

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus*

VOL. LVIII.

FEBRUARY 5, 1926

No. 16

## INDEX

PAGE

Frontispiece .....	484
The Week ..... <i>J. A. Breig</i>	485
Campus Opinion .....	491
The E. G. Rowley Scholarship .....	492
The Wheel of Life ..... <i>J. T. Cullinan</i>	493
Editorial .....	494
It Will Pass ..... <i>Francis Colilns Miller</i>	495
A Tragedy ..... <i>John McEnery, '27</i>	497
Sea-Sickness ..... <i>R. H. Clemens, '28</i>	498
On Riding a Horse ..... <i>William W. Kelly, '28</i>	500
Eight Hours In Newspaperdom ..... <i>Andrew Mulreany, '28</i>	501
The Boil Evil ..... <i>R. G. Hennes, '27</i>	504
Sport News ..... <i>J. P. McNamara</i>	505
Safety Valve .....	512

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

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



SCENE: ST. MARY'S LAKE

# THE WEEK

The affair is becoming tremendous! The campus is in a furore. "Red" Smith, "Bull" Politzky, Joe Boland, and "Tiny" Mayer form a four-cornered controversy, and everyone is controversing. Each candidate for the honor of becoming the feminine lead in the forthcoming dramatic effort of the Monogram Club has a large following, and each insists that the honor belongs to him. And now, to make matters worse, whispers are going the rounds of the campus to the effect that Joe Maxwell, he of the lithe and lissome form, is expected to do the dark horse act and attempt to make the quartet a quintet. What the outcome of the matter will be is impossible to guess at this early period.

It has been suggested that "The Week" determine, by popular vote, who is the logical man for the final fadeout. But we have never yet been compelled, for our bread and butter, to count votes, and we don't intend to start now. Our suggestion is this: that, in mass meeting assembled, the Entire Student Body (pardon, Safety Valve) be treated to a demonstration of the merits of the respective candidates. Having been treated to such demonstration, the E. S. B. should thereupon decide upon the man for the honor, and the other candidates should be then formed into a chorus. We claim that this solution is the only logical one. And there we let the problem rest, and if our suggestion is not accepted, we will discover our own candidate, and through our power over public opinion elect him in a landslide.

Having removed this much from our editorial chest, we will now divulge a secret. The semester exams are finished! So are we, nearly, but that is a matter of slight importance. What we started out to say was that they were not nearly so terrible as we had imagined they would be—but then, neither is anything else. The important fact is that they are finished, and the A. S. B. (Average

Student Body) is finished working—until the next exams.

The boxing tournament was a grand success. But we are puzzled about one thing. Michael O'Keefe, the hero of that stirring play "A Pound of Flesh," was conceded the championship of his class by default—no one wanted to argue with him. Now, such a sterling ringster (we're technical, eh?) as Mr. O'Keefe should be accorded an opportunity to improve his tactics in actual battle. And, while we're not so good, we're not so bad, either, and we are thinking of arranging to argue Mr. O'Keefe out of his championship. If the matter can be arranged, we will enter the ring with a typewriter behind each ear and a pencil in each hand—check! check! reverse! vice versa!—and thus prepared, we will carry on a heated controversy with the battler. Date will be released later.

Great things are promised by the Scholarship Club, which will hold a dance shortly before Lent. Those who enjoy dancing and those who possess a sense of humor and like to watch others dancing are promised the best entertainment of the year.

A word of the Glee Club. Their tour, which covered important points in Ohio and Pennsylvania, has been a complete success, from what we have heard over our private press line. The tour winds up tomorrow at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa., where the songsters are being entertained at a tea dance in appreciation of their efforts. We may expect proud reports of the Club's prowess upon their return Sunday.

Listen, dears! Once there was a young man whose line, he thought, was flawless. He had acquired it at various schools. But one time the young man tried his line on a man who did not understand English, but whose arm was strong. Therefore—

End of the line!—J.A.B.

### DRAMA CLASS FORMED

The Drama Club of Notre Dame has been reincarnated in the Class in Dramatic Production taught by Mr. Frank Kelly every Monday and Thursday evenings. The officers of the club succeeded in putting it upon a sound basis with faculty assistance. Father Mooney is still the sponsor of the club which will not lose its entity in spite of the fact that a class has been formed. Two hours credit will be given for the course.

Acting will not come until the latter part of the course. The students will first be taught lighting, settings, balances, methods of coaching, and all the fundamentals of the art. After mastering these it is expected that the members of the class will produce a number of one-act plays. Owing to the number of applications it has been found necessary to limit the class to not more than fifty.

### BOXERS INVADE AMES

Seven boxers, chosen by elimination through the boxing trials held in the Gym recently, left last evening for Ames, Iowa, where they will engage in a dual meet with Iowa State. Several of the men taking the trip are as yet untried, and Pat Canny, leader of the team, has been unable to accompany the boxers due to injuries received in the boxing try-outs.

The members of the team, as they boarded the train last night, were Maury Welch, bantam-weight; Mike O'Keefe, feather-weight; Jimmy Moran, lightweight; Gordy Donnelly, welterweight; Harry O'Boyle, middle-weight; Tom Hearnden, light-heavy-weight, and Chile Walsh, heavy-weight.

### SENIOR PIN SELECTED

After many meetings to consider the relative merits of various samples, the contract for the Senior pins of 1927 has been let to Auld's, inc., of Columbus, Ohio. The committee, composed of Mark Fiehrer, chairman, Russ Voyer and Frank McKinley, were

in a quandary several times striving to select the best pin from the many samples submitted by various firms, but they finally agreed upon Auld's as the best.

The price of the pins will be \$14, and a deposit of \$5 will be required of seniors who desire pins. Announcement will be placed upon the bulletin boards soon, and the seniors of '27 will be canvassed for orders.

The new pin is of the same design as those of the past has been, with the official shield of gold on a black French enamel background. Thirty-three pearls surround the figures and shield, the pearls being delicately graduated to fit. The pin is of ten-karat gold throughout. The numeral is smaller, however, than that of the class of '26 pins.

### DOME APPOINTMENTS

All clubs having appointments to appear Saturday for *Dome* pictures must keep their appointments without fail, according to an announcement given out by W. W. Smith, editor of the annual. Clubs which fail to appear for pictures will not appear in the *Dome*, according to the announcements.

The snapshot contest which has been in progress for some time will close February 10, the editor further announces. All snapshots must be in the hands of either W. W. Smith or George Meade, both of Walsh Hall, before the close of the contest to receive consideration. A *Dome* will be given to the photographer with the largest number of pictures published in the annual. Pictures must be of events during the Spring of 1925 or during the present school year to be acceptable.

The graveyard is the one ground that fools and wise men have in common.—W.J.T.

The husband who is a good listener will be proudly advertised by his wife as a good conversationalist.—S.E.B.

## DINNEEN FEATURE WRITER

Edward L. Dinneen, of the class of '24, broke into newspaper ranks under his own name recently with a special feature article written by him in the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) *Daily Advance*. In his article Mr. Dineen traced the activities of Joseph Rossell, pioneer trader of the St. Lawrence River, and his close connection with the development of Ogdensburg. The growth and progress of the town is closely connected with American history and trade from 1808 until the present day, and is picturesquely reviewed in Mr. Dinneen's composition.

## SHOWEL EDITING PAPER

"The Lincolnite," a novel community weekly published by the Lincolnite Publishing Co. of Chicago, is under the editorial direction of John L. Showel, of the class of '25, who withdrew before completing his course. The paper, to cull from its editorial comment, "is published by the people who live in the community and who represent individually the largest number of neighborhood residents and organizations. It is the mouthpiece for the opinion and sentiments of every one of its readers, and the policies of the Lincolnite are directed by the wishes of its readers." The object of the paper is to facilitate the growth of the North Side District, first as a home center, and secondly as a prospering business center.

## FEW DOMES UNSOLD

A small surplus of one hundred *Domes*, to be allowed to new students, seminarians, and students of St. Mary's, remains unsold since the placing of the order for two thousand *Domes* Wednesday, according to information given out by James Jones, of the business staff of the publication. According to the announcement, no surplus *Domes* will be printed, and the present order cannot be added to if subscriptions should run above the present order. Nineteen *Domes* have been already ordered.

A canvass of St. Mary's will be made

Monday for the purpose of allowing the students there an opportunity to subscribe to the *Dome* if they wish. New men who enter at the beginning of the second semester may sign for *Domes* at the Day Dog office.

Two features of the *Dome* of 1926 will be The Scenic Section and the Senior Section. Much effort has been put upon these sections, and the result justifies the effort. The Scenic Section is a beautiful work of the photographic art, and the Senior Section contains several new features.

## ALUMNUS PUBLISHES WORK

J. L. Heineman, an alumnus of the University of Notre Dame and graduate of the class of '88, author of a number of booklets and articles dealing with pioneer history of Connersville and the Whitewater valley, has recently added an important book, "The Early Days at St. Gabriel's," to his list of publications. The book provides a permanent record of the religious activities of the nineteenth century, as related to the Catholic Church in this part of Indiana in general, and to the establishment and development of the Connersville church in particular.

The book opens with a prelude dealing with the labors of the Catholic missionaries in the vast region south of the Great Lakes, prior to the year 1800. It then takes up in detail the advance into the Whitewater valley. Pioneer life is touched upon incidentally, as is the work of Notre Dame.

Considerable space is given to the consideration of the missionary epoch, together with the work of the first priests and the establishment of the first Indiana church. A copy of this interesting work has been added to the library here, and may be obtained by anyone desiring an insight into the early history of Indiana.

Mr. Heineman also recently issued the third edition of his booklet, "The Indian Trail Down the Whitewater Valley," which is recognized as an authority on primitive Indiana history. Mr. Heineman is well-known on the campus.

## THE FEMININE LEAD

Tap, tap, tap! (very gentle)

Come! (very snappy)

Thus and so was a quailing reporter's entrance effected into the sanctum of hizzoner, the publicity man of the Monogram Club. At the time that worthy dignitary was engaged in punishing a typewriter with much fiendish glee. After contemplating the results of his savage attack for several moments, the mogul of high pressure press agenting shifted his icy stare in the direction of the news man and queried in no unmistakable terms about the reasons for such an interruption.

"How about a little dope concerning the Monogram Club Play?"

"Nothing for publication!"

"What? I've gotta have something. What's your tentative plans?"

"We have nothing to say. Our last published statement stands."

"But is Mr. Hanousek going to sing 'Love's Old Sweet Song'?"

Silence.

"Will Mr. Boeringer interpret the dances of classic Greece?"

More silences.

"Who will recite the 'Shooting of Dan McGrew'? Christie Flanagan?"

Black murder.

The reporter had thrown discretion to the four winds. "Surely Mr. Edwards will render 'Nobody knows what a red-headed—'"

"No, you idiot, there is nothing for publication. Now get out!"

But a story is a story and news editors are heartless. So the reporter adopted new tactics. He would interview in the most approved manner.

Resorting to the catch as catch can method he surprised his adversary with "When and where were you born?"

The wretch turned pale and wan. In a whisper: "Dayton, Tennessee on the—"

"Enough! We'll dig up no family skeletons. What is your favorite color?"

"Red," and here the questioned one adjusted his tie (also known as scarf, cravat, etc.,) in a ruminative manner.

"What color of eyes do you like best?"

At the mention of this a wildness pervaded his whole being. "Black," he growled; "black and blue."

A cold sweat broke on the forehead of the reporter. He had talked himself into a hole. A terrible hole! Almost as bad a one as ordering chicken salad at a restaurant. However, he consulted the handy pocket edition of practical etiquette. "Be nonchalant," he read. "Make a swift attempt at repartee" And so the poor fellow tried it. "To what do you attribute your success?" he queried.

