

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

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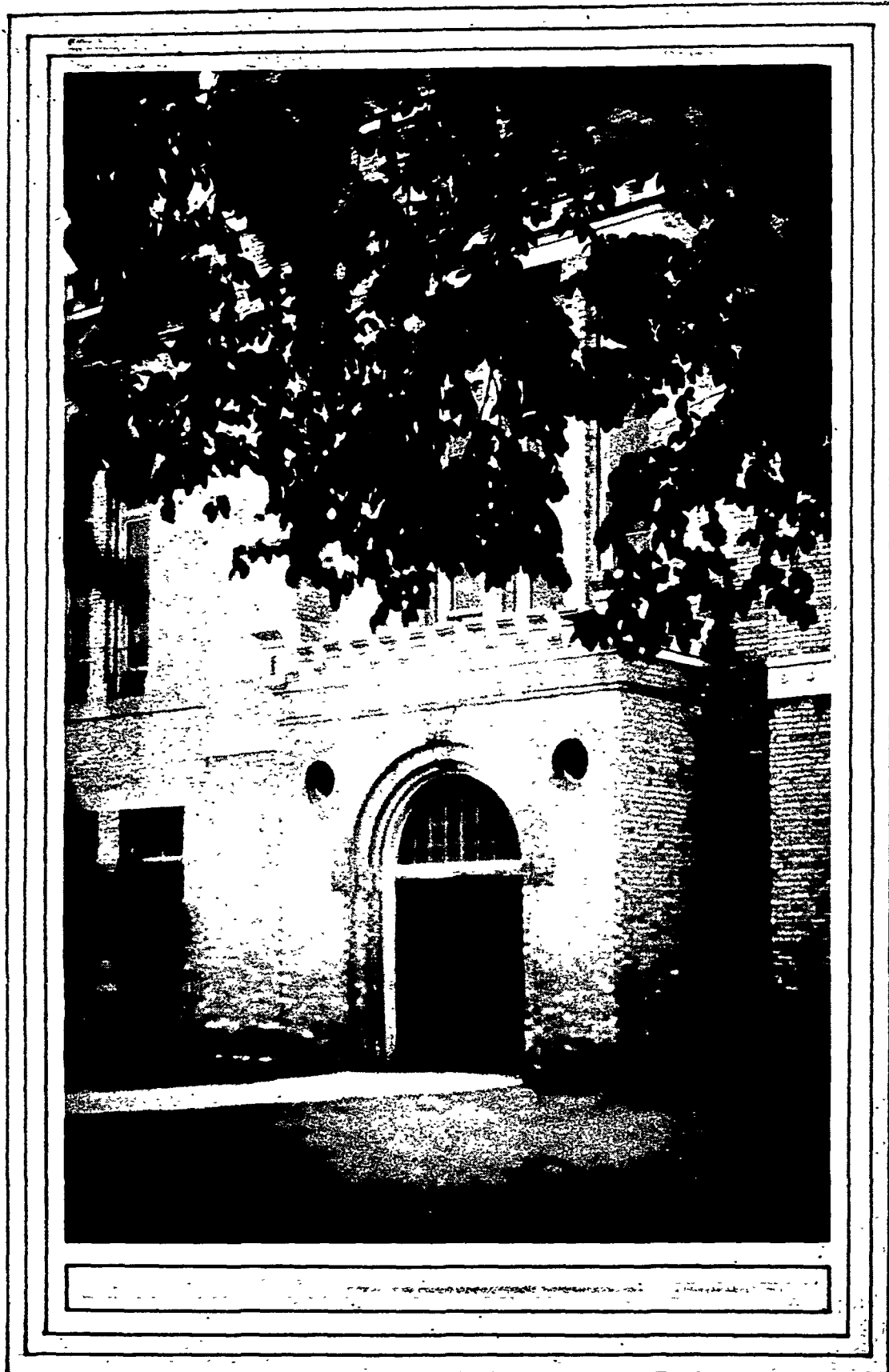
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ENTRANCE TO THE GYMNASIUM

THE WEEK

The busy week just ended succeeded in embracing more events than any other set of seven days this scholastic year. Happenings piled up one on another in a whirl of activity: conflicts were frequent and participants were given an opportunity on more than one evening to dash madly from one affair to another and then on to a third or fourth. The task of selection was, and is, rather appalling.

We have never seen so many and such interesting meetings scheduled for one week. The New York State and the Louisiana-Mississippi Clubs staged dinner meetings which proved the possibility of keeping state clubs alive and kicking: the policy of monthly dinners deserves the attention of other club presidents who find difficulty in holding together their scattered membership. A surprisingly large turn-out enabled the Players Club to enter upon its yearly re-organization with enthusiasm and confidence. The Players propose to conduct a one-act play contest for the evident purpose of digging out Notre Dame plays worthy of production. The unique program of its first meeting indicates a promising year for Le Cercle Francais, while Council 1477 of the Knights of Columbus added another successful meeting to its credit when it engaged Father Walsh for its last October session. And the Grand Rapids Club, as well as a half dozen others who do not come to mind just now, met and laid plans for annual Christmas dances in their respective home towns.

Hallowe'en attracted little notice on the campus but two dances featuring orange and black decorations secured considerable student patronage on Friday and Saturday nights. Candidates for the Engineers Club were fittingly initiated in a ceremony in which electricity and cider figured promi-

nently. The publicity director of the Corby Hall football team sought to boost attendance and enthusiasm by copious advertising of the "Great Conflict" with Badin on Wednesday afternoon. Clever application of the principles of advertising also helped to secure a record crowd at the Day Dog Smoker, where a program mingling the distinguished with the humerous called forth unqualified approval. Another pretentious and well-received smoker was engineered by Brownson Hall late last week: the elaborate and entertaining programs of these smokers set a high mark which those who plan like events will find difficult to equal.

Things literary continue to present interesting developments. The Scribblers have announced their annual poetry contest with the deadline set for December first. Response in former years has proved generous and stimulating and the contest has never yet failed to uncover some campus poet previously unknown. *Pan* pranced forth once more with an issue chuck-full of interesting material. And the Library reports an unceasing demand for "The Four Winners" and "Coaching."

The future holds events both menacing and pleasureable. Examinations loom uncomfortably near at hand, with their promise of all-night vigils and a final reckoning. The claims of Homecoming however, will do much to counterbalance the gloom of next week. The stands seem to be sold out and questions concerning the colors of Carnegie Tech have been flooding the office of the Athletic Association. Merchants planning to decorate will have some difficulty in securing just the right plaid to represent the Tartans. The Scholarship Club is planning a dance for tonight and the Law Club a smoker for next week. It will take twenty-four hours a day to take in everything on this busy campus next week.—J. A. W.

THE TARTANS ARE COMING

The Scotch are going to invade Notre Dame this year with the confident expectation of carrying the Irish scalp back to the Orange country to serve as an everlasting reminder of the time Carnegie Tech walloped Notre Dame on its own front porch and on its own Homecoming Day.

Such is the sentiment voiced by *The Carnegie Tartan*, the official organ of the Kiltie school. Back there where bagpipes furnish music for Charlestoners and flappers are not alone in wearing short skirts, they are preparing strenuously for the charge which they will make on the land of "Mother Machree," a charge which the plaid-bearers are certain will be a victorious one.

Not the least of the preparations are being made by "Buddy" Overend, graduate manager of the Tech football squad. Says *The Tartan*: "So confident is 'Buddy' Overend of the result of the game at South Bend that he has chartered two special trains, one over the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie and one over the Pennsylvania railroad, to convey the Kiltie Band, students fortunate enough to possess the necessary cash, and alumni from Pittsburgh and points west on these lines to South Bend, where he believes they will see the Tartan gridders attain the aim they have thrice unsuccessfully striven to reach."

The Tartan hasn't finished yet. Quite the contrary, in continues in this vein: "Carnegie's attention is now centered on the annual game with Notre Dame. Knute Rockne's Irishers are to be met this year on their home field. Now two great events fall on that day, Mid-Semester Day and the Notre Dame game. What more fitting way to celebrate the former than by a victory in the latter? It would usher in the final half of the semester rather auspiciously, eh what?"

And that isn't all. *The Tartan* adds: "And the beauty of it is that there is more than an even chance of accomplishing that little trick."

That's the way the Scotch feel about it. And just to prove that they are in earnest, they have already made their thousand seat

reservation look puny to care for the mob expected. The Scotch are coming!

The SCHOLASTIC wishes to make only one remark: You're more than welcome, Carnegie, and everything we have is yours—except for the one small item of a certain football game. That we must insist on keeping. You see, it's a sort of heirloom—sort of heritage from our Fighting Irish ancestors—and we can't possibly give it up.

FATHER WALSH ADDRESSES KNIGHTS

At the last regular meeting of the Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus, Tuesday evening, October 27, Father Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, was the speaker. He spoke of the work of the organization in the past, and told the members what was expected of them in their part in Campus Activities.

Plans for the first initiation of the year to be held the first week in December, were discussed at the business meeting which preceded Father Walsh's talk.

During the past week the appointments to the editorial staff of the *Santa Maria*, local council publication, were announced. They are as follows: Stephan R. Pietrowicz, editor; George Schill, Business Manager, and Thomas O'Connor, Circulation Manager. The *Santa Maria* is the official publication of Notre Dame Council and will appear as a monthly, beginning December first. The editor promises a real, honest-to-goodness issue, containing feature articles, campus news, notes of the Council, and a few wise-cracks.

The next meeting of the Council will be on the evening of November tenth. Daniel Butler, the Supreme Secretary of the Order will be here to look over the Council and address the members. The Lecturer has promised a wealth of unusual entertainment extraordinary.

Hayes Fuller, A. B. '25, visited the University recently for a short time. He stopped on his way to New York City, where he has a position on the advertising staff of the New York *Times*.

LIBRARY NOTES

Miss Anna Phillips, of Elmira, N. Y., is the new cataloguer for the Library. Miss Phillips began her duties on Monday of this week. Her experience in her profession proclaims her as one worthy of her position. She has been connected with the New York City Public Library, with the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., and for the past two and one-half years has been the librarian of the Olean (N. Y.) High School.

* * * * *

The Art Galleries, which have been undergoing renovation for some time past, will be open for the Homecoming visitors. With the re-opening of the old galleries, a new gallery will be added. It will contain many new pictures which the Library has been fortunate in obtaining.

