

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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CAMPUS SCENES



# THE WEEK

If Harrington had only shaved before he tried to argue himself over thirteen feet of emptiness! Someone made the crack that he pulled the bar off with his nose, but we stick to our claim that his whiskers brushed it loose. Well, there's more height in the universe than has ever been jumped over, and we'll stake the editorial shirt that he makes it before dust gathers on the indoor arena.

And now the semester exams! We make that crack with the same joviality we would use in announcing the advent of a broken leg. "Caesar, we who are about to die salute thee!" The gladiators had nothing much on us, except that they could speak Latin. But their spirit lives, for doesn't the him-male of Notre Dame gird his loins, grab a pen, and approach doom with a *savoir faire* unequalled either in this or in ancient times? Therefore, "Caesar, morituri sunt—and by the way, so's yer old man." Thumbs down!

"Crescendo, agitato, diminuendo, spaghetti, banana oil—" No, we're not approaching senility, but we are afflicted with a species of insanity engendered by the consumption *en masse* of the Italian Salad concocted by the Glee Club and presented *a la carte* in Washington Hall Monday evening. Insanity it is, but it's pleasing insanity—the sort one contracts from over-indulgence in good things. We can't get those terms out of our mind—they run in a steady refrain despite us. Seton Hill *et al* is in for a treat.

We must mention the pucksters—sir, we said nothing connected even remotely with vegetables; we said pucksters. not hucksters—as we were remarking before we interrupted ourselves by inserting two dashes, we must mention the pucksters. Having said so little in so much space, we will proceed to fill more space, after which—well, the hockey team slithered to victory over Marquette Saturday. Afterward, Paul Cast-

ner, rated the greatest hockey player in the Middle West several years ago, and one of Notre Dame's greatest fullbacks, had a half-hour on the rink. Hello, Paul!

Evidently the Men of Monograms are worried. We have a suspicion that the question of the feminine lead has stumped them. Formerly the trouble centered in finding someone to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of they-who-have-usurped masculinity-barring-only-mustachios. But the situation has changed somewhat. According to the latest information, gleaned from chin-music heard in various campus resorts, the difficulty now lies in finding someone who will not take the feminine lead. We hear that the stampede to the ranks of the vanity-case-toters was started by "Red" Smith, and it appears now that a three-cornered battle is waging among the personages of Joe Boland, "Bull" Polisky, and "Tiny" Mayer. It seems that each of these playful lads insists upon being cast as the subject for the final close-up. The Week is non-partisan. We think any one of the three could take the part with equal facility. We demand a histrionic demonstration before we irrevocably cast our vote.

The Varsity Orchestra will come forth February 22—Washington's Birthday, stupid!—from a long period of musical hibernation, and will cause to become audible bars and clefs suitable to the occasion. We are thinking of making a survey to discover, if possible, someone on the campus who isn't musically inclined in one way or another.

Go ahead—ask us! Is Notre Dame in the midst of a musical renaissance? Go ahead—ask us and see if we answer! Well, if you insist, we will answer. No, curious, Notre Dame is not undergoing a musical renaissance—far from it. Why, we remember way back in the good old days when—

Saturday!—J. A. B.

## NAMES BALL COMMITTEES

James A. Ronan of Chicago, a Senior in the College of Arts and Letters and Lecturer of Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus, is to be general chairman of the committees in charge of Senior Ball according to an announcement made by Francis J. Bon, president of the Senior Class this week.

No definite date has so far been set for the Ball; in all probability, however, it will be held early in May at the Palais Royale.

The personnel of the committees which are to work the direction of Mr. Ronan, follows:

Arrangements—John Q. Adams, chairman; William R. Barr, Bernard J. Coughlin, Fredrick F. Herbst, William F. Reardon, Robert Q. Murphy, John J. Wallace.

Decorations—Urban A. Simon, chairman; Oswald G. Geniesse, Arthur C. Hatten, Roger W. Nolan, Antonio P. Roxis, James F. Whelan, Bernard K. Wingerter.

Favors and Programs—Michael E. Murray, chairman; Paul S. Benante, Robert F. Carey, John P. Johnson, Raymond J. Keiser, Edward F. Lynch, Thomas E. Leahy.

Music—Arthur J. Bidwell, chairman; Norbert A. Engels, Joseph J. Hemphling, Joseph C. Hyland, James H. Newman, James K. Stack, Joseph B. Toomey.

Reception—Paul E. Miller, chairman; Joseph E. Broussard, James J. Glynn, John M. McMullen, Joseph B. Shea, John T. Shouse, David P. Stanton.

Publicity—William R. Dooley, chairman; Bert V. Dunne, Keithen L. Roche, John J. Ryan.

Tickets—John O'Hern Touhy, chairman; Edward A. Fallon, John A. Haley, Gerald J. McGinley, Charles A. Mooney, Carlton A. Rogge, Gerald L. Timmins.

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Dr John A. Lapp, director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, addressed the Boy Guidance students at their weekly seminar, Monday, January 25. Dr. Lapp is well known in social service circles, especially in the field of vocational education and guidance.

## REGISTRATION TO-MORROW

Laus Deo! it's all over now till next June, and, saints be serenaded, June is many, weeks removed from hence. Besides, Easter conveniently happens to insinuate itself between now and then. Which leads to the further remarks that Easter is a time of great sorrow and of great rejoicing which closely approximate the sleepless nights and headachy days just done to death.

But,—lest we forget, lest we forget, troubles come not singly but in battalions to plague us. Tomorrow, the upper classmen "completely re-register and enroll in classes, the procedure to be followed being in all respects similar to the registration in September." The initiated know what that means. It means seeing the registrar and getting tagged, like an entrant in a motorcycle race (and at that, the simile is not so far-fetched;), and then joining the pushing throng before the cashier's window, where the long green will be cheerfully received—but not given!—to the tune of the entire semester bill, and where receipts for same will be passed out gratis.

Armed with this open-o-sesame (and we warn you, don't desert the ranks till you get this ticket), the budding registree will amble over to the Library, where other lightfingered people will take sundry data away from him. This same makes up his record and includes most of the black marks on it, such as, place, time, and year of birth, where previously incarcerated, home and local addresses and the like. After that comes the session with the dean or his duly-sworn-in deputies. One usually emerges from these seances limp and despairing, and with one's hopes for the easy courses utterly wilted. One is now registered. After filling out the pack of cards, and after practicing how to flip them to the instructor designated "thereon," the initiated is again free to sleep late mornings and in other ways once more enjoy life.

On Monday the Frosh and other leftovers, such as new, special and graduate students, will be put through the wash, and will then be pegged out to dry.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Glee Club will leave on its annual winter tour Monday morning, February 1. Five concerts will be given on the trip and the Club will return to South Bend Sunday the 7th.

Appearances will be made in Tiffin, Ohio, on February 1; Chillicothe, Ohio, February 2; Pittsburgh, February 3; Connelsville, Pennsylvania, on February 4, and Steubenville, Ohio, February 5. Arthur Haley is the business manager of the Club and has arranged the tour.

The Glee Club gave its first campus concert of the year in Washington Hall, Monday night, January 25. In spite of the impending exams, the Hall was crowded with students and guests from South Bend. The concert was conducted by Dr. J. Lewis Browne, of Chicago, the director of the Club, and Mr. Casasanta, the assistant director.

The program as given in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC was adhered to, and the reception of the numbers by the audience was more than enthusiastic. The feature acts during the intermission were greatly applauded and well-liked. The Club has never sung better at Notre Dame and the concerted numbers were done in delightful style. Anthony Kopecky and Alfred L. Meyers appeared as soloists with the Club.

Coming attractions are announced for Washington Hall and South Bend. The list is as follows:

January 29—Washington Hall movie—"The Lost World" with Wallace Beery.

January 31, week beginning—Oliver Theatre—Rudolph Valentino in "The Eagle" with Louise Dresser.

January 31, week beginning—Orpheum Theatre—Richard Barthelmess in "Just Suppose."

February 6—Washington Hall movie—"Clothes Make the Pirate" with Leon Errol, Dorothy Gish and Nita Naldi.

May 12—Washington Hall—The New York Little Symphony in concert.

The Notre Dame Band will appear in concert at the K. of C. club house in South Bend at 8 p. m. on February 15. A dance

will follow. Details of the concert will be announced in a later issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—A. L. M.

## THE SOUTH BEND JUGGLER

The Funny Fellow spread joy on the campus last night in more generous portions than ever before in his long list of performances. The high standard of the *Juggler* has been raised since the first issue last September and this local number is a fitting mid-year climax.

As the name indicates, this performance treats almost entirely of South Bend. The editorial by Mayor Montgomery is a rare feature in the field of humorous publications. The best stories told by prominent South Bend men include some that are really funny and prove that humorists are not the only ones who can ring the bells of laughter. An impression of South Bend by one who has never been there is full of wit and cleverness. It is by McElroy, as is the cover. The art work of Sonnhalter and Quigley stands out as the next best effort.

This is the first time in recent years that a *Juggler* has appeared during the month of January, and judging from his performance the Funny Fellow likes these cold winter nights.

Terence Donahue has been added to the board of associate editors of the *Juggler*.

## A FRESHMAN SCHOLASTIC

The editors of the SCHOLASTIC announce a special freshman issue to be released on February 19.

The entire literary section will be devoted to short stories, essays, and poems by the first-year men. Feature articles and campus news of merit written by them will find their way into the sports and news sections.

All manuscripts must be typewritten. Prose contributions should not be less than 700 or more than 2000 words in length. The last day for submitting copy will be Wednesday, February 10.

The SCHOLASTIC office is the Corby subway and a man will be there from two to three each afternoon to accept manuscripts.

## Campus Comment

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

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EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

The goose and the snake hiss when things are not going as they would like to have them. And lately, so does the Notre Dame he-man. In certain of the class rooms, at boxing contests, in other indoor athletic activities, and in the Palace Theatre, especially during the "college-boy matinee" on Thursday, does this effeminate expression of intolerance sizzle. In a certain type of girls and cats we might, by considering the sources, overlook the act.—We'd probably want to shy a boot at the cats.—But in the student of a catholic university, where culture, charity, and manliness are taught, it is impossible to overlook such an uncultured, uncharitable, unmanly, and offensive practice.

A student recently wrote of the abuse of that smoking privilege which the street-car company extended to N. D. students. He condemned the abuse as ungentlemanly and unworthy of Notre Dame men, as indeed it is. But while smoking is an indirect and often absent-minded way of offending people, hissing is a direct and vehement insult.

If the offerings of a person are poor, the person probably knows the fact and regrets that he can do no better—no need of making him feel worse. If the offerings are fair they should be encouraged. If they are good, they should be rewarded, and we are glad to acknowledge that good efforts generally are rewarded by a Notre Dame audience.

