

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 26, 1926

No. 19

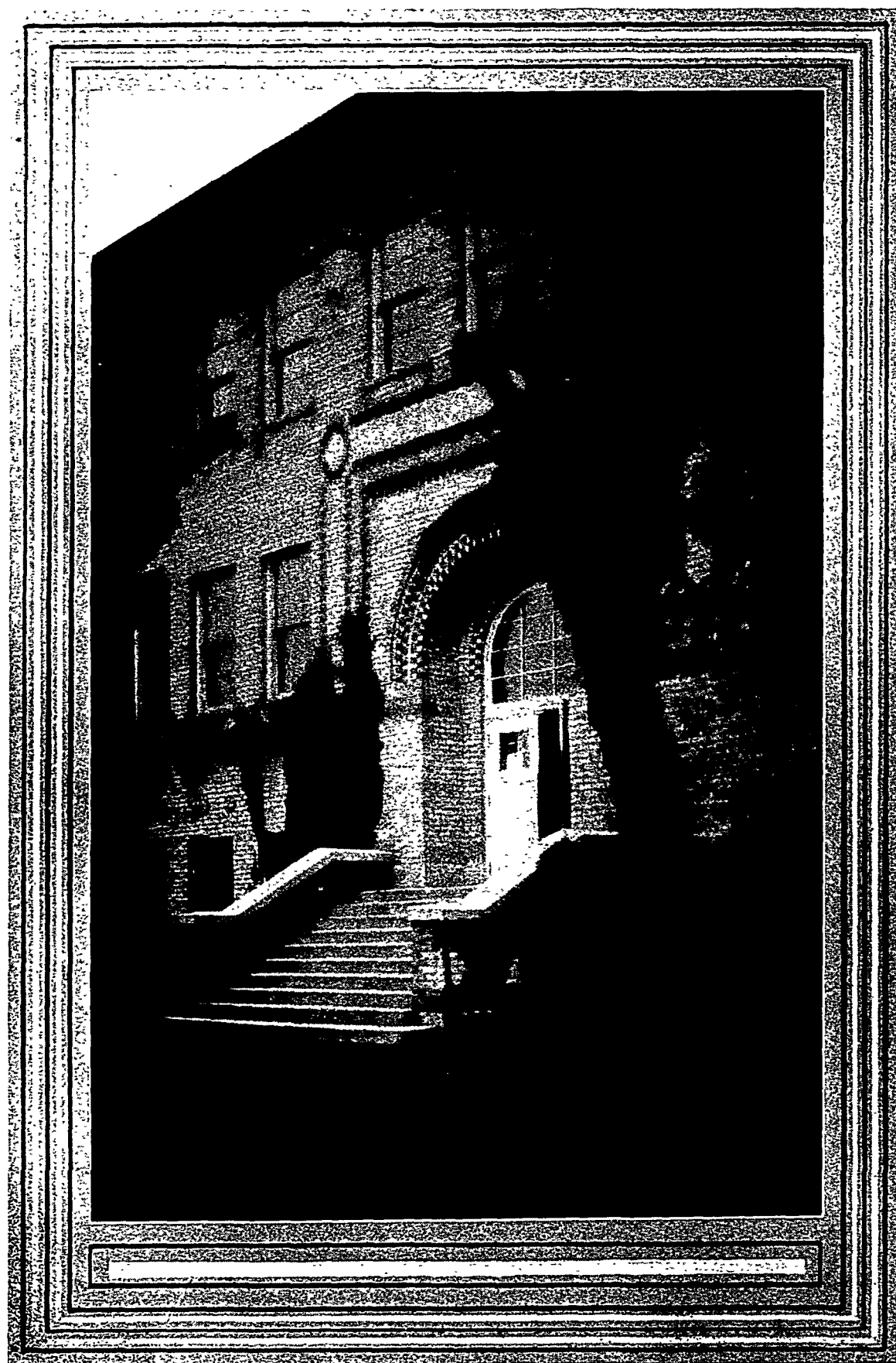
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*Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate
of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.*



ENTRANCE TO CHEMISTRY HALL

THE WEEK

Once there was a Senior who did not attend the Washington Day exercises with the rest of his class, instead he spent the weekend in Chicago. We wonder what happened to that man. Nobody seems to know. He has never since been heard of, from, or about. He dropped off the face of the earth, leaving behind him but a faint unpleasant memory. With the dreadful termination of that man's dastardly career in its mind's eye, the Senior Class turned out en masse for the exercises last Monday. The traditional impressiveness of the occasion was not lacking: caps and gowns, sober mien, and a patriotic program gave dignity to the annual presentation of the flag. Better than anything else could do, Notre Dame's observance of Washington's Birthday brings before her Seniors the realization that it marks for them the beginning of the end.

The orchestra played well and long and Mr. Jay Masenich managed to perform upon his cello despite the encumbrance of yard-wide sleeves. The annual question "Should I wear a wing collar?" was answered to our satisfaction: some should and some should not. Items of human, and therefore somewhat undignified, interest were numerous. The Class of '26 discovered that if a man is given a pipe he can smoke; that Mr. Wilbur McElroy has an eye for personal, as well as *Juggler*, color schemes; and finally that there is no more fascinating pastime than standing about in nonchalant groups while the subsidized cameras click. The fine points of this last game are principally two: first, to look as natural as possible in the unfamiliar cap and gown, and then, in addition, to strike a slightly surprised attitude, as if you were wondering just why anybody should want to take a picture of you today: surely, you seem to be saying to yourself, my appearance today is the same as always;

why all the fuss? If these two points are put into practice a successful result is guaranteed. Observe, Junior, and apply.

Second in interest to the commemoration of the Father of His Country has been the auction sale at Makielski's Art Shop. A huge collegiate attendance is vouched for by the regular occurrence of quarter bids on eighteen dollar picture frames. Knick-knacks of all sorts have made their appearance in student rooms—ash trays made of skulls, arty lamps, busts, and cigarette cases. Kuehn's fire sale promises to equip the college foot with the latest in slightly scorched waders. Bargains come but once a year.