* * * * *

The following books have been placed on the shelves in the Library:

Abbott, Evelyn—Life and Letters of Benjamin Jewett.
 Ballantine, H. W.—Preparation of Contracts and Conveyances.
 Bell, Mackenzie—Christina Rossetti.
 Bollo, L. C.—South America, Past and Present.
 Brown, S. J.—Ireland in Fiction.
 Browning, Robert—Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning (2 volumes).
 Cary, E. L.—Tennyson, His Homes, His Friends and His Work.
 Chapman, J. C.—Principles of Education.
 Collingwood, W. G.—Life and Work of John Ruskin, (2 volumes).
 Cross, I. B.—Domestic and Foreign Exchange, Theory and Practice.
 Cross, W. T.—Making of a Trust Company.
 Darwin, Francis—Life and Letters of Charles Darwin (3 volumes).
 Davis, R. H.—Exiles and Other Stories.
 Davis, R. H.—Gallagher and Other Stories.
 Davis, R. H.—Lost Road.
 Davis, R. H.—Man Who Could Not Lose.
 Davis, R. H.—Red Cross Girl.
 Davis, R. H.—Scarlet Car.
 Davis, R. H.—Soldiers of Fortune.
 Dudley, O. F.—Will Men Be Like Gods?
 Eichler, Lillian—Customs of Mankind.
 Fitzmaurice, Kelly James—Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.
 Forster John—Life of Charles Dickens.
 Gasquet, F. A.—Missions of St. Augustine and Other Addresses.
 Henry, H. T.—Catholic Customs and Symbols.

Horsburghm, E. L. S.—Lorenzo the Magnificent and Florence in Her Golden Age.
 Howe, George—Greek Literature in Translation.
 Howe, George—Roman Literature in Translation.
 Hutton, Edward—Giovanni Boccaccio.
 James, H. C.—Republics of Latin America.
 Jose, A. W.—History of Australia From the Earliest Times to the Present Day With a Chapter on Australian Literature.
 Kent, William—Kent's Mechanical Engineering Handbook.
 Kirkbridge, F. B.—Modern Trust Company.
 Lovat, A. M.—Life of The Venerable Louise De Marillac.
 Lucas, E. D. V.—Life of Charles Lamb (2 volumes)
 Martin, E. S.—Luxury of Children and Other Luxuries.
 Moore, F. F.—Life of Oliver Goldsmith.
 Morris, W. O'Connor—Hannibal.
 Noyes, Alfred—Elfin Artist and Other Poems.
 Noyes, Alfred—Lord of Misrule and Other Poems.
 Parsons, F. W.—Everybody's Business.
 Pleger, J. J.—Bookbinding.
 Poe, Edgar Allen—Works (10 volumes).
 Rannie, D. W.—Wordsworth and His Circle.
 Reed, E. H.—Sketching in Duneland.
 Richards, L. A.—Principles of Literary Criticism.
 Robinson, Lennox—Golden Treasury of Irish Verse.
 Ryan, J. H.—Introduction to Philosophy.
 Sharter, Mrs. D. S.—Sixteen Dead Men and Other Poems of Easter Week.
 Stephens, James—Songs From the Clay.
 Stevenson, B. E.—Home Book of Modern Verse.
 Tennyson, H. T.—Lord Tennyson (2 volumes)
 Van Middeldyk, R. A.—History of Puerto Rico.
 Welch, A. K.—Of Six Medieval Women.
 Woodberry, G. E.—Appreciations of Literature.

Announcement has been received at the University of the marriage of Alden J. Cusick, a graduate of the Hoynes College of Law in 1921, to Miss Ethel Gertrude McKenna at Denver, Colorado, on Saturday, October 24. Mr. Cusick only recently removed to Denver from Milwaukee, where he had been President of the Notre Dame Alumni Club. After the first of December Mr. and Mrs. Cusick will be at home at 936 Pearl Street, Denver.

Ray Kohin, '24, of La Salle, Illinois, well known to many present students, was married in Chicago last Friday, October 30, to Miss Ruth Olmsted of Peru, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Kohin will be at home at 5461 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, after November 10. The bridegroom is employed by the Midland Utilities Company of Chicago.

BLUE CIRCLE CONTINUES HOMECOMING ACTIVITIES

The Blue Circle continues to be very much occupied with plans for Homecoming, all of which are going smoothly.

It was erroneously announced in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC that the pit for the barbecue would be dug inside the Gym this year. What should have been said was that the serving of the feast will take place inside, while the actual preparation of it will be done in the usual manner outside.

The Villagers, which is a club composed of students at the University whose permanent home is in South Bend, have promised to supply a cup, which will be donated to the store in the downtown district which displays the best Homecoming decorations. The merchants of the city plan to devote the entire week preceeding Homecoming to the celebration. The Villagers' cup will be on display at the Chamber of Commerce in South Bend. This organization will furnish a huge "Welcome" sign, which will be put up in a prominent place, either at the University or in town.

The Traffic Committee is seeing to the printing of signs which will aid in the proper direction of the huge volume of traffic always attendant upon Homecoming. These signs will remain in place for the Northwestern game of the following week. The traffic and parking plan will be published in the *News-Times* the Friday before the Homecoming game.

The Carnegie Tech team will be met at the beginning of the concrete on Notre Dame Avenue by the University Band and the entire student-body, and will then be escorted to the porch of the Main Building, where it will be welcomed by the University proper. At the conclusion of the cheering and speech-making, the entertainment in Washington Hall will take place. An entertainment is being planned in the Gym for the general student-body, leaving Washington Hall free for the visitors.

Dan Brady, erudite President of the S. A. C., has taken up the study of Greek. He is reading *Antigone* in the original, and is thereby greatly astonishing his friends.

THE WALSH WHISTLE

Walsh Hall, the scene of fires, smokers and Dome photography, is now arising to the sound of a timekeeper's whistle. On the football field the timekeeper's whistle means that something is going on that should stop—immediately. In Walsh the whistle means that nothing is going on and something should start going on—immediately! "Third down! Five to go!" means that Father Haggerty has trod the corridor three times and that the Walsh men have only five minutes to get out of bed. Time out is prohibited.

PLAYERS CLUB ORGANIZES

Over 100 embryonic John Barrymores punctuated with a few Ed Wynns met last Friday in the north room of the Library for an organization meeting of the Players Club. Rev. Vincent E. Mooney, C. S. C., Director of Off-Campus Students, who had been appointed by administrative officers to sponsor the activities of the Players Club addressed the gathering and read the constitution which was framed last year under the direction of Harry A. McGuire, who is now a student of drama at Yale. Tentative plans for the year's work were outlined by the faculty director and the election of officers was then in order.

Albert Doyle, '27, was unanimously elected President and delivered a brief address of welcome. Doyle has been interested in campus dramatics for several years and is well qualified for the position to which he was elected. John Cavanaugh, member of the Freshman Debating team last year, was elected Secretary and Treasurer with John Gallagher, the unanimous choice for Stage Manager. Joseph A. Navarre was selected as Business Manager. The Board of Control, a body of three, for the government of the organization, will be comprised of Clarence Ruddy, Lester Grady, and Hogan Morrissey.

A meeting of the officers was held Wednesday and it is expected a meeting of the entire club will be called within a few days for the submission of plays worthy of production.

SCHOLARSHIP DANCE TONIGHT

The second Scholarship Club dance of the present scholastic year and the last until after Christmas is to be held in the Knights of Columbus ballroom tonight. Mr. R. B. Hoover, who is in charge of arrangements has promised an especially delightful evening.

By way of information for the uninitiated: one doesn't need a date for a Scholarship dance. The Scholarship Club, composed of the many of the prominent women of South Bend, furnishes the girls. All that the intending terpsichorean has to do is go to the rector of his hall, lay down the lucre for a ticket and trot off to the Knights of Columbus ballroom. No trouble at all!

M'CORMACK CONCERT TO ATTRACT GREAT CROWDS

An advance seat sale record for South Bend and vicinity was smashed recently when the Scholarship Club, sponsoring the John McCormack concert in the Gym on November 20, received an order from St. Mary's College for a block of 300 seats.

In addition to this large order smaller ones have been received from places as far distant as Evanston and Kankakee, Illinois, and from numerous Indiana cities, large and small, far and distant. These orders give some indication of the wide-spread interest aroused by Mr. McCormack's coming. The Northwestern game on November 21, the day following the concert, will of course attract thousands of people and many of these are planning to hear McCormack.

The seat sale is to open November 10 in the Oliver Hotel. Until then mail orders may be sent to Mrs. D. L. Guilfoyle, South Bend, and checks made payable to her. Prices of tickets are: \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.50.

Announcement has been made of the annual meeting of the Associate Board of Lay Trustees of the University to be held on Tuesday, November 17, in the University parlors.

PAN DANCES FORTH

If you have never read a magazine, please stay away from the November issue of *Pan*. For in reading this issue which came out Monday, you will develop a sudden passion for magazines. And this passion will be so great that you will not be content until you can duplicate your experience.

Notre Dame's contributors to the November *Pan* are Harry McGuire, '25, Linus Maloney, '28, Vincent Fagan, '20 and Dennis O'Neill, '26. Harry McGuire has a lot to say this time. Besides his "Columniation," he talks about "Sonnets and Cast-Iron Shoes." And he very successfully brings sonnets and cast-iron shoes into the same chain (or boot) of thought. Concerning the Maloney page, let only words of praise be uttered. In him the College of Arts and Letters has just reason to boast. With a spooky title ("Hallow'en") and a sweet theme, Vincent Fagan achieved the "Chansons d'Amour" section. (Another of Professor Fagan's tangible successes is found directly west of Badin Hall. He and Professor Kervick designed and planned Howard Hall.) Dennis O'Neill is also among the "Chansons d'Amour." Eight beautiful lines constitute his "Promise."

Professor Phillips needs a paragraph to himself. He sings of a "November Vigil," he writes an essay entitled "Progressive Ignorance" and the interesting initials, "Ch. Ph." are attached to no less than six book reviews. And, as far as we know he has missed "nary a class" this year. "Progressive Ignorance" is tantalizing. Its author probably heard someone say, "give your readers what they need in a manner that will make them want more." Rev. High F. Blunt has two sonnets that should be mentioned. They are "The Dreamer" and "Sunset in the City."

The "Chansons d'Amour" are especially likeable this time. They are soft and sweet and addressable to any lady fair. And in contradiction to this, some advertiser on the last page of the magazine quotes, "Never kiss a pretty girl through a bottle of ink" . . . someone from the gallery shouted, "kiss her with a Remington!" —J. F. O'D.

FATHER CORBY, SOLDIER

"Fair lies the field that was so gory,
And hearts that here were brave
Showed fittingly the last high glory
That this so be their grave.

The priest who bore so much to save them,
In holier ground he sleeps;
The memory of all he gave them
A grateful nation keeps."

(Dedicated to Father Corby at unveiling of
Gettysburg Memorial, October 28, 1910.)