But hissing and booing is no way to reward the lack of talent. It is analagous to taunting a cripple because he is not as dexterous as we are, or as we think we are. It is not characteristic of Notre Dame, the school that has been lauded for her sports-

manship and charity. Perhaps the example of one of our last opponents on the gridiron has been deemed good to follow—it was so charitable and sportsman-like.

—H. BUCKLEN BRADY.

### LIBRARY RECEIVES NEW BOOKS

The following books are now available at the Library:

- Becker, O. M.—High Speed Steel.
- Berry, Arthur—Short History of Astronomy.
- Blichfeldt, E. H.—A Mexican Journey.
- Conway, B. L.—Question Box Answers. (two copies)
- Earle, Mrs. A.—Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday.
- Farrington, O. C.—Gems and Gem Minerals.
- Fletcher, Horace—A. B. Z. of Our Nutrition.
- Flood, W. H. G.—History of Irish Music.
- Hobbs, W. H.—Earthquakes.
- Howard, L. O.—The Insect Book.
- Jerome, J. K.—Three Men in a Boat.
- Lord, Arthur—Plymouth and The Pilgrims.
- McLoughlin, J. F.—College Days at Georgetown and Other Papers.
- Maginnis, C. B.—Pen Drawing.
- Martin, E. C.—Our Own Weather.
- Millar, Wm.—Plastering, Plain and Decorative.
- Morris, W. O'C.—French Revolution and the First Empire.
- O'Shaugnessy, Mrs. E. L.—A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico.
- Parkhurst, D. B.—Painter in Oil.
- Reid, W. M.—Lake George and Lake Champlain.
- Robinson, C. C.—Find Yourself Idea.
- Rogers, J. E.—The Shell Book.
- Rothschild, M. D.—Handbook of Precious Stones.
- Seymour, St. John B.—Irish Witchcraft and Demonology.
- Seymour, W. W.—Cross in Tradition, History and Art.
- Smyth, H. P.—The Reformation.
- Tieman, H. P.—Iron and Steel.
- Daly, T. A.—Canzoni.
- Mathews, Wm.—Great Conversers and Other Essays.
- Mathews, Wm.—Men, Places and Things.
- Preuss, Arthur—Study in American Freemasonry.
- Spaulding, R. H.—Your Dog and Your Cat.
- Synon, Mary—McAdoo, The Man and His Times.
- Serviss, G. P.—Curiosities of the Sky.
- Putnam's Economic Atlas.
- Vaihinger, Hans—Philosophy of "As If."
- Yriarte, C. E.—Florence; Its History.
- Human Motives—J. J. Putnem.
- Ringrose's Heraldry—J. A. Ringrose.
- Evolution of American Political Parties—E. E. Robinson.
- Victor Books of the Opera—S. H. Rous.
- Sermons and Notes for Sermons—H. I. D. Ryder.
- Education of the Modern Boy—A. E. Stearns.

## DOCKWEILER MEDAL ESSAYS

The attention of senior students in the College of Arts and Letters is called to the Dockweiler Medal for Philosophy. The winning of this medal has always been one of the most coveted distinctions in the senior class, and has been the incentive to the production of some excellent essays in the field of philosophy.

It is expected that a large number of senior students in Arts and Letters will enter the competition. The essay may be written on any subject of a distinctly philosophical nature. No definite length is prescribed, though a minimum of 2500 and a maximum of 3500 words is suggested. All essays must be typewritten and three copies handed in to the head of the department of Philosophy on or before May first.

## CARDINAL MERCIER DIES

The recent death of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium is of more than ordinary interest to Notre Dame because of his connection with this University through his nephew, Professor Charles Mercier of the Department of Philosophy. The Professor left here some weeks ago upon hearing of his uncle's illness and has been at his bedside since. He was with him at his death.

Desire Cardinal Mercier was born near Waterloo in 1851. His education was secured in the schools of his native country. Upon his graduation from college, he began the study of medicine in Paris, but soon felt himself called to the priesthood. He abandoned his medical studies and entered a seminary. From that time till his death he was every inch a churchman, with its welfare foremost in his mind.

He early showed himself possessed of high mental endowments, and, when it was decided to establish an institute of Philosophy at the University of Louvain, he was placed in charge of it. That he did his work well is attested to by the fact that for years scholars from all parts of the world came to him at Louvain "to glean wisdom and to marvel at the scope of his mental powers." While at Louvain, the young priest taught

that Catholic Dogma "did not constitute an ideal which it was forbidden to attempt to surpass, or a frontier defining the activities and limits of the mind." For this he was summoned to Rome by his adversaries, but he argued his point so well before the Holy Father that the latter decided the controversy in Mercier's favor.

In 1907 Pope Pius X. made him Cardinal of Malines and Primate of Belgium. From that date till the beginning of the war, he was not especially well known, but by his heroic stand during the invasion of Belgium he became a hero, not only of his own people, but of the whole self-respecting world as well, regardless of creed or religious difference.

## K. OF C. DANCE TONIGHT

The South Bend Knights of Columbus are holding a dance tonight in their club-house ballroom. There are several things about this dance that will appeal to the exam and registration harrassed student: it offers a pleasant bit of relaxation between the desperate cramming of the past week and the equally desperate jamming of tomorrow and Monday; girls will be there in numbers, for the dance will be held like those of the Scholarship Club; the music will be furnished by Harry Denny's Collegians, and the admission will be the unheard of sum of fifty cents.

## COMING EVENTS

Within the next two or three months, Washington Hall will be the scene of numerous interesting lectures and concerts, besides the usual weekly movies. A partial list of these events is given below. The names of the movies will be announced later. The events:

Feb. 6.—"Clothes Make the Pirate" with Leon Errol

Feb. 12—Movie.

Feb. 14—American Wonderland Travelogue.

Feb. 19—Movie.

Feb. 24—Movie.

Feb. 26—Farbmann Ver Harr concert.

Feb. 28—Lecture and Travelogue—Count de Prorok.

March 10—Harp Ensemble.

March 22—Chicago Operatic Trio.



## DEDICATE SONG TO PROM

"The Prom Girl," another musical creation by Norbert A. Engels and Victor W. Labeledz, composers and publishers of "Lindy Lou," now being featured in the Greenwich Village Follies, has been dedicated to the Junior Prom of 1926 and will head the musical program of that affair to be given February 12 in the Palais Royale by the Junior Class.

Words for "The Prom Girl" are by Engels, a Senior in Music whose home is in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and the music is by Labeledz, a Senior in the College of Law, who comes from Portsmouth, O. Both play with Harry Denny's Collegians, and have been associated with one another since their entrance into the University.

"Lonely," which was awarded first prize in a local contest in 1924, was their first musical attempt. Then followed "Matrimonial Blues," published last year by a South Bend publisher, "When You're Lonesome, Think of Me," and "Vagabond Blues." Certain sensations experienced while they were on the Atlantic bound for Europe last summer, caused the two composers to write "Sea Sick Blues," a novel number, according to those who have heard it. "White Rose," a dreamy melody, and "Hey Hey," a typical Charleston number are recent compositions.

Orchestrations for "The Prom Girl" recently forwarded to Chicago, brought the remark from "Spike" Hamilton, director of the orchestra engaged for the Junior Prom, that he had never heard a more fascinating waltz, nor one more appropriate for a collegiate affair. Hamilton is a graduate of Dartmouth, '23, and has won much distinction playing in the East at collegiate affairs.

Tickets sales for members of the Senior Class will begin next Monday, according to Thomas Green of the Ticket Committee. Already a large number of subscriptions have been disposed of to Juniors. The sale will continue until February 9, or until the 250 tickets have been sold.

## BOY GUIDANCE SENIORS LEAVE

At the end of the first semester, the Boy Guidance Seniors will bid the campus goodbye until they return on June 13 for their degrees. For the next half-year they will be working with boy work organizations where they will obtain real experience in their chosen field. The following assignments have been made:

Joseph Becker, Boy Life Bureau, Knights of Columbus; Cyril Burchell, Kips Bay Boys Club, New York City; Al Connolly, New Haven Boys Club, New Haven, Connecticut; Kenneth Cook, Oak Park, Illinois, Boy Scouts; Harold Doyle, Madison Square Boys Club, New York City; Daniel Culhane, St. Mark's Fraternity, St. Paul, Minnesota; James Egan, South Park Commission, Chicago, Illinois; Urban Hughes, Chicago Commons Settlement, Chicago, Illinois; Al. July, Gary Settlement House, Gary, Indiana; Al. Kirk, Chicago Boy Scout Council, Chicago, Illinois; Hector McNeil, Boston Boys Club, Boston, Massachusetts; Tom Murphy, Boys Club of New York, New York City; William O'Donnell, Germantown Boys Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; William Morrissey, Springfield, Ohio, Scout Council.

## RELEASE RECORD FEBRUARY 6

The national release of the Notre Dame record will be made on February 26, the Victor Company announced this week. An early special release for the benefit of South Bend and Notre Dame, will be made sometime during the middle of February.

The number and factory listing will be:

Record No. 19932.

A side: "Notre Dame Victory March."

B side: "Hike, Notre Dame."

The notice on the record will indicate that it was recorded by the University of Notre Dame Band and Glee Club.

## "BILL" CERNEY IS MARRIED

William "Bill" Cerney, graduate of the Class of '25, and member of the National Champion Football squad of '24, was married to Miss Gertrude Meilstrop, of South Bend, on Thursday, January 21, at St. Jo-



seph's Church, South Bend, Father McNamara, C.S.C., officiating. "Chuck" Collins, of Chicago, a classmate of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mr. Cerney will reside in South Bend upon their return from a trip to Florida.

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#### VARSITY ORCHESTRA PROGRESSES

The organization of the Varsity Orchestra has been almost completed and semi-weekly rehearsals are now being held regularly. The personnel will consist of approximately twenty-five musicians and will be heard for the first time at the patriotic exercises on Washington's birthday. Election of officers has not yet been held due to the advent of the exams. After exams, rehearsals will begin for the first concert to be given in the near future by the orchestra.

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#### PLAN FEATURES FOR DANCE

Special entertainment, refreshments, and favors will be provided for those who attend the Valentine Dance to be given by the Scholarship Club at the K. of C. ballroom on Friday, February 5. Efforts are being made to have this affair successful enough to claim the title of "best" of the Scholarship dances, and it is certain to be one of the most outstanding pre-Lenten events. An unusually large attendance is expected. Tickets may be obtained at the off-campus office and from the rectors of the various halls. Twelve o'clock "pers" will be granted.

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#### WEIGAND HEADS KANSANS

Lawrence Weigand of Wichita, was elected first president of the Kansas Club at an organization meeting of the Kansas men held on Wednesday, January 20. At the same time, Edmund McKenna of Kingman was elected vice-president and treasurer of the Club and John Carlin of Salina was elected secretary.

