

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vidi Quasi Cras Moriturus

VOL. LVIII.

NOVEMBER 27, 1925.

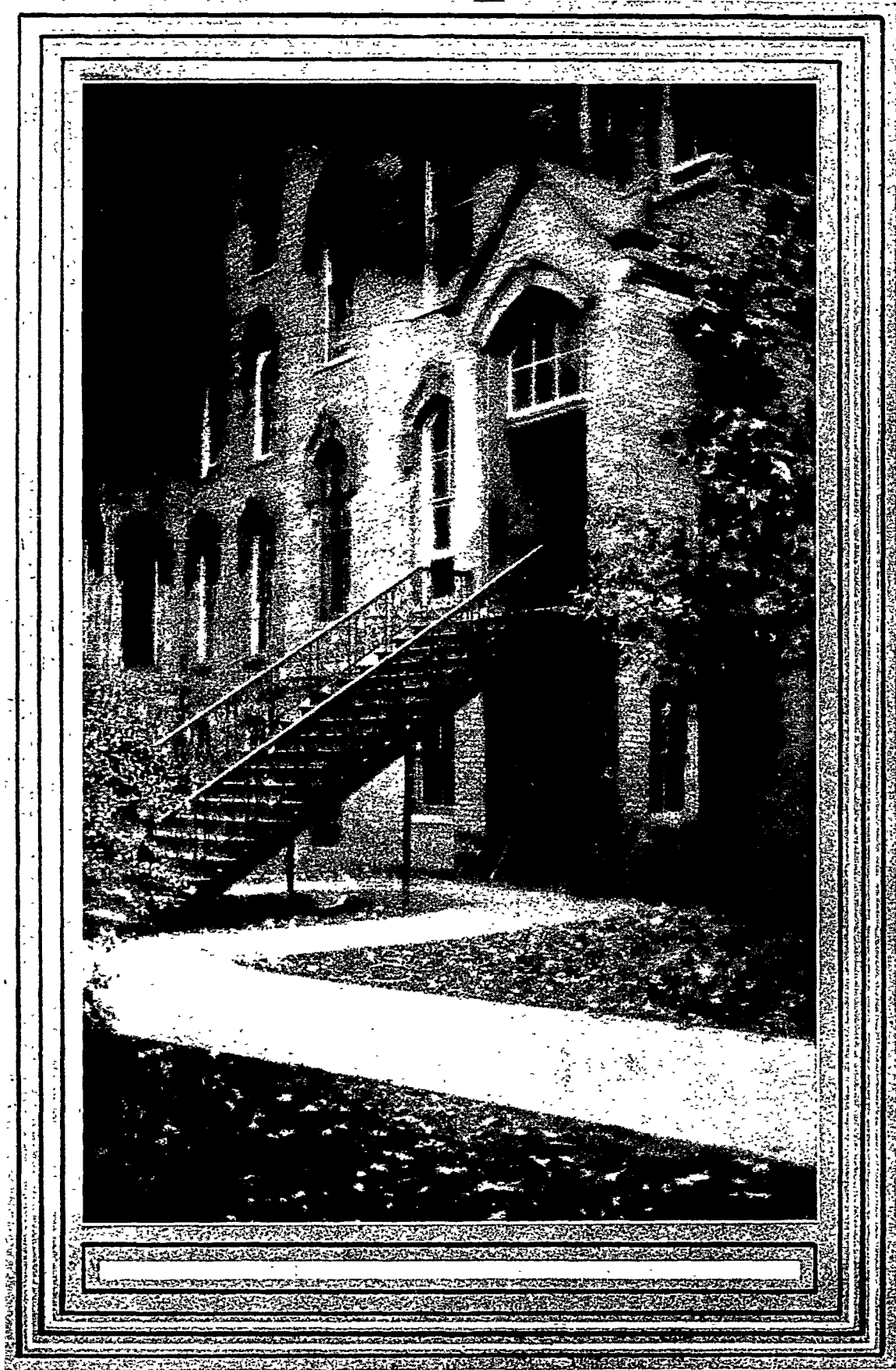
No. 10

INDEX

	PAGE
Frontispiece	292
The Week <i>J. A. Withey</i>	293
Campus Comment	296
Campus Opinion	300
Musical and Theatrical Notes <i>A. L. Meyers</i>	301
Editorial	302
The Straight and Narrow <i>Edmond G. Fleming, '28</i>	304
That Most Extraordinary Experiment <i>R. G. Hennes, '27</i>	307
A Soldier of France <i>Robert Capsius, '28</i>	309
Maria Chapdelaine <i>Jack Mullen, '28</i>	310
To a Robin (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>John O'Neill, '28</i>	311
Sport News	312
The Safety Valve	320

Advertisers in Notre Dame publications
deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. A acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage. Section 1108, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.



ENTRANCE TO BROWNSON HALL.

THE WEEK

The tumult and the shouting have died away at last and quiet has settled down once more upon the campus. Bunting has been rolled up and stored away for use in future years; weary committeemen have retired behind locked doors to regain a portion of the sleep they have lost; feminine guests have sailed away, leaving the empty field to willing "locals." A glorious weekend is history now, and who will dare to say that it was not worth while?

There was certainly no excuse for loafing: the man who found unoccupied time hanging heavy on his hands must have been cursed with a peculiarly unperceptive brain. The rush of events began Friday night with the McCormack concert in the Gymnasium. Local music authorities, self-constituted, have been warning all who would listen that the Gymnasium would be just about as good a concert-hall as Hullie and Mike's pool-room: they prated of acoustics, and echoes, and sound waves, and construction, and succeeded in convincing one or two that it would be a waste of time to attend the concert. They themselves, of course, were there in force, presumably to check up on their predictions and to assume that triumphant "I-told-you-so" expression. Sad to say, they were disappointed. The Gymnasium proved an excellent place for hearing the music of the Irish tenor, not the least of its good qualities being that it seated a number who could not conceivably have been accommodated in any other building in this vicinity. Even the roof was occupied—footsteps of music lovers sounded overhead throughout the first two numbers and then ceased suddenly. Just what happened up there under the stars is still a matter of opinion.

Following a last minute ticket rush in which many upperclassmen were severely disappointed, the Sophomore Cotillion furnished the year's first opportunity for the

donning of the black and white. Students attired in strictest formality marched sedately to their concert seats, tenderly assisting their fur-clad burdens up the long and brightly lighted aisles. And after the concert, they rushed madly out and hurried to their long-planned dance. Two events in one evening! Unheard of luxury—a feeling genuinely cosmopolitan possessed the lucky participants in both.

Saturday the game furnished a brand of afternoon entertainment which thrilled and satisfied. Incidentally, ticket scalpers, if there were any such, were badly scalped themselves, as admission pasteboards floated freely about during the hours just before the game. Entertainment Saturday night was pronouncedly alliterative: Welcome Wildcat dances catered to thronged floors (note the plurality) and the screen in Washington Hall flickered with the classic profiles of Valentino and Vilma, while The Cat and the Canary took care of the overflow at the Oliver. Even the Palace, with Bert and Betty Wheeler, shared in the universal enthusiasm for identical initial letters. Sunday was a day of fervent farewells, Monday of the return of the routine of reality.

A clamoring turkey insisted on usurping the middle of this page last week, with the unfortunate result that several notable happenings went unchronicled. Those which still seem important enough to deserve a late recognition include the appearances of two publications, the *Notre Dame Lawyer* and the football number of the *Juggler*. The first issue of the *Lawyer*, fruit of months of planning and effort, is a unique addition to the list of campus publications: the reliable *Juggler* continued to delight and divert its patrons. The turkey heralds Thanksgiving; Thanksgiving means vacation; vacation brings new pleasures and—release.

—J. A. W.

PICKING OVER THE WRECKAGE

Decidedly, as J. A. W. would say, decidedly things are perking up at Notre Dame. Formerly so quiet, so peaceful, so idyllically rustic, our University is coyly preening and bedecking herself, donning new garments, and timidly touching elbows with the world of pleasure. And, though the round of gayeties just concluded has left her slightly dizzy, breathlessly palpitating, as it were, still she is not dismayed. Say, rather, she is looking forward to new delights, new joys and frolickings. For has not a perfect Thanksgiving just been added to the long list—the *most* perfect, excepting none, from the Pilgrim Fathers (delightfully quaint old fellows, don't y'know! so original!) down to this precise moment—and is not a glorious seventeen-day "Christmas" looming alluringly ahead? It has and is; therefore our University—personification for the book-thumpers and candle-consumers who dwell therein—is "on the hum."

But ah me! we anticipate most atrociously. Yet were there no anticipation, there could be no joy in the fruition of our antic—but to lasso the point again, 'tis best for men to sit back after a gorge of any kind, and ruminate a bit, after the manner of the wise bovines of the fields. While we are anticipating our phenomenally long Christmas and digesting our Thanksgiving turk, let us ruminate a bit over the sudden social awakening of our University.

To alight at random—not always the safest procedure, if, say, one is an aviator! there was "Blossom Time" at the Oliver. "Have you seen it?" No? A pity. Yes? Excellent! We did. We never spent a pleasanter two hours in any theatre. (Spare that base thought, reader; we come from New York, where playhouses and plays are many.) And it will be a long time before we forget poor Franz Schubert, so lonely, so ill, so helplessly in love with the lively Mitzi,—ably assisted by Fritzi and Kitz, thank you! And it will be long, too, before we forget, even though we have heard it played many, many times before, on every species of instrument from accordeon to

zither, his haunting, lyrically sad "Song of Love," as it was rendered in its proper setting. Franz, if the proposition were put to us, we wouldn't act as you did, but you certainly had our sympathy!

Then, to pick out another soft spot, there were the dances. The weary trotters had scarcely linimented and court-plastered the dogs back into shape after the Carnegie fandangoes, when the Cotillion seized the opportunity to say: "Here's me!", causing a large proportion of the he-men to jimmy themselves into tuxes and glistening pumps. Hard on the heels of the aristocratic Cotillion came the Wildcat Dances—"what's in a name!"—of the Senior Class, opened for participation in the K. of C. ballroom and council chambers. "Oh weary are we and weary is she, but if we have to be weary, together let's be!"

Also, we must not forget our friend John. Who? Why, John McCormack, the singing Scandinavian, who melodied to a packed auditorium (Siwash for "new addition to the Gym") and thereby added another laurel to his already overburdened brow, this time a Notre Dame laurel. If you didn't hear him, it's your loss; if you did hear him, then you know as much about it as we do, ergo. . . .