At Notre Dame a person finds two works of art which recall one of the most dramatic incidents of the Civil war. On the walls of the Main Building there is a painting representing the famous Irish Brigade of the Second Army Corps at the commencement of the great battle of Gettysburg. In the distance the smoke of the Confederate batteries is seen. On the ground, surrounded by evidence of the enemy's shot and shell, kneel the Celtic brigade. Before them on a high rock stands a black robed priest, bearded and haggard, braving the dangers of an exposed position, with his hand extended in benediction over the kneeling group.

The picture tells the familiar story known to all Notre Dame men. The robed priest is Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., Chaplain of the brigade, granting general absolution to the fighting Irish forces before they are hurried into the thick of the battle that turned back the Confederate forces under Lee and virtually ended the war. It was impossible for Father Corby and several other priests to attend the personal confessions of the men, so just before the orders of the commanding officer were given, Father Corby mounted a nearby stone pile and as the men, Catholics and Protestants alike, knelt he pronounced the words of general absolution.

Father Corby was a member of the Holy Cross order. He was a Notre Dame graduate and served as an official of the institution both before and after the war. At the outbreak of the war he and many other priests rushed to the colors and served throughout the struggle as Chaplains of the numerous Catholic regiments.

At a meeting of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Philadelphia, held in January, 1909, it was unanimously decided to erect a memorial to this beloved priest in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. The monument chosen was to be a life-sized figure of Father Corby with his hand extended as in the act of giving absolution. The figure was to be cast in bronze at an estimated cost of \$7,000. The money was raised by popular subscription, chiefly among the Notre Dame alumni and admirers of this priest.

The sight is regarded as one of the outstanding features of America's greatest marked battlefield. The oft told story of the park guide never fails to inspire the visitor. The monument is erected on the very rocks where he stood before the brave men were sent into action.

An exact replica of this work is found in front of the hall bearing this priest's name at Notre Dame. —C. J. CASH.

GOLDEN TORNADO DANCE HELD.

Novel decorative effects featured the Golden Tornado Dance given by the Junior Class in the K. of C. ballroom last Saturday night. According to many critics the decorations were extremely typical of the Halloween at College, and well directed by James A. Jones, chairman of the Arrangements committee.

More than 115 couples attended the affair, which marked the first social event of the year to be sponsored by the Class of '27. The next event of the Junior class will be the Junior Prom to be given on February 12. Harry Denny and his Collegians provided the music for the Golden Tornado Dance.

Proof that interest in the Notre Dame football team is still nation-wide was evidenced when the announcement was made that a special will be run from Denver, Colorado, to Lincoln at the time of the Notre Dame-Nebraska game. It is expected that over three hundred people will make the trip. Will McPhee, prominent Notre Dame alumnus, is sponsoring the plan.

BROWNSON SMOKER IS UNUSUAL
SUCCESS

The Brownson Smoker, held in Washington Hall and the Brownson Recreation room Thursday evening, October 29, was the most pretentious affair of its kind ever presented here. An unusually fine array of talent was secured for the occasion, and the entire entertainment was produced on a larger scale than ever before.

The Smoker proper was given in the Brownson "Rec" Room under the guiding hand of Edmund Bresnahan, who opened festivities with a short talk. Hogan Morrissey was recalled again and again by the appreciative audience, and sang many delightful selections. Jack Doyle's interpretations of the Charleston and Frisco were more than interpretations—they were proofs that the human body can travel in at least a hundred directions at one and the same time. The boxing bouts, which were exceptionally gory, took on an international aspect when Larry Moore, of California, traded disagreements with Louis Cody of Cuba. An innovation in smoker entertainment was introduced by Sternihsky, Weppner, and Woeste. Brother Alphonsus spoke briefly, thanking those who had helped to make the smoker a success.

SCRIBBLERS HEAR SHAW DESMOND

The Scribblers assembled for the weekly meeting Tuesday night, November 3, in the Library's solitary meeting-room. Besides the full quota of active members, a distinguished graduate member, in the person of Gerald Holland, '25, was present.

The minutes, written and read in that playful vein which so becomes the Secretary, were disposed of, and the attention of the club was focussed on the reading of the first part of the Scribblers' projected publication, by Frank Miller, who had drawn the assignment at the previous meeting. Lively and prolonged discussion followed the reading. Almost every member had his own views as to how the work should be constructed and did not hesitate to advance them.

The wordy argument was temporarily settled by the arrival of Shaw Desmond, special lecturer at St. Mary's, and world-famous Irish author and play-wright. He is the author of *The Drama of the Sinn Fein*, *Bodies and Soul*, *Democracy*, and numerous other books, besides being a voluminous contributor to newspapers, magazines and syndicates on both sides of the Atlantic. For half an hour, he spoke intensively to the members on journalism, and illustrated his chatty talk with many examples taken from his own wide experience. He then answered, very ably and concisely, the many questions the members put to him. Only the "in-by-ten-o'clock" rule cut short the most interesting meeting the club has had this year. The Scribblers hope Mr. Desmond will come again, and will be able to stay longer next time.

GEORGE SCHLOSSER DIES.

George Francis Schlosser, a Junior in the College of Commerce, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Schlosser of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, died late Wednesday evening after an illness of but one day. The death of Schlosser at St. Joseph's Hospital was the second to overtake Notre Dame this year and followed closely upon the death of Edmund George Glade, '28, who passed away after an illness of only two days.

Mr. Schlosser was operated upon Tuesday for appendicitis, but attending physicians found that the young man was suffering with complicated internal disorders and that death was only a matter of hours. The last Sacraments were administered to him by Rev. George McNamara, C. S. C., and both Father McNamara and Rev. Hugh O'Donnell C. S. C., were with him until the time of his death.

Schlosser's parents were summoned but were unable to reach here in time. A sister, from Grand Rapids, Michigan was with him at the time of his death. The body was taken to his home Thursday and it is probable that funeral services will be held Monday morning.—R. I. P.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you think of the practice of "goofing?"*

WHERE ASKED: *Corby Hall.*

"Sam" Dunne:

The art of "goofing," although not listed in the catalogue, is obviously essential for both pre-med and law students. It gives these men an opportunity to work on real live subjects and at the same time teaches them something they never knew before. Tino Poggiani:

In former years this practice was all right, but this year there is so much material to work on that it gets tiresome.

Walter Wilcox:

This entertaining practice proves that Barnum was right and that all the hicks don't come from Main Street.

Michael Moloney:

It's all right for those who like it, but personally I don't believe "goofing" proves you have any mental superiority over another. All of us can be "goofed" if someone only finds our weakness.

"Jerry" Rhodes:

"Goofing" amply suffices for frats at Notre Dame. To be "goofed" is not a disgrace, but a valuable educational experience.

COTILLION TICKETS ON SALE.

Tickets for the Sophomore Cotillion, which is to be held the evening of November 20 in the Knights of Columbus ballroom, are now on sale. Thomas Purcell, chairman of the Ticket Committee, announces that the price of the tickets will be three dollars. They may be obtained from the following men: George Leppig, Sophomore Hall; Pierce O'Conner, William Dowle and Casper Grothwell, of the Day Dogs; Don Corbett, Badin Hall; Emmett Mahoney and Thomas Traugher, Corby Hall; Louis Norman, Carroll and Brownson Halls, and John Chevigney, Walsh Hall.

A class assessment fee of 50 cents must be paid by every Sophomore before he can buy a ticket.

LOUISIANA-MISSISSIPPI CLUB DINES

Members of the Louisiana-Mississippi Club held their second monthly dinner of the year on Thursday evening, October 29, in the Rustic Room of the LaSalle Hotel. Professor "Pat" Manion was the principal speaker and was introduced to the club by Cyprian Spurl, President and toastmaster. Other speakers on the program were Edward Bolan Burke, Secretary, and Lawrence H. Hennessey.

The members of the Club voted unanimously to assist the Blue Circle in the furthering of Homecoming arrangements and it is probable a committee will be appointed to represent the club in the activities.

At the suggestion of Secretary Burke it was voted to hold a series of monthly dinners in order to promote a more harmonious club spirit among the members. Various faculty members will be invited to address the body at each dinner.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES

A smoker will be given by the Law Club next Monday evening, Nov. 9, in the Carroll "Rec" Room. A program has been arranged which threatens to eclipse the other smokers held this year. There will be the usual speaking, singing, and boxing; all the members of the Law faculty will be introduced and respond briefly; and a surprise feature has been announced. All pre-law students are urged to attend and acquaint themselves with the lawyer's traditions.

* * * * *

The Notre Dame *Lawyer* will make its first appearance on the campus November 10. This issue will contain articles by Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Attorney Pettingill of South Bend, and Judge Wooten of the Notre Dame Law School. Ninety per cent of the law students have already subscribed to their publication, thereby assuring its financial as well as literary success.

The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will contain several Homecoming feature stories.

- MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES -

Only one event of importance has loomed up on the campus in the dramatic line, and only one musical event in South Bend, within the last week. The Brownson Smoker takes all the publicity on the campus, and Galli-Curci in South Bend. Let's see what we can do for both of them!

The smoker was held Thursday night, October 29th, in Washington Hall and in the Brownson "Rec" room. The second part of the affair will be reported at length in another portion of this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, and it is only with the first part that we concern ourselves. The program given before the audience in Washington Hall was as follows:

1. Numbers by the Brownson Hall Orchestra.
 2. Song—"Brownson's N. D. Spirit." Led by Jerome Bowes and seconded by various Brownsonites.
 3. Address—"Brownson and Brownsonites" by William Coyne.
 4. One-Act Play—"Duffy" written by Lester Grady and directed by Clarence Ruddy.
 5. Violin and Saxophone solos—by Thomas Ferriter and George Fitch.
 6. South Sea Dance—by John Ditton
 7. Song and Dance—by D. Hogan.
 8. Address by Father Hugh O'Donnell.
- Master of Ceremonies—Victor Lemmer.

Of the program, the one-act play and the Brownson song were the outstanding numbers. The acting of the play and the direction were more than adequate for the play itself, which was melodrama, pure and simple. As the play was written, it seemed to be a justification of wholesale murder; but that can hardly have been the idea the author wished to put over. However it registered with the audience, and what more can be asked of a play?

The cast was small, including James Ray as Palermo, the much sinned-against villain; Robert Totten as Brandenburg, the sinning one; and Thomas Shea as Duffy, who would have disappointed everyone if he had not turned out to be the brother of the murdered girl. He did, or did not, just as you

like to think, but the big thing about him was that he fired a revolver in classic Washington Hall, thereby setting a precedent for future characters of future authors.