A Kansas Day banquet is to be held in Turkish Room of the Oliver Hotel tonight at 7:30. Mr. Weigand, president of the Club, is to preside as toastmaster.

#### THE PRINCE OF HIS PEOPLE

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, is dead; and the world mourns. The recent war produced no grander hero than the White Shepherd of Malines. Foch and Wilson were no greater than he, and no others can be mentioned with him. He surpassed the Hero of the Marne in bravery, Wilson in statesmanship and moral courage. Encompassed by hate and active persecution, with his beloved land crushed and bleeding, his Church and See virtually wiped out by the terrific German advance, his flock killed, scattered, or deported—defenseless, he faced the anger of the War Lords to protest against their ruthless conquest. Fearless, he dared to upbraid the German Governor for the cruel deportation of men, women, and children: "The naked truth is that every deported workman is another soldier for the German army." He counselled his people to resist the invaders who had usurped the authority of King Albert. He condemned "in the name of the freedom of the Church, in the name of the sanctity of the Catholic religion, in the name of international law" the seizure of the bells and organs of the churches. With calm, masterful statesmanship he exposed the infamy of Germany's aggression—outraged neutrality, broken treaties, false faith. He was the spokesman of heroic Belgium; he told the story of her gallant fight to all the world. "His words will ring in the minds and hearts of men long after the guns of the great men have been silenced." During the great conflict his name became a prayer in every heart, and his gentle words reached all souls and comforted them.

The White Shepherd of Malines is dead; and all nations mourn.

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Mr. John Cavanaugh, '23, will profess in the novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross on February 2. While an undergraduate at Notre Dame, Mr. Cavanaugh was very prominent as a student leader and organizer. In his senior year, he was president of the S. A. C. Later he worked for the Studebaker Corporation.

## SELLING BY YELLING

SCENE: Kelleghan's Magazine Mart.

TIME: The other day.

CHARACTERS: Jim Kelleghan and Aliquis.

*There are only two in this dispensary of newspapers and magazines.*

ALIQUIS: "Jim, what is there to tell about those kids you have selling papers for you in front of the 'caf'?"

*Jim tips his cornucopia of information and the following issues therefrom:*

There are four of those kids: George or "Tony," Joe or "Pep," John and Sam. These four are two-thirds of the Natti children. Besides the two at home there is a sick father, unable to work regularly. George and Joe are here on the campus more than the other two brothers. Joe is the boss of the quartet. By primogeniture George should be dubbed boss but Joe has unusual abilities for salesmanship. Perhaps George has talent for feature writing. John and Sam come to the campus "off'n on" to help Joe. Right now they aren't out very often. They are peculiarly sensible to cold weather.

The Natti brothers sell more newspapers than their employer Jim. In fact, they sell much more than fifty percent of the daily sheets sold on the campus. These lads also have a system of "deliver to your room" at delivery boys' rates. From this branch of their enterprise they reap well. Their charges for this service is about a cent a week over the actual cost of the paper to the customer.

Newsboys have been known to succumb to the temptation of stealing their employer's pennies. Not so with the Natti boys. Says Jim: "I have never caught them 'gypping' anyone out of a penny." But, unfortunately, the boys are sometimes the victims of others. A paper or two doesn't count much but even papers mount up as is shown by the night when Joe lost a dollar and a half in stock and in money while he had stepped into the "caf" to get warm.

The quartet also dabbles in magazines. They sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and

*Liberty*. They sell more *Posts* than their employer Jim.

From their ventures in the world journalistic they make what is termed "good money." Their earnings make them almost self-supporting. And only a sick father can know what that means. —J. F. O'D.

## ARMSTRONG'S ALUMNUS OUT

At a "session" within the academic year of 1924-'25 the class of '25 was discussed. Among the individuals receiving special attention was Jim Armstrong, then an A. B. to be. He received unanimous approval as one in the class who had in him the qualities necessary for success. To prove that the selection was a good one, James E. Armstrong, '25, Editor of the *Alumnus*, has issued the first number of his magazine! All hail to Jim! His first issue might well be held up as a criterion for those to come!

The January *Alumnus* is chuck full of news. If any of the alumni have ever complained of the paucity of Notre Dame news in the *Alumnus*, this issue will cause them to say, "this fellow Armstrong must be pretty good; I never saw so much news." There's news of the Glee Club trips, facts about the recording of the "Victory March" and the "Hike Song" for the Victor Talking Machine Company and "all about" the alumni authors, not to mention about twenty pages of other news items, all of interest and importance to the alumni.

There's an interesting feature, "A Breath of the Notre Dame That Was." In it we read about the lad who got a half year's tuition at Notre Dame without having a cash transaction in the matter. You see, his father let Father Sorin have a "black mare" in lieu of the necessary sixty dollars.

Then the alumni columns. There are four, five, six,—almost seven pages of them! Births, marriages and deaths.

Jim's first *Alumnus* is good.—J. F. O'D.

You can lead a fool to a concussion but you cannot make him think.—W. J. T.

If there were such a thing as prohibition it might be a very good thing.—M. B. R.

## THE WHEEL OF LIFE

Yes, truth refuses to be concealed. This is our first! After several Book Leaves (and still not a summons from the Board) we find that something new must be offered. And so this edition marks a new era of freedom for us; Bill Dooley will be unable to demand *Book Leaves* anymore. Perhaps later in the year, or possibly next year—but we hope not.

That Joe Acree of Mississippi is no slouch when it comes to pronto engagements was demonstrated recently when Miss Margaret Roberts, also of Mississippi and a student at Tulane University, announced her engagement after six dates and one intermission with Joe. Paging the romance seekers! Just when the "Till-death-do-us-part" is to occur has not been scheduled. Bring on another intermission. History repeats itself.

Which reminds us that a member of the S. A. C. will represent Notre Dame at the Mid-Western Student Conference to be held at Tulane in the latter part of March. Margaret may have a sister. "Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame."

The Cornell *Sun* commenting editorially upon the Honor System, says, "however desirable an Honor System may be in theory, in practice at Cornell its technique has proved faulty, abuses have crept in, and as at present constituted it worked many evils rather than good." Nevertheless, the students at Cornell strongly approve of the system. Grape Nuts!

Paul Whiteman objects to being called the "Jazz King of America." He prefers to be indentified with good music and attempts to give popular music, beautifully designed." Listen to his rendition of "Sonya." Evidently, Paul's conception of the "melodious music of today."

Carnegie Tech has announced a new professorship of plumbing, heating, and ventilating. The plumber has long been well-

paid, but this is the first time the trade has been raised to the dignity of an accredited study. The purpose of the course? No doubt to stimulate an interest in reading. If you find your plumber in the cellar reading Dickens—remember he went to Carnegie. Be sociable; talk college. Ask him if he saw his alma mater perform on Cartier Field during the season of '25.

While inspecting the Harvard campus, visiting students from Germany noticed a long line of parked flivvers. Great was their astonishment when they learned that the cars belonged to students. "Who in Germany would think of such a thing?" exclaimed one. "Never would a student dare to come in a car while his professor walked. Ach! But in such a wealthy country, such a wealthy country."—You know it's the truth.

Baylor University has issued the eleventh commandment. "There shall be no nocturnal automobile joy riding." But the faculty failed to ban other means of locomotion and within a week there were dozens of horse-drawn vehicles carrying coeds and their escorts along the highways. The new system is a decided improvement. The danger of wrecks has been eliminated and also the flat tires (on the buggies) have been pushed aside. Youth must be served.

Any student in a college of the United States who has a favorite actor or actress or a favorite play seen during 1925 will have an opportunity to express this preference in the pages of "Theatre Magazine." A prize contest is announced in detail in the January issue featuring prizes which total \$125 for the best answers on these subjects. For particulars see Professor Fenlon.

"Let women smoke, if they can do it gracefully," is the opinion advanced by University of Iowa students. According to many of the men students interviewed on the subject, objection to smoking is provincial, "small town stuff." The term "gracefully" has not been defined. The Iowa students know their limitations.—J. T. C.



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**Disci Quasi Semper Victurus  
Vire Quasi Cras Moriturus**

### A BASKETBALL TRADITION?

There seems to be a tradition concerning a team that plays the first year on an athletic field of any kind. This year we were fortunate enough to offer the basketball team a new home. Perhaps we should say their first home; for the downtown court could hardly be termed a home. There were so many disadvantages connected with it that our teams suffered a great deal. There were not enough seats to accommodate the students desiring to see their team in action. But the team that represents our school this year has broken all traditions about inauguratory teams losing games on new floors.

The men under Coach Keogan have shown their appreciation of the new home by the consistent brand of excellent basketball which they have displayed. Thus far there have been twelve games played and the team has been victorious in eleven of them. The only defeat was chalked up after close game with Franklin. We have not lost a single game on the new court.

There is a tradition here that tells of the perfect record of our football teams on Cartier Field. For more than twenty years we have not dropped a gridiron contest on our home grounds. Now is the time to compare our basketball team with the football team;

for the comparison is certainly a logical one. Why not endeavor to keep the record on the new court as clean as the one on Cartier Field? The one team this year that threatens to make this an impossibility is Franklin. But the Keogan trained men have been doing wonders and we believe that they are capable of beating this splendid aggregation when they meet here in February.

The splendid showing of this year's team is the result of the spirit of co-operation which Coach Keogan has instilled into his men. The clever passing and floor tactics of the men show the results of Coach Keogan's efforts for the past year. He has succeeded in building up a team that will hold its place in the basketball world as well as our football teams do in their sphere.

Loquacity and superficiality are born companions.—P. W. D.

Cupid is not only blind, but deaf and dumb as well.—M. C. D.

Be they ever so noisy, there are no "kids" like your own.—E. F. M.

Great books are like great men: you may not agree with them.—R. J. K.

Most of the graduates of the school of experience are more than sixty years of age when they finish their course.—R. J. K.

## A Ship at Sea

PIERCE J. O'CONNOR, '28

IN the back room of Foo Wong's shop on Pell Street, a group of six or eight Chinese were hunched over an oval table whose lacquered surface was marked off into squares, each distinguished by a multi-colored symbol. At one end of the table sat old Foo Wong himself, the most sinister and powerful figure in Chinatown, in the late nineties. From time to time, he shook the dice in an ebony cylinder, and rolled them across the table, while his companions cackled in sing-song Cantonese.

The door opened, and a man entered. He started across the room, and then, hesitating, sank down on a couch near the door. He was clearly not an Oriental. His clothes were nondescript and ragged, and his face was covered with several days' growth of beard. His bloodshot eyes and twitching lips marked him unmistakably as the man already far gone in the clutches of drink. A sodden ne'er-do-well, the casual observer might have said. Yet there was something about his features—the line of his jaw, the thin-lipped mouth, and the eyes set far apart beneath a high, broad forehead, that made one wonder. Once,—perhaps,—this might have been a man.