"To my loving wife, who has been a pal and a constant—"

But the reporter had fled from the lion's den, content to carry with him only his life and the memory of a horrible example of artistic temperament.—JAMES C. ROY.

## DEBATING TEAMS CHOSEN

The final tryouts for the debating teams were held recently. The survivors have been assigned as follows: Affirmative team: Dave Stanton, Victor Lemmer, John Griffin, William Craig, Arthur Goldberg, and Pierce O'Connor. Negative team: William Coyne, John Daily, Joseph McNamara, William Krieg, James Roy, and Arnold Williams. These men were picked from a field of 50 candidates. No permanent places were given. As only three men actually speak in a debate there will be two men for each position, any of whom may be called upon.

Several debates have been scheduled for this year: a triangle with DePauw and one with Wabash, a dual with Earlham, a dual with Western Reserve of Cleveland, a single here with Creighton, and another with Washington State. It is possible that one or two more may be added to the schedule.

Prospects for a successful season are bright, as five veterans, Stanton, Lemmer, Griffin, Daily, and Coyne are included in the lineup. The new men are capable and lack only experience. At present the debaters are actively preparing for the annual St. Mary's debate and chicken dinner to be held sometime in February.

## BOY GUIDANCE BANQUET

The junior class of the Boy Guidance men gave a banquet on Wednesday, January 27, for the seniors of the school, now leaving the university for a semester of field work. All other graduate students of the university were invited to the banquet, which was held in the Rotary room of the Oliver. James S. Mitchell, president of the junior class, acted as toast-master.

The speakers were Rev. Mathew Walsh, president of the University; Al A. Kirk, president of the class of '26; Harold J. Doyle; Prof. R. A. Hoyer, director of the department of boy guidance of the University's School of Education; W. D. Morrissey, Cyril Burchell, Leon W. Fury, Rev. William F. Cunningham, head of the school of education at the university; Brother Barnabas, Thomas Lieb, Joseph Beattie, and Joseph D. Becker.

After the singing of several solos by W. D. Morrissey, the program closed with the "Victory March," sung by all the guests.

## JUGGLER INVADES THEATRE

Emboldened by the signal success of the "South Bend Number," the editors of the *Juggler* are entering another new field with the "Theatre Number," which is expected to appear on the campus during the last week in February. Jorge Palomino, whose "subtleties" were the feature of the recent issue of *Pan*, has designed the cover for the "Theatre Number," and the editors promise that his cover will be as unique as his former work.

## RECORD TO BE HEARD HERE

Shortly after the release of the Notre Dame record which the Victor Talking Machine Company is now making, a Victor-Orthophonic concert will be held in Washington Hall. At this concert the much-anticipated record will be heard for the first time on the Campus. The date of the concert, which will be held through the courtesy of Elbel Brothers, will be announced later.

## HELLO NOTRE DAME

"Hello, Notre Dame! The better team won." Thus does John M. Carlisle, editor of the Varsity News, University of Detroit, address us editorially in the columns of his paper after the Detroit-Notre Dame basketball game. Following is his editorial:

"In their defeat by Notre Dame, the Titans were not without honor. They lost, but were not conquered; outscored, but not humbled; out-generaled, but not outfought.

The better team one. Notre Dame and its brilliant leader, McNally, deserved victory and its score. Notre Dame won impressively, and its victors were a sensation. They had the dash and the team enthusiasm that appeals. They lived up to the traditional reputation of Notre Dame teams. They had a remarkable spirit that is generated by a remarkable university.

We are glad that the Titans lost their first game to this great team. This statement needs qualification. We are sorry the Titans lost, but glad that only a team such as Notre Dame's could defeat them by such a big margin. We say this sincerely and not in the spirit of the lad who, when drubbed by another in a fight, remarked "what a great fighter he was!" Notre Dame's quintet did not become great by its victory over the Doraismen; it was already great.

There is honor and glory in defeat. Our Titans gave their best. They never faltered, never wavered, never shirked. They played better than they had in their previous games. Yet their better playing was not sufficient; their never-say-die morale was not sufficient. They lost, but were great in defeat.

Every good team must take its soup with its sauce, its bone with its meat. It takes adversity to bring out character. The Titans have taken their examination and 100 per cent has been written atop their blue books. They proved that the University of Detroit is able to produce not only fighting losers, but gentlemanly losers.

We congratulate the victors: we doff our hats to the losers."—J.M.C.

Donald M. Hamilton, LL.B., '12, was elected president of the Franklin County, Ohio, Bar Association, Friday, January 22. Mr. Hamilton is a member of the firm of Hamilton, Kennedy and Horner, with offices in the Citizens Bank Building, Columbus, Ohio.

Bonfires flame and die; the stars shine on forever.—J.A.W.



## THE JUNIOR PROM

Admission to the Junior Prom to be given next Friday (Feb. 12) in the Palais Royale by the Class of '27, will be refused those men who have obtained their tickets from others than members of the Ticket Committee, and whose ticket numbers do not correspond to those of the "guest list" unless such mistakes are immediately rectified with Thomas C. Green, Chairman of the Ticket Committee, is the warning issued by William L. Daily, President of the Junior Class. It is necessary that the "guest list" be completed and submitted to the Faculty Dance Committee by noon on next Wednesday, February 10.

Members of the Ticket Committee appointed to sell subscriptions for the Junior Prom under the direction of Chairman Green, are: Robert E. Shields, Badin; John D. Murphy, Sorin; Arthur C. Hohmann, Corby; Edwin L. Ryan, Walsh, and Paul M. Butler, Day.

That the Junior Prom of 1926 promises to be an impressive class affair, is evidenced by the sale of 250 tickets and the pleas of some to have the attendance limit increased to 300 couples. With the aid of twenty-nine committeemen, seven chairmen directed by Daniel F. Cunningham, General Chairman, have concentrated their efforts to make the promenade a most successful event.

Inasmuch as the Prom will mark the peak of the program planned by Lawrence H. Hennessey, chairman of the Arrangements Committee, there will be a variety of entertainment provided on the day following the dance. On Saturday afternoon, those pugilistically inclined may see the Fighting Irish in action with the Annapolis Midshipmen, while for the others, reservations will be made for an afternoon performance at the Palace Theatre. That night, Notre Dame's netmen will meet Pete Vaughn's Wabash quartette in the Gymnasium.

A strenuous program, this—for Junior and Senior alike!

Practical joking and temper never go well together.—F.H.

## BOOK REVIEWS

A sudden departure from the routine composition of *Book Leaves* may appear comparable to a revolution but, frankly, it is the Hearst complex which comes as the result of the matutinal struggle we have with the gentleman's Chicago daily. A short-story writer once said there were no new ideas for plots, and we must confess the statement sounds fairly sane and logical. But not to be daunted, a reading list of Catholic literature has been prepared and may be had for a mere trifle at the pamphlet rack. Ergo, let us pass rapidly over the pages of this exhaustive and thorough pamphlet, trusting that it may become useful to Notre Dame students.

Some weeks ago this column mentioned a novel, "Initiation," by Robert Hugh Benson, and at once several calls for the work were made upon the Library. That offers some consolation inasmuch as we know there are a few reading the column. But, the latest publication issued by the University divides Catholic literature into several groups including Devotional Education, Social Questions, History, Biography, and Fiction. Under each group head are listed the best references in the particular fields. Chesterton, Cardinal Wiseman, Egan, and Canon Sheehan with his famous novel, "My New Curate," are among those recommended in the field of fiction. Pardon, we failed to mention Poetry among the classifications and here are Joyce and Aline Kilmer with their delightful selections. Bringing the list to a close we find Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C. particularly recommended with "The Dead Musician" and "Cloister" offered as best examples of his work.

\* \* \* \*

Willa Cather's new offering, "The Professor's House," is far more wholesome than her questionable book, "A lost Lady." Writing with her usual lucidity of style and with her mastery of form, Mrs. Cather studies the old generation with its frothiness and conservatism, and the new with its frivolities and commercialism.



### Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you think of the South Bend fire?*

WHERE ASKED: *Main Building.*

NICHOLAS COLANTONIO, '29

The damage caused by the conflagration is irreparable. It deprives the citizens of South Bend of some of their most valuable property. Some of the fellows fear the property was not insured.

JOHN F. DEELY, '29

It seems that most of the fellows are looking forward to a fire sale at Kuehn's.

JAMES ROY, '29

I think South Bend must be a large city. In small towns firemen watch the blaze instead of giving their lives to put it out.

HOWARD DOLL, '29

Looks like a hot time was had by all.

ARNOLD WILLIAMS, '29

Oh, was there one?

JOHN A. DAILY, '27

It was all wet.

QUESTION: *"What department of the SCHOLASTIC do you like best?"*

WERE ASKED: *Cafeteria.*

BILL ENGELS, '29, Freshman

"The Week. Because, while it tells me what I usually already know, it tells me in a different and interesting manner. It is easy to read, light and entertaining."

JOE ROBINSON, '29, Brownson

"The Week and Literary Section. Sometimes very interesting stories and fine poems appear in the Literary Section, and The Week gives an interesting summary of the events of the week."

CHARLEY REITZ, '29, Brownson

"The Week and Campus Comment. Campus Comment affords an opportunity of getting the student view on various matters,

and for this reason I like it. The Week is light, compact, and entertaining."

JACK DOYLE, '28, Badin

"I prefer Campus Opinion, because it gives the students an opportunity to make known their views on certain questions, and enables others to know what the student thinks of these questions. I enjoy reading The Week, too."

### LIBRARY RECEIVES NEW BOOKS

The following books are now available at the Library:

Aristotelianism—J. L. Stocks.  
 Sacred and Shakespearian Affinities—C. A. Swinburne.  
 Stoicism and Its Influences—R. M. Wenley.  
 Scrap-Book of Elementary Mathematics—W. F. White.  
 Ady, Julia (Cartwright)—Christians of Denmark.  
 Aldrich, L. W.—Crowding Memories.  
 Anson, W. V.—Life of Admiral Lord Anson.  
 Bell, R. S.—Star Land.  
 Benjamin, L. S.—Life of William Makepeace Thackeray.  
 Bennett, J. L.—Frontiers of Knowledge.  
 Chesterton, G. K.—Tales of The Long Bow.  
 Dauncey, Campbell—An Englishwoman in the Philippines.  
 Dickinson, E. M.—Patriot's Mistake.  
 Ellis, G. W.—Negro Culture in West Africa.  
 Ferrero, Guglielmo—Women of the Caesars.  
 Fitch, Clyde—The Climbers.  
 Guerber, H. A.—Legends of the Rhine.  
 Hamel, Frank—An Eighteenth Century Marquis.  
 Haynes, Henrietta—Henrietta Maria.  
 Hazlitt, Wm.—Table Talk.  
 Hedrick, U. P.—Peaches of New York.  
 Jacobs, Michael—Art of Color.  
 Kellogg, J. H.—Auto-Intoxication.  
 Hrehbiel, H. E.—How to Listen to Music.  
 Kunz, G. F.—Curious Lore of Precious Stones.  
 Kunz, G. F.—Magic of Jewels and Charms.  
 Lapponi, Guisepe—Hypnotism and Spiritism.  
 Levy, R. M.—Why Jews Become Catholics.  
 Belloc, Hilaire—Mr. Petre and Ten.  
 Budge, E. A. T. W.—One Hundred Miracles of Our Lady Mary.  
 Byrne, Donn—Messer Marco Polo.  
 Fraser, J. F.—Round the World on a Wheel.  
 Harris, W. R.—Essays in Occultism, Spiritism and Demonology.  
 Healy, T. N.—Great Fraud of Ulster.  
 Mason, O. T.—Woman's Share in Primitive Culture.  
 Mill, H. R.—Siege of the South Pole.  
 Miller, L. W.—Essentials of Perspective.