The song, "The Brownson Spirit" was written by Victor Lemmer, formerly of Brownson, and was sung from the stage by Jerome Bowes and answered from the audience by various and sundry Brownsonites, who all rose heartily to the occasion. It was clever, original and different, and that covers a multitude of sins.

The program was arranged by Jerome Bowes, who acted as general manager of the whole affair, and it was largely due to his splendid ability that the affair was possibly the most original and interesting that has been given here for some time.

* * * * *

Galli-Curci came to South Bend Monday night, November 2nd, and conquered everyone except the writer. Her program was interesting, difficult to sing and remarkably well done; and the soprano seemed to be in her best voice, except in the several places where she was a trifle off key, due doubtless to the Indiana weather to which she surely is not accustomed.

There is no room to give her full program on these pages, but the reader may rest assured that it was sung brilliantly. Brilliantly, and that was all! Yet a flute is capable of the same amount of brilliancy, as was shown in her songs, accompanied by Manuel Beranguer, the flutist.

That is our chief criticism of the "Queen of Song"; she is a cold and icy singer. She sings operatic arias and songs like "Love's Old Sweet Song" with the same amount of feeling, or rather the same lack of feeling. Her renditions left one absolutely emotionless, excepting of course the feeling of wonder at how she accomplished the marvelous cadenzas and thrills. That is all.

Others may disagree with the writer as to Galli-Curci's merit, but the sympathy of the audience was noticeably lacking as compared with that of the concert by Rosa Raisa last year. As a final word—Galli-Curci has a wonderful technique, but only notes come from her throat.

—A. L. M.

MID-SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS ANNOUNCED

The Director of Studies announces that the usual mid-semester examinations will be held next week. An important change will be tried out this fall which, if successful, may be adopted permanently for the November and April examinations. The change is to hold one-hour tests during the regular class periods instead of giving formal, two-hour examinations requiring a special schedule.

The new plan means that classes will meet all week at the regular hours and places. The last meeting of the week (in some classes, the last two meetings) will be devoted to a test covering the main points in the work of the semester thus far. As Saturday, November 14, is Homecoming Day, no classes nor examinations will be held on that date.

The results of the mid-semester tests will be averaged with the instructor's record of the student's daily work and reported to the Director of Studies. The usual record will be mailed to each student and to his parents or guardian. Students who fail in one-third or more of their work will be placed on probation and barred from participating in campus activities, and if their work is not brought up to standard before the second semester begins, may be asked to withdraw from the University.

The semester examinations in January will be formal and two hours in length. They will probably cover the work of the entire semester as well.

LIVINGSTON'S GIVE PRIZES

The "Guess the Score Contest" fostered by Livingston Clothing Company of South Bend is arousing considerable interest among the Notre Dame supporters. The company offers \$25 worth of clothing to the person guessing the score of each Notre Dame football game. The fact that from 500 to 1000 cards are turned in before each game is proof that the contest is arousing interest. Most of the fans are optimistic for out of 1000 returns on the Army game, not a single guess was correct. Nei-

ther was anyone successful in the Lombard encounter. The five nearest were given five dollars in trade, three of them being campus students: James Keating, Brownson; M. H. Fiehrer, Badin; John Elder, Freshman.

Eight fans predicted a 19 to 7 victory over Minnesota. The campus winners were: John Joyce, Howard; F. J. Donavan, Sophomore, and Lester Schweers, Brownson. Gordon Donnelly, Sophomore, and Frank Taylor of Freshman guessed the correct score of the Beloit game.

Last week Arthur Miller, Corby; K. E. McMahon, Carroll and Robert Moynihan, Sorin, guessed the correct score in the Georgia Tech game.

ENGINEERS INITIATE NEW MEN

Unique initiations featured the Engineers' meeting in the apparatus room of the Gymnasium Wednesday evening, October 29. The meeting was opened by Paul Harrington, president of the Engineers' Club, and then turned over to King Enthropy, personified by J. Robert Graham.

Clad in a futuristic yellow slicker, with a string of T-squares at his belt and a tripod as a staff, the King mounted his throne. Under his supervision, a new use was found for electricity in the way of encouraging donations for silver gaboons for the Engineers' Building.

High diving and a chalk race afforded much amusement to onlookers. Initiations were followed by a talk by Father Lahey, in which he stressed the importance of English to Engineers. Father Steiner spoke on the benefits of the club, stating that it "knocked-off" the rough edges of an Engineer's character, and rid them of super-sensitiveness.

Refreshments, consisting of cider and doughnuts, were enjoyed at the close of the meeting. The committee in charge of the initiation consisted of: Ben Bourne, chairman; Paul Harrington, J. Robert Graham, Roland Menou, Leo St. John, Tino Poggiani, Herbert Eggert, Charles Marquet, J. McBride, Carl Schickler, Paul Abel, Gail Gurnett and Hal Krauser.



A NECESSARY PROJECT

A brilliant cycle of facts, humor, pathos, irony, direct attack, from the pens of Notre Dame writers over a period of years has failed to bring even an architectural vision of the fabulous shelter station at the Notre Dame end of the Hill street car line. The campus arrows have fallen harmlessly from the charmed person of the transit Achilles. The "He-manity" of the Notre Dame student has been used to postpone the erection of a shelter, among other excuses, until hope from this end of the line has almost denied its eternal attribute.

As long as the center of attraction was South Bend and as long as the health conditions remained normal at Notre Dame, the need of a shelter station could be argued complacently and slowly and with the assurance that traffic would continue its flow regardless of the outcome.

But Notre Dame has grown. Notre Dame has more campus residence room. Notre Dame is renewing the old fraternal spirit on the campus. And, where the rub enters, Notre Dame now has a new gymnasium and auditorium with a seating capacity of 5000 that has freed it from the necessity of holding games and entertainments in South Bend auditoriums. And now the people of South Bend are turning Notre Dameward. The

McCormack concert will inaugurate the era of Mahomet coming to the Mountain. The street car line has ceased to be an accommodation train for injured students.

Hill street's ancient traction line has now become an artery of travel by which several thousands of the substantial citizens of South Bend will visit the Notre Dame campus at a conservative estimate of once each week. These people cannot be subjected to the mud-holes, the long waits in the snow and rain, the zero weather, and the numerous discomforts that a shelter station is designed to relieve. South Bend and Notre Dame have always been close friends. A station would bring them closer, to say nothing of the added convenience it would bring to the student body.

Action is bound to come. But Notre Dame will do well not to wait to have the irate citizenry of South Bend take up the fight. Results achieved through them will lessen greatly their respect for Notre Dame. It is more than possible that they might become discouraged and leave Notre Dame in almost unwelcome isolation. The opening of the winter with its extensive program of campus activities, should find the shelter station materializing through Notre Dame's own efforts to welcome the people Notre Dame invites to the campus.

PUBLICITY FOR NOTRE DAME

With the beginning of the present scholastic year, there was inaugurated at Notre Dame a Publicity Department. This department was an entirely new venture on the part of the administration. The wide publicity caused by the unparalleled success of the National Champions put Notre Dame in the public eye as she had never before appeared. Everyone who read the newspapers at all knew of the University. They knew of it chiefly through the sporting columns, it is true, but still, the name of Notre Dame was for a brief, intense time, in the minds and on the tongue of all. This interest being present, it was good editorial policy to sustain it. Therefore any item whatsoever, that in any way at all affected or concerned the University, was at once seized upon and flung broadcast, with results that oftentimes were more deleterious than beneficial.

The National Champions have passed on, but their glory remains, still illuminating the school which produced them. In other words, Notre Dame, in only a slightly lesser degree, is still "news" to the public at large. In this fact we have one important reason for the foundation of a Publicity Department. Its purpose is two-fold: To make *authentic* all news, emanating from the campus, that touches upon any of its concerns; and, to clarify the hazy, general idea that Notre Dame, in essence, is made up of a semi-barbarous crew of roughnecks—men just off the ranches, off the docks or out of the mines. This notion became prevalent as the result of men on the campus supplying the country's press with unfounded stories of Notre Dame's activities.

This department, therefore, is in the position to "cover the country" as it were, with Notre Dame items—authoritative Notre Dame news. The work connected with it is in the very capable hands of Mr. James Armstrong, who is a graduate of Notre Dame and who proved his worth in this line, as in all other fields of writing, both journalistic and literary, while he was a student here.

But,—this department is still very young. It needs the support of the student-body. It

needs that support because it is a Notre Dame project, with the interest of the University as closely at heart as any other department or organization here. It lets the world know, with authority, that there *is* a Notre Dame, that there *is* a Catholic University capable of coping with the best in any endeavor. The student-body can further this Department, can aid in its development and can help it become the potential factor in the University's life which it ought to be, by one thing: coöperation. And coöperation means this: supplying Mr. Armstrong with usable publicity material.

The Publicity Department has quarters in the Endowment Office, Room 101, Main Building. Any news items that the student-body chances upon will be gladly received there by Mr. Armstrong.

ON COURTESY

Is courtesy on the wane at Notre Dame? It certainly is not an attribute about which the Notre Dame man can boast. To the priests, the students, except in rare instances, are respectful. And it is seldom that one sees a woman standing in a street car while Notre Dame men remain seated. But tradition governs these cases, and traditions are strongly bound and slow to disappear.

As a general rule, though, are the students courteous; are they courteous among themselves? It is not uncommon at all to have someone come up while one is reading a paper, and without so much as a "by your leave," remove whatever part he may wish. And who has not been much embarrassed when introductions were carelessly foregone, when they should have been made? As for "thank you," it is rapidly becoming an obsolete term on the campus.

The "democracy" of which Notre Dame is so justly proud has had something to do with making courtesy inconsequential among the student body. That is to be regretted. It would be inspiring if it could be said that every Notre Dame "man" is a Notre Dame "gentleman". This should be one objective of the student body.

The Colonel Meets A Javanese

ARNOLD WILLIAMS, '29

YOU can see him any time of the day and much of the night, his huge body filling one of the club's two easy chairs, a large black cigar protruding from his face a trifle farther than his nose and a newspaper occupying his dignified attention. On his face is impressed the stamp of the epicure, and in his eyes one reads the contentment of the experienced. He is known to the bunch which frequents the place as The Colonel.

He has been everywhere, seen everything, met everybody—or at least he will tell you that he has. He will sit for hours spinning some fanciful yarn about countries which he could not possibly have visited. Indeed, one of the mathematically minded members of the club once calculated that if the Colonel had visited all the parts of the earth he claimed to have, he must be over a hundred and twenty years old!

If you don't believe this just draw up your chair and start talking to him. The subject you choose doesn't matter. Suppose you make some such remark as, "Awfully rainy weather we've been having lately, isn't it?"