"John Wayne" he had called himself, when he first came to Pell Street. That was nearly a year ago; he had taken lodgings over old Wong's shop. His clothes were good, then, and he had had money. He did no work; in fact, he seemed to exist solely to drink himself to death. His money had gone, finally; then for a while the bizarre pawn-shops of Chinatown knew him. Even that was past, now.

Wayne rose from his couch and stood behind Foo Wong's chair. Wong was winning heavily. On one play, nearly every square was covered; the dice clattered to a stop, and the players bent over them; then Wong calmly swept the stakes toward him.

"I say, Wong, that was bully!" Wayne cried, and clapped him on the shoulder. Then, with a side-long glance of cunning at

the impassive countenance, he picked a glass and a tall bottle from a stand at the Oriental's side, and started to pour a drink.

"Stay wayee that bottle!" Wong hissed.

"But look here, I only want—"

"No pay, no dlink!" Wong stated.

Wayne set down the bottle and started to leave; then he turned. "You cheated me of enough when I lived here—when I had money; I tell you I will have a drink, you yellow dog!"

"Bum! no can dlink!" said the yellow countenance sententiously—and spat at him.

Wayne leaped forward, reckless of the gleaming blade which had seemed to flash from nowhere into the other's hand. Then, his clenched fist raised, a fit of trembling seized him, and his arm dropped to his side. He snickered weakly, and slunk from the room.

Night found him near the water-front, huddled between some bales of shipping. He pulled the collar of his shabby coat closer about his throat, and thrust his hands deeply into his pockets. He began to speak aloud, through there were only the lapping waves to hear. "Spat upon—Alice—by a yellow Chinese—but my nerve's gone. 'Dr. John Wayne Lipton, of the Royal College'—ha-ha-ha! Fancy title, isn't it?—but not so fancy as 'Lord of Marbury'—curse him! A title for love—(I loved you, Alice)—fair trade if one's suited, I suppose—divorce is an ugly thing, though. . . . If only I had a drink! . . . 'Like father, like son'—he was that way, they say,—taint in the blood—but I could have fought it, if you had stayed. I promised—you remember, I promised, Alice—and for those four years,—I didn't take a drop."

The wind blew off the water with cutting force. Out of the dark fog came the screech of a whistle; then the sound of men's voices, as the watch was changed on a ship nearby. Wayne could just make out the dim tracery of her spars, etched against the sky, and the huge, indistinct blot of her hull. He

huddled closer to the bale, and after a time, fell into a doze.

He came to with a start, to find someone standing beside him and shaking him.

"What th 'ell do you mean, tripping a bloke like that?" a rough voice demanded.

"I-I'm sorry," Wayne answered. "I was asleep, I guess."

"Here? On a night like this? You must be sick of livin', I'd say."

"Maybe; and I'm cold—cold."

"A glass of grog, that's what you need, matey. Come along," said the other.

Across the table from his companion, in "Marty's Saloon," Wayne had his glass of grog. His benefactor was clad in rough worsted trousers, woolen shirt open at the throat, and a short, loose-fitting, heavy coat. From his dress and speech, Wayne took him for a sailor. He insisted that Wayne have another glass of grog. Wayne did; and another; and then another. . . .

How his head ached! He opened his eyes slowly. He was lying, fully clothed, in a small, evil-smelling room. Pell Street, of course—but where?

The door swung open, and a man with close-set, squinty eyes, grasped him by the collar and swung him to his feet.

"On deck, you lubber!" he said. "Think this is a bloomin' hotel?"

Wayne stumbled up the narrow ladder, and came out into a blaze of sunshine. It blinded him for a moment; then he perceived his surroundings. He was on a ship—above him the creaking canvas—as far as eye could see, in all directions, the blue-green, heaving deep.

As he stood gaping, a thick-set, bearded fellow approached him.

"You!" he bellowed, "get aft and help sluice those decks!" To emphasize his command, he swung a huge fist, and knocked Wayne to the deck.

Wayne picked himself up and slunk aft. He found another sailor dousing the deck with a bucket of water, then scrubbing it with a huge, stiff brush. He fell to and helped him, silently.

"Watch out for him, matey," said his companion, at length. "That's Sloan, the second

mate, an' a dirty slave-driver of a man he is. What was your last ship?"

"I never had any. I don't know how I got on this one. I don't remember anything since last night; I'd been drinking, and—"

"Shanghai'd, heh? Well, it'll be quite a while before you see 'Frisco again. This here packet's bound for Nome."

Wayne said nothing, and they worked together for several minutes. Morgan—his companion—perspired freely at his task; but suddenly Wayne shivered like one with the ague.

Morgan, noting his ashen pallor and twitching lips, said, "Smatter—sick?"

"I've got to have a drink," Wayne gasped.

Morgan stepped close to him and spoke guardedly, "I got twelve bottles beneath my bunk, matey—stole 'em out of captain's supply, when it come aboard. Thirty dollars—when you get paid off at Nome—an' they're yours."

"I'll take you," Wayne answered quickly.

In the week that followed, Wayne quaffed the cup of wretchedness to its dregs. The food nauseated him; and his daily toil left him at night too tired to sleep. Sloan, the mate, singled him out as the special subject of his brutality. Scarcely an hour passed, that Wayne did not feel the mate's heavy-handed discipline. His bones ached, and his body was covered with bruises, from the blows. Hate for Sloan became a part of him; and he plotted constantly to kill him. This hate and the liquor hidden beneath his bunk were all that kept him going.

Matters came to a crisis unexpectedly. The weather grew steadily colder; the salt spray froze almost as soon as it struck the deck. Wayne was coiling rope one morning when Sloan ordered him forward on some trifling errand. Wayne delayed only to complete the few remaining turns. The mate cursed viciously, and snatching a belaying pin from the deck, started towards him. When he was but a few feet away, he slipped on the icy deck, and fell head-long. Wayne picked up the belaying pin, and was about to spring on him, when the captain and the first mate rounded the corner of the deck-house.

"What's this? What's this?" said the captain. "Get up, Sloan!"

"I-I can't—my leg—oh!" Sloan gasped.

Between them, the two officers got him to his bunk. Wayne, filled with a savage joy, went to recount the happening, in the fore-castle.

The news caused general satisfaction. Wayne epitomized the current opinion when he concluded,— "I only wish it had been his neck!"

Three days later, he heard that the mate's fracture had developed gangrene poisoning. It served him right, Wayne thought; the mate would be dead before they made port—he was glad of it. Death seemed almost too good for him. What were those lines he had learned at Eton—something about "death;" O, yes—

*"The river of death has brimmed its banks,  
And England's far, and Honor's a name;  
But the voice of a school-boy rallies the  
ranks—*

*"Play up! play up, and play the game!"*

His old head-master had been fond of quoting that. The day he was leaving, he had handed him a copy of the lines, saying, "We expect great things of you, John; and I know you'll always 'play the game'."

The captain was approaching; Wayne sprang to his feet.

"I hear, sir," he said "that Mr. Sloan has gangrene."

"Yes," replied the other shortly, "what about it?"

"I was a doctor, once—oh, I know I don't look it now—but I was a surgeon—once. You have no doctor aboard, and you're four days from port. Don't you think you'd better let me look at him?"

The captain eyed him keenly. "Come along, then," he said.

Wayne found the mate in an unconscious stupor. He exclaimed his leg, then turned to the captain.

"Another twenty-four hours, and he hasn't a chance," he said consciously. "Have you any surgeon's kit at all on board?"

"Well, I dunno—there used to be a saw-

bones on this ship, and he left his case in my cabin."

"Let me see it."

They found the case with little difficulty, but half its contents were missing.

"I'll amputate the first thing to-morrow morning," Wayne said. "You and the first mate be on hand to help me—I haven't any anesthetic, you know."

The captain agreed readily. After Wayne had left, he continued to gaze curiously after him. This fellow was giving *him* orders—and but yesterday he had been a cringing, worthless sailor. The captain shook his head bewilderedly.

Late that night, long after his companions were snoring peacefully, Wayne sat on the edge of his bunk, going over in his mind hazy details, fragments of technique that had once seemed second nature.

"It's bound to be bad," he thought. "No anaesthetic, and nothing but a couple of barbaric knives to operate with; the sea's rising, too. But it's the only chance—and I can pull him through—I can—I know I can."

He reached for the bottle beneath his bunk, and raised it to his lips. Then before his mind came a phantom of the past—his old dissecting room, and gray-haired Doctor Moffet, the professor of surgery, lecturing: "—the surgeon who drinks in secret is a potential murderer; he never knows when his hand may slip, or his brain fail him."

And within Wayne a voice said, "Never mind that old stuff—go ahead and take that drink—you need it—you've got to have it."

And another voice answering it, "Don't take it—you know you've got to keep your head clear."

He hurled the bottle against the wall.

The rest of the night was agony. Every nerve in his body seemed crying out for alcohol. He lay in his bunk and sunk his teeth in his hands till the blood came, and welcomed the pain, as a partial relief from that awful gnawing within him.

Dawn came at last, and found Wayne shaken, but calm. He felt a peculiar sense of tension, as of a violin string stretched



beyond the limit; everything about him had a quality of weirdness and distortion. "Delirium tremens;" he knew the symptoms, he told himself grimly, and the antidote—liquor, in diminishing doses. Well, his case would have to wait till he'd finished the task before him.

He went to the cabin, sterilized his instruments, and laid out his bandages and dressings. The captain's table, cleared of its charts and papers, was his operating slab. Onto it they lifted the groaning mate. Through all the preparations, it was Wayne who dominated the little group. His old servile weakness seemed to have dropped from him like a mask.

Sloan was not a large man, yet it was necessary to send for Morgan, as the combined efforts of the captain and the first officer were unequal to the task of pinioning the mate so that Wayne might work. The gathering storm caused the ship to pitch and heave so that the difficulty of his task increased ten-fold.

At last he turned to the captain. "He'll pull through nicely, I think."

Wayne was trembling in every muscle as he started for the door. Just as he reached it, his knees crumbled beneath him, and he collapsed.

When he came to, he was so violent that they had to put him in a straight-jacket. He writhed and shrieked. "He's coming for me—that yellow Chinese—with his knife—stop him—he's coming—" Then he would grovel on the floor and scream.

Toward sundown the next day, just as the storm had spent its fury, Wayne suddenly ceased his shrieking, and looked fixedly into space. "Alice!" he said softly, and smiled—a twisted smile—as he slid gently to the floor.

Wright bent over him for a moment, then looked up at the captain.

"Dead,—sir," he said thickly

Each, as moved by a common impulse, removed his cap; and they stood for a moment, with bowed heads.

