

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

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I L L U S T R A T E D

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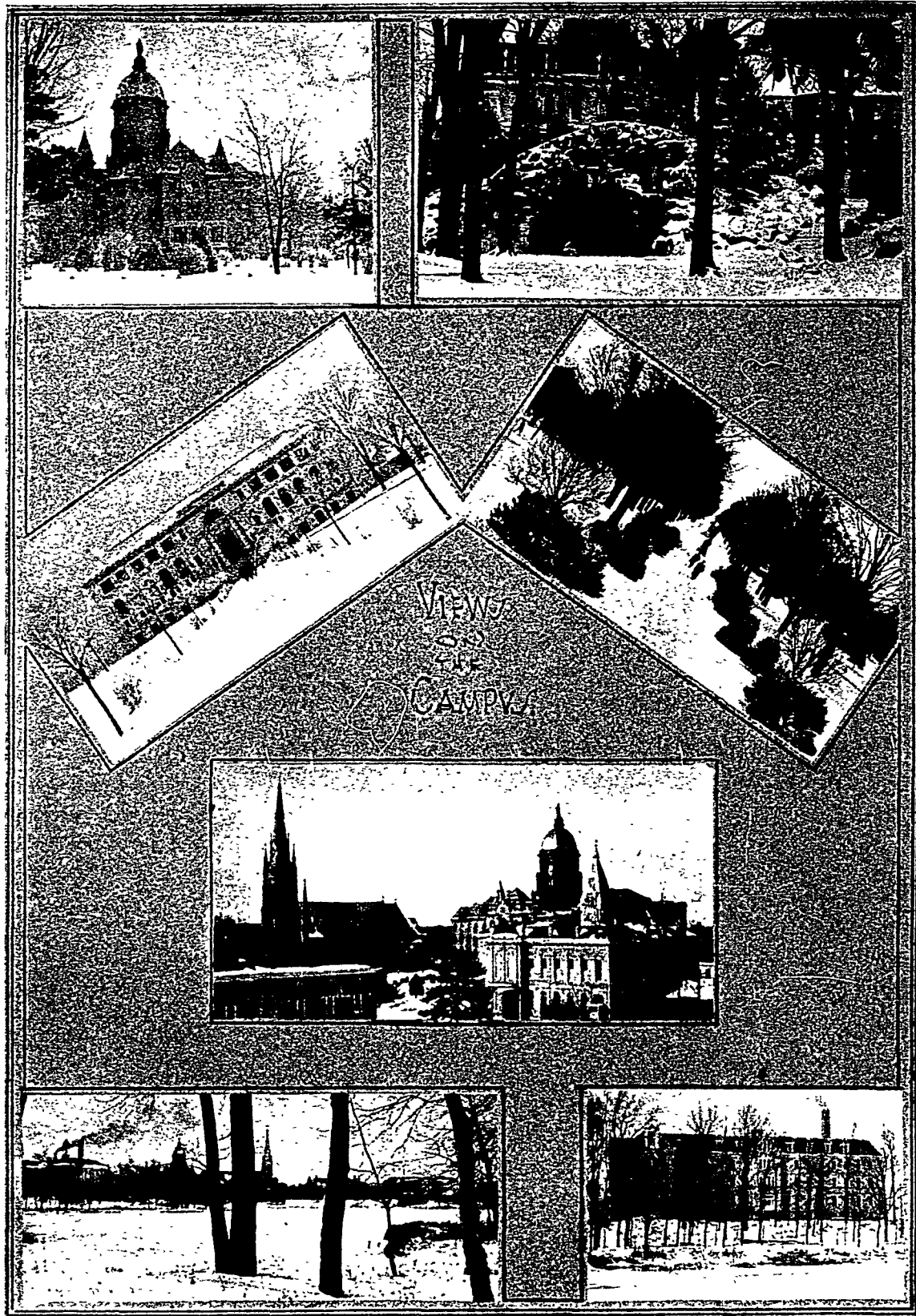
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THE SCHOLASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK

THE WEEK

Homecoming and examination, following close upon one another, do not make a combination calculated to induce a calm and ordered life. The atmosphere about the campus during the last week has been anything but calm and ordered: we suggest rather some arrangement of the words hectic, crowded, exciting, tense, and explosive. One might also include exasperating, if it were not a confession of difficulties.

The decoration of the down-town streets easily surpassed similar efforts of preceding years. Windows, too, displayed all sorts of loyal emblems, ranging in size from tiny pasteboard figures to huge life size enlargements of pig-skin heroes. Yards upon yards of bunting, crepe paper, rope, strings, and threads sought to inspire in the mind of the passer-by the thought that something must be happening. Whoever planned and coaxed this demonstration into being deserves an extra rousing vote of thanks for the noble performance of his (or their) work. The campus was not far behind, although the rain and snow had a somewhat distressing effect on outside decorations. The Engineers again endeavored to wink themselves into the prize cup, and Sophomore Hall boldly proclaimed itself to be the home of the "wise fools." Even the Post Office garnered its share of gold and blue glory.

Several oxen offered themselves willingly to the barbecue fires and the result, sliced and tastefully served, proved their good intentions. The Homecoming Dance was, as

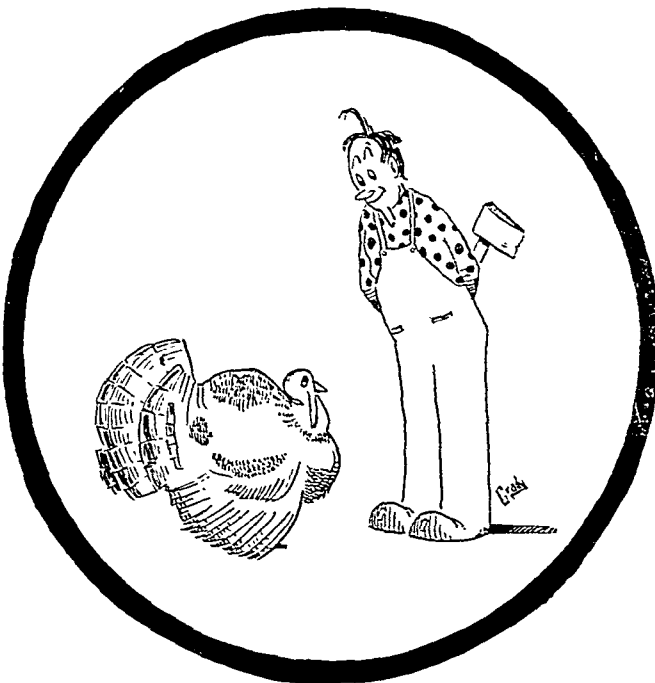
usual, crowded to the doors and the double program Friday night was run off without a visible hitch. Naive remarks of visitors furnished amusement during the zero hour when the cafeteria was crowded with hungry multitudes. And the museum in Science Hall was given an interested inspection. All sorts of people streamed over the

campus Saturday afternoon—fathers with big cigars, mothers locating John's classrooms and the art gallery, sisters—in fur coats and chrysanthemums, brothers, uncles, aunts, friends, alumni, former students, prospective students, and a few actual students too. These last seemed to be lost, swamped, and going down for the third time in the sea of questions, hints, statements, and

demands made upon their supply of information. But everyone concerned had a grand time of it, and even if Ye Visitor did fail to discover the exact date of the erection of Badin Hall he was yet plied with plenty of facts concerning the weight of the bell in the steeple and the seating capacity of the addition to the Gymnasium. So in the end everybody was satisfied.

Frivolous but engrossing activities continue to play their part in the ever-changing spectacle of Notre Dame life. Tickets for the Cotillion have disappeared like the proverbial snow before the noon-day sun. St. Mary's entertained Tuesday night with a large and beautiful dance. Oh yes: lots of things have happened, and continue to happen. Another big week-end is in sight.

—J. A. W.



HOMECOMING

The ancient proverb that "good things do not last forever" was once more demonstrated as true when Notre Dame's Sixth Annual Homecoming came to an end Sunday morning, November 15. The week-end had been crowded full with events of all sorts, shapes and sizes, and everyone, seemingly, let slip no opportunity to enjoy himself to the utmost. Now that it is all over for another year,—and for some, for a number of years—and the various pieces of Homecoming paraphernalia are packed in moth balls, everyone heaves a sigh, half of regret and half of satisfaction, and settles down again to the battle of the books. The Freshmen are reported as increasing the Post Office's revenue considerably, by sending home all the souvenirs they picked up at the game. The more sober undergraduates, however, are looking for someone to increase *their* revenue.

To begin at the beginning, the celebration started with the welcoming of Carnegie Tech at the outskirts of the city and with the torchlight parade from there to the Main Building steps. Everybody entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the occasion, one reason being that the "exams" had just been concluded and no classes were waiting, grim-specter-like, to haunt them "on the morrow." The parade was colorful in the extreme, as it progressed down Notre Dame avenue towards the University. The torchlights were dancing along like darting carmine fireflies, the Band at intervals was serenading Mars, Jupiter, and any other planet within hearing, and incidentally the visiting squad, while the whole procession was accompanied by that deep-throated, rumbling noise, mercifully muted by distance, which can come only from college men "on parade." Eventually the gang arrived at the steps of the Main Building, where they formed a boisterous background for the official welcome which was extended to Carnegie by the University in the person of the Vice-President, Father Finnigan. Coach Rockne then gave one of his characteristic "ah-h!" talks, which produced its never-failing response from his auditors. Coach Steffens and Captain Beede of Carnegie

also spoke briefly, and then Bernie Abrott introduced the rest of the visiting team and in other ways performed the functions of his office.

The Main Building part of the program concluded with the singing of the hard-worked Victory March, and then the crowd surged towards the Gym. Washington Hall was taboo to the student-body, it being reserved for the visiting alumni and other guests. But rarely are the students treated to a ripping, slashing, tearing boxing tournament such as the Freshmen put on Friday night. Of science there was a minus x quantity, but of "right hard and sturdy blows" and of gore there was plenty. Likewise the action was swift, or as we should say, "fast and furious." The Freshies dug determined toes into the resined boards and belabored each other manfully, murder in their hearts and a kick in every punch. However, the large audience was satisfied and responded generously to the pay-as-you-exit plea of the Blue Circle. The general impression carried away from the fisticuffing was that Coach Springer has some promising lads on his squad,—lads who should show great improvement with more training and experience.

