

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus

VOL. LVIII

JANUARY 22, 1926.

No. 14.

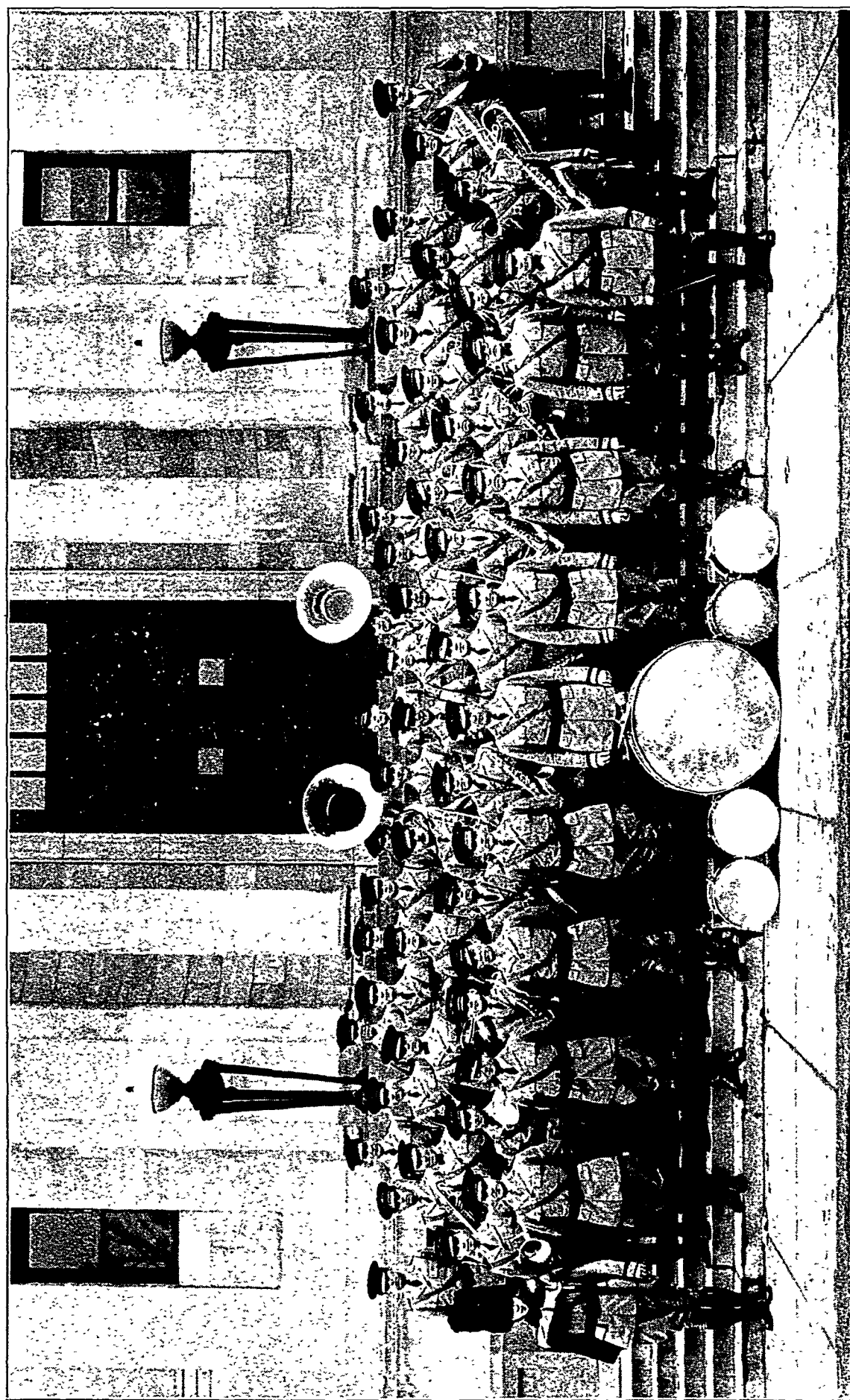
INDEX

PAGE

Frontispiece	420
The Week <i>J. A. Breig</i>	421
Musical and Theatrical Notes <i>A. L. Meyers</i>	426
Campus Opinion	427
Campus Comment	428
Editorial	429
Roads of Sacrifice <i>J. A. Breig, '28</i>	431
The Mocker (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>Cornelius Shea, '28</i>	432
How to Prepare For an Exam <i>Leo R. McIntyre, '28</i>	433
The Heroism of Death <i>Mars C. Dovey, '26</i>	435
The Bad Man and the Witch (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>James F. Dwyer, '26</i>	436
The Fairy of the Fountain <i>Frederic Henaghan, C.S.C., '26</i>	437
Will and I <i>Jack Mullen, '28</i>	439
Cause of Our Joy (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>Frank Connolly, '29</i>	440
Sport News <i>J. P. McNamara</i>	441
The Safety Valve	448

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

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.



THE NOTRE DAME BAND

THE WEEK

"The long light shakes across the lakes
And summits old in story."

To repeat a previously-used phrase, have you taken cognizance of that gurgling, swishy, sucking sound of recent and frequent occurrence? Fah upon thee! A college man speaking of Scotch inhibitions! Nay—the sounds are caused by the courageous, unremitting attempts of The Safety Valve's E. S. B. to make progress across the inundated campus. Heavy, he-mannish boots make such sounds when carefully lowered into seemingly bottomless pits of black mud and then wrathfully withdrawn.

We have possessed two lakes for countless moons. Indiana light is as long as any other. (No, we are *not* insane. We are referring to the seemingly inexplicable quotation above.) And "summits old in story" are what we possess few things otherwise, madam. But until recently two, and two only, lakes were the extent of our contribution to the geographical four-fifths of the earth. But, madam, behold us now! Behold, we say! Water, water everywhere, and unless one displaces the atmosphere to a height of at least six feet six, he can scarcely avoid drinking. At present we have more lakes than Sophomore Hall has prohibitionists. Is there any cause for wonder that the Irish Navy is expected to outmaneuver all opponents this season? But enough.

Oh Alliteration, where is thy sting! Hark ye, sires, to this: "*Pan* will contain a folio of etched subtleties by a salient satellite of the University." (Words by Schill, music by he of the fife and cloven hoof. Or is it a fife that *Pan* carries?) Thus does modern advertising burst upon us when controlled by the facile fingers of one George Schill. But a burst of alliterative advertising is deserved—is even welcomed—when it

announces another visit from the Poetic Gamboler. Its an ill wind and so forth—and examination time has brought also Pantime.

"What price will you pay for the modern girl?" The discussion has been opened by the Religious Bulletin, and now rages through the campus. "The Week" believes that, however the discussion may trend, the Notre Dame man can be depended upon to think frequently of mother and sister, and better insurance against modernism does not exist. We have faith in the Notre Dame man's faith.

"Who-o-o-o stole my heart away?" The second installment of St. Mary's social activities is gone, and its memories are treasured in many hearts. The St. Mary's dance was successful—and here "you forgot to remember" does not apply—for no one forgot to attend, nor will forget the joys of the affair. Continue, St. Mary's!

"Finiculi, finicula," we're musical today. But we can't help it. "There's music in the air"—and wer'e not yet deaf, although becoming bald—just at the temples, madam! The Glee Club harmonized at Mishawaka last night. And on February first the personnel vanishes for a time, and what becomes Notre Dame's loss becomes Ohio's and Pennsylvania's gain. But not until they speak—sing, we mean—a fond farewell. Swim over to Washington Hall Monday evening and listen.

"Is that my shadow?" "What do you think you are, a ground-hog?" "Sure, for tonight! The Villager's strut tonight, and I'm going!" Forget not, ye townspeople, February second.

No, ma'am, this isn't wet weather. Just a bit damp. You should have been here when—

Overhead!

—J. A. B.

HALL CONSTRUCTION DELAYED

The new Morrissey Hall, which was to have been completed by February, is still but half-finished. Bad weather has held up the contractors in their work. They consider that they have been fortunate in getting the building under cover as rapidly as they have. All the interior finishing remains to be done, and this, it is estimated, will advance the date of completion to the middle of May or the first of June.

The other new building, Lyons Hall, has reached about the second story. This hall will not be ready until the summer school term at the earliest.

The buildings, when completed, will round out the trio composing the freshman unit. Smogor & Company have charge of the construction of Morrissey, while Christman Bros. are building Lyons. Kervick and Fagan, the Notre Dame architects, designed both structures.

FEBRUARY PAN OUT

The February issue of *Pan* came out Wednesday. This time the magazine has for its readers a feature, new and interesting: a group of drawings by Jorge Palomino, '28. These distinctive drawings are accompanied by the words and rhythm of Professor Charles Phillips. A Notre Dame freshman engineer from Chicago, Thomas Deegan of Howard Hall, breaks into print with his "Lock and Key."

Besides accompanying Jorge Palomino with song, Professor Phillips has a wholesome editorial entitled, "Of Aegean Isles and Desert Wastes." It concerns the "colonization" of artists "for art's sake." It is to the effect that artists should not "colonize," that when too many of them get together for any length of time, there's bound to be "thunder on the left." And he distinguishes between mass "colonization" and individual "colonization" saying in conclusion that: "John the Baptist did not organize a colony of prophets. He went alone." Professor Phillips has a poem, "Sister Giovanna" which is worth more time than is required to read it. He also reviews Vachel

Lindsay's "Collected Works" and Willa Cather's "The Professor's House."

Harry McGuire, A. B., '25, has a poem and his usual "columniation." The poem is "Idealist," brief, beautiful giving a heretofore undiscovered viewpoint on "day dreams." For a page and a quarter in his "columniation" Harry taps the typewriter quite informally; then he goes into the matter of "Red" Grange. A lot of *Pan's* readers will take Harry's words about Grange seriously and then the same readers will take issue with Harry. It would be well to have "soul portraits" of a few of these readers while they are reading over this Grange matter.

The remainder of the magazine is as usual. That means that it is well worth your time. —J. F. O'D.

TO RUN BOYS' CAMP

The Boy Guidance Department here has accepted an offer made by the pastor of St. Mark's Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, to take over the Boys' Summer Camp of that parish. Last summer each local student was sent to a different camp for training; but under the new arrangement all Boy Guidance men will receive the same training at the same place, under the supervision of Professor Hoyer, Director of the Department.

St. Mark's Church also conducts an organization for boys known as the St. Mark's Boys' Fraternity. Danny Culhane, a second year man in Boy Guidance, has been assigned to field work there, and will take up his duties February 1.

The second season of indoor baseball of the South Bend Parish School League opened Saturday, January 6. James Kerwin, a Boy Guidance man, is general chairman of the league. All games are being handled by the Boy Guidance Juniors.

Last year the championship was won by St. Hedwig's School, and the beautiful pennant, presented by the Notre Dame Council of the K. of C. will be held by them until the winner this year is determined. The following schools are represented by teams:

St. Adelbert's, St. Joseph's, St. Casimir's, St. Stanislaus', St. Patrick's, St. Stephen's, Sacred Heart, and St. Hedwig's.

NOTRE DAME AT ST. MARY'S

Numerous crowded cabs, . . . glimpses of groups of walking men, caught by the flashes of headlights, . . . laughter, . . . crowded corridors, expectant misses, . . . searching youths, . . . "Where's my girl?" . . . "So glad you came early." . . .