The Colonel will drop his paper, remove his bifocals, lean back in the chair, and slowly begin. "Well, yes, but the rainy weather here isn't anything to compare to that in Zanzibar. Why I remember when I was in that island—"

And before you get away you will have heard the complete account of his four year's stay in Zanzibar. Probably he will also tell you of his encounter with an alligator in the jungles of Africa. Such is his personality that you will never stop to think that alligators are not found in Africa.

This is only one of many tales with which he will assault the unwary listener.

His favorite, however, is the one concerning his adventures in Java, where he asserts he spent seven years.

One evening while the Colonel was vividly describing the time he had saved one of the native chieftains from death at the hands, or tusks, of a wild boar, a few of us conceived a scheme. Across the street there was a fruit stand, over which a dark visaged young Greek held dominion.

Being careful that the Colonel did not notice us, we sneaked out the side entrance. In a few minutes we had enlisted the Greek, whose name was Mike, in the plot. It wasn't a difficult task and it was easily accomplished with the aid of a five spot.

The Colonel had just finished slaying the boar and was being offered rich presents by the grateful chieftain, when we descended upon him.

We briefly introduced Mike as a Javanese whom we had found wandering on the streets. He was unable to speak but a few words of English, we said, and would be very glad to meet one with whom he might converse in his native tongue.

The Colonel's face fell half a foot at this, and his cigar clattered to the floor. But he soon regained his composure.

It was Mike's cue. He loosed a torrent of Greek, Bulgarian and Turkish that deluged the entire assemblage. The Colonel bore up bravely under the assault, an enlightened look of understanding and appreciation beaming from his countenance.

Finally Mike's arms became tired and his wind failed him and he ceased the barrage. The Colonel glanced up and cleared his throat. Then he settled back into his Morris chair and reached for his paper. "This vulgarian," he said, nodding towards Mike, "speaks only low Javanese. I can hardly understand him."

The Governor's Cigar

J. A. BREIG, '28

THE Governor was in a vile mood. He gave orders that no one was to be admitted, and locked himself in his office.

Inside, all was gleaming oak and sober majesty. The Governor settled into his armchair and lit a cigar. Somehow, unpleasant thoughts kept clamoring for his attention. He puffed viciously at the expensive weed.

The telephone jangled harshly. The Governor ripped the receiver from its hanger. "No! Tell MacDonald I haven't decided yet!" He almost snarled into the transmitter.

Fuming, he relaxed into his chair again. A rotten day! Everything wrong! Why did murderers ask for pardons anyhow? Why couldn't they take their medicine like men?

He inhaled long upon the cigar. Something indispensable, a good cigar. Amazingly soothing. And the smoke that curled upward in the still room! Like millions of little whirling dervishes. Made one think quietly. The clock no longer irritated him with its infernal, eternal clacking. Not the clock's fault. His own. Too many nerves.

The smoke wreathed ceiling-ward in inconceivable patterns. It was hypnotic, that smoke! Like the smoke of a wood fire on a still night in his native hills.

The Governor thought of an article which some aspiring reporter had written about him. Rather clever thing. Pleased his vanity, and all that, but the truth. At least, true as far as it went.

A vagrant fly buzzed past the Governor's ear. He struck at it viciously, then watched as it flew again and again at the window, striving madly for freedom. Then it lit on a sheet of fly paper. The Governor laughed contemptuously. Flies and murderers! Both idiots! Why were the fools caught? He hadn't been!

The cigar smoke stirred in sudden wreaths. The Governor had sighed con-

tentedly. No, he hadn't been caught, and look at him now! He could even think without misgivings of how much the smoke of his cigar was like the thin blue vapor that curled from the muzzle of a discharged revolver.

No, he hadn't been caught. But some fool had been. Should he sign the pardon? He didn't know. Stupidity was a heinous crime. It ought to be punished! And no one but a stupid fool would let himself be caught. The Governor chuckled.

The reporter's article had told of the executive's boyhood in the hills of his birth. Good article. Made the public think him a home-lover. But if the reporter knew the rest of it!

But no one would ever know. He had planned well. How long was it? Ten—fifteen—Yes! Fifteen years ago. A long time. But no one could ever connect him, the Governor of a great state, with the disappearance of the old miser. And he had needed the money to begin life. Well, it had helped. His rise to power had been meteoric.

He wondered, vaguely, whose pardon papers lay on his desk. Queer that MacDonald had brought the appeal to him. Queer, too, that he hadn't heard before—no, not strange! He never read murder cases. They brought back the past too vividly.

But MacDonald—no matter! Probably MacDonald had some particular interest in this case. Yes! That had sounded like MacDonald's voice on the phone. Some particular case, probably. Good detective, MacDonald—one of the best. Ghastly sense of humor, though. Grisly practical joker; made one feel creepy. But all right otherwise.

The leisurely smoke broke into sudden scurrying waves. The Governor had turned to read the pardon.

He skimmed through the usual appeal swiftly. He knew the phraseology per-

fectly. Always the same, with different names. Interesting to read, though. Sometimes an amusing little quirk appeared.

He chuckled. Yes, here was one! Some stupid stenographer had typed his name on the wrong line. Ludicrous! He drew in his breath sharply. Assuredly this *was* a new quirk! His name was actually on the line reserved for the name of the accused! He chuckled again. Amusing; still, he would fire that stenographer. MacDonald would enjoy this, though. He must save the copy to show MacDonald.

The chuckle became a strangled gurgle. But MacDonald must have seen this! MacDonald had brought the papers to him! What did this mean?

The blood drained from the Governor's

face. He knew now what it meant! Here was the name of the old miser—his victim! Yes, he knew! MacDonald *did* have a ghastly sense of humor!

The Governor's hand had been fumbling in the drawer of his desk. Now he withdrew it. The blue smoke from the cigar scurried in sudden fright to the four corners of the room, driven back by an acrid, burning cloud that was not cigar smoke. . .

MacDonald spoke sharply to his assistant. "Heave that cursed cigar outside!" he ordered. "I can't see a thing for the smoke!"

A moment later he straightened up. "Yes he's dead," he answered his assistant's question. "The damned coward!" he gritted contemptuously. "Why can't these murderers take their medicine like men?"

Sunday Afternoon

FRANZ HALZ, '26

"GEORGE, dear," said Mrs. George to her husband, while putting the last washed-and-dried dish from the Sunday repast away, "what do you say we take a spin this afternoon? The day is so nice and pleasant and—"

Dear George's only answer was a grunt, very snorty and expressive. In fact, all that could be seen of Dear George was his lower limbs, the sport section of the Sunday paper hiding the rest of him. Only a huge cloud of smoke rising from behind it indicated his animation.

Mrs. George tried again.

"George!" she said, with force. George's slippered feet moved uneasily, but he answered not.

"George!" repeated his better half, with great force.

George tossed his paper aside with well-concealed irritation.

"Well," he growled, "heard you the first time. Want to get the neighbors sore at us again? Whatcha want?"

"Let's go riding this afternoon. It's so nice out and—"

"Yeh, yeh, I know all that. All right.

Guess I'll have to, to please you. Get your things on, and hurry up. I'll finish this football blah while I'm waiting. Hurry up."

Mrs. George hastened upstairs to dress, while dear George recovered his paper and was soon deep in the account of the grid-iron sport.

Some thirty minutes later, Mrs. George came down. George discovered as in scene one.

"George! ! !" with the greatest force, which was very great indeed.

A stick of dynamite exploding under George could not have had more effect. He rose out of his easy chair as if the springs therein had decided suddenly to resent all the insults heaped upon them during past years. His paper flew out of his hand, and he blinked rapidly.

"W-w-what th'—! Oh! So you're ready, eh?"

"Yes, I'm ready," acidly. "But look at you! Still undressed! And the car not even run out yet. Oh, *dear!*" And Mrs. George, with visible traces of tears, collapsed onto a chair.

George tried feebly to justify himself.

"Well, gimme a chance, will you? Why should I get dressed up before I run the car out, and then have to do it all over again? Anyhow, how'd I know you'd be ready so blamed quick?" And with a smothered imprecation, he shuffled out to remove the "car"—Henry's well known variety—from its portable garage. He pushed it out by hand, not wishing to start the engine for such short labor on its part.

Then he returned to the house and began sulkily to change from his old, comfortable clothes to his "Sunday" suit.

Shortly his voice boomed down the stairs.

"Hey, Missus! Where's my clean shirt, the blue one with the stripes? Great Napoleon, a man never knows where his stuff is any more, you women change it around so." The roar of his voice had subsided steadily, till the last words uttered were almost inaudible.

Mrs. George wearily re-ascended to the upper floor to assist her husband.

"If I'd have thought it would cause all this trouble, I'd never have suggested the ride," she prefaced her approach.

Dear George answered with his habitual grunt, as he aimlessly pulled out one drawer and then another, spilling out the contents with magnificent carelessness, in his search for the shirt.

At last, the missing article was found, he was enveloped in it, his bow tie neatly knotted, and his coat collar properly fitted around his neck. The success of all these operations was owing in a large measure to Mrs. George.

The car mutely awaited them below. Mrs. George climbed in, while dear George set the spark and throttle, then went around to twirl the crank. But the engine refused to catch. It sputtered, choked, coughed, spat, did everything but function as it should. George trotted back and forth from the dash and wheel to the radiator and crank, resetting, adjusting, toiling, but to no avail.

With each fruitless attempt, Mrs. George grew sterner and sterner. Her lips were compressed to whiteness, the blood apparently fleeing in terror, and her eyes sparkled with anger. Her very silence made her more terrible.

George removed his coat with a happy little grin.

"Have to look in her innards," he said, not glancing at the frigid Mrs.

And so, while the afternoon shadows lengthened and the sun sank lower and lower, he tinkered and experimented, delighted and absorbed in his task. He smeared both the car and himself with grease, broke a lens in one of the headlights, bent his screw-driver out of all semblance to a useful tool, but he cared for none of these things—he had found the trouble. The gap between two little wires had not been sufficient for the spark jump (so he would have explained it).

"Here's why she wouldn't go!" he exclaimed triumphantly, turning toward Mrs. George.

But Mrs. George had fled into the house.

TO A FLOWER BEFORE A SHOWER

Lift up your face to the sky and rejoice!

There is music and life in the rain-wind's voice;

There is comforting shade in the clouds it has spun,

Cool relief from the rays of too-ardent a sun.

Lift up your petals and smile at the sky!

Set an example for mortals who sigh;

Set an example for those who complain—

Dance and rejoice to the tune of the rain!

—ANSELM D. MILLER, '25

BOOK LEAVES

ESPIRITU SANTO: By Henrietta Dana Skinner. Published by Harper; Price net \$2.00.

