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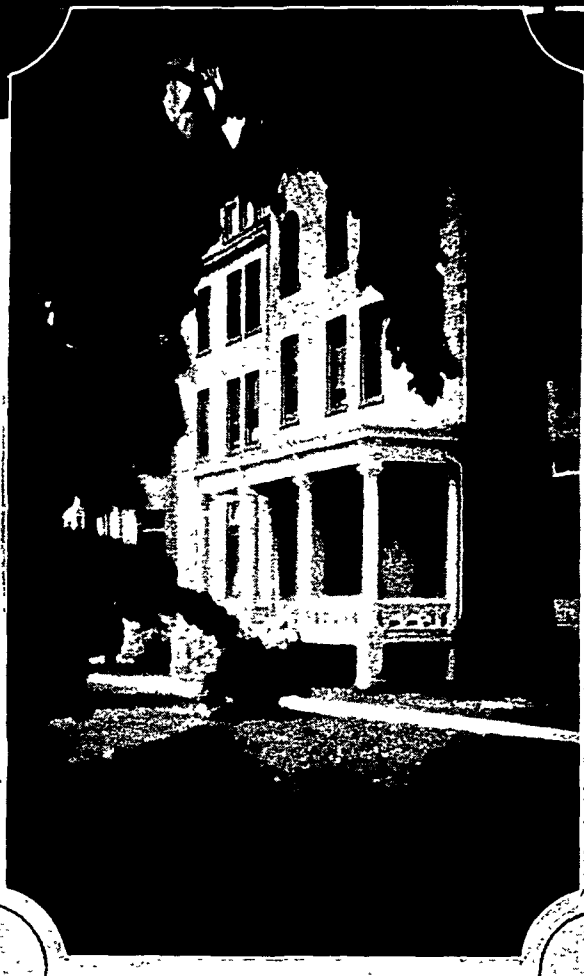
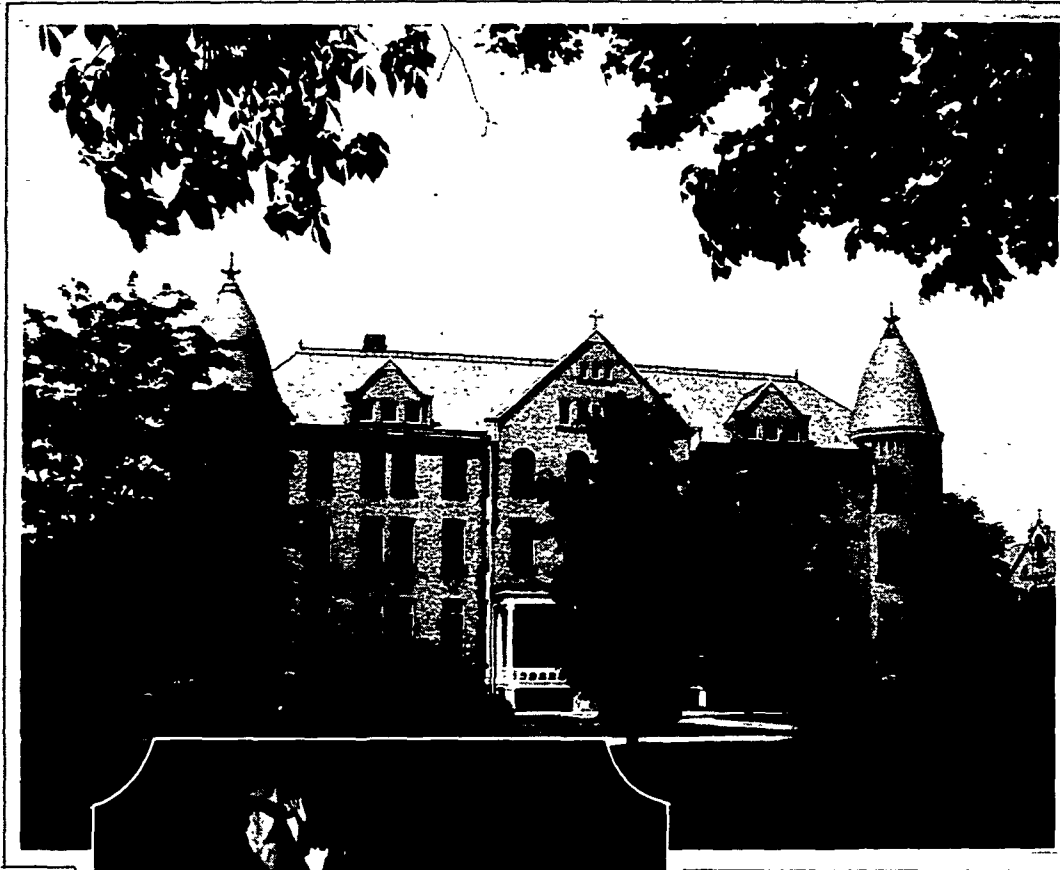
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SORIN HALL

Homecoming Program

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13—A. M.

1. Decoration of the various halls.
2. Meeting of the Carnegie Tech Team by the Reception Committee and the Villagers.
3. Meeting of Homecoming visitors by the Reception Committee.

FRIDAY—P. M.

1. 5:00—Judging of the best decorated hall, and awarding of the S.A.C. cup.
2. 7:00—Meeting of the Carnegie Tech team at the outskirts of town by the student-body and the Band.
3. 7:30—Official welcome of Carnegie Tech by the University, Main Building.
4. 8:00—Entertainment in Washington Hall for the Visitors.
5. 8:00—Boxing tournament in the Gym for the student-body.
6. 9:00—St. Joseph Valley Alumni Assn. Dance, in K. of C. ballroom.
7. 9:30—Lighting of barbecue fires; selections by the Rocky Mountain Club quartette.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14—A. M.

1. 8:30—Mass in Sacred Heart Church for deceased Notre Dame students and alumni.
2. 11: to 1:00—Serving of Barbecue in Gym.

SATURDAY—P. M.

1. 1:57—Heralds announcing game, Cartier Field.
2. 1:58—Carnegie Tech Bomb.
3. 1:59—Notre Dame Bomb.
4. 2:00—Football Game, Carnegie Tech vs. Notre Dame.
5. 9:00—S.A.C. Homecoming Dance, K. of C. Hall, Harry Denny's Collegians.
6. 9:30—S.A.C. Homecoming Dance, Rotary Room, Oliver Hotel, The Big Five Orchestra. (Tentative.)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15—A. M.

Masses in Sacred Heart Church at 6:30, 8:15, 9:30, 10:15, 11:15.

Sixth Annual Homecoming Opens

Notre Dame's sixth annual Homecoming opened officially today, (Friday, Nov. 13). Since its inception, the Homecoming celebration has always been the one big event in the student calendar. It serves to unite the present student-body with the "old grads,"—to bring together, as it were, the past and the future in the present. It is, therefore, an occasion which gives every Notre Dame man the opportunity to show his spirit and his loyalty to Notre Dame by lending his support in every way possible to the various events on the Homecoming program.

This year, despite the day and date, the

festival will, without doubt, eclipse any held in previous years. Chairman John Tuohy of the Blue Circle, the members of the Blue Circle and their numerous assistants have all worked prodigiously to assure the success of this Homecoming. The results of their labors will speak for themselves.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13

The Carnegie Tech team was met at the station this morning by Student Manager John Ryan, Thomas A. Burke, head of the guest committee, and by the Villagers, who conveyed the team to their quarters. The automobiles neces-

sary for this were supplied by the Villagers, who will also be at the complete command of Carnegie during the entire time of the latter's stay in the city.

The reception committee, with Lester Lovier as chairman, will have representatives, under the general charge of Thomas A. Burke at all the railroad stations, to direct Homecoming visitors and to render any other service necessary. The committee will also have men at all the principal hotels and on the campus, for the same purpose. John Q. Adams of the Blue Circle and Mansiel Haggerty of the Villagers will be at the Oliver; W. Francis Reardon, Theodore Griffin and Clem Crowe, at the LaSalle; Edward Byrne and George Stadel, at the Jefferson, while Vincent O'Malley will have charge of the campus information booth, near the Post Office.

The judging of the best decorated hall and the awarding of the S.A.C. cup will take place Friday evening at five o'clock. The winning of this trophy is a coveted honor, and eagerly sought after by the halls. The Engineers, with an ingenious winking device, carried off the prize last year.

At seven o'clock, Friday night, the student-body will assemble on Notre Dame avenue, at the outskirts of the city, to welcome the Carnegie Tech team, who will be brought there by the Villagers. A torchlight parade will then be organized, and will proceed up Notre Dame avenue to the steps of the Main Building, the student-body placing themselves in groups between the cars of the Carnegie players. The visiting team will be welcomed officially by the University in the person of Father Walsh, on the porch of the Main Building, and will then be introduced by Cheerleader Abrott to the students in general. Coach Rockne, Coach Stephans of Carnegie Tech, and several of the visiting players will speak briefly.

Following this reception, an entertainment will be given in Washington Hall at eight o'clock for the Homecoming visitors. Students are requested to leave the Hall free for them. Among the choice acts arranged for this show by the Blue Circle's

entertainment committee, in charge of Arthur Bidwell, will be that of the fun-making of Bidwell himself, several Indian dances in native costume by an Indian, Jack Doyle's specialties, music by Harry Denny's Collegians, and songs by that inimitable pair, Hogan Morrissey and Professor "Pat" Manion.

For the entertainment of the students at the corresponding hour, Charley Springer, boxing coach, will present his array of Freshman talent in the Gym. This is the annual boxing tournament for the Freshmen fistic aspirants, and the winners will be the champions in their weights. There will be some twenty or thirty bouts in all weights. Charley Springer and Pat Canny will referee, while the judges will be competent men with boxing experience. Plenty of action is assured, as the Freshman squad this year boasts many artistic leather-pushers.

At nine-thirty, Friday night, the barbecue fires will be lighted, accompanied by appropriate ceremony, not the least of which will be several selections rendered by the Rocky Mountain Club quartette. The Barbecue Committee, headed by Michael Murray, and assisted by O. A. Clark's men and the Rocky Mountain and Louisiana-Mississippi clubs, has prepared a feast which will "satisfy the most omnivorous," as the rapid consumption of it will prove.