### THE E. G. ROWLEY SCHOLARSHIP

In memory of their son, Edwin Graves Rowley, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rowley, of 203 West Mistletoe Ave., San Antonio, Texas, have established a scholarship at the University of Notre Dame.

The scholarship is to be known as the Edwin Graves Rowley Scholarship; established in February, 1926, by a gift of \$12,000 from Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rowley of San Antonio, Texas, in memory of their deceased son, Edwin Graves Rowley of the Class of '26. The income of this fund is used for the education of a deserving student from the city of San Antonio. The choice of such student is made by a committee, of which the Grand Knight of the San Antonio Council, No. 786, Knights of Columbus, is chairman.

To be eligible for this scholarship a student must have fulfilled the following conditions: He must be a graduate of a high school; he must be a Catholic and a resident of the city of San Antonio; he must be in need of financial assistance in order to obtain a college education; if no suitable candidate from the city of San Antonio be available, the scholarship will be open to applicants from the Diocese of San Antonio who meet the conditions prescribed under the above mentioned rules; applicants for this scholarship may be required to take examinations in selected high school subjects. Whenever there are more than one applicant these examinations may be used to decide the selection.

A permanent committee will be established to make the appointment of the scholar every four years. This committee will be composed of three members as follows: the Grand Knight of the San Antonio Council No. 786, Knights of Columbus, who shall be chairman of the committee; the President of the Particular Council of Saint Vincent de Paul Conference of San Antonio; and the President of the Notre Dame Alumni Club of San Antonio.

The University will provide suitable living accommodations on the campus for the student enjoying the benefits of this scholarship. There will be provided for him

after the completion of his freshman year a suitable private room in one of the resident halls on the campus.

In accepting the scholarship the beneficiary will sign the following pledge:

"I solemnly promise to strive to the utmost of my ability to develop the best qualities of mind and heart that I may become a true Notre Dame man, such as Edwin Graves Rowley was. To this end I shall at all times be faithful to my duties as a loyal son of Notre Dame and of Holy Mother the Church. I shall endeavor to develop the qualities of leadership that I may be helpful to my fellow students and to the community in which I may live after the completion of my college course. I shall ever be true to the teachings of Notre Dame and treasure the ideals of true Catholic manhood. I shall endeavor to fulfill my duties as a citizen of the United States and of the state of Texas."

### SCHOLARSHIP DANCE TONIGHT

A Scholarship dance, the last one of the pre-Lenten season, will be held tonight at the Knights of Columbus hall. The dance will be given in the form of a Valentine party. Refreshments will be served. As an added attraction, Miss Mary Grace Mohn, well-known South Bend ballet dancer, will dance several numbers which have not previously been presented in South Bend. The Scholarship Club is anxious to obtain a large attendance at this dance, which should be one of the best of the year.

### MINIMS ENTERTAINED

Donatella and Company, who featured at the Palace Theatre, South Bend, during the early part of the week, entertained the Minims and Sisters at St. Edward's Hall with a short musical revue Tuesday afternoon. The members of the revue are Mr. and Mrs. Donatella and their three sons. Joseph Donatella, another son, is a student at St. Edward's Hall. The feature of the revue was the rendition of several numbers by Mr. Donatella, who is the only man on the American stage today to present the Biblical shepherd horn.

## THE WHEEL OF LIFE

JOHN T. CULLINAN

Three students who crashed the gate at the University of Illinois Junior Prom were barred for the offense from being admitted to any university dances for the rest of the year. And Spike Hamilton wasn't presiding. Hence, a double incentive for crashing on February 12.

By a ruling of the Harvard faculty all those students in the college who are in good standing may use their own discretion in attending classes and lectures. This measure is regarded as an experiment in further reliance upon individual initiative. If it is successful it will be the last step in this direction. Harvard has always shunned the childlike disciplinary method of prescribing a fixed number of unexcused absences which a student may take with impunity. In colleges where this system is followed the records show the tendency to take the full number allowed. And we continue to lose one-tenth for every late sleep or every Thursday afternoon at the Palace.

A physically milder, but mentally harder form of athletic competition will take place between Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton when the four rivals will meet in the opening round of an auction bridge tournament. The first session will be played at the Columbia University club, the tournament to consist of four sessions at intervals of a week.

Southern Junior College, Oltewah, Tenn., has been purged of all sin. Following a recent chapel exercise a search of the boys' and girls' rooms was made and all novels, pictures, story magazines, lipsticks, and rouge were cast into a huge campus fire. Burning with religious fervor, kindled by two revivalists, a committee of students and faculty entered the college library for every book or pamphlet having reference to evolution. The students led by the faculty

emerged bearing the idols, carried them in triumph, and cast them into the flame.

College students attending Southern California are forced to learn at least one subject before graduating. That is spelling. Last week a large class of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors were given a chance to pass this bugbear requirement by passing the regular semester examination. One hundred words are included in the list which is fired at the class of poor spellers. The words are distinguished by the ease with which they are misspelled.

In a recent issue of the Holy Cross "Tomhawk" there appears the following parody on, "Show Me The Way To Go Home."

Send me the fare to go home  
I'm worried and I think I need a rest  
I had a stiff exam about an hour ago  
And the stuff I couldn't digest,  
I'm really not so green  
And it does seem rather mean  
But if that "New Building" must be  
built,  
Please send my fare to the Dean.

Not all women who paint are artists.  
—F.J.M.

Monkeys learn by monkeying.—A.L.D.  
Knowledge conceals itself in simplicity.  
—W.W.S.

Gossip is a mole in the lawn of reputation.—W.J.R.

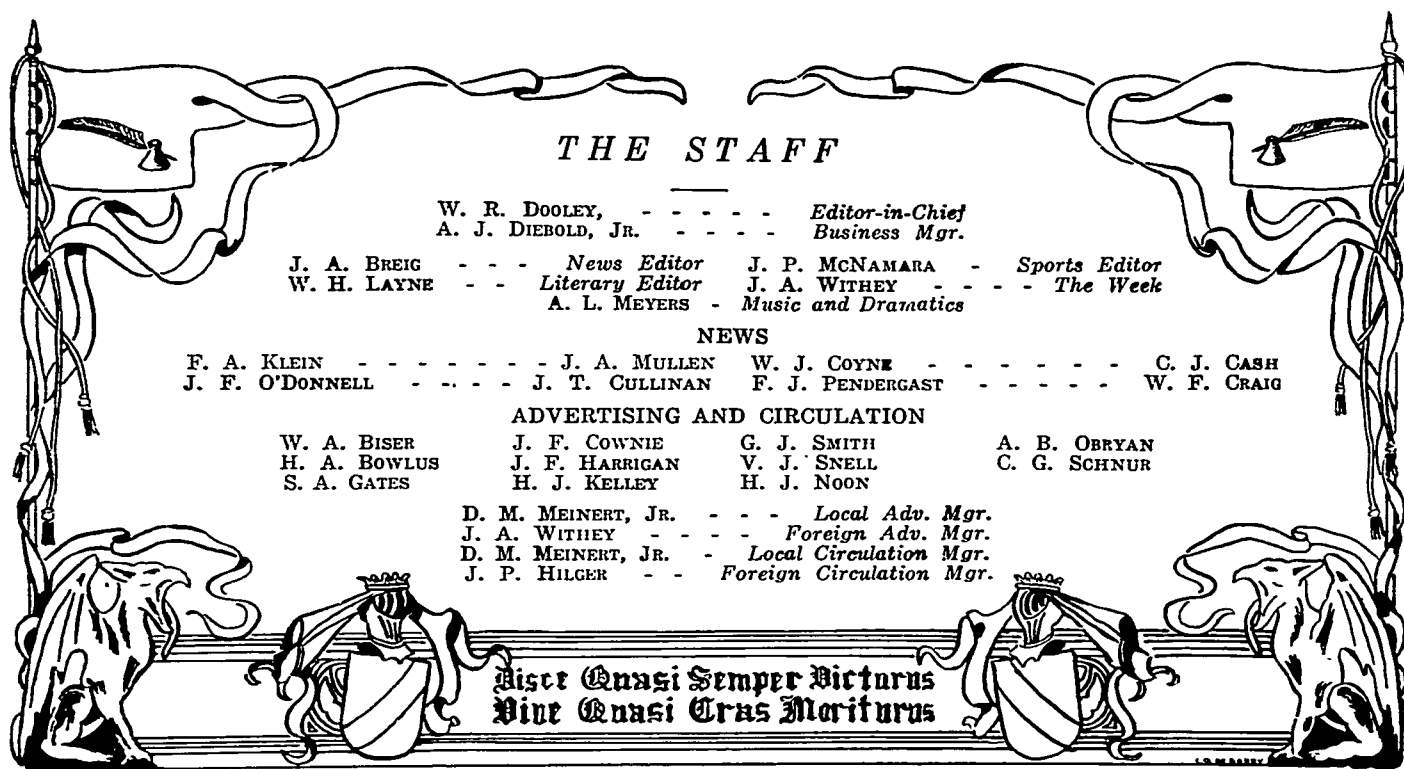
The dollar sign is no sure sign of success.  
—T.J.N.

A Jack of all trades has no particular trade.—J.H.N.

Aviators can't be choosers—when the motor fails.—M.C.D.

It is the bitter that makes the sweet enjoyable.—P.W.D.

A book in your hand is worth nine in your bookcase.—C.M.P.



### THE GLEE CLUB GOES EAST

A university, like a human being, is known by the things it does. Its outside activities, the kind of men it produces, and their success or failure are the only indices the world has of the institution which fosters them. If a school predominates in any one thing, it will be measured, naturally, by that thing more than by any other.

Notre Dame, rather unfortunately, has been predominant in athletics. We say unfortunately, because her success in that field has been so striking of late years that her other remarkable achievements have been overshadowed, lost, pushed into the background, at least so far as the world at large is concerned. No matter what corner of the land one may go into, if he happens to mention Notre Dame, "football" will be immediately connected with it. That is all very well in itself. We are not disparaging the game or Notre Dame's connection with it. Both have been of great advantage to the university in many ways.

But such predominance gives rise to a totally wrong impression. Notre Dame is not primarily a "football factory," turning out teams and men of the best quality. With Notre Dame, as with other universities, the "things of the mind" come or should come first. This is to be expected in any "institution of higher learning." And they

are not lacking at Notre Dame, all they require is more publicity.

For instance, we have debating teams, with excellent records; we have writers who can and do wield the pen with grace and effectiveness; we have a Band which is rapidly approaching the best in collegiate circles; we have an orchestra that plays music, not merely notes; and we have a Glee Club, at present on an extended tour East, sufficient evidence of its excellence.

The Glee Club is, perhaps, the more fortunate among our "higher" activities. The others are limited in scope; restricted to a more or less local manifestation of their power. The Glee Club, however, in its Eastern trip, will have the opportunity of giving the world a chance to observe that Notre Dame can turn out things other than football teams,—things of equal excellence with the latter. The club will appear in several cities, before audiences both strange and critical. It will have to stand strictly on merit, and consequently it will have to give the very best concerts of which it is capable. If it does, and we are positive that it will, it cannot help making favorable impressions. And if it makes favorable impressions, it cannot help winning for Notre Dame the intellectual superiority which is as rightfully hers as the athletic superiority which she now enjoys.

## It Will Pass

FRANCIS C. MILLER, '27

ONE may go on an enormous while with an illflavored fury in the back of one's brain and yet keep one's countenance to the world almost genial.

At some time, though, this fury reeks its way to the outside and wrecks the final ditch of restraint.... bursts trembling into the open.

This juncture is known as the crisis. After this the fury.... perhaps beaten.... retreats again within to smolder. Maybe it dies.