The stage was set last Tuesday evening for the second social event of the year at St. Mary's College. Notre Dame students were being pleasantly entertained by their young lady friends at a dance in the new college building. The simple, massive splendor of the architecture made an ideal ballroom. Denny's Collegians supplied the harmony.

More dancing, . . . introductions, . . . blarney, . . . Victory March, . . . crowded cloak rooms, . . . packed halls, . . . prompting sisters, . . . lingering farewells, . . . departing cars, . . . glimpses of retreating men.

SOUTH BEND JUGGLER SOON

The *Juggler's* initial appearance of the new year is set for the first part of next week. This performance will be called the South Bend Number; and all the material in the book will deal with the city just south of the campus. The editors are working hard in an effort to make this first issue one of exceptional merit in order to start off the year with a worthy criterion. This is the first time in recent years that the *Juggler* has appeared in the month of January.

VILLAGERS PLAN DANCE

The Villagers Club of Notre Dame will sponsor a post-exam dance in the Palais Royale on Tuesday evening, February 2.

Pete Sullivan's Entertainers will play from nine until one and local radio artists will offer several novelties.

The committee in charge includes the following: Thomas Hogan, chairman; Eugene Knoblock, William Konop, H. Fall, Paul Butler, Dan Kelley, Norman Hartzer, Harry Johnson, Henry McNabb and Paul Kemp.

SCHOLARSHIP DANCE FEBRUARY 5

The third Scholarship Dance of the season was held in the K. of C. ballroom, South Bend, last Friday evening, and was unusually well attended, considering the conflict with other important activities.

The fourth Scholarship Dance, the last before Lent, will be held Friday evening, February 5, and will be one of a series of post-exam social events. An unusually large attendance is expected by the ladies in charge.

JACK SPILLANE DIES

Jack Spillane, Sorin Hall, a student in Journalism and a member of the Senior class, died suddenly in the Isolation Hospital here Thursday afternoon, January 14. Death was caused by a blood clot, probably induced by scarlet fever. The young man had been ill since the Sunday preceding his death.

Spillane, who was the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Donovan Spillane of Niagara Falls, N. Y., was a member of the varsity boxing team, of the Blue Circle, and of the New York State Club. He won a minor monogram last year. He was exceptionally well-known and liked on the campus.

Funeral services were held Monday, January 18, in Niagara Falls. Representing Notre Dame at the services were Dan Brady, President of the S. A. C. and Spillane's room-mate, and Joseph Shea, representing the Senior class.

A mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased was sung Saturday morning. Other masses, one on Sunday morning at the request of the Seniors in Journalism, and another this morning at the request of the Senior Class, have also been offered.—*R.I.P.*

Mr. William Leen, B. A., has taken a position as instructor in the Department of Philosophy, succeeding Mr. Charles Mercier, who was called back to Belgium during the Christmas holidays by the grave illness of his uncle, Cardinal Mercier. Mr. Leen made his studies at University College, Cork, Ireland, and took his degree from the National University of Ireland.

ANNOUNCE NEW COURSES

Juniors and Seniors who have the privilege of choosing elective courses during the second semester, will be interested in an announcement of new courses made this week by the Director of Studies. Among the new courses listed for the second semester are several that have not hitherto been offered at Notre Dame.

The Department of Religion offers two elective courses. Father Marr will continue his course in the study of Scripture through the second semester, to broaden the student's understanding of the Scriptures and at the same time to deepen his appreciation of their literary charm and human interest. Brother Alphonsus will offer a course in the study of the life and more important writings of Cardinal Newman, the great Catholic thinker of nineteenth century England.

In the Department of Philosophy, Father Miltner will continue with his seminar, meeting on Wednesday evenings, and in addition will offer a course in the History of Philosophy. Father Crumley will continue his course in Experimental Psychology, meeting on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in the newly equipped psychological laboratory in Science Hall.

In the Department of English, courses will be repeated, during the second semester, in Shakespeare (Father Healy), American Literature (Father George McNamara), Poetry (Father Carroll and Mr. Phillips) and Dante (Mr. Phillips). Mr. Phillips will also offer a new course in World Literature, open to students taking their major sequence in English.

In the Department of History, Mr. Farrell will repeat his course in the History of Europe since 1812, and Father Ryan will continue his course in Church History, to which new students will be admitted. Father William McNamara will offer a new course in the History of the United States since 1870. This course presupposes an elementary course in American history and will be conducted as an intensive study of a limited period.

Father Bolger, in the Department of Eco-

nomics and Politics, will offer a course in the History of Economic Thought, studying the economic ideas of the Greeks and Romans, the influence of Christianity on economic doctrines, Adam Smith and the schools of thought of the nineteenth century, and the more recent developments. Father Boland will offer a course in Socialism and Social Reform, and Father Mulcaire one dealing with the Trust Problem. Father Bolger will also offer a course in American National Government,—an intensive study of the structure and functioning of the national government of the United States.

The Department of Secondary Education will offer several courses of value to men looking forward to teaching and to all who wish to understand educational questions in general. Father Cunningham will offer the Principles of Secondary Education, dealing with the history of high-school education, its aims, reorganization plans, etc. Father Patrick Haggerty will give a course in the History of Modern Education, studying the development of educational thought and institutions in Europe and the United States since the Renaissance. Mr. A. Confrey will offer a course in Principles of Teaching, with special reference to high-school conditions. Father McGinn will continue his course in Clinical Psychology, dealing with the diagnosis and treatment of subnormal and unadjusted children, and throwing considerable light on the mental problems of adults. The seminar in Education will continue to meet on Monday evenings under the direction of Father Cunningham.

In the School of Fine Arts, the usual opportunities for special work in art and music will be available, and in addition Mr. Becker will give a special course dealing with the History and Appreciation of Music. The course will treat of the making of a music-loving people, primitive and ancient music, music in its relation to aesthetics, the opera, the symphony, etc., and will be illustrated as far as possible at the piano. Mr. Kelly will continue his advanced course in speech work under the title of Fundamentals of Expression.

Second Semester Electives

The complete schedule of courses, open to Juniors and Seniors as electives for the second semester, follows. This does not include those elective courses which began in September and which continue through the second semester. No new students will be admitted to such courses at the midyear.

AT 8:10

English 20:	Shakespeare	Fr. Healy	TTS	MB	229
History 22:	U. S. since 1870	Fr. W. McNamara	MWF	SH	11
Biology 14:	Botany (with lab.)	Fr. Albertson	MWF	SH	208

AT 9:10

Education 2:	Secondary Ed.	Fr. Cunningham	TTS	SH	203
English 20:	Shakespeare	Fr. Healy	TTS	MB	227
*English 26:	World Literature	Mr. Phillips	TTS	MB	222
English 12:	Poetry	Mr. Phillips	MW	MB	219
History 10:	English Constitution	Mr. Farrell	TTS	Lib	JR
Philosophy 12:	History of Philosophy	Fr. Miltner	MWF	Lib	NB
Religion 14:	Cardinal Newman	Bro. Alphonsus	TT	MB	118
Finance 20:	Public Finance	Mr. Weir	MWF	SH	107

AT 10:10

Astronomy 2:	Sideral Universe	Fr. DeWulf	TTS	MB	230
Education 14:	Clinical Psych.	Fr. McGinn	MWF	MB	230
English 18:	American Literature	Fr. McNamara	MWF	MB	222
	American Literature	Fr. McNamara	TTS	MB	222
History 14:	Europe since 1815	Mr. Farrell	TTS	Lib	SB
History 18:	Church History	Fr. Ryan	TTS	SH	107

AT 11:10

Economics 8:	Socialism	Fr. Boland	MWF	Lib	SB
Economics 12:	Economic Thought	Fr. Bolger	TTS	MB	327
Education 4:	Modern Education	Fr. P. Haggerty	MWF	SH	5
Music 22:	History of Music	Mr. Becker	MW	Washington	
Religion 8:	Scripture	Fr. Marr	TT	MB	118
Biology 18:	Physiology (with lab.)	Mr. Kaczmarek	MWF	SH	103

AT 1:15

Journalism 4:	Feature Writing	Mr. Cooney	MWF	Lib	JR
Politics 4:	U. S. National Gov't.	Fr. Bolger	MWF	MB	327
Philosophy 14:	Experim. Psychology	Fr. Crumley	TT	SH	309

AT 2:15

Economics 10:	Trust Problem	Fr. Mulcaire	MWF	SH	104
Education 6:	Principles of Teaching	Mr. Confrey	MWF	SH	109

AT 3:15

Marketing 10:	Business Law—Agency	Mr. Richter	MW	SH	203
Marketing 12:	Business Law—Negotiable Instruments	Mr. Richter	TT	SH	203

AT 7:30

English 26:	Seminar in Dante	Mr. Phillips	Th	Lib	NB
Education 16:	Seminar	Fr. Cunningham	M	Lib	JR
Philosophy 18:	Seminar	Fr. Miltner	W	SH	305

* Open only to students majoring in English.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Notre Dame Band gave an evening program before the students at St. Mary's Thursday evening, January 14.

The near-perfection of technique, the excellence of direction, the happy choice of numbers, all so evident in the recent Washington Hall concert, were again evident at St. Mary's. The Sisters and the students received the Band with extraordinary enthusiasm.

The program follows:

PART I

1. (a) March—"Washington Post" -----Sousa
(b) March—"Heads Up" -----Klohr
2. Flute Solo—"Sweet Birdie" -----J. S. Cox
Gladstone McDermott,
"Ron." McNamara at the Piano.
3. Feist's "All Hit Medley" -----Barry-Sciaccia
4. Trombone Solo—"White Rose"
-----Engels and Labedz
"Norb" Engels
"Vic" Labedz at the Piano.
5. Selection—"Il Trovatore" -----Verdi

PART II

1. Varsity Quartette presenting
"Spices from Songdom"
Messrs. Meyers, Haley, Bower, Kopecky.
2. Popular Fox-trots
(a) "Sonya" -----Schafer-Fisher
(b) "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" Kahn-Donaldson
(c) "Alone At Last" -----Kahn-Fionto
3. Ray McGrath And His Banjo—presenting
"Odds and Oddities"
4. Song—"Down The Line" -----Casasanta
Alfred Meyers.
5. Overture—"Fountain of Youth" -----King

The Glee Club gave its first formal concert of the year in Mishawaka last evening, January 21. In the absence of Dr. Browne, the director of the Club, Mr. J. J. Casasanta, the assistant director, conducted the concert.

The program follows:

1. Part Songs
a. Irish Memories -----Gaines
b. Loch Lomond -----Forsythe
The Glee Club.
2. Songs for Tenor Voice.
a. Until -----Sanderson
b. Mighty Lak a Rose -----Nevin
Anthony Kopecky.
3. Part Song.
a. Italian Salad—(Incidental solo by John
Butler) -----Genee
The Glee Club.

INTERMISSION

1. Motets.
a. Ave Maria -----Vittoria
b. Laudate Patrem -----Gounod
c. O Salutaris -----Gounod
The Glee Club.
2. Songs for Bass Voice. (Negro Spirituals)
a. Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen.
-----Burleigh
b. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot -----Burleigh
Alfred Meyers.
3. Part Songs.
a. Song of the Volga Boatmen -----Bantock
b. Come With Me to Romany. (Solo by
Alfred Meyers.) -----Browne
c. Hike, Notre Dame -----Casasanta
The Glee Club.