During the last week, The Scribblers Club has taken to its bosom three interesting orphans, two of them being new members. The meeting will go down in history as a memorable experiment in philanthropy. The Knights of Columbus continue to start at the sound of the bi-weekly gavel. We point with pride to last week's Campus Comment column where one Don A. Teahan bravely confesses that his "ear for music tends to go towards brass instruments." What a pathetic tale of endless pursuit is here impiled! Consider the general wear and tear of a life devoted to the control of a wayward ear.

As usual, the *Dome* is taking pictures. Seniors are the current victims, and snapshots the excuse. A bale and a half of post-cards have been dispatched to tardy individuals with appreciable results. The future, so far as we can see in any direction, is barren and dark. The one ray of hope is the Romance of Industry, which, as we write, is the only coming attraction. Beautiful Bakelite plays the leading role. Would, oh would, that this Lenten lull might cease!

—J.A.W.

SCRIBBLERS TAKE OVER PAN

An announcement of paramount interest in literary circles was made by the Scribblers, literary organization of the campus, Tuesday evening, when permission was granted to make public the fact that the club has taken over the publication of *Pan*, the national magazine of poetry and youth which has become so well-known during the past year. The change was made due to press of work upon Professor Phillips and Harry McGuire, former editors of the publication, and to the fact that McGuire having removed to Yale made consultation upon manuscripts difficult.

At the same meeting at which this announcement was definitely made, Dennis J. O'Neill, '26, editor of the *Dome* of '25, was elected editor of *Pan*. The magazine will continue under the advisorship of Professor Charles Phillips, but will henceforth be published by the Scribblers, under the editorship of Mr. O'Neill. Appointment of a business manager and an advertising manager will be made soon by the editor.

During the past year, *Pan*, from a humble beginning, has become nationally known, and has printed poems by such representative poets as Vachel Lindsay and Father Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C. For the most part, however, in accordance with the policy of the editors, contributions have been confined to young poets, and the magazine has developed a reputation for representing the youth of America. As the publication grew in popularity, the press upon the editors increased, until it became advisable to pass the magazine to other hands. The Scribblers, who were without an organ, were selected as the logical receptors, and agreed to take over the publication of the book.

In making this move, the Scribblers are continuing in the traditions of the society, which have grown through unusual literary achievements in the past. In obtaining an official organ, the Scribblers have no intention of changing the policy of the magazine or lowering its standards in any way. *Pan* will continue along the lines laid down by its original editors and founders. The Scribblers have fulfilled a long-felt want by ob-

taining such a unique and successful magazine for an official organ.

TWO ENTRANCES FOR STUDENTS

Charles A. Mooney, student manager in charge of varsity basketball, has announced that, for the Franklin game tomorrow night, there will be two student entrances to the Gym: one through the freshman locker room on the north side of the building and the other through the Eddy Street doors. No students, except those holding reserved seat tickets, will be admitted through the main entrance. Furthermore, all students must be seated in the Gym by 7:30 o'clock: the entrance reserved for them will be closed at that time. Mr. Mooney has also stressed the point that every man must bring his athletic book.

ALUMNI BOARD MEETS

The Alumni Association Board met in the Alumni office Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, in its first annual gathering. The board discussed different phases of alumni work, including the publication of the *Alumnus*, official organ of the alumni, "Univesral Notre Dame Night," and the reunion and meeting to be held in June. One of the most important points to come up for discussion was the donation of scholarships by the local Alumni Association. So far these scholarships have been very successful, and an attempt will be made to obtain more of them.

The Board was banqueted Saturday evening, and afterward attended the basketball game. After the game, session was resumed for an hour.

The directors felt that the first meeting was very successful from the standpoint of facilitating the transaction of business that will come up in June. A program was arranged for that meeting. Heretofore, there has been so much to be accomplished at the annual June meeting that much has, of necessity, been neglected. It is hoped that the meetings of this advisory board will enable the annual meeting to accomplish more than it has been able to do up to the present.

LENT IN THE CAFETERIA

Lent! The season which puts to the sword all our pleasures and petty vices, which makes us self-conscious of our "flaming youth" clothes, which causes us to dust off our Bibles and to wear our rosaries (and our knees) thin,—the season which is good for a man and especially a college man, though he won't admit it,—Lent is in us, about us, over us, all around us. It sounds pretty solemn and dignified, like deep gloom or absolute black, yet there are human touches to it which relieve the drabness, and which give it a touch of color.

Take the cafeteria, for instance. At the dinner hour on Ash Wednesday, a Sophomore (let's say he was, anyhow) slid his tray along the polished rails and absently viewed the enticing array of fish and soup spread out for his delight. He shook his head; it made no appeal to him. Finally he pronounced his choice to the intelligent server on the far side of the counter: "Cold ham a pair on bun!" The I. S. grinned with great delight, as an intelligent man does when one of his fellow mortals makes a mistake, and replied with one word: "Lent!!" The Soph, obviously, was not a poker player, for chagrin, disappointment and a few other such emotions were plainly visible in his face. He made a quick recovery, however, and compromised on soup and twin peanut butters.

Then there was the merry group that had just finished dining. One of the group lighted up, then passed the fags around. That is rare, but the subsequent detail is rarer: all the others refused the reckless offer, with virtuously raised eyebrows and the single word "Lent!!"

The lad at the candy counter was another of the relieving touches. "Gimme a plain Hershey!" he demanded. Scotty grunted as he stooped to secure it, but the youth's companion snickered gleefully: "Ha! Ha! thought you were going to cut out candy during Lent! Banana oil!" The youth started, blushed, and, with a hasty "Kill it" to Scotty left the cafe.

We might multiply the examples till we wore out our pencil, but it won't be neces-

sary; there are thousands of these human touches lying around loose. Anybody can gather an armful without half-trying. We collected ours in a space of ten minutes. But what good are they? you might ask. Well, for you we can't say, but we know that for us they broke up a perfectly lugubrious day with a burst of smiles and thus made Lent that much less of a thing to sneak out of.