Harpers are issuing a new edition of Henrietta Dana Skinner's "Espiritu Santo" much to the delight of lovers of that charming romance of a Spanish maiden and a singer in Grand Opera. The new edition will undoubtedly win a number of admirers who hitherto have not heard of Mrs. Skinner's work, which may be recommended particularly to the jaded palates of avid readers of modern fiction. The new edition retains the nineteenth century characteristics of the original; for instance, quotations at the openings of paragraphs. I offer one: "What art thou, then O human life? Thou art only a road, an unequal road, long for some, short for others; joyous for some, sad for others; but for all without return. We but march through it to reach the country beyond." Saint Columbus, Sixth Century.

I quote that particular head piece in order to make my next statement the more effective. Few people read more of the novels whose gaudy slip-covers flaunt their invitations in book shop windows than I do; yet I am grateful to the person who called my attention to "Espiritu Santo," more than one copy of which we have in Lemmonier.

Need I add that a university man must never condemn a thing about which he knows nothing? (Contributed.)

* * * *

Florence Milner, who is in charge of the Farnsworth Room in the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard University, has made an interesting study which she incorporates as an article in the October issue of the "Book Dial." Two surveys were made by the librarian, the first coming during term

time when the reading of students might be affected by the recommendations of professors. The second followed immediately after examinations when the pressure of work had been lightened and suggestions of English "profs" had been rejected with scorn. In the first instance Tennyson, Shakespeare, Milton, and Carlyle were the favorites. But the post-examination reading was confined mainly to fiction with Dumas, Mark Twain, Conan Doyle and Joseph Conrad off to an early lead. What of Notre Dame? It seems quite probable that the identical situation would hold, with perhaps a few Catholic writers substituted for Dumas and other fiction writers. Catholic authors hold no enticement for the Harvard boys. They should be read more widely at Notre Dame. Hugh Benson's "Initiation" is without doubt the most fascinating novel we have read. By a Catholic writer, too. Isn't it strange? Rather shatters the theory of some of the campus ultra-ultras who hold that Catholic authors are "dry—and oh, so dumb." Give them a chance. Read "Initiation" and be convinced.

* * * *

Since the Abbey players demonstrated what could be done with the Irish one-act play over a decade ago, countless one-act plays have been written and produced. They have become especially popular because their brevity suited the needs of small theatres, programs, one-idea men and authors who could not get past the third act. As the number of authors of one act-plays increases it is logical that books on the construction of the work should follow. So we have "Writing The One-Act Play" written by Harold Hildebrand of the University of Illinois. The best thing one can say for the book is that it won't hurt the budding playwright.

—J. T. C.

A Sense of Humor

JACK MULLEN, '28

THESE are, it seems, two characteristics that are common to all men, namely, a sense of humor, and the ability to read character. No one is quite sure that these exist in anyone else, but every one is certain that they are integral parts of his own make-up. Of course, you may not believe that every one has these characteristics, but it can be proved even to your satisfaction. Only examine the evidence, and I feel certain that you will be convinced.

Accuse a man of murder, and he will probably smile at you, rather tolerantly; accuse him of theft, and he may growl a bit; but accuse him of lacking a sense of humor and he will kill you without compunction, laughing devilishly while he does the deed, and afterward casting your ashes into the St. Joe River. Then he will run about in circles, asking all he meets if he has not a highly developed sense of humor and if they had not noticed it upon such and such an occasion. To which they will reply in the affirmative, for the man who has been accused of such a deficiency has a wild look in his eye.

If this does not convince you that all men have a sense of humor, you have but to ask your own acquaintances. Some will shake their heads sadly, as if unable to imagine themselves without such a sense, and murmur: "I? A sense of humor? Ah, how could you ask such a question?" Others will glare at you, and snap out: "Infernal regions, yes!" The general idea conveyed is the same.

There are several ways of demonstrating one's sense of humor. Some people prove their possession of a "funny-bone" by the frequent recounting of short anecdotes which they usually preface with the gripping question: "Have you heard this one?" These anecdotes are of three classes: fairly new, well-preserved, and old. The last named are the most common, and are usually in a deplorable state of preservation. One statistician of national renown has recently come

forward with the statement that Chicago's unprecedented murder record is largely due to frequent use among the inhabitants of this form of humor.

For true humor, however, one must look to the practical joker. He is the artist among humorists. He prowls about the campus seeking the ruin of Freshmen, and usually he accomplishes his purpose with deft and delicate strokes. With the subtlety of his race he initiates Freshmen to the Order of the Bath; or with equally characteristic originality, he submits them to physical examinations and literary society meetings. The touching thing about it is that he does it all for the good of the human race. Truly a noble soul is the practical joker!

There are various other signs of the humorist. Some people delight in playing little pranks upon themselves, such as wearing derby hats or baseball moustaches. Others rename stories to be used for moving pictures. Still others look at the mirror intently for a few minutes and then remark, with feeling: "After all, it's not the looks that count—it's the personality." Such a person is usually the same one who just can't understand why all the girls like him so much.

People are usually more modest about their character-reading ability than about their senses of humor. They are inclined to be quiet about it, but if you put them under pressure you will find that almost everyone is blessed with the ability to read his fellow man. It is positively uncanny to think that these people know all our secret ideas and motives. What if they should tell?

I suppose it is because of their innate modesty that most character readers will tell you of something they predicted only after it has occurred. They will say: "I knew he'd do that. I could tell by the color of his neck-tie." And one immediately feels that the poor fellow only did it because this prophet knew he would.

The Crown of Napoleon

H. N. HUDSON, '28

ONE of the strongest friends of the Holy Cross Order in France was Napoleon III, Emperor. He held great admiration for Father Sorin and his works in America, especially the University he had founded. To this University he gave numerous gifts, the most noteworthy of which were an immense crucifix, seven feet high, and an ostensorium over four feet high, both of beaten gold and silver. On one occasion he presented the College of Science with an astronomical telescope nine feet long, which is now used in the University observatory.

However, the most famous of his gifts was his gold crown. His wish was that it go to Notre Dame after his death. In 1870, it was given to the Order by Empress Eugenie, his wife.

When the present church of the Sacred Heart was completed a year later the crown was placed on an iron arm above a marble statue of the Blessed Virgin, which stood just inside the west entrance.

Here it stayed for several years, one of the most interesting treasures of the church. And then, one winter, it was stolen. The story of the theft is as follows: A workman, employed in making some repairs on the pews, noticed the crown and realizing its great value, decided to take advantage of its unsafe location. He secreted himself one evening in some dark corner of the church, which, in a short time, was locked for the night. The thief waited until early next morning before venturing from his hiding place. Making his way noiselessly to the statue, he removed the crown from its resting-place, and put it in a gunnysack he had provided for the purpose. He had got no further than the side door, however, when he realized the crown was too bulky to be carried as it was, hence crushed it with his foot into a less conspicuous size. The church door, which unlocks from the inside, closed without a sound, and the thief disappeared in the direction of South Bend.

About an hour later, the South Bend police noticed a suspicious-looking individual, carrying an apparently heavy object in a sack, hurrying towards the railroad station. They investigated, and on examining the contents of the sack, found it full of pieces of solid gold, studded with precious stones. As it seemed to have been some religious article, they notified the University authorities at once. The disappearance of the crown, not noticed until then, was discovered, and the pieces were returned to the school.

This account has been incorrectly enlarged upon, as is usually the case, and the present story, though essentially the same, is incorrect in the following detail: The workman is said not to have been apprehended until he reached La Porte, where, on the point of being captured, he threw the sack containing the crown into the river, and escaped. The river was dragged, and eventually the crown was recovered. This story is altogether incorrect, for there happens to be no river at La Porte, and the thief succeeded in getting no farther than South Bend.

The present location of the crown is not known to many. Some say that it was restored by a skilled goldsmith, and now hangs above the elevated statue of the Blessed Virgin at the back of the church. This, however, is wrong, for the crown hanging in that position is not that of Napoleon III, but one donated by thirty prominent Catholic men and women. This was presented at the feast of Corpus Christi, in May, 1866. The occasion was the dedication of the college, the new bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin and all the grounds of the University to the Mother of God.

The most accurate information seems to indicate that the original crown was never restored. Instead, the jewels from it were put into a chalice, and the pieces of gold kept in the sacristy safe.

SPORT NEWS

Yellow Jackets Bested: 13-0

The Yellow Jacket lost its string in the mists that hung over Grant Stadium last Saturday. In the meantime a brilliant Notre Dame team showed its second comeback and smashed the famed Golden Tornado for a 13 to 0 win. The great Tech team that mowed down Penn State and Florida on successive Saturdays by formidable scores was powerless against Knute Rockne's Fighting Irish and proved unable to launch a consistent ground gaining attack at any time. Intermittent rains of several days that continued even throughout the game resulted in a soggy underfooting that slowed up the game perceptibly and resulted in both teams resorting to tactics of straight football. The South's greatest chance in years to best a Rockne team faded away like a Hallowe'en ghost as the more powerful Blue and Gold machine took the lead at the outset and never relinquished it.

Early in the first quarter the Irish became imbued with the idea of scoring. A motion in the direction was inaugurated when Edwards interrupted what was meant to be a Tech pass and carried it eleven yards farther into Georgia territory. Flanagan contributed another eleven yards and the initial first down of the afternoon. Enright and Hearnden crashed through for gains that placed the ball on the southerner's one yard line. From this vantage point Flanagan looped through right tackle for a marker. Hearn blocked Flanagan's try from placement and the score stood: Notre Dame 6, Georgia Tech 0. Flanagan kicked off to McRae but neither side was able to gain consistently and the quarter ended with Notre Dame holding its six-point advantage.

Shortly after the start of the second period the Rockmen marched steadily down the

field. The Blue and Gold gained on an exchange of punts. Hearnden, Enright and Flanagan piled up yardage and first downs, placing the ball on the Gold and White fifteen yard line. Tom Hearnden gained a single yard at left end. Rex Enright smashed center for four yards. Then Edwards called upon Christie Flanagan to carry the pigskin. Behind well formed interference he gained nine yards and a touchdown at right end. Edwards placement for point on try after touchdown was true and the score was chalked up: Notre Dame 13, Georgia Tech 0. Hardly had the second touchdown been made when Georgia Tech unsheathed her only successful assault: Connely returned the kick-off for thirty yards. Twice in succession the Southern gentlemen completed passes and placed the ball on Notre Dame's twenty-two yard line. On the next play Tom Hearnden intercepted another Tornado pass. This was the nearest that Tech came to threatening the Notre Dame goal line during the entire fray. The second half saw the squads fighting it out in the rain with honors about equally divided. The ball became very slippery and hard to handle. A punting duel ensued in which neither side was able to gain consistently as the game came to a close. The final tally showed: Notre Dame 13, Georgia Tech 0.