An entertainment was given Monday evening by the Glee Club for the Holy Cross Sisters in the Convent back of the Main Building. Songs taken from the program were sung, and the Varsity Quartet gave several numbers. The concert for the Sisters is an annual tradition of the Club and is always given immediately before the winter tour is made. Following the concert, the Sisters served refreshments.

Another Glee Club concert was given Wednesday afternoon, January 20, in Washington Hall for the members of the Community and the Minims. The affair was in the nature of a full rehearsal for the Mishawaka concert. The full program was given, including a short skit written by Victor Lemmer and acted by Christie Flanagan and "Red" Edwards, songs by the Varsity Quartet and by Ray McGrath. These specialty acts will be given during the intermission of the program.

Coming attractions in town and on the campus are:

January 21—Washington Hall movie—"Classified" with Corinne Griffith.

January 25—Washington Hall concert—Glee Club

January 24, week starting—Oliver Theatre—Marion Davies in "Lights of Old Broadway."

January 24, week starting—Orpheum Theatre—Corinne Griffith in "Infatuation."

January 29—Washington Hall movie — Wallace Beery in "The Lost World."—A.L.M.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *How often do you use the Library?*

WHERE ASKED: *Lemmonier Library.*

EDWARD MCKEON, '29

No student cares to answer this question directly. The profs would be surprised; the hallmates would take me for a ride.

FRANCES NEES, '26

The writing of a thesis has condemned me to visit it every night until January 27. Some men here seem to be about half a generation removed from the jungle. The ink from their clogged fountain pens blotches the floor and reminds me of the beautiful mud puddles of our soggy campus.

DANIEL McNALLY, '29

The colder it gets the more I use the Library. I am from Carroll Hall.

GERALD RAYBURN, '28

I have used the Library twice this year for reference work. Both times I received wonderful service.

CLAYTON TYO, '29

Novels and reference work have caused me to visit the Library quite often since last September. I have no complaints to offer.

J. V. HINKLE, '29

Often. There is really no use in joking about a Library. It contains mute yet forceful records of the dreams, passions, and thoughts of countless generations of men in their never ending search for knowledge. I consider it a privilege to be able to examine the titanic literary monuments bequeathed by these men to posterity.

The Rocky Mountain Club of Notre Dame ushered in its social life on December 29 with a dance in the ballroom of the Argonaut Hotel, Denver. About 50 couples attended the informal, the gathering consisting of students and alumni and their friends. Phil. McCarty, President of the Club, directed the arrangements for the affair.

SENIORS TO GET PROM TICKETS

Seniors desiring to attend the Junior Prom to be given February 12 in the Palais Royale by the Class of 1927, will have an opportunity to obtain tickets for the affair after February 1, when those remaining of the 250, which were placed on sale last Monday, will be sold to both Juniors and Seniors, according to a late decision made by the Faculty Dance Committee. Until February 1, however, only Juniors will be permitted to obtain tickets. Father Hugh O'Donnell, Dean James McCarthy, Prof. Paul Fenlon and Mr. Paul Byrne compose the Dance Committee.

To give those Seniors who decide early to attend the affair, a preference in buying tickets, William L. Daily, President of the Junior Class, has arranged with Thomas C. Green, who is directing ticket sales, to record on a tentative list, the names of those fourth-year men making application for tickets before February 1. Attendance at the Prom has been limited to 250 couples.

James W. Coleman, who is directing the musical program for the Junior Class, reports that certain appropriate orchestration have been forwarded to "Spike" Hamilton and his Orchestra in Chicago. A special number, not yet published, which will feature the Prom program, will be announced later.

Don W. Ryan, chairman of the Reception Committee, announces that the following have consented to be patrons and patronesses at the function: Hon. and Mrs. Dudley G. Wooten, Dr. and Mrs. John M. Cooney, Prof. and Mrs. David A. Weir, and Dean and Mrs. Thomas F. Konop.

COYNE WINS MEDAL

Speaking on the subject "The Tennessee Anti-Evolution Law," William Coyne, '27, won the Breen Medal for this year at the annual contest held in Washington Hall on January 14. Among the other contestants were Paul Harrington, who spoke on "Ideals," Victor Lemmer, who spoke on "Child Labor," and John Cavanaugh, who chose "Law Enforcement." The judges were Professors Cooney and Hines, and Father Stack.

Campus Comment

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

o o o

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC:
Dear Sir:

I submit my petition to the S. A. C. to be awarded the Sherlock Holmes, Houdini, or what medal have they, for designating the detective genius of the University? My claim to this honor lies in my prowess in discovering, after sifting through many clues, that the Breen medal was won on the afternoon of January 14, 1925. My investigation further resulted in finding that the contest was a very heated one, being held behind closed doors, and the victor was quite deserving to win, triumphing over the fierce opposition of three opponents. From what I gather, the winning oration was given in a very delectable manner, punctuated by the speaker's pauses, which were occasioned by recurring fears on his part that his audience of three members was beginning to dwindle; and when the speaker found that his audience had not decreased to two—that one had merely relapsed behind a post,—he continued his discourse with renewed confidence.

And that is not all that I have ferreted out. I have discovered that originally, an unheralded meeting was held on the Friday before the start of the Christmas holidays at which those wishing to compete for the Breen medal were to enter their names. At this convention, seven men appeared to enter the contest for the highest honor the University offers in recognition of oratorical ability. This meeting was held at 4:15 P. M. on this balmy Friday afternoon; at 4:30, one student approached the person directing the contest and asked permission to enter, and at the same time to enter the names of six others who wished to enter

the contest. The permission was requested and the applicant was refused the right to enter the contest. The reason for the exclusion of these seven men who wished to enter the contest was given that the preliminaries must be finished, and the winner chosen by the first week in January.

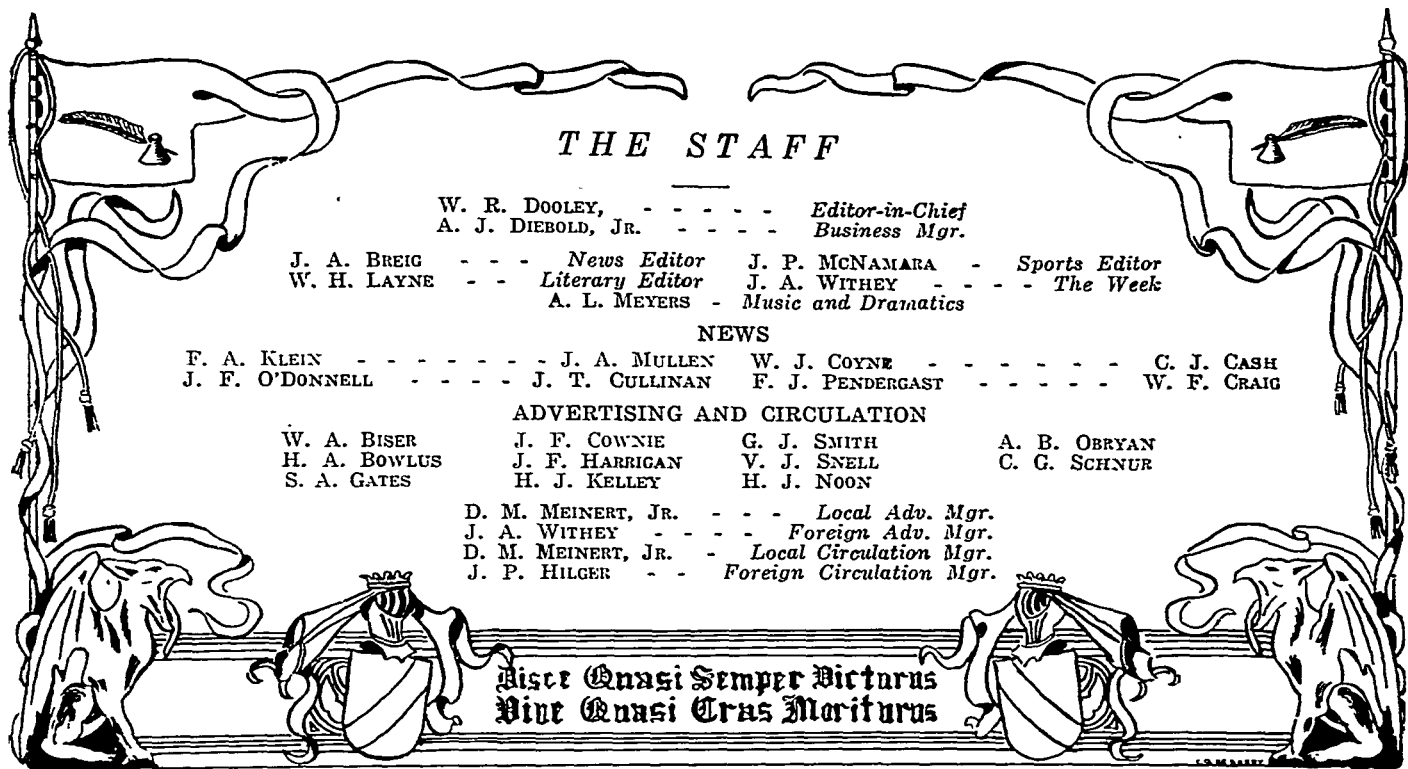
The first week in January came and went as did the second and the contest was not held. When it did take place, no one knew about it, no notices were posted about it, and only three people were present and I have my suspicions that those three were judges. If they were not judges, certain it is that no one knows who the judges were.

Let us hope that next year, all who desire to do so, may exercise their right to compete for this Breen medal, and let us hope that oratory may be encouraged on the campus by allowing men to enter this contest rather than impeded by exclusion.

—DAVID STANTON,
Law 4

The following books have been placed on the Library's shelves:

Complete Guide to Heraldry—A. C. Fox-Davies.
El Trovador (2 copies)—Gutierrez A. Garcia.
Esthetics—Kate Gordon.
Short History of Greek Mathematics—James Gow.
Perverted Proverbs—Harry Graham.
Unknown People in an Unknown Land—W. B. Grubb.
Physical Education by Muscular Exercises—Luther H. Gulick.
Mythology—J. E. Harrison.
Central American and West Indian Archaeology—T. A. Joyce.
Columbia—S. G. Lancaster.
Ancient and Modern Rome—R. A. Lanciani.
Cracow—Leonard Lepszy.
Lincoln Library of Essential Information.
Aristophanes—L. E. Lord.
Manual of Heraldry—(no author.)
March's Thesaurus Dictionary.
Heraldry for Amateurs—J. S. Milbourne.
Jack Miner and the Birds—Jack Miner.
Dream Life—D. G. Mitchell.
Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales—Jonathan Nield.
Automobile Repairing made Easy—V. W. Page.
Laurus Nobilis—Violet Paget.
Joan of Arc, Maid of France (2 volumes)—A. B. Paine.
Psychology of Beauty—E. D. Puffer.



ALL WET

That unknown genius who originates our slang showed a rare insight into psychology when he described anything unpleasing as being "all wet." The fact that humidity breeds discontent has been illustrated by the recent sobbing which has arisen from some of the bright young men of the campus. As soon as mud puddles began to dot the cinder paths the campus resounded with a lamentation that Notre Dame is an awful hole and is getting worse every year. According to the current jeremiads the degeneration of the old school can be measured only by geometrical progression.