MARCH LAWYER IS OUT

The March issue of the Notre Dame *Lawyer* appeared on the campus today. Chief among the contributors to this, the fourth issue of Notre Dame's youngest magazine, are Honorable William D. Guthrie, Benedict Elder and Dean Thomas F. Konop of the Hoynes College of Law here.

Mr. Guthrie, it will be remembered, was one of the chief champions of the Catholic cause in the Oregon School Law case before the United States Supreme Court. He is the President of "The Association of The Bar of the City of New York." In the March *Lawyer* he writes a "Memorial of Cardinal Mercier."

Mr. Elder is prominent not only in Louisville but also throughout the state of Kentucky for his legal talent. He edits *The Record*, a publication of the Diocese of Louisville. For the *Lawyer* he writes of the "Lawyer's Lost Estate."

Dean Konop concludes in this issue his article on "Congress and The Supreme Court."

The Victor Talking Machine Company's catalog, February supplement, came out during the past week. Notre Dame's record, the Hike Song and the Victory March, is listed in it. The company is giving the Band and Glee club some excellent publicity in the regular catalog which will be out in June. The catalog contains very enthusiastic comment on the work of these two campus musical organizations as demonstrated by the record.

Envy is the shadow of prosperity.—W.J.R.

SENIORS PRESENT FLAG

The twenty-second of February marked the 194th birthday of Washington and also the first appearance of the Seniors in cap and gown. Both events were notable.

The Seniors, attired in flowing robes and more or less well-fitting mortar-boards, assembled at 8:45 in the University parlors. The novelty of their surroundings and garments somewhat subdued the erstwhile assurance of the tentative graduates, but despite that, a hum of talk arose as the big room gradually filled. Finally, shortly after nine, the procession got under way, headed by President Frank Bon. The College of Arts and Letters led, followed by the College of Science, College of Engineering, College of Law, and College of Commerce.

The parade moved with great dignity down the steps of the Main Building and up those of Washington Hall. Here, the Seniors took their places to the music of the University orchestra. At the conclusion of the overture, the audience sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with spirit but not without covert glancings at the program containing the words.

This fitting opening of the ceremony was followed by the rendition of selections from Washington's Farewell Address, by Victor Francis Lemmer, A.B., '26. Mr. Lemmer had exercised judicious care in choosing the extracts and gave them with the ability they merited. A vocal solo by Alfred Louis Meyers, A.B., '26, of the University Glee Club was next and was received with encore applause. Mr. Casasanta, leader of the orchestra played the accompaniment. An ode entitled "To Washington" and delivered by Paul Harrington, Ch.E., '26, followed the songs of Mr. Meyers, and was a composition worthy of both subject and author.

An orchestral selection served as interlude and also as preface for the presentation speech of Francis John Bon, A.B., '26, President of the Senior Class, in which he offered to the University, in the name of the Senior Class the national flag, as a mark of the loyalty of the class to "God, country, and Notre Dame." Rev. George Finnigan, C.S. C., Ph.D., Vice-President of the University,

accepted the flag for the University. He outlined Notre Dame's participation in three wars, Civil, Spanish-American, and World, declaring that when the crisis came, Notre Dame was ever ready to meet it, be the sacrifice what it may. He then outlined the years of peace which Notre Dame has known: twenty before the Civil war, forty after it, and twenty before the World conflict, and showed that Notre Dame's patriotism in peace was no less great than in time of war. He concluded with a mention of the monuments of Notre Dame's loyalty to country which dot the campus, laying special emphasis on the last, the door affixed to the east entrance of the Church, memorial to Notre Dame fallen World War heroes. He declared that just as this door was woven into the very fibers of the church, so was devotion to God and loyalty to country a part of the very nature and substance of every real Notre Dame man.

The singing of the song "Notre Dame," written by Frank Schwab, '02, by the audience, concluded the ceremony. Besides the Seniors, a fair attendance of undergraduates, townspeople and professors made up an attentive and appreciative audience.

The following committees assisted in the work incidental to the exercises:

Flag Day Committee: George P. O'Day, chairman; John C. Bulger, Edward A. Byrne, Thomas A. Farrell, Victor F. Lemmer, and Joseph F. Sexton.

Cap and Gown Committee: Herbert A. Eggert, chairman; James E. Bourne, Andrew F. Conlin, Gerald W. Hayes, Ralph H. Jordan and James M. McQuain.

 DOME WORK RUSHED

R. D. Hughes, the South Bend representative of the Pontiac Engraving Company, of Chicago, spent the last week at the University aiding in preparing the engraved and photographic sections of the *Dome* for final assemblage. Work on all sections of the publication is being rushed, and the various editors are getting their work well in hand. Several sections are already complete and ready for the presses.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What did you think of "The Miracle?"*

PROFESSOR D. NIGHTINGALE:

"The Miracle" is unusual and gigantic. I believe a higher seat is really better than one on the main floor. One sitting near the front can see too much of the "wheels" of the stage. The full effect is better enjoyed farther away. For example, the faces of the crowd are for the most part expressionless. I have never seen such scenery, but I believe the absence of voice detracts greatly.

GEORGE DOLMAGE, '26:

I liked it. It is hard to find a standard with which to compare it. I believe it was overdone in places. Especially was this true in the first act. Though I am unacquainted with the medieval rites of the Church, I doubt that all the chanting was necessary.

FRANCIS CROWE, '29:

Before attempting to see "The Miracle" one should read the synopsis thoroughly. This is necessary to get the real significance of the plot. I made my mistake here and as a result did not enjoy it as I should. The acting, music and scenery were wonderful.

A. J. GEBERT, '29:

"The Miracle" was very good although I saw it seven stories above mother earth. One should know something about the play before seeing it. I would like to hear more men's voices in the choir.

ROBERT NEWBOLD, '29:

I never realized it was such a wonderful production until I came back to Notre Dame and thought about it for awhile. The characters were well chosen, the scenery beautiful, and the music superb. A perusal of the program is prerequisite to the complete enjoyment of the show.