Then there was the game,—oh, glorious game! Of course, *everybody* was at the game. If they were not, boy! what a scrap they missed! Notre Dame may not have been beaten on her own scrap-iron (pardon, grid-iron!) in 14 or 114 years, but in all that time she was never so close to it as last Saturday, and never did the old field see such a gallant come-back. "Fighting Irish!"

These are just a few of the highlights which of late have been high-lighting on this University. There were many more and we'd like to chat about them, but we must not, for reasons. Anyhow, we've said enough to give you the general idea, so that you can go on from here all by yourself. If pressed for a reason, we'll drag out that old excuse, dust it off carefully, hold it up to view, and ask: "What am I bid?" The reason: lack of space.

FATHER BOLGER CALLS DEBATERS

Father W. A. Bolger, C. S. C., Director of Debating, issued his annual call for debaters last week. A meeting was held last Thursday evening in room 227 Main Building, at which about 60 candidates appeared to register for tryouts which will begin December 14. These men drew for places and were assigned sides after Father Bolger had made a brief talk naming the question, stating the main issues, and giving a list of references.

The question for debate this year is "Resolved that the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution should be ratified." This question is much more timely and interesting than that of last year. It is not at all a hard subject to speak on and interest in it is universal. Collegiate debates in the various states may do much to formulate a public opinion for or against this amendment.

Dual debates with Western Reserve of Cleveland and Earlham, and a triangular meet with De Pauw and Franklin have already been arranged. A few more tentative debates have not yet been announced.

One preliminary will be held before Christmas and another immediately after the vacation. The usual St. Mary's encounter will take place sometime in February.

Though there are a few veterans left over from last year's teams, there is ample opportunity for new comers even should all these veterans regain their places. All those men who wish to go out for the team and have not yet signed up should see Father Bolger immediately in room 319 Main Building.

 DOME COVER STANDARDIZED

The cover of the *Dome* is to be standardized this year in accordance with the custom of the larger universities of the country. Except for a few slight changes, the cover will be the same as the one used last year. The last of the Senior pictures have been taken, and the Senior section of the *Dome* will soon be completed. All campus club officers are requested to hand in their names to William Murphy, Walsh Hall, before December 1.

BEERY WINS AWARD

R. Fred Beery of South Bend, a Senior in Journalism, has received from the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company of Fort Madison, Iowa, a Lifetime fountain pen in recognition of his ability in writing advertising copy.

Many will remember that the Sheaffer advertising car visited the campus several weeks ago. As a result of that visit, Father Lahey's advertising class engaged in a copy-writing contest and sent their productions to the Sheaffer Company for judgement and award. Father Lahey was recently notified that Mr. Beery had been given first honors for his article "Advertising Takes To Its Wheels." Forest J. Swartz, Charles Heintz, L. V. Keefe, and J. A. Haley were given honorable mention.

Mr. Ross H. Wilson, Director of Advertising for the Sheaffer Company said in a letter to Father Lahey that the standard of the work done here was of a much higher grade than that done, under the same plan, at about twenty larger universities last year. He complimented Father Lahey highly on the showing made by Notre Dame.

 START CATHOLIC NEWS SYNDICATE

Charles A. Grimes, editor of the '22 *Dome* and Harry Flannery, '23, his successor, have united their journalistic efforts and are now editing the first news feature service for Catholic publications.

One of the features of the service is a series of special articles "Between the Goal Posts," written by Harry Stuhldreher, all-American quarterback, and member of last year's championship football team. Other features are Short Cuts to Catholic History illustrated by cartoons, fashions, and short Catholic essays.

The Notre Dame men in charge of the service will welcome suggestions and will accept features from any Notre Dame student. Address communications to Suite 709, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Classes in the College of Agriculture will be dismissed from November 30 to December 2 in order to allow the students to attend the Stock Show in Chicago.

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.

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EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

In response to N. E.'s criticism of our criticism of Mme. Galli-Curci's concert, we feel that some word of explanation should be given in defense of our attitude.

First of all, N. E. should realize that while he was at the concert purely as a listener, and possibly hearing the artist for the first time, the writer was attending in a professional capacity, and felt that he was capable of judging this appearance of Galli-Curci's with other of her appearances, both in concert and opera. When a person sets out to criticize any artist, it would be folly to attempt the task without a background upon which to base his judgment. The writer did not feel that it was necessary to state in the review that he had heard Galli-Curci several times before, both in concert and upon the stage at the Auditorium in Chicago, and consequently was in a position to compare her performance in South Bend with others elsewhere.

As for the accusation that we went to the concert "to try and find a throat of clay," we think that untrue. Indeed, we intentionally overlooked. Mme. Galli-Curci's unparadonable flattening in many of her songs—a habit to which she is greatly addicted.

We will admit that Mme. Galli-Curci had reason for singing as she did—what with the jazz band playing before the concert; the lateness of the audience in arriving; the interruption of her numbers with ill-timed applause—and such; but we maintain that it is the duty of an artist to give his or her very best to an audience, if it is at all humanly possible. And we also maintain that we have heard Mme. Galli-Curci sing so much better in concert than she did at the Palais Royale, that the latter program

seemed almost to be given by an entirely different person.

N. E. must remember that we attended the concert for the purpose of criticizing it for the SCHOLASTIC, and in view of past experience of the Madame's singing, we feel that our criticism was justified. We doubt whether N. E.'s epithets applied to our personal character were entirely in keeping with the tone of the first part of his letter—we excuse it on the grounds of over-enthusiasm; and we doubt whether his criticism was as justifiable as ours.

We write this letter not as an excuse for anything we have written, but merely as a defense presented to those who feel that we were unfair in our writing and totally unfit to form a judgment as to the goodness, badness or indifference of Galli-Curci's singing. We still incline towards the third adjective.

—A. L. M., '26.

BAND ENTERTAINS AGAIN

In the same spirit which attended the entertainment given the Carnegie Tech Band, the members of the Northwestern Band were the guests of Notre Dame in the cafeteria after last Saturday's game.

Brief, interesting addresses followed a luncheon which consisted of sandwiches, ice-cream, cakes, milk and coffee. Gladstone McDermott, President of the Notre Dame Band tersely welcomed the Northwestern musicians and, in his own words, "made way for others who had more to say."

Mr. Povaugh, the Chairman of the Northwestern Faculty Band Committee, talked instructively on the way in which Northwestern manages its band. With voice and banjo, Ray McGrath of Harry Denny's Collegians entertained the assemblage with a number of selections. Mr. Meltzer, the director of the Northwestern Band then gave an eloquent appreciation of the Notre Dame Band. Mr. Joe Casasanta, Director of the Notre Dame Band spoke in appreciation of the Northwestern Band. Rev. George Finnigan, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, the last speaker, entertained to the theme of "Thank you and come again."

DR. WALSH SPEAKS HERE

"The trouble with education is that it makes people conceited," said Dr. James J. Walsh, Ph. D., M.D., famous author and lecturer, in a talk delivered in Washington Hall Thursday evening, November 19. Dr. Walsh, whose reputation is international, chose as his subject: "Is Life Worth Living?" He touched upon many intimate phases of life which he has experienced in advancing his contention that "it depends upon the liver."

Humorous and human observations drawn from his large experience in many fields featured Dr. Walsh's lecture. Citing the maxim of old Rome "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," he proved the fallacy of this recipe for happiness in an original manner. "For we may eat and drink to satisfy, and no further—and after this life is anything but merry—especially when the pangs of indigestion strike one," he said.

"Always suspect statistics, for while figures do not lie, they may be made to say anything at all," was the gist of another of Dr. Walsh's unusual statements, and he went on to prove it by the use of statistics.

The progress which medical science has made in lengthening life was shown graphically by Dr. Walsh, and he attributed this success to the new discoveries concerning the cure and prevention of malicious diseases. "However, while man now lives longer, he lives but to die of some chronic disease, which often lingers many years," was a conclusion drawn by the lecturer.

Dr. Walsh drew an appreciative chuckle from his audience when he defined a "high-brow" as "one who possesses more education than intelligence," continuing by asserting that "education does not make people better" and proving this statement with accounts of personal observations made during frequent experience in lecturing to prison inmates. Dr. Walsh attacked present prison methods as being instrumental in making criminals worse, and recommended visits from persons outside as a remedy, saying that prison inmates should be made to feel that they are removed from active

participation in society for a time and not that they are social outcasts forever.

Dr. Walsh is a frequent visitor at Notre Dame. He is one of the most widely-known lecturers in the world, and is the author of "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," "Curious Cures," and other similar works.

SOPHOMORE COTILLION HELD

The Sophomores have had their first class dance. They came from the North, South, East, and West to be partners of Notre Dame men for the Cotillion which was held Friday at the Knights of Columbus ballroom. The dance was the first class function of the year and may be placed on the credit side of the social ledger as a complete success in the most minute detail. Harry Denny's Collegians furnished excellent music.

The ballroom was simply yet artistically decorated, with the subdued lights of gold and blue presenting an attractive background. Favors in the form of address books with the University seal embossed on the leather cover will serve as a pleasant reminder of the evening's entertainment.

The patrons for the dance included Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Roemer, and Mr. Paul Fenlon. Contrary to wide-spread reports Mr. John McCormack did not attend the Cotillion.

Committees to whom credit should be given for the success of the affair include: General Chairman: Maurice B. Conley; Arrangements: John P. Smith, chairman, John T. Cullinan, Henry Hudson, John Cavanaugh and Frederick Collins. Music: Charles McCarthy, chairman, Thomas Murphy and John Tappenier. Programs: Joseph Rigney, chairman; Arthur Denchfield and James Quigley.

Publicity: James O'Toole, chairman, Walter Layne, Robert Kirby, and George Palomino. Tickets; Thomas Purcell, chairman; Thomas Trauber, Emmet Mahoney, William Dowdle, Pierce O'Connor, John Chevigney, Caspar Grothwell, Louis Norman, Donald Corbet and George Leppig. Floor: Edmund Collins, chairman; Louis Carr, Frank O'Toole, Hayes Murphy and William Lawler.

ALL IS QUIET!

Notre Dame is deserted. While the world talks turkey, the campus is for once quiet. Everybody is at home, or in Chicago, or somewhere. Those forced by circumstances (financial) to remain here, are seeking recreation outside the classic halls. Something must be done to return the color to those gray hairs made so by over-application to books (Sat. Eve. Post. adv. 1tp.) And so everyone is seeking recreation.

Hundreds of students are spending goblin-time—pardon, gobble-time, in Chicago. They are seizing this opportunity to improve their minds by assiduous attendance at the performances of the Chicago Opera Company.