### I.

Phillip Carlton was surprisingly blithe beneath a pose of deliberate austerity. The woman opposite him ate rather daintily and a bit seriously, as if dining were to her a purpose rather than an act.

"You know, Phillip," she said, as if following up something she had spoken before, "I must repeat it: I can't marry you. You're too much like a bird, Phillip,"—she smiled around the mouth—"who will always fly across the evening.... pinioning.... yet never returns to his nest. Women will love you and have loved you.... many, but they will hesitate to marry you, wrap their life up for you, because they instinctively catch a warning."

She paused; she looked wistfully at him. "Too bad, Phillip, to be loved and not wanted.... dear Phillip. You have never asked me to marry you.... except with your eyes. You may think me audacious to say what I have.... yet I felt your love coming, poisoning to come out of your mouth in words.... and I so wanted to spare you pain. I tried to arrest it before it grew.... Phillip! Are you angry? I have made a long speech and you have grown angry with me!"

"No, I am not angry," he replied after a moment. "You were precisely right when you said it was growing on me. Matter of fact, I intended proposing to you tonight, Dorothy.... I'm sorry you feel that way..."

She stared at him with that flash of intuitive suggestion which occasionally char-

acterizes love. She glimpsed Phillip as he was, fighting blindly to wall the breakers of his disappointment. She knew Phillip so well. She knew that he would struggle supremely before revealing the surge of his feeling.

Therefore she said: "Phillip, I have hurt you! It cuts me cruelly that I must do it.... but, Phillip, I am old. I am *twenty-nine!*.... and you are a boy.... twenty. This will pass.... it must pass!"

"Why must it?" he asked helplessly.

"Because I want you to be happy. You are at heart a poet, Phillip, who sings his love songs in the evening to the ideal of his dreams.... no earthly woman. You are one who thinks life rather than feels it! Can't you see? You pretend to be serious. Ah, you are toying with everything.... Not that I think it's wrong, Phillip. I think it splendid.... but who am I that would come in and shatter your dreams!"

"You are the woman I love," he returned quietly.

She was silent.... thinking.

### II.

Denton's restaurant all the time buzzed with the bee of conversation. Patrons all about seemed unaware of this scene, each concerned with his own role, busy each with his own foible. Denton's had created a swank; had got a clientele limited and secluded, yet immensely profitable to M. Baldeur, the proprietor. He went up and down through the tables, rubbing his hands all the time, casting oily smiles here, a friendly word there to his rich patrons.

Muncie boasted of Denton's. It was essentially of pseudo-English atmosphere, as if transplanted rather grotesquely to the homely environment of Indiana. It catered, too, towards those who had money and who wished to follow cultured smartness of European vogue. Many its favorites had spent a few summer months abroad and had acquired hastily applied liquid veneer of cos-

mopolitan sauvity, a pose that was uncertain, meretricious, and immensely disgusting.

It would not seem that these people, who as products of our sophistication live so much on the surface, would be capable of thinking very deeply of things. M. Baldeur himself admitted, grinningly, that they *were* capable of drama.

Phillip and Dorothy existed thus. Through this subterfuge they had succeeded in overliving the common absurdity of this town. They guessed that they had ceased to feel and suddenly found they hadn't.

Funny. They had grown along together without much noticing each other. She was ten years older than he; had had a few love affairs before he had his first. But he came home from his initial year at college strikingly a man, oh, so very desirable. He had "grown up" that year. He returned with a swagger of unconcern which appealed to Dorothy. They had got along swingingly then. Unlike others of their set they assumed dignity and propriety; scorned the "Finale Hop," and later the "Charleston," as being tremendously obnoxious to their better senses. They played court between themselves and got a following, too.

### III.

"Phillip," said Dorothy suddenly, breathlessly, as if she had been holding her lungs full all that time, "Phillip, we'll break this won't we dear? Break it right in two before it gets a bigger start. When you go back to school next week, don't write, please. I won't want to hear from you."

"You don't want to hear from me!" he gasped furiously.

Tremendous. She didn't want to hear from him!

"No, I didn't.... I mean, I mustn't.... Now, listen, Phillip. I *want* to hear from you but I won't.... I won't."

She paused, star-eyed. He saw it. Lord, what a man has!

Phillip thought: "I love this woman and she loves me; but she has killed this affection that I may be happy." Intolerable: he couldn't stand it!

"Dorothy.... No! We've lived on here

without feeling anything. It's all come now.... this restraint is gone.... and it's tearing us up. Age isn't it.... we'd be happy...."

"No, Phillip,"—now calmly—"we'd not be happy. When you are thirty I would be forty, the edge and turnstile of youth. I'd be old and you.... young, Phillip. See!"

"I can't see.... blind,"—resignedly.

She looked at him with little tears in her eyes. A thousand paroxysms hurt her mind. She saw the world slipping ever so swiftly from under her, a grey mass.... Phillip with it.

Suddenly, swiftly, she got up and left the restaurant. Too late, Phillip made to go after her. He returned to his table.

A few persons had noticed the situation and those not seriously. That's it. One may go blundering through things, momentous things, all one's life and never grasp them, never see the stunning significance of them.

M. Baldeur had observed, notwithstanding. He was a bit of philosopher. Sometimes he went into the kitchen and shined tumblers for amusement.... he liked shining tumblers. He would breath on the glasses and polish them with a cloth, bring out the hidden sheen on the surface. On the curved exterior he would often discern his own face, made hideously long and grim, or very fat and jovial, depending on the angle at which he held the glass. Then he would laugh at himself and think of something he had read in Hugh Walpole: "Life is a comedy for him who thinks, a tragedy for him who feels."

And that day when Dorothy and Phillip parted he asked himself seriously a third question: "And what is life for him that both thinks and feels?"

### IV.

After she had gone Phillip Carlton sat there toying with his glass. He pushed it away from him. His desire for drink had suddenly vanished. Food was repulsive to him.... stung him.... even the thought. It began to dawn on him, thus so, what he had suffered in losing her. His mind did a psychic handspring. Frightful.

Dorothy gone. He half got up to rush after her, then he sank back again. This was his first crisis: would he follow against better sagacity, or remain and weather the storm? He fought it back and forth.

M. Baldeur came over and put his hand on Phillip's shoulder.

"Are you ill, sir?"

Phillip did not bother to answer. M. Baldeur smiled knowingly. He did something he seldom did, that is, be personal with his customers.

"You are in love, Mr. Carlton.... it will pass."

He patted Phillip on the shoulder.

"It will pass....!" Phillip wrenched at the words. "It will pass...."

Presently Phillip began to grow calmer,

the red flame in his brain slowly flagged. Time passed and the dinner hour passed. Only two lone patrons remained in Denton's restaurant. Yet he sat there, Phillip, with his eyes burning, his face pale in the artificial light. Dorothy gone. It did not seem to matter quite so much now.... not so much. Perhaps she was right. He thought that.

Then he called for his bill and soon after left the restaurant. As he paused at the check booth he glanced back into the dining room with an air of one who leaves behind him an unpleasant scene, not exactly with distaste but with a certain satisfaction.

He was almost forced to smile when he recalled M. Baldeur's words of prophecy: "It will pass.... pass."

## A Tragedy

JOHN M'ENERY, '27

IN the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" there moves a figure, hard but a weaver of exquisite dreams; a figure that occupies a place, in the affection of Romeo, second only to that place filled by the "sweet saint" Juliet. It is Mercutio, and from him we learn much of the world, and a great deal of Shakespeare.

The traditional conception of the play is that it is concerned with the struggle of Youth and the World; the character of Mercutio contains a miniature of this struggle. His youth is poisoned by contact with the world; he has already placed the business of fighting superior to the business of love. It is Mercutio the Young who draws, with inimitable fancy, the picture of Queen Mab and her chariot; it is Mercutio, man-of-the-world, who casually dismisses, with one phrase, the Queen's dealings with lovers, but in detail exposes her tricks upon lawyers, courtiers, parsons, soldiers, and other mere persons and things that Youth would consider entirely immaterial. And when Romeo, tiring of hearing about these trivialities, protests to Mercutio,

*"Peace, peace, Mercutio; peace!  
Though talk'st of nothing...."*

Mercutio is forced to take refuge in shallow sarcasm. Much in the same manner that a young man attempts superiority when surprised in a boyish moment. Mercutio answers, with an air of self-contempt,

*".... True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy...."*

What a supreme character for tragedy Mercutio would have been, if the dramatist could have caught him a few years earlier, and followed him through the crisis that made him a braggart and a poseur! For we who are very young are a little frightened by Mercutio,—would the great Romeo have changed, also, had he not died? And so, in Mercutio, we catch a glimpse of the world.

Mercutio is a favorite, in the theater, because of the famous Queen Mab fantasy. This speech invariably delights the audience, yet it leaves a feeling of not being neces-



sary to the movement of the drama. It seems to be something which Shakespeare has presented because he loved its literary appeal. At first thought, Mercutio's only value is, also, as a favorite of Shakespeare, and not as an intrinsically necessary actor: it could have been Benvolio who was killed by Tybalt (and thus, complete the plot). Why, then, should the dramatist have taken such pains to show the make-up of Mercutio; why should Mercutio have more actuality of character than Benvolio, when the two have the same dramatic position in the play? Perhaps Shakespeare molded Mercutio in order that the Queen Mab bit might be

used. Probably Mercutio is used as a foil for the character of Romeo, although Paris and Tybalt are both so used. But there seems to be some deeper reason which dictated the prominence of Mercutio: the true cause of the play "Romeo and Juliet" is found in Mercutio. If the youthful ideals of love and peace are worthy, it is preferable to die, as did this "pair of star-cross'd lovers," than to live and see ideals displaced by expediency, love destroyed by selfishness, and peace disrupted by visions of pride and honor. Mercutio lived to see these changes take place in him, and this is the tragedy of Mercutio.

## Sea-Sickness

R. H. CLEMENS, '28

THERE are many kinds of sicknesses and ailments with which most of us are familiar; but I believe it is safe to say that the rolling motion of sea-swells—in short, *mal de mer*—will be chosen as king of them all.

My first voyage, a coast-wise cruise, proved to be a real thriller. The sensations were such as come only to the inexperienced, expectant, would-be seasoned "globe trotter." I had previously heard about this curse of the high-seas travelers; particularly that it was an unavoidable malady of the ocean.

I congratulated myself on my foresight in having purchased a most useful book entitled, "How to be Happy Though Sea-Sick." It was an odd enough title, but contained good matter—for those who intended going on a voyage but never would. My preparations included also a bottle of tiny white pills, which, if properly taken, would prevent sea-sickness and produce no ill effects. A most wonderful preventive—the label said so. Equipped in this manner I felt safe enough; I read the book from cover to cover and took the white pills dutifully. Everything—meaning my appetite and mental poise—was perfectly normal until we

were three days out. Then, after a farm-hand breakfast, I strolled upon the promenade deck for some of that wonderful invigorating salt-impregnated air. I was leaning against the railing and had lighted my pipe when suddenly I noticed that the waves had taken on a different shade of green; and the horizon seemed to tilt at a very odd angle, although the ship was riding on an even keel. I removed my gaze from this confusing scene and shifted it to the long deck. As I did so, a young girl came around the corner of the main cabin and walked my way. As she approached me I became aware that she was not alone, for another girl had suddenly appeared just beside her—a twin sister, no doubt, for the two were absolutely alike. As they came slowly towards me, a third sister suddenly appeared between the first two. The three girls seemed to intermingle, to shift and dodge about in a most peculiar manner. I gave up after they had passed and merely made a mental note that they were three of the finest girls I had seen thus far on the trip. About this time I became aware of a queer feeling in my digestive regions, the kind of feeling one has on a non-stop elevator that makes a drop of fifteen stories. The ship seemed to

rise up and up, ever so gently, and then to sink suddenly down again; but each time it sank, half of me seemed to stay where we had started from.