Truth is stranger than fiction, but in our modern scandal sheets not quite so decent.
—J.T.S.

JUDGE M'KEON HERE

Judge Thomas J. McKeon, LL.D., '90, of Duluth, Minnesota, visited the University from Saturday until Tuesday afternoon. He came to attend the Alumni Board meeting, and stayed over for a few days to visit with some of his old friends. When a student here, Judge McKeon knew Brother Hilarion, Professor McCue, and Colonel Hoynes, all of whom are still at the University. He was a football monogram man in '89, and stroke on the crew which represented the University in those days. After leaving Notre Dame, he went to the University of Michigan to finish his study of law, and for two years played right end on the Michigan eleven.

CONDITIONAL EXAMS NEXT WEEK

Examinations for the removal of conditions incurred during the past semester will be held next week. This announcement is of primary importance to the student-body because students who fail to appear for the exams will be given failures in those classes in which they had been conditioned. The examinations are open to those who received a final grade of between 60-69 and to those who missed the semester examinations.

In past years, the conditional examinations have been given in May for all conditions incurred up to that time. This year there will be no conditionals in May.

Arrangements for the time of the examinations should be made with instructors. The schedule:

Monday—Examinations in Religion and Philosophy.

Tuesday—In English and Foreign Languages (all sections).

Wednesday—In History, Politics, and Engineering (including Architecture).

Thursday—In Economics, Sociology, Education and Science (including Mathematics).

Friday—In Science and Commerce.

Saturday—In Commerce and Engineering.

Examinations in Science and Engineering are to be held in their respective buildings; all others in the north and south basements of the Library.

ALUMNUS APPEARS AGAIN

The February *Alumnus*, for us, at least, came out at an opportune time. It appeared during that part of last week when it seemed that most of Notre Dame was leaving for Chicago or for home—or for Chicago and home. The campus left-overs had to do something to pass away the time and to solve their problem Jim Armstrong did all that he could do in thirty-two pages.

Jim's sheet begins with statistics. These statistics give the number of contributions which each of the forty-eight states has made to Notre Dame for the second semester of '25-'26. The contributions of nations other than America are also there.

"To acquaint Notre Dame alumni with the men who are in a large measure responsible for the materialization of the Greater Notre Dame" is the reason for a series of biographical articles on the members of the Board of Lay Trustees of the University. The above and a hundred or so other words precede the "interesting biography" of Mr. Albert R. Erskine, "written by Dr. C. A. Lippincott in the introduction to Mr. Erskine's 'History of the Studebaker Corporation.'" Please read the biography of the President of the Board of Lay Trustees.

Following Mr. Erskine's biography are a page and a half of features concerning "Notre Dame Authors." It is quite probable that even we of the campus will find in the article some information which we do not possess. After the authorial article we read of the achievements of "Alumni in the Lime-light." Page by page the *Alumnus* grows more interesting.

Throughout the magazine are news items of interest to the alumni. Things like "The Edwin Graves Rowley Scholarship" and so forth. The column editorial is all that it should be. The "Campus News and Views" cleverly tells what has been going on around here since the last *Alumnus*. You will have lots of fun reading this column even though you are aware of every incident it relates. Then nine pages of sports. This section furnishes an admirable panoramic view of Notre Dame's winter sports. And seven pages to the left of the cover come "The Alumni" columns.—J.F.O'D.

MONOGRAM SHOW UNDER WAY

Under the direction of Lester Grady, editor of the *Juggler*, arrangements for the presentation of the annual monogram show are progressing rapidly. The show this year, for which a name has not yet been selected, will be in the form of a variety production. With a few exceptions, all the roles will be filled by members of the Monogram Club. Some parts, however, will be open to outsiders, and any student wishing to try out for a role is asked to report to Mr. Grady, Badin, or to Roger Nolan, President of the Monogram Club, Sorin.

Two orchestras will feature during the production. Harry Denny and his Notre Dame Collegians will present a special act. The pit orchestra will be under the direction of Charles Reitz, pianist, of Brownson hall. Several special numbers written by Notre Dame men will feature. "The Prof. Number," by Labedz and Engels, may be mentioned especially. All music will be under the general direction of Victor Labedz and Mr. Joseph Casasanta of the Department of Music.

Three performances of the monogram production will be given here, and if successful, perhaps a downtown presentation will be given. The tentative date for the first production is March 17, St. Patrick's Day.

For the first time in recent Notre Dame history, female parts will be taken by men. Previously, due to the difficulty of training impersonators, female parts have been omitted, but this year a chorus of classic dancers in female costume and a ballet dance will be special features. These dances will be satires upon the modern musical shows.

Characters for the various roles have not yet been picked, but will be in the near future. All non-monogram men who wish to try out for parts are urged to do so immediately.

An underground steam pump, similar to that installed some time ago in front of Washington Hall, is now in progress of installation before the O. A. Clark cafeteria. In installing this pump, the university authorities are following out their program of improving the heating facilities.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The next of the concert series in Washington Hall will be given tonight, when Edna Swanson Ver Haar, contralto, and George Farbman, will appear in a recital. The artists come very highly recommended and they should be greeted by a large audience.

The Concert and Entertainment Committee announces that the illustrated lecture which was to have been given by the Count Byron Khun de Prorok on January 13, will be given in Washington Hall on next Sunday night, February 28, at 8 o'clock.

Count de Prorok was the head of an expedition, composed of American and European professors, which continually for five years excavated the site of ancient Carthage. His discoveries have gained for him a world-wide fame.

The wonders of the civilization of old Carthage and the fascinating work of uncovering the ruins are told in a lecture and in six reels of moving pictures. The success which the present lecture tour has won for the Count should be a sure guarantee of what his appearance here will hold for students of Notre Dame.

Your attention is called to the fact that the Chicago Symphony will play in South Bend at the Palais Royale on Monday night, March 1. The concert will be directed by Conductor Frederick Stock, who has recently been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by France, in recognition of his musical activities.