Friday night at nine, the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Association will give a dance in the K. of C. Ballroom.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14

A requiem high mass will be celebrated in Sacred Heart Church at 8:30, for deceased Notre Dame students and alumni.

Following this, the barbecue will be served in the Gym from eleven till one. The side door facing south is to be used for the entrance of the diners, who will be courteously and adequately served by members of the Blue Circle, the Rocky Mountain and Louisiana-Mississippi Clubs.

The climax of the celebration will of course take place on Cartier field. At 1:57 on Saturday afternoon, the heralds will an-

nounce the game; at 1:58 the Carnegie Tech bomb will give its secret to the world with a noisy bang, followed a minute later by that of Notre Dame, and at two o'clock the sailing pigskin will open the Homecoming classic. The pennants of the schools that Notre Dame has met on the gridiron will float from the West, East and South stands, while the decorated goal-posts will add to the festive spirit. The new South Stands will be ready and will serve to augment the seating capacity by some six thousand, making the total about 29,000. A diversion, arranged by Coach Rockne, will assassinate the between-halves interval. Three bands—Carnegie Tech's Kiltie's, the News-Times Boys', and Notre Dame's high steppers, led by Joe Casasanta and Drum-Major Kirby, will relieve the high tension with soothing melodies.

The S.A.C. Homecoming Dance will be held at 9:00 Saturday evening in the K. of C. hall, with music by Harry Denny's Collegians. Another S.A.C. Dance, to be held at 9:30 Saturday night in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel, is being arranged.

The heavy volume of traffic which always accompanies Homecoming, will be taken care of by the Blue Circle's Traffic Committee, headed by Joseph Shea. This committee will direct all traffic, supervise parking, see to the freedom of the campus from autos, and in all other ways keep traffic free of kinks.

The Villagers cup, to be awarded to the store in South Bend having the best Homecoming decorations, will be on display at Mayr's jewelry store. The Downtown Decorations Committee under Gerald McGinley as chairman, will see to the dressing up of the city by the off-campus students.

The campus decorations are in charge of that Blue Circle committee, headed by James Ronan. The novel effects which will be encountered everywhere on the campus, in the Gym and on Cartier Field, will be the result of their work.

From this extensive and well-arranged program it is evident that the sixth annual Homecoming will be overflowing with interesting events. It only remains, then, for the entire student-body to lend whole-heart-

ed support to the program. Without their co-operation, the work of the Blue Circle and its many helpers will all go for naught. With the student-body's coöperation, this Homecoming celebration will be the largest and best in Notre Dame's history.

OTHER HOMECOMINGS

Today a university without a homecoming is like a child without a birthday. But it was not always thus. In fact it is just six years ago that Notre Dame set aside a day for her family reunion, a universal birthday for her children,—Notre Dame's first Homecoming. To-morrow she celebrates her sixth Homecoming by a game with the "flying Tartans." In spite of occasional abuses, Homecoming is now recognized as one of the official holidays of the Scholastic year.

The story of Notre Dame's Homecomings tells the story of her stars and of her growth. In 1920 Purdue fell prey to the "Fighting Irish" by a score of 28 to 0. It was in this game that George Gipp, one of the greatest of moleskin heroes, was at his best. On that day Gipp ran, bucked, passed and punted like a demon. His greatest achievement was the completion of passes to Kiley and Anderson good for 103 yards. This was the most eventful day for the gridiron warrior whom even the mercury-footed Grange has ever held as his hoyhood hero.

Wynne, Anderson, Mohardt, and Shaw (the papers tell us) are the boys who fought to fame in the Homecoming game with Nebraska in 1921. Our ever-menacing rival was beaten 7 to 0. In 1922 Paul Castner made 27 against Indiana. Since the final tally was 27 to 0, the tale of three touchdowns, two drop-kicks, and three placements by a wonder-man is superfluous. Purdue was again the victim in our fourth Homecoming game. The one-sided score of 34 to 7 does not tell fight of both Boilermakers and Irish. Last year the unequalled and inimitable "Four Horsemen" weathered the Dixieland "Golden Tornado" and marched through the boys of Georgia Tech and the gallant Wycoff to the tune of 34 to 3.

Thus from the time of Gipp to that of

the perpetual cavalry quartet our "All-Americans" have dazzled the Homecoming crowds with their brilliancy. It is interesting that each Homecoming witnesses a "record crowd" on Cartier Field. In 1921 a record was set when thirteen thousand people saw the Nebraska struggle. In 1923 the record was twenty thousand. In 1924 twenty-five thousand watched the "March through Georgia." To-morrow 30,000 spectators will be accomodated on Cartier Field.

To-morrow the air of Cartier will be charged with "Hoot mon" against "Begorra." The light, fast Scots of Carnegie Tech who held Washington and Jefferson to a scoreless tie will not be playing for experience. Rivalry among the Pennsylvania teams is keen, and since Penn State has tied the Irish, Carnegie will come prepared to beat them. Kilties and bagpipes will be forgotten for a bitter pigskin battle.

But, sons of Bruce and Wallace, let us remind you that the boys of Brian Boru have never yet lost a Homecoming game, that they have not been beaten on Cartier field for 14 years. Till 2 p. m. to-morrow!

NEW CLOCK IS INSTALLED

Included in the decorations upon the campus for Homecoming, is a new clock in the steeple of the Church, the work of the E. Howard Clock Company, of Boston, clock manufacturers for three-quarters of a century, and installers of the clock in the tower of the South Bend court house.

The clock operates distinctly apart from the chimes, and is guaranteed to keep exact time. "It may perhaps," according to Brother Englebert, head of the Purchasing Department of the University, "lose a minute or less during an entire month, but that is all."

The pinions of the clock are made of hard red brass, and the arbors are of pure steel. Within the clock is a set of hands,, which regulate the outer hands and small dial of the clock.

During the night, a system of lighting is used which illuminates the face of the clock, but darkens the hands and dials. This effect continues nightly until midnight..

THE COLONEL'S HIGH HAT.

Colonel Hoynes had (and still has) a high hat. He got it many years ago in Chicago. After buying it, high hats suddenly declined in popularity. Only notables could wear them and escape criticism. Notables attend notable affairs so the Colonel attended Notre Dame's football games at Cartier Field. To the games with the Colonel went the high hat.



Before the Colonel began to wear his high hat to football games, the fate of the Notre Dame team on Cartier Field was a matter for speculation. Sometimes the team won—and sometimes the team lost. The local seers began to search the clouds for signs of the outcome. They found only signs of the coming weather.

Someone among the prophets who wasn't a star gazer noticed that the Colonel sometimes wore his high hat to the game. And sometimes Notre Dame won the game. And it just happened that when the Colonel wore his high hat to the games Notre Dame won that game.

This non star-gazing prophet proclaimed his observations to fellow prophets. The council of prophets nodded in solemn approval of their fellow councilman's observations. Then there followed a general request that the Colonel wear his high hat to every game in which the fate of Notre Dame was a matter of doubt. The Colonel granted the request and since that day Notre Dame has not lost a crucial game on her own field.

We know how the game to-morrow is going to turn out because the Colonel will wear his high hat. You see, it has become a tradition that the Colonel wear this revered piece of headgear at the Homecoming Game. So when you see him come out on Cartier Field to-morrow calculate the score—in Notre Dame's favor!

The first social affair given by St. Mary's College during the present scholastic year will be a dance to be held November 17.

Campus Comment

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

o o o

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

In answer to A. L. M.'s criticism of Galli-Curci, which appeared in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC, I would like to say that Galli-Curci's voice is no more affected by the Indiana clime than is the critic's ear.

To say that "only notes" come from her throat borders on the ridiculous. "Only notes" may come from a nightingale too, but the heaven of beauty in those "only notes" has sent many a dreamer to his heights of dreamland, and many a bashful lover to his proposal. And surely, the babe who would not be lulled to sleep with "Emmet's Lullaby," sung with the "only notes" that only Galli-Curci can "note," would be ready for the calloused sword.

There are "only keys" on a piano, too, but give me a twilight stage, and the slight form of grand old Paderewski bending over his beloved instrument, and the "keys" are no longer "only keys" of a piano, but truly the keys to a kingdom of beauty and love.

And the listener—yes, he may go there as many do—to try and find feet of clay, or hands of clay, or a throat of clay in the artist. That is wrong. He should go to dream of peace, of beauty, and of love, for these are the foods of music, and in fact as much food as many of the saints of music existed on.

Let us not all be critics or even read the criticisms of others; for after all one cannot hear a concert by reading of it, and perhaps gathering an erroneous impression. Let those who criticize, do so for their own advantage—but please—let those who love music for its beauty, continue to love those who dream and write and die for it, and those who interpret; for they have dedicated their lives, their loves, their passions that music, and beauty, and love might live, and

not be besmirshed by an egotistic mud artist.

—NORB ENGELS.

* * * *

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

I was up to the concert last Wednesday night at school. I'm taking A. B. you know, and we men have to get some cultural polish on us during the next four years. Well, a bunch of us fellows went to Washington Hall to get some culture to start with. Of course, we had heard Galli-Curci the beginning of the week, but if you want to be artistic, you got to take University music concerts which are guaranteed to make you cultured.

I didn't quite get the concert to tell the truth. Maybe that's because I don't know much about music,—classical music. (I liked Galli-Curci, though). The man was a good singer, I guess. He made some funny movements like vaudeville actors on the stage and once in a while toward the end of a song, he shook his head, probably to get a few stubborn notes out. Galli-Curci didn't do that, but maybe this man was a different nationality. Some foreigners act funny sometimes, you know, and do stuff that seems queer to native Americans like me.

The fiddle—I mean, violinist was excellent too. She went to pick the strings once or twice and missed them, but she wasn't scared any and she always got them the second try. Of course Galli-Curci always hit the right note, but I don't think this violin player felt good Wednesday night so I won't say anything else. It was classical anyway.

The piano player I couldn't see very well because her back was turned to me. She was probably a good classical artist, too, but I didn't like her as well as the others.

Notre Dame is making lots of money and I feel proud when I see the good talent she hires to educate us, here, to appreciate some culture. I am going to try and like this stuff because the teachers say it is educated. Galli-Curci and Sousa and those people make me like them too easy. It's because they appeal to my passions, I guess. Anyway that's what all the teachers say. I am for more culture in music all the time so I can get developed.