We admit that mud and rain are a bit trying to the disposition. A student may awake with a smile, dress with a song, and blithely—not to say gaily—trip out to breakfast. He will leap the first mud puddle with an air of unconcern but the second or third is likely to cause a suspicion that all is not right in the world. Thenceforth his grouch grows like a snowball rolling down Pike's Peak. He rapidly convinces himself that the rules insult him by treating him like a baby, that seventy-five percent of the faculty are mental defectives and that the students are a bunch of yokels. And he does not hesitate to swap denunciations with any other victim of the weather whom he is able to find.

It is too bad that we cannot establish a student board of control for the weather. Until such time as the meteorologists of the College of Science can prohibit premature Spring showers, the young men who are emotionally susceptible to misplaced water should seek solace in a more arid institution. No one will be bound to remain at Notre Dame after the semester examinations and it is said that Cairo boasts of an excellent university on the edge of the ever dry sands of Sahara.

THE FUNERAL ORATION

Furl that ragged hope, 'tis vain;
 Trail it not in ink again,
 Furl it, fold it, let it rest.
 For there's not a soul to hear us,
 Nor a man to build anear us
 It that will fore'er endear us
 To the builders,—be they blest!—
 A protection from the rain.

—Apologies to Father Ryan.

With this adaptation, crude though it is, let us close our pleas for a shelter-station. Let us save our typewriters. We shall give to the station the dignity of silence. We shall cross its hands peacefully on its breast and bury it in a deep-dug grave. There let it rest till other editors in other years disinter it, and practise newer modes of resuscitation upon it. Ours are too old-fashion-

ed. They are productive of no official action.

But we cannot consign it to eternal oblivion, so far as we are concerned, without the customary funeral oration. In these flights of eloquence, it is usual to extol the merits of the deceased and pass over the defects. We have no desire to depart from the established rule. Only, in our subject the merits, in death as in life, far outweigh the defects.

A shelter station would have been a useful thing. It would have served many purposes. It would have kept students and visitors alike warm and dry and snug. It would have added to the beauty of the campus. It would have prevented the impasse of the past week, when the cars were forced to stop far up the avenue because of flooded tracks. Taken all in all and all in every part, as they say in Philosophy, such a station would have satisfied a very great need, an urgent need, a need which "cries aloud to heaven" for fulfillment. It would have done all this, if—

The station, however, is dead,—cold and dead. Let us not disturb it more; that would be inhuman. Instead, let us drop a few salt tears and sigh regretfully for what might have been.

USING THE LIBRARY

It has come to our ears that not all patrons of the Library are gentlemen. As some Notre Dame men ascend the Library steps they throw their politeness with their cigarettes. It is not unusual for the seeker of knowledge to enter the Library, go through the process of taking out a book or get all the way to the Reference Room - - - without removing his hat! What does this mean?

It seems to have been forgotten that when in the Library one is in the presence of the great - - - great books. And when in the Library one is also in the presence of ladies. It has long been the custom for gentlemen to remove their hats when they are in the presence of ladies. This custom has been among us so long that it would seem that

we would remove our hats unconsciously. But when some of us are in the Library we lose either consciousness or our politeness.

Charge number two against the patrons of the Library is that they have a perverted idea as to uses of the Reference Room. The Reference Room floor is not a catch-all for peanut shells, candy wrappers and other evidences of luncheons. Nor is the Reference Room floor a fit receptacle for bits of paper and fountain pen ink. It is safe to assert that the books in the Reference Room are not the kind over which candy may be munched. Candy goes well with some books but none of these books are in the Reference Room of the Library.

You have heard the charges. Be a gentleman!

THE BREEN MEDAL CONTEST

Mr. Stanton's letter, printed this week in "Campus Comment," seems to be wholly justified. Secrecy—or semi secrecy—enveloped all the Breen medal proceedings. Notices of the preliminaries were posted, it is true, but not widely enough. The College of Law bulletin board was neglected, and that, it would seem, should be considered among the best possible place for advertising an oratorical contest. The finals were held of course. . . . somewhere, sometime.

Such a method of conducting the Breen medal contest is unfair. A consideration of the honor at stake should insure wide publicity and ample time for the contestants to prepare their speeches. The best interests of the University are served in no other way. This is said with all possible respect for the acknowledged and outstanding oratorical ability of Mr. Coyne.

It is probably too late to change matters this year. But, next year and in the years after that, let a different policy prevail.

A cut a day keeps commencement away.
—P. J. F.

You don't have to furnish security in order to borrow trouble.—J. T. S.

Roads of Sacrifice

J. A. BREIG, '28

THE only shade in sight was under a gnarled, heat-writhed pine which stood sentinel over a field of graves west of the road. The sun was low, but in Southern France even the westing sun is hot. The wanderer paused under the tree, and threw down his pack.

From the shadow of the tortured limbs he gazed long at the stretch of road ahead. Half way to where it disappeared in a point, a figure moved. The wanderer looked for a space, then turned, gazing westward across the rows of graves that stretched infinitely back from the highway toward the crimsoning horizon. Here lay men of France, men of America, perhaps men of Germany.

The wanderer sighed, and glanced down at his empty coat sleeve. With his left hand he felt of his grizzled beard. Thirty years! It seemed much longer.

A cheery voice broke upon his reverie, and twinkling eyes looked into his when he turned. The other man was grizzled like himself, but his eyes were two amused spots in his face that was creased with much laughing. He spoke, "Perhaps, m'sieu, I may share your shade while we refresh ourselves? I have far to go—"

"But certainly!" interrupted the other. "Permit me, m'sieu." He relieved the other of his pack.

"Mon Dieu, but my back is sore," observed he of the twinkling eyes as he sprawled luxuriously on the sparse grass. The other said nothing, but sat beside him, and began moodily to unpack his food.

Quick sympathy glowed in the eyes that were so used to twinkle. The traveler gestured sweepingly. "It saddens you?" he asked.

The other glanced at the rows of crosses, and shook his head slowly. "No, it is not that," he answered, and stopped.

A flicker of pain showed in the laughing eyes. "I had thought perhaps—you see,

they have made the supreme sacrifice—" he concluded lamely.

The other gestured passionately. "But they haven't!" he cried vehemently. "Don't you see? It is not they who have sacrificed—their life has but begun! It is the others, the living, who sacrificed, and who are still sacrificing! The supreme sacrifice—it is not death; it is life!"

"You mean," asked the other, "The maimed, the blind?" He glanced at the wanderer's arm.

The cripple caught his glance. "This?" he cried, shaking his stump contemptuously, almost angrily. "This? Non, M'sieu, this is nothing. It is the hurt of the mind, of the soul, that tortures. To will to die—that is nothing! But to will to live—ah, there is sacrifice!"

He was silent a moment, then spoke lower. "You must pardon me, but the subject is almost an obsession with me. There is a story. Perhaps you would like to hear it?"

The other nodded. The wanderer began. "First of all m'sieu, you must understand that Clement and Franz had been friends from boyhood. There is no need to explain—you understand. Only the friendship was deeper than is usual.

"They were men when the war came. It broke suddenly; you know, like that." He snapped his fingers.

"Clement was in the field when the news came. He ran at once to Franz' little shop on the corner.

"You must see them, M'sieu, as they were when Clement rushed in, a snatch of the Marseillaise on his lips; Clement, enthusiastic, overflowing; Franz cold, unresponsive. He had to be, as you will see later.

"Clement, then, rushed in, and put his trembling, strong hands on Franz' shoulders. 'We shall go together, comrade!' he was crying as he danced about the little shop. 'We have lived together; who knows?

We may die together!"

"He went rambling on in that fashion, too excited to notice Franz' silence, till Franz himself stopped him. There was a great hurt in Franz' eyes and a tremble in his voice when he spoke. But for all that his eyes were level and his voice deep. What he said was this: 'Clement, mon ami, I cannot go to fight. I must stay here.'

"Clement stood, staring, disbelieving that he had heard. He would have laughed, had he not looked deep into his friend's eyes. Then he pleaded, saying, 'Surely there is some reason, mon ami. Tell me!'

"But when Franz only smiled, and shook his head, Clement grew angry, and struck him, crying wildly, 'If you will not fight the Huns, you shall fight me!' And when Franz still smiled through the blood on his lips, Clement became ashamed, but would not show it, walking away from his friend.

"Clement marched away to war, and Franz stayed. The villagers came to hate Franz, and when word came that Clement was hurt, there were threats and rough mouthings from the people. But it came to nothing; for what can old men and women do? They feared Franz; for is it good when one's lamp burns all night?

"The war ended, and Clement came back, minus an arm and full of bitterness. He became a grouch, and little children and dogs avoided him. Franz was never seen after the war. Clement thought it was cowardice.

"Then, one day, Clement found the truth. In a newspaper he read of the decoration of one Franz Petain, un-uniformed soldier of France, by the president. Franz had been an indispensable link in the government's chain of spies. And now he was rewarded with the Croix de Guerre.

"Repentance, m'sieu, is a nobler emotion than bitterness, but it is not less gnawing. When Clement found the truth, he swore that he would apologize, if Franz could be found and would listen. He is still searching."

The wanderer paused, and stretched his arm toward the field of crosses. His voice was low. "To them, m'sieu, all honor and glory; to such as Franz, something higher. His was the greater sacrifice. Who can know better than I? For, as you have guessed, I am Clement!"

The traveler moved to the side of the wanderer. He linked his arm through the other's good arm, and chuckled softly.

"Clement, mon ami," he said, "Thirty years is a long time and in it one may learn much wisdom and forget much folly, if his heart be not bitter. The sacrifice of Franz is great; their sacrifice"—indicating the graves—"is greater; but greatest of all is the sacrifice of the mothers and fathers of those men." He laughed again, a little shakily. "For who can know better than I? Clement, comrade, don't you see? I am Franz!"

THE MOCKER

She was delicately dancing
And her twinkling little feet
Seemed to beat a perfect rhythm
Though the song was faint and fleet.
She was delicately dancing
And I know she danced for me,
For the rippling perfect music
Was to mock my poetry.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28.

How To Prepare For An Exam

LEO R. M'INTYRE, '28

BEFORE treating of the exhaustive preparation required for any examination, whether it be in spelling or biology, I shall briefly deal with the purpose of examinations. There are two purposes, in the main, for giving examinations. First, to test the professor's ingenuity, resourcefulness of attack and scope of vocabulary; second, to compel him to freshen his knowledge of hieroglyphics and their uses in everyday college life.

Examinations, in most cases, are not given to find out how much you know. If the professor is on his job he will know that already. That is, he will have a general idea of what facts you possess and of your relative class standing. There are, however, certain aspects of knowledge which must be tested in any case. The two principal ones are penmanship and punctuation. A student, by virtue of a good memory, may make an excellent showing in daily recitations, but be wholly unable to write well and to punctuate properly. Examinations must continue, therefore, for these reasons, to be a test of penmanship and punctuation.

Preparation for an examination, undoubtedly, can be most effective if made in accordance with certain educational principles. These, of course, are as numerous as Ford cars at a chautauqua. I, however, will enumerate only a few of them in a thorough manner.

1. Know your facts. Preparation for examination should begin at the beginning of the course. If you have been wise and prepared yourself bit by bit and day by day, you already know your facts. Anyway, let us suppose that you do not know your facts. How are you going to get them and get them quickly? The answer is that you must cram. Now cramming is thought to be a very, very bad thing. It is considered decidedly poor form! Pedagogues, professors, psychologists, and all the rest are unanimous in their condemnation of it. Do not

let them lead you astray, however, brave college men. Most of them had the reputation of being "mean crammers" in their college heyday. But, as the adage goes, the rouge of maturity changes the complexion of things. Let your shibboleth be: "I must cram and cram and cram, or by the Shades of Ireland I'll flunk the exam."