The campus is deserted. But Notre Dame does not forget its team, especially when that team is fighting on Nebraska's fields. And, no matter where, (in the words of the popular song) he happened to be, every Notre Dame man passed up dates and theatres and the ever present et ceteras Thursday afternoon to patronize the gridgraph or the radio or the newspaper bulletin boards. The gang was there in spirit, seeing the blue jerseys of the Fighting Irish flash up and down, back and forth, in the final paragraph of one of the fightin'est chapters ever written in Notre Dame gridiron history.

But the campus is deserted. The striking of the big clock in the tower sounds like the crack o' doom; Father Haggerty's reveille whistle, screeching through the halls of Walsh of a morning, for once takes effect on sound sleepers. The silence is almost noisy. Yes, the campus is deserted, and we'll be glad to hear the stamp of heavy-booted feet and the stentorian yells of the gang again.

Leo Berner, Class of '16, is now editing the *K. of C. News*, a South Bend publication. Mr. Berner was formerly City Editor on the *South Bend News-Times*, and is now connected with the Lloyd Insurance Company. Although the magazine he is editing is still in its infancy it has received favorable mention from distant sources.

NEW JERSEY CLUB HAS DINNER

Sixty persons attended a dinner given by the New Jersey Club of Notre Dame for the benefit of its members Tuesday night, November 24. The dinner, which proved to be one of the most successful ever held by the Club, was held in the LaSalle Hotel, South Bend.

Entertainment was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Pete Lacava. Mr. Lacava sang several of his popular numbers, and was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Lacava. Added features were given by Schilling and McLaughlin, who Charlestoned swiftly and expertly to the delight of the diners. Eddie Dugan, toastmaster, called for talks from several members of the club, who responded generously.

Plans for a Christmas dance to be held by the Club were discussed, and it was announced that Bennie Krueger's famous orchestra had been secured for the occasion. The exact time and place of the dance have not yet been decided upon.

STUDENT DIRECTORY PUBLISHED

The Student Directory of Notre Dame for 1925 has been published and is now on sale. The Directory was published much earlier this year than previously, with a view to making it of more value to users.

In addition to containing the name, addresses (both home and school) and course of all students, the Directory lists the names of faculty members and officials of the University. It may be purchased at the newsstand, Main Building, for 25 cents.

Silver footballs, to be worn as ornaments on watch-chains, will be given to the members of the Bdain Hall football squad which won the interhall championship of 1925 during one of the most hotly contested seasons of recent years.

Brother Barnabas, F. S. C., Executive Secretary of the Boy Life Bureau of the Knights of Columbus, is at the University consulting the students and director of the Boy Guidance Department.

ROGERSON IS WELL RECEIVED

William Rogerson, the Irish tenor of Chicago, appeared in concert in Washington Hall, Tuesday night, November 24. His program was varied and interesting, containing several fine numbers. Perhaps the outstanding songs were "Myra," the aria from Tosca, "E Lucevan le Stelle," and Frank La Forge's "To a Messenger."

Mr. Rogerson sang with a fine, clear voice, and his higher tones were taken with brilliancy. He was exceptionally well received by the audience.

The singer was accompanied by Adalbert Huguelet at the piano. Mr. Huguelet played several numbers, the most important being a "Danse Humoresque" by Joseph Brinkman, a number which showed originality and cleverness in composition.

* * * *

Mr. Carlos Sedano, the Spanish violinist, appeared at the Palais Royale Monday in the final concert of the Galli-Curci series. Mr. Sedano is evidently rather new in this country, as he has not yet acquired any great reputation. Let us hasten to say that this is purely the fault of America as Sedano is a great violinist in every sense of the word.

His opening number, Tartini's "Devil's Trill" was flashingly executed; and his following numbers were given equally well. The audience was charmed as much by his manner as by his playing. He undoubtedly will be welcomed to South Bend again, if the reception he received Monday night can be taken as any criterion. Let him come often and play for us more and more.

—A. L. M.

BEG YOUR PARDON

The SCHOLASTIC said last week that Wolf Donnelly had gained the decision over Hugh McManigal in the Homecoming boxing bouts. It was just the opposite: McManigal was the victor. He was given a technical knockout by the referee.

Defevre won the decision from Lekowitz but he did not get a technical knockout as the SCHOLASTIC said.

SWEETS OF VICTORY!

We were in the south stands last Saturday, directly on top of the arch over the straightaway. Our seats were, all things considered, good, and consequently we were delighting in the game, the tail-end of which, by long and careful scrutiny through powerful field-glasses, we were able to catch a glimpse. We shall pass without comment over that black and bitter first half; 'tis known to all the world, and we have no desire to increase the literature on the subject.

But that second half! A book, an epic poem could be written about it, and we should be tempted to try, if we could borrow a rhyming dictionary. (Alas, our friends know us too well!) Anyway, it was a joyful moment when the first Notre Dame touchdown was put across. Some minutes later there was a second, but we are concerned only with the first. The stands, of course, went wild, as the crazy stands are very apt to do, when the seven points were firmly affixed to the score-board. But that was not all; the crazy stands did even more than that. Directly in front of us a gentleman, from all appearances sober and staid, clasped in his arms his neighbor—believe us, Mr. Reader, a most pulchritudinous damsel!—and kissed her "full on the lips." Sweets of Victory!

BOY GUIDANCE MEN ACTIVE

A football soccer league, conducted for the parochial schools of South Bend, by the students of Boy Guidance, has just completed the first year of its existence. St. Mary's School team, coached by Arthur J. Bradley, won the title. Rev. Michael Oswald, C.S.C., is the pastor of St. Mary's Church.

An indoor baseball league, of which the same schools will be members, is to be started early in January by the Boy Guidance men. Games will be played in the Gym of the South Bend K. of C.

All of the first-year Boy Guidance men and some few of the second-year men are to attend the Rotary Boy Work Conference in Chicago from November 30 to December 2.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you think of the new system of examinations?"*

Richard "Red" Smith, Badin.

"The old system was much better, as it is asking too much to require students to prepare an entire semester's work in the limited time allowed for preparation. Also, where the old system allowed a student to lose credit for but a quarter's work, he now may lose credit for an entire semester."

Frank Keefe, Badin.

"I think, if the present system is here to stay, that quarterly exams should be dispensed with entirely, as they do not count anyhow."

Roger Breslin, Day.

"In my opinion, the new plan is better. A student who is low in his studies at the end of the first quarter may make them up before the semester exams, thus making it less necessary to cram for the final exams."

Vincent Ducey, Day.

"I think the new system is too inclusive to be practicable. The exams in February will undoubtedly cover more matter than the average student can handle, if they include the work of the entire semester. Instead of becoming more accurately illustrative of the students' information, the exams under the new system will be more than ever a matter of luck."

Joe Brannon, Sophomore.

"The old system of exams was superior to the present mix-up. Under this new method a man sometimes has four tests in one morning. Of course, if the semester examinations cover a two-hour period each, this will relieve the situation somewhat, but if the hours are taken from class periods as they were for the quarter, the situation will be worse."

AKRON CLUB PLANS DANCE

Action was the keyword of the Akron Club when it met recently in 416 Badin Hall under President Forrest Swartz.

The Akronites decided on a formal dinner

dance for the Christmas Vacation. This will be held in all probability at the Portage Country Club of Akron.

A committee composed of Theo N. Ley, Richard N. Brady, and Charles J. McGucken was appointed to draw up the plans for a dinner which will be held in South Bend, sometime previous to Christmas. An assessment was made on the individual members of the Club to provide for a full page in the *Dome*. The Club initiation was waived for the present.

EDWIN ROWLEY DIES

Eight hours after his skull was fractured as a result of a tragic automobile accident, Edwin Grayes Rowley, age 21, a Senior in Engineering passed away Saturday morning at St. Joseph's hospital. Rowley's death marks the fourth which has come to the Notre Dame student body since the formal opening in September. While walking on the Dixie Highway, as he was returning from the Sophomore Cotillion, Rowley was struck by a passing automobile driven by Notre Dame students. He was removed to the hospital but failed to regain consciousness, expiring but a few hours later. The driver of the fatal car was exonerated by Coroner Crumpacker following an inquest.

Edwin Rowley was the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rowley of San Antonio, Texas, and entered the University of Notre Dame in 1922. He was one of the most popular campus figures and last year acted as President of the Texas Club. Rowley also held membership in the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, Blue Circle and the Engineers' Club. His body was returned to his home Monday morning and funeral services were conducted in San Antonio on Thursday where a solemn high Mass or requiem was offered for the repose of his soul.

A solemn high Mass of requiem was celebrated Monday morning in Sacred Heart church at 6:30. The officers of the Mass were Rev. Patrick Haggerty, celebrant; Rev. Patrick McBride, deacon, and Rev. Michael Mulcaire, sub-deacon. Members of the Texas Club met Monday evening and adopted resolutions which were forwarded the parents of their late President.—*R.I.P.*

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

Of prime interest in local musical circles, during the last week was the concert given by John McCormack, the Irish tenor, in the Notre Dame Gymnasium on Friday night, November 20th, under the auspices of the Scholarship Club.

With the exception of two numbers, Mr. McCormack's program was entirely in English. He responded to numerous encores following the singing of Franck's "Painis Angelicus," which was probably the finest number of the program. He received a positive ovation following his group of Irish Folk Songs, and he rewarded the audience with his famous and popular "Mother Machree," sung as only McCormack is able to sing it. Unfortunately his admirable finish to the number was marred by over-enthusiastic persons in the audience; but even with this interruption, one's memory of the song stands forth from the others.

The artist was frantically recalled after the last group of songs, and he finally gave another of his well-beloved Irish songs—and the concert was over.

He was assisted by Edwin Schneider, pianist, and Lauri Kennedy, cellist. Mr. Kennedy played several cello solos, which were certainly worthy of a place on Mr. McCormack's program. He and his instrument were at their best possible in the Negro Spiritual, "Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen," which was given as his last encore. One could ask for nothing more perfect in a musical way than this number.

Mr. McCormack and his party were greeted by a capacity house, and, despite the fact that the damp weather did not agree with the singer, he charmed his audience from his first note. His is not the robust, operatic tenor voice of Tito Schipa; McCormack's voice reminds one more of a silver crystal stream that winds itself in and out of the valleys of his own Ireland. It is a beautiful voice, superbly handled; and every note that he sang justified fully his world-wide reputation.

* * * * *

The Oliver Theater presented several attractions during the last week. Outstand-

ing among these were the operetta, "Blossom Time," and the mystery comedy, "The Cat and The Canary."

"Blossom Time," playing its third year on the road, is still as fresh as ever, and its melodies and songs as wonderful as when it first was given four years ago. The company presenting it here was of varying degrees of goodness and indifference, but the performance went with a swing that did credit to the music of Schubert, invoked to provide tunes. Everyone in the audience seemed delighted with it, which was only fitting and proper, when the music was such as it was.