Although the ball was wet Boeringer's passing was true throughout the entire malee. There was a noticeable improvement in the Blue and Gold end play as Captain Crowe and Wallace crashed in to stop Tech plays before they got started. In the guard divisions Marelli, Frank Mayer and John Smith were the outstanding luminaries. Flashing up with long gains, twisting out of tacklers, playing a good defens-

ive program Christie Flanagan was undoubtedly the bright spot of the matinee. Voedisch, in at end, turned in a good account of his time. Tom Hearnden played a whale of a game in intercepting a few passes and tickling off the needed yards now and then and giving great interference that accounted for some long gains made by the other members of the backfield. Rex Enright at full did all that could be asked for in that position.

For Georgia Tech, Hearn at right tackle turned in the finest line game. McRao at quarter, and Connely at left half, were the outstanding ball carriers for the lads from below the Mason and Dixie line.

NOTRE DAME (13)

GEORGIA TECH (0)

Crowe, Voedisch L. E. Irwin, Crowley
 Boland L. T. Hood, Thorpe
 Marelli, J. Smith L. G. Goodwin, Martain
 Boeringer C. Elliot, Thrash
 Mayer, R. Smith R. G. Angley, Forrester
 McManmon, Poliski R. T. Hearn, Fair
 Wallace, Rigali R. E. Crowley, Mac Daniel
 Marshall

Edwards, McNally Q. B. McRae, Williams
 Hearnden, Prelli L. H. Connely, Murray,
 Flanagan, Roach, Markle

Scharer R. H. Brewer, Read
 Enright, Hanousek F. B. Holland, Wright
 Speick

Scoring: Touchdown—Flanagan 2.

Point after touchdown—Edwards.

Officials: Referee—Burch (Chicago); Umpire—
 Streit (Auburn); Field Judge—Williams (Vir-
 ginia); Headlinesman—Wyatt (Missouri).

By Periods:

Notre Dame	6	7	0	0—13
Georgia Tech	0	0	0	0—0

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL.

It took General Dawes' pipe and the toe of one Tiny Lewis to make Northwestern's homecoming a real success. The importance of the former faded into the mists when one of those finishes that you read about in the novels gave the game to the Purple forces by a 17 to 14 score over Indiana. Northwestern won because they were alert and seized each break of the game to convert them into advantage. The Hoosiers showed a great deal of defensive strength and during the first part of the contest made it seem as though the Purple would

have a fine stock of red lights for sale after the game. But the Evanston forces thought differently and coming from behind, in the face of almost impossible odds gambled—and, as fate would have it, won. The only dark feature of the day was the beating administered the Evanston cross-country squad by Coach Wendland's Fighting Irish.

* * * * *

This isn't a problem for the Highway Commission but nevertheless it is known that Oklahoma's battling eleven found the Rhodes too tough at Lincoln Saturday, and as a result journeyed homeward with the wrong end of a 12 to 0 score inflicted by the Huskers. A hard line smash by Choppy Rhodes early in the first quarter resulted in the first marker, while the second scoring came just before the timer's gun rang out when Mandery reached up and plucked a long pass from the ozone and continued unmolested until he had crossed the zero line. The Sooners put up a plucky fight and had everything necessary for the

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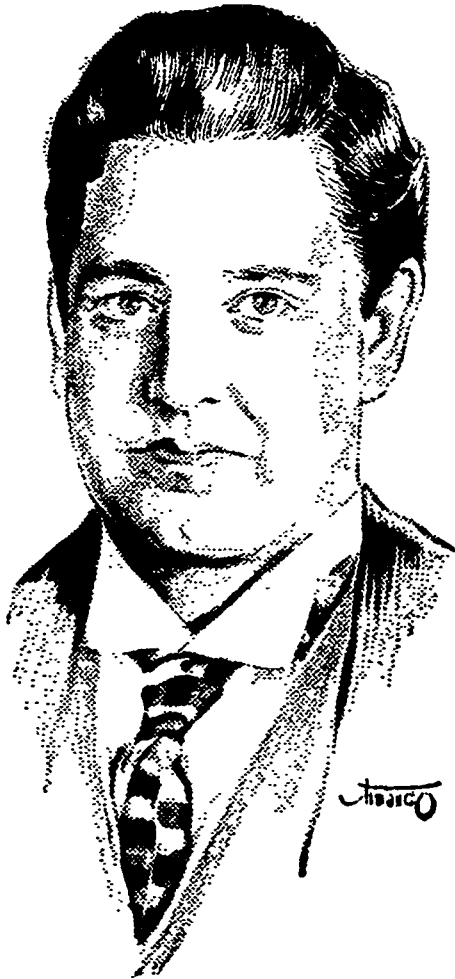
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building of a good eleven with the exception of a varied, consistent offense. The score gave promise of being higher when Nebraska worked the pigskin deep into Oklahoma territory but failed to score when Rhodes smashed himself into dreamland on the fourth down just six inches short of a touchdown. The game belonged to Nebraska in every period and they stacked up thirteen first downs to their opponents' seven. The Cornhusker outfit shows improvement and will reach its height of efficiency about Turkey Day.

* * * * *

Penn State bowed to Syracuse, 7 to 0, in a game chuked with hard clean football. The Nittany Lions put up a tough game in every period. Vengeance for this humiliation is due when Penn State takes on Notre Dame, according to eastern partisans.

RESERVES DOWNED IN MUD BY CAMP BENNING: 27-6

"Five fathoms deep the goal post lies."

With mud to the right of them, mud to the left of them, and mud beneath them splattering and splashing, the Reserves gave a good definition of the word "fight" to the Camp Benning soldiers last Saturday. "It was one of those games," wrote Brooke Le-man of the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, "in which the score fails to tell the true story."

The Infantry assault led by Smythe, an All-American, and McQuarrie, one time Captain of the Army team, pushed the lighter Reserve line slowly backward. Most of the soldier players are ex-college and university stars.

Early in the first period the Soldier's made their first touchdown, when Kglestrom converted a pass into six points. The Reserves then followed suit. Walsh tossed a neat forward which Riley promptly caught. The goal was seventy yards away but that didn't dismay Charlie, as he broke loose and made the only Reserve touchdown of the game.

During the remainder of the game the Irish were on the defensive. Numerous penal-

ties and frequent fumbles due to the mud prevented their offensive from getting under way. McCarthy and Leppig were the cause of many an Infantry back failing to gain through the line. Maxwell was punishing opponents in his customary manner.

Dixie is noted for its hospitality, as the Reserves will swear. Captain McKenna, a Notre Dame Monogram man of '14 who is now directing athletics at Camp Benning, met the boys and—well, just ask one of them if he had a good time!

For the Fighting Irish Joe Maxwell, playing his initial game at guard tore up the heavier soldier line in true All Western manner and turned in one of the finest exhibitions of line play that has been given

in the Doughboy stadium this fall. Charlie Riley beside scoring the lone marker for the Reserves played a whale of a game at quarter. Tom Byrne in at left end swept aside four interferers on one play to stop one of the Army plays and downed the man carrying the ball with one of the prettiest tackles seen in those parts this year. The game was much tighter than the scoring would indicate and only about seven points should have marked the difference of the two squads. Camp Benning plays a regular college schedule, meeting Oglethorpe, Transylvania, Stetson, Loyola, Catholic University, Tenn Medicos, Louisiana Tech and Marines.

For the Soldier eleven McQuarrie and Smythe were the individual stars. The Reserve line completely outplayed its opponents.

For a Rainy Day

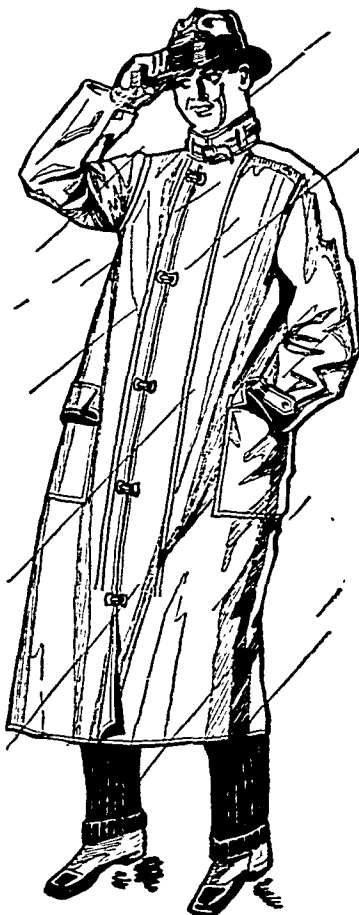
Every year has its quota of wet weather.

Classes must be attended, games played, and all manner of social activities require your appearance. Get a Sawyer "Frog Brand" Slicker today. It is the one best thing to put by for a rainy day.

Frog Brand Slickers are of genuine oiled fabrics, look mighty well, have buckles or buttons to suit, and are an inexpensive insurance against illness that accompanies inclement weather.

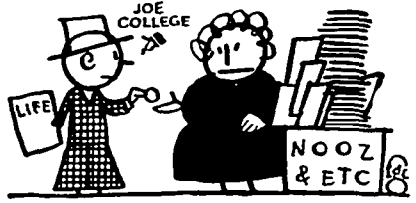
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INFANTRY (27)

RESERVES (6)

Kegelstrom	L. E.	Hurlburt
Dunlap	L. T.	Reidy
Schafer	L. G.	Maxwell
Dwyer	C.	Whelan
Bertleman	R. G.	Leppig
Mack	R. T.	Graf
Cornog	R. E.	White
Smythe	Q. B.	Riley
Bennett	R. H.	Chevigney
Douthit	L. H.	Walsh
McQuallie	F. B.	McCabe

Score by quarters:

Camp Benning	7	7	0	13—27
Reserves	\$	0	0	0—6

Summary: Touchdowns, (Camp Benning) Kegelstrom, McQuallie, Smythe, Swantic; (Notre Dame) Riley.

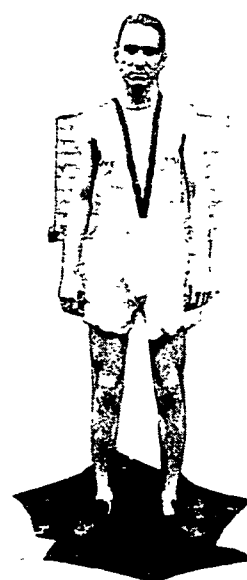
Substitutions: (Camp Benning) Daniels, Swantic, McGuire, Hesse, Lapine, Sweeney, Neff, Lindsey, Dudley and Coley.