—A SOPHOMORE.

FORT WAYNE CLUB CONVENES

The Fort Wayne Club of Notre Dame held its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening, November 4, in the North Room of the Library.

As a rather large delegation from Fort Wayne is expected to be present at Homecoming this year, plans for their reception were debated. It was decided that a committee should be placed under the direction and at the disposal of the Blue Circle, should the latter see fit to make use of its services. Arthur Miller, Patrick Donohue, Thomas McKiernan, and George Gordon were selected by President Jerry Morsches to act in this capacity.

Many suggestions for the Club's proposed Easter dance were also discussed and a preliminary report was received from the Dance Committee. This was favorably received and the members are looking forward to the success of this phase of the Club's activities.

LAW CLUB HAS SMOKER

One of the best attended smokers of the year was given by the Law Club last Monday evening in the Carroll "Rec" Room. The crowd of at least 400 persons was composed of both law and pre-law students.

The success of the smoker was best evidenced by Chairman Stanton's story of the scalping of tickets for it. Dean Konop made the initial speech of the evening by telling of the excellent work being done in the Law School this year. He ended by urging all those interested in law in any way to subscribe to the "Notre Dame Lawyer."

Peter La Cava, accompanied by Mrs. La Cava, entertained the audience with "County Down" and several encores. Then Professor Manion, the jester of the Law School, made a very profuse apology for having nothing to say; but before he finished his speech he had told more jokes in eight minutes than Al Jolson can tell in a whole show. Irving Hurwich delighted his listeners with two popular numbers, "Mandalay" and "Ukelele Lady" and with a splendid negro reading. Carl Bontempo made a hit with

his rendition of a medley of popular numbers. His quick transitions from song to humming caused a great deal of merriment.

In his own inimitable Judge Dudley Wooten congratulated the members of the Law Club on their smoker and spoke briefly on the need of well-educated lawyers. His conclusion, that his one ambition in life is to see the Notre Dame Law School rank second to none in the country, drew a deserved ovation from the audience. Professor Hadley then spoke briefly of his work in the Law School. Professor Frederickson delivered a short message to the pre-law men urging them to regard their studies seriously. Raymond McGrath sang "Lindy Lou" and "The Prom Girl," both songs played and written by Vic Labetz. Mr. Labetz also played "Tea for Two."

NEW JERSEY CLUB PLANS DANCE

The New Jersey Club met in the North Room of the Library last Sunday morning, and considered tentative plans for its annual Christmas Dance to be held in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey sometime during the Christmas holidays.

After some discussion, the members decided to leave all arrangements for the dance in the hands of William Carter and his Arrangements Committee.

Reports relative to the yearly banquet of the Club, which is to take place Thanksgiving, were heard. Edward Duggan, President of the Club and chairman of the Arrangements Committee for this affair, declared that the committee had decided to hold the banquet on the evening of Tuesday, November 24, at the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle.

Forty-six students of St. Theodore's School, Chicago, accompanied by their teachers, visited Notre Dame and St. Mary's Monday, in accordance with an annual custom. Each year a contest is held at the school, and to the winning grade, the Notre Dame-St. Mary's trip is given as a reward. The highest student in each grade is also included in the roster of winners. Monday was selected as the most appropriate time for the visit, it being St. Theodore's Feast Day.

Interesting Places on the Campus

1. The Log Chapel, cradle of the University. On the shore of the lake near the Library. Father Badin is buried here.
2. The Mission House, next to the Log Chapel on the right. First building of the University, built in 1844 by Father Sorin.
3. The Lemonnier Library on the left of the Log Chapel. Has the Art Gallery on the second floor with a collection, including many masterpieces. Magazines in the reading room dating back to 1802.
4. Sacred Heart Church. Mural decorations by Gregori. Famous Bernini altar in the extreme front of the Church. Large jeweled crown suspended over statue of the Blessed Virgin, in a niche over Bernini altar. The main altar made of bronze.
5. Basement chapel of Sacred Heart Church, favorite place of devotion for students. Contains body of Orestes Brownson, noted Catholic American philosopher.
6. Grotto, copied after that of Lourdes. Located in the hollow back of Corby Hall.
7. Sorin Hall, right front of Church. The first private-room dormitory at any Catholic University in the country.
8. Community Cemetery, back of Community House on the road to St. Mary's. Graves dating back to 1844.
9. Holy Cross Seminary, on road to St. Mary's. Residence of young men studying for the Priesthood.
10. Calvary—Stations of the Cross in the field back of the Community House.
11. Spanish War Memorial, north of Science Hall, erected by Brownson Hall in memory of a former Brownsonite who went down with the Maine.
12. World War Memorial, left side entrance to the Church. The bricks have the initials of the former students who died in World War scratched in them.
13. Paintings in the hall of the Main Building and under the Dome, done by Gregori. The painting of the Landing of Columbus was copied by the U. S. Government in 1892 and used on a postal stamp.
14. New Gymnasium, capable of seating 5000 persons.
15. Statue of Father Corby, in front of Corby Hall. Exact representation of Father Corby as he gave general absolution to the soldiers before the Battle of Gettysburg. The rock on which the statue is placed is the same one that Father Corby stood on at Gettysburg.
16. Washington Hall, left of Main Building on Quadrangle. Contains auditorium, Music Department, and Brownson and Carroll "Rec" Rooms.
17. The Notre Dame postoffice, at the entrance to the campus, established by the government at the request of Henry Clay.
18. The Ave Maria printing office in the rear of Main Building.
19. The walks around St. Mary's and St. Joseph Lakes.

S.A.C. MEETS ON SUNDAY

The Students Activities Council met in the Library Sunday morning, November 8, at 10:30. The meeting was called to order by President Dan J. Brady, and then proceeded to the various matters of business which had accumulated since its last meeting more than two weeks before.

The first resolution adopted by the Council was the motion made to offer the services of the Council to the Blue Circle to aid in the work connected with Homecoming. John Tuohy, chairman of the Blue Circle, accepted this offer for his organization.

The regular business of the Council was

then resumed, with the reading of the reports of the Gridgraph and Student Trip financial committees by the chairman of each, Ben Bourne and Worden Kane respectively. The reports were accepted as read.

The petitions for permission to produce a Football Review, similar to the one of last year, received from Bert V. Dunne, and from J. Purcell and F. Cody, were deliberated upon by the Council. Acting on the recommendation of the Concessions Committee, the Council awarded the concession to Purcell and Cody.

A committee, consisting of President Brady, Frank Bon and William Daily, was

appointed to meet with Coach Rockne and discuss the problem of extra seats for the student-body for the Northwestern game. Pending the outcome of this meeting, tickets for the Carnegie Tech game only were given out on presentation of athletic books.

A concession to sell candy on the campus was given to J. DeGroot. An expressed condition of this concession was that Mr. DeGroot might advertise, but must not solicit sales for his article.

A committee, made up of Frank Bon, Paul Fleming and Worden Kane, was appointed to investigate the bids made for the printing, engraving, binding and the like of the *Dome*. This committee will report at the next meeting of the Council.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

Doctor John J. Becker of the University School of Music has had his piano works accepted for publication by O. G. Sinneck, director of publications for the G. Schirmer Company. His composition, "Two Chinese Miniatures," will probably be published early in the new year. "The Miniatures" embrace a "Funeral March" and a "Revelry."

* * * *

The musical event of the past week was the concert given by Josef Lhevinne in the Palais Royale Monday evening, November 9, the second of the Galli-Curci series of concerts.

The program was as follows:

1. Fifteen Variations with Fugue ---- *Beethoven*
2. Ballade in G Minor ----- *Chopin*
Prelude op. 45 ----- *Chopin*
Four Preludes op. 28 ----- *Chopin*
Valse in A flat op. 34 ----- *Chopin*

INTERMISSION

3. Two Tone Poems op. 79 ----- *Paul Juon*
(First Performance)
a. Upon a Balmy Summer Sunday.
b. The Juggler (From a Far, Strange Country).
Najaden im Quell (Naiads at the Spring)
Paul Juon
Causerie ----- *Cui*
Lesghinka (Georgian Dance) ----- *Liapounoff*

Tito Schipa, the world famous lyric tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, will appear as the third number of the concert series at the Palais Royale on Monday night, November 16. We advise everyone to hear him: his future visits to South Bend will probably be few and far between.

* * * *

The Oliver Theatre announces the coming of the White Sisters in "Topsy and Eva" on November 16th and 17th. This is the musical comedy by the Duncan Sisters which had such great success in Chicago. The White Sisters were originally in the production before the Duncans took over the roles. We don't know whether to recommend it or not, as the whole thing will depend upon the White who takes the part of Topsy, who is the whole show; and we know nothing about her. You might try it, however. The music by the Duncan Sisters is worth it anyway, and you can always shut your eyes.

* * * *

Some of the attractions coming to Washington Hall before Christmas are:

"Little Annie Rooney" with Mary Pickford
"The Eagle" with Valentino and Vilma Banky.

—A. L. M.

JOHN McCORMACK INVITED TO GAME

John McCormack, who is to sing in the Gym next Friday night November 20 for the benefit of the Scholarship Club fund, has been invited to remain in South Bend until Saturday afternoon and attend the Northwestern-Notre Dame game as the guest of Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University.

It is not known whether Mr. McCormack will accept this invitation. If he does he will be paying a tribute to another "Irish" eleven. In Boston not long ago the famous tenor had as guests at his concert the Holy Cross team which shortly before had been victorious over Harvard. For the special benefit of the football men who were grouped behind him on the stage, Mr. McCormack sang his favorite "Mother Machree." In return the pigskin artists sent forth a rolling cheer for the singer.

SENIOR CLASS MEETS

The Senior Class met at 12:30 yesterday, November 12, in the South Room of the Library. This was the first class-meeting of the year. President Francis J. Bon was in the chair.

The report of Treasurer Roger Nolan stated that there was a balance of \$53 in the treasury, the amount remaining from last year's Junior Class.

President Bon informed the class of the two concessions which it has secured: the privilege of holding the last of the football dances the night of the Northwestern game, and that for the sale of pillow tops. Orders for these will be taken shortly after December 1, with delivery assured before Christmas. He urged the earnest support of the Class to make these concessions a financial success.