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#### AT NOTRE DAME

So well I love these woods, I half believe  
 There is an intimate fellowship we share,  
 So many years we breathed the same air,  
 Kept spring in common, and were one to grieve  
 Summer's undoing, saw the fall bereave  
 Us both of beauty, together learned to bear  
 The weight of winter: when I go elsewhere,—  
 An unreturning journey—I would leave  
 Some whisper of a song in these old oaks,  
 A footfall lingering, till some far-off summer  
 Another singer down these paths may stray,—  
 The destined one a golden future cloaks,—  
 And he may love them, too, this graced newcomer,  
 And may remember that I passed this way.

—CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

## Filial Love

W. F. REARDON, '26

### CHARACTERS

WILLIAM MILLS.  
 JAMES MILLS (his son)  
 SALLY MILLS (his granddaughter)  
 JUDGE MARSH  
 PATROLMAN HALL  
 THREE POLICEMEN  
 A PRISONER  
 SPECTATORS

SCENE. Judge Marsh's Night Court on the eve of Easter. On the left is the judge's bench. He sits facing right. Below his bench is the clerk's desk unoccupied. Opposite the bench, back, is the judge's door. In the left wall, front, is the prisoners' door, at which an officer is stationed. The jury box, back center, is unoccupied.

At right center, rows of seats, facing the judge's bench, begin and extend backward to the right wall and outward from the back wall. In the right wall, front, is a door for the spectators. In the first row of seats are Patrolman Hall and another policeman, in the second row James Mills and Sally, and in the remaining rows a few scattered spectators.

There is none of the proverbial somberness about this court room. It is well lighted; the walls and ceiling are done in white; and there are no stern jurists peering from the walls. The few spectators are rather fashionably dressed; they are typical Night Court visitors.

When the curtain rises, a prisoner and a policeman are standing before the judge's bench. The judge is saying, "*Five dollars, ten days.*" The officer at the prisoners' door leads the man out. He is followed by the policeman who appeared against him. The judge called the next case, "*William Mills.*" Mills is brought before the court. He is an old man, grey-haired and bent, his eyes wet and his head hung in shame. He can hardly stand. Patrolman Hall gets up and nods to James. They step up to the bench. Sally follows them.

JUDGE. William Millse, you are charged with being drunk. Do you plead guilty or not guilty? (*Mills cannot answer.*) PATROLMAN HALL. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

(*Hall raises his right hand.*)

HALL. About three o'clock this afternoon I was walking along Harper Avenue, and this little girl come to the door of number

1227 and called me. I came up on the porch and this man, (*indicating James*), pushed the prisoner into my arms and told me to arrest him. He was drunk, so I locked him up. He's been laying in the cell and groaning all afternoon. I don't know. . . .

JUDGE (*impatiently*). Yes, yes. (*to James.*) Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God? (*James raises his right hand.*) Is the prisoner your father?

JAMES. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. Was he drunk to-day?

JAMES. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. Does he get drunk very often?

JAMES. He's always getting drunk.

JUDGE. Can't you do anything with him? Can't you make him stop?

JAMES. We've given him plenty of chances, but it don't do any good. We can't stand it any longer. He's always giving us trouble.

JUDGE. Does he ever get violent—want to fight?

JAMES. No, but. . . .

JUDGE. What was he doing to-day?

JAMES. He came home drunk with an bunch of flowers—for Easter, he said—and he tried to put them in a vase. They wouldn't go in, so he smashed it on the floor. Then he started to swear and yell, and, (*righteously*), I don't want him acting like that around Sally.

JUDGE (*to Hall*). Was he swearing and yelling when you arrested him?

HALL. No, your honor, he was crying like a baby.

JUDGE (*to James*). So you want him locked up for a while? Do you think that will do any good?

JAMES. I don't know. But he deserves it.

JUDGE. How old is your father?

JAMES. Seventy-three.

JUDGE. Is the prisoner your grandfather, little girl?

SALLY. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. And does he get drunk very often?

SALLY. Pretty often. Mother says him and grandma are an awful expense. And besides grandpa can't keep his jobs any more.

JUDGE. Why are they an awful expense?

SALLY. Well, after grandpa drinks a lot, he gets awful sick and falls down. He has to have a doctor, because if he don't he'll die. And having the doctor costs a lot. Papa says he won't throw his money away any more. (*Looking at Mills.*) See, he can hardly stand up now.

JAMES. Oh, he's just drunk.

HALL. We did have to have the doctor for him to-day, your honor.

JUDGE (*to James*). If your father's case is so serious, why do you let him go out to places where he can drink?

JAMES. Well, I can't stop him. He's home all day, and I work. I told him I'd have him arrested and I'd put him out of the house, but he don't pay any attention.

JUDGE. Your wife then, can't she keep him in the house?

JAMES. She won't have anything to do with him. She says she's glad to get rid of him for a while.

JUDGE (*to James*). Have you tried to reason with him?

JAMES. I used to try that all the time, but it's no use.

JUDGE. I'll let him go home for Easter. But you bring him in Tuesday, and we'll have a psychopath examine him. He'll probably have to be sent away for a while . . . Next case: Sam Moreland.

(*Mills trembles violently and falls to the floor. Hall and the officer at the prisoners' door struggle out with him. Judge Marsh scans his list of cases. No one else moves.*)

SALLY. Grandpa's dead.

JAMES (*with pent-up fury*). Shut up.

(*He goes to his seat for his hat.*)

SPECTATOR (*as James makes for the door with Sally*). Happy Easter!

## The Eyes of Youth

JAMES C. ROY, '29

THE beauty of young summer was the beauty I saw that morning. Here a brilliant splotch of sun upon the walls, there a soft glow flecked and shadowed by the leaves of immense old trees that yet were strangely young. Overhead the sky was a canopy of blue and white, the creation of some faery artist painting with joy in his heart and youth in his fingers. Through the leaves the soft south wind sang a song that was old when this world was young. But it was new to me and as I gazed at the shimmering surface of the mirror-like lake I was seeing the wonders of the earth with the eyes of youth—big, clean youth—carefree and happy. And I thrilled at the response of my youth to the youth of summer for I was twenty-four and life's bitter disillusionments had touched me not.

Yes, I was young and gay that summer, and conscious that nature all around me was

preening herself in ineffable and breath-taking gorgeousness. I think that summer was the Indian summer of my life—the last time I ever saw or even remembered cold, chaste moonlight or exotic sunset without a feeling of bitterness and hatred. Now I am old—old as sin and suffering—but that is ahead of the story.

It was on that day that my eyes began to blur. A sudden dizziness assailed me and the horizon faded into nothingness. "But it was nothing," I said. Nothing but a momentary spell of weakness. So I closed my eyes and my youth was comforted. Through that beautiful summer I continued to drink in the masterpieces of my boundless art museum. And all through that summer my sight was going. . . going. . . going. But I had my youth. Nothing could take my youth from me and even after the specialists told me my sight was of but a month's dura-

tion I still was buoyant and cheerful.

For the rest of that summer I fortified myself with the scenes that I would remember and comfort myself with when that awful blackness would engulf me. I furnished the future domicile of my eyes, my dark room, as I called it, with many things. Beautiful things. Young things. The memory of an early tramp in the woods. Green and brown, with here and there some pink and blue. Sunset on the lake. Rose and blue, purple and red. Moonlight on the beach. Cool, pale, stilly beauty—the kind that gets you. You know how it is. Mountains that were purplish with a snowy crest. Purple and white and brown. Earthly brown. And all the time my sight was going. . . going. . . going. . . But I had my youth. And I had my memories.

And then I met *her*. She, too, was beautiful. Youthful beauty she had, but wondrously she was a woman, with all the charms of feminine maturity. Great dark brown eyes, depthless and liquid; glorious eyes veiled by long, curving lashes; arresting blue-black hair; perfectly modeled features so delicate that they seemed fragile. And she was as tall as my heart. Yes, she had beauty, but more than that she had an inner, more radiant beauty, warm, sympathetic and understanding. I loved her madly, with all the strength of my years. And all the time my sight was going. . . going. . . going. . . But I had my youth.

So I filled my dark room with memories of her. My eyes were all for her and every moment of our companionship was a priceless pearl that was to give my love new impetus and new life in after years. And oh, she was kind. Kind and beautiful. But my sight was going. . . going. . . going. . .

And the poignant and crushing sweetness of it all that night I poured forth my love so that her ears could hear. Yes, she was

gentle and she was beautiful in the moonlight. Perhaps a delicate flush suffused her cheeks. I do not know. My sight was going. But I had my youth, I tell you. Nothing could take that away from me.

Then the black curtain began to lower in earnest. Not very much longer would I be able to furnish my dark room. But it was overflowing already. She filled it. Yes, more than filled it. The memory of the light in her eyes the day I surprised her walking with my companion on the shore of the lake. It was good to know that her eyes glowed for me. I would, I must see her again at our trysting place. Yes, that very afternoon. Once again would I burden her ears with my song of love. And so I made my way slowly into the garden, our meeting-place. Yes, slowly, for the light was growing dim. And then I stopped as if I had been turned to stone. Were those wastrel eyes of mine confusing me with tricks? Surely what I saw was not, could not, be. Such love as mine was not a plaything! But there it was before my failing eyes. God! The disillusionment of that moment. There she was in the arms of a man! My companion of the walk along the shore! She whose memories were to support me in the interminable ages of darkness, was not mine, would never be mine. The flash of her eyes was not for me. Not for me! And the light went out. My sight was gone. . . gone. . . gone. . . But most of all something of precious youth had flown, never to return. Through all those first days of horrible blackness my shattered dreams robbed me of all that was of my youth, all that was clean and big, young and gay. My sight is gone, my memories have departed, and they have left in my heart only hatred and bitterness. And I am old—old as suffering and sin.

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#### HEROISM

He dared to fling some stars  
Across the chasm of the night,  
And dared to, gasping, die  
For what he knew was right.

—FRANCIS C. MILLER, '27

## "Romeo and Juliet": A Study

JOHN DRISCOLL, '27

IN all literature there are but two outstanding love stories, and but two couples whose devotion entitles them to be called the perfect lovers. These two outstanding love stories are contained in the play "Romeo and Juliet" and in the tale titled "The Love of Abelard and Heloise." Abelard and Heloise lived in France during the most glorious period of the middle ages. The story of their unfortunate, thwarted love is most vividly told by some unknown genius of that brilliant time. Romeo and Juliet lived in Verona, Italy, about the end of the medieval period. Their story, which has been dramatized by William Shakespeare, is as unhappy as that of Abelard and Heloise. Although both are very famous, Shakespeare's work enjoys a better reputation than the French tale. In fact, "Romeo and Juliet" is, undoubtedly, the most renowned play in the English language. Despite, however, its universal fame, "Romeo and Juliet" is far from perfect; it suffers from faults of two kinds: those of structure and those of characterization.