The Washington Hall program in its own way was just as lively as the boxing tournament. Henry Denny and his Collegians pleased immensely, while Jack Doyle's eccentricities drew storms of applause. Another notable number was the "Visiting Alumnus." His identity and "how he got that way" are dark secrets, but rumor has it that Art Bidwell could tell a great deal if he only wanted to.

Saturday morning the festive note was muted while Mass was said for Notre Dame's deceased alumni and students, particularly for the three Notre Dame men who but recently have been summoned.

At eleven o'clock the barbecue was assaulted by a hungry horde who apparently relished the ingredients composing it,—open-air-roasted meat, coffee, buns, pickles, mustard and the like; anyhow, the rapid consumption of the feast, and the sight of the hard-working Barbecue Committee and assistants would incline one to that opinion.

One could not recommend it as a steady diet, of course, but for a holiday spread, it would be hard to improve upon it.

The Homecoming game has been adequately treated elsewhere in this issue, but mention here must be made of the opening salutes. The first was fired at 1:55 in back of the South stands. A black object sailed up into the sky, then burst with a report like that of an election bomb, allowing a small parachute to unfold and to float away with the wind, bearing with it a snapping Carnegie Tech pennant. A moment later, the same process was repeated for Notre Dame. Carnegie's Kiltie Band registered heavily with the spectators. One heard many favorable comments on the quality of their music intermingled with expressions of sympathy for the undraped state of their knees. The News-Times Boys' Band also was much in evidence, while our own music makers were in their usual "tone." Between halves, the Kilties formed into a three sided square on the field and played their school song. Notre Dame followed them and, after maneuvering cleverly up and down the grid-iron, formed into a novel N D and rendered the familiar Victory March.

Those with dancing inclinations found much amusement at the K. of C. hall. Two dances were given here by the S. A. C., one in the main ballroom, the other in the council chambers, and both were heavily attended. Harry Denny's Collegians and the Big Five supplied the music for the slithering feet.

Masses at various hours from 6:30 to 11:15 in Sacred Heart Church on Sunday morning concluded what is universally agreed upon as Notre Dame's best Homecoming. Those who worked for its success are to be congratulated, but the actual results of it are, doubtless, the sweetest music to them.

According to reports abroad at press-time, John McCormack will sing before an immense audience in the Gym this evening. Tickets have been selling rapidly but some are still available for the late-buyers. The Sophomore Class has announced that Mr. McCormack will be a guest at the Cotillion to-night.

TICKETS ARE SCARCE 'TIS SAID

"Waddle I do? Waddle I do?"

That's what thousands of football fans from every corner of the West are wailing as they strive futilely to buy, bum, beg, borrow, or steal one of the precious bits of colored pasteboard which will admit them to the Northwestern-Notre Dame argument on Cartier Field to-morrow. And "waddle I do" is as far as they are getting.

Northwestern students and supporters are Purple in more than name these days. From the Chicago school came an order for a block of 4,500 tickets—and from the the Notre Dame ticket office 1,667 ducats were set to Northwestern, with regrets. It can't be helped. There's no way out of it—unless a million periscopes are constructed and rented to would-be spectators.

According to the *Daily Northwestern*, official organ of the Purple, Ticket Manager E. B. Davidson issued the following statement early in the week:

This office has endeavored to secure from the management of Notre Dame ticket sales 4,500 tickets for the Notre Dame—Northwestern football game on Nov. 21, 1925. We have received 1,667 tickets with a statement from the ticket manager that they are oversold and therefore it will be impossible for us to secure any additional tickets. We have in this office at present orders from alumni for over 1,800 tickets. Before these orders are filled and refunds made we shall withdraw a block of tickets for student's use. These, of course, will be limited in number as well. Therefore any student who wishes a ticket must purchase at the office Wednesday, November 11. Students will be allowed one ticket each, and we do not guarantee to sell to every student, but will do the best we can with a situation which is beyond our control."

This from Northwestern. And Northwestern is well off. The general public seems to be quite generally "out of luck."

And so the cry "waddle I do?" And about the only answer seems to be "waddle back home and tune in on the superiodine."

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you think of Notre Dame to-day?*

Asked of old students and other Homecoming guests.

Antonio Alrete, '13, Mexico.

The school is much larger than when I was here. Cartier Field and the new buildings are wonderful additions. However, it was more homelike then. The school, in my opinion, is too large now.

Leo Sutcliffe, '24, St. Louis, Mo.

The school is just the same as ever, but as I haven't been away long, my opinion could be nothing else. Looks like the same old team, a little less experienced.

H. E. Kirby, '05, Track Captain, '03. Running mate of "Red" Salmon.

Same old school. The appearance has changed, but the spirit never does. It doesn't seem two weeks since "Red" Salmon did the same thing on the field that the boys did today. Only the faces have changed. In those days we were doing well to get eleven men, so one-half the line practiced against the other half.

Father Moriarity, '10, Wooster, Ohio.

Good game. Flanagan and his cohorts recall the days of Miller, Dolan, and Ryan. The spirit is the same, and while the style of playing is different, the players show the same fight.

Jim Sanford, Chicago, Ill.

The same old spirit is here, but it is more intensified. As Notre Dame grows the spirit grows. After twenty years the soul of the school is the same, though the body is much larger.

"Bill" Donahue, Chicago, Ill.

I am an alumnus only in spirit, but no one admires Notre Dame more than I. The school is a thousand times greater than ever to-day and still growing.

The Carnegie Tech Football Team expressed its sorrow and sympathy over the death of Jimmie Powers by sending a wreath of flowers from South Bend to the Powers home in Chicago.

NOTRE DAME LAWYER APPEARS

The *Notre Dame Lawyer* has made its initial appearance on the campus. It stands a living refutation of any charges of narrow knowledge so commonly preferred against law students. Though not so pretentious as the leading law reviews of the country, it is a readable, compact, legal publication. We cannot be too profuse in our congratulations to the staff and to the student body upon the quality of their journal.

The first issue of the *Lawyer* contains four main articles. Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado, a noted jurist and lecturer on juvenile problems, has contributed an able article on "The Trial of Criminal Cases and Adult Probation in the Chancery Court." The article is intensely human and real. The judge's comparison of the petty larceny of two young women alike in crime but living a century apart is so graphically and sympathetically done that we can scarcely wonder at the fame of Judge Lindsey in juvenile cases.

Joseph Scott's contribution on "The Character of the Lawyer" is a message from a he-man to he-men. His advice to young attorneys is put in a most two-fisted way when he says: "Face undaunted and unafraid the wrath of a self-opinioned judge, or a bull-doing adversary, or the wild shrieks of popular clamor, or the ruthless attacks of the press."

"Government by Bureaucrats" by Attorney Samuel Pettingill of South Bend, voices the opinion of almost all lawyers on the present tendency of "investing administrative officers with judicial or quasi-judicial and legislative power." His article is of special interest to Indiana lawyers. He discusses with a very personal touch, trade commissions, boards of health, and the investing of corporations, police and fire chiefs with tyrannical discretionary powers.

Judge Dudley G. Wooten's article on "The Scopes Trial" is both learned and vituperative. Judge Wooten unflinchingly condemns the "publicity" atmosphere of the trial, and from a non-partisan point of view he tells why he believes the constitu-

tionality of the law will be upheld, and further a few defects of the law. Numerous cases are cited in support of each proposition of law.

The only student writings appearing in this issue are the "Foreword" by Editor Clarence J. Ruddy and "Notes on Recent Cases" by William L. Travis. From the caliber of these departments we are tempted to suggest that more features by students be made a part of the *Notre Dame Lawyer*.

The staff is composed of the following men:

Clarence J. Ruddy, Editor-in-Chief; Marc A. Fiehrer, Associate Editor; William L. Travis, Editor of Recent Cases; John A. Dailey, Editor of Book Reviews; David P. Stanton, Chairman Foundation Committee; Maurice Coughlin, Business Manager; Paul M. Butler, William A. Hurley, Assistant Business Managers; Luther M. Swygert, Circulation Manager; Neil Regan, Assistant Circulation Manager. —W. J. C.

DAUBERS MEET TWICE

On Tuesday and Wednesday the Daubers, a club composed of students in the School of Fine Arts, held initiation ceremonies for the following newly elected members: Charles Campbell, Glen Miller, Joe Rigali and Ray Alderton. The conferring of the first two degrees took place on Tuesday morning at the studio in the Main Building and that of the third degree Wednesday evening at the home of Professor and Mrs. Ernest Thompson in South Bend.

The conferring of the third degree on Wednesday evening was accompanied by a dinner at the home of Professor and Mrs. Thompson. The program accompanying the dinner consisted of a speech of welcome by Professor Thompson, a discourse by Mrs. Thompson on the importance and the function of the Daubers at Notre Dame and a speech by Harry Engel, President, welcoming the newly elects into the club. George Krispinski spoke a few words in which were suggestions for future activities of the Daubers. The Daubers Quartet sang a number of songs and George Krispinski, accompanied by Mrs. Thompson, played a violin solo.

PURPLE COMING IN FORCE

The Purple is coming—and coming in force. The Northwestern Athletic Association, through the columns of the *Daily Northwestern*, has announced the sale of tickets for a special train which will be run to South Bend for the big disagreement tomorrow when the Purple and the Gold and Blue meet on Cartier Field to talk things over in football dialect.

This is the second special train to be run to out-of-town arguments by the Chicago school. The other special journeyed to Purdue where the Purple athletes talked the Boilermakers out of an important engagement. Like the Purdue train, this special will be entirely under student management, and will make the round trip in one day. The train will leave the La Salle Street station in Chicago over the New York Central line at 9:30 to-morrow morning, and will arrive here at noon. The homeward journey will begin at 7:30 p. m. and end at 9:45 p. m. The supply of tickets which was allotted the Purple rooters was sold out the same day they were placed on sale.

K. OF C. HAVE MEETING AND MASS

The last regular meeting of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, was held November 10. Daniel Butler of Toledo, Supreme Agent of the Order, was the chief speaker of the evening. Chaplain Father Gallagan had a few words for the crowd before Mr. Butler began his address. Jack Doyle and his entertainers furnished music and fancy steps which were very well received. Sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, and cake finished a very successful meeting.