Another concert which should be attended by every student at Notre Dame is that to be given by Fritz Kreisler on Friday evening, March 12, at the Palais Royale. Kreisler's records are familiar to every person in the country, so nothing is needed by way of urging attendance, beyond a mere reminder of the date.

—A.L.M.

Anyway (before the Safety Valve beats us to it) this is doggy number of the SCHOLASTIC.

JUGGLER OUT TONIGHT

A cover in ten colors, done by Jorge Palomino, whose unique art work has attracted much attention on the campus recently, and a frontispiece by John E. Sonnahalter, who was awarded the art prize for this issue, will feature the forthcoming Theatre Number of the *Juggler*. Lester Grady, editor of the publication, announced recently that the *Juggler* will appear on the campus tonight, and that the Broad White Way et al is the receptor of the Funny Fellow's jibes for the present.

An unusual number of drawings will be contained in the magazine this month, the theme being especially productive of art work. This number is expected to maintain the usual standard of the *Juggler*. The prize for the best written work was awarded to Ted Labedz.

DEBATERS ARE READY

After weeks of intensive preparation the debaters are ready for the first clash of the season which, according to the latest indications, will probably be held at St. Mary's next Sunday. Though only a preliminary skirmish this debate promises to be interesting. Both the affirmative and the negative teams are sure of their cases and are desirous of pitting them against each other. The St. Mary's debate always decides a theoretical superiority of either team.

Though the men have known their speeches for nearly a week revisions have been necessary. Consequently Father Bolger has not yet announced the personnel of the two teams. He is eager to avenge last year's defeats by DePauw and Earlham. Earlham has already debated Oxford this season.

Father John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., ex-president of the University, returned last Sunday from Colorado Springs, where he had been recovering from a long illness. He remained here for a short time, then left to visit with relatives in his home city. He will, however, return to Notre Dame in about two weeks. Father Cavanaugh's health is much improved.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

A fascinating subject for speculation is ventured in "The Flatiron" a column in the University of Colorado "Silver and Gold." The writer wonders what would happen, "if a long, lean, lanky, six-foot, calloused-handed, awkward, green, country-looking, country-smelling fellow got off the train sometime in September and knocked at the door of a modern university. 'Mr. Lincoln, your total is extremely low; you have no science, no language, not enough mathematics. We can't allow you to enter our institution, Mr. Blincoln-ah-Lincoln. You might try some of our courses through the Extension Department.'—He would never in a thousand worlds be rushed by a fraternity—These music halls want Valentinos, not Lincolns. Abraham Lincoln would have a difficult and lonesome time getting into, and getting through a modern university. Maybe this is the reason why there are so few Lincolns coming out of the big schools."

April 1 will bring a strange case into the Columbus courts. Two law students at Ohio State University rented a suite of rooms last September, but moved out before their lease of three months had expired, giving as their reason poor heating facilities. The landlady is suing them for the balance of the rent. When the case comes before the court, the students by agreement will defend each other. And Saint Joe county should be thankful that we have no vindictive landladies.

A student at the University of Colorado appeared on the campus wearing thirty inch Oxford bags. Half an hour later the student was found unconscious under a tree with the trousers flying from one of its branches. The he-men of Colorado have swung into action.

A recent survey among the students and faculty at Ohio State indicates that the hobby fad is rapidly disappearing, and that in the near future stamp collections, and

walking stick accumulations will be as extinct as mustache cups and fancy buggy whips. It was found that at the present time about one person out of three is actively engaged in riding some hobby. Many of those denying any participation in the ranks of hobbies state that they have no time for hobbies, and others stated that their work was hobby enough for them. The first class being far more truthful!

The Charleston menace is now stalking the American colleges, according to news reports from all parts of the country. If these stories are credible the present rage will leave in its path a swath of ruined buildings unequaled in extent in this country since Sherman's memorable march. Here and there authorities have enacted restrictive legislation. At the University of Indiana the board of trustees prohibited the dance in the Student Building in order to forestall its collapse. An investigation is now under way to determine its effect upon the men's gymnasium, where it is still permissible to execute the violent dance. Should this floor give way total and wholesale immersion of the heated dancers into the swimming pool below will follow.

"After all," reasoned the authorities at the College of William and Mary, "dance should emphasize grace and beauty, and as the latest fad preserves neither of these qualities it should hold no place on the program of college dancing." At Coe College the Charleston was banned in dance halls by city officials. Students of Tulane University who attended the annual freshman-sophomore dance were presented with little notes from the faculty which read, "You are requested not to dance the Charleston tonight." And that is system.

At St. Louis University, the faculty has ordered a noon mass for the convenience of the students who wish to attend daily mass during Lent. The service begins at 12:10 and leaves sufficient time for lunch and a return to afternoon classes.—J.T.C.

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*Discit Quasi Semper Victorius
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

NEED OF TRUE PERSPECTIVE

This is the age of "bunk." Many men and women of the day desire to be either amused or "kidded" along; they do not want the truth, or if they do, only a sort of half-truth. Those who do public speaking, who by reason of scholarship or experience seek to inform a large number of people, will do well to keep in mind the fact that there are today men and women who are not much concerned about the truth and rather wish to be pleased or humored.

Sensationalism seems to be the keynote of the time. Some men, seemingly profound, are discovered to be rather superficial in their veneered work. Both they and we need to learn anew that the mind of man naturally yearns for truth in its own unchanging purity. The detraction of the ignorami, the sneers or jeers of the cynical, the indifference of the crowd, should never cause one to sever himself from the devotion to a worthy principle or to compromise the truth for the sake of expedience.

John Burroughs could never quite understand why many lovers of nature distort the few facts they gather. In this case, at least, truth is stranger than fiction and much more interesting. Nature study should teach us three important lessons: to observe things as they are, to remember them as they are, and never to misrepresent or exaggerate them. In these lurid times we

are wont to get some carelessly gathered facts and then go ourselves one better by making a "story" of the observations. The magazine section of Sunday newspapers and the magazine page in some daily editions are concrete illustrations of the very common disposition to misrepresent or exaggerate. We do need to get a true perspective of things. We must train the sense of relative values. We must cultivate the ability to see things in their proper light, for unless we do, we shall never appreciate the full and rich significance of life.