In every well-written drama the conclusion is the logical and inevitable result of the action. It is impossible, in the correct play, for things to turn out differently than they do; nothing is left to chance, the action develops smoothly and artlessly, the natural consequence of the reactions of the characters on each other as influenced by their environment. The foregoing cannot be said of "Romeo and Juliet." The drama depends on accidental incidents and unfortunate coincidences for its development to such a great extent that it has three very glaring structural defects.

The first of these structural defects results from the importance assigned to the deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt. Because of this street brawl Romeo is exiled and Paris' suit for Juliet's hand ends successfully. But those two duels might just as well have never occurred; they were unnecessary and

regrettable. The second of these structural defects results from the means the playwright uses to account for Romeo's ignorance of what had transpired in Verona during his enforced stay in Mantua. Friar John, entrusted by Friar Laurence with a message to Romeo, unluckily enters a quarantined house and is prevented from ever leaving Verona. However, he need not have entered that house; it is nothing more than an unfortunate accident. The third and last of these structural defects embraces the entire final scene of the drama. In this scene Paris and Romeo meet at Juliet's grave, and in the ensuing quarrel Romeo kills Paris. It is a very surprising coincidence that Paris should have been there at the very time Romeo arrived. Then Romeo, horror-stricken at this killing of Paris and inconsolable because of the death of Juliet, commits suicide. By a still more surprising and unconvincing coincidence Juliet awakes, sees Romeo dead, resists the attempts of Friar Laurence (he has just arrived on the scene, too late to save Romeo and Paris, not early enough to prevent Juliet from destroying her life), and commits suicide when Friar Laurence flees at the approach of the guard. It is not unreasonable to suppose that with a little ordinary luck Romeo and Juliet might have lived to a ripe old age. Had he cared to, Shakespeare might have made Romeo and Juliet a comedy rather than a tragedy by merely altering the last scene. The events which occur in the last scene are not the logical and inevitable result of those that have preceded.

There are two faulty characterizations in "Romeo and Juliet," and strangely enough they are of the two principal characters, Romeo and Juliet. Romeo is an incongruity, and Juliet is an impossibility. At the opening of the play Romeo is deeply infatuated with a lady whom he scarcely knows. The lady, Rosaline, has a pretty face, the open sesame to Romeo's heart. While his

friends are fearing for his health and sanity, Romeo sees an even prettier face, that of Juliet. Forthwith he deserts Rosaline and pines under Juliet's balcony. She oddly enough is much attracted to him as he is to her, and so about after one hour in each other's company they marry. After their marriage, they scarcely see each other. Yet, Romeo, when he sees Juliet stretched out on her bier, apparently dead, decides that life is not worth living—and ceases to live. What a change! On the one hand an impressionable boy, fascinated by any pretty face; on the other hand a man, filled with that great emotion and devotion that comes only from years of mutual love and association. Romeo's development is too sudden to be convincing. His characters make him an incongruity. As regards Juliet the simple statement that it is not possible for a

fourteen year old girl to experience such fundamental and intense emotions as she is supposed to have experienced is sufficient. It cannot be denied or gainsaid.

However, the reader must not for even a moment imagine that "Romeo and Juliet" (because it has quite obviously the faults noted above), is a mediocre drama. Far from it! It is a truly great masterpiece; and the few faults that we have pointed out show not Shakespeare's ineptness, but rather the limitations of men. For the Creator in his infinite humor has placed perfection plainly within our sight, but forever beyond our reach. "Romeo and Juliet" is a much better drama than "Abelard and Heloise" is a tale; moreover, it is much more profitable and pleasant to read. In fact, "Romeo and Juliet" is, undoubtedly, the most famous play in the English language.

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## A Front Page Story

GEORGE KELLEY, '28

**K**ANE was a good reporter. Even reporters on the opposition papers, with memories smarting from the dozens of scoops that this mild-looking middle-aged man had to his credit, would attest to that, emphatically and profanely. Kane's appearance was not impressive. His clothes were never neat, and his greying hair, seeping from beneath his shapeless, colorless hat, usually drooped forlornly over the blue eyes, that watched the bustle of the city with such an abstracted, bored expression. He was not the immaculate, eager, alert young man who is the motion-picture reporter, but he was one of the best news men in the city.

Had Kane been able to stay sober, he would have been the best man on the *Star* city staff. But he had a failing for liquor, and he did not take the trouble to confine his drinking to times when he was off duty. It was for this reason that a wily city editor, knowing that Kane, sober, was too good

a man to be without, and knowing too, that covering a beat would give him greater opportunities to imbibe, kept him off a routine beat. Kane stayed in the office generally, acting sometimes as a rewrite man, and covering special assignments as they "broke."

One winter morning, when all of the other reporters were out, some on beats, some on assignments, Kane was killing time with a trivial story that needed rewriting. Suddenly the clang of the fire bell in the office penetrated the clamor of typewriters and telegraph sounders. Kane left his desk, and walked over, with languid interest, to watch the perforations in the tape as the little register spat it out. Still bored, he noted the number, and turned to the chart pasted on the wall above the register.

As he found the number which the tape had registered, Kane abandoned his pose of boredom, and turned quickly to the city editor.

"It's Miller's furniture warehouse, on

Fifteenth Street!"

"That might make a bad fire," said the city editor. "Grab a taxi and get out there."

When Kane reached the warehouse, flames were shooting high above the roof. Part of one wall had already fallen in, and firemen were playing futile streams of water on the building from all sides. The fire had had a good start before it was discovered, and Kane could see that the firemen would have a long, hard fight, not only to subdue the blaze in the warehouse, but to keep it from spreading to the frame shacks nearby.

The reporter started a search for a telephone, and found one not far from the burning building, in a saloon. He gave the city editor a crisp summary of the important details of the fire, and promised to come in and write his story as soon as the blaze was under control.

Finding that he could watch the progress of the flames from the saloon window as well as he could from the street, Kane decided to stay inside, sheltered from the cold wind. Glasses clinked behind him, and there were other alluring sounds of conviviality. Unable to resist the temptation, Kane ordered a drink.

"Just one, to warm me up," was his excuse as he swallowed it. But somehow, one was not enough, and others followed.

Two hours later, a taxi deposited Kane in front of the *Star* office. He attacked the stairway with some determination, and was able to reach the top of the stairs without disaster. He opened the door of the editorial room a few inches, and looked in warily. The city editor was out of the room, and the other men were busy.

With elaborate care, Kane made his way between the desks. He slumped into his own chair, without removing his hat or overcoat. As this was not unusual, the other men paid little attention to it. Kane sat for a few minutes before his desk, trying to focus his vision on the dancing keys of his typewriter. When at last they seemed to stop, he leaned over the keyboard. Solemnly and deliberately he selected his victims; then he punched them with two vindictive fore-fingers. After a long struggle with the elusive letters, he punched the —o—, signifying the end of the story, and leaned back with a relieved sigh.

A scurrying copy-boy, in answer to Kane's call, brought the single sheet of copy paper to the city desk. Delving into the basket for Kane's story which was scheduled for a prominent place on the first page, the autocrat of the city room found the sheet. Here is what he read:

"There was a d— big fire out on Fifteenth St. today."

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## ROMANCE

I've never found the purple hills,  
That call through morning's sun or rain;  
For after each high-hearted quest  
They prove the old hills o'er again.

But though they fade to brown and green  
I yet will seek them every dawn  
For fresh romance I still can find  
In passing trees and dewy lawn.

—R. G. HENNES, '27



# SPORT NEWS

## PURPLE BESTED IN OPENER

Has Northwestern baseball, swimming and boxing teams? If so, bring them on. Four teams from the Purple school, cross-country, football, basketball and track, have gone down in defeat this season before the representatives of Notre Dame. The last victory for the Irish came last Saturday night as a fitting part of the ceremonies dedicating the new track in the Notre Dame gym. The victory was a clean-cut one, the score after the final event being 52 2-5 to 33 3-5.

It is hard to understand how any race could be closer than the one in which Masterson of Notre Dame and Martin of Northwestern engaged when they negotiated the half mile in 2 minutes and 1 2-5 seconds. It was so difficult to judge the finish that the judges ruled it a dead heat and the two men divided first and second honors between them.

In the way of a thriller it would be hard for any scenario writer to dope out anything that would give the spectators as much rise as Jimmy Stack's finish in the 440-yd. dash. Martin of Northwestern led the quarter-milers until they reached the homestretch but by a brilliant burst of speed, Stack broke the tape a few feet ahead of the Purple man. This victory evens up the defeat of Notre Dame's star, Paul Kennedy, a few years back, when this same Martin fellow bested him in the mile run.

Field judges found that the 16-pound pellet had traveled exactly 43 2 3-4 inches from the time it left Joe Boland's hand until it came back to earth. The heave was good for first place, beating the best throw of any opponent by over a foot. Moes, a varsity man two years ago, was in uniform but his heaves fell short.

Captain Paul Harrington had things

about his own way in the pole vault. He cleared the bar at 12 feet 6 inches and he made five attempts to set a gym record at 13 feet. Each time it appeared that he had been successful, only to later see the bar wobble and fall. One can best appreciate the efforts of the Notre Dame leader, when he realizes that the present indoor record is 13 feet 1 inch.

Carey and Rettig locked horns for first and second honors in the high jump at 5 feet 11 inches. Dolmage took the two mile in handy fashion, and Young and R. Collins, both of Notre Dame, fought it out for honors in the mile. The visitors copped firsts in the 60-yard dash and 60-yard high hurdles.

The final event was the one mile relay. Each man ran two complete laps of the gym. The Notre Dame team composed of McDonald, Stack, Lahey and Coughlin won by a margin of 50 yards. It looked for a moment as if the visitors were going to take the lead when Keller, a six-footer from the purple squad, stretched out and cut down the lead Jimmy Stack was holding. But Stack regained his lead and added a few extra yards before he gave the baton to the third runner.

## SUMMARY

Shot put—Boland (Notre Dame) first, Bagge (Northwestern) second, Greenberg (Northwestern) third. Distance—43 feet, 2 3-4 inches.

60-yard dash—Tannehill (Northwestern) first, Della Maria (Notre Dame) second, Griffith (Northwestern) third. Time—:06 2-5.

60-yard high hurdles—Kelly (Northwestern) first, Barron (Notre Dame) second, Griffin (Notre Dame) third. Time—:08.

Pole vault—Harrington (Notre Dame) first; White and Droegemueller (Northwestern) and Carey, Hammil and Bov (Notre Dame) tied for second. Height—12 feet, 6 inches.

One mile run—Young (Notre Dame) first, R.

Collins (Notre Dame) second, Garbry (Northwestern) third. Time—4:35 3-5.

440-yard run—Stack (Notre Dame) first, Martin (Northwestern) second, Reynolds (Northwestern) third. Time—:51 3-5.

Two mile run—Dolmage (Notre Dame) first, Sparling (Northwestern) second, P. Collins (Notre Dame) third. Time—10:12 3-5.