On November 11, the Council held an Armistice Day Mass in Sacred Heart Church, in the memory of all Notre Dame men who had lost their lives in the War. Father George Finnigan Vice-President of the University was the celebrant. The Mass was fairly well attended. It is the plan of the Council to make this an Armistice day event.

The next regular meeting will be held on November 24.

STUDENTS ATTEND POWERS FUNERAL

Twenty Notre Dame students attended the funeral of James Powers, Notre Dame Freshman, who died of a broken neck sustained in football scrimmage. Services were held in St. Phillip Neri Church, corner of 72nd street and Merrill avenue, Chicago, Monday. Father H. Weber, sang the solemn requiem Mass, assisted by Father John Devers, C.S.C., Rector of Carroll Hall, Notre Dame, who was deacon, and Rev. P. I. Bird, subdeacon.

Irwin Corcoran, of Carroll Hall, President of the Freshman Class, and Ray Hilliard, off-campus student, were among the pallbearers. John McMullen, representing the Chicago Club, Bernie Coughlin, representing the Monogram Club, Wilbur Eaton, Freshman coach, and Art Bidwell, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, attended. The Boys' Choir of St. Phillip Neri Church sang. Burial was made in Calvary cemetery.—*R. I. P.*

S'BAD BUSINESS!

Homecoming and the finish of exams and the Carnegie Student trip should never happen on the same day. S'bad business!

How soon the student body will recover, re-don corduroys, and settle down to regular hours of classroom insomnia, is a problem. A week of snappy cold weather, with snow, might have done it, but now—to-morrow the Purple horde descends upon us, to-night the Soph Cotillion attracts, and to-night also the Singing Irishman, John McCormack, will dedicate the new Gym (called auditorium for the occasion.) And that isn't all. Thanksgiving looms in the offing, and after Thanksgiving—well, who could think of settling down when Christmas is so near. So the only conclusion is—"s'bad business."

It was a grand and glorious Homecoming. The he-men parted their hairs, shaved, and paraded from here to there, assuming that nonchalant attitude that is clearly collegiate. They had to be nonchalant—something had to be done to cover the fact that an elusive

odor of mothballs insisted on pervading the atmosphere about them, and that nine out of ten necks refused to be comfortable in the red-hot shirts that fit perfectly during the summer. And everyone endured the pangs of changing from hobnails to dancing pumps with heroic martyrdom. What if the sleeves of the best coat did insist upon creeping toward the elbows, drawn by shoulders that have grown heavy and wide through strenuous exertion over the billiard table? The boys were nonchalant through it all.

And they're still nonchalant, for Christmas is coming, and there are no more quarterly exams until after the holidays. S'bad business! S'bad—not so bad at that!

MOTHER OF PRESIDENT DIES

For the fourth time this year Notre Dame was saddened by death when Mrs. Joanna Walsh, mother of Father Matthew Walsh, President of the University, died Monday at her home at 114 Latrobe Avenue, Chicago. Mrs. Walsh was 80 years of age.

She was the widow of the late David Walsh, for many years a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, who died 17 years ago. Born in Watertown, N. Y., she became a resident of Chicago in 1860.

Besides Father Walsh, Mrs. Walsh is survived by three other sons, David P. Walsh, with whom she made her home, and John J. and Joseph F. Walsh, and by three daughters, Misses Ella E., Elizabeth, and Margareta Walsh, all of Chicago.

Funeral services, with solemn requiem Mass, were held Wednesday at St. Thomas Aquinas church, Washington Boulevard and Leamington Avenue, Chicago. Father Walsh sang the Mass, Father P. J. Carroll preached and the Right Rev. Thomas Hoban, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, imparted the final absolution.

In addition to Fathers Walsh and Carroll, the following from Notre Dame attended the funeral: Fathers Charles O'Donnell, Thomas Irving, Richard Collentine, Patrick McBride, Hugh O'Donnell, Leonard Carrico and Wendell Corcoran.—*R. I. P.*

SOPHOMORE COTILLION TO-NIGHT

The Sophomore Cotillion, the first of a trio of formal class dances, will be held to-night in the Knights of Columbus ballroom. The second year men will come together for the first time as a class presenting a dance. Harry Denny's Collegians will play.

Due to the John McCormack concert, which is to be held this evening also, the dance will not begin until 10 o'clock and will terminate at two. Those who attend will be allowed until three o'clock to return to their halls.

The patrons for the affair include Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Roemer, and Mr. Paul Fenlon. John McCormack is to be the guest of honor and will be among those in attendance.

The committees in charge follow:

General Chairman: Maurice B. Conley.

Arrangements: John P. Smith, chairman; John Cullinan, Henry Hudson, John Cavanaugh, and Frederick Collins.

Music: Charles McCarthy, chairman; John Tappinier, and Thomas Murphy.

Programs: Joseph Rigney, chairman; Arthur Denchfield, and James Quigley.

Tickets: Thomas Purcell, chairman; Thomas Trauber, Emmett Mahoney, William Dowle, Pierce O'Connor, John Chevigney, Casper Grothwell, Louis Norman, George Leppig, and Donald Corbett.

Publicity: James O'Toole, chairman; Walter Layne, Robert Kirby, and George Palomino.

Floor: Edmund Collins, chairman; Louis Carr, Frank O'Toole, Hayes Murphy, William Lawler, and Edmund Glade.

WILLIAM ROGERSON COMING

William Rogerson, the Irish Tenor, for three years leading tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera, will be heard in concert Tuesday night, Nov. 24, at 8 o'clock in Washington Hall. Mr. Rogerson's beautiful voice and pleasing personality have made his appearance here in the past the most successful on the concert program. A rare musical treat is promised to the large audience that is expected to be present.

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

DEAR EDITOR:

"Now is the time for all good men" to arise and demand a renewal of the cinder paths which are supposed to criss-cross the campus. The recent snows, a mere foretaste of what real winter will bring, have succeeded in turning the campus into a series of puddles, large and small and more or less connected, to say nothing of cozy, sticky mud during the middle of the day. One requires seven league boots to get from place to place; but, even if he had that aid, he could not step from one dry spot to another. Even such dependable products as Ball Bands and Goodrich's zippers are ineffectual. The campus is not beautiful any more; it is a marsh. A single crossing of it in its present state will nullify much Christian teaching, besides giving the wearer damp feet, ruined footwear, and a susceptibility to colds and pneumonia.

—A LANDSMAN.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS PLANS MEETING

Le Cercle Francais of Notre Dame, held its regular weekly meeting last Tuesday evening in the Main Building. Professor Mercier presided and the usual program, consisting of a brief talk by each member, was followed by a discussion of plans for a public meeting to be held December 8.

Professor Provost, critic of the Club, announced that Father Miltner, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, had been secured as speaker for the December meeting. A musical program will also be included in the attractions of the evening.

It was decided that the further details of the program to be given would be decided at the regular meeting next Tuesday night.

JIMMY POWERS' LAST DUTY

The following sketch, by Jimmy Powers, handed in to his English class on the morning of his fatal accident, is probably the last that he has written. It is imbued with a characteristic spirit of determination, faith, modesty, and a quiet humor; and although his shattered hopes and ambitions may seem ironic, still, no doubt, he accepted them with the same submission that marked his last sorrowful hours.

"I was born on August 17, 1906. Of course I cannot recollect my very earliest incidents, but relatives have told me that I did a large amount of crying and yelling in my infancy. Every baby causes trouble for his parents; so it was not out of the ordinary for me to do likewise. Falling off chairs and hitting my head against radiators were not uncommon occurrences. I pride myself on the fact that after falling down three flights of stairs, I was still able to drink a good portion of milk and crawl back to my cradle. However, I do not remember the incidents; friends simply say it was true.

"My baby nature was rather pugnacious, and Father had to use severe means to make me obey, as it seemed that I always wanted to do the opposite from what I was ordered. When I was just a tot, serious sickness—pneumonia, befell me. This weakened my health immensely; thus my parents watched me with careful eyes,, but because of my stamina and endurance, I emerged without any physical defects or disabilities.

"Shortly after the illness, Mother and Father took a trip to San Francisco, and not believing I could take care of myself, although I was six years old, they insisted on taking me along. The only thing that marked my memory of this event was the train ride and the fact that I saw a multitude of Chinese and Japanese.

"The end of the trip brought the beginning of my school days. If I had realized the seriousness of the undertaking, my ability as a student would be of a higher standard than it is now. Though the grammar grades may seem unimportant, yet they are the stepping stones to higher education. This

realization does not occur to us when we are beginning our education, which is the tool of success in life. The subjects that appealed to me were spelling and reading, and my grades in these studies were fairly good. I detested arithmetic; thus the results were not complimentary although my father often told me that mathematics was a most important study, and would be of great benefit in later life.

"The religious side of my education was not neglected. I attended a Catholic school and was taught the principles of the Roman Faith by the good nuns. Habits of devotion to Jesus Christ, Our Blessed Mother, and the patron saints were imbued in me during my grammar school days. These good impressions have not left me, and I hope they will remain with me through life.

"My high school days were glorious. Life now took on a new aspect and became more enjoyable than ever before. Father and Mother now granted me more privileges, and I could have more money to spend. Although my greatest interest centered in scholastic enterprises, I liked athletics. . . .

"Dances were frequently given after the games. It is not difficult for me to recall the first dance that I attended. Of course, it was easy for me to secure a girl, but as I was new at this sort of thing, one could notice my bashfulness. Self-consciousness possessed me, and there was always a doubt in my mind concerning the neatness of my appearance. My dancing was not perfect, and many times throughout the evening my partner suffered pains in her toes on my account. As I was assisting the young lady to punch, the glass dropped, and the liquid spilled all over her white dress. She became exceedingly angry at my blunder, and so I took her home. Thus ended my first social function—a failure.

"My high school days were, for the most part enjoyable; I wish they could be experienced again. It is needless to say that my college life will be still more happy, although the school work is more difficult; and when my course at Notre Dame is completed, I expect to be a man more developed—mentally, morally and physically."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

The final bulletin of pictures to be shown in Washington Hall on Saturday nights, has been announced. The program is thus complete until school closes for the Christmas vacation.

The productions which will be shown, with the dates of the showing, are as follows:

November 21—The Eagle—with Valentino and Vilma Banky.