I left the rail and proceeded—or, rather, tried to proceed—to the farther end of the deck. After staggering along for sometime—I was now at the staggering point—I noticed several of my fellow-passengers in the most awkward positions imaginable. Some were hanging onto anything they could get hold of, others were stretched out on deck chairs as if their last moments had come, and one poor fellow was trying to climb into a life-boat. I attempted to help him and was for following, when the porter, politely, but firmly, led me to my cabin. I shouldn't say "led me"—he fairly carried me; my feet dragged along with the rest of my body and my arms dangled helplessly, but I wasn't ashamed and did not care in the least who saw me in this condition. I was a sick man; I knew it and felt it; I could tell when I was beaten and had enough.

The shifting cabin doors were difficult to enter, but my capable attendant succeeded in dragging me into my cabin and put me to bed. When I awoke I was in a painful cramped-up position, and found, strangely enough, that I was in the clothes hamper, which was a bit small for the average-sized man. I weakly called for help. After what seemed a good half-hour the porter came in and rescued me from my predicament, putting me back into bed again. He informed me that a tray of wholesome food was ready but I told him, in a faint voice, to toss it

overboard for me. The room was still equipped with two or more of everything, and my waist-line regions were still quite numb and non-existent.

When I awoke again the porter was beside me with a tray of tea and toast, and, strange to say, it appealed to me with a wonderful relish. I did the food justice and was a trifle stronger as a result. The porter stood close by watching me with a broad smile on his ebony countenance. He remarked that I had lived through the siege exceedingly well.

"Siege of what?" I asked.

"Why the siege of sea-sickness," he replied.

I told him that I had blamed my pipe and that gave him a good laugh. He described to me how I had left my cabin with only a pair of pajamas on to protect me from the ocean breezes, and had given the maintenance crew considerable trouble when I tossed eight life-preservers overboard and then attempted to follow them. I believed him, of course, because one isn't responsible for the things one does while in this state.

The ship's doctor and his assistants had a rush business for a few days, ministering to the ills of the "land-lubbers."

The "sailor's life for me" attitude should be considered very carefully by the amateurs of travel. Those who have had the thrills of the sea and the wonderful experience of seasickness thrust upon them can fully appreciate the famous slogan, "See America First!"



## On Riding A Horse

WILLIAM W. KELLY, '28

**M**Y first impression of horseback riding was formed while watching equestriennes walking their horses on the bridlepath, in a park that was situated opposite my home in the city. To me it appeared a rather tame affair for at least three-fourths of the riders I watched seemed afraid to ride their horses in masterly fashion, and thus an aversion for the sport grew upon me. Then one day my father acquired two tickets to a Rodeo which was being held in Madison Square Garden. I, being the only child, was the logical one to accompany him to the exhibitions. The Rodeo completely swayed my prejudiced opinion toward an enthusiastic approval of riding, and I immediately decided to learn how to become an expert horseman.

Near my home is a large armory that is used for cavalry practice during the winter months. I visited this military building and after inquiring about the rates of lessons and other data concerning horseback riding for beginners, I secured the services of one of the cavalry instructors. I soon found myself in an interesting and pleasing conversation with my future teacher, and, much to my astonishment and delight, I discovered that I was conversing with a real western cowboy. I did not realize at that time that there are many bogus "movie" cowboys playing roles in real, as well as in reel, life. To this type I later learned, my teacher belonged, and was only a mediocre example at that.

When the day for my first lesson arrived I was completely "het up" over the novelty of getting astride a horse. After many vain attempts I finally succeeded in mounting the animal. Because of my exalted position and my nervousness, I experienced many varied forms of dizziness. First, I thought I was thousands of feet up in the air and was about to topple over; then, I seemed to be on top of a high mountain, above a valley inhabited by pygmies; then, the ground beneath me appeared to be whirling around dizzily, just as it must with a dog when he attempts to chase his tail.

I had often heard stories of big horses being most difficult to ride, so when I went into the stalls to select mine I selected the smallest one in the stable. This one was a very pretty little animal with a star-shaped white spot on his nose; but his legs were so thin that I really hated to force the tiny creature to carry my heavy carcass. But then, I thought, to drown my compassionate sentiments, all horses are beasts of burden, so why should this one not be treated in the manner as others of his kind.

After recovering from the dizziness which had attacked me after mounting my "small horse," I soon forgot my pitiful feelings, for the brute refused to move when I timidly castigated him with my quirt. My teacher who had been a silent onlooker came to my aid. Grasping my steed by the bridle, he headed our horses in the direction of the park. Once in the picture-like open country my mount behaved gently and I had a most enjoyable ride until we reversed the course of our animals to transport us back from where we started. Then, without warning, my horse began to gallop. Horses are, after all, only dumb animals so how could I expect a vocal warning from him? My teacher who had been "left at the post," gave chase to my runaway, as I was helpless in my frantic endeavor to halt the fleeing animal. I managed to remain on his back until the instructor caught up to me and halted him. This was evidently what he got paid for because I learned absolutely nothing about riding from him. We soon reached our starting point, where, with the greatest difficulty and clumsiness, I dismounted. I was sore from my head to my feet, and every time I moved some muscle in my body seemed to snap causing a torturous result.

Supper was being served when I arrived home that evening. Much to the astonishment of my wear mother, I ate my repast standing up. At times it is good for one to partake of a meal in an upright position, because it makes assimilation so much easier.

## *Eight Hours In Newspaperdom*

ANDREW MULREANY, '28

“**B**UT Sarge, it's not reasonable to think that both should drown accidentally, especially since the older was twelve years old.”

“I don't know, the affair looks all right to me.”

The sergeant, a middle-aged spectacled man, his features suggesting, even to the untrimmed brown mustache, Teutonic descent, was called to the phone by a sharp ringing of the bell. The other character, Ed Wade, Jr., court reporter, staff photographer, wire editor, etc., of the *Tribune*, was left to consider things.

The scene was the first floor of the Methuen police station. In the center of the room was a fenced-in office where the sergeant answered both box and outside calls. On either side of the room were offices of the City Marshal, the Police Commissioner, and the plainclothesmen.

Tony, as Ed had been nicknamed by the staff humorist, was leaning against the railing of the sergeant's office. With the replacement of the receiver he broke in on the sergeant with—

“It's a fine bunch of men you have on this force to allow the murder of children to go without investigation!”

The sergeant laughed. Tony tore out of the building headed for the office to write a follow-up of the drowning story.

He was a likeable chap. The truth is he was a town character. Everyone knew him. He was short and slight, wiry, wise and pointed faced, and possessed of a magnificent head of wavy black hair. Tony was little more than a kid around twenty-one. But he had troubles of his own. Impulsive youth—he had married at eighteen, a father at nineteen, and just now had been presented with twins. With the added responsibilities he had become a slave to newspaperdom. But he took everything with a smile, even his pay which was the usual half-empty envelope given a court reporter. A wife and three children at twenty-one is a serious situation for some people.

But Tony was a plugger. Nothing stopped him. As a news-hound there was none better. Yet things were not so smooth in the office. It was a regular medium-sized newspaper plant. The editor was a red-headed and exacting man. He himself had been bumped about by the profession previous to receiving the big pencil and now he failed to make things easy for those under him. Tony had many times felt the effects of that burning type of call down such as only an editor can give.

The day before the police station conversation two Italian children had been drowned in the Merrimack river. A girl eight and a boy twelve years old, the newspaper accounts stated, were the victims. According to the police theory the children had been playing in the back yard of their home, which was situated near the river bank. The young sister had probably waded into the water and getting into trouble had called her brother who perished with her in a vain effort to save her. The mother had been working within the house during the tragedy. The police report stated that no one had heard the cries of the children and the mother, while searching for them later, found the clothes on the bank. The bodies had not been recovered. The police declared the drownings to be accidental and the public accepted the verdict as such.

Newspapermen do not always accept police versions. Tony was a doubting Thomas. Reviewing the findings he had come to the conclusion that there was something radically wrong with the police verdict. “Why had no one heard the outcries, especially the mother who was but a few hundred feet away from the scene of the disaster?” This was the sort of question that bothered the reporter.

Tony reported to the office and wrote his follow-up of the tragedy. He mentioned that the police, after a lengthy resume of the case, were satisfied with the original finding. He did not include in the story his own thoughts of the affair, for libel laws

have been instituted to keep newspapers from publishing anything other than police verdicts in such cases.

It was late when Tony finished his work. The editor had one of those "off" days that all editors do have every nine out of ten days.

"Wade, snap into it with that copy. You know well that we go to press in half an hour." Thus came the gentle rebuke from the "desk."

Tony finished rereading his work and placed it in the news basket on the editor's desk. The latter gave him a sour look. That same face had taken on like appearances before and as a true reporter, accustomed to such things, Tony slipped back to his desk. It was long past lunch hour; but this was not the first time that he had failed to eat on time. A reporter is an irregular eater, in fact he considers himself lucky to eat at all before the edition "hits the street."

The editor, copy in hand, went up to the composing room and left Tony in anything but a receptive mood. The 'phone tingled.

"No, Caesar was not a Greek God, he was a Roman Emperor. What?—Yes,—about 50 B. C."

"Some guys think this place is a historical research library. Why can't they call the library when they want information?" This he muttered to himself.

"Come on, Tony, out of it." Mac, the staff humorist had entered the office. "Eaten yet? No? Let's go over to Foster's."

"Just as soon as someone gets back to take care of this office." Tony left his desk to 'phone his wife. "Won't be home today, Mae. Yes, as per usual. G'bye."

As he slammed down the receiver the star reporter entered. Tony and Mac left for lunch.

"Sully can take care of the office, he never does anything but sit around all day," Ed said to Mac. (He never did care for the star, anyway.)

"Yuh."

Over the coffee and sandwiches—a reporter eats in style only when he covers a banquet—Tony informed Mac of his thoughts on the drowning case.

"Those flatfooted, dumbheaded inspectors don't know anything about crime. They think Sherlock Holmes was a stage comedian."

"Yuh, or that Chicago is a nice peaceful community which newspapers and politicians 'pin' just for something to talk about."

"Mac, I'm going down to Pleasant Valley to the kids' home to see if I can't dig up something. There's nothing much doing this afternoon. I hope to find a whale of a story."

"Don't be a Jonah and let the whale swallow you, Tony. You know that many a good man has followed clues that led to blind alleys. Look out for the bootleggers, ole fellow."

Tony boarded a street car for Pleasant Valley while Mac returned to the office. The former found the home just as he had described it in his accounts of the tragedy. He saw the mother and thought it peculiar that she was not in mourning for the children. Spectators were still combing the grounds to catch a glimpse of the parents and to see the spot where the children were believed to have been drowned.

"Poor kids! It really is a blessing. How their mother used to abuse them! It was simply terrifying to hear them scream."

Tony overheard this conversation. He queried the speaker and found him to be a neighbor. He had been discussing the case with another spectator.

"Are you sure of what you said?" asked Tony.

"Sure," came the reply, "you know that woman is only their step-mother."

Here was a clue. Tony jumped at it.—A chance for a scoop.

"Hello, what do you want?" It was the sergeant speaking. "Yes, go on. I'll send inspectors Morrissey and Kelleher up right away." He hung up and called for the plainclothesmen.

"Go right to Pleasant Valley, young Wade has found something out of the way in that drowning case."

Twenty minutes later Tony was relating to the inspectors his discovery. Working

on the clue, he had found a lad of eight years who had been a witness of the drowning.

The inspectors questioned the lad.

"I seen Mrs. Verrazino t'row Peter and Rosie into the water. She seed me watchin' and chased me but I runned into the woods and got away. I was so scared I didn't dare say nothin'."