880-yard run—Masterson (Notre Dame) and Martin (Northwestern) tied for first, Furrey (Northwestern) third. Time—2:01 2-5.

High jump—Carey (Notre Dame) and Retig (Northwestern) tied for first, Griffin (Notre Dame) third. Height—5 feet, 11 inches.

One mile relay—Notre Dame (Lahey, Stack, McDonald and Coughlin).

### WABASH WALLOPPED: 41-29

Wabash was the dessert for Coach Keogan's ramblers as they rounded out the first half of their season by beating Pete Vaughan's crew Wednesday night, January 20. The game clearly pointed to the fact that when the extra piece of pie in the form of a state championship is doled out, the Fighting Irish will be among those present who will demand consideration. And those of our astronomers who specialize in the shooting stars of Hoosier hardwood heavens, are inclined to give the Gold and Blue a slight edge over the other satellites in this regard.

In this little matter of dining on Giants the Celts showed to advantage as they pushed off to a rapid fire start. Wabash hopes flared up at only one point in the evening's performance and that came in the final half when Captain Robinson's crew struggled up to within three points of the Notre Dame tally. Both teams possessed great offensive programs. The fact that Notre Dame outclassed the Crawfordville contingent in providing an adequate defense for Messrs. Robinson, Dinwiddle and De Vol, marked the supremacy of the Irish. Wabash seemed baffled by the short pass game employed against them and Notre Dame's formations led down to field goals almost at will.

Wabash had a fast team but the Keoganites demonstrated that they possessed the edge from the starting whistle till the final bark of the timer's gun. Clem Crowe was the best man on the floor and lead the Gold

and Blue net snipers in the matter of pointage. He accounted for six baskets and four foul shots which totaled sixteen points. Captain McNally and Johnnie Nyikos tied for second honors, each having ten tallies. De Vol was the individual star for the Wabash aggregation and was responsible for fourteen of his team's scorings.

### SUMMARY

Notre Dame (41)	G	FG	PF	TP
Crowe, f. _____	6	4	1	16
McNally (c), f. _____	4	2	2	10
Nyikos, c. _____	4	2	1	10
Dahman, g. _____	2	1	4	5
Conroy, g. _____	0	0	3	0
Besten, g. _____	0	0	0	0
Totals _____	16	9	11	41
Wabash (29)	G	FG	PF	TP
DeVol, f. _____	5	4	2	14
Robinson (c), f. _____	2	3	1	7
Dinwiddle, c. _____	1	0	1	2
Thompson, c. _____	1	0	1	2
Englehardt, g. _____	2	0	0	4
McCorkle, g. _____	0	0	2	0
Totals _____	11	7	7	29

Feferee—Young, Illinois Wesleyan. Umpire — Maloney, Notre Dame.

### MICHIGAN STATE EASY

Coach George Keogan pulled a "Rockne" in starting his second team against Michigan State, last Friday night in a game which the Irish won 33 to 14. The combat was a listless affair and after a few peppy sessions at the start became an easy tussle in which the seconds encountered little real trouble. After the score had been knotted at ten all, the reserve force pulled away and at the half were commanding a 16 to 10 edge.

At the end of the intermission period the Celts came back, evidently with orders to draw the Northerner's five-man defense down the floor. They displayed some good basketball sense, but as a result neither side attempted a basket for some five minutes. Then Victoryn dropped one through the meshes and the offense really got under way. When the period was a little more than half gone the regulars, with the exception of Clem Crowe, who was kept on

the bench because of injuries, took the floor and gave the Michigan lads a lesson or so in the little art of ball passing and tally making. The first quintet seemed to be at its best as it swept down the floor time after time to under-the-basket positions. It was in a glorious spurt of basketball under the auspices of the McNally, Nyikos, Dahman and Conroy combine that saw the game come to an end with the score-board broadcasting 34-14 in favor of Notre Dame.

In a way the game might be said to belong to the substitutes. These performed in a very consistent manner and at all times displayed a better brand of ball than that of the Aggies. Victoryn and Ley just about split the honors in the evening's pastiming. For the regular force Johnnie Nyikos was the outstanding luminary. Drew and Fredricks took the honors for the visiting crew.

The work of the reserve team showed that the Irish have a well balanced squad and that much can be expected of these men in due time. A hint as to the close guarding of the Keoganites is shown in the statistics which reveal that in the second half Michigan state had but seven tries at the basket from the scrimmage. These came in the order of one short shot, two medium and two long tosses. None of these attempts was successful.

SUMMARY

Notre Dame (33)	FG	FTM	P	TP
Victoryn -----	1	3	0	5
Ley -----	2	2	1	6
Mock -----	1	0	0	2
Dahman -----	1	0	1	2
Harvey -----	2	0	0	4
Besten -----	0	1	2	1
Purcell -----	1	0	0	2
Moore -----	1	0	0	2
Nyikos -----	4	0	1	8
McNally -----	0	0	0	0
Conroy -----	0	1	0	1
Michigan State (14)				
Drew -----	1	3	2	5
Hackett -----	0	1	2	1
Fredricks -----	1	2	0	4
Carvin -----	0	0	2	0
Lewis -----	0	1	0	1
Hood -----	0	1	0	1
Cole -----	1	0	1	2
Smith -----	0	0	2	0

Officials: Berger, referee; Kearns, umpire.

DOPE FAILS IN HALL CIRCLE

The dope peddlers had the wrong kind of goods last week insofar as the interhall basketball league was concerned. The products that they advertised as being O. K., were found to be K. O. In short, the defeat of the Sorin goal-gathers by Corby, and the winning of Sophomore over Carroll, placed Brownson Hall in first place and the hitherto undefeated Sorin and Carroll quintets in the lower ranks.

OFF-CAMPUS 24—FROSH 10

The new-comers were completely snowed under by the Day Dogs in a slow and uninteresting game last Sunday evening. This was the third defeat for the boys from the pasteboard palace. They seemingly lack a sufficient amount of co-ordination and are somewhat basket shy; they fail to locate the hoop even at close range. The Day Dogs showed up rather well and with a little more practice should be able to defend their laurels successfully. McGary and Ripley were their best men.

BADIN 29—HOWARD 25

The Howard quintet put up a speedy and "bulldogish" fight throughout the entire tilt with the Badin hardwood pastimers last Sunday, only to be defeated 29 to 25. The contest was a close one throughout and it was impossible to predict the winner until the referee's final whistle. This was the second defeat this season for the Howardites. The Badin leatherteers have worn the crown of victory on two occasions. Griffin of Badin showed the keenest eye for the basket.

CORBY 18—SORIN 17

A dark horse trotted out of the Corby stable last Sunday afternoon to beat the Sorin Hall entry by a nose, 18-17. The Sorin outfit was a sure bet of the dopesters and if one had dropped around the campus Sunday morning any Scotchman would have given him the tip that Sorin was going to take the track and leave Corby at the post. Sorin had been the favorite of the hardwood track throughout the season and when the Corby combine beat them out of the game, the only thing left was for the inter-

hall band wagon to play a victory march. McCaffery of Corby showed excellent skill in being able to saddle the basket from all angles.

#### SOPHOMORE 17—CARROLL 16

Handling the ball with accurate speed, the Sophomore quintet placed the leather in the loop enough times to net them 17 points to their opponents 16. The game was not exceptionally interesting from the standpoint of good basketball as the teams lacked the uniformity and team work that makes a game one of worth. Harper showed the best leather-hoisting ability for the winners.

#### INTER-HALL STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct
Brownson -----	2	0	1.000
Sorin -----	2	1	.666
Carroll -----	2	1	.666
Day Dogs -----	2	1	.666
Badin -----	2	1	.666
Sophomore -----	2	1	.666
Walsh -----	1	1	.500
Corby -----	1	2	.333
Howard -----	0	2	.000
Freshman -----	0	2	.000

#### CHAMPIONSHIP BOUTS MONDAY

After putting the finishing touches on Kid Exam, the swat-merchants of the University will congregate next Monday and ensuing nights for the purpose of settling the mooted question of the boxing championships of the school. As the champions will compose the Fighting Irish squad for the season, there will be much competition all the way down, or up, (depending on your viewpoint), the line.

A cordial invitation is extended to all those who feel the urge of the squared circles to enter and don the gloves; the more that come out the better are the chances for a good aggregation of mit wielders. And from a material point of view there are several trips. Charlie Springer's proteges will invade Dixie, proceeding as far as Charlottesville, Va., where they will see if the cotton lands breed up a race of stalwart punch venders, such as Stribling. Trips to Cincinnati and Indianapolis are also planned.

#### IRISH TRIM MARQUETTE

Displaying a lightning attack that swept their opponents off their feet the Notre Dame hockey team annexed its first inter-collegiate scalp last Saturday afternoon on the home rink. "Its an ill wind that blows no one good" was certainly true, for the wind that made the rest of us mortals shiver was just the correct "makings" for a peppy ice session. When they finally decided to leave the elusive puck alone it was found that the Gold and Blue had scored some seven times to Marquette's five. The reason for this state of affairs is to be found in the clever passing attack that Coach McNeil's men called into play. The ice was slick enough but when it came to really putting something real slippery across the Irish hockey hounds made it look like a piece of corrugated cardboard in comparison. They had co-ordination, finish, class, as the Marquette stickmen will attest.

Soon after the game got under way Captain Timmins drove the puck past the goal tender for the opening score. Then to show that it wasn't an accident he duplicated. Following the example set by their leader John McSorley and Stadell were not to be satisfied until they had collected a brace of scorers for themselves. The work of this "triumphirate" set the fast pace that smashed the Marquette guarding work and made the game speedy enough to keep a large crowd out freezing their ears *et al*, to see. And it was well worth the while. The visitors showed they knew quite a few of the tricks of the trade. The conquerors of Minnesota and several other rating teams fought hard but found their masters in the Fighting Irish combine.

There was plenty of speed in the game from start to finish. Despite the fact that the Notre Dame team had been only practicing some three days they displayed a shooting ability exceptionally accurate and only the stellar work of the visitors goal keeper kept the score from mounting higher.

Toward the end of the playing time Marquette pulled off several dangerous rallies but the Irish had a Mr. Murphy at the job.

of goal tender; he liked nothing better than to stop these attempts to cage the puck. At no time in the meet were the Notre Dame victory chances seriously threatened.

Jack Hicok, left wing for the Celt skaters, played a real game. He was the instigator of several passes that resulted in tallies and shot one across the line for the seventh point for Notre Dame. "Bud" Boeringer was the Hibernian star on defense. "Bud" stopped many a Marquette drive and drove the puck into enemy territory time after time. Timmins, McSorley, Hicok and Martin formed the combination that unleashed the passing attack that had the Marquette squad baffled. Not only did Coaches Lieb and McNeil's men display a telling offense, but the Irish defense was in fine form. Due to Murphy and Boeringer the Gold and Blue were able to give most of their time to offensive work.