SUPPORT FOR DEBATERS

News of debating activities indicates that the two university teams have prepared their cases and are about ready to meet their first collegiate opponents. Such news is gratifying; but it is also a cause for wonderment.

Will the debaters of the year receive loyal cooperation from the student-body? Or will they suffer the fate of the debaters of some other years and try to work up oratorical fire before empty Washington Hall seats?

If Notre Dame students have not lost their sense of proportion, if enthusiasm for athletics has not blinded them to the need of supporting *all* Notre Dame teams, Washington Hall will be filled. We hope that such will be the case.

Matters For The Law

RICHARD J. WEHS, '28

TWO shots, the shrill blast of a policeman's whistle, and the rapid scurry of feet broke the stillness of night. Two muffled figures crowded into a nearby basement stairway.

"Almost got us," gasped a harsh voice.

"Sh-sh," warned the other. "Here they come. There's their shadow now."

They hugged the inky recesses of the pit, while two cops stopped over head, puzzled, angry, cursing.

"Well can you beat that! They're gone—the second time this month," sputtered one of them.

"Looks that way, Tim. But tell me, do ye really think it was Jimmy and the 'Bull'?" queried the other.

"Do I think it? Why, I know it. Didn't ye notice the size of them as they dashed down here? One was long, thin, athletic-like, and the other, short, broad, with a great, big, bull-like neck? That's them all right, Pat."

"Glory be to, but won't we catch it when we report their get-away to the chief?"

"You said it that time. And don't be forgettin' Judge Mackintosh. He'll have something to say too. These two birds' deeds have made him almighty—Say, there goes two guys."

The quick fall of their foot-beats passed quickly down the street and out of hearing.

Down in the basement, the big one grinned at his comrade:

"Close, eh Bull?"

"You said it," boomed a voice, which despite its apparent strength shook. It wasn't the cold. "What do you say if we get out of this hole?"

"Wait a minute; they may come back."

They waited, then crept cautiously out of the "hole" and down the street to an alley into which they turned sharply. They jumped several fences, climbed a fire-escape, crossed two roofs, and stopped by the skylight of a cheap boarding house.

"Well, here's where we part. I'll take the stuff with me, and bring it around in the morning," said Jimmy, turning to Bull.

"Ah, cut the argument. Why can't we divvy up right now?"

"Won't do at all; we are suspicioned. They know where you live. The light in your room might draw their attention."

Bull remained sullen.

"What's got under your skin anyway? Do you think I'm going to gyp you out of something? I've never done that yet, have I?"

"No," grudgingly admitted Bull, "Be around in the mornin' then."

Bull climbed into the sky-light, and dropped directly before his door. Once in the room, he shook his fist at the roof. A look of terrible hate burned in his eyes.

"I'm tired of that guy bossin' me around. I always gotta do just as he says. Him hold the loot. Humph. Why can't I hold it? He don't trust me, that's it. Well, I don't trust him either. How do I know what he's handing me? Damn it anyway."

Still mumbling, he undressed and flopped into a rickety, white-iron bed.

Jimmy the Cracksman arrived at his luxuriantly furnished apartment on Forbes St. shortly after Bull had dozed off into a hectic, muttering slumber. He changed from his rough street clothes into his pajamas, robe, and slippers.

"Not a bad night," he murmured, going over to the bookcase, and extracting a volume. The book proved to be Dante's "Inferno." He laughed:

"This is a fine book to pick up after a night's work like this. Believe I'll read a little history instead."

In the depths of an easy chair, and under the soft light of a floor lamp, he read until drowsy. Then he too, went to bed.

Bull Dorgan got up the next morning, his temper still somewhat ruffled. He stumbled into the kitchen, gruff, scowling:

"Kid, quit scrubbing that floor, and hustle me some breakfast. Be quick about it; I'm hungry."

He had addressed himself to a pale, sweet-looking, little girl, not yet out of her early teens. An ugly brown dress hung from her shoulders like a sack. It was torn in some places, patched in others. Her stockings were riddled with holes. Her shoes were that in name only.

In painful silence, she obeyed the big, rough person, whom every one knew, but whom no one could prove, to be her father. Her big blue eyes were dull, expressionless. They had passed the point when they would register fear. Mechanically she lit the gas-stove, and while the bacon and coffee sent their appetizing odor through the room, she prepared the table. Soon all was ready; she placed the meal before him and continued her scrubbing.

Bull downed the food with a loud smacking of his lips.

"Coffee," he grunted.

She was under the sink; she did not hear him.

"Coffee," he roared.

The little girl jumped, and ran to the stove.

"Comin', Pop. Didn't hear you," she said in a pitiful little voice.

The coffee pot was unbearably hot. If only she could hold on to it until she reached the table. Ah—she succeeded, but alas, she put it down too soon. It tilted, toppled over, the steaming, fiery liquid, pouring out partly on the table, mostly in Bull's lap.

With a wild yell of pain and anger he dropped the paper he had been reading, and danced around the room. Presently his belching ceased. His savage eyes became fastened on the little girl, came nearer and nearer. A hairy hand ascended, dropped. There was a sickening thump, a low moan, and the little girl dropped to the floor. Her pale lips quivered just a little, then all was still.

But the door had opened. Bull turned quickly to see who it was, a frightened look upon his hideous face. It was Jimmy, teeth clenched, lips drawn back. He leaped upon

Bull, his long, sinewy hands wrapping themselves around the purple neck of Bull. A blistering curse was changed to an unintelligible gurgle. Blood-shot eyes closed ceiling-wards; a body thumped to the floor.

Gently Jimmy picked up the emaciated, little figure, and descended with it to the walk below where he hailed a passing taxi.

"1324 Forbes St.," he ordered, getting in.