Regarding the Northwestern tickets, President Bon told the meeting that Seniors could secure one extra ticket with their athletic book, for that game. These tickets will be for chairs placed in front of the east stands. No other part of the field is available. To secure these tickets, he said it would be necessary for the Seniors to hand in their athletic books with three dollars Friday afternoon, between 12:30 and 2:30. The regular seats, one ticket to each Senior will be given out Monday afternoon, November 15, between the hours of 3 and 5. At this time also, the extra tickets will be distributed.

FIGHTING IRISH JUGGLER ARRIVES

Last evening the curtains were drawn back for the second time this year on the Funny Fellow's stage and the Fighting Irish number of the *Juggler* tripped merrily across the boards.

One of the points of special interest in this issue is that it is true football number, that works in excellent harmony with the football atmosphere prevalent on the campus at present. The theme of the number is carried out better than any of the Funny Fellows previous efforts.

The cover, a drawing of Knute Rockne by Wilber McElroy, is one of the best that has

ever graced the magazine. The art work of Joseph Foglia and of N. Loti, a newcomer, are deserving of much praise. The written humor is unusually clever and does honor to the campus comedians.

Lester Grady, editor in chief, is to be congratulated on this his newest effort, for for it securely places him in the front rank of college editors.

"WELCOME WILDCAT" DANCES

Two "Welcome Wildcat" dances, rather than one as originally announced, are to be sponsored by the Senior Class on Saturday night November 21 in the Knights of Columbus Home. One of these will take place in the ballroom and the other in the council chamber on the third floor. Harry Denny's Collegians and Art Haeren's Orchestra will play.

Tickets, admitting the holder to one or both of the dances, can be bought from Bon and McGinley in Sorin, Fleming in Corby and Dooley in Badin. They are selling for \$1.50.

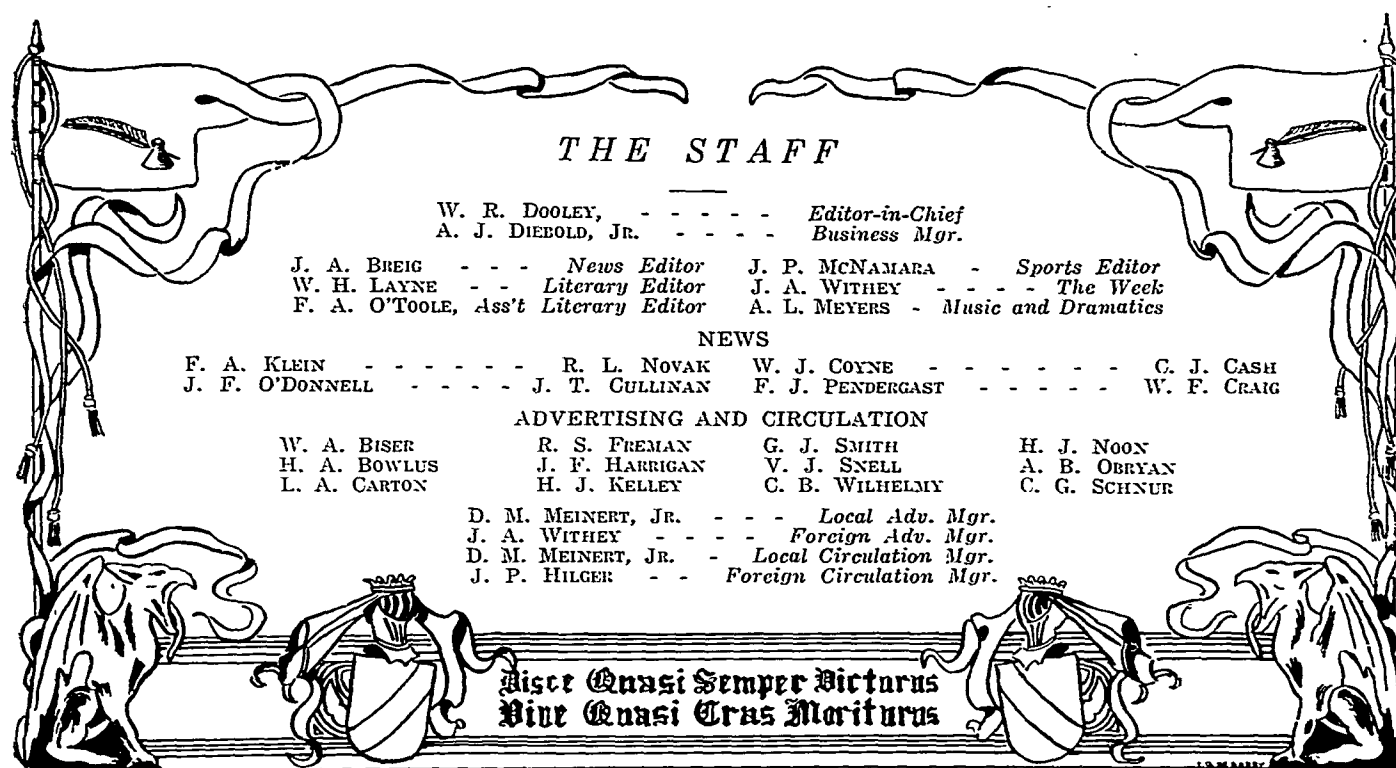
JUNIORS TO GET EXTRA TICKETS

Extra Northwestern game tickets to the number of 100, will be available for Juniors according to the announcement made by President William Daily at a Junior Class meeting in the Library yesterday noon. He appealed to the honor and loyalty of the Juniors to see that only those men bought extra tickets who needed them for invited relatives or friends.

Mr. Daily said that Coach Rockne had promised him that whatever tickets were left from the Senior and Sophomore allotments would go to Juniors. It is therefore probable that the men of '27 will be able to buy more than 100 extra tickets.

All Junior tickets for the Northwestern game, whether singles or extras, will be distributed in the Gym next Tuesday afternoon.

A meeting of the students taking the Pre-Law Course was held in the Court Room of the Law Building at 12:30 Friday noon, November 6.



THE STAFF

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A. J. DIEBOLD, JR. - - - - - Business Mgr.	
J. A. BREIG - - - News Editor	J. P. McNAMARA - Sports Editor
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**Disc Quasi Semper Victurus
Vinc Quasi Cras Moriturus**

WELCOME, MEN OF NOTRE DAME!

To those old students who return this week-end for Homecoming, the SCHOLASTIC offers a cordial welcome. We are glad that you are with us again, glad that you can return to see what we, who have remained to carry on the work, have accomplished.

You will see new faces here, new standards of judgment and many changes that may, at first thought, appear radical. But underneath all these you will find, we are certain, the principles, unyielding and undying, that have made Notre Dame what it is. This University of our Lady is different today—but only on the surface.

We hope that you will be able to live again the old life if only for an hour, tread the old paths, cheer the old cheers and go home with the feeling that Notre Dame is still what she was in "those good old days."

OUR GUESTS

Within the next ten days Notre Dame is to be host to two student trips. To-morrow there will be the wail of bag pipes on Cartier field when Carnegie Tech's famous Kiltie band together with a loyal student aggregation and a fighting team invade the home of the National Champions. On the following Saturday Northwestern hopes to close a season of glory by burning Purple flares

by the twin lakes, and a large delegation of students will accompany that team here. The impressions, the opinions, that these visitors carry away with them are of vital importance to Notre Dame.

In the past Notre Dame has taken pride in the fact that it has been at its best as a host. It has grown to be a tradition that visitors are to be well treated, that nothing can be too good for our guests. Let it be so to-morrow, and the following Saturday. We, who were recently so well received by Minnesota, should pass the hospitality on;—but we should add to it that something that only Notre Dame can give. Surely the spirit lives!

It is the duty of every Notre Dame man to do all in his power toward seeing that these invaders enjoy themselves. Courtesy should be the by-word. Traditions are iron-bound, and this is a sacred one. We intend to beat them on the gridiron but let us also prove that Notre Dame can be great in another way. Again we insist that the ideas that these visitors carry away are important to all of us.

Brother Engelbert, purchasing agent for the University, has a strong belief in the "apple a day" dictum: he has recently ordered three carloads of them for Notre Dame consumption.

WASTED TIME

Educators tell us that education is conditioned by habit formation and reflection. Regularity of college life is the most impelling force conducive to the formation of regular and constant habits of study. When this regularity is broken or interrupted the continuity of thought and reflection is simultaneously broken. If outside influence could be wholly or even partially eliminated, reflection along scholastic lines would be easier and habits of study would be more easily acquired.

If campus life could be made more attractive and the students be made to spend more time upon the campus voluntarily, the problem would be solved. As it is many students spend as much time down town as they do on the campus exclusive of course of the time given to sleep. Under the present conditions it is necessary that the student go to town more often than he should go. A large percentage of the students take their meals in town either at restaurants or at boarding houses.

When a student goes to town for his evening meal the trip ordinarily consumes about two or three hours; for nine times out of ten when he gets there he stays longer than he should. If accommodations for eating on the campus were better this inexcusable waste of time would be eliminated and there would be more regularity to student life. The recent announcement by Father Walsh that plans were being considered for building here one of the largest "commons" or college dining halls in the country, is therefore welcomed. Such a place will fill a long-felt need.

THE JOHN MCCORMACK CONCERT

The Scholarship Club deserves the unqualified thanks of the student-body for bringing John McCormack to Notre Dame. Besides delighting the audience of this vicinity in a musical way, this concert will be of great help in increasing the usefulness of the club. The Scholarship Club, as some may not know, was organized some years ago to aid worthy students in securing a college education. It has obtained the funds which con-

stitute these scholarships mainly by means of dances, given at intervals throughout the year. It has never before attempted, anything so pretentious as this concert. If it succeeds, as it has every right to succeed, the work of the Club will be greatly furthered; if it fails, that work will be seriously hampered. It is up to the student-body, then, to support this project.

John McCormack is a world-famous tenor,—an Irish tenor, which does not make him a greater one, but which should make an added appeal to a Notre Dame audience. As a singer, his reputation is unquestioned. The acclaim which everywhere greets him is witness to his worth. To hear him is in the nature of a liberal education. The Scholarship Club, then, with this concert, is presenting one means of securing that broadness of view which every man who desires to be at all educated must possess.

One need not be a student of music, nor need he be a Croesus to gain the benefits of this concert. There will be some general admission tickets on sale at extremely reasonable prices. This fact should insure a large attendance from the men on the campus.