November 28—Little Annie Rooney—Mary Pickford.

December 5—Tumble Weed.

December 12—Wild Justice.

* * * *

Tito Schipa, the great lyric tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, appeared in concert at the Palais Royale Monday night, November 16. His program was as follows:

1. Amarilli _____ Caccini
Nina _____ Pergolese
Mr. Schipa
2. Manon—The Dream _____ Massenet
Mr. Schipa
3. Scherzo _____ Chopin
Mr. Jose Echanez
4. Ave Maria _____ Schipa
At Parting _____ Rogers
Suzanne _____ Paladilke
Mr. Schipa

INTERMISSION

5. Princesita _____ Padilla
Pagliacci—Harlequin's Serenade _____ Leoncavallo
Chi se ne scorda echiu _____ Barthelémy
Mr. Schipa
6. Seguidillas _____ Albanez
Viva Navarra _____ Echanez
Mr. Jose Echanez
7. A la orilla de un palmar _____ Ponce
Ay-Ay-Ay _____ Pere-Freir
Mr. Schipa
8. Elisir d'Amore—A Furtive Tear _____ Donizetti
Mr. Schipa

It would be difficult certainly to pick out the best numbers of Mr. Schipa's program, for when Schipa sings, nothing else matters but the fact that he is singing. He is, in our humble opinion, the greatest operatic tenor in the world today—he is greater now than Caruso ever was. He has Caruso's strength of tone, and he has that purling softness of quality that Caruso totally lacked. Mr. Schipa has also another quality which Caruso never had: one can understand what he is singing, and he sings equally well in French, Italian, Spanish, and English. Caruso sang in these lan-

guages too, but you had to look at your program to find it out.

Possibly the finest numbers on Monday night's program were the "Dream" from Manon, Mr. Schipa's own "Ave Maria," and the Serenade from "Pagliacci." He repeated the Spanish "Clavelitos" which Gallucurci sang three weeks ago, but—Praise Heaven!—the audience wasn't overcome with mirth as during the soprano's rendering of the number.

Mr. Schipa has only one fault that can be noticed by the lay ear. He does love to attack a note strongly and then gradually diminish it until it is barely heard. He does it so often that one comes to expect it during the course of every song. He does it wonderfully, it is true, but just a shade too often.

But why try to find faults with a singer who did what Mr. Schipa did Monday night. He kept the audience in their seats for fully five minutes after the concert was ended. That should be a sufficient testimonial to his popularity. He was generous—yes, even more than generous with his encores. He beamed on the audience and it cried for more. He is as great on the concert stage as he is on the stage of the Auditorium in Chicago.

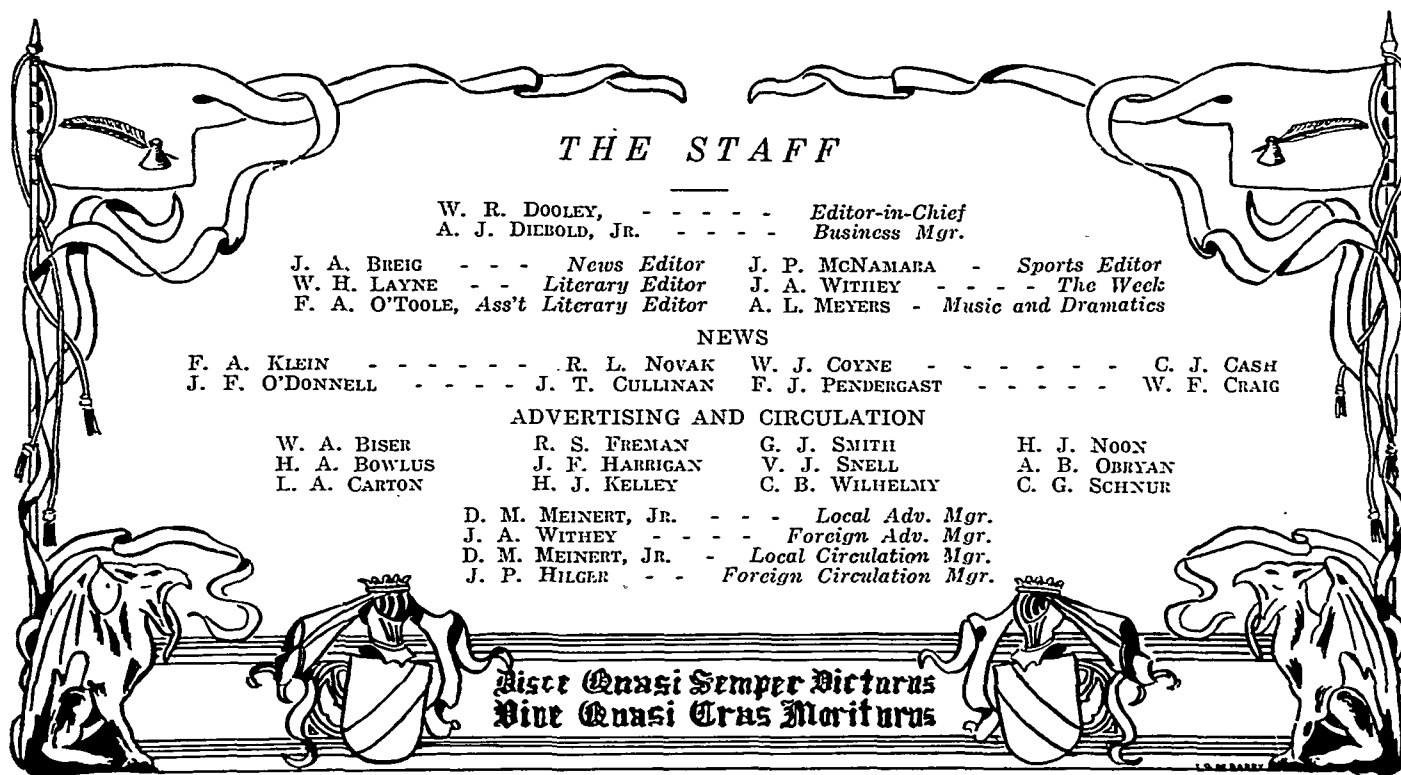
Mr. Echanez played fine accompaniments and several solos which displayed a wonderful technique and a generous share of feeling. The accompanist was worthy of the singer accompanied. —A. L. M.

TECH BAND IS ENTERTAINED

The Carnegie Tech Band was entertained at a dinner given in the Cafeteria by the Notre Dame Band after the football game last Saturday. President McDermott of the Notre Dame Band acted as toastmaster.

Mr. Sullivan, Director of the Carnegie Tech Band, expressed his gratitude for the fine reception accorded them, and congratulated the Notre Dame Band on its appearance. Cheers were given by both bands after Mr. Casasanta welcomed the visiting organization.

Manager Cerrutti of the Tech Players also spoke.



HOMECOMING

The main purpose of any Homecoming is, or should be, the renewal, for the returning alumnus, of the spirit of his college days. The graduated class-member comes back, after a greater or less period of absence, to discover the changes which have taken place, the ideas and ideals which have been developed, and to grasp the new spirit which progress of any institution of learning engenders. It is only natural that a certain amount of celebration should accompany this return. But the football game, the dances, the various events of an elaborate program are after all merely incidental. They do not make the Homecoming itself; they merely make it more pleasant. They give it a festive air, but they are not absolutely necessary. A Homecoming to be a real Homecoming needs no bands nor cheering students nor "gridiron classics," nor any other aids. When this is realized more completely, Homecoming will begin to take on its proper significance.

With this in mind, it is pleasing to note that Notre Dame's sixth Homecoming was more quiet than many of its predecessors. The appendages of Homecoming were there—the band, the game, and the like, but they were not over-emphasized. The real spirit of the occasion was given a chance to show itself, too. The returning old grads were

accepted not as guests merely, but also as persons who "belonged." Every student made it his personal business to see to their comfort and enjoyment while here, and to aid them in being once more at ease in the place they had been wont to call "home." They were not treated as distant interlopers, curiosity gratifiers, tourists, but as friends. It is just that mental attitude which makes for a real Homecoming.

Carnegie Tech also was given a warm welcome, but one not so warm as to appear hypocritical. And Carnegie responded with a clean, hard game of football, in which honors for sportsmanship were about evenly divided. That, also, is an aid toward making Homecoming what it should be,—not a celebration primarily, but a happy family reunion.

This Homecoming was exceptionally well planned, prepared for, and executed. All the various organizations and free-lance assistants deserve great credit for the intelligent manner in which the manifold and manifest difficulties attendant upon the event were met and solved. Their work was arduous and exacting, and demanded a great deal of self-sacrifice. Besides, from its very nature, it was open to much criticism and small praise. The workers can be assured, however, that it is all praise and no criticism which is elicited by the Homecoming just concluded.

A CARD OF SYMPATHY

It is not necessary for the SCHOLASTIC to express to Father Matthew Walsh, President of the University, the sympathy that goes out to him from everyone at Notre Dame on the death of his mother. We set it down here as a public record for the future, rather than as an assurance to him or as a testimony from us. Feelings of sonship, stretching over long years of gracious intimate memories, are too sacred and too personal for even us, who esteem Father Walsh so highly, to consider in any extended comment. Hence in the quieter and more helpful sympathy of prayer, rather than in the sympathy one finds so difficult to put in words, we will remember the mother of our President. Father Walsh knows we feel for him, and we ask no more. His devoted mother will know we remember her in that one most helpful way the dear dead would be remembered. May she rest in peace!

WHERE ARE THE IRISH LUNGS?

The cheering, or the lack of it, was one of the most noticeable features of the Homecoming game. The entire responsibility cannot be placed on the student body: it is apparent that some steps must be taken to better the present condition.

Lack of unity is the greatest handicap at present. Students scattered over the entire East Stands cannot hope to produce the right kind of cheering. The only way to improve on the prevailing conditions is to have a portion of the stands reserved for a cheering section, to be occupied by students only. Three hundred students, grouped in compact arrangement, can outcheer three thousand scattered voices. Other universities have succeeded in displaying an excellent brand of cheering by this method; and it is our only hope.

Another reason for the lack of cheering is the overconfidence of the student body. True, we have not been beaten by an invading team since 1905; but would this record stand long if the team were to take the same attitude towards the game as the students take in regard to the cheering?