"The Cat and The Canary" proved to be a most thrilling melodrama, topping even "The Bat" in blood curdling incidents. The audience chuckled and hysterical women screamed and everyone had a grand and glorious time. In this case the play was truly "the thing," as the company was not exceptionally talented except for Miss Glenn Argoe, who played a comedy part brilliantly.

* * * * *

One more road show is promised by the Oliver Theater before the coming of vacation days. "Mercenary Mary," the musical comedy which played some time in New York and Chicago, will show its wares for two performances on November 28th.

* * * * *

Coming attractions in Washington Hall are as follows:

November 28—"Little Annie Rooney" with Mary Pickford.

December 5—"Tumbleweed."

December 12—"Wild Justice."

* * * * *

The Palais Royale announces one more program following its concert series. Will Rogers will entertain with one of his inimitable lectures on December 7. He will be assisted by the De Reszke Singers, four young men, who together make up the finest quartet on the stage today. They are all Americans who have studied under De Reszke in France, and they sing with a perfection that has been hitherto unheard of in a quartet.

—A. L. M.

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**Disc Quasi Semper Victurus
Sine Quasi Cras Moriturus**

TRY, TRY, AGAIN

Robert Bruce had his spider, Ben Franklin his "try, try, again," and the SCHOLASTIC has the sight of hundreds of freezing street-car patrons to counsel as to perseverance. The SCHOLASTIC had about decided it was hopeless—the SCHOLASTIC had nearly decided to give up the battle; but when the SCHOLASTIC sees icicles hanging from the petrified noses of hundreds of students,—well, we're having another shot at it.

Why a street-car station should be so difficult to obtain is difficult to say. Is there something about car stops that riles somebody? Maybe the students need the air—maybe they do. But what gets us is: we don't want air that way. Not injected into our very souls in great icy blasts that turn our very livers to congealed lumps. No—not that way. When we want air we'll go out with that purpose in view—when we want street-car service, air will not do for a substitute. We are not impatient. We can wait for the street-car. All we ask is that we be not frozen in one place when it arrives. In other words give us air—but warm air.

We are not impatient. We have been waiting (with many other SCHOLASTICS), long and weary years. We have pleaded; we have exhorted; we have raved; and now we are becoming hysterical. Every now and then

we break into wild and silly laughter, and when someone asks us how come, we choke and ask him if he's heard the one about the five travelling salesmen who got on the street-car at Notre Dame—frozen speechless. Yes, we're becoming hysterical, and pretty soon we'll be a subject for the psychoanalysts, and when they ask us how many little red lights we see, we'll say "shhh! See the pretty street car! Doesn't it look funny with icicles hanging on its nose!"

Pity the poor men who go down to the street-car stop on nights like these!

ANOTHER COMEBACK

You liked the comeback Saturday did you? Well here is another tale of Irish fight. Six years ago Notre Dame played Indiana. It was one of the bitterest struggles any grid-iron has ever witnessed. At the end of the third quarter Notre Dame was trailing 10 to 0. Before the fourth quarter the team huddled together in that same esoteric fashion as they did last Saturday before the second half. Only the privileged few knew what they were doing.

In the final quarter Notre Dame managed to make a touchdown. The score stood 10 to 7. With only a few minutes to play Notre Dame had the ball in midfield and was

being held. Notre Dame took time out and formed that mystic huddle. The players lined up. The quarter called signals. Then the great Gipp checked and yelled "Don't call that signal." Again the quarter called the same play. Gipp again roared "Don't call that signal." The quarter was obstinate. Gipp took off his helmet and in a fury screamed "Don't call that signal." The Indiana linemen looked up laughing. To get Fighting Irish fighting among themselves was an accomplishment. Suddenly the ball was snapped to Gipp. With the opposition off guard he went down the field for a touchdown. Again Irish fight and three Hail Marys had won for Notre Dame.

Six years and a week ago, the same old Irish prayer and fight!

FIGHTING IRISH!

Notre Dame's football teams have been called by a variety of nicknames, especially of late years, but never by one more suitable than "Fighting Irish." That name received a new significance and a new lease on life in last Saturday's game. Any team that can come back, after a disheartening first half, in which the breaks were all against it, and completely crush the opposition as Notre Dame did, certainly deserves the title "fighting." And, since "Irish" has always been synonymous with Notre Dame, it is only natural to add "Irish" after "fighting". Who has ever seen an Irishman who was not eager for battle? It is true of course that all who play on Notre Dame's teams are not Irish, but any team that can fight as Notre Dame did Saturday, has the *spirit* of Irishmen, no matter what "nationalities" compose the team.

It is only by pondering on the matter that the greatness of the fighting ability of the team is realized. A ten point lead is enough to discourage any team, especially when the opposition has not only gained that lead, but has proved itself better in almost every department of football. It is worthy of note that Notre Dame did not make one first down against Northwestern in the first half. Yet that same team re-

turned after the brief rest and scored two touchdowns in less than a dozen minutes. In the process it completely riddled the opposing line, tore it to shreds, "flung it aslant, asprawl" and gained the coveted objective. The same team did this that before had been helpless. That is fighting!

Having so conclusively proved their title to the name of "Fighting Irish," it should continue to be applied to them. Make it "Fighting Irish" and not Rox, Ramblers, ghosts of the Four Horsemen, Rockne's Cavalry, Celts, and what not. They are Irish, Fighting Irish; let them be called that. Sports editors please take note!

COURTESY BY FORCE

The McCormack concert, which might have given Notre Dame unusual glory, was one of the most unfortunate incidents involving students that has happened at Notre Dame in some time. The roof episode needs no comment. But inside there was a tendency to treat McCormack as if he were a three-a-day singer. Students attempted to come and go at will, and persisted in smoking in the Gymnasium itself. Several had the colossal ignorance, and, if they were natives of the Congo, it would still be colossal, to walk out while McCormack was singing "Mother Machree."

Tuesday night at the Rogerson concert there was a repetition of this boorishness attempted. But fortunately steps were taken early in the evening to halt the movement. Bored students were stopped in their tracks by Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell and forced to stay for the entertainment that was thoroughly appreciated by the great majority. Haste in leaving the Hall, which spoiled McCormack's final encore and Rogerson's too, was again in evidence. It is too bad that a University has to enforce courtesy with discipline, but two concerts by really fine artists proved that courtesy required the supplement. If appreciation is lacking, and the condition is frequent though deplorable, it should not take the person afflicted long to find out, and then absence will save embarrassment for the University, and for him.

The Straight and Narrow

EDMOND G. FLEMING, '28

JIMMY HERRICK clattered up the office steps three at a time, wrenched open the door, sailed his hat at the rack, slumped down in his chair, pulled out a gold engraved cigarette case, and while engaged in lighting a cigarette, seemed to discover for the first time that his stenographer was there at work.

"Hello, Cutie," he flung at her. "Got your hair bobbed, didn't you? Looks great. You are certainly the berries now."

"Why Mr. Herrick, how you flatter me!"

In fact she was pretty, Jimmy had displayed remarkable taste in choosing his stenographer, but the first time Uncle Jim saw her he snorted at Jimmy, Jr., whose reply had been rather feeble, as he knew how Uncle Jim detested most women, especially modern ones. That was two years before, shortly after Jimmy had taken over his Uncle's business and become General Manager of the Herrick Construction Company, as he had his private office door labeled.

"Have you started on those Putnam contracts, Louise?"

"They are all ready for your signature."

"Hand them over; and pound that old typewriter, I hear Uncle Jimmy coming."

What Uncle saw when he opened the door pleased him heartily. The stenographer was "playing ragtime" on the typewriter. Jimmy sat at his desk, hair ruffled, pen in hand, and receiver at his ear. "That's fine, Mr. Putnam," Jim Herrick, Sr., heard him say; "they are all ready to be sent out."

Turning around, he faced his Uncle. "Hello 'Unk.' Nice morning. Have a chair! Want a cigarette? When are you going east?"

"Good morning Jimmy. No thanks, I have a cigar. I'll have a chair though. I'm going east this morning for the summer, and I came to say good-bye. Watch everything closely while I'm away."

Uncle Jim had lost touch with the business of the company, but he still imagined that without his advice the venture would go on the rocks.

"Don't you worry 'Unk' old man. Run along and have a good time. We will take care of this old concern. By the way, I almost forgot to tell you. I am moving from my apartment to a little place on Beaufort Avenue. Too stuffy at the old place. Thought I would tell you before you left."

"It's all right as long as you can afford it, and you don't intend to get married. Don't forget, young man, what I told you. Well, I must be moving. Good-bye Jim," and after shaking hands he left the office.

"Whew," breathed Jimmy, "he almost guessed it."

"Guessed what?" inquired the stenographer.

"Nothin'," Jimmy answered. He was thinking of the warning Uncle Jim had given him when he placed the reins of the business in his hands. "Jimmy, keep away from all women. Stay a bachelor like me. If you ever get married you lose this job, and I'll cut you off without a nickel. Remember! Walk the straight and narrow from now on."

This had indeed been a blow to Jimmy, Jr. Women were his idols, at whose shrine he worshipped almost every night in the week. In fact at this moment, one was gazing at a sparkling diamond, very gallantly placed on her finger by a Mr. James Herrick.

Clarence Anderson, Jimmie's closest friend and shadow, was at that moment busily trying to add a column of figures that persisted in coming out wrong. He was starting to add them for the fourth time, when the telephone rang at his elbow. Grabbing the instrument, he listened:

"Hello, Clarence?" "This is Jim. Are you busy?" "All right, I'll be right down,"—and the receiver was slammed up.

In a few minutes Clarence's door banged, and in rushed Jim. "Oh boy! Clarence we're in luck," he shouted. "Uncle Jim's gone east for all summer!"

"You don't say! I see good roads ahead, old man!"

For twenty minutes the two sat with heads

close together, conversing in a low tone. Finally Jim rose to go. "I'll see you at seven then, Clarence. So long." So saying he left the office.

A few minutes later found him back at his own desk, giving orders. After a few minutes he rose to go. "If anyone asks for me, I have gone fishing, and won't be back for a week. Good-bye and be good." This to his stenographer—and the door closed on his retreating figure.

Jimmy hurried home. Reaching his apartment he seized the telephone and almost shouted, "1446 Bellevue, and make it snappy." He had not long to wait before a voice answered:

"That you Jimmy? Listen dear, I've been waiting all morning for you to call. I'm so excited! Is everything all right?"

"Everything is wonderful. Uncle Jim went east this morning. Can you feature that for luck? How is Constance?"