2. Organize and systematize your facts. This principle of preparation assumes that you have facts. If you have not facts, of course, you should ignore this principle as you would last year's roommate, who took with him the picture of your best girl and the hottest of your tropical ties.

3. Be able to apply what you know. There is a certain virtue in knowledge for its own sake but most professors like to test their students' ability to apply what they know. To know a body of facts and to be able to apply them to problems are two different things. Application is a kind of mental manipulation of facts. It is, in brief, imagination. Thus, in writing your examination, you should use your imagination freely. For example, a practical question will be asked you, such as: "Why does Santa Claus wear long white whiskers?" Hence, in answer to this question, you should immediately start a lengthy discursive discourse on the "need of more and better airplanes for our Army and Navy;" "why France should pay her war debt to this country;" "will the World Court?"; "the advisability of disassembling Rolls-Royces for the purpose of converting them into ditch-diggers;" and on other questions of the same vital importance to the American people. This, in fine, is what is meant by using your imagination freely in an examination.

4. Find out all you can about the examination. We pass now to principles of a more practical nature. It is entirely legitimate and honest to collect all previous ex-

amination papers and study the questions. Do not be misled, however. Do not assume that the questions of last year will be asked again this year in the same order. It is very likely that the professor will change the questions around; making number one of last year number seven this year and so on. Be ready for him; do not permit him to hoodwink you by resorting to this stratagem. Be wary! Be resourceful! If you cannot obtain questions of the previous year or of previous years, do not hesitate to ask the professor to tell you the questions he is going to ask in the examination;—this advice, I know, is needless to most of you. If he is just and fair—as most professors are—he will tell you. Some professors will even go so far as to assist you in jotting the questions down.

5. Study your professor. A knowledge of his personal hobbies and idiosyncrasies may stand you in good stead. Do not fail to ask him what his favorite brand of cigar or cigaret is; then, inform him that his brand is also your favorite and proceed to borrow one from him. Query him as to which shoe he puts on first; interrogate him, too, as to whether he ties or knots his shoestrings. Ask him who ties his bow tie for him. Question him as to his favorite kind of washing soap. Accompany him on long walks. Whenever you pass an ice-cream emporium invariably remark: "What kind of sundae do you like best?" After receiving his reply, break the news gently to him that you, too, like that sundae best among the myriad kinds of sundaes; in fact, you were just then going to buy two of them, one for yourself and one for him, and had been deterred only because you had not a cent on your person;—he may doubt this last statement.

6. Physical preparation. Never go to an examination when you are tired. Call the professor on the telephone; inform him that you will be unable to attend his examination because of a feeling of fatigue. If you have not the price of a telephone call, send the professor a note of apology, in the care of a classmate, worded like the following:

Professor Hoozis,
University of Nowear.
Dear old bean,

It grieves me to tell you that I will be unable to appear this afternoon to take the prescribed examination. I am fatigued physically; my brain action is dulled and slowed up as a result of indulging in an all-night session with the text-book of your course. I hope that you shall be able to go on with the examination despite my absence.

Very affectionately yours,
Ima Donothing.

On the night before an examination retire early. Get all the rest you can. If your examination is scheduled for the afternoon, and you have been accustomed to take "beauty sleeps" in the afternoon, rest all afternoon. Then, too, let the two or three hours before and during an examination be filled with play of some sort.

During the examination keep physically fit. Take plenty of exercise. Extend your arms and stretch your neck; give your back muscles sufficient work to keep them from falling into desuetude.

Finally, do not worry. Do not brood over the examination. Always bear in mind that, if nothing else appeals to you, you have the alternative of attending the examination. In truth, I would advise you to go to the examination if nothing else appeals to you.

In conclusion, sometime before the examination make a list of all the things you are going to need. Here are some of the things to remember:

1. Fill your fountain pen, whether you intend to use it or not. It is decidedly good form to fill your fountain pen. It gives you confidence; no matter how empty you are of ideas, you at least know that your fountain pen is filled to capacity.

2. Take only small ponies to the examination room. Large ponies lose their effectiveness in that they are easily discernible to the vigilant examiner.

3. Be sure, if you bring a notebook along with you to the examination room, that it is the right one.

CAUTION!!!

In the examination room, never look back of you or across from you,—if there is someone sitting in front of you.

The Heroism Of Death

MARS C. DOVEY, '26

LAST year, at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, I was riding homeward on the Broadway Limited. The porter was bustling around preparatory to making up the berths and I strolled to the club car to enjoy a quiet pipe before retiring. There had been a particularly gruesome accident on the line but a few days previous and it was the prevailing topic of conversation. Two elderly gentlemen at my left had entered into a heated discussion concerning it. Just as they attracted my attention the one nearest to me quoted, from Macaulay I believe, "To every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late." Then, quite pleased with himself, he made a long discourse upon the subject. The kernel of his argument was, that as the commonplace is never heroic, and as death is one of the few things common to all of us, then death can never be heroic. Directly across the aisle from me, quizzically regarding the old gentleman, sat a young man who had been quietly reading when I had entered the car. I glanced at the book in his hand, "Deaths of the Martyrs," and instantly I understood the meaning of his upraised eyebrows. They seemed to be questioning, "Is death so prosaic?"

Whenever I hear someone mention the subject of death I see again those quizzical eyebrows, and hear again the statement that death is unheroic. That death could never be heroic would be one of the greatest tragedies of human life. We live but to die, to die and be judged; and surely that last awful moment must call for courage and fortitude. That final pause just before one slips into the cold and darkness, that sensation of which Newman writes, "'Tis this new feeling, never felt before," can rarely present itself without being accompanied by some dread fear. And if that moment is met with a firm and steadfast heart are we to snap our fingers and say it is nothing? Every great moment and every stupendous change in the life of a man takes

on the atmosphere and the flavor of the heroic—and death, the greatest change of all, is no exception. Even to that man who has lived a good and peaceful life and is thus sure that he goes but to his reward, there must be, at the final parting, a doubt if things will be as he expects them. Suppose that his acts be not judged as good, suppose that he is going into a life of everlasting punishment—there is always that dreadful suppose. And if, in the face of that doubt, he tells himself that come what will he is ready, then surely he is a hero. Every man must, at some time in his life, be afforded the chance to display his valour, and though it be delayed throughout his life, the opportunity will be presented at the moment of death.

I must confess that I have no sympathy for those people who needlessly offer a dare to death. Theirs is not bravery but mere foolhardiness. They too, may have a smile upon their lips, but it is not the smile of resignation, rather the smirk of ignorance. They do not comprehend the gravity of the matter; they should better be condemned than lauded. Nor can I admire the man, who after a life of evil, faces death with the idea that it is but the finish, a sleep and nothing else. His is but the assumed air of a false bravado. To die heroically one must have an understanding of death, a realization and a belief in another world, and a comprehension of the serious nature of both. When, possessed of this knowledge, a man can stand in the fearful presence of death, he is truly a hero of the highest and finest type.

There is a class of people who maintain that death is something to be desired, that it is sweet and restful. Longfellow, in referring to death as "the consoler" perhaps presents the best interpretation of this belief. It is quite true that when one dies he is freed of many of the cares and trials of this world, but a man dying with this belief always runs the chance of playing the

coward. If life is sour and death is sweet, the man who looks forward to the end of life could never be heroic. He merely wishes to flee from that which he has not the courage to withstand. But the majority of people do not view death in this light; they see it better as expressed by Joyce Kilmer in his charming poem "Rouge Boquet":

*"Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime."*

This, then, is the popular conception, although it be a material one. The most of us would rather have the bird in the hand than the two in the bush; we prefer the known pleasures of this world to our hazy understanding of those in the next. And if, aware of the present pleasures, we yet prepare to face our doubtful conceptions of the others, then truly we are heroic.

*"I have a rendezvous with Death
.
.
.
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."*

In these lines Alan Seeger has expressed one of the greatest truths of life: that it must always end, that death is ever in the background. Knowing that this is true, how are we to face our final end, as cowards or as heroes? Surely it is better to meet death bravely, to die a hero's death. Browning tells us that our foe "Arch Fear" stands at the portal, and that there is a battle to fight before the guerdon is won. He adds that he would love best to face it as a fighter, "For suddenly the worst turns the best to the brave," and then there is peace and rest with God. This is the hero's death, and he will be prepared to meet it, if he remembers that:

*"Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years."*

If we but remember those quizzical eyebrows, we can never forget that death is best and beautiful when it is heroic. When viewed in such a light it will never be common, but rather will shine for each of us with individual glory.

THE BAD MAN AND THE WITCH

For long years they met life
In a lonely cabin on the Hill.
Each night I watched the light
As from the lamp it leapt.
No one knew much about them
Save that they were queer.
Mothers warned their children
Of the Bad Man and the Witch
In the Cabin on the Hill.
Last night there was no light
And so I wondered why it was
Quiet in the houses around the Hill.
John Tucker found the two of them
Dead—side by side—with a picture
Between them of a fairy boy
Who was their child.

—JAMES F. DWYER, '26

The Fairy of The Fountain

FREDERIC HENEGHAN, C.S.C., '26

IT was mid-afternoon of a tropically warm June day, and the intense muggy heat had wearied and exasperated all New York. But the tireddest and angriest mortal of the city's millions was Horace Stimson Barnes. For seven days of ten hours each he had tramped the streets in search of a job; and for the last two of those seven he had been afraid to go home. How could he face her? How could he tell her of his failure? It seemed that his talent was not marketable. The papers did not like his stuff, and—well everything was so hopeless. Heaven forbid that Horace Stimson Barnes should ever stoop to set type as one blunt editor had the vulgarity to suggest. The very thought of such a thing made his blood boil: he would have vented his anger in appropriate profanity but that was not a habit of his, and he did not have words picturesque enough, he thought, to express himself adequately. And the thought would come that the world did not understand him. If it only knew of his dreams, his plans, his flights of fancy, it would not only sit up and take notice,—it would fawn in adulation at his feet. But how would it ever know, when crusty, mercenary editors refused to give him a chance?

"Hey! get off the grass." This blatant order precipitately aroused Horace from his revery. When he reached earth once more he spied behind him a burly, red-jowled policeman, who scowled menacingly in his direction. He realized then that he was in Central Park, treading on forbidden sward; hastily he made his way to the cinder path and walked on. A white stone fountain playing in a shaded corner fixed his wandering gaze and drew him toward its inviting coolness. There, he flung himself dejectedly upon one of those green-painted, stiff-backed benches which thoughtful park officials always provide for the comfort of stupid loafers and mooning lovers. It was close beside the fountain; and the spurting, gushing, hissing water held his dull, pained eyes

like the mystic moving of a hypnotist's hands. The fountain represented (somewhat grotesquely) hoary-bearded Neptune astride a sea-lion, blowing his wreathed horn and clasping with his free arm a struggling nymph. Anguish and terror were stamped in the nereid's eyes as she strove with all her waning strength to break the clutch of the vicious old man. Her plight aroused all of Horace's pity; he wondered what had been the outcome of that struggle between weakness and brute force, lust and virtue. The possibilities fired his imagination, and he straightway fell to dreaming how he might have saved her.