For six months Jimmy cared for his delicate charge. She had proved a God-send, the means of a reformation within himself. The Police Department had a respite from the biting sarcasm of the papers. The city had begun to breathe with ease. But neither was to enjoy this peace much longer, for Jimmy had discovered that Marian (that, he had been told, was her name) had contracted tuberculosis as a result of her years of maltreatment. Under the careful attention of Jimmy she had of course, improved. Only at first however; she soon sank into a relapse. Nothing would save her now but a permanent residence in the mountains. That required money. Another robbery seemed the only solution. But even this presented another problem. How was he going to pull the stunt? He would need Bull; Bull and he were on the outs. An apology? No, he could not do that. But yes, he would have to. A reconciliation was necessary.

The landlady had just lit a bleary gas light in the hall when two men emerged from a room.

"It's agreed then—Saturday night—while they are away at the opera," one of them was saying.

"Yep, Saturday night," repeated a deep voice.

"So long, Bull."

"So long, Jimmy."

Bull watched Jimmy descend the steps, then ran to the window to see him get into a closed car and drive away. A wicked smile spread across his distorted face. He chuckled, he laughed:

"Ha-ha. Damn fool, to play right into my hands. Don't you know that you can't rough me like that, and get away with it?"

Straight to the home of Sergeant Kelly

went the Bull. The door opened. The clock was striking ten as again the door opened.

"You get the idea now, don't you Kelly? You're to get him and not me. I'm to make me git away in such a way that Jimmy don't git hep. Savvy? Cause if he does,—Well, you know the kind of a guy he is."

"I've got the plan all right, Bull," assured the Sergeant. "Trust me."

Saturday night.

"And they're going to break into Judge Mackintosh's home tonight, you say?" queried the chief eagerly of Sergeant Kelly.

"Yes sir; I got a tip."

The chief's face hardened.

"Get a surprise party ready; surround that place. Get them dead or alive."

The sergeant dashed for the door.

"Wait a minute," came after him, "You stay here and watch the place. I'm going to take charge of this business myself. Too important for failure."

The captain rushed out of the room.

Kelly looked stunned. He should have explained the condition of the tip. He called after his captain. Too late; he was gone.

Judge Mackintosh's house lay right on the other side of Schenley Park. It was a beautiful place. The home, made of huge, brown stones, was very impressive looking. It was hung with ivy, and surrounded by a porch and spacious lawns. Inside the magnificent structure, the Judge and his wife were preparing to go out for the evening. They were in fact, in the very act of putting on their outer garments. Suddenly Mrs. Mackintosh exclaimed:

"Why, Henry! (There was a tone of anguish in her silvery voice.) This night? Are we forgetting? Oh, how could we?"

The Judge turned a puzzled brow towards his wife:

"Why not, Mary?"

"Alice."

The one word was all-sufficient. Six years ago this very night, pretty little Alice Mackintosh had been kidnapped by a desperate gang. A ransom had been stipulated. The money was forthcoming. But the messenger from the kidnappers had not shown up. Evidently, he had feared betrayal and arrest. That had been the last seen of Alice.

A klaxon sounded without. The Judge stepped to the door: "Never mind us, James. Drive to Wilson's alone. My wife has been taken suddenly ill. Explain to them."

He closed the door, crossed the room and took his wife in his arms. Her bosom was heaving with deep, heart-felt sobs. They sat down on the divan together, the Judge stroking her hair, whispering words of comfort.

"Crash! Bang, Bang!"

A startled scream. The Judge dashed to the library. The light was already switched on. In the center, gat in hand, stood the chief barking orders:

"Never mind that one laying there. He'll be quiet—for awhile anyway. Snap the bracelets on that tough, ugly husky over there."

The Judge took in the scene at a glance. He strode to the officer: "Captain, let me congratulate you. You're a credit to the department. I'll remember you for this."

"Thanks, Judge." (Then to hide his confusion) "Bring that ugly bloke here, Tim."

The "bloke" was brought. Judge Mackintosh got a good look at him: "Dorgan!"

Bull tried to look the Judge in the eyes.

"So this is the way you get even, is it? Well, I'll see that you get plenty this time," said the Judge sternly.

Bull squirmed, but suddenly his eyes lit up: "Lemme explain, will ya? We wouldn't have pulled this deal, only my pal there—(Jimmy had come to from a "crease" wound on his forehead, and was now sitting in a chair.)—has got a kid. She's a T. B., and needs the cows and chickens."

"That's no excuse. Why can't he work?"

"Hasn't got time. The kid'll go in another month."

Some of the hardness left the Judge's face: "His daughter, you say?"

"No yer honor."

"His sister?"

"No yer honor."

The Judge's brows came down. He made one more guess: "Yours?"

"No yer honor."

The Judge was upon him; he had him by the lapels of his coat and shook him roughly.

"Man, if you value your liberty, no trifling. Tell me who that child belongs to and be quick about it."

Bull turned red, looked furtive.

"Come now, out with it."

"She belongs to you."

Mrs. Mackintosh had come in; she became deathly pale. But the Judge broke out in wrath: "How dare you make a fool of me, Dorgan?"

"I'm not kiddin' you, Judge. Just as sure as I'm standing here before you the kid is yours. Remember the red mark on her right hand?"

The Judge grasped his arm; his eyes gleamed: "Dorgan, if you're telling the truth, I'll forget this burglary. But if you're lying—" For answer he shook his fist in the sullen eyes of Bull. "Take us to the place. Quick."

Mrs. Mackintosh was at his elbow, a wild look in her eyes: "Oh, Henry, do you think it could be true?"

"We shall see, dear," then turning to the captain, "Bring the one that's hurt also."

They jumped into the police machines that had been throbbing at the door. They were whisked out Fifth Ave., across Morrowfield, to the Forbes St. Apartment. Upon entering the suite on the fifth floor, they were met by a child whose white face was in striking contrast with her pink dress. She had been in the act of running to them, but at the sight of so many strange people, she stopped short. She singled out Jimmy however, and running to him, climbed under his fastened wrists. Jimmy bent over her affectionately:

"How have you been, Marion? Finish the story?"

"Yes, Jimmy. It was lovely."

"Well, I've something else nice for you. I want you to meet that pretty lady over there. Go over and shake hands with her."