"Constance is just as excited as I am. Clarence hasn't called yet. Have you seen him?"

"Yes. Just came from there. Listen, everything goes just as we planned it. Expect us about ten to-night. Get me? Good-bye dear."

"Oh, Jimmy!" came over the wire, accompanied by a hysterical little laugh; "isn't it wonderful? Good-bye."

The rest of the day Jimmy spent in packing numerous suit cases. If he was going on a fishing trip, it certainly must be a real one. Never before had a fisherman packed so elaborately as did Jimmy, and for just an ordinary fishing trip, the fisherman does not usually appear nervous.

The girls were giving a party. Young ladies in gay colors bedecked the terrace and lawn; strolling here and there, laughing and talking, and occasionally breaking forth in song. On the porch, somewhat in the shadow, sat two especially pretty girls. They were not mingling with the others but were talking earnestly to each other.

"What time did you say they would be here, Jessie?" anxiously inquired one.

"Ten o'clock! I am nearly frightened to to death! aren't you?"

"Am I? If we should get caught—"

"Let's go to our room, it's ten minutes to ten now!"

"There they are now!" cried Jessie. "It's time to go."

Some minutes later four solemn "I do's" were said, and four happy young people drove away from the place toward the mountains, where fishing could not be excelled.

Two weeks later Jimmy, as usual, crashed into his office, and nearly fainted, or felt as if he wanted to. There sat Uncle Jim, calmly smoking a long cigar.

"Hello Jimmy, been on a vacation? How's fishing? Didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"No I didn't." Here Jimmy tried to swallow his Adam's apple. "Awfully glad to see you Unk. Fishin' was fine. Guess there's going to be a storm," he finished, mopping his forehead vigorously.

"What's the number of your new house, Jimmy?"

"486 California Avenue."

"Fine." Here Jim, Sr., reached for the telephone, called up the express office and directed them to send his baggage to 486 California Avenue.

"I think I'll stay with you a-while Jimmy. It's pretty lonesome at the hotel. I'll go up to the house in just a few minutes."

Jimmy had a sensation of choking to death. What could he do? If the old gentleman was to find out that he was married, it was "taps" for him and his job. But the girls were there! Clarence had decided to stay with them until he could find a suitable place. Something had to be done and that at once. While Jim, Sr., was busy looking at some papers, Jimmy, Jr., was busy writing a note to his stenographer.

"Hold him here while I run up to the house. Matter of life and death." Taking up a blank sheet of paper, he placed the note on it and approached her. "Look these over please, and act accordingly," he said in his most business-like tone.

"Certainly Mr. Herrick," she answered. She read the note, looking at Jimmy when she finished. That individual let one eyelid close over the eye in a very significant manner. She understood and smiled.

"Excuse me a few minutes, "Unk," coughed Jimmy, "I've got a business engagement at the bank. I'll be back in a minute and run you up to the house." Seizing his hat Jimmy raced down the steps, jumped into his car and sped away.

"Seems to be in an awful hurry for a business engagement," mused Jim, Sr. "I wonder? h'm."

"Oh, Mr. Herrick! I've some house plans the architect has just sent up. Would you like to see them?" If there was anything the old gentleman liked, it was building plans.

Taking the plans, he had soon forgotten his nephew's hasty retreat. On his face was a look of perplexity, on the girl's a smile.

Jimmy had broken all records in reaching home. Arriving there, he had burst into the house shouting, "He's back! He's back!" and making such an uproar that two frightened girls gazed at him astounded.

"What are you raving about, Jimmy? Who's back?" inquired Jessie.

"Uncle Jim is back, and he is coming up here to stay. What will we do to keep him from finding out?"

After a few minutes of floor-walking, Jimmy suddenly exclaimed, "I have it; listen girls! Get a maid's outfit. Jessie can be the maid and Constance can be Clarence's sister who is visiting us. Constance, call up Clarence and tell him the news so he will come home prepared,"—and away went Jimmy.

Uncle Jim was deep in the architect's plans when the door was suddenly thrown open, and in came Jimmy in his usual hurricane manner.

"Let's take a drive to Forrest Street, 'Unk;' I want to see the new flats."

"I'd rather go up to the house and sleep, Jimmy." He mistook the look that came over Jimmy's face for one of hurt feelings, so he added quickly, "But I'll go with you."

Jimmy smiled in his relief and murmured, "Awfully good of you 'Unk.'"

For once Jimmy took his time in leaving the office, and for once his car started away at a white man's pace.

Two hours later, when they arrived at the

new home for dinner, they were met at the door by a very pretty maid, who took their hats and sweetly asked, "Is there anything you wish?"

No, de - -, er, Jessie, thank you," stammered Jimmy.

"Seems to me you are somewhat familiar with your maid," grumbled Jim, Sr. "Did you hire her for her good looks?"

"Hire!" Jimmy wanted to shout, but the appearance of Constance interrupted further conversation.

"Uncle Jim, you know Clarence Anderson. This is his sister, Miss Anderson, of whom you have heard me speak."

"So glad to meet you," cooed Constance, "I am here helping these boys, Clarence and Jimmy, get settled down. Boys need a woman's help about the house, you know."

"Yes, we do," chimed in Jimmy. "She is a wonderful helper, too."

Jim, Sr., had acknowledged the introduction but had said nothing more. From the look on his face Jimmy knew he was cultivating a pet grouch; so deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, he decided to withdraw to the kitchen to see about "dinner" as he termed it.

By the time dinner was served, Clarence had succeeded in bringing back a few of Jim, Sr.'s, good feelings.

The meal was a quiet one. Realizing that they were on dangerous ground, the conversation was very limited. Jessie was both cook and maid, and the heat from the cooking had added a glow to her face that made her more charming than ever. Jimmy had caught his Uncle stealing side-long glances at her, but he was not sure whether they were of approval or not.

The food was excellent and Uncle Jim praised it heartily, surprising all by saying: "If I could have found a girl when I was young who could cook like this one, I believe I should have married her." Jimmy looked at his plate and blushed, as did the other two.

Thus things went on for a week. Uncle Jim's admiration for the pretty maid increased. One night he surprised Jimmy by asking, "Do I look very old, Jimmy?"

"Why, no!" gasped the astonished nephew, "not very. Why?"

That night, Uncle Jim stole into the kitchen and dried the dishes. He afterwards told Jimmy that he ought to hire a helper. That young man smiled to himself. After that Uncle Jim could be found in the kitchen after every meal.

As he and Jimmy were discussing a building project one night, Jimmy was startled by hearing his Uncle say, "I believe I'll get married."

"To whom?" gasped his companion.

"Jessie," answered his Uncle.

"But you can't marry her. She has one husband already," Jimmy fairly shouted.

"I don't believe it!" answered his Uncle, "and I'm going to ask her, Jimmy." His tone grew fatherly and confidential. "If you would pick out a girl like that to marry, I'd take back my threat."

"Thanks 'Unk,' old man, I'll remember that," and Jimmy began to whistle: "O Promise Me."

That night when Uncle Jim came home from the theatre, he decided to make a trip to the kitchen and get a cup of coffee. As he neared the door, he noticed a light shining from underneath. "Ah," he ejaculated, "Jessie is here; I'll surprise her." He did, and himself too. Jessie was there, in Jimmy's arms.

For just a second he hesitated, then shouted, "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Jimmy, "that I am the husband that I told you about. It means that you said you would forgive me if I married a girl like Jessie. It also means that if you don't like it, you can go to thunder," and he tightened his already almost suffocating embrace.

For a second Uncle Jim hesitated, but he was a good loser, and with a sheepish grin said, "You beat me boy! I was an old fool, anyhow. I'm proud to welcome my new niece, but I would be prouder and happier if she would give her old Uncle a real kiss." And she did.

That Most Extraordinary Experiment

R. G. HENNES, '27

THE sensational meeting of the Engineer's Club opened ordinarily enough with the reading of the minutes. The President then arose to introduce the speaker of the evening, Harry Davis, a Senior civil engineer. Harry was not a conspicuous figure on the campus. When everyone wore sweat shirts and corduroys, so did Harry. When some students' delicate humor found this attire ridiculous, Harry abandoned it. He had been before the board once, in love twice, and very occasionally flunked a subject.

There was nothing ordinary about Davis tonight. His rumpled hair suggested a dream-haunted bed, though the evening was still young; his lips were those of a fever patient; his eyes blazed with some strange emotion. I fancied a resemblance to an

ancient magician, uttering some charm that was to bring unearthly power.

"I wouldn't have the nerve," said Harry, "to stand before you tonight, and to say the things that I am going to say, if I didn't have proof. You know how men laughed at the old alchemists and their search for the philosopher's stone; I know how you would laugh at me if—but first I want to tell you a little fairy tale.

Once on a time, aeons ago, the Professor of Celestial Architecture, whom God had commissioned to plan the Earth, was interviewed by a group of the Wise Men of the Moon. They wanted the Earth to be of four dimensions for the greater facility of inter-Planetary communication. The plans for the Earth-men, however, involved an isolated development; yet, in order that the

moon folk might visit the Earth to inspect the experiment, the kindly angel consented to put a cubic foot of four dimensional matter in a tiny crevice of the huge, cooling sphere.

"That's my fairy tale. You can discard my mythology if you like; but I *have found* a 'cubic foot of fourth dimension.'"

Ridiculous, isn't it? Yet somehow, under Harry's uncanny gaze, with the wind making weird moan about the corners, and the snowflakes, like ashes from a wizard's fire, beating their white softness against the hard, black windows, somehow not a breath of laughter shook the curtain of awe.

Harry was speaking again. He seemed to hold us by a sort of mesmerism, yet I could not make the effort to break the spell. "—and now I am going to demonstrate the fourth dimension. I am going to use light as the sense stimulus, because light in itself does not occupy space, and hence possesses no dimensions in itself. Now look."

He stabbed the air with a wand-like piece of electrical apparatus, and a spark flashed in the room. It was intended to represent a point, that is, position without dimension. Another deft movement of the rod pushed the point into a line of light. It was a sword of motionless fire, and it graved itself on my mind like a sabre cut. *One dimension.* In the fanatic fires of Harry's eyes old principles were burning into ash. His flashing rod drove the line into a sheet of static flame. *Two dimensions.* That rod was no child of honest science, but the mummified bastard of archaic sorcery. It scourged the surface into a cube of incandescence. How it glowed! The electric lights seemed polluted moonlight by comparison. I closed my eyes and still it beat against my vision so fiercely that my lids ached.