When Northwestern comes on the field

Saturday she will be supported by 500 students and a band. We shall be four times stronger in numbers. The team will give all it has to keep the Cartier Field record unblemished. Will the voices from Evans-ton outdo the Irish lungs?

DREAMERS

Dreamers are the nurslings of immortality. Men die, cities crumble, and nations fall, but the works of dreamers live on. They are the Argonauts who seek the fleece—Truth. With no other guide than their imagination they have pierced the great voids of knowledge. With no other armor than their courage they have overcome fearful odds. They are strewn along the paths of progress; they do not live in the present but bridge the gap into the future.

Their dreams have wrought miracles. They have gouged the bowels of the earth; they have sported with the eagles in the air; they have conquered the seas and spanned the rivers; they have enslaved the elements; and they have filled the libraries. They have given wings to words and thoughts. They have put a soul into the violin. Dreamers are the rulers of the world for they build greatness.

Yet they are rewarded with sneers, jeers, and jibes. The petty man does not understand them. He is envious of the man who does things. We should foster the dreamers. When we see one of these eternal conquerors whose vassals are the years, we should say, "He is a dreamer; let him pass."

And the strap-hangers are still wondering when that much-suggested and much editorialized station at the car-stop is going to materialize. From present (also past) indications, there is only one way for it to quite literally materialize from the alleged ether.

Walter Eckersall, writing in the *Chicago Tribune*, is agreeably surprised by the sportsmanlike attitude of Notre Dame rooters toward Carnegie Tech. There is no occasion for surprise. Walter should know that nothing unsportsmanlike is tolerated at Notre Dame.

"That Dreams Are Made Of"

PAUL SHIBEN, '26

"DENNIS, old man, I would give my right arm to land that assistant consul appointment in Spain. I'm so fed up with this blasé country of ours, where everyone is always in a hurry, that I want to get away to a place where they still know what romance is, to a place where love comes first, and a chap can find a girl who is real."

"I know you do, Schuyler; love for you will probably come at first sight. By George, I believe that when you meet the lady of your choice you will want to carry her off at once. And I'm not so sure that she will object," he concluded, gazing at the engaging handsome face of his friend. "By the way, I saw Senator Bernard this morning, and he asked me to tell you that if you came to his office this afternoon he might be able to help you with your appointment."

"Then that is where I am going right now. Thanks Den, I'll tell you the good news to-morrow."

Eustace Schuyler was discontented. His life had been nothing but a mere existence. Of late he had felt some restless urge within him and he was determined to trace this feeling to its source and remedy it if possible. On his way to the Senator's office he had tried to discover the cause of the change in attitude evinced by the old gentleman, who had told him but two days previous that the appointment would in all probability go to a more experienced man.

The Senator did not keep him long in suspense. "Eustace my boy," he said, "you Schuylers have always been impulsive, very impulsive; but I will say that your hasty actions do seem to turn out well. For this reason I believe that you would succeed as assistant consul, and I may safely say that I can obtain the appointment, on one condition. I desire a favor."

"Why certainly, Senator. I'd be more than willing to grant it in return for your help. What do you desire?"

"It's a funny thing to ask, d— funny; but I'll explain it to you. My daughter

Vivian,—I believe that you have her acquaintance,—is in her last year at Sweetbriar in Virginia. Well, it seems that the custom down there is to hold a tournament each year, in the regular old knight-errant fashion, only instead of going after one another the young fellows ride lance at a suspended ring. The one who gets the most hits is the victor and he chooses the Queen of Love and Beauty. Now Vivian has been telling the girls of Arnold, her fiance,—how wonderful he is and how certain it was that he would win the tourney and declare her Queen. Arnold was going down but he has been suddenly called to Maine in connection with the lumber business.

"Vivian says that she positively must have a fiance for that event or she'll lose her standing with the girls after what she has told them; and she has begged me to send someone down in that position. Now you're the man to carry it off successfully. You're good looking and have a wonderful personality.

"It's true, my boy," he said, as Schuyler tried to speak, "and moreover you are an accomplished horseman and fencing has given you a good eye and a supple wrist. So there is no earthly reason why you couldn't do it; just for two days you know; and Vivian will help you. Now what do you say?"

Eustace was prompted to refuse and have the matter over with. He had met Vivian and she had impressed him as being somewhat of a snob; in fact, he told himself, he utterly disliked her. But then it would only be for a short time and Vivian would at least be courteous. It would be rather a lark, and he did want that appointment. Then too, one can never tell where he may meet the girl of his dreams. After several minutes of deliberation he agreed, to the apparent satisfaction of the Senator.

The following evening he departed and in the morning found himself at his destination. As he left the train he was astonished at the number of pretty girls on the plat-

form. 'Most anything could happen here he thought.' There, now he knew the cause of his discontent. He wanted to meet a girl, a different girl, one who could make him forget everything else in the world. His reveries were cut short as he saw Vivian hurrying through the crowd. She was pretty, he admitted, with her golden hair and big blue eyes; but she was too much like his sister and all the other girls whom he knew. She smiled bewitchingly, murmured "Arnold," and leaped into his arms. He kissed her lightly, aware that many eyes were upon them. Then she took him by the arm and hurried him to an awaiting car.

"Dad phoned me all about it," she said as they were seated. "It was nice of you to come, Eustace. I know you don't like me very well, but you just pretend that you are Arnold and win me the tourney. That is all I want."

Her words angered him so much that on the way to school he wished that he had never accepted the Senator's proposal.

The tourney was to start at three o'clock. Eustace looked at his watch. It was now one, and Vivian was dressing. He sauntered down a crooked path between hedges of bay bushes which seemed to wander aimlessly among beds of roses and trailing vines of dark green ivy. Suddenly he stepped into a tiny garden spot and involuntarily uttered a low exclamation of surprise. The garden was only a few feet across and banked with rows of tall colorful hollyhocks. But what caused him to exclaim in wonder and delight was the sight of a girl seated upon an old rustic bench. She was the kind of girl that he had dreamed of, lithe and graceful with rich black hair and eyes of the softest brown.

Startled by his utterance she looked up and blushed. "How do you do," she said.

Eustace struggled to find his voice. "Good afternoon," he stammered. She smiled pleasantly. Taking heart he continued, "I was just strolling around the gardens and wondered where this funny path lead to."

"Oh isn't it a dear!" she exclaimed. "I discovered it my first day here and ever since it has seemed to me the nicest spot

of all."

"It's all of that," he agreed, "but it needs you to make it perfect. I'd have sworn when I passed the hedge that I had surprised some maid of the old South musing in her bower."

She flushed and hurriedly changed the subject. "You will really think that you are back in the days of the old South this afternoon. I suppose that you will ride in the tourney. You're Arnold Duncan. I saw Vivian meet you at the train."

He started to say yes, but somehow it occurred to him that this would never do. This was the girl of his dreams and if he said yes, he might lose her forever. "No I'm not,"—and he told her the entire story.

She listened gravely while he talked, but her eyes became wistful when he mentioned Spain. When he had finished she exclaimed: "Spain is the land of my dreams. I've wanted to go there ever since I've been a little girl, but dad is always too busy to go along," she finished in a two tone of disappointment.

"Are you in Vivian's class?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm senior too. My name is Priscilla Melrose."

"Priscilla Melrose," he mused, "Priscilla Melrose. I might have known you would have a pretty name, for none other would suit you just as that one does. And that is the same name as my sister has."

"I know it," she replied, "your sister is a very dear friend of mine."

"Why then, we are old acquaintances," he exclaimed with boyish enthusiasm. She smilingly assented. "And you are the girl who visited Sis last year while I was in Canada," he continued.

"Correct again, sir knight."

"If I had only known."

"What?"

"Who it was. Sis wanted me to stay at home but I dashed off wildly never thinking that it would be anyone like you."

"Would it have made any difference?" she asked softly, gazing at him from under lowered lashes.

"Would it have made any difference? Oh, Priscilla, all the difference in the world. I've

wanted to meet you ever since the day—ever since the beginning,” he concluded somewhat lamely.

“I was rather disappointed too,” she added shyly, “your sister has told me all about you and I was just a little thrilled.”

“Are you disappointed now, Priscilla?”

“No, not now,” she said gently. Her eyes were fixed on a far off butterfly that fluttered and dipped above an open flower.

Eustace’s dream seemed very close and very sweet. He caught her hand and drew her to him. “Dearest,” he said, “I’ve always hoped to meet a girl like you. I knew that if I ever did I would know her instantly and love her forever.”

“Eustace, I’ve loved you too, ever since—”

“Since when, darling?”

“Oh ever since I saw your picture last year,” she whispered; and hid her face on his shoulder.

A long silence followed in which love alone existed and the garden appeared more beautiful than ever. He was the first to think of the reality. “Sweetheart, I must wire ‘sis’ the good news.”

“Oh Eustace you’re too impulsive and anyway, anyway—it’s two-thirty and I must dress before the tourney,” she cried in confusion.

“But dear, say yes,” he implored.

“Well perhaps,” she called back as she darted up the path.

The tourney was at its height, and Eustace needed but one more ring. If he could garner it he would be the winner, with the right to choose the Queen. When he heard the trumpet call sounding his approach he set his lance, spoke to his mount and rode forward. How small that little ring seemed. What if he should miss it? He must not. Flexing his wrist he struck it square, and down the course he rode amid applause, with a tiny silver circle on his lance.

* * * *

“—and Vivian told me all about it,” the Senator snorted. “How you rode by her, without even looking up, and presented the crown to that Melrose girl. Well it’s your misfortune as well as Viv’s. I thought you wanted the appointment, but now you can whistle for it. I gave it to young Woods an hour ago.”

“I’m sorry, awfully sorry, really, about not being able to give Vivian the crown after I had promised,” Eustace said contritely. “But as for the appointment, that’s quite all right Senator. You see, we are going to Spain on our honeymoon.”

Macduff, The Patriot

RUPERT A. WENTWORTH, '27

MACDUFF, above all others in the play “Macbeth,” showed himself to be a true patriot. He sacrificed everything but his very life that his beloved Scotland might live and be freed from the tyrannical rule of Macbeth. He even left his wife and children alone and practically unprotected from the malice of the merciless Macbeth when he went to England to seek aid in relieving his native land of the oppressor. This does not indicate, however, that he did not love his family, but so in-

tense was his love of country that he forgot all else in an attempt to bring force against the tyrant.