On the whole the team was exceptionally good and, should the ice hold out, a successful season should be the word spoken when the sticks go into storage for the rest of the year. Several other games were to be played this week.

Notre Dame (7)	G	Marquette (5)	G
Murphy	0	Coogan	0
McSorley	2	McNaughton	2
Martin	0	Corcoran	0
Hicok	1	Thomas	2
Boeringer	0	Labelle	0
Timmins (C)	2	Bergman	0
Hughes	0	Connis	0
Stadell	2	Tocci	0
Holland	0	Boeringer (N.D.)	1
Jean	0		
		Total	5
Total	7		

SWIMMERS TAKE OPENER

That stellar collection of Notre Dame which weekly tries its luck at the intricate art of paddling, had the aquatic gods with them last Friday night and came off with the first victory of the season, 32 to 27. The South Bend Flying Squadron was the victim of the Irish splasher troupe. Engman natorium was the scene of the combat.

After getting off to a good start the Notre Dame crew bailed water as they watched

the South Benders forge toward the front; but a goodly number of seconds and thirds in the final events saved the day for the Irish.

Schutt, South Bend speedman, who has been having things his own way for the past several years, bowed to McCaffery, the Celt ace, in the 100-yard free style dash. This was a big surprise to the gallery.

McCaffery tied with Schutt for high honors, each gaining two firsts and a second. McCaffery was also on the winning team.

The Irish won the water basketball game which followed the meet, 10 to 1.

SUMMARY

160 yard relay—Notre Dame (Hudson, Daniels, Cronin and McCaffery), first; South Bend (Dineen, Barker, LeGate and Schutt), second. Time 1:24:2.

40-yard breast stroke—Rhodes, N. D., first; McKiernan, N. D., second; Vohs, S. B., third. Time, :27.

40-yard breast stroke—Rhodes, S. B., first; McCaffery, N. D., second; Cronin, N. D., third. Time, :20.

Fancy Dive—McCaffery, N. D., 73.36, first; LeGate, S. B., 63.67, second; White, S. B., 62.28, third.

100-yard free style—McCaffery, N. D., first; Schutt, S. B., second; Cronin, N. D., third. Time, 60:3.

100-yard back stroke—LeGate, S. B., first; McMahon, N. D., second; McLaughlin, third. Time, 1:18:9.

220-yard free style—Schutt, S. B., first; LeGate, S. B., second; Hudson, N. D., third. Time, 2:50:1.

Officials: Timekeepers, Lieb and Wilcox. Judges, Elmore and Conn.

INTERHALL TRACK STARTS

If there is anything that shouldn't be hung on the walls of the Brownson "rec" room, barring broken ale schooners, refectory buns or Emily Post's etiquette paper, it is a shining blue and gold banner with the inscription "Indoor Track Champions, 1926."

That's the opinion of biceped young men from eight other halls on the campus, who are looking longingly on the track honors which now rest safely in the Brownson camp. Last year the mercury-hoofed arabs from the tented city hopped on their camels and romped to a clean-cut win over the other eight entrants who looked on in dis-

gust and then proceeded to stage a little tussle for their own benefit.

While the opposition is wailing bitter "watch us" slogans, Coach "Scrap" Young, of Brownson, who flings a neat pair of spikes around the oval at various times, is drilling his squad into shape and says that he can't see anything except a repetition of last year's party. The versatile Mr. Young isn't banking on any tea-bridge, however, and is giving his charges the limit, in preparation for the title imbroglio.

It all goes to prove that the annual inter-hall indoor meet is fast approaching and the interest is keener than ever. That's a stock expression but it's also the truth. Mr. Tom Lieb, who has been widely advertised as a tackle and who broke more than one picket out of a neighbor's fence when he was learning to heave the discus, has announced that the qualification rounds of the meet will probably be held February 13 with the finals coming a week later. These dates aren't certain but things will probably pan out that way, Mr. Lieb avers.

Meanwhile, the eight other halls on the campus will continue to scowl at Brownson and start active preparation under the tutelage of various ingenii who make it their business to compete for the Irish hoof, hop and heave club.

#### FROSH CAGERS TUNE UP

Facing a tougher schedule than has been arranged for a majority of Irish teams, Coach Wilbur Eaton's basketball charges are working out daily in the hope of going through their season with few setbacks.

Eaton has his men well selected and has thrown together three teams that can play a clever brand of the cage sport. Daily practice has been the custom since the end of the Christmas holidays.

Several scrimmages have been held with the varsity and although the Keoganites have been far superior to the greens in a majority of the games, they have been forced to look to their laurels.

Immediately after the mid-year exams, the Frosh will start their winter program of contests. Lake Forest, Kalamazoo, Culver and other fast teams will probably be met although the schedule has not been definitely drawn.

Bray and Colerick are working at the forwards on the first team with Monahan handling the center and Newbold and Hughes doing the defensive work. Crowley and Crowe, forwards; Kiser, center and Strumm, Vogelweed and Nimeck guards, is the lineup of the second five. Gebbert, Jachym, Mc-Diver, Nolan and Schmidt bring up the third quintet.

#### DETROIT U. HERE SATURDAY

By way of helping the students get over the recent exams, Captain Vince McNally and his basketball team will take on the University of Detroit quintet in the Gym tomorrow evening. This game will mark the opening of the second half of the Irish slate.


In this second round the Celts are booked to meet among others, Illinois, Carnegie Tech, Wabash, Franklin and to end the sea-

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son with a two day stand against Creighton. The Wabash and the Franklin games, the latter especially, will be watched with keen interest throughout the state as Notre Dame is recognized as a strong claimant, for about the first time in its history, of the state basketball crown. The days when Notre Dame teams were considered easy seemed to be past and many are of the opinion that the Irish are the best in Hoosierdom at the present time. The only fly in the ointment is the affair in which an inspired Franklin Wonder Five came back to match victory from the Fenians in the final minutes of the fray. Franklin is a name to conjure with in net circles and Notre Dame will be out to lower their colors at the next meeting. Creighton is also recognized as having had some of the best teams that the country has ever produced.

STATISTICS: MICHIGAN STATE

Notre Dame (33)	First Half		Sec. Half	
	att.	made	att.	made
Short shots -----	20	5	14	6
Medium shots -----	12	1	3	2
Long shots -----	2	0	2	0
Foul goals (throughout game)	att. 9, made 6.			
Michigan State (14)				
Short shots -----	12	4	2	0
Medium -----	2	0	3	0
Long -----	2	0	1	0
Foul goals (throughout game)	att. 11, made 7.			



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## THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.:

Were you at the Concert given by our band to the E. S. B. of the sister institution last week-end? No? Ah Me!

Well, the chief horn—whom we shall call Big Ben—was locked up in his trunk, as he should be, and the key of the trunk, which we shall designate as Exhibit A, had been put for safe-keeping into the deposit vaults of the Citizens' Bank, South Bend. So far so good. But this oversight was not discovered until the artists had entered the Temple of Music.

What it to be done? No big Ben, no concert.

Meanwhile the E. S. B. of the sister institution are galoshing to the concert from their various halls. And then Mr. Masenich got a thought, as men will. "I have it!" he shieked and rushed into the night.

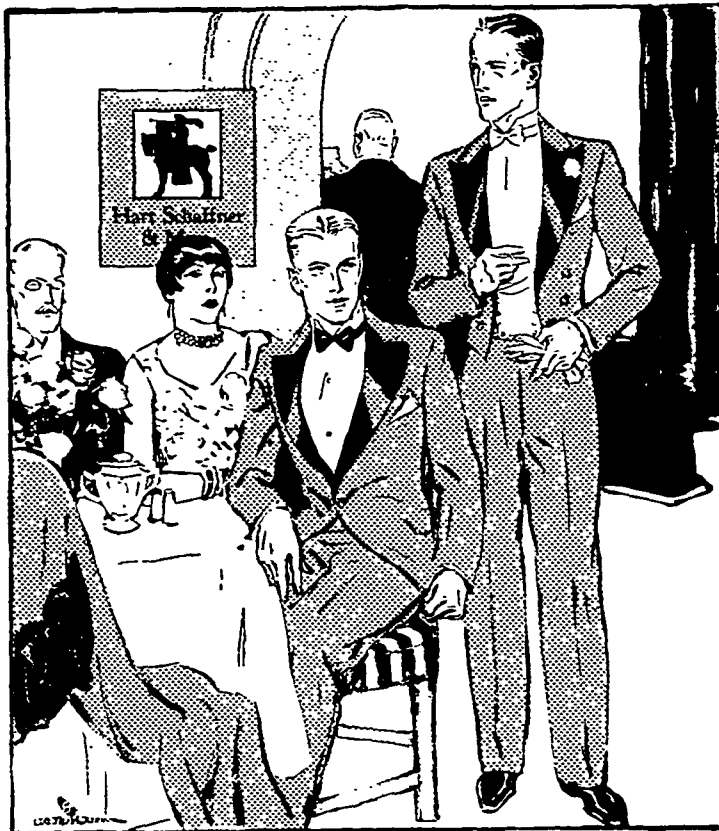
"Down he came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat."

It was a canoe, to be exact, anchored at the river's edge. And along the winding St. Joe, against the current, through blinding snow, under a silver moon Mr. Masenich paddled like a deman-iac to the Citizens' Bank, South Bend, to secure the key that alone could liberate Big Ben, the Basso.

On the other hand Mr. Norb Engels leaped into a Ford coupe, stepped on the gas, as they say, and tore to the home of the Fighting Irish, where Father Carey's 'Iron Horse' was just then panting and snorting on a siding. Mr. Engels tore out of the Ford, tore into the scene just at the moment when the Iron Horse was being shot at by half-shot Indians. "Can you run my Iron Horse?" yelled the chief engineer. "Inferno, I can run anything," retorted Mr. Engels. This tickled our E. S. B. so much they gave Mr. Engels a perfect ovation, as they say. And so Mr. Engels pulled the throttle valve, plunged through the stage door and all the scenery, scattering debris on the peeanists, down to S. B. Avenue, past Hill Street, the Palais Royale and the Charlestoners. Then the Iron Horse neighed as he was nearing the Citizens' bank, and the bank president, from the fourth story window, flung out the key which Mr. Engels caught between his front teeth unaided. Back again! And just as the Iron Horse was thundering over La Salle St. bridge Mr. Masenich was seen tearing up stream through blinding snow under a wan moon. Quick as a flash Engels turned the nose of the monster to the north, plunged over the bridge parapet into the icy waters, the Iron Horse being drowned immediately, which was no loss.

Well, when they reached the Temple of Music Mr. Masenich was so exhausted he almost fell into the arms of one of the E. S. B. over there. And he would have done so, undoubtedly, only this had not been passed upon by the Board of Review.

End of Part I.



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