". . . third dimension. You see that we have gained each new dimension by moving the previous one. The point generated the line; the line, the plane; the plane the solid. Now I am going to push the three dimensions into four—not with my three dimensional rod, but with that bit of fourth

dimensional matter of which I told you.

This is the first and last time such an experiment will be made, since I feel sure that the supply of the matter was exhausted with the meteor from which I obtained this."

He took a vial from a baggy pocket and with a masterly gesture flung it into the block of light. One instant we saw the vial, quivering like a stone viewed through fathoms of water, then the cube turned black—not a colour, but an absence of colour; a cube foot of uncreated world. We were gripped by a horror undefinable, far worse than if we had seen an inhuman murder. The murderer merely changes the nature of a bit of creation; but Harry *destroyed* a bit of creation. I felt like a man on his belly, staring wide-eyed over the rim of the world, staring down past distant stars and suns and planets, down, down into eternal and infinite space. It seemed impious of the snow-flakes to still beat softly against the black window.

"The continuation of the experiment requires an assistant, to enter personally the fourth dimension. I cannot do it for I must keep his path open. I swear he is in no danger." He tried to smile reassuringly, but his nervous grin was that of a death's head. His fevered eyes were shifting now. He did *not* know the fate of the one who made the venture. It was obvious that his conventional courage did not cover such emergencies. But to look into infinity! What did the risk of a life mean if it led to knowledge of what lay behind life? He was a traitor, but what did I care? I would never return, but would I wish to do so? What was it Satan offered Eve? "I will make you like to God." No wonder Eve fell. I plunged forward and the gleam of my eye must have matched his. He grasped my hand—I felt treachery in his clammy touch. The audience was a nightmare of livid, lifeless faces, wrapt in amazement, too tense to help or hinder. Then I stepped into the hole between the worlds—my last glimpse was of his shaggy, ruffled hair.

A Soldier of France

ROBERT CAPSIUS, '28

IT is all very fine, very romantic and enticing to be a soldier of France. To be an officer or even a general would be much more romantic. To march in the sky-blue uniform of a "Chasseur d'Alpins" through the Chaps d'Bliséés on Bastille Day is the one ambition of every young Frenchman. It was the heart's desire of Pierre Gaston of Brittany. Pierre had been born in a quaint little fisher village on the Atlantic coast. His early days had been occupied with raising oysters for the markets of Paris. Up to the day when he was drafted for service under the tricolor, his life had been one car load of ugly, slimy oysters after another. Gladly he responded to the call of the tricolor. Full of enthusiasm he joined the ranks of the soldiers who marched under the tunes of the Marseillaise. One part of his ambition had been filled. He was a soldier of France in a new, shiny uniform of a sky-blue color.

At Versailles were the training quarters of the forty-fifth infantry regiment. Six weeks had passed and had calmed Pierre's first fiery flush of enthusiasm. He saw less glory in "La vie militaire" than he thought there would be. With disdain he regarded his comrades. There was Pedro the Italian, a fugitive from justice and two German adventurers. There was the tall, silent American and the swearing Englishman. A number of Senegalese warriors with dark Cimmerian brows were in the company, with whom Pierre did not care to be more intimately acquainted. All these were in the

army, all wore the neat skyblue uniform and all were soldiers of France.

Three months had elapsed in the quaint little village in Brittany. Much news had arrived in the papers of the expedition in Marocco. The French had been victorious day after day. An immense land it must be, that Riffian country, for so many miles of territory had been conquered day after day for months. One letter had arrived from Pierre. It was from a different youth then from him who had drawn the hand cars with oysters from the sea shore. It was not a letter of joy, but one of misery, of longing and fear. The stench and heat of Africa, of the worst part of a wild country had wrought a change in him. An aged mother and father were weeping for their soldier boy in the service of the republic, but no more news arrived from Pierre.

Another letter came some three weeks later. It was from a comrade of Pierre who was with him when he died, shedding his blood for France. It was signed—"Jean Dumont."

"It's all right" the mother sobbed "Pierre is in heaven. He received the last blessing of the church. Jean Dumont is the young chaplin from the next village, who had also been drafted."

It had been nice and romantic to be a soldier of France, wearing a uniform of a sky-blue color, but to have been an officer or even a general would have been much more romantic.



Maria Chapdelaine

JACK MULLEN, '28

ABOUT fifteen years ago, a young French-man landed in Canada from England. His wife had died but a short time before, and he was seeking forgetfulness in wandering. For a while he worked with some engineers who were building a railroad into the Lake St. John country in northern Quebec, but attracted by the simple lives of the peasant farmers of the region, he resolved to remain there with them. For 18 months he worked on one of the lonely little farms, that of Samuel Bedard. Eight dollars a month was all that he was paid, but he didn't mind. He was happy, with these hard-working cheerful people. When he could, he wrote. At the expiration of the time, he had finished a story, which he called "Maria Chapdelaine." He mailed the manuscript to the Paris office of the "Temps," and then set out, pack on back, for the West. A few days later, as he plodded along the railroad track, his life was snuffed out by a train. He never knew that his book was accepted by the "Temps," nor that, when printed in book-form, it became one of the most widely read stories in Europe and America. Louis Hémon was dead, but his "Maria" lived on; at first the precarious life of a seedling; later blossoming forth into the world of literature as one of the finest works of the twentieth century.

"Maria Chapdelaine" is a story of the lives of these French-Canadian peasants of northern Quebec. It is the story of their ideals, their inspirations, their creed, their homely ideas and customs. He calls them "an ancient race, which has found again its youth" by returning to almost primitive ways of living.

The tale is told in a simple, straightforward style which carries with it to the reader the feeling that all this has actually happened, that he is reading merely a true narrative, skillfully told. When one of the characters passes from the story it is like

the passing of a friend from our own life. We hope for his return in vain.

Maria, herself, is the daughter of one of those pioneering souls who are never content to remain near civilization, who must be forever pushing onward into the wilderness "making land" for more settled cultivators, who will follow. Samuel Chapdelaine, whose character was inspired by Samuel Bedard, has, besides Maria one daughter and four sons. With his wife and his family, he has made his home in the forest, where he is slowly clearing a farm for himself. Four other farms has he cleared, only to leave them when they were well cultivated and comfortable, in a fit of his recurrent restlessness. And Madame Chapdelaine, who loves settled communities and the quiet rest of the villages, has always followed him. "I grumble," she says. "Of course I grumble. Is there anyone who hasn't something to grumble about? But we have never been unhappy, we two—and so she is content.

The greater part of the story is taken up with the loves of the three men for Maria, and with her decision among them. She loved one of them, the adventurous, romantic Francois Paradis, but Francois failed to return one Spring—he had gone astray in the woods. Maria, hearing of his death, and knowing that he had only left the lumber camp in order to come to see her "corners by the great stone, and though the fire's heat strikes through her, she ceases not to shudder as she thinks of the frozen world about her, of Francois Paradis, who cannot be insentient, who must be bitter cold in his bed of snow. . . ."

Bereft of her love, for a time Maria almost ceases to live. All lost, at the behest of her parents and the parish priest, she strives to stifle her grief. Two other lovers come forward between whom she must choose: Lorenzo Surprenant, who now lives in the States and wishes to take Maria back

there with him and Entrope Sagnon, who can express his love only by patient waiting. She loves neither one, and is at first undecided, but Fate steps into her life for a second time and causes her to remain in her own country.

Death and tragedy lurk behind the scenes in this tale of the northern woods. The long, hard winter, and the continuous struggle for life take their toll from among the cheerful folk of the country. Sometimes it seemed to Maria that "the menace lurking just outside the door—the cold—the shrouding snow—the bleak solitude—forced a sudden entrance and crowded about the stove, an evil swarm, sneering presages of evil, or hovering in a yet more dreadful silence:—"Do you remember, dear sister, the men, brave and well-beloved whom we have slain and hidden

in the woods? Their souls have known how to escape us but their bodies, their bodies, their bodies, none shall ever snatch them from our hands?"

The book has many weird and striking passages such as that, passages which forcibly illustrate the dangers which always go about in this cruel land where men who go astray perish helplessly, where women endure endless torment, the while ineffectual aid is sought for them over the long roads buried in snow."

It is a beautifully told story; a story into which the author has written his tragic heart and soul. But it was successful only after he was dead, and his recompense— — — ?

"After death, a little word of praise," as he said of one of his own characters.



TO A ROBIN

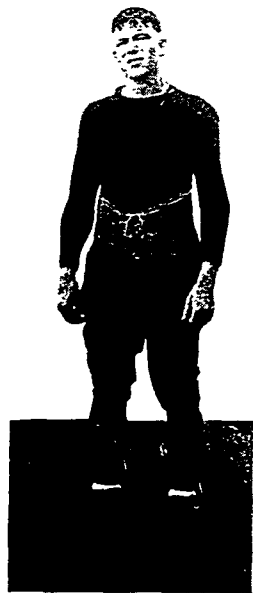
If I could float on burnished wing
 Up to your pinnacles of green
 And, perched atop an emerald tower,
 Scorn earth and storming heaven, sing;
 If sunsets were but chalices to me
 Where fairies came at eve to drink
 Wine poured from earth's green finger tips,
 And I were one to pour and see—
 If all these glories were to me
 My kingdom, would I know a greater joy
 Than wishing to an evening sky
 And sighing to be free. . . ?

—JOHN O'NEILL, '28

SPORT NEWS

Wildcats Tamed: 13-10

A cat may look at a king the old saying goes; but Northwestern banked on more than that when their Wildcat horde came down to watch the great king Knute and incidentally get in a dig or two at his army.



FLANAGAN

For a half the Hibernian forces suffered from the fierce clawing of the Purple line, for Tim Lowry's cats were wild. But there isn't any Wildcat at Evanston anymore. It was tamed Saturday at Cartier Field by a sensational driving comeback of a scrapping eleven. The Rockne tutored lads are called "Fighting Irish;" and they proved their right to such a heritage in the third quarter when they brought thirty-two thousand excited fans to their feet;

—friends and foe alike—to praise the characteristic Irish spirit that rose in the face of great odds to metamorphose a 10 to 0 score into a 13 to 10 victory over Glenn Thistlethwaite's conquerors of Michigan.