As he gazed steadily at the fountain and watched the crystal streams leaping from their hidden springs and falling into the wide basin below, the waters slowly parted, and there appeared first the head, then the shoulders, then the figure of the most strikingly beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was tall, willowy, and of exquisite form. She wore a long flowing tunic of white satin, with full wide sleeves; a cincture of silken cord; and a cloak of richest crimson silk, clasped on her breast by a golden brooch and folded back on her shoulders. Her black hair, of a more than natural richness and abundance, fell free and unrestrained down her back; a band of golden cloth kept it from her eyes, and was the only ornament she wore.

This vision of loveliness fascinated the dream-haunted man on the bench: he started to his feet, impelled by the magnetism of the woman's beauty, and gazed at her with awe and delight struggling for mastery in his eyes. She turned her face toward him and smiled; he started, breathed heavily, but did not move from his position: she smiled again, but this smile broke into a ringing laugh at his stupidity or fearfulness, and she beckoned him to approach. He stumbled toward her in a dazed way, his limbs numb and shackled with the unreality of it all.

"Dear friend," she said softly, "I need you. Will you leave this drab world, this hot earth, and come with me to a more beautiful, happier land? Will you come and help me? Oh, I have need of your strength and courage. Will you come?" Her marble-white shapely arms stretched out to him entreatingly; and her eyes, mutely appealing, besought him to consent.

In vain did his lips try to form the word; but so eagerly and intently did she watch for it that she did not wait to hear it spoken. "You will," she exclaimed joyously, and laughed happily again. "Now put this around you and come with me."

She gave him her crimson cloak; and when he had thrown it about his shoulders he stepped into the water. She held out her hand to him; he took it in both of his, feasting his eyes the while upon her face. In a low whisper she breathed to him, "Do not fear. Hold tight to my hand and keep the robe around you."

Thereupon she made three circles in the air with her golden wand; he saw the fountain open beneath their feet and felt himself sinking slowly down,—down, down—until he lost all sense of distance. Still his fairy guide clasped his hand and he was reassured, though he could scarcely discern her form at his side. At last they entered a region of light and touched upon solid ground. He saw that they were standing in a wide court that was flanked on three sides by a graceful colonnade; before them rose an immense palace, an architectural gem, builded of coral and multicolored stones, set deep in a dense gloomy wood of gigantic ferns.

"That is mine," she said, pointing, "my palace. I am queen of this realm, but a brutal tyrant has driven me away and imprisoned all my nymphs and boys until I shall consent to marry him." Oh, he is hateful! You, dearest friend," she concluded pleadingly, "must save me from him."

In answer to the question in her eyes he bent over the hand he still held and pressed it to his lips.

"He may come at any moment," she began again in a somewhat agitated man-

ner. "But this will protect you from all harm as long as you keep it on,—oh, do not, for your own sake, for love of me, let him tear it from you. Quick! take my wand for your sword. There he comes."

Looking where she directed, he saw coming across the court toward them a brutish, leering, thick-set dwarf with preposterously long arms swinging wildly with each shuffling step. He carried a short sword which he brandished derisively when he saw that they were watching him.

"For me, dearest, for me," she whispered. Fired by her words Horace sprang forward to meet his hideous opponent. The dwarf attacked fiercely, but his sword could not pierce the crimson silk. His rage at this made him heedless of his guard, and Horace, summoned all his strength, drove the point of the wand deep into his armpit.

Immediately pandemonium reigned: hundreds of fair-haired boys and nymphs streamed out from the palace doors, laughing and shouting with complete abandon. Horace was amazed. He looked inquiringly toward the princess, who now hastened to his side.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?" she cried raptuously. "You have saved me and all my dear ones from that hateful beast. Oh, my hero!" Impulsively she flung her arms around his neck and hung there sobbing for very joy upon his breast. And Horace was content.

But—ye gods!—What was this? This fiend, this horror of a woman had unclasped the crimson cloak and snatched it off. He choked; clutched at his throat—amid the rush of waters he heard the mocking laugh of the fairy—he felt himself going, going—going.

"You lazy brute! Get up!"

Horace took a deep breath and opened his eyes: he lay sprawled on the curb beside the fountain,—above him towered his wife roundly berating him, stemming her flow of abuse only long enough to dash another cupful of water into his face.

"Get up, you brute," she insisted, "and come home." Horace went.

Poor chap, with the soul of a poet—mismatched. What a theme for Ibsen!

Will and I

JACK MULLEN, '28

MY mind is forever watching for a chance to sneak off on little excursions of its own. It will leave quite without warning, and without giving notice of an early return. It cannot stick to the concrete pavements. Unless carefully watched, it will explore all the little by-paths leading off on either side. Sometimes it discovers beautiful valleys, or climbs loftly mountain peaks, but it is often begged in treacherous swamps.

In order to discourage as much as possible its proclivities for wandering I employ a private detective whom I call Will. Will has been highly recommended by all my teachers, prefects, pastors, and other monitors from my earliest years to the present, but I must say that he hardly fulfills their rather sanguine expectations. He is a very dutiful fellow, of course. He really means well, too, I think. It takes something more than meaning well, however, to keep my mind in check.

When I make the discovery that my mind has stolen away again, I send Will out to bring it back. He always leaves with great expectations. Sometimes my mind comes back without a struggle, but usually it puts up a terrific battle. Will is big and strong, but he is no match for my mind in agility. His strength is useless until he has caught my mind, and catching it is a very difficult procedure. It will leap nimbly from mountain peak to mountain peak, while poor Will must descend to the intervening valley and climb laboriously to the top of the next peak only to find, usually, that his quarry has leaped another chasm and escaped again. When Will finally does succeed, my mind is in for a tongue lashing, if not for an out-and-out beating. Will is inclined to be vindictive. If, on the other hand, he fails after a long chase, he will come back with a mournful expression which mutely begs for sympathy. I pat him on the back and then, feeling that there is no use in further struggling when Will has failed, proceed to

allow my mind a little enjoyment.

Punishment, I regret to say, has little effect on my mind. It refuses to learn by experience. It will begin a wandering tour on the slightest provocation; sometimes for no apparent reason whatsoever—always first glancing at Will, of course, to see that he is not looking. There are certain occasions, however, when it invariably attempts to escape. I have come to the point where I can usually predict its next excursion, and whether or not it will be successful.

Will has to be particularly watchful when music is being played. Let an orchestra render the first five bars of "the Waters of the Minnetonka," and away goes my mind, usually to the pine-clad shores of some lake where there is a fragrance in the air that is never found in cities. Supposing, however, the piece be one of Grieg's tragic and awesome melodies. Then Will need never worry about chasing my mind. It cringes in a corner, whines a little, perhaps, and wonders if anything is really worth while except soul-filling sound.

On such occasions neither Will nor I make any attempt to restrain my mind. It possesses the strange faculty of becoming an integral part of the music, and of floating off through space with it, in ecstasies of painful pleasure. Sometimes it looks back at me and wonders at my rapt expression. Will has found resistance to be futile. He can only control the wanderings to the same extent as he can control the music that I hear.

There are other occasions when my mind tugs valiantly at the leash; when I listen to a lecture, for example. Before a lecture, I repeatedly warn my mind against the loss of marks which will result from such failure. It is full of good intentions, of course. This time it will not wander once! It will pay attention until the last bell, and even afterward, if the professor should continue. I warn it against such a rash promise. No, this time it is sure. Everything goes well

for at least ten minutes, possibly even for fifteen; but then, good resolutions to the contrary notwithstanding, my mind leaves the class-room entirely, and more than likely I will find it out on the gridiron, running eighty yards for a touch-down in the last second of play, or sinking a basket with the score 21 to 20, opponents' favor. Will usually has the disagreeable job of dragging it back to the prosaic class-room.

There is one class of human beings whom I certainly envy. They have their pictures in some of the popular magazines under such captions as, "He Went to School to Learn and Came Away to Laugh;" or "He Was a Failure at 99; Now, at 105, He Heads the biggest Hatpin Corporation in the Country." These men have invariably been great successes. They have made

money. I imagine that their private detectives, called Will, are veritable Elmo Lincolns in size and ferocity, and Charley Paddocks in speed; perfectly able, I suppose, to cope with any weak attempts to wander that their minds might make. I have a secret idea that their Wills push their minds around in wheel-chairs. This is one of those things, however, which one does not say aloud, for one can easily slip from mere jocosity into disrespect for our great financiers—a disrespect that could be born of nothing but envy.

When I contemplate the vast success of these men, I cannot but feel a pang. I can comfort myself only with the thought that a mind in a wheel-chair, with a giant Will nearby, might find it very difficult to climb mountains.

CAUSE OF OUR JOY

Hail, holy sentinel,
 Above the turrets of our happy town,
 From wind-swept heights thy mother love
 floats down—
 Thou watchest well.
 Strong guardian, Heavenly queen,
 As we walk gaily under laughing skies,
 No foes can harm, nor any fear surprise—
 Thy love, a shield between.
 Lady, whose star-lit brow
 Illumes the farthest distance of our ways,
 Haunt still our hearts through all the com-
 ing days—
 Eternally as now.

—FRANK CONNOLLY, '29.

SPORT NEWS

GOLD BEATS BLUE

Two teams, called the Gold and the Blue, composed of mixed varsity and freshmen track material staged an interesting dual meet last Saturday afternoon. Gold was at par on that day and the boys wearing the blue went down in defeat, 80 to 52.

The feature of the meet was Captain Paul Harrington's pole vaulting. The old gym record of 12 feet 5 inches was smashed when the Notre Dame leader cleared the bar at 12 feet 9 3-4 inches. Paul is expected to better thirteen feet before the season ends. Last year Harrington attended the Penn Relays as Notre Dame's only representative and carried off the traditional first place.

Elder, the flashy Freshman, again proved that he was capable of upholding the honors of his class, by taking two first places, one in the broad jump and the other in the 60 yard dash. This young gentleman should burn things up when he gets into a varsity uniform next season.

Joe Boland showed considerable improvement in the weight event. He put the 16 pound pellet for a distance of 42 feet 10 1/2 inches, which is good for a first in practically all dual meets.

"Red" Lahey, star of last year's freshman squad, took first in the quarter mile in 54.2 seconds. Lahey once starred at the Stagg Interscholastic in Chicago and is expected to become a consistent point winner for Notre Dame.

Other men showing up well were: Masterson and Nulty in the half mile; Carey in the high jump; Dolmage in the two mile and Della Maria in the dashes.

Coaches Wendland and Lieb can now formulate an idea of the material on hand and

chose a team to represent Notre Dame at the dual meet with Northwestern, to-morrow afternoon. So far this year Notre Dame has kept a clean slate with the Purple, defeating their football, cross country and basket ball teams. The visitors will bring a strong squad and the meet will be a real test for the Notre Dame team.

The following is the result of Gold and Blue meet:

60-yard dash—Elder, first, Blue; Della Maria, second, Gold; Rourke, third, Gold; Goulet, fourth, Gold. Time :6:5.

220-yard dash—Della Maria, first, Gold; Burton, second, Blue; O'Bryan, third, Gold; Noon, fourth, Blue. Time, :25.2.

60-yard low hurdles—Stace, first, Gold; Barron, second, Gold; Elder, third, Blue; Walsh, fourth, Blue. Time :7:5.