With the support of Notre Dame—of men who are, at all events, called "college"—John McCormack's recital here will be a deserved success. With this as a precedent, the Scholarship Club will feel justified in bringing other artists before the Notre Dame public, to the advantage of every one.

Commenting on "Progressive Ignorance," a little book of essays by Rev. Charles C. Miltner, of the University faculty, *America* says, "Prophets of evil and artists of gloom have had at us so incessantly of late that it takes a brave man to write a happy book. However, Rev. Charles Miltner in "Progressive Ignorance," (Herder, \$0.90) is courageous. In a jolly sort of way, he jots down his opinions on current fads and foibles, on the silly and on the serious doings of men, pleasantly unconcerned as to whether they agree with him or not. It is just as well, perhaps, for in the present state of literary foment we all seem to disagree. Lovers of inspirational literature should find this a stimulating book."

Old Mother Goose

BY SISTER MARY INCARNATION, C.S.P.

A Summer School Student

"THE world would not sell Shakespeare, yet one may well doubt that Shakespeare is worth as much to humanity as is Mother Goose." To evaluate exactly these classics—for the world has judged Mother Goose Jingles classical—were impossible; but this fact is assured, that the child who has learned to appreciate the pleasures and the beauties of Mother Goose will be the most likely, when the proper time comes, to appreciate the pleasures and beauties of Shakespeare. He will show his having been particularly "learned in Mother Goose her ways" by his quick responsiveness to the verbal rhythm and rhythmical structure of more sophisticated products.

Perhaps a little of the history of this cherished visitor of our nursery days may not be amiss or irrelevant; it may even be due the dear old lady as an amende for the shadow cast upon her prestige by the ultra-modernist, Mrs. Stetson, who seriously questions the aesthetic and moral values of "Hey-Diddle-Dee" and subconscious influence of "Jack and Jill." Who, then, was Mother Goose? Evidence shows that this delightful lady came from France. Andrew Lang discovered a reference to her in a French poem of 1650 where she figures as a teller of stories. In 1697 Perrault's famous fairy tales were published with a frontispiece representing an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, and a little boy and a cat. On this frontispiece was the legend, "Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye." Mother Goose's name was not associated with verse, however, until after 1760 when John Newbery, a London publisher and a most important figure in the history of the production of books for children, issued a small volume called "Mother Goose Melody." A theory is that Oliver Goldsmith, then in Newbery's employ, wrote these nursery rhymes. This may or may not be correct, yet from that time on the loved name of Mother Goose has almost exclusively been

associated with songs of childhood. About a century later, in 1870, it was rumored that Mother Goose had been a real woman of Boston, whose rhymes were published in 1719 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. But the rumor was, as rumors usually are, unfounded.

So much for "Ma Mère de l'Oye," but what of the jingles and rhymes that bear her name? It has been ascertained that many of them are of great antiquity and wide geographical distribution. References to some of these verses have been found in books that go back several centuries. The jingles are of popular origin, having sprung from the people, and have been transmitted anonymously from generation to generation, dropping in their passage those elements that were displeasing, growing smooth from continuous repetition. Even where an author can be attributed to a rhyme, we find that the folk have taken possession of it and have moulded it to their fancy, neglecting any historical application it might originally have had, and endowing it with a popular style. "Thus our old nursery rhymes," says Andrew Lang, "are smooth stones from the brook of time, worn round by constant friction of tongues long silent. We cannot hope to make new nursery rhymes any more than we can write new fairy tales."

Research has revealed that "Jack and Jill" developed from an Icelandic legend about "two children caught up into the moon, where they can still be seen carrying a bucket on a pole between them." There was a chap book story called "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner, Containing His Witty Tricks, etc.," from which we have "Little Jack Horner" of dubious humility. "Simple Simon" is all that remains of another chap book verse. "Poor Old Robinson Crusoe" is a fragment of a song by the character, Jerry Sneak, in Foote's "Mayor of Garrett," dated 1763. "Three Blind Mice" can be found in an old book called Deuteromalia of 1609, and

"A Swarm of Bees in May" was discovered by Halliwell quoted in Miegé's Great French Dictionary of 1627. These facts speak to us of the honorable descent both of our nursery literature and of their guardian spirit, "Ma Mère de l'Oye." They justify our outraged sense of reverence when we read to-day of those who, like the discarded spiritual daughter of Mrs. Eddy, would without regard of their aesthetic value replace these time honored melodies by pseudo-scientific formulae done up in rhyme.

Taste and emotion are subtle things, subtle as well in their origin and growth as in their essence; yet the aesthetic faculties are, in general, easily reached by literature. The aesthetic value of the nursery rhymes and jingles consists in their conduciveness to the origin and development of culture, especially of literary appreciation. To substantiate that statement it is necessary to explain just what serves to initiate an aesthetic taste particularly in the child. Genetic Psychology has shown what memory proves, that the child mind is not a diminutive adult mind attendant upon growth alone for perfection. On the contrary, the mind reaches maturity by development which implies change. Consequently, that which makes an aesthetic appeal to the child is absolutely different from that which appeals analogously to the adult; and to discover what in child psychology is aesthetic, we must study the tastes and needs of childhood, because it is morally impossible, even physically impossible for an adult to derive from Mother Goose the pleasure and charm that a child does. In vain has many a mature person sought in these jingles and rhymes the unalloyed delight that once they found there. It has passed from the mentality of childhood. The child mind can be known objectively only, whereas the glory and entrancing wonder of childhood's fancy is wholly subjective. The little one, "trailing clouds of glory," endows the incidents with a unique reality and a depth of meaning that an adult can no longer understand. They are gone; the effects alone remain in most happy memoirs, in powers of imagination, in a keener insight into art and character with

an understating especially of the divine beauty of the heart of a child. The world to-day, so utilitarian, so materialistic, has a need rather than an excess of such characters.

The "tot" in the Mother Goose phase of literary appreciation is very strong in feeling and emotion; his imaginative powers far exceed those of his intellect. He has not the strength for sustained attention and since his attention is weak, his memory is correspondingly so. The child at this age can, however, understand more than he can express: his interests are "encyclopaedic, sweepingly encyclopaedic;" they are nevertheless, discouragingly fragmentary and surprisingly short. Also they are dual, being directed toward the world of imagination and toward that of practical fact. The interest is greater, however, in the realms of imagination. Fact and fancy, though still distinct, begin gradually to blend, producing that paradoxical mentality of childhood with its charming strangeness and its commonplace realism, to both of which factors literature must appeal if it would result in the development of aesthetic appreciation. It must conform to, strengthen, guide and elevate the child's interests while maintaining a perfect equilibrium between their dual departments.

"The one literature that is supremely adapted to this purpose is the collection of rhymes associated with Mother Goose." Their brevity is within a child's mental grasp; they absorb the attention momentarily and pleasurably without the fatigue resultant so quickly upon sustained attention and so fatal to the establishment of aesthetic taste. The emphatic regular rhythm with its inevitable cadences insinuates itself into the motor by means of the play-impulses of the child, and the music of the chiming rhymes appeals to the ear, laying the basis respectively of a future sense of balance in structure and of melody in verse. An idea or image is embodied, but this thought content, conformably with the child's inability to reason deeply, is not consequential or intricate; for the sensuous medium or rhythm and sound impress primarily and the thought

but secondarily.

Studying the content of Mother Goose rhymes in the light of their aesthetic value, we have again as criterion their suitability to the mental development of the child. In his delightfully urbane style, J. B. Kerfoot says, *à propos* this subject, that "the roads of living and of reading do indeed parallel each other." If so, it is evident that Mother Goose is the unique literature for childhood and, being so, as has been shown, it is conducive to the child's aesthetic development, for the child no less than the savant reads with his own experience. His experience is not only fragmentary but also unassorted. "Its mind is like a cupboard without partitions, into which all that it finds with its five senses—the pap-spoon and the puppy dog, the taste of the milk and the feel of the stomach ache, the sound of the cat's 'meow' and the appearance of the moon's disk—are all stowed away helter skelter." Despite the medley, the child knows what he likes in it and what he does not like, and since he inhabits a world in which there is rhyme though not yet reason, he does "without knowing it, sense something about art." He is not prepared to read "Hamlet," not even to read "Puss-in-Boots," but he is ready to understand, to appreciate with the genuine joy of aesthetic contemplation.

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon."
And while he chants it, he sways and clasps his hands, establishing thereby "a rhythmic order" in his confused experiences,—a decided advance in aesthetic sense.

The universal appeal of these immortal jingles may be shown to be in conformity with aesthetic principles on other ground than that of its adaptation to the child's experiences. The rhyming jingle such as "Higgledy-Piggledy, My Fat Hen" trains the ear; it has the "peculiar cadence which modern writers of children's poetry strive in vain to imitate." Certainly, nothing of the fine charms of euphony, shades and nuances would be lost upon the uncultivated ear of the child. That he acquire an appreciation

for harmonious sounds, the first impressions must be not fine but concise, striking and repetitive. The delicate music of superior poetry for this purpose would be futile. The nonsense surprise such as is afforded by "Hey Diddle Diddle," "Three Wise Men of Gotham," or "I'll Tell You a Story," is peculiarly adapted to childish delight and, in turn, to the encouragement of an awakening attraction to literature. It is not my meaning precisely that aesthetic worth inheres: it is the nonsense with just enough sense to make it delightful, in the movement, in the intense mystery of the riddles like "Humpty Dumpty," and also in a quality that beyond all others seems useless except to a student of Genetic Psychology—namely, the charm of "the inarticulate" as Professor Saintsbury terms it, a "pleasant gibberish" by which the little ones, through these nursery rhymes, learn to love a quality akin to that of highest poetry, that is, the charm of pure sound. The dramatic action, moreover, the embryonic plot structure of a jingle such as "Little Miss Muffit," though diminutive, rapid and greatly compressed, is perfectly artistic. Its principles of organization, its dynamic development of rise, climax, decline and conclusion is parallel to that of Julius Caesar and relatively as tragic. This organization enables the child to perceive, unconsciously, unity in variety in a bit of material in which he can discriminate the parts yet which he can grasp or as a whole, "which he can see as an entity beginning somewhere, proceeding in order, reaching an end." The line, "Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffet," sets the stage and introduced the main character; "Eating her curds and whey" suggests a plot and instills an intense personal interest; "When along came a spider" complicates the situation, it becomes exciting and taut with suspense; "and sat down beside her" attains the height of climatic development, the child's interests become wholly identified with those of the heroine; "And frightened Miss Muffit" is the falling action, leaving, however, the perfection of finality to the graphic, satisfying word, "away."