It was a harking back to the famous old Notre Dame-Indiana contest of other years when the visitors took the lead in the initial half only to be swept over by a sensational comeback later in the game. Rockne elected to start his shock troops and they succeeded in taking care of the Purple flash during the first quarter. On the whole, however, the visitors held the honors and the breaks for the first two quarters and were able to count ten points because they made the most of these. The scintillating play

that proved too much for the Yostmen earlier in the season was in evidence as they held the Celts scoreless. The story of the game however is the story of the third quarter. Five minutes after Hearden had received the kick-off at the start of the second half Enright catapulted through center to cross the zero line and a moment later Enright kicked goal to make it: Northwestern 10, Notre Dame 7. Notre Dame again received the kick off and marched down the field on straight tactics for another marker. This time it was flashy Christie Flanagan who found a hole at right tackle and smashed over for the tally. Both marches were fine pieces of offensive football. There was perfect coordination as the Gold and Blue chargers marched determinedly down the field. Both scores came within ten minutes after the intermission time and culminated the attack in which Hearden, Enright and Flanagan tore the Northwestern ranks, swept the ends and rode on through tackles for yardage that resulted in first downs. An idea of the quality of the ball carrying tactics can be gained when we note that on one occasion during this rejuvenation the Irish were able to account for three first downs on as many plays. Although an outplayed team in the first half the Gold and Blue returned to rise to supreme heights and unloosed as fierce and sure an attack that had ever been witnessed on historic Cartier Field. It was as though the whole team had risen to give everything they possessed



HEARDEN

every ounce of fight to put over a magnificent victory.

But please don't get the idea that it was a purring pussy that Clem Crowe's aggregation dealt with in taking another step toward the Western Championship for 1925.



M'MANMON

Far from that. It was not that the Purple clad warriors were not good but that Rockne's Ramblers were better. During the first half Lewis, Baker et al showed the greatest crowd ever to assemble at Cartier Field the best playing that has been seen here this year and that will be seen for many months to come. The Purple out-charged, outpassed and out-fought the Irish in the opening frames and their scorings came well earned. The first of these tallies was registered when Lewis sent the ball squarely between the posts in the first quarter from placement after Northwestern had advanced the oval to scoring position. The second tally came when Captain Tim Lowry recovered a muffed pass dropped by Edwards who was preparing to punt from his four yard line, and crawled over the goal line on his stomach for the Northwestern touchdown. A minute later Baker added the extra point on a drop-kick.

In our estimation the stellar performer for the victors was Tom Hearden. Time after time the red-head would carry the ball off-tackle for precious yardage. He was the most consistent ground gainer on either team and through his name does not appear in the scoring column he figured greatly in the two wonder drives of the matinee. Tom is one of the greatest interference runners that the school has seen in many a year, and it is in this department of the game that he is especially the scintillating actor. On the whole it was a day of team work; but in a manner it was also a "Harden day." Not many laurels have been cast in the direction of this quiet, efficient back this fall but followers of the

team who know the game agree that he is one of the steadiest men on the squad. To Rex Enright, playing his last game on Cartier Field, a great deal of credit is due. Rex has succeeded, it is believed, in amply filling the shoes of the great Layden. His drives Saturday through the center of the powerful Purple line would point to this. Flanagan and Red Edwards also turned in good accounts of themselves, as is usual. On the line, Bud Boeringer was playing his farewell home game. There was no time in the contest when he did not outplay Captain Tim Lowry of Northwestern, whom you know is no slouch in the pivot post. Big John McManmon made the fans in the stands ask "who's that number seven?" time after time. It seemed to be the day for 'Macs' for McMullen on the opposite side was playing a great game of it also. Clipper Smith and Hanousek had a corner on honors in the guard positions. Right here we should mention Roach's seventy-seven yard punt at a crucial moment that saved the day for the Celtic warriors. It was straight and true from behind his own goal line down into fairer fields at a time when a bad boot would have meant another scoring opportunity for the visitors. Cody, starting with the shock troops rode on in a finished manner. All in all it was a great day for everyone. The best way to tell you about it would be to put a box head over the summary with this legend: "Those who starred."



M'MULLEN

For Northwestern, Lewis was the outstanding man. He was everywhere on the defensive and had a lot of offensive power. Seidel, at left-end, performed nicely as did Tim Lowry at center. Baker was a bright spot in the offense. The Northwestern forward passing attack was the best seen here this year. A great team, this Northwestern!

LINE-UP AND SUMMARY

NOTRE DAME (13)	NORTHWESTERN (10)
C. Walsh, Voedisch	L. E. Seidel, Bovick, Edmunds
Boland, McMullen	L. T. Johnson
J. Smith, Marelli	L. G. Rahr, Cohen
Fredericks, Boeringer	C. Lowry (C)
Mayer, Hanousek	R. G. Sieberman
Poliski, McManmon	R. T. Schuler, Bruce
Rigali, Wallace	R. E. Mathews
Parisien, Edwards	Q. B. Christman, Solheim
Roach, Flanagan, Scharer	L. H. Baker
Cody, Hearnden, Prelli	R. H. White, Gustafson
Wynne, Enright	F. B. Lewis

Touchdowns:—Lowry, Enright, Flanagan.

Points after touchdown:—Baker, Enright.

Goal from field:—Lewis (placement).

Referee:—Magdisohn (Michigan); Umpire: Reed (Michigan); Field Judge: Knight (Dartmouth); Head Linesman: Wyatt (Missouri.)

Score by Quarters:

Notre Dame	0	0	13	0—13
Northwestern	3	7	0	0—10

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM ENDS SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Notre Dame's greatest crew of leather-lunged harriers have hung up their spiked shoes, marking the close of the most successful season in the history of the school. The team won three dual meets, the State Meet, and last Saturday placed sixth in the Western Conference Meet at Ann Arbor. The first meet of the season with Indiana at Bloomington, was won by a score of 22 to 33. Northwestern scheduled Notre Dame as a Homecoming feature and found Wendland's thinly-clad worthies as invincible as Rock's gridders. The Gold and Blue squad was the first team ever to defeat Michigan State team on their home course.

Just to prove that the win over Indiana University was not a fluke, Coach Wendland took his squad to the Indiana State meet, where they very handily annexed the state title. At this meet Purdue, Wabash, Butler, DePauw and Indiana entered strong teams.

Last Saturday competition was keen at the Conference Meet. The course was laid out over five miles of hills, water and mud. Eleven teams or approximately seventy men toed the mark at the start. Wisconsin took the meet with Ohio State, Iowa, Illinois

and Michigan finishing next in order. Notre Dame finished ahead of Minnesota, Northwestern, Marquette, Indiana and Michigan State.

Young finished twenty-fourth for Notre Dame and Captain Nulty took twenty-eighth place. The other Gold and Blue runners were Moloney, Collins, Dolmage, and Phalin. A remarkable feature of the meet was the fact that only two of the entire field of starters failed to finish.

Much credit is due to Coach John Wendland, last year's captain. He volunteered his services free of charge in order to maintain his amateur standing in athletics. His untiring efforts proved fruitful.

Captain Nulty, though handicapped by an injured foot proved a worthy Notre Dame leader. "Scrap" Young covered himself with glory by the manner in which he pressed the opposing teams all the way. Moloney, Pat and Dick Collins, Dolmage, Phalin, Ryan and Masterson all did consistent work throughout the season. Graduation will take Moloney, the Collins brothers, and Dolmage from the squad.

SWIMMING MEN MEET

Eight members of last year's team were on hand when the first workout of the year was held for swimmers in the natatorium, last Monday afternoon. A large number of new men reported and Captain Rhodes of the Varsity was well pleased with their showing.

The graduation of Weibel leaves a vacancy in the dashes and in the relay. However Rhodes expects to fill this hole with some promising men of last year's Freshman team and with those men who were performing well last season.

This is the first time that Notre Dame has had such a brilliant prospect of a successful season and all the men are hoping to bring further fame to the school which is nationally known for its prowess on the gridiron. A meet with the South Bend Y. M. C. A. to be held on December 12, will give Rhodes an idea of the ability of his men and will facilitate the weeding out process.

BADIN WINS INTER-HALL HONORS

Inter-hall football honors for 1925 were won by the Badin Hall gridiron pastimers when they defeated the Freshman Hall aggregation to the sway of 7 to 3 last Sunday morning. Badin won four out of five contests defeating the Sorin combine, a team to which they had previously bowed, 13 to 0 in the tilt that decided the winner of the western circuit. The Frosh lost but two games throughout the season.

BADIN 13—SORIN 0

Staging a comeback after their earlier defeat at the hands of Sorin, the Badin rugby hounds took the pigskin for two touchdowns while their opponents went scoreless. By defeating the Sorin outfit, the Badin team gained the right to defend the western league in the championship bout with Freshman Hall. The Sorin combination never threatened the Badinites who completely outclassed them with a speedy dodging attack. In the first half, Andrews received the oval through a forward pass from Kirwin and ran 15 yards for a touchdown. Lavelle failed to kick goal. The second tally for Badin was largely due to the line plunging ability of Gish. Lavelle placed the ball over the goal for the added point.

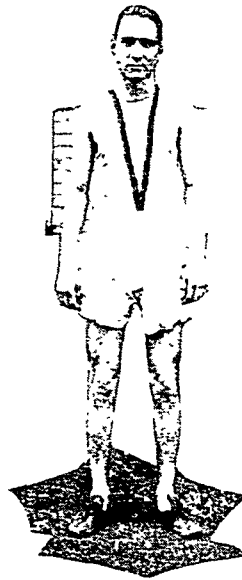
BADIN 7—FRESHMAN 3

Displaying a strong defense and an attack varied by end runs and line plunges, Badin Hall defeated the Freshman 7 to 3 in the intersectional championship tilt Sunday. There was a co-ordination of attacks between backfield and line which the Frosh couldn't stop. The winning tally for Badin, came in the first quarter. The Freshies kicked off and Badin, receiving the ball, marched straight football tactics to the Frosh one yard line. Toby Gish took the ball across the last line for the winning score. Lavelle put the oval between the uprights to total the Badin tally. The score for the newcomers came when the toe of Gebbert placed a forty yard aerial over the bar.

The Badin pastimers have showed championship form throughout the entire season.

NULTY RE-ELECTED CROSS-COUNTRY CAPTAIN

At the last meeting of the Cross-Country squad, after the most sensational season ever experienced by the University, Joe Nulty was elected to lead the fall thinly-clads for next fall. Nulty was captain this year and his re-election came only after a hotly contested ballot. Joe Nulty is a capable leader and as captain this season was in a large manner responsible for the fine showing made by the team. He is a cross-country man of note and hard worker.



NULTY

His selection to lead the long distance runners again after this season's performance mirrors the confidence and the popularity of this harrier. The

team will suffer through graduation but a strong team is confidently expected to be built up around those returning.

NEBRASKA PREPARED FOR IRISH

Lincoln, Nebr., Nov. 16, (Special)—Their Missouri Valley games all history, the Nebraska Cornhuskers now face the biggest task of the season in preparing for the invasion of Notre Dame Thanksgiving Day.