High jump—Carey, first, Gold, 5 feet 8 inches; Doan, second, Gold; Van Murrick, third, Blue.

880-yard run—Masterson, first, Gold; Nulty, second, Blue; M. Ryan, third, Gold; H. Ryan, fourth, Blue. Time 2:02.

Broad jump—Elder, first, Blue. 20 feet 9 in.; Carey, second, Gold; McDonald, third, Gold.

60-yard high hurdles—Barron, first, Gold; Griffin, second, Blue; Stace, third, Gold; Tobin, fourth, Blue. Time :8:3.

Pole vault—Harrington, first, Gold, 12 feet 9 3-4 inches; Carey, Gold, and Hammill, Blue, tie for second place; Boc, fourth, Blue.

Two-mile—Dolmage, first, Gold; P. Collins, second, Gold; Brown, Blue, third; Vatchulis, fourth, Blue. Time 10:23:8.

Shot put—Boland, first, Gold, 42 feet 10 1-2 in.; Bachman, second, Blue; Veada, third, Gold; Moes, fourth, Gold.

One mile—Young, first, Gold; R. Collins, second, Blue; Phalin, third, Blue; Griffin, fourth, Gold. Time 4:47.4.

440-yard dash—Lahey, first, Blue; Coughlin, second, Blue; McDonald, third, Gold; Prelli, fourth, Gold. Time :54.2.

CITY COLLEGE MAULED 24-17

In that city which has done so much toward placing the vanishing pedestrian in the same class as saxophone players, popular song writers and stunt aviators as insurance risks, they boast of speed, and plenty of it, if we are to believe the Chamber of Commerce of that locality (and who does not have implicit faith in such bodies?). But it remained for Captain Vince McNally and his squad of drapery disturbers to give the natives an exhibition of real speed as they bumped Detroit City College to the extent of a 24 to 17 killing.

The folk from the temple of tin and the genesis of the rattle decided that the Fighting Irish aggregation was more than a big noise, as the Keoganites slid into high and uncovered an offense that had more brilliance than one of Ford's Dearborn locomotives. The game was one of the fastest exhibitions of the hardwood supremacy seen in that city in many a day. The Gold and Blue quintet worked the ball down the floor time after time with all the ease of putting a dent in a fender of a new Universal car. The Michigan lads seemed unable to fathom the formations drawn from the trick bag and Notre Dame had many chances to score from choice positions. The fact that most of these resulted in no net profit for the visiting squad speaks for itself in regard to the Irish marksmanship. Had the Celt combine showed a little greater facility in tickling the inner edges of the lace the score would have mounted to a much higher figure.

The score as it stood when the curtain was run down really does not do Keogan's men justice. Their fast passing attack was working perfectly and they had their hosts baffled completely. Notre Dame held the edge throughout the entire contest, completely outplayed their opponents and only for erratic connectings with the alluring iron hoop would have scored a walk-away.

Crowe's long distance shot featured the first half in which the Irish counted on five baskets from actual battle and four donated tosses. This brought the Notre Dame total

for the first half to 14 points as compared with the 8 annexed by City College.

At the end of the lecture period the Detroit lads came back fighting with a vengeance and as result of a "clamp down" guarding game were able to make Celt scoring less frequent. During this frame the Hibernians collected another fourteen tallies while their opponents chalked up some ten counts on the score board. About this stage of the game Robbins, before whose name they place Captain up at Detroit, decided that our own Clem Crowe was receiving too many plaudits so he dropped back and tried a long heave at the network. The result was the same as when Clem had scored and the sideliners added two more points to the City College assortment. Throughout the entire game the Keoganites were never threatened. Their rifle-pass was working to perfection.

In keeping with past records Johnny Nyikos proved to be the individual star of the set-to. Johnnie collected some three field and three foul goals in the playing periods. "Bucky" Dahman and Clem Crowe locked horns for second scoring honors. Each added five points to the teams total by snagging two field baskets and one free toss. Vince McNally's great floor game was an important factor in his team's success. Ley substituting for McNally looked mighty good as did Johnnie Victoryn who seemed out to prove that good things often come in small packages. It almost goes without saying that the opposing forwards will remember Conroy for some time to come as that worthy individual was pulling them off the blackboard in true Conroy style. For Detroit City College, Bortle, left forward, was the high-point man with six points to his credit. Captain Robbins was his co-star.

SUMMARY

Notre Dame (24)	G	F	P
Crowe, lf	2	1	5
McNally, rf	0	1	1
Nyikos, c	3	3	9
Conroy, lg	0	2	2
Dahman, rg	2	1	5
Ley, rf	1	0	2
Victoryn, rf.	0	0	0
Totals	8	8	24

City College (17)	G	F	P
Bortle, lf	2	2	6
Schechter, rf	1	0	2
Gunn, c	0	5	5
Robbins, rg	1	1	3
Sabow, lg	0	1	1
Totals	4	9	17

Referee: Cleary (DePauw); Umpire: Wimberly (W. and J.)

DEFEAT U. OF D.

Like a Packard straight eight passing a Ford four-in-a-row, the Blue and Gold ramb-
lers left the University of Detroit quintet



NYIKOS

trailing far behind as it took the checkered flag with a 31 to 14 count Friday evening. The game was rather slow and belonged to the Fenian five from the start. It was not until the second half began that the Irish passing attack really got well under way and the South Bend crew was able to score almost at will.

The point-gathering process was inaugurated by Captain McNally who loped one in from a difficult angle. He followed up this advantage with another scorer from the floor before Detroit scored. The scoring was not frequent and the half ended with the Keoganites smiling as the scoreboard read nine-to-three in their favor.

At the start of the final period the "Fighting Irish" displayed some of the fine team work that has featured their brilliant attack on the hardwood this season. The pointage came fast with Nyikos and McNally bidding for scoring honors. The dazzling passing offense completely puzzled the Auto City boys as this combination swept down the floor time after time. The Notre Dame defense was functioning well, as Harrigan and Masce, Detroit stars, were kept from getting a chance at slinging any from scrimmage. Detroit scored once in this manner in the first half which speaks for itself. With five minutes left to play Coach

Keogan sent in his whole second squad. These worthies displayed a lot of fight and acquitted themselves very well. When the score books were closed for the evening it was found that Notre Dame had scored 31 points to Detroit University's 14.

The line-up:

Notre Dame		Detroit U.
Crowe	F	Fasce
McNally	F	Trudeau
Nyikos	C	Harrigan
Dahman	G	Jacglowicz
Conroy	G	McIlhardy

Field goals—Nyikos, 3; McNally, 5; Dahman, 1; Conroy, 1; Ley, 1; Harvey, 1; Fasce, 1; Harrigan, 2. Foul Goals—McNally, 2; Nyikos, 2; Conroy, 1; Fasce, 1; Trudeau, 2; Harrigan, 3; McIlhardy, 2.

HOCKEY TEAM WINS

Too much sun turned what threatened to be a fast hockey match into a cross between water polo and a take off on any current "ad" of sunny Florida. The Notre Dame hockey team journeyed to Culver for their annual game with the army boys last Saturday, only to find that the sun had beat them to it and the once glassy rink was nothing more than a pool of slush. Activities were then moved to the lake but by the time hostilities got under way the sun which had caused all the trouble in the first place, quit work and after 15 minutes of play the game was called on account of darkness. The Irish succeeded in making three goals while they kept Culver's scoring down to a single marker.

McSorley at center proved the bright star in the Irish offense, scoring two goals and threatening continually. The other Notre Dame score was made by Captain Timmins who played a steady game at defense. Smith was the big factor in keeping the Soldiers' score down. Boeringer at right defense also played a great game. The line up:

McSorley—Center.
Martin—right wing.
Hickock—left wing.
Timmens—left defense.
Boeringer—right defense.
R. Smith—goal.

Substitutions: Stadel, Holland, Brenan.

BOXERS LOSE OPENER

With a slap and a bang, the Fighting Irish started off on their season last Friday evening when they clashed with the hardy agrarians of Kansas State. Although the slugging Springerites were unable to cop the meet they performed very creditably considering the short time they had been training for the function. After the team has been definitely picked and final preparations have been completed, we predict the fightingest season ever.

Charlie Springer, captain and coach of the green trunk brigade, started the ball rolling by meeting in combat one Herb Towles. The question argued was the supremacy of the light-heavyweight class. After a slow first round, the men warmed up a bit and showed considerable science and prowess. At the end of the three rounds, it was decided by the judges that the skill of the gentleman from Kansas exceeded that of him from Notre Dame.

In the next frame, Guy Loranger clashed with Oliver Waldron in the bantam section. In the matter of reach and height, the man from the state of the tall corn had a decided advantage over Loranger, and was able to use this advantage well. After a few minutes of prodigious slugging, the towel had to be thrown in, and the bout was awarded to Waldron.

But the worm had to turn sometime; and to Spike McAdams, who happened to be next on the program, sometime meant now. This was another of those David and Goliath and, believe us, that was one time when we wanted to be Jewish, Klan or no Klan. For David McAdams rather mutilated Goliath (otherwise Bill) Baily. Lest there be misapprehensions, both were featherweights.

That made one to two (no, we don't stutter), so Jimmy Moran, who was scheduled to do his lightweight act next on the bill thought it behooved him to even up matters. Bill Hendrick whose lot it was to be evened up, and down, at times resembled the German national fruit in his pretzel-like endeavors to reach the speedy and clever Gael who attacked him from all sides

at once. It appeared that Moran clearly outclassed his opponent but the judges decided that it was a draw at the end of the third round and ordered another. However, it was only the case of having to wait longer for victory.

In the welterweight division Carl Holzel gave Cyril Defevre—no, no, wait a minute, what we meant to say was that the Westerner had to step some to carry away this bout. It was superior science and the ability to dodge Defevre's powerful blows that enabled Holzel to gain the decision.

And then forth came the Apollonian Pat Canny who did slug valiantly to fetch victory to the standards of the Irish in the middle-weight contest. Several times it appeared that Tom Hayes who strove mightily for the Farmers would wilt under the rain of blows that the wily Celt showered upon him but he managed to endure until the bout ended. Needless to say, Pat was given the decision.

No doubt you've all heard of the traditional democracy of Notre Dame and it explains, perhaps, why "Bob" LaFollette did not fare better. There is another reason, however, that was of great weight (about 225 we would say) whose name was Zor Pierson. The big boy proved too much for "Bob" and the second round had not progressed far until the great radical was outvoted by a majority of ten.

The refereeing of all the bouts was done by one Captain Myers, who instructs the Culver lads in the gentle art of beating up on one's neighbor. This institution also furnished the judges, Major Grant and Captain Thessell.

INTERHALL STANDINGS

	W.	L.	Pct.
Brownson	2	0	1.000
Carroll	2	0	1.000
Sorin	2	0	1.000
Day Dogs	1	1	.500
Badin	1	1	.500
Walsh	1	1	.500
Corby	0	2	.000
Sophomore	0	1	.000
Freshman	0	2	.000
Howard	0	1	.000

FROSH WIN, 35-21

Five Celtic Freshmen, delicately schooled in the popular art of sinking them in the netting, traveled Michiganward last Saturday night and showed the Battle Creek college outfit how to lose a game. The final score was 35 to 21.

Had the Michigan lads been defeated before, the taste would not have been so bad, but they won four straight, and the setback was a big glass of hemlock to down in one gulp.