Notre Dame: McCarthy, Hurley, McSorley, Shields, Byrne, Moore, McAdams, Dickie, Brown, Le Strange.

Referee: Thomason (Georgia) Umpire: Mouat (Illinois) Head Linesman: Patterson (Georgia Tech.)

NORTHWESTERN BOWS TO RUNNING IRISH

Although Vice-President Dawes and his famous underslung sport model pipe lent an official aspect to the scene, the Gold and



CAPT. NULTY

Blue harriers passed another stepping stone in their race for 1925 Western cross-country honors, by decisively defeating Northwestern by a 20 to 35 score. The run inaugurated their hosts home-coming program and a big crowd, along with General Dawes, was on hand to see the Notre Dame runners take first honors and achieve revenge for last season's loss.

Starting and finishing at Patten Gym the run was held over the Purple course that led through Evanston park, was in fair condition, although the proverbial mud hole was present here and there. Martin, Northwestern's ace, as-

sumed the lead at the start and was never headed, although Young and Nulty threatened at all times. He finished well in front of Young with a time of eighteen minutes, twenty-five seconds on three and one-half and Nulty followed Dolmage, Moloney and R. Collins of the Notre Dame outfit to clinch the meet for the Running Irish. In finishing in this manner they accomplished what is a very rare thing in cross-country annuals, namely, having all of the members of one team finish within a minute of their leader.

To-morrow, Coach Wendland will send his poggers against the fast Michigan State squad at Lansing. So far the State combine has never suffered defeat on their home course. According to advance signs, however, Captain Nulty and his men will accomplish this little trick.

INTER-HALL RACE IS HOT

Notre Dame varsity football wranglers have no corner on pigskin around the den of the Fighting Irish. The grid fans who witness four aggregations of rugby hounds engage in half as many melees last week will testify that there are many gridiron machines manufactured near the twin lakes. The last week of the inter-hall football league finds three teams in both circuits fighting to wear the laureate pigskin headgear for the season of 1925. The Freshmen and Day Dogs are tied for first honors in the one league while Sophomore and Corby have an opportunity to emerge the winner of the other.

* * * *

The undefeated Howard Hall outfit could not trick the Frosh eleven who emerged on the long end of 7 to 0 score last Wednesday

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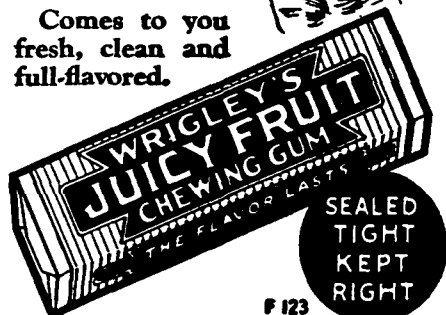
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Comes to you
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full-flavored.



F 123

afternoon. The sensational playing of Elder, one of the flashiest, shiftiest, and fastest broken field runners that has ever been seen in inter-hall circles, was largely responsible for the Howard defeat. The game was undoubtedly one of the most interesting that has been seen this season and the smooth running machinery of both teams was much in evidence as they launched a mixed attack of line plunges and end runs. Carroll, a half back, took the spotlight in the Howard lineup and displayed some fine football tactics. The winning score was made for the Freshies by Elder on the completion of a forward pass and a forty-five yard sprint.

* * * *

Staging a comeback to their defeat of last week, the Howard combine pounded and smashed away to a 10 to 3 victory last Sunday morning. The terrific tackling of John Carroll and the kicking ability of O'Malley gave the Howard team the edge of the battle, despite the many opportunities of the Carroll combination to take the ball for a touchdown. Carroll scored in the second half when Murphy placed the pigskin over the uprights for a three point tally. The ten point total of Howard was the result of a touchdown by John Carroll and a drop kick from the toe of Pelot.

MITT-MEN PRIMED FOR FIRST PERFORMANCE

Friday, the thirteenth of November, may hold terror for some, but for Notre Dame fistic aspirants it merely means the opening of what promises to be the brightest glove years that the school has known so far. On that evening the contestants for varsity berths will be given their first public opportunity to display their wares and so a galaxy of tightly contested bouts may be expected. The old champs will be on hand to defend their throne against invading mitt masters and it is very probable a few crowns will change hands.

If hard work means anything Coach Springer has no reason to be pessimistic, as the boxing potentialities are working out earnestly in the Gym every day. Aside from

their daily performance in the Gym many of the men are gaining experience in the various smokers given about the campus. All of the results at such affairs show a marked improvement over conditions existing at this time a year ago. Although the matches are but exhibitions, clean-cut ability can easily be perceived.

Guy Loranger, a fast and clever lad, is the present champion in flyweight circles. Frankie McAdams is stepping at a lively pace and bids fair to give Guy a fast battle when the two meet. No question can be made as to the ability of Jack Spillane, featherweight king, but Jack is preparing for danger that seems to lurk in the persons of Gordy Donnelly and Mike O'Keefe. In the flyweight class De Pasquale seems to have the upper hand. A large number are working hard to fill the shoes of clever Dick McClure, who has not returned to school. In the heavier classes Coach Charlie Springer, Pat Canny and Joe Maxwell will take care of the opposition.

LOOK WHAT THE CAT BROUGHT IN!

Dear Ghoul Post:

Now is the time for all good figurers to come to the aid of their alma mater.

Statistically speaking we have a little surprise for you. Figuratively, it's a darb!

Look at this: Missouri beat Ames 12 to 3, which gives the Mule aggregation a 9 point advantage; Wisconsin stepped thru Ames to the tune of 30 to 0, which would make the Badgers some 21 points ahead of Missouri. Now everyone knows that Minnesota and Wisconsin battled to a tie so according to the dope this would make the Giants of the North some 21 points better than Missouri also. But Notre Dame swept thru Almqvist and company to the tune of 19 to 3 which figures the Fighting Irish just 33 points better than Missouri.

What am I driving at? Well now let's look at this set of scores and see how they compare. Army battered Notre Dame 27 to 0. Yale surprised everyone by making it a 28 to 7 score over West Point, which bolsters old Eli up as 48 points ahead of the Rockne

machine; but Penn had disciplined Yale by a 16 to 13 tally which made the Penn eleven some 51 points better than the Fighting Irish. Illinois had an ice man and he beat Penn 27 to 2, which gave the Suckers a 76 point lead over the Irish; Nebraska stopped the red head and took the Illini 14 to 0, making it seem as though Nebraska was 90 points better than the Rockmen; but Missouri nosed out Nebraska by one point, 7 to 6 which leads us to conclude that the Mulelanders are 91 points better than Notre Dame and consequently 66 points better than the Army.

But we have proven that Notre Dame is 33 points better than Missouri; therefore Notre Dame is 99 points better than the Army.

It's all pure logic, Ghoul Post old man, and if you doubt that page Father Crumley! What have we proved? Why that comparative scores don't mean anything. If you want to shoot the one that figured this out, I am,

Yours to the last score,

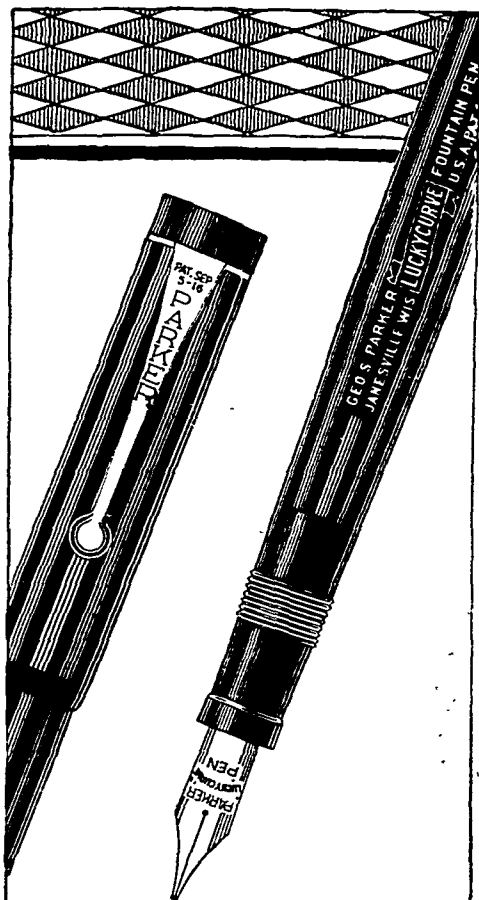
I. A. M. Shure.

Badin Hall.

About all we need now is some enterprising young accountant to prove that Notre Dame could beat Baylor, by comparative scores!

GOLF SEASON CLOSES

The niblicks, the mashies, the drivers have been packed away in the old bags and these stored away in safe places until spring sends the urge of the green to the followers of the white spheroids of the links. For the golf season is closed as far as the Varsity team's progress goes. And the sessions about birdies, eagles and pars around the old stove league are all that remain for the putters to do. Captain Bulger's squad has had a very successful season of it and prospects for an excellent spring squad are very bright. The showing made by the men in the fall season promises a great deal for the school to look forward to around April.



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THE SAFETY VALVE

We like the man who broadcasts the f. b. games fairly well, though we could manage to carry on without his jokes.

* * * * *

WEEK-END QUIZZ

- 1.—Who named Northwestern 'Wild Cats'?
- 2.—Why?
- 3.—Why do they say, "Bully for old Purdue?"

* * * * *

Speaking of the Hallowe'en kid who soaps windows: Have you met that bold, bad bandit who advertizes his animosities on the bulletin board, and whose mind has never grown up?

* * * * *

Probably the doleful news that the Sophomore Cotillion and the Scholarship Concert have been set for the same night didn't lessen your morning appetite by a single bun.

* * * * *

Do not speak of the building opposite the post office as the Dogs' house. It is called the Doges' Palace.

* * * * *

Will the person who took the fountain pen out of the desk in Room 147—Hall return same and avoid publicity?—*Bulletin*—

He will not.

* * * * *

LITTLE OFFS

Off Camus
Official
Officer
Off Color
Please.

* * * * *

Some have noted the somewhat smaller space in the sport-page occupied by the f. b. team this year. Just a needed rest between halves.

* * * * *

The Man Without a Country,—A monogramed Freshman.

* * * * *

From the Notre Dame Scholastic 2025, A. D. "Shelter Station is soon to be erected at the end of the car-line."

* * * * *

PAN SYMBOLISM

Poppies asleep on the lawn
After a night of dew drinking.
The moon flirts with the clouds,
While her star kids are so sleepy
Their eyes are blinking.

—Kathleen Obenheimer

Ophelia summering on the Dunes . . . Main 3334 W. . . . Presentation of the Flag by Senior Class.



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