Maloney, Collins and Masterson of Notre Dame.

This was the first competition the Blue and Gold runners have met this season and the result pointed to the fact that this year's squad will undoubtedly be the best that Notre Dame has had in the hills and dells exploration business for many moons. Captain Nulty was forced out of the running during the first mile by a bad ankle, after a plucky start.

Encouraged by this victory Coach Wendland's men have been working out intensively this week in preparation for their clash with Northwestern at Evanston to-morrow. A victory over the Purple is a much coveted prize because the Coach Hill's men were the only ones to mar the Blue and Gold's string of victories last year.

Out east Penn State called it a day after trimming Michigan State by a 13 to 6 score. Penn State took the lead in the early part of the game, and although playing on a muddy field displayed a hard, clever attack, that may give the Rox trouble next week when the two meet at State College.

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NEWS-TIMES

SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

Over fifty thousand spectators crowded the magnificent Memorial Stadium at Minneapolis, the largest multitude that has ever witnessed a football game in the Northwest. This makes a total of 130,000 fans who have seen Notre Dame's last two games. Yep, it looks as if interest in Notre Dame football is on the decline.

* * * *

According to reports, the Notre Dame-Minnesota game was blessed with the only dry field in the country. The weather reports called for a "snow covered gridiron" but it failed to materialize and the ground was fast and hard and the air crisp and dry.

* * * *

When twelve thousand throats burst forth with the "Ski-U-Mah" it fairly rocked the stadium but volumn didn't dishearten the little Notre Dame aggregation and they brazenly came back with a "Victory March" with all their might that showed they were not to be outdone by numbers.

* * * *

The name Flanagan will be long remembered in the land of the Gopher. Fifty thousand excited rooters saw Minnesota's hopes for a tie go glimmering as our "Christie" twisted and dodged his way through the Maroon and Gold team for three spectacular runs that netted sixty-four yards and two touchdowns, all within the space of five minutes. And more than one Minnesota backfield man got to his feet to find that he had been tackled and tackled hard by that same young man.

* * * *

It sounds like a story book when a diminutive quarterback is rushed into his first big game at a critical moment and on the first play scoops up a fumble on the one yard line and runs eighty yards down the field with it, but that is just exactly what Arthur Parisien did Saturday. And to make the story all the more heroic on his second play he hurled a fifteen yard pass to Roach that placed the ball on Minnesota's four yard line.

* * * *

The time between the halves was well taken up with fine exhibitions of music and military maneuvering by the three bands present. First the Notre Dame gray paraded the field playing the "Victory March" and the "Hike Song" and were enthusiastically received by Maroon and Gold cheering sections. Then came the blue of Minnesota's mighty band with some intricate formations that ended in a human M I N N stretched across the field. The American Legion Bugle Corps in flashy red and blue uniforms then strutted forth and "did their stuff."

—GHOUL POST II.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

Alabama is where Aunt Jemima and most of the popular songs seem to come from. But they have something else beside rhymes for "mammy" etc., as Georgia Tech learned last Saturday when a football team from that state stopped the Golden Tornado long enough to ring up a 7 to 0 winning over the Georgians. This was the first time that Tech has bowed on the white-sliced field this season. A three year team with the services of the great Wycoffe is forbidding thought for the optimist these days. Georgia Tech will probably use the famous shift plays and an unbalanced line with a plunging, smashing game predominating. The Southerners will hold all of the advantages when they clash with the Fighting Irish at Atlanta to-morrow. Fighting on their home grid the Tech combination is always a hard team to beat and this season they are a great deal tougher than usual. It will be a hard fight against great odds for the Rockmen.

The land of romance and beautiful Creole women,—the land that has made juleps famous, lost some of its charm for Northwestern when Tulane came up from the southlands to down the Purple by a 18 to 7 score. Moon Baker, sensational back was absent from the Northern line-up, and the men from below the Mason and Dixon line took the lead in the first quarter and for the greater part of the game had things much their own way.

Nebraska swept a stubborn Kansas team into the losing column of Sunday's papers with a 14 to 0 tally. This was the tenth Jayhawker scalp to be added to the Cornhuskers belt in ten years of competition. The touchdowns did not come until the final half although the Huskers had repeatedly worked the ball down to the Kansan five and ten yard line only to be stopped by the fighting mule-men. Nebraska showed a great deal of power on the offensive.

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Never Stains**

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MODESTY OF CULTURE

Football Classic

Cerby vs. Walsh.

3:30 this afternoon.—*Bulletin.*

* * * * *

"And what," asks the professor of Economics, "are we to do with the unemployed increment?"

We are to appoint it on one of the S. A. C. committees, or on one of the bon-ton committees of Mr. Bon.

* * * * *

The Scribblers, with their jug of grape and book of verses, are agitating Scribbler pins.

Obviously a misprint for Scribbler pens.

* * * * *

The man "On the Enemy's Trail" asks this naughty question: "Can the northerners Go-pher against the beaten Irish?"

Looks like blood out of the *Juggler* vein.