His love for his family is shown by the grief-stricken manner in which he received the news of the death of his loved ones. His words on the occasion were few because they were drowned out by the sorrow in his heart. But what he did say was full of expression and spoken in such a way that we know that he was sincere in his love.

Personally I think Macduff had a slight

suspicion of the guilt of Macbeth from the very night of the murder of King Duncan. My reason for saying this is because of the way Macduff rebuked Macbeth for his hasty killing of the two drunken attendants of the king. His distaste for the new ruler was shown in his failure to appear at the celebration of the coronation of Macbeth. This act Macbeth resented greatly and from then on became suspicious of Macduff. When he learned that Macduff had gone to England he resolved to wait no longer but to destroy Macduff's entire household and himself if he could be found.

Macduff was no hypocrite. He had no faith in the honesty of Macbeth and so disliked him inwardly that he manifested his thoughts outwardly by not attending Macbeth's feast. Instead of trying to play upon the good will of the new ruler and win his good favor whether he really liked him or not, Macduff openly showed that he was dissatisfied with Macbeth's being king. I think he bore no personal hatred against Macbeth at first but hated him only because he thought he had done an injustice to his beloved country. His personal hatred came only after Macbeth had so savagely murdered the family of Macduff.

The supreme act of Macduff's patriotism was shown in his interview with Malcolm in England, whither he had gone to implore Malcolm to obtain help from the king of England to drive the despot out of Scotland. Malcolm was not sure at first whether Macduff was sincere or was conspiring with Macbeth to get him back into Scotland to murder him. To test him out Malcolm told him that conditions were bad enough with Macbeth as king, if he himself had royal power things would be worse. He upbraided himself as the most wicked, malicious, avaricious, and lustful man on earth. At first Macduff, who thought none could be so evil as Macbeth, tried to make excuses for the wickedness of Malcolm. But Malcolm continued to con-

demn himself;

"Nay, had I the power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth."

When he had finished thus he spoke:
"If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken."

Then came the speech of Macduff which points him out as a true patriot and not edging around to obtain royal favor.

"Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd
When shalt thou see thy wholesome
days again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd
And does blaspheme his breed?

Fare thee well!

These evils thou hast repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my
breast,

Thy hope ends here!"

Whereupon Malcolm, seeing Macduff's worth sufficiently proved, explained to Macduff why he had foully accused himself and revealed to him his true self. Macduff was overcome and said,

"Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once

'Tis hard to reconcile."

When forces had been gathered and the castle of Macbeth beset, Macduff would fight with none of the hirelings of the tyrant,

"Either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded."

He culminated his life as a patriot (as far as the play goes) by seeking out Macbeth alone to fight with; and coming out of the castle with the head of the hated tyrant upon his sword he saluted Malcolm:

"Hail king! for so thou art. Behold
where stands

The usurper's cursed head."

BOOK LEAVES

THE WAY OF THE MAKERS: By Marguerite Wilkinson, Published by The MacMillan Company. Price net \$3.00.

Visitors to the Art Gallery must frequently pause before some masterpiece and wonder at the ingenuity of the artist who conceived and executed the creation. A soft, brown piece of canvas has been endowed with life and expression. Oil and pigment have been applied but the picture is more than that; some mind was responsible for the thought, some hand wrought it on the cloth. Whose thought, whose hand was it, and from what mysterious corner of the artist's mind did he draw the inspiration? The result we can all admire, though the ways and means be locked in the wright's heart. How illuminating it would be to have the painter himself at our elbow to recall and explain the process; what dimly remembered anxieties, secrets of workmanship, ideals, consolations, he might reveal.

A poem of tenuous and appealing beauty arouses similar reverent curiosity, and it is under the inspiration of such curiosity that Marguerite Wilkinson in her new book, "The Way of the Makers" gathers together many private revelations poets have made of their art. She goes to many out-of-the-way sources—letters, biographies, memoirs, and diaries—to collect what the poets themselves have to say of "The Poetic Nature," "Inspiration," "Themes For Poems," "Fame" and "How Poets Work." The grouping of quotations and excerpts so that the familiar and the little known may be found in a single volume is, of course, the object of this book. The reader will find much that is helpful either to stimulate effort if he essays verse himself or to explain the qualities of a poetic mind if he be a connoisseur. "Trelawney Lies By Shelley," by Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., is aptly quoted in the section, "The Poetic Mind."

—Contributed—D. H.

LOCAL PROBLEMS AND AGENCIES: By Henry Spalding, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers; Price net \$2.50.

This work is an account of outstanding current social problems and of various organizations engaged in social works. It is not the work of a single writer, but of many writers. It is an abridged yet comprehensive statement of present day social problems and agencies as told by experts or as gleaned from official publications. The book is decidedly Catholic in tone and theme and should, for this reason appeal strongly to Catholic students. At the end of each chapter are references and topics for discussion.

—Contributed.

* * * *

A tiresome satire on certain of our cosmopolites is "The Penciled Form" (Scribners, \$2.00) by James Gray. The characters are poseurs who wish to display themselves and they do it unto weariness. The work is saturated with useless descriptions which seem to be hauled in to fill space. It may be read and enjoyed by people on whose hands time hangs heavily. For this reason we mention it in college circles. As an added inducement the cover is good looking.

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Dear Miltner's new book, "Progressive Ignorance" may be obtained in the University bookstore. Price \$0.90.

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Again we invite contributions for "Book Leaves." Undoubtedly, there is dormant literary talent at Notre Dame and this feature offers a suitable and well-directed outlet. If you have a book in mind which is worthy of review take the proverbial pen in hand: or if this procedure becomes laborious mention the work and it will be read and criticised. However, we bar Mencken and his flock of imitating iconoclastic morons.

—J. T. C.

The Beggar and The Baronet

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER, '27

THE club had been unusually hot, quite dozy, and rather unstimulating, so Lord Blackmar left an hour before his usual habit. Lord Blackmar was a young man. He strode elastically and gayly through the early evening mist down Pall Mall, obviously pleased with himself, very grateful to have escaped the leaden smoke-dusted atmosphere at his favorite coterie.

It was about eleven o'clock. The theatre crowds were surging along the walks bent for home, automobiles sped over the wet pavement, rubber tires singing. It was a time indeed, when Lord Blackmar on foot could indulge in his propitious hobby of observing people. Queer things, you know, he delighted in first watching everybody do things, then rush somewhere, say something.

At a stone-ribbed corner place Lord Blackmar paused, rubbed his mouth with a white gloved hand and stood pensively thinking for the moment. An automobile with astonishingly brilliant head lamps curved about the corner throwing a white glare of illumination over the walks for many feet ahead. It was only for a strict instant yet Lord Blackmar caught sight of a guise which probed his fancy.

He caught sight of a beggar. Had it been an ordinary mendicant with the usual fake afflictions Lord Blackmar would not have noticed, but there was a singular group of characteristics about the man that attracted the peer, invited his investigation, glimpsed, as it were, in a fleeting concept.

The starveling in question was young and handsome, Lord Blackmar observed, as he came abreast of the man. He had glistening black curly hair, a minutely fine face, well shaped ears, the general carriage of a gentleman.

Seeing Lord Blackmar he put out his hand.

"A penny, sir, to help a fellow. No situation, sir; no situation. Penniless, sir."

Lord Blackmar regarded him with concern.

"You are hungry, my dear fellow?"

"Nothing since yesterday, quite true, sir."

"I would hesitate to give you a penny but I will buy you a supper, my good man. Come into this restaurant a bit of way down. I'll fill you."

The beggar frowned.

"My clothes are rags. It is impossible."

"I will secure a booth," said Lord Blackmar. "We will enter from the side. No one will observe either you or myself."

With this assurance the man still hesitated. Finally, he assented with a nod and followed his host into a middle class French tenanted, cafe, where food is served slowly and with ceremony. Quite an impossible place for a hungry man who wishes but to gobble and have done with it.

Lord Blackmar did not place an order but considerately assented to a double portion of mutton for his guest. The peer sat strumming his long, white fingers on the linen, watching the man across the table so evidently engaged in gulping down both liquid and solid. In the light Lord Blackmar saw more of the young man. He wore a dull, drab wool shirt open at the throat, dirty and soiled. His face was open, narrow and sharp-cut, graced by impressionable brown eyes and full, loose lips.

Throughout the meal neither spoke. At length, with a contented sigh, the beggar washed the last fragment down his throat.

"A very fine meal, sir, you have set me up to. May God favour you for it. Hunger is a gnawing whelp, yes, it is; a d—, gnawing whelp."

"I am glad to be of assistance to you," indulged Lord Blackmar. "In return I only ask that you tell me your story, the reason of your condition, don't you know?"

"I do not tell my story. It is not worth telling. Too mean! You know things are better told. . . . I don't believe it."

"I have feasted you on my own kindness. You must in turn favour me. I will hear your story."

The beggar seemed impressed. He eyed Lord Blackmar with an indolent gaze of appreciation.

"I'll give you the salient points of the thing, then. I fancy you, more than most bloated evening walkers. . . . most of them."

"I am flattered," commented Lord Blackmar.

"I was born a gentleman. . . . a fine gentleman. In Surrey I grew up like a gentleman. I went in the blasted War with a zip, just a bit over seventeen then, forged my age. Before I went away I'd known a girl. She was a noble. . . . yes, a noble. You would not believe me if I told you that I, too *was*. . . . was contaminated with the flow of noble blood"—Lord Blackmar bit his lip—"but I got away from it. I was the third son and the estates poor. No chance for title or money.

"But I loved this lady like an astronomer loves a star. She seemed so far out of my reach. But I didn't despair. I contrived to know her, to motor her here and there, to ride with her, to walk the woods and meadows with her. We talked of many things but never of love.