The duty of preparing for the Notre Dame game falls on more than the eleven men who will do battle against Rockne's men. The entire student body is planning to arouse Cornhusker spirit to the high pitch which it attained prior to the Notre Dame game of 1923, which the huskers won 14 to 7, despite their erratic record of the early season which included defeat at the hands of Illinois and tie scores with Kansas and Missouri.

Back into that memorable year, the Husker student body organized themselves into a compact group of boosters for the eleven and displayed a fighting spirit such as had never before been seen on the Nebraska campus, nor has ever since been equalld. For two weeks the Husker students, as well as the team, sang, slept and ate Notre Dame.

REAL WORK UNDER WAY IN BASKETBALL CIRCLES

Three weeks ago old king basketball became restless and declared war. Commander-in-chief Keogan called for volunteers and appointed the capable Mike Nyikos chief-of-staff until he could extricate himself from the toil of the gridiron. After Pat Canny's quartermaster corps issued paraphernalia Mike issued a notice of mobilization to Camp Y. M. C. A. where fundamental tactics of the defense and offense would

be taught until the new battlefield, the Notre Dame Auditorium was trenched with baskets. The veterans, Conroy and John Nyikos and fifty recruits went through intensive training in pivoting, passing and dribbling for the first two weeks. Mike Nyikose's warcry is "watch those passes" and "millions for passing but not one second for fumbling," because Notre Dame must have a perfect passing team in their campaign on the home grounds because of the vastness of the new 4,500 square feet of floor space.

A few sham battles were fought and unearthed some very promising aspirants for the forward berths, Mock, Purcell, Rogers, Gallagher and Victoryn looked good with their guns, especially the latter, a small package of speed and accuracy. But remember good things are often in small packages.

Johnny Nyikos showed his old time speed around the pivot position and has two promising Sophomores in Harvey and Andrews under his wing.

The impregnable Conroy leaves nothing to be desired at the backguard position, but Keogan must find a buddie for him to take the place of Kizer, the human dynamo. Great things are expected of Dahman and it must be remembered that he received considerable experience at the campaign, while Kizer was working against Stanford.

If Crowe is unable to play this season because of injuries it will be a sad blow because he is the only Senior on the squad. McNally of course will be in the thick of things when the signal is given to go over the top and his presence means field goals.

When Notre Dame's allies throng the new Gym December 7, to see the skirmish against Armour Tech they will witness the opener of some great future battles with the most formidable opposition obtainable including Creighton, Franklin, and five Big Ten teams. The squad is working hard and after Crowe, McNally, Enright, Voedisch and Dahman join the squad and Keogan takes the helm it should take the polish equal to the new glass bankboards erected in the new Gym.

SPECIAL PRICES TO TEAMS

OPEN EVENINGS

Berman's Sporting Store

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.*

MINIMS MARCH TO VICTORY BETWEEN HALVES OF VARSITY GAME

"Hurry up" Yost's famous point a minute team faded into obscurity as the he-men from St. Edward's Hall smashed through to a scintillating seven-to-nothing victory over the South Bend Bears on Cartier field during the intermission time in which the varsity teams were listening to a few words from their respective coaches in the Gym. The Minim Ramblers piled up the pointage at the rate of two and one half points per minute and more due to the fact that the contest was cut short by the scrimmaging of both bands, and hurried somewhat by the reappearance of the main contenders just when the fray seemed to be getting interesting for the grade schoolers. Dressed from head to toe in the same manner as the

larger Fighting Irish the youngsters performed in the manner of veterans. The scoring came within fifty seconds after the kick-off when Winters broke through the Bear's line and scooped up a fumble to run some fifty-five yards to the only touchdown of the game. The game was called after this scoring, and so it comes about that the Minims may boast of counting on the only time that they had their hands on the ball.

On the whole Jimmie Stack's proteges performed in a finished manner for their size. They completely out-classed their opponents during the very short period of hostilities. The youngsters line was composed of Ruskwicz, center; Foley and O'Connor at guards; Erbstein and Winters, tackles; O'Brien and B. Crampton ends. The back-field listed Brown at quarter, Griffin at full, and Shultes and L. Crampton, halves.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND COLLEGE COATS

SNAPPY, SERVICEABLE WATERPROOFS

All the go with College men



Varsity Slickers
(YELLOW OR OLIVE)

Sport Coats
(YELLOW OR OLIVE)



"The Rainy Day Pal"

AJ. TOWER CO.

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M A S S



FANCY WOOL HOSE LEAD ALL OTHERS

This is *the* season for striking color combinations, for novelty effects, for plaid, checked or Jacquard wool hose, and here is the place to get them.

75c to \$5.00

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117 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
—the house of Kuppenheimer college clothes.

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satisfactory eye service in South
Bend and vicinity.

J. BURKE

Optometrist and Manufacturing Optician

Temporary Location, 111 West Jefferson Blvd.
OPPOSITE CITIZENS BANK

STEINFIELD'S

FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

Ask Those Who Know

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED
ON WASHINGTON AVENUE ABOVE
THE CAR STATION

SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

Well, the Purple was pretty blue today.

* * * *

The Germans have nothing on us. It's true that they have their Big Berthas, which can shoot seventy miles, but then, our Artillery Corps has a Roach that can punt seventy-three yards.

* * * *

Lives of football men all remind us
How they write their names in blood
And departing leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

—GOBLIN.

* * * * *

We wonder if any of the scouts were far-sighted enough to get the Minim formations for use in future years.

* * * * *

After looking the stands over we came to the conclusion that the correct equipment for the fan consists of:

- One hat disfigured with names;
- One slicker illustrated by drawings from College Humor;
- One bag of peanuts;
- One pennant;
- One Gold and Blue feather;
- Program containing the name and number of every player;
- One Female Companion to ask foolish questions about the game.

* * * *

Doggonit Here's Another.

Dear Ghoul Post:

I hear that they have pretty rough Rhodes out around Lincoln. Don't you think that the Highway Commission should be warned that several tons of Rocks rolling over them are liable to make their name Mud? A Wier-d situation, eh what?


Notso Dumb,
Brownson Hall.

Yeah Notso, but remember Notre Dame has something to Crowe about when it comes to playing the old game.


Established 1887

COSTUMES
 RENTED FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Complete Outfitters of College Costume
 Plays. No requirements beyond us.
 No "Cants" in our Service
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 thruout the country



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WEATHER PROPHETS WHO PROFIT

You have but to prophesy "Rain for tomorrow" once or twice and your statement becomes fact.

Profit by your own prophecies. Get yourself a Frog Brand Slicker (most college men have them) and do not hesitate to don it when dark clouds appear.


You thereby profit in many ways. You save your good clothes, you protect your health, you gain friends by not breaking appointments, your attendance at classes is assured, you save on taxi bills, you need not worry over the weather, and all this at a trifling cost.

A Frog Brand Slicker is more than a fair weather friend and is a real pal when weather is darkest.
 That's why so many college men wear them.

Genuine Oiled Slickers

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

*Two good places to eat—at home
and at*

Smith's Cafeteria

111 EAST JEFFERSON BLVD.

- 12 Varieties of Bread and Rolls.
- 8 Selections of Meat and Fish.
- 12 Vegetables.
- 20 different kinds of Salads.
- 40 different kinds of Desserts,
including Pies, Cakes and
French Pastries.

*Also many other tempting dishes,
will be found at*

Smith's, the Home of Quality

Carte du Jour

**Yes, it's true that
she'll know you
paid just five call-
ing cards for her
Parker Lady Duo-
fold, but do you
really think she
thinks the nonen-
tity costs more?
Then you'd better
look farther.**

THE SAFETY VALVE

RIVER OF BLOOD: THE PROPERTIES

We have not yet accepted any organization with which to produce the Tragedy. This is final. Positively.

First of all this is a big thing. Hence we are taking time out for reflection.

Meantime work is being pushed—as they say in business English—on the properties. A carload consignment of prepositions is due at the South Bend Central station over the elevated tracks in the migratory future.

The heavier prepositions like *concerning*, *notwithstanding* will be delivered via Three-I tracks; the smaller ammunition like *to*, *for*, *with*, *from*, will be set down by the street car company near the (contemplated) shelter station.

The other dramatic necessities will be landed as follows:

(1) Sec. F. Row B Seat 13 of west side stand: Chariot wheels, Swords, Rapid-fire guns, Letters asking complimentary tickets of Mr. Al. Ryan, Steers for great man-eating barbecue.

(2) Sec. L Row Z Seat 1 north stand: List of authorized class excuses, Special exams, Cuts, Flunks, Absentees, Late arrivals, Bulletin boards, Bulletins, Bulletins, Bulletins.

(3) Sec. M Pew B: Nine circles and ten gulfs of hell, New tower clock (dingdong) that loses $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent of 1 sec. in seven years and seven quarantines if weather is O. K.

(4) Div. 9 Sec. 2 (standing room only): Home Coming workers, Late permissions, Terribly late permissions, Poetry classes in 3 companies under Capt. Bronson, who never hops over a bridge before he gets to it nor swaps horses crossing a stream.

(5) Reserved Sec.: Dom Engel's Apologia Pro Senora Galli-Curci; Distinguished guests; More distinguished guests; Most distinguished guests.

(6) Roof Garden Section: Music lovers listening down on Mr. McCormack.

(7) Exits 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: Police listening in at Mr. McCormack.

(8) Opera Circle: Indignant music lovers listening up at the roof garden music lovers.

(9) Miscellaneous: Old oaken bucket for the football championship of Lafayette Co. between Indiana and Bully-for-old Purdue.

Bulletin: Requests for complimentary tickets by Cercle Francais rejected.

Petition to introduce a scene from Divine Comedy by Dante class tabled.

Offer to produce play on screen some Saturday night when machine is O. K. and the Entire Student Body on the campus voted down because two parallel lines never meet.

**“Our boy’s coming home
for Christmas”**

THEY’RE bragging about you already,
telling the neighbors how well you’re
doing.

For their sake, even more than for your own,
you’ll want to look “like a million” for the
Christmas reunion.

You will look that way, too, if the label in
the new suit says “Spiro’s—Hart Schaffner
& Marx.”

*Double breasted blues are the stylish
clothes now; both suits and overcoats.
You’ll see all of the newer blue
weaves and new models here—*

\$35 to \$75

Sam’l Spiro & Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Stylish Clothes.

"NAUGHT CAN COMPARE WITH GIFTS TO WEAR"

GIFTS to wear cost so little that they represent the only true economy without sacrifice of service or sentiment. Let the sum you care to spend be small, if you wish, but let it go for the greatest gift of all—the gift of thrift. . . .

Our offering is complete in smart apparel
in men's wear.



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and
Succeed