* * * * *

PASS THE NUTS

His one good almond-shaped eye twinkled at me.—SCHOLASTIC.

* * * * *

The Kokomo line averaged some 225 lbs. from tackle to tackle. SCHOLASTIC.

O for those four elephants we had last summer!

* * * * *

SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

Dearest:

This verse I dedicate to you
Oh sweetheart Columbine.
'Twas last night that you told me dear
You'd be forever mine.

I think of you both night and day;
Your love will drive me mad!
I'm writing home for fifty bucks;
I know 'twill please my dad.

Alas! I hate this college life.
Elope with me this week.
I hope to get my midnight "per."
With kisses,

I'm your,
SHEIK.

Simeon:

I hope your old gent comes across
With more than fifty smacks.
Takes more than that before this kid
Gets out her duds and packs.

You better get that midnight "per"
And quit your N. D. line.
I'm sick of hearing all this stuff.
Make haste!

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**SAWYER'S SLICKERS**

Carte du Jour

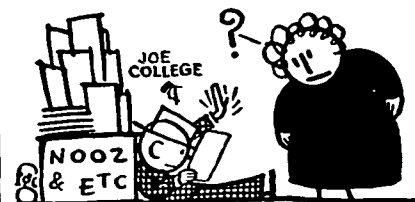
Now, Phideas Krinkle, early in his college course, would have no frills, either as regards scholarship and studies, or equipment. Hence, we found him (that is, some one did) buying a pen for \$1.37 — today only — and putting the difference between that and the price of a Parker Duofold in books — good books, too, let it be understood. And passing charitably over some profane lapses, he got along with it till graduation, and then some. We're liberal — it would make a mark when you pressed it, frequently. But Krinkle, with this penny-grasping trait, went bankrupt three years after graduation. And he never did amount to much after.

Jack Free, on the other hand, had an eye to quality, beauty, and — oh yes — quality. His second week in college found him with a Parker Duofold. Makes no difference if he did steal it — he knew what sort to steal, and the victim bought another Parker, anyway. Well, to coin a phrase, that was just like Jack, and he graduated and signed his first check with a flourish and a Parker. And, due, it must be admitted in fairness by all, to this belief and insistence on *quality* at all costs, *he* went stony broke in two years.

So there really was little advantage in the Parker Duofold over the orphan-pen, except having something decent to write with during the period mentioned.

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**"silence,
tradesperson,
and but a mere
modicum of that.
my soul will brook
no interruption
of its immediate
metabolization
of the goodies
in this week's
life."**

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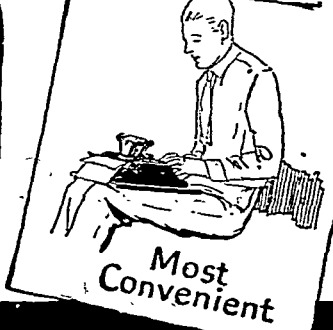
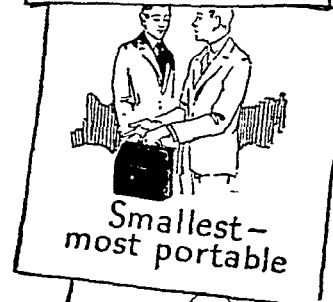
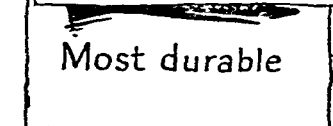
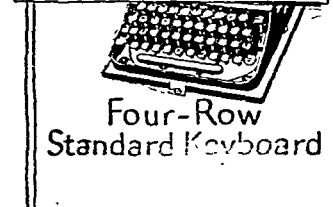
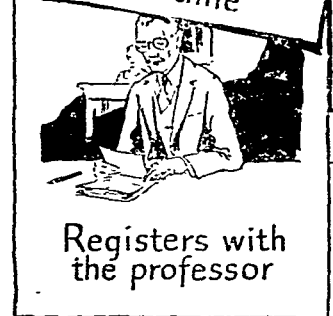
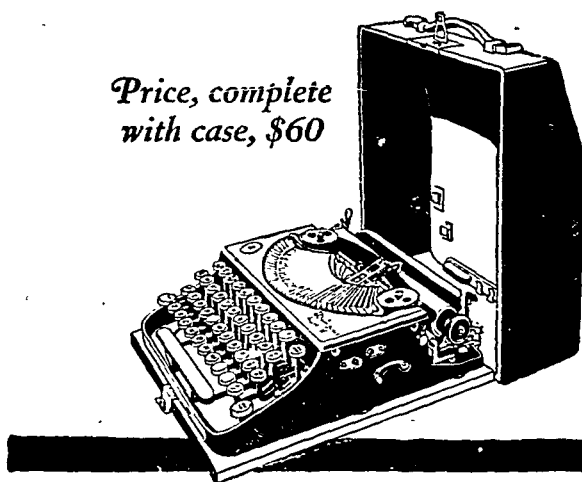
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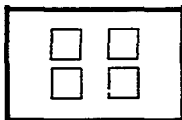
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