"Then along came the war. I was off, believe me sir, clear off. We'd never spoke of love, never, but when I got ready to leave she seemed disturbed. One sunny day I burst in on her in the Venetian room with the news that I'd enlisted and would join a unit soon. You see I'd had training. 'Tommy, I can't bear it,' she said and burst out crying. I put my arm around her for the first time while she sobbed on my shoulder. I patted her hair and held her hand. Suddenly she drew me up and kissed me on the mouth. 'Tommy,' she sobbed, 'you can't go.' But I did go. I asked her to marry me. She said she couldn't but promised when I returned we would take the vows. And I went, sir, the last vision of her floating in my brain as she waved good-bye after a thousand kisses.

"Well, I came through, sir . . . beastly good luck, royal luck. Got plugged three times but they healed like that.

"And I came back to her, expecting to be

received with loving embrace and renewed affair . . . her letters were often enough. She was cold, sir, cold . . . very cold. She merely took my hand and wished me good luck . . . the woman I loved. Life disappeared then. An empty shell. A blue damn thing. I gave up, sir. I went away. I'm begging a broken heart."

The beggar laughed abruptly and put his hands on his hips, looking squarely at Lord Blackmar.

"Why did she go cold on you, old fellow?"

The vagrant said almost without feeling: "She's loved a lord, a baron with money and more . . . a title. She'd loved, you understand, while I was gone. He'd stayed at home."

Lord Blackmar seemed disturbed. "Dastardly chap, I'd say," he assured, "And she an inconsistent woman. Let us go. It is almost midnight!"

They went out into the street.

"Good night, m'lord," the beggar said mockingly. "I shall sleep well on such a full stomach. My thanks to you."

The lord did not seem to notice. He grasped the beggar by the arm.

"The name of this girl that jilted you for a stay-at-home peer?"

"It need not be secret. It was a Lady Emily Beaumont."

Lord Blackmar sucked in his breath with a gasp and stood limp and still as the mendicant disappeared in the haze. He looked up and down the road fixedly. He reached into the pocket of his formal top coat and extracted a copy of the *London Daily Mail*. He opened it. Near the bottom of the front page he re-read by the yellow light from the cafe window the headlines: "*Peer to wed next week. Lord Blackmar's marriage to Lady Emily Beaumont will be solemnized Thursday. Result of romance during war.*"

Lord Blackmar put the paper back in his pocket, a queer, ghastly look on his face. "Stay-at-home . . . coward . . . result of a romance during war . . . coward . . . a beggar. . . ." These words whirled like mad through his brain as he hailed a taxi homeward.

SPORT NEWS

Carnegie Tech Carnage: 26-0

We had always imagined that the Scotch were a race that invariably saved for the rainy day. Saturday proved our mistake



REX ENRIGHT

in so far as the kiltie klad of Carnegie Tech was concerned. The ladies from out of the east were generous for sixty minutes of the matinee and tried everything in the well known trick bag to no avail. The famous "spin" plays that had gained so much ground against other opponents earlier in the season rarely got beyond the spin stage. The much touted end-round attack might have been a world beater if it hadn't been for a bunch of Fighting Irish that just wouldn't let the end get around to start. As a result of the Notre Dame team's spectacular line play the Tech offense frequently found itself farther from its touchdown objective on the fourth down than when it had taken the oval. The Rockmen were "on", that's all. But that was more than enough. The steel-town lads presented a puzzling attack. The formations were more intricate than a drill team's finale maneuver. For the most part, as far as the people in the stands were concerned it was much like the old circus game,—no one knew where the ball was.

Defensively the Gold and Blue were the best that they have seen this season. Especially along the forward wall was a marked improvement noticeable, and it was to a great extent due to the activities of the linesmen that the Hibernians were able to make carnage of Carnegie. The Caledonian offensive never really got under way due to the fact that two or three Notre Dame

tacklers piled up the plays behind the line of scrimmage time after time. Flashes of what might have been the 1924 brilliance or the 1926 glory flashed up now and then whether or no. The team was working with greater synchronism and precision than it has had in any of the earlier contests and a very noted improvement was demonstrated in each of the periods of play.

A hark-back to other days was featured when Coach Knute K. Rockne started the entire second team at the start of the fray. These shock troops outclassed their opponents thoroughly from the outset and marched down the field in a brilliant manner only to be checked when in scoring position by costly fumbles. When the second half was well under way Rockne sent in his entire first team after Roach had made a fair catch on Tech's thirty-eight yard marker. Enright attempted a field goal from placement after the regulars had failed to pierce the visitor's line but the ball fell short and went to the Easterners on their own fourteen yard line. Bastian punted to Edwards who returned the kick to the Tech thirty-five yard line. Here began the Irish invasion for the first touchdown. Enright gained through the line and Flanagan took the ball around left end to the Plaid ten-yard strip. After gains by Enright through the center of the line Flanagan scored on an off-tackle smash. The half ended shortly after Enright had missed the try for an extra point, and the score at the mid-time stood: Notre Dame 6, Carnegie Tech 0.

When the Gold and Blue warriors returned at the start of the third quarter they seemed imbued with new life and the team work was noticeably improved. They were riding in their stride as they marched down

the field early in this period and culminated the parade with a touchdown by Enright. Edwards drop kicked the oval squarely between the uprights for the extra pointage. Bastian fumbled Enright's punt and McManmon recovered the pigskin on Tech's 35 yard line to pave the way for the third crossage of the zero marker by the home forces. The backfield worked perfectly and soon Enright had again charged through the center of the line for another tally. This time Eddie Scharer contributed the extra point with a place boot. Score: Notre Dame 20, Carnegie Tech 0. The final scoring came when Charlie Riley looped the Scot right end for a touchdown on a fake forward pass. This was a spectacular play that completely baffled the enemy and allowed the fleet footed quarter to get well under way before the opposition had time to figure what it was all about.

The Highlanders were not especially dangerous at any time during the contest and most of the fray was carried on well in Tech territory. The Notre Dame line opened huge gaps in the Scot wall for the Gold and Blue ball carriers to gallop through. It was the Homecoming celebration and twenty-seven thousand old students and fans jammed the stand to review Rockne's army. And so it seemed. Substitutions were made in characteristic "Rock" fashion, the boys in the press stands well nigh going crazy as they tried to keep up with the changes as team after team went in at a time. The reserve strength of the Irish was especially good and every combination was able to gain against its guests. There was something characteristic in the rhythmical shift and the long gains of the running attack unloosed by the successors to the National Championship eleven as it marched down historic Cartier field and the crowd seemed to catch the spirit.

Mr. Eckersall to the contrary, we would be inclined to select Rex Enright as the outstanding luminary of the contest. This full back has been playing a fine, steady game all season but against the Tech horde he was almost an irresistible force. Time after time he was sent squarely at the center of the big Plaid line and time after time he

added to his yardage. He had plenty of drive and probably his smashes piled up more yardage than any other single player amassed in this game. His plunging put many in mind of that of Layden's stellar work of last year. His play in giving interference was greatly improved as was his defensive work. Christie Flanagan hails from the lone star state and he seemed to have all the essentials of being the star at least. The Notre Dame running attack in which he featured proved too much for the

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So when your own college's team tears through for its first smashing goal this Thanksgiving Day—when life seems fullest of the frenzy of happiness—joyfully apply the fire and taste the smoke that's loved by millions.

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right wing of the visitor's line and he got away with a speedy, shifty, twisting run for long gains almost at will. His pivoting, and ability to step from the arms of tacklers marked him as the most sensational ball carrier seen here this year. Flanagan was every bit of a star Saturday. There is a quiet little red head that occupied the opposite berth and this man, Tom Hearnden by name and premiere grid player by choice, demonstrated what can be done by a heady interference runner. His work in this department of the game was, from the technical point of view, the greatest bit of playing seen during the season's here. He swept would-be tacklers out in a finished manner. Among the substitutes that ran loose, Charlie Riley, Elmer Wynne, Cody and Scharer were outstanding.

The line was functioning its best and Joe Boland seemed to be the best in the first seven. "Ike" Voedisch at end fitted into Clem Crowe's shoes in a polished fashion. McMullen at tackle turned in a good account of his time as did McManmon who seems to be hitting his regular stride again. About the best defensive game was given by John Smith who was the outstanding star at the guard position. Dick Hanousek at guard opened wide gashes in the opposing line for runners to take the ball through. "Bud" Boeringer, at center, played a whale of a game. In fact the Fighting Irish line rivalled Darrow in its defensive tactics.

Lineup and Summary.

NOTRE DAME (26)		CARNEGIE TECH (0)	
C. Walsh, Voedisch	L. E.	Goodwin	
Byrne			
McMullen, Boland	L. T.	Meyers, Marshall	
		Cooper	
Hanousek, J. Smith	L. G.	Cowan	
Maxwell			
Fredericks Boeringer	C.	Mamby	
Murrin			
R. Smith, Marelli	R. G.	Cass	
Mayer, Crowe			
Poliski, McManmon	R. T.	Yoder	
Reidy			
Rigali, Wallace	R. E.	Kristoff, Vogt	
Ruckleshaue			
Parisien, Edwards	Q. B.	Bastian, Sebastian	
Riley, McNally			
Cody, Flanagan	L. H.	Donahue	
O'Boyle, Scharer			
Roach, Hearnden	R. H.	McClelland, Harmon	
Prelli, Dahman			
McCabe, Enright,	F. B.	Beede (Capt.)	
Collins, Wynne			

Score by periods:

Notre Dame	0	6	6	14-26
Carnegie Tech	0	0	0	0-0

Touchdowns—Flanagan, Enright (2), Riley.

Point on try after touchdown—Scharer, O'Boyle.

Officials—Referee, Eckersall (Chicago). Umpire, Mumma (Army). Field Judge, Daugherty (W. and J.). Head Linesman, Huston (Michigan Aggies.)