The Notre Dame outfit began its scoring activities soon after the fray had started and, except for a few minutes at the start, was not headed. At the end of the half the count was 15 to 10 with the frosh in the lead. During the second half the Irish pulled away and had things so well sewed at the end of the third quarter that Coach Eaton swung his second team into the melee. The second-stringers showed with dispatch that they could sketch a mean picture on the cage canvas.

Eaton's lads displayed a steady drive throughout the game and not only worked the ball down the floor proficiently but turned a majority of their shots into fielders. Newbold, freshman left forward, sunk five baskets during the evening's entertainment. Beller and Johnny Dundore, Battle Creek's star scoring combination, met a Nemesis in the persons of Moynihan and Bray, who did the defensive work for the young Celts.

As the Battle Creek Enquirer aptly remarked, "At times it seemed as though Notre Dame had ten men on the floor, so fast did they team up on Battle Creek's guards."

Notre Dame Frosh (35)	FG	P	FG	TP
Hughes, rf	3	0	0	6
Crowe, rf	1	0	0	2
Newbold, lf.	5	1	0	10
Nolan, lf.	1	0	0	2
Colrick, c.	3	2	0	6
Vogelwede, c.	0	0	0	0
Monyhan, rg.	1	2	0	2
Kizer, rg.	0	0	0	0
Bray, lg.	1	2	5	7
Niemiec, lg.	0	0	0	0
Totals	15	5	5	35

Battle Creek (21)

Beller, rf.	3	0	2	8
Calkins, rf.	0	0	0	0
Rands, lf.	1	3	1	3
Thunder, c.	0	1	0	0
Riede, c.	0	0	0	0
Dundore, rg.	3	2	3	9
Bevier, lg.	0	2	1	1
Thoma, lg.	0	1	0	0
Totals	7	9	7	21

Referee—Flannery, Western State Normal.

INTERHALL BASKETEERS TANGLE

The interhall basket-maker's league seemingly has a few workmen of the highest order this year. The second round got under way last Sunday with the Day Dogs, Freshmen, and Sophomores taking the count due to the assiduous efforts of the Sorin, Badin, and Brownson loop-finders. Three teams remain undefeated: Sorin, Brownson and Carroll.

BROWNSON 28—SOPHOMORE 20.

The tentmen defeated the Sophomore Hall outfit mostly because of their superior reserve strength. The pasteboard delegation had the Brownsonites bettered in the first half but the dorm quintet made way for double quick time in the final period to win 28 to 20. This was the second successful showing of Brownson; the boys from the east lobby of the Main Building defeated Corby Hall last week.

SORIN 36—DAY DODGERS 15

The leatherteers of Sorin marked the winning ability of the Day Dogs and upset the interhall hope bucket by chalking up 36 points to their opponent's 15. Edwards and Crowley were again the most efficient of the Sorin goal men and were largely responsible for the lopsided score.

BADIN 22—FRESHMAN 1

The goal-gatherers of Badin completely snowed under the Frosh, piling up 22 points while their opponents had to be content with 1. Neither team showed much ability

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.*

to locate the loop and the game was very ragged throughout. Griffin of Badin was the only player of either outfit to manifest an eye for the basket, totaling over half of the points for his team.

WALSH 16—CORBY 7

Although the final score favored Corby, Walsh was awarded the decision by a 16-7 vote when it was found that Corby had made illegal substitutions in the second half of the game. Because of this, the score was set back to the point preceeding the illegality.

CARROLL 33—HOWARD 9

Pelot of Howard was the biggest obstacle that the leather wrestlers of Carroll had to face to defeat the Howardites. The furious Carroll assault seemingly blinded Howard and they marched away with the largest number of baskets for the evening. Griffin was the best of the drapery artists for Carroll.

TANK RECORDS FALL

On Thursday, January 14, the 1926 swimming season was launched with one of the loudest bangs heard in these parts in some time. The scene of the christening was the Notre Dame natatorium. The event the annual varsity-freshman swim. After the last splash had been splashed and the scorer had put away his pencil, it was found that out of the seven events held, five records had been broken and two more tied.

The special 160 yard relay was the first record to go by the boards. The time for this event, 1:19:2, clipped practically four seconds off the old record. But this was merely an indication of what was to follow. In the next event, the 40-yard free style, Cronin, a first year man, tied the old record when he swam the distance in 19:1. This was quickly followed by the 100 yard backstroke in which McMahon, also a Freshman, covered the distance in 1:21:4. The old record was 1:25:3. Figures speak for themselves.

In an evening filled with highlights Mc-

John Ward
Men's Shoes
INCORPORATED — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

\$9

On Display by
Mr. R. E. McDermond

Friday and Saturday
January 29 and 30
at Oliver Hotel

\$7

John Ward
Men's Shoes
INCORPORATED — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Stores in New York, Brooklyn, Newark
and Philadelphia Address for Mail
Orders, 191 Hudson St., New York City

Caffery of last year's varsity and diver par excellence, proved the brightest spot of all. Practically every time Mac got his feet wet a record tumbled off the shelf. Swimming alone in the 100 yard free style, he paddled two and six-tenths seconds faster than the old time. But it was in an exhibition 220-free-style that McCaffery went wild. The old record was 2:39:4. From this time he took six and one-tenth seconds, swimming the distance in 2:33:3.

Jerry Rhodes, captain and coach of the squad, showed he is his same speedy self. In an exhibition 100-yard breaststroke he equalled his old record of 1:16. The outcome of the meet is enough to show that Jerry has been putting in some hard work on his men. Three Freshmen show up particularly well.

SUMMARY

Special 160 yard relay—Varsity. Time 1:19:2 (Old time 1:23:1)

40-yards free style—Cronin, first; Brykczynski, second. Time 19:1. (Old time 19:1)

100-yard backstroke—McMahon, first; Beck, second; McLaughlin, third. Time 1:21:4. (Old time 1:25:3)

220-yard free style—Hudson, first; Fritch, second. Time 2:46:1. (Old time 2:39:4)

100-yard Breaststroke—Daniels, first; McKiernan, second. Time 1:19:1. (Old time 1:16)

100-yard free style—McCaffery, first. Time 57:4.

300-yard relay—Rhodes, Brykczynski, McLaughlin. Time 3:58.



WRIGLEY'S P.K.
NEW HANDY PACK

*Fits hand ~
pocket and purse*

**More for your money
and the best Peppermint
Chewing Sweet for any money**

**Look for Wrigley's P. K. Handy Pack
on your Dealer's Counter G7**

Established 1887

COSTUMES
RENTED FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Complete Outfitters of College Costume
Plays. No requirements beyond us.
No "Cants" in our Service
Official Costumers to Numerous
Schools and Colleges
thruout the country



NEW YORK COSTUME CO.

Kodak Bldg., 137 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

Smith's Cafeteria

111 EAST JEFFERSON BLVD.

The House of Quality

South Bend's most popular eating
place, where the best of food
is well prepared and
temptingly served

We do all our Baking

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

The Morningside

The Finest Club Residence in Indiana

Private Dining Rooms :: Music Every Evening

Office, Main 0689

Residence { Lin. 9553
Main 1162

DR. EDGAR S. LUCAS
DENTISTRY

DR. ROBERT F. LUCAS
Extracting and Surgery of the Mouth and Jaws
612 J. M. S. BUILDING

**Patronize Only The
Scholastic Advertisers**

THE SAFETY VALVE

MR. GRADY ENTERTAINS

Dear E. S. B.:—

Last week our friend Mr. Lester Grady gathered a goodly company around the festive board, as they say. All the jugglers, sword-swallowers, poets and other oddities of alma mater were present and, my word, it was a gala affair. The ne plus ultra, you may call it, of the social calendar.

Well, when the inner man was satisfied—and it takes considerable to satisfy some people—the ens rationale was feasted on wit, oratory, light wine and beer and two jokes by the host.

The heavy bill was the Trilogy: "Juggler and the State," Mr. Wilbur McElroy; "Juggler and the School," Mr. Walter Layne; "Juggler and the Home," Mr. James Quigley. "Have you ever paused to consider," queried Mr. McElroy, after he had got off to a good start, "how the trend of modern legislation is to curtail our personal liberties?" We have, Mr. McElroy. So you can shut up.

And here Mr. Diebold yawned and begged to be excused as he had to do some research work for the fiction course at 1:10.

Then Mr. Layne took up the second link in the chain, "Juggler and the School." "The men who conduct the "Juggler," said Mr. Layne severely, "are the men who do the research work. Who but the jugglers have to scan the comic sheets, to peruse the funnies, to cull from Irish Wit and Humor in order to furnish the laughs that oil the axletree of the world." [Hear, hear.]

Came on the quartet now and sang "Sweet and Low," as if it were sour and high.

And then the last link, "Juggler and the Home" by Mr. James Quigley. You don't know Mr. Quigley? Ah well, don't die before you do. "Our mission," began Mr. Quigley adjusting his vest, "is to bring cheer to the tired husband after the grime and smudge of the factory, to waft the lingering smile to the worn, sallow-faced, piqued, peevish, weary wife and mother, to set music to the laughter of children and to moisten the lips of sorrow with the nectar of love." You probably think Mr. Quigley aims to represent a Southern constituency in Congress. You are right.

A South Bend issue of the Juggler will appear this month's end featuring the Union Station, the subways, the Notre Dame division of the street car system, the East Side docks and the East Side police force.

The new mayor, Mr. Chester Montgomery, will say editorially that South Bend is the best run town between New Carlisle and Mishawaka and will express his heartfelt thanks to the South Bend Tribune for helping to elect him.

Indoor Golf Course

18 Hole : 5 Driving Nets



Waters Recreation Parlors

919 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

SEASON TICKET, \$5.00

Open all Day and Evening

BOB DUSTIN, Pro.

MAIN 0542 - - - - - LINCOLN 1949

It Won't Be Long Now

A few more days and some of us will be applying for passports back to Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and other Eastern Countries. Its your own darn fault "I told you so." You can't do in a day what the board of Education has outlined to last four and a half months. Let us hope your number is few, but it had to be. Those of you who must go and chance to read this,—should learn a lesson and flee from the wrath to come.

A word or two to we "Pluggers" and "Cribbers" who are fortunate to remain: Indulge in a little mental exercise, think hard and eat LIGHT at the

Varsity Supply Store

SANFORD'S

The Original

FOUNTAIN PEN INK



**ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME**



'Collegiate' Stationery

can now be furnished in two sizes and printed in your College or Fraternity color.

LARGE SIZE NOTE SIZE

100 Sheets 7½x10½ 200 Sheets 6x7

50 Envelopes 3½x7½ 100 Envelopes 3½x6

Sheets are printed in top center with name and address in 3 lines with or without college seal or fraternity crest in upper left corner. Envelopes are printed on flaps with name and address. Paper is high grade 24-lb. Bond. If seal only on large sheets, position is top center; for small sheets upper left corner. Send \$1.00 bill and 14c in stamps, or money order for \$1.14, or personal check for \$1.24. Printing in black, blue, red, purple, green or brown ink. Specify color of ink and size wanted.

Collegiate Stationery Co.
304 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



Men say: "You can't equal Williams"

IT'S the *lather*. Williams Shaving Cream bulks large. It softens all of every hair. It's soothing to sensitive skins; your face responds to its use as to a massage. Large-size tube .35c; double-size 50c, containing twice as much.

A L W A Y S I N S I S T O N W I L L I A M S