This revelation took place but a short distance from the Verrazino home. The inspectors entered the house where they found Mrs. Verrazino. They questioned her.

"Me no understand Engleesh," was her plea.

Unable to question her, Morrissey went for a warrant and left Kelleher and Tony to get what they could from the woman. She would say nothing. With the return of Morrissey she was arrested and taken to the police court.

By means of an interpreter the police were able to get her to confess. She had been jealous of the children; for their father had paid too much attention to them. The afternoon of the tragedy the step-mother had taken them to the river bank in pretence of giving them a bath. The day was warm and the home was removed from its neighbors. She had taken advantage of this and had first held the boy under the water until all life was gone. The girl, too young to sense the tragedy stood by until the tragedy had been reenacted upon her. No one but the little lad had witnessed and he had scurried away when he was pursued by the murderer.

An extra edition of the *Tribune* appeared on the streets that afternoon. By night the

town was shocked by the confession.

"I always said 'Don't trust the Eyetali-ans,'" said Mrs. O'Flaherty to her neighbor. And so the news spread from house to house.

"What'd I tell you, Mac? I suppose the old sour-face will come 'round with his salve before the day's gone."

The editor did as Tony predicted. "Nice work, Wade. You're improving. The managing editor wants to see you. I told him of your splendid work on this case."

"H'm, a raise," thought Tony.

"You are a valuable man to the *Tribune* Wade, and I wish to express the owner's thanks, as well as my own, by this little bonus. You'll also receive a bit more in your envelope next Thursday. Keep up the good work."

Tony left the managing editor's office and was inclined to hold his head a bit higher.

"Why the high hat Tony? S'wonder you don't knock a fellow over."

"Out of my way, you cheap humorist, I'm on my way to buy the kids some shoes. When it comes to solving mysteries, why just send them to me."

"Three pairs of shoes. Yes. One two years. Others as small as you have." The scene was laid in a large shoe store.

"Christmas shopping early?"

"No."

The heirs to the future Wade fortune tried out their new shoes that night. Someone had benefitted by the wakefulness of the court reporter. That personage himself also benefitted—he was able to change his brand from "I'd walk a mile for one," to "They satisfy."



## The Boil Evil

R. G. HENNES, '27

THERE are Seniors who claim that to be a Notre Dame man in the fullest sense of the word it is essential to have at some time eaten in the Refectory. Others maintain that a year in Brownson enriches the significance of one's diploma. Yet, though I appreciate the gravity of these reflections, I would venture to add another requisite for the fullest digestion of Notre Dame life; and that is to have brought a boil to the infirmary.

It was not until this morning that I had an opportunity to experience this last distinction. To be exact it was not a boil. My friends will bear me out in that statement, though of course they became ridiculous when they called it a large pimple. Privately I think it was an unusual case; a sort of cancer, or ulcer, or goiter, or something of the kind. I realize that I was wrong in trying to treat so serious a disease by myself, but I remembered the very thing to fix me up. It was an ointment that the doctor had prescribed for my sister when she fell off the porch two years ago last August and broke her arm. It helped her beautifully, and also cured a swollen finger of my own last year. There was, therefore, no reason why the preparation should have acted on me as it did, and yet after one treatment my face developed a new outline and a fiery color.

Alarmed at these frightful symptoms I decided to visit the infirmary. I resolved beforehand just what I should say to the Sister, and just what she would say in return, and having thus determined the exact procedure of the consultation, I walked over to the building and ascended the three flights of stairs. The door was open, so I walked in; but seeing that the Sister was busy at a desk with her back to me, I retreated, knocked, and re-entered. This had

the desired effect and the Sister turning around, remarked, "Good morning. A boil." This was not the scheduled opening, so while she led me to the chair, I went over the history of the case, and grew quite enthused in my enumeration of the unusual and serious aspects of my malady. I spoke in a manner calculated to emphasize the evil while it displayed my own unconcern in the presence of danger. I became quite engrossed in my eloquence and even used a few graceful gestures until a gradual cognizance of the import of Sister Cecelia's activities recalled me to the scene of action. She was handling a wicked instrument that resembled one half of a manicure scissors, and she manipulated it with a contemptuous familiarity that was quite awful.

"Do you think I should see a doctor about it?" I asked with an effort.

"No, it will be all right," she admitted.

"But, you aren't going to—cut it?" I pleaded.

"Well," she asserted, "I never did believe in lancing a boil—*very* deep. I don't dig as deep as the surgeons do, because I don't believe in it."

It seemed to me to be an opportune moment to terminate the interview, but at that instant, with one calm hand she seized the point of discussion, and in the other she held aloft the sacrificial blade. Resistance seemed useless, so I decided to meet the blow in a manner worthy of Adam Walsh's hands and Harry Stuhldreher's ankle; yet I must admit that my body was poised in a manner more suggestive of *Laocoon and the Sea-serpent* than of the *Dying Gladiator*.

Then the fingers, like an inescapable fate, closed remorselessly about the boil; the fearful knife slid swiftly nearer—yes, it's better now, and Sister Cecelia certainly knows her business.



# SPORT NEWS

## DETROIT SCARES IRISH

It took an overtime period and a Crowe to keep the new floor record clean when the Fighting Irish encountered the University of Detroit last Saturday. The effects of the examinations were evident in the Gold and Blue scoring attempts. Time after time they worked the ball into counting position only to have the sphere hit the edges and roll off instead of in. Only one workout for the squad had been held all week due to the mid-year battle with the books and profs., and this had telling effect upon the team's marksmanship.

Detroit took the lead from the start and by successful talies rung up from mid-floor kept out in front of the Celts throughout most of the game. It was a case of a team that was "on" meeting one that was decidedly and emphatically "off." The first half was rather a sorry one from the Notre Dame standpoint as it ended with the Auto City lads on the smiling end of a 16 to 15 score.

Captain McNally and his crew came back with a carload of pep at the end of the lecture period but at the end of the regular playing time the count was knotted at 26 all. In this period Notre Dame clearly had the edge and was never behind. However the men from Detroit were able to hoop enough from long distances to tie the score at the crucial minutes.

The crowd came to its feet at the start of the curtain call act and Clem Crowe went into the game. Right then and there the fun started. The Fighting Irish inaugurated a rally that culminated with the leather sphere travelling through the meshes at the urging of Clem Crowe. Later he added two more points from the charity line. Crowe was the center of the play in this session despite the fact that his ankle, hurt in the Franklin melee, was rather shaky.

In this frame the Fenian formations began functioning in true style and they completely outplayed their visitors.

### THE SUMMARY

Notre Dame (31)	G	F	P	TP
Ley, f. ....	0	0	0	0
M. Nyikos, f. ....	2	0	0	4
McNally, f. ....	3	3	3	9
Crowe, f. ....	1	2	0	4
Nyikos, c. ....	2	2	3	6
Dahman, g. ....	1	2	2	4
Conroy, g. ....	1	2	3	4
Totals .....	10	11	11	31

### Detroit (26)

Bucher, f. ....	2	4	3	8
Fasche, f. ....	1	1	4	3
Kerchen, f. ....	0	0	0	0
Harrigan, c. ....	3	0	1	6
Jaglowtz, g. ....	0	3	1	3
McIlhargy, g. ....	3	0	4	6
Dowd, g. ....	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	9	8	13	26

Referee—Kearns, DePaul; umpire—Cleary, Notre Dame.

## RELAY TEAM TAKES TROPHY

The Notre Dame track squad added another cup to the trophy rack (wherever that is) last Friday night. A two-mile relay team composed of Jimmie Stack, Joe Nulty, Dick Collins and Frank Masterson took the coveted prize given by the president of the Illinois Athletic Club. The I. A. C. of Chicago sponsored the meet which is an annual affair. Two other college teams were entered representing Iowa State College (Ames) and Marquette University. The race was a thriller and was decided when Masterson, the Notre Dame anchor man, forged ahead in a brilliant finish.

The award given the team is a beauty and each member of the team received a gold medal stamped with the I. A. C. seal and the date and name of the event run. The time for the two miles was eight minutes and 15 seconds, which is less than a 2:04 half mile apiece, including the time lost in passing the baton.

The rest of the squad will be idle this week preparing for the annual dual with Illinois, there, next week. The Illinois-Notre Dame affair is an annual one, and in the past the Champaign school has beaten Notre Dame by scores from 100 points down to a half point. Coach Gill's men took the affair here last year after Notre Dame had collected eight out of eleven first places. A slam in the broad-jump and high jump and second and thirds made the win possible for the visitors. Notre Dame has a well balanced team this year and are determined to even matters.

Captain Paul Harrington did not enter either the I. A. C. meet or the Kansas relays because of the danger involved in vaulting on a board floor. A faulty vault might result in injuries that would keep the Notre Dame star out the rest of the season. When Paul vaults he has a lot longer distance to drop from than most vaulters, but had he chosen to enter he could easily have taken the vault event which went at 11 ft. 6 inches.

The squad was strengthened by the return of Charles Judge, star miler of last year's team. Leon Moes, star weight man has returned to school and much can be expected of this man in the outdoor season. Two years ago, he beat the great Oberst, Notre Dame's star javelin thrower, in the State meet when he threw the shaft 197 feet. Moes is also a shot-putter but he specializes in the javelin.

Two weeks from tonight Marquette sends its squad for a dual. Little is known of the strength of the boys from the Jesuit school. In their ranks, however, is a great two-miler, Shimek, one of the greatest distance runners in collegiate circles.

## POSTPONE HALL SCRAPS

The week was a rather lean one for the interhall sport fans. Of the five games scheduled for Sunday and Monday, three were postponed, the Monday night boxing show accounting for two. Badin met Carroll according to schedule, and the tilt between the Men-About-Town and the delegation from Howard was carried on to its logical end. Considering the devastating effect of the late hours kept around exam time and the mental and physical exertion connected with these interrogative orgies, one cannot blame the performers for desiring to postpone the weekly hardwood jousts.

### DAY DOGS VS. HOWARD

in which the boys from beyond the library were handed a neat scalping by the versatile Off-Campusers. (Don't look this up in the dictionary; it isn't there). The final returns displayed a score of 30-14. The game moved along slowly in the first half, the victors contenting themselves with maintaining a slight lead. Towards the middle of the second frame, however, things began to commence to start to happen. By the end it appeared that the luckless men of Howard were the ones who needed a shelter station to protect themselves from the rain of baskets showered down upon them by the fellows from town. For the winners, Captain Wasneck played a resplendent floor game. McGary and Leahy contributed their share to the victory.

### BADIN VS. CARROLL

attraction, in which the tent dwellers went down to defeat before the hosts of Badin, who scored 15 to Carroll's 10. The game was as tight as a Scotchman in a comic strip until the final movements of play, when Badin forged ahead to victory. It was Carroll's chronic inability to so place the ball that it might be wholly contained within the limits of a certain iron band that cost them the game. They had plenty of shots, but had bad luck in making the count. Carroll was also somewhat weak on the defensive, although Captain Vaughn balked everything that came into his territory.

## NOTRE DAME 37—HOOSIER A. C. 31

Flashing a form that seems destined to place them in the front rank of Western Intercollegiate swimming circles, Captain Jerry Rhodes and his crew of Celtic mermen splashed their way to a 37-31 triumph over the strong Hoosier Athletic Club of Indianapolis last Saturday night in the Engman Natatorium in South Bend.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Irish victory may be gleaned from the fact that their opponents are considered the classiest aggregation of amateur independent club swimmers in Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky; and include among their personnel several A. A. U. and Tri-State champs.

However, this reputation of the Hoosierites failed to daunt or dampen the enthusiasm of the Gold and Blue swimmers, and led by Hugh McCaffery they assumed the lead at the very outset of the contest, and were never headed from then on. Incidentally this lad McCaffery stood head and shoulders above the rest of the contestants, teammate and opponent alike. In fact from a Notre Dame viewpoint he was almost the whole show himself, scoring almost half the winners' points.