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM ANNEXES STATE TITLE

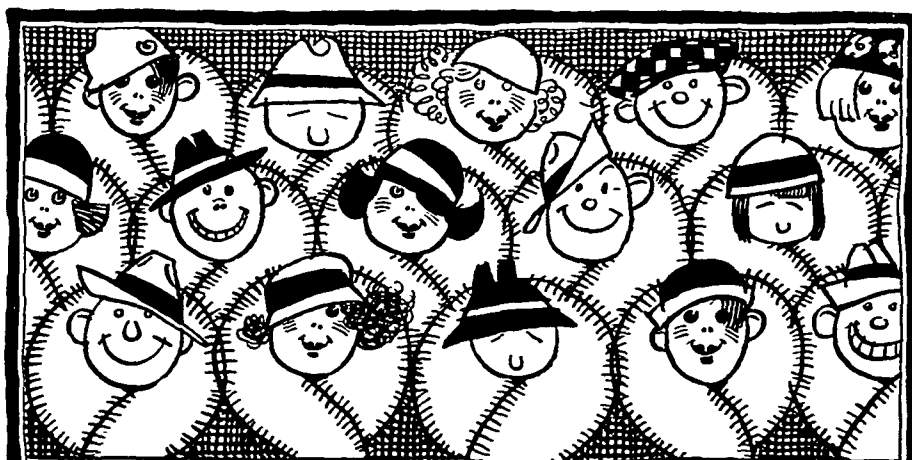
Flashing along in brilliant style Coach John Wendland's Gold and Blue harriers made a clean sweep of their semi-windup start and took the State cross-country crown at Purdue Saturday, in easy style. Running over a particularly hard course the Irish distance men made a well balanced showing. When the auditors of the run came to check up they found the score for the first three teams to be as follows: Notre Dame 30, Purdue 36 and Butler 54.



DOLMAGE

The run was held over the Boilermakers course which is a particularly hard one. Getting away to a good start Philips, Butler's star, led the rest of the pack to the finish although he was hard pressed at times by Notre Dame's dependable spiked-shoe performer, Young, who pulled in second. Philips was able to outrun the Irish harrier only by a wonderful sprinting finish. Close upon Young's heels came the Purdue duet composed of Little and Neff who took third and fourth places respectively. The Gold and Blue took fifth and sixth honors when Dolmage and Captain Nulty crossed the line. The meet was sewed up for the Running Irish when Moloney, Collins and Phalin took the next three positions. On the whole the Notre Dame squad took the three and three-quarter mile course easily and were content to merely tuck the bacon under their arm in an effort to attain the best form possible tomorrow when they will attempt to extend their championship sway over the Middle West.

The team has been working out faithfully and training intensively to make tomorrow's



**4 out of every 5
at the game**

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**will have read
this week's issue—**

the football number

**of
life**

stuff by barton benchley crosby
gross hoover sherwood sullivant
and others — cover by held — god

bless my soul!





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ALWAYS INSIST ON WILLIAMS

run a red letter event in Notre Dame cross-country annals. This will be the best opportunity that the University harriers have had in the history of the school to annex the Big Ten title. Coach Wendland had been pointing his charges to this event and it is hoped that the fall thinly-clads will be able to romp home in advance of the van. The opposition that is to be most feared in tomorrow's run will come from Iowa and Wisconsin. These two schools will enter crack teams in the contest and the Notre Dame runners will have their hands full in taking care of this opposition. Captain Nulty's crew have already led in meets against two of the Big Ten schools and if they are running in their stride should be able to nose out their opponents at Ann Arbor.

This season has been the most brilliant ever gone through by a Gold and Blue com-

bine and there would be no more fitting way than to end it in a blaze of glory in winning the Conference Meet and realizing first place honors in Western Cross-Country circles.

BOXING CHAMPS ARE CROWNED

"The Fighting Irish" they're called. And what could be more natural than celebrating Homecoming in the good old Hibernian way by having a few fights? So right after the torchlight parade and the speeches Friday night a crowd hastened over to the new Gym, where the question of Freshman boxing championship was to be fought out.

The bouts were arranged in tournament fashion, and the undefeated boxer in each class assumed the glory and responsibility of a champ.

In the first act Billy Sullivan and a dynamic personage, who was introduced to the crowd

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as "Moon" Mullins disputed the right of going into the finals of the bantamweight division. "Moon's" vigorous assault won him the decision. Spike McAdams' accurate slugging wore down the resistance of Johnny Walsh and enabled him to take the next bout.

Jimmy McKenna kept the crowd on its feet during the third fracas when he punished Harckett so severely that the towel had to be thrown in, giving Jimmy the featherweight championship. Larry Moore, the California Flash, blinded Russ Hart with his speed and advanced one step nearer the lightweight crown. The fifth bout was an exhibition of science and skill, with Joe Fitzpatrick doing most of the exhibiting, and Vic Bertrand being exhibited to. Fitz showed himself to be one of the cleverest fighters in his class.

Wolf Donnelly and Hugh McManigal, welters, provided considerable excitement in their three round disagreement. Wolf was successful in his contention and gained the decision. Henry Ford was the only person wanting to make the seventh contest look like a Detroit reunion, and someone said that his car was outside. At any rate Bill Crotty and Frank Berkheimer, both from the Fliver City, swapped disagreements, with the result that the fellow from Detroit, in this case Berkheimer, won.

Spike McAdams and "Moon" Mullins staged a nip-and-tuck battle. But it was McAdams who tucked away the victory, and Mullins who was nipped. Although "Moon" fought hard and gamely, he was not equal to the speed and power of McAdams. North vs. South was the name of a three round drama presented by Joe Fitzpatrick and Joe Gaia. When the curtain went down, the Northern cause, well represented by the first named gentleman, was triumphant.

And then to end a perfect evening, two Irishmen, named "Sandy" Lecowitz and Cyril Defevre argued on the question of fistic prowess in the welterweight class. Defevre was awarded a technical knockout when Sandy was unable to stand up under his powerful blows, aided by clever ring strategy.

VARSITY SPLASHERS MEET

The Natatorium will soon be resounding to the splashing of the Irish mermen. The swimmers met yesterday and decided that training would begin immediately after Thanksgiving. Led by Captain Jerry Rhodes they promise to have a most successful season, with practically all of last years men back and rarin' to churn water.

McCaffery, Hudson, McKiernan, McLoughlin, Brykczynski, Sievers, all paddlers of last season, are back, and should make an invincible combination; having been together for two years. A big loss, one keenly felt, is that of Royse who failed to return to school. However, there are many likely-looking aspirants who promise to fill the vacant position in a capable manner.

Heading the aggregation is Captain Jerry Rhodes, whose prowess as a breast-stroke

performer is well known and should bring the team many points. In the fancy diving departments there are few equal of Hugh McCaffery. Brykczynski excels in the dash and no doubt will be, as he has been in the past, the cause of many points being added to the score of the swimming Hibernians. Sievers is one of the best plungers in the West. As yet no definite schedule has been arranged.

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THE SAFETY VALVE

RIVER OF BLOOD: A REVIEW.

Not since Mr. K. K. Rockne appeared with Mr. George Lynch and Mr. Billy Ryan in a play of their own collaboration and roused the Entire Student Body to a frenzy; not since Willie Cotter and Dog White clad in buskins and red tights, said to King Cleofant in the play 'Rising of the Moon' "Mylord, the messengers from Venice are without,"—not since then has anything appeared to so stir the dramatic conscience of the University as RIVER OF BLOOD. It is the most talked of thing here, except the Shelter Station, which isn't here yet. Already the Cercle Francais has asked for permission to translate the Creation into that language, but after hearing them in that language we said, "No." Members of the Italian Embassy besought us to take it out of this language and put it into that language, and after hearing them in this language we found for the affirmative 3-0. The senior class of St. Mary's College would produce it on their campus, but owing to the difficulties of transport from campus to campus, we demurred. Students, Citizens, Polish Lancers, Carabineiri, Recidivi, Gridgraph, Bun-Wagons, Hearse, Victuals, etc., etc., could not, without much difficulty through deep roads and bad weather, be laid down f. o. b. at the sister institution. The reporters have wormed the information from Father Vincent Mooney that he is to direct a production of the Play by Student Players after the Day-Dogs have planted the inter-hall football title above the Dogs' Palace (Dogs' House). The Scholarship Club has offered to sponser the Drama on the usual 50 percent split, to build with the proceeds a study hall for the dancers. We will think this over. Meantime, the Play is the talk of the Campus and the down-town section. The Author, it should in justice be stated, is a student of Dante, knows Mr. Bon, and considers that M. Norb Engels gave splendid interference to Mdme. Galli-Curci in the SCHOLASTIC of last Friday. Vive M. Engels!

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*For that Young Brother
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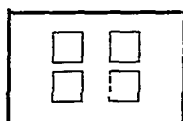


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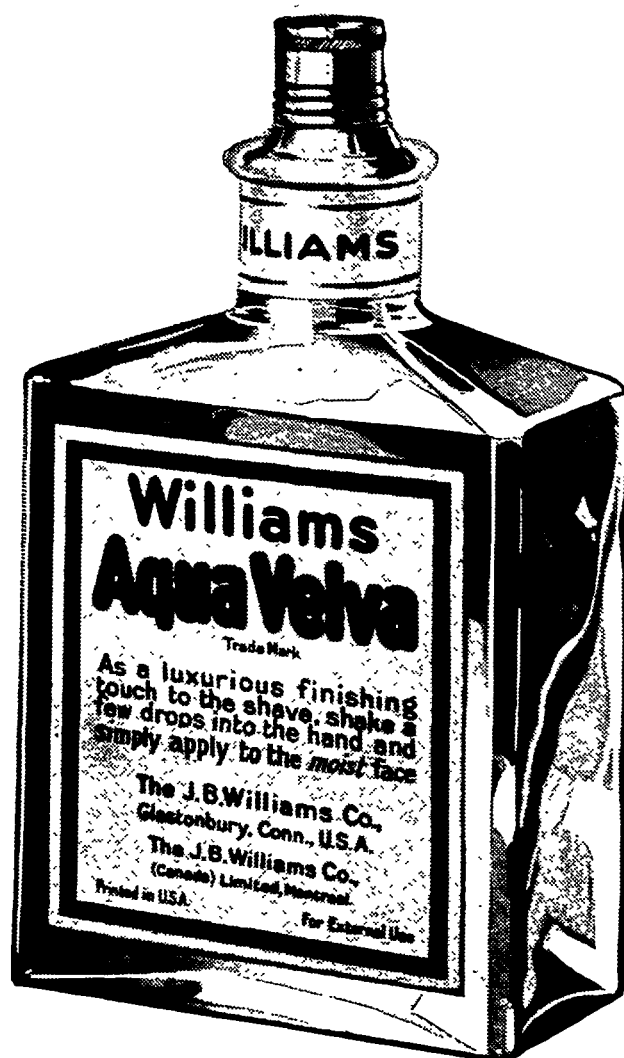
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