The ridiculous and ludicrous which Mrs. Stetson would eliminate as useless in a child's

aesthetic training are normally the very elements needed to cultivate a sense of humor, that quality of a symmetrically developed mind. She bemoans that "the child's sweet faith is lessened" by exaggerations. "What a stretch of the imagination," she exclaims, "asking a child to believe that a heavy mooley cow could jump over the moon! Think of a kitty playing the fiddle, and then try to convince the child that a dish could run away with a spoon!" Mrs. Stetson has grown too tall for the play house. She has forgotten that although the child lives in a world mentally but "three feet high," he can, nevertheless on account of the duality of his interests, "follow the flights of poetic fancy or the quirks of poetic whimsey with an effortless delight," and "effortless delight" is, in truth, one of the factors of artistic appreciation. That the cow leap over the moon is, indeed, a departure, however entrancing, from the

facts as accepted by the adult; but childhood's magic realm has no prosaic limitation.

The whimsical old melodies of "Ma Mère de l'Oye," redolent as now they are with memory of the lullaby croon they assumed on mother's lips when long ago she lulled us to sleep; fraught also with the sense of our own great importance when on our seventh birthday, with skirts held out in a ruffled crescent, we recited them for "company;" and golden, too, with the "glory and the dream" that now has "faded into the light of common day,"—these simple songs of childhood were, we now realize, on account of their vital spontaneity and perfect suitability to the growing and developing mind, the best means for the initiation into and early cultivation of, an aesthetic appreciation. And "the best," Goethe has said, "is good enough for the children."

EXILE

I can't return to Notre Dame
 (She passed with youth, I fear.)
 Nay, though I sleep within the bed
 I had of yesteryear.
 The School, the campus, all unchanged;
 The golden Dome aflame;
 And even faces strong with hope
 Seem much the same.

I can't return to Notre Dame.
 Today I saw the field
 Where youth strove mightily with youth
 With hearts that wouldn't yield.
 And as they sang their victory songs
 My burning heart grew cold,
 It was the vital song of youth—
 And I am old.

—CORNELIUS SHEA '28.

The Spool

FRANK MURRAY, '25

MR. PERCY ALGERNON SMITH, familiarly known as "Cinamon" Smith, thrust his hands deeper into his trousers pockets.

"I am not going," he remarked with an air of decision. "Not going," cried the joint proprietors of the White Pine Camp in a chorus. "Why?"

The campers at White Pine were on the point of starting out for an all-day fishing excursion up Wayne Brook. The party consisted of four undergraduates of Amherst who were temporarily pursuing their education in the bracing air of the Adirondacks.

To quote their forceful if inelegant phraseology, Messrs. "Cinnamon" Smith, "Bucky" Jones, "Piggy" Watson, and "Chick" Pettigrew had flunked in their examinations, and were now cramming with more or less enthusiasm and diligence under the able direction of Professor James Garder.

"Cin's lazy" drawled "Piggy" Watson, as he fixed himself comfortably in the stern of the boat, armed with the lightest paddle.

"Cinnamon's going to write to his best girl," shouted Bucky Jones. "Do it in poetry on birch bark old boy."

Left to himself, it appeared that Mr. Smith had not remained behind to indulge in solitary ease. A rapid but thoughtful investigation of the camp cupboard ensued, with the following results: two small lemons, one damp paper bag containing ginger snaps minus the snap and one box of marshmallows.

"Gosh, there they are now, on the other side of the lake, and I haven't even washed my hands."

Exactly five minutes later, Mr. Percy Algernon Smith arrayed in a golf suit of the latest fashionable cut and a green and white striped flannel shirt, sauntered jauntily down to the boat landing.

"How do you do, Miss Brown, (Jove, but she's a pretty girl.) Glad to see you, Miss Merrill. Won't you come ashore?"

The elder of the two young persons in the boat hesitated; but the one addressed as

Miss Brown was on her feet in a twinkling.

"Just for an instant, Marie," she said appealingly. "What a sweet place for a camp—ours isn't nearly so pretty. Lemonade?" queried this sprightly damsel fanning her flushed face with a big green fan, "Yes indeed, and its awfully kind of you to think of it, Mr. Smith. Aren't you thirsty, Marie?"

"The fellows are all off on the trail to Wayne Brook," remarked the astute Mr. Smith. "The old man's out bug hunting."

"Who is the old man?" cried Miss Peggy with an irrelevant gurgle of laughter. "And bug hunting—whoever heard of such a thing. Is he married?"

"Married? Who—the old man? Ha, Ha, that's a good one. Why, Miss Peggy, Garder never even looks at anything but books and bugs, and is more afraid of a pretty girl than he'd be of a boa constrictor."

"Marie do look at that funny spool up there on the tree. What is that for, Mr. Smith?"

"That spool? Aw—that's another of Garder's notions. He likes to go away by himself after his bugs—doesn't even want a guide along to bother him. So he ties one end of a string in camp and unwinds a monstrous spool as he goes along. When he gets through with his investigation, he winds up, and the string brings him into camp again."

"The very idea," exclaimed Miss Merrill.

"I say Miss Daisy, don't you want some pink water-lilies? I know where there are a lot of them."

"You go Peggy," said Miss Merrill indulgently. "I'll stay here and rest. I'm too comfortable to move."

Then producing a volume from the pocket of her jacket the young lady settled back in her luxurious chair.

The day was warm and Marie dropped her book, to fix her attention upon the antics of a pair of squirrels on a tree. As she was thus gazing her eyes were arrested by the

big spool dangling from a branch just above her head.

"This is a cobweb party," she said solemnly, "the old professor and his box of bugs are the prize." With that, this model of all nice girls began to walk away into the woods, winding up the cord as she went.

"It's simply barrels of fun," sighed the bold adventuress as she sank breathless on a bank to rest, "but I believe I'll go back without my prize. It must be nearly dinner-time."

She glanced down at the bulky form of the big brown spool and the full extent of her folly dawned suddenly upon her. "How can I go back? I've wound up the cord."

The idea of surprising an elderly student of science at his labors had been gradually growing less and less attractive; and now after a period of serious reflection it ceased to appear either funny or fascinating.

She decided to retrace her steps back to camp but after a long and weary two hour walk, no camp nor any blue water was in sight. She again retraced her steps back to the second spool of thread which hung in the bushes.

Miss Merrill sat down upon a mossy log and shed tears for fully five minutes. "I shall never find it—never" she wailed, grinding the innocent cause of her misadventure beneath her boot heels. "But, oh, how can I let that man find me, as he certainly will if hold to this wretched spool? I can't, if I have to die of slow starvation and I am so hungry. But suppose I leave it here, the unsuspecting old gentleman will wind up to it, and then he will have nothing to go by."

"No I must not leave him to perish—it would be murder" she said with a shudder. "I will find him and tell him what I have done."

* * * *

James Garder glanced hastily over the closely written pages of his notebook, snapped the cover of his tin specimen case and rose to his feet.

"It must be getting along toward sunset," he remarked as he glanced at his watch. "Good day's work though; I shouldn't like to

have missed that scarlet headed Arachnida."

He paused to drop a full spool into his pocket and disengage an empty one from the limb of a mighty spruce.

"Jove" he muttered, "I forgot to eat my lunch. A more useful device to save valuable time than this simple system of spools was never devised," he decided. "At this moment I am approximately one and one-half miles from supper; with no doubtful trail to follow." He stopped short; his keen ears had caught the sound of crackling branches. "A deer," he muttered, "and coming right this way."

Arachnida, Coleoptera, spools and other insects were forgotten on the instant, and the bug-hunter, alert and silent, stood grasping his rifle. A moment later he was amazed at the small figure which limped rapidly toward him.

"You are not Professor Garder—I am so glad," were the astonished words with which the apparition introduced itself. "I don't know who you are, but I am Marie Merrill and I am lost in these dreadful woods. Do take me home."

"I do not quite understand," stammered the astounded bug-hunter lamely. "I can take you home, certainly, but I must acknowledge that I am James Garder."

She couldn't control a hysterical laugh: "Professor Garder is an old man," she cried, "and you—you are quite young. I took his spool out of the camp and I can't find the way back."

"The spool—You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I—I was stopping at the camp, you see, for a few minutes with a friend, and I saw the spool. I can't tell you why I did it. Say anything you like to me," continued Miss Merrill solemnly, "I deserve it. We shall never get home alive—never."

"Oh, yes, you may laugh," said the young lady with an indignant shrug. "I laughed at first, but it hasn't seemed a bit funny for at least six hours. We shall starve to death. And it's getting dark."

"You don't mean to say that you have been wandering about since morning with nothing to eat," he asked anxiously.

"Nothing but huckleberries—and I hate huckelberries."

James Garder hastily swung his basket to the ground. "These sandwiches have suffered somewhat, I fear, in my pocket basket but if you will accept them—"

"They look perfectly delicious," declared the young lady with unconcealed delight. "But I shall eat only one. It is possible, you know, that we might not be back in time."

"I beg that you will give yourself no further anxiety on that score," cried James Garder confidently. "We are only a little over a mile from camp; we'll be there inside of an hour."

The girl shook her head mournfully. "I was so frightened when I saw how late it was growing, so I came to meet you."

"I never imagined what a fatal thing I was doing when I touched that spool."

"The darkness is closing in upon us at an early hour," he went on rapidly. "I can't understand it unless it is about to—" A drop of rain explained the phenomenon.

"It is raining," observed Miss Merrill. "But of course that was to be expected. We will go on," she added firmly. "I am not at all tired and I am accustomed to the woods."

Two minutes later her foot slipped on a treacherous log, and with a cry she plunged forward into the darkness.

James Garder was at her side in a moment. "My poor little girl," he murmured, lifting her with all possible gentleness. "Are you hurt much?"

"At all events I have not sprained my ankle," said the girl with a laugh. "But I slipped once before to-day and—"

James Garder groaned. "I shall never

forgive myself for my folly," he declared savagely.