Encouraged by the highly successful manner by which his team-mates Messrs. Cronin, Tennis, and Hudson, aided and abetted by his own swift strokes, stepped out and won the inaugural event of the evening, the 160 yard relay, Mr. McCaffery did a little stepping out on his own account—and he did some mean stepping, as the more than pleased and thrilled spectators will affirm, after seeing him jack-knife, somersault, twist, and do all the other tricks included in the repertoire of a real fancy-diver, in annexing first honors over Hudson of the H. A. C. in that event; stroke his way to a brilliant victory in the 220-yard free style in the very excellent time of 2:42 2-5 and called it a day's work by breasting the winning-tape in the 100 yard free style in a dead heat with his teammate Cronin. To add further to his laurels, Hudson, his opponent in the fancy dive, is the A.A.U. title-holder in that event for the states of Indiana, Illinois, and Ken-

tucky. Not a bad evening's work from a local viewpoint!

The curtain-raiser, the afore-mentioned 160 yard relay, was handily annexed by the Irish swimmers to give an impetus to the ultimate victory, and the first of the three first places garnered by the Hoosierites was added in the next event, when Pahud, H. A. C. star, gave a beautiful exhibition of how the 100 yard back stroke should be swam, in capturing the honor. Hammer, his teammate, barely nosed out Eddie McMahon of N. D. for second place.

In the next event, the 100 yard free style race, Cronin and McCaffery, Irish mermen, outclassed their opponents, but couldn't outclass each other with the result that they tied for the initial honor. The former assumed the lead at the outset but McCaffery's wonderful sprinting on the home-stretch pulled him up to a tie with his teammate. Third place was taken by McColgan of the Hoosiers.

One yard was the margin of victory by which Duerr of the Athletic club defeated Captain Rhodes of Notre Dame in the next swim, the 100 yard breaststroke. While Jerry has never been known to offer any alibis for a defeat, possibly because defeat is such a rare occurrence with him, he may derive consolation this time from the fact that his opponent was the 1924 national breaststroke champ. Hertlitz of Indianapolis finished several yards behind Rhodes for third place.

Tennes, a newcomer to Notre Dame aquatic ranks, more than upheld his end of the program, the 40 yard free style, by showing the way to Schneider, H. A. C., and Hal Hudson of the Gold and Blue, who finished in the order named for the other places. His time of :20 2-5 was exceptionally good also.

The last first place of the meet for Notre Dame was taken by McCaffery when he captured the 220 yard free event, decisively defeating Strack and Hoskins, his Hoosierite opponents. Incidentally Strack of the Indianapolis grade-school is a mere boy of 14 years. Nevertheless he is capable of giving older opponents a run for their money.

The 300 yard medley race rang down the curtain on the evening's activities, but not

before the H. A. C. had managed to retrieve some of their lost prestige by nosing out the Irish trio for first place.

In addition to McCaffery, Rhodes, Cronin, and Tennis gave the best exhibitions of natic prowress for Notre Dame, while Pahud, Duerr, and McColgan swam the best for the Hoosiers.

Captain Rhodes will lead his mermen against the University of Chicago and Armour Tech, in a meet at the Windy City Wednesday, February 10, and if past performances can be taken as a criterion, then Notre Dame's plungers will add several more victims to their ever mounting list.

#### LINE-UP AND SUMMARY

Notre Dame (37) Hoosier Athletic Club (31)

160-yard relay—Notre Dame first; (Cronin, Tennis, Hudson, McCaffery); Hoosier A. C., second. Time 1:24 2-5.

Fancy diving—McCaffery (N. D.) first; Hudson (H. A. C.) second; Brennan (N. D.), third.

100-yard backstroke—Pahud (H. A. C.), first; Hammerd (H. A. C.), second; McMahon (N. D.), third. Time 1:14.

100-yard free style—McCaffery (N. D.), and Cronin (N. D.), tied for first; McColgan (H. A. C.), third. Time 1:01 2-5.

100-yard breast stroke—Duerr (H. A. C.), first; Rhodes (N. D.), second; Herlitz (H. A. C.), third. Time 1:17 5-10.

40-yard free style—Tennes (N. D.), first; Schneider (H. A. C.), second, Hulson (N. D.), third. Time :20 3-5.

220-yard free style—McCaffery (N. D.), first; Strack (H. A. C.), second; Hoskins (H. A. C.), third. Time 2:42 2-5.

300-yard medley—(H. A. C.), first; (N. D.), second. Time 3:38 5-10.

Officials—Schutt, starter; Bohs, timer; Baske and LeGate, Judges; Wilcox, Scorer.

#### STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

Notre Dame (31)

	First Half		Second Half		Overtime	
	att.	made	att.	made	att.	made
Shorts -----	21	4	16	3	7	0
Medium -----	10	2	17	0	6	1
Long -----	10	0	0	0	0	0
Fouls -----	6	3	7	5	5	3

Detroit University (26)

Short shots -	9	2	5	2	1	0
Medium ----	7	2	4	0	0	0
Long -----	4	3	5	0	1	0
Fouls -----	8	3	6	4	4	0

#### BATTERY MEN WORK OUT

The first call for the Spring practice of the Notre Dame willow wielders was issued by Captain Jim Silver last Monday afternoon. The diamond merchants are to spend the next few weeks getting into shape. For the time being, however, practice will be confined to rounding out the hurling and receiving staff. Besten, Roney and Dawes will probably be the best mound men for the Gold and Blue this season while Jim Silver and Red Smith promise to show up best behind the bat. Work in the Gym for the other positions will very likely begin at an early date. Prospects of having a mighty fine hurling and receiving staff are high this year.

#### RELAY TEAM TO KANSAS

Notre Dame is being represented tonight in the Kansas Relays at the State University, Lawrence, Kansas, by a one-mile time, composed of Jimmie Stack, John Lahey, Chet McDonald and Bernie Coughlin. Time trials were held in the Gym last Tuesday and the team was selected. Although a complete list of track and field events are scheduled for the meet, Notre Dame will have no other representatives.

#### HOCKEY MATCH POSTPONED

Two thousand years ago Aesop or somebody said: "The third time is a charm." But that was before the game of hockey had been conceived; at any rate it proved a falsity for the third attempt to bring the Culver Military's hockey team was as unsuccessful as two previous attempts. Last Thursday (frozen ear day) arrangements were made to bring the cadets here for a return match with Coach Lieb's puck chasers, but a sudden thaw on Friday and Saturday ruined the ice on the Badin rink.

The squad has planned an expedition into the great open spaces where they will meet sextettes at Wisconsin and Minnesota Universities. Weather and ice permitting the match may be played with Culver after the squad returns from the frozen north.

## CAMPUS MIT-CHAMPS CROWNED

That manly art of nose crushing which has been given such an impetus by the advent of Messrs. Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and others into the social rankings, placed a feather in its own cap last Monday night when semi-final and final rounds of the school championships were held in the Gym.

Notre Dame he-men, who show a love for football, basketball and other sports, adjusted their tastes to the art of the leather mit, and after a thousand of them had cheered and sniffed resin through twenty-one rounds of mit-slugging, some champions were crowned and some contenders went back into oblivion.

For wild, gory, milling and savage interest, the bouts surpassed anything ever put on here. Not only were the fights full of life and action but the frenzied crowd was so on edge that nervousness and yelling were the repartee of the evening.

From the time that Sailor Pat Canny waddled into the ring, encased in trunks of screaming emerald, until "Spike" McAdams ambled from the squared circle with the gold crown of the bantam-weight division resting firmly on his curly locks, fast, furious and crushing boxing was the order.

Gob Canny, who has a habit of snarling and jumping about the ring in a bewildering fashion, took the middle-weight championship from Jim Kennedy. The venerable champion did not take the title without a severe milling, however. After he had gotten off to a poor start, Kennedy recovered his spirit and had the crowd on its feet and Canny up in the air.

Canny showered a barrage of hooks, jabs and locks at his opponent but the latter absorbed them all and came back with some resounding returns. In fact Canny hit Kennedy with everything except the bleacher boards but the loser wouldn't take the count.

"Spike" McAdams won his way to the finals when he outpointed his old rival, Guy Loranger, in the semi-finals of the bantam class. After the two had paraded about the ring, doing all kinds of intricate dance steps, including the Charleston, one hit the other

in a vulnerable spot and the fight was on.

The first two rounds were tame and uninteresting but when the orchestra stopped the dance music in the third, the band took up the martial airs. The judges called it a draw and in the extra round, McAdams clearly showed his superiority. He landed often with straight rights and lefts to the face and had Loranger's defense demoralized.

"Moon" Mullen, the chic Chicago cruncher, met his Nemesis when he stepped into the ring with Mickey Welsh, of Cleveland. Welsh hadn't been heard of much in Notre Dame boxing circles but he did severely trounce Mullen although he was later in the evening a victim at the hands of Spike McAdams.

Both went to their work with a vengeance but Welsh's long reach and pile-driver blows were too much for the hard working Mullen. After three rounds the fight was awarded to Welsh.

Those ringside gentlemen, who take delight in leaving a fight with claret spattered on their English broadcloth shirts, missed an opportunity when they didn't show up for the Joe Guy-Tom O'Connor match which was the semi-final event of the lightweight class.

Messrs. Guy and O'Connor do not vie for the same princess but they surely went to their labor with a zest. For three rounds the boys stood toe to toe and aimed their blows at each other. The remarkable part of it was that barrages came in series of a dozen or more, and each battler withstood the withering attack well. When the three rounds had elapsed Dixie Joe Guy was awarded the decision. Had Mr. William Muldoon, who has lived his three score and ten but can still match wits with the professional ring elite, been at the match he might have been alarmed. For these youths were flinging blood with reckless abandon.

"Goose" Goslin, the Minnesota shifter, waddled off into the land of dreams and angels, when obliging Jimmy Moran deposited a heavy, blunt blow on the stubbled chin of Goslin. The bout determined the lightweight championship.

The two danced through the first two rounds with neither gaining an advantage. Goslin came in to his opponent toward the middle of the third round and dropped his guard long enough to merit a one way ticket for the bone-yard. Moran's blow, which was a hard left uppercut, traveled only six inches but you don't always need to go a long way for good things.

Jack McGrath, the giant Cleveland brick-mason, decisively outpointed Fighting Bob LaFollette in the finals of the heavyweight division. McGrath, although he did not look to be in superb condition hammered and tonged at LaFollette unmercifully.

LaFollette was on the defensive during the entire fight and twice was headed south from the line of perpendicular establishment.

In the final engagement of the evening "Spike" McAdams acquired the bantam jewels when he outpointed Mickey Welsh. Welsh and the victor went a fast four

rounds but McAdams' superior science decided the issue.

So a few championships were decided. They will not hold out for bountiful gate receipts, however, as they will be forced to defend the school's boxing prestige against Ames on February 5.

Lest we forget the bouts were pulled off under the direction of Bernie Abrott, who acted in the absence of Coach Charles Springer. Besides versing the populace on the names, weights and ambitions of the fighters, Abrott kept the bouts moving quickly and evenly.

Joe Maxwell was the third in the ring while Bill Byrne, of the Imperial Gymnasium, Oakland, California, and "Cap" Edwards, former Notre Dame football star, judged the fights.

Battling Mike O'Keefe, feather weight champion, waived the honor of being introduced to the assemblage, as he knew most of them already, but nevertheless the redoubtable Mike will defend the school's honor in his division. O'Keefe gained the crown when no disputant could be found to match blows with him in the squared arena.