Miss Merrill laughed again in spite of herself. "Put me down, please, Mr. Garder," she said. "If you should change most of the pronouns in your last statement to the second person, it would be quite what I deserve. Please go at once before it gets any darker."

"And leave you here alone?"

"Yes."

"I have four matches left and if the fates aren't unkind we'll have a fire inside of five minutes."

Three of the matches succumbed due to the fact that no dry material was available.

"If you only had some paper," ventured a timid voice out of the darkness.

"Of course. Thank heaven you reminded me before I struck another match."

Another moment and a score of clumsily written pages treating of the Coleoptera and Arachnida were blazing merrily.

"Wasn't it fortunate you happened to have that paper?" observed Miss Merrill as she leaned forward to warm her chilled fingers.

"Fortunate," echoed James Garder, dropping his specimen box as he stooped to lay another stick on the fire—whereat the Arachnida and Coleoptera wiggled out with joyful haste. "It was by all means the most fortunate thing I know of."

An hour or so later James Garder and the lost maiden were found by Percy Algernon Smith accompanied by Jake, the guide.

* * * *

And not long ago "Cinamon" Smith received a telegram which read. "Merrill Spool Garder born. Weight nine pounds."

THE DOME AT NIGHT

That golden dome cloaked with a shawl of light
Is folded in a glitt'ring glow;
And shining brilliance stays tumultuous night
For those who gaze below.

I shall see it again in the afterwhile,
Remembering the beauteous scene. . .
Ah, yes, with a tear, and perhaps a smile. . .
That golden dome and Lady serene.

—JAMES C. ROY, '29

SPORT NEWS

Deadlocked: 0-0

To tie means to tighten.

It was just this tightening at crucial moments that gave Penn State a tie score with



"ROCK" IN ACTION

Rockne's fighting Irish last Saturday. The Bezdeck men had a knack of summoning a marvelous defensive power when the grim outlines of their own goal post loomed up through the drenching downpour. There were fourteen cleated shoes that deserve a world of credit for the manner in which they dug into the Pennsylvania mire and held Notre Dame's far-famed running attack in check. The entire time of play saw the ball in the home team's territory but the plethora of mud on all sides made it impossible for the Gold and Blue backfield to get under way. Now and then a rambling Irishman would cut loose and gain in his usual manner but

for the most part the melee resulted in a punting duel with the Westerners holding a slight advantage.

The largest crowd in Penn State annals stood throughout the entire game heedless of the rain while fast flying backs of the Rockne machine were held scoreless by a team playing like super-men. The Nittany Lion had not been bearded in its den since '13 when a Notre Dame team slipped a 12 to 6 score over the Easterners. Yesterday the Lion roared and rose to the occasion to retain that record. Incidentally Notre Dame adherents were forced to conclude that the Weather Man's name is Mud! It was the annual homecoming contest and not even the New Beaver mud and rain could dampen the ardor of the old grads or keep fires from burning in the Nittany dens as a result of the showing made in holding the successors of the Four Horsemen at bay. It was a great day for the Keystone State even if the Rockmen did amass more yardage, pile up a greater number of first downs, and out-play the home aggregation in every quarter.

Displaying the better offensive power the Rockne Ramblers carried the pigskin deep into enemy territory on several occasions but lacked the Victory punch needed to score. The first of these came early in the game when they took the ball on the thirty-five yard line and marched toward the enemy goal. But Penn State held and the trouble was averted. Another opportunity came in the third quarter when a punt of Edwards was downed on the State one yard line. Gray punted to Edwards who ran the ball back to the State twenty-five yard line. Dashes by Enright and Flanagan placed the ball just twelve yards from the goal. On the next play Edwards was thrown for a seventeen yard loss in attempting to pass. On the final

down the officials ruled interference on a pass, Flanagan to Voedisch, and Notre Dame took the ball with first down, goal to go, on the Penn State ten yard line. The opposition line proved too strong and Enright on the fourth down missed a try for points by placement boot.

The home team had one opportunity to score. Late in the same quarter a fumble by Enright gave them the ball on their forty-three yard line. Mike Michalske then carried the ball to the Irish thirty yard marker. The Irish line held and on the fourth down Weston essayed a place kick but failed. These were the only chances of breaking the deadlock it seemed, and the game ended with the ball in mid-field.

It was a very bad day for anything but conservative generalship and so the game resulted in a rather slow, drab fight. Red Edwards did his bit to tuck the bacon under the Rockne belt when he unloosed a forward passing attack late in the game. But even with this variated attack the Hibernians were unable to score.

For the fighting Irish, Rex Enright outshone the other members of the backfield in ground activities. "Red" Hearnden and Christie Flanagan were close on his heels and every now and then would cut loose on some long jaunt that would strike fear into the hearts of the crowded tiers of Homecoming fans. At the opening of the fray these new Four Horsemen took the pigskin and on three plays advanced the oval some forty yards with a characteristic flashy end attack. But the underfooting became too slippery for the rifle speed backs to get started and as a result the quagmire was to a great extent responsible for the failure to score. To "Red" Edwards, Rockne's brainy field general goes a great deal of the credit. His punting duel with Keystone state booters which formed a major part of the game's activities found our red-head holding the slight advantage. His judgment in calling the right plays in a field of ankle-deep mire also was a creditable piece of pigskin art.

The entire Celtic forward wall turned in a creditable showing. Frank Mayer showed up best in getting down under punts and

nailed many a Nittany cub before it could get under way with the return. "Bud" Boerringer performed well at the pivot post. Big John McMannon showed flashes of his brilliant playing in ripping the Lion wall to shreds.

Line-up and Summary.

PENN STATE (0)	NOTRE DAME (0)
Wilson _____	L. E. _____ Crowe, Voedisch
McCann _____	L. T. _____ Boland
Filat _____	L. G. _____ Marelli, J. Smith
Gray, Marelli _____	C. _____ Boerringer
House _____	R. G. _____ Mayer, R. Smith
Hastings _____	R. T. _____ McMannon
Weston _____	R. E. _____ Wallace
Helbig, Lungren _____	Q. B. _____ Edwards, Parisien
Pritchard, Pincata _____	L. H. _____ Flanagan, O'Boyle
Green, Dangerfield _____	R. H. _____ Hearnden, Prelli
Michalski _____	F. B. _____ Enright

Referee—C. J. McCarty (Germantown Academy).
 Umpire—Griffiths (Ohio State). Head Linesman—
 D. B. Dougherty (W. and J.). Field Judge—K. C. Huston (Michigan State).

INTER-HALL RACE ON LAST LAP

There is a little silver football, an emblem of inter-hall pigskin supremacy, resting upon a shelf in Sophomore Hall. At the outset of this season's melee, the Sophs felt confident that this greatly coveted prize would remain in the den of last year's champs. However, Dame Fortune so ordained that the laurels for the year 1925 should have a different resting place. Just where, has not as yet been decided. Two teams are tied for first honors in one league, so that the Freshman oval tossers will meet either Badin or Sorin to decide which hall shall house the greatly esteemed symbol.

FRESHMAN 8—BROWNSON 0

Shades of the great "Red Grange" flitted across Minim field Monday afternoon as the dashing figure of Hogan, a Frosh full back, returned the pigskin 85 yards for a touchdown, in the fray between Brownson and Freshman Halls. The Freshies successfully met the onslaughts of the Brownsonites and emerged from the contest eight points better than their opponents. Assisted by Sheehan and Wilhelmy, the dorm halves, Frank Mooney, the whirlwind dervish of Brownson, defended the Main building in an outstanding

manner. His inimitable ability at line plunging aided the Purple clad boys throughout the game. For the Frosh, Elder, one of the best generals in inter-hall football, jumped and writhed over the gridiron, taking the ball for successive gains, while the toe of Wanek sent the pigskin for several sixty yard punts. The tally for the new comers was totaled in the second quarter when Rapetti of the Freshman tackled Norman of Brownson for a safety.

BADIN 7—CORBY 0

Old Father Time was kind enough to allow the Badin grid machine, working with the precision of a turbine engine, to take the oval across the last white line during the final moments of play to score a win over Corby Hall 7 to 0. Springing a foxy trick on the Corby eleven, two long forward passes were thrown by McDonald and Kirwin and caught by the agile Andrews to place the pigskin on the one yard line. Here Badin was held for three downs, McDonald finally plunging for the winning tally just thirty

seconds before the final whistle. The first three quarters of the tilt was accompanied by mediocre pulling on both sides of the rope. Sheridan of Corby was the sole player to get away for any sensational runs; he took the ball to the enemies twenty-yard line during the first period to be stopped by the terrific tackling of Badin.

SORIN 3—SOPHOMORE 0

The den of last year's inter-hall football champions was greatly upset due to an attack by a Sorin Hall pigskin tornado last week, which resulted in the Sophomores befielding routed 3 to 0.

The scoring came when the unerring toe of Wade Sullivan placed the oval over the posts from the forty-five yard line. This was one of the finest feats of recent inter-hall years.

The success of the Sorin outfit was largely due to the brilliant line smashing activities of Andy Conlin, who ripped and tore through the Sophomore line in a finished manner. However, the terrific onslaughts of the Sorin combination did not dismay Riley or Schultz of the Sophs who displayed a defense that held their opponents almost to a dead lock. Purcell and Brown were the scintillating players of the Sophomore backfield.

CARROLL 7—DAY DOGS 6

The Carroll Hall tribe left their white tents long enough last Thursday afternoon to annex the scalps of the men about town, dropping the Day Dogs aggregation to the sway of 7 to 6. At the outset of the contest, the Carroll combine appeared outclassed as the day students proceeded to tear the former's line for substantial gains. But at the beginning of the second stanza, Old Man Fate allowed the Day Dogs to fumble on their thirty yard line. Then a fast and shifty sprinter in the person of Chris Coogan, the Carroll center, recovered the pigskin and carried it to the 10 yard line. "Red" Carroll corralled a forward pass from the palm of Vaugan taking the ball for a touchdown. Murphy placed the rugby between the uprights, making the seven point total for Carroll. The six point tally of the Day Dogs was made by Curray on the completion of a forward pass.

The SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

*has grown more than
10,000 in circulation
during the last 5 years*



*Notre Dame men have
played a leading part
in its growth.*

FIFTY ANSWER NET CALL

When Coach Keogan awoke, one morning last week, to find that during the night the Snow God had left his calling card, he decided that winter was coming and that it was time to think of basketball.

Fifty aspiring netters harkened to the summons. For the most part, they are new and untried, and it will be a difficult task to forge this crude ore into a smooth-running machine in time for the early games. Many of the volunteers are football men and will be unable to practice with the team for some time to come. Then, there is the disagreeable chance that they may be injured in the remaining tilts of the season.

A new system will be inaugurated this

year. A freshman team is being planned, which is expected to develop a source of good material, much as the freshman football squad does. In addition the interhall teams are expected to disclose considerable latent talent. The great winter sport is in its infancy at Notre Dame, and Coach Keogan expressed hope that this system would do for the school in basketball what a similar one has accomplished in football.

The question of who will pilot the basket-eers is still an unsettled one. The list of eligibles includes Dahman, Crowe, McNally, Nyikos, and Conroy. And by the way, it may be remarked that it is feared that Crowe's injuries will prove a serious handicap.

*The Weather Man Says "Rain"*

He can't help it. But YOU can go him one better by slipping into a Frog Brand Slicker and give him the merry Ha-Ha.

Whether it rains or not, you must go out. Classes, social calls, one thing or another, demand your appearance. Whatever the case, a Frog Brand Slicker is a mighty good companion for a rainy day.

Count them at the first sign of a shower, they are as numerous as umbrellas and much more popular with college men. No student ever melted during a rain storm when covered with a Frog Brand Slicker.

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Sawyer's "Frog Brand" are genuine oiled slickers, the product of 85 years' experience. In two colors for men—yellow and olive, and four colors for women—red, green, blue and coral.

All progressive college clothiers carry Frog Brand Slickers. If your dealer is not yet supplied send his name to H. M. Sawyer & Son, East Cambridge, Mass.

SAWYER'S SLICKERS



Carte du Jour

An optimist is
a man who buys
a red-barreled
pen for four-
fifty, imagining
that people will
think it's a Par-
ker Duofold.

Dr. Frank J. Powers
University Physician

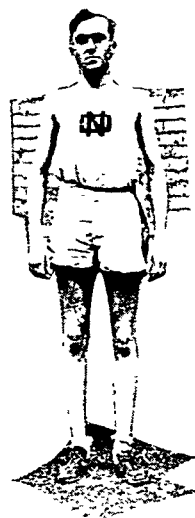
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ANOTHER RECORD FALLS BEFORE X-COUNTRY SQUAD.

Over a course that was one continuous mud hole Coach Wendland's crack cross-country crew splattered home with the bacon ahead of Michigan State by a 19 to 36 tally at Lansing last Saturday. This marked the



WENDLAND

first time that an invading team had ever beaten the State harriers on their home course. The strength of the Gold and Blue team was demonstrated when one considers that the Northerner course is an unusually difficult one to negotiate even on a fair day. Young, Notre Dame's sturdy-legged star, missed the course record by 23 seconds when he romped in for first place as usual, with a time of 28 minutes

3 seconds for the four and seven-tenths mile course. Moloney of Notre Dame placed second with Severance of Michigan State third. One of the features of the meet was the pretty race for fourth place staged between Captain Nulty and Phalin, both Gold and Blue runners. The former nosed his teammate out by inches in an exciting finish. Collins clinched the meet for Notre Dame. The Irish "mud-larks" were in the ascendancy throughout the whole run and completely outran their opposition.

This week the distance thinly-clads have been training intensively for the Indiana State Meet to be held at Lafayette to-morrow. The squad appears to be in the pink of condition and should have little trouble in lifting another state championship.


Indications point to the fact that this year's squad will in all probability be Western Champions in the X-country ranks. After to-morrow's run Coach John Wendland will point his men for the Big Ten Conference meet to be held on the following Saturday at Ann Arbor. This will be the last appearance of one of the best harrier teams that has represented Notre Dame and folks feel confident that Coach John Wendland's men will be able to streak across to a victory over the Big Ten.

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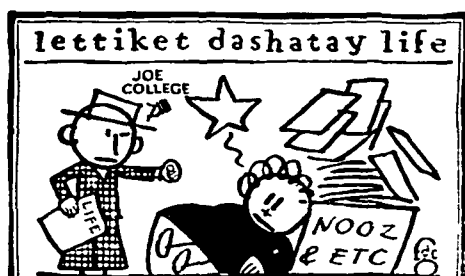
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Surprise! Surprise!

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Good Clothes



SO,
you *will* delay,
for even so much
as an instant,
in serving me
this week's life,
eh?
take that.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

The proverbial, old dope-bucket, which already has been kicked and cuffed, battered and bruised as far as football is concerned, was given another booting Saturday afternoon when Northwestern pounced upon Michigan and emerged from the mud with a 3-2 victory. The game was played at Chicago on a muddy, watery field, under conditions, which Walter Eckersall says, were the worst he has seen in his twenty-five years of football.

It was a great victory for Northwestern, a victory in which brains and not brawn, were the factor in downing the highly-touted Wolverines. And incidentally the one-point win gives a big boost to the Purple's Stock, and makes her stand out as one of the hardest teams the Rockmen meet this season.

Northwestern scored soon after the opening of the game. Receiving the kick-off, the Purple on the first play punted to Friedman, who fumbled. Mathews recovered the ball on the Wolverine's two-yard line. After three attempts to score, Lewis went back to Michigan's eighteen yard line and kicked the ball over the crossbar.

The Wolverine's score came in the third quarter, after they had forced Northwestern to the latter's one-yard line. Lewis dropped back of his own goal line and gave Michigan a safety.

* * * *

While Northwestern was handing Michigan its first licking, the Drake University eleven in the game dedicating the new Drake stadium, was roming away with the Nebraska Cornhuskers by a 14 to 0 margin. The defeat was the Cornhuskers second of this season.

Drake's first touchdown was shoved across the line by Spears in the opening quarter after he had picked up a fumble and had run fifty yards. On a recovered fumble in the last quarter, Sutherland carried the ball from the Huskers 25 to 16-yard line, and in the next two plays crossed the line. When Captain Weir, who was called back for a punt, was downed behind his goal line giving Drake a safety.

SANFORD'S PASTE



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Sticks Tight
Never Stains**

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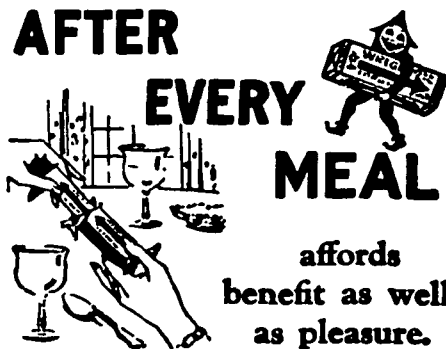
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**—Bowling—Billiards—Bath—
Garage**

THE SAFETY VALVE

RIVER OF BLOOD

A Tragedy

(Respectfully submitted to Player's Club.)

I

CHARACTERS

Flaccus ----- A Roman Senator
 Bacchus ----- Another Roman Senator who is drunk
 Balbus ----- A Congressman, who is not drunk
 Appolonius Rhodius -----

Another Congressman who has written a book
 Place ----- Rome, No. 19, Via Dei Cappuccini
 Time ----- Greek Calends, or when you get a bath
 Weather ----- Indiana.

(Enter Flaccus, reading that greatest of all sellers,
 'The Morals of Newspaper Making')

Flaccus—Alas, I must to the senate (Bacchus
 rushes in piped.)

Bacchus—Thou must not. Take this, and this,
 and this. (Stabs him with stylus).

Flaccus—Alas, I can not go to the senate. I
 must die. (He dies).

(Balbus comes in stealthily from left center and
 hisses).

Balbus—(Hissing) Ha! Thou hast killed my
 friend. . . Cruel! Cruel! But I shall pay thee
 back. (Strikes him with his chariot wheel. He
 dies instantly. Appolonius Rhodius appears with
 his Big Bertha).

Appolonius Rhodius—Now I will settle the an-
 cient grudge I bear thee. (Shoots prepositions at
 him. Balbus collapses completely).

First Citizen—Alas, he is dead!

Appolonius Rhodius—Alas, he is not dead!
 (Gives him another charge of prepositions).

Balbus—Now I am dead. (Balbus is dead).

(First citizen leaps at Rhodius. Rhodius leaps
 upon the Qiurinal, then into the Tiber. Glee Club
 sings, 'O Tiber, Father Tiber!')

End of First Half.

II

Enter with tumult—Citizens, Soldiers, Police,
 Night Watchmen, Checker Players, Band, Polish
 Lancers, S. A. C.; Scribblers, Committees of Mr.
 Bon, The Day Dogs, Blue Circle, St. Joe Hospital
 Nurses, Scholarship Club, The Gridgraph, Boy
 Guidance, Cercle Francais, Deans of the Various
 Colleges, Scalpers, Bun Wagons, Mr. Dan Brady,
 involved in his plans for the new Shelter Station.

Shelter Station—Hear me! Pray, let me speak!

Philosopher—Shut up! You have no entity.

Cercle Francais—Est tres malade.

Mr. Bon—Here comes the noble Polonius. Let
 Polonius speak. (Enter Polonius R. C.)

Polish Lancers—Speak Polonius!

Polonius—Give o'er the play!

(Mad rush for the cafeteria. Enter hearse and
 undertaker. Tableau—Reception to Tartans fol-
 lowed by barbecue.)

Two good places to eat---at home and at

SMITH'S CAFETERIA

111 E. JEFFERSON BLVD.

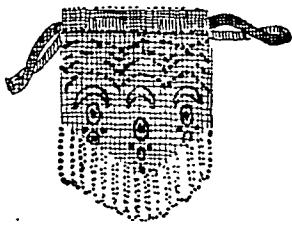
EVERY day more people are learning it is foolish to pay
 big prices elsewhere when, by serving yourself here,
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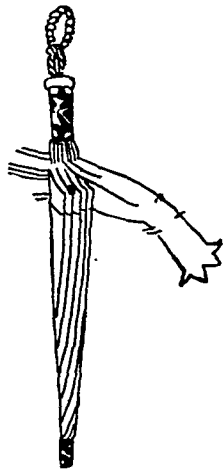
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Compacts

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