The mitt fans were given a thrill when Dick McClure appeared in the ring as a second. Mac showed plenty of class in the welterweight division last year and is again enrolled in the University after taking a vacation the first half. McClure will be in shape for the Navy meet. In connection with this it must be remembered that he was the only one to win his bout against the Sailors last year.

#### INTERHALL STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.
Brownson	2	0	1.000
Day Dogs	3	1	.750
Badin	3	1	.750
Sorin	2	1	.666
Sophomore	2	1	.666
Carroll	2	2	.500
Walsh	1	1	.500
Corby	1	2	.333
Howard	0	3	.000
Freshman	0	2	.000

## *The* SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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



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

## GOLF

Perhaps you have heard of the proverbial robin that shows up around January first; but the denizens of the campus were afforded a better treat than that last Frozen Ear day. It seems that there are lanes across the campus kept snowless by the fact that beneath them lie steam pipes. Above these Florida climate abounds and on the day in question, while the snow formed a blanket about everything else an ambitious golfer was seen practicing putting in one of these lanes just behind Sophomore hall. So don't say we're rushing the season.

If someone should ask you, of you think we have an early spring this year you can set him down as one of the knights of the niblick who's aching to get into action. The varsity golf personell have been seen at various times working out indoors downtown brushing up on their driving. The followers of the elusive prairie have decided that the diamond and track artists shall not be the only ones to be favored with indoor workouts.

Notre Dame lost three members of last year's team through graduation but preparations for a bigger and better season are already under way. Contracts have been sent in from several Big Ten schools and in all probability the Fighting Irish will be well represented at the wearing o' the greens this spring.

**3 handy  
packs  
for 5¢**



**WRIGLEY'S P.K.  
NEW HANDY PACK**

*Fits hand ~  
pocket and purse*

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

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

**Established 1887**

**COSTUMES—  
RENTED FOR ALL OCCASIONS**

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



**NEW YORK COSTUME CO.**

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



## BOXERS AT IOWA TO-NIGHT

Iowa is a word much written by the makers of headlines these days. Along with the rest of the nation, Charlie Springer's Fighting Irish are giving that much heralded state not a little serious reflection, but it's not the agricultural situation that's causing them any thought. They're wondering about the pugilistic potentialities of certain boxers who reside at and fight for Iowa State at Ames. The Celtic Chin Busters will journey to the home of corn to engage in fistic combat with the sturdy farmers next Friday night.

The combatants for the Gold and Blue will be Moran in the lightweight division; Battler Mike O'Keefe in the feather weight circles; Welsh in the bantam frame; Gordy Donnelly in the welter class; Tom Hearnden as a middle weight; Harry O'Boyle in the light heavyweight class; and Chilie Walsh in the heavy weight division.

The team will be without the services of Pat Canny who it was found was suffering from a fractured jaw in two places as a result of his recent starts.

## THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.:

Well, the exams have come and gone, as they say, leaving the usual toll of cuts, flunks, crabbing, cribbing, cramming, physical exhaustion and intellectual knock-outs. And now that the storm has spent itself, as they say, what is the net gain after gathering up the debris and sending home the wounded? Can nothing be done? Are we powerless in the face of facts? Are we to be subjected year after year to this semi-annual strike and hold-out between the E. S. B. and the Various Faculties? Is there no peaceful way, as Fr. Bolger would put it, in which this giant struggle between labor as represented (tee-hee) by the E.S.B.; and sapientia as represented by the V. F.

Preciously-what do we mean? Well, preciously this is what we mean. First of all, it will be admitted that this semi-annual intellectual strike throws a wrench into our entire scholastic machinery for one whole week, and reduces to zero every normal university activity. No basket-ball games, no movies, no night permissions, no scholarship dances, no radio concerts, nothing. And why? Simply that the professors, associate professors, assistant professors, instructors, associate instructors, heads of departments and deans of various colleges may write five or ten questions on the board to find out what E. S. B. knows. The result: an intellectual paralysis, and not a single scholarship dance for one whole week.

The remedy we propose is this. One month before the close of each semi-annual semester, a committee from the E. S. B. and a committee from the professors, associate professors, et cetera, meet in a semi-weekly seminar and agree on a wage grade to become effective before the second semi-annual semester begins. The E. S. B. will, perhaps, persist in demanding 95%, on each subject, with four percent deduction on all cuts, and double time on all night permissions.

The professors, associate professors, et cetera, will reject the offer as a matter of uprinciple. Then what? Conferences, and more conferences. And if from the conferences nothing comes but confusion, as well may be, then arbitration. Compulsory arbitration. The E. S. B. will select one man, Mr. La Paloma Prelli, let us say. The professors, associate professors, et cetera, will select another. The president of the U. S. a third. They meet, and here is what will happen. E. S. B. will stick in their modest way for 95%. Opposition will offer 50%, no reduction on cuts, and one half time on night permissions. This arbitration committee will then decide: E. S. B. will go back to work on a 75% basis, one half of one per cent reduction on cuts, and three quarters time on night permissions.

Net results: The V. F. and E. S. B. will return to normalcy, and scholarship dance will not be interrupted.

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

**Smith's Cafeteria**

*The House of Quality*

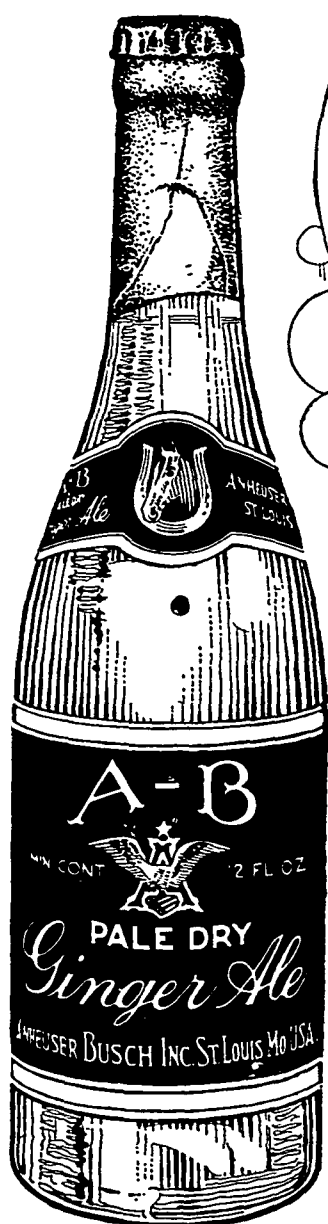
*Hours of Service---7:00 A. M. to 2:00 P. M.  
4:45 P. M. to 7:30 P' M.*

**Where there are never less than 74  
varieties of the highest quality food  
to choose from, the boys  
all know that**

**Smith's Cafeteria**

**111 EAST JEFFERSON BLVD.**

**IS A GOOD PLACE TO EAT**



WHEN hoop skirts and the Virginia Reel were in vogue, and loving hands at home fashioned Grandfather's home-spuns for the prom . . . even in those days, Anheuser-Busch was nationally known to good fellows.

And today . . . when feminine heads are bobbed and shingled, and we dance the Charleston in expensively tailored clothes to the stirring strains of a jazz orchestra . . .

## BUSCH

(A-B)

### PALE DRY

*Ginger Ale*

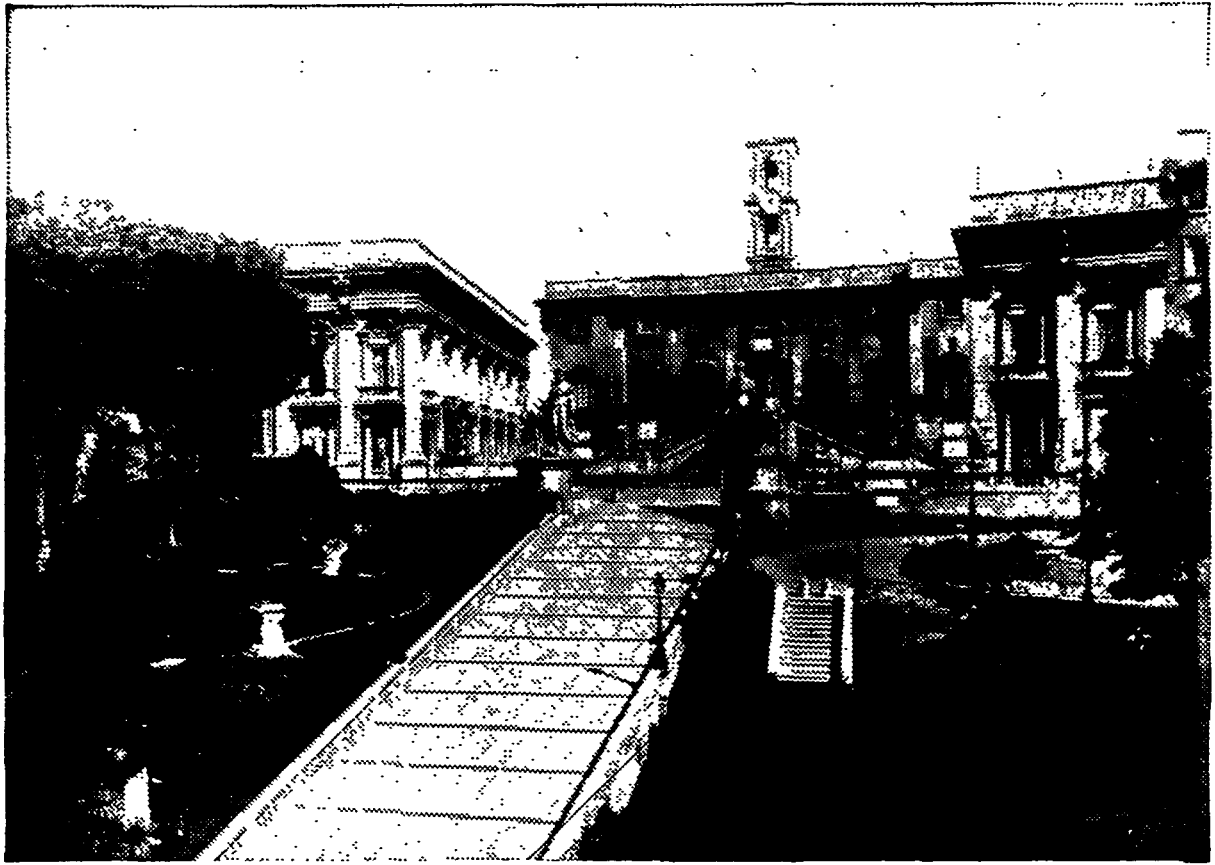
is the favored drink of college men because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.

# ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

NATIONAL GROCER CO

Distributors

South Bend, Ind.



## Esperanto May Not Be Practicable

but the idea of a universal language is a good one. In the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, scholars and diplomats from all parts of the civilized world could carry on their conversation in Latin. Until recently, French performed the same service to the polite world. It is now prophesied that English will be the international language of the future.

But meanwhile there is a good

deal of confusion, and ambassadors from distant countries must frequently rely on interpreters. Therefore, it is fortunate for the hungry traveler that the menus of restaurants everywhere still employ French. And it is fortunate, too, that if he wish to ascend to a higher floor of a building in any of the great cities of the world, the single word OTIS will bring him directions for reaching the elevator.

The Palazzo del Campidoglio, Rome, is built on one of the seven hills of Rome and at present houses the Municipality of the City of Rome. The original building on this site was a temple of Jupiter in the Roman era, the construction being started by Tarquin the Elder and completed by Tarquin the Proud.

During the Empire of Vitellius and Vespasiano it was burned three times and was reconstructed by Domitian. In the Middle Ages it served as a temple to consecrate the Poets of the time.

The present building was erected by Michel Angelo on the ruins of the ancient building, and it contains an Otis Elevator.

**O T I S   E L E V A T O R   C O M P A N Y**

Offices in all Principal Cities of the World