Marion walked over to the lady, extending her right hand.

With a wild cry of joy, Mrs. Mackintosh clasped her child to her breast. Across the back of the hand was traced a red mark.

The Judge looked on, a suspicious moisture in his eyes. How much Alice looked like her mother; how pretty. Yet how pale. But why should she be so pale? Ah, he remembered. Tuberculosis. But again why? Mishandling at some one's hands? He turned to Jimmy sternly: "Sir, how have you treated this child? Why has her health failed her?"

Jimmy bit his lips: "I don't think I can say, Judge. I took charge of her only six months ago."

The Judge thought a moment; turned to Dorgan: "Perhaps you can throw some light on the matter."

"Don't know nothin' about it, Judge," gruffly.

A little cry of surprise and terror burst from the lips of Alice as she heard that rough voice. For the first time she saw that Bull was in the room.

"What's the trouble, my child?" asked her mother anxiously.

"I'm afraid. That man said he was my papa. He was bad to me; he beat me." sobbed little Alice, hiding her head in her mother's fur collar.

The Judge's eyes blazed. He sprang at Bull, but was pulled off by the captain.

"Steady, Judge. We'll take care of him for you. Kidnapping and child-beating are matters for the law."

BEFORE DAWN

On tiptoe gazed the moon
To glimpse the gay parade of stars—
A multitude of flashing discs
Swinging down heaven's bars.

Behold! the ultimate scud of night,
Leaping no longer, passed out of sight:
A vagrant wanton, a silent sigh,
A frail thing etched in sky!

—FRANCIS MILLER, '27

A Dog's Tail

JOE DALEY, '28

IT was a listless summer's day. Hardly a breeze swayed the supple branches of a graceful birch tree on the lawn. Not even the happy shouts of romping children at play disturbed the unwonted quiet of the peaceful little village. People sat on porches very content merely to exist; even the exertion of fanning themselves seemed to be a waste of energy. It was just the kind of day that tired neighbors sit together and gossip languidly; when stretched underneath some shady tree down by the swimming hole the youth of the village boast ingloriously to one another of their exploits and dream out loud childish dreams of the future.

On this day another little group close by stretched and yawned in the sultry sun and told their tales. No one paid the slightest attention to them. No one suspected their conversation might be interesting. In fact no one believed they were holding a conversation at all for they were, after all, only a lazy trio of dogs, and dogs, so they say, wag their tails, not tongues. Yet who shall say their back, their growl, their tail-wagging, their toss of the head and look of the eye comprise not a language which only the canine would understand. At any rate I for one believe in these things. I believe that dogs have something to say to one another when they bark and snap and growl and whine. So this day I edged over toward where they were gathered and did a bit of eavesdropping. This is the story I heard.

"I was only about eleven months old then, and as scrawny and unkempt a pup as ever ran the streets." It was a collie that was doing the talking, a magnificent dog with long silken hair that from a light goes shaded off into a dark brown. His big, round, sympathetic eyes moved from one to the other of his companions as he spoke, a small elegant Boston Bull and a well-set, well-groomed German police dog. It was

evidently the story of his life that he was narrating.

"For three weeks," he went on, "I had roamed the streets and dodged in and out of the alleys. This roving existence was entirely new to me, hence I fared ill at it. My former master, unkind though he was, at least fed me. I began to grow thin. My ribs showed plainly in spite of my long hair. A bone or two that other dogs had made their meal from and left as no longer eatable, was my only fare. Three times in the course of my wanderings I met a huge thick-set dog whose family I never could determine. Each time he pounced upon me, and although I defended myself bravely, it was of no avail. He was simply too big and strong for me, and I left the encounter with wounded legs and shoulders, and once, with one eye completely closed. Still I bear that dog no ill will because it was he that caused my present master to take me in, as you shall see. My heart was almost broken; I hung my head and slunk along gaunt and dirty, unwelcome everywhere. What a world, I thought, for an aristocratic dog like myself to tumble into. You know my father was the Royal Collie Jack and had won innumerable blue ribbons. Then, just when my skies were darkest, I met my young master and a ray of sunshine shot through the clouds as I have seen it do sometimes in the West when the sun is sinking."

"Please, mamma," he said. "He's just the kind of a dorg I want. Look at him. He's got a long tail too!"

"Ugh!" his mother replied with a disdainful shrug. "Yes! Just look at him."

"But mamma, please! I'll wash him; see if I dont." Now that youngster would have had a fine time washing me. Why I was almost as big as he was. But I must say that he had a fine eye for breeding because in spite of my dirt and the emaciated condition to which I was reduced, he recognized

in me the high breed which I came from."

Here the two dogs exchanged winks slyly as if to say, "The braggart! Well, well, let him go on for the sake of the story." And still they say dogs don't talk! Why those winks couldn't have been executed more perfectly had they been performed at some afternoon tea where knowing smiles and cunning winkings say more than lips and tongue.

"How my heart went out to that child. Right then and there I would have died for him. I lifted my head and tried to look more cheerful than my heart felt. But just then I heard the lady say, 'Come away, Paul. Don't touch him!' (He had started toward me as though he was going to hug me then and there.) 'Come away! I wouldn't have that dirty thing around the house for anything.'"

"My heart almost stopped beating. 'That dirty thing,' she called me. Well, I guess I looked it in those days. They had started to move away now. The lady almost had to pull the child after her, and he kept saying all the while, 'Please, mamma, he's just the kind of a dorg I want.' They had only gone a few steps when suddenly around the corner came the big brute that had so badly mistreated me before. Straight at me he came. But without looking where he was going, he ran full force into the little lad tugging at his mother's side and knocked him violently to the ground. The woman screamed. This sort of disconcerted my enemy. He had come to attack me but the sudden collision with the child and the screams of the mother made him forget all about me and he charged at the child instead. This was more than I could stand. Weak as I was, I sprang right in upon him and before he could touch the child, I gave him something else to think of. With a vicious snap that I had learned in fighting him before, I bit his hind leg and my teeth sunk deep into the flesh. He didn't know what struck him. I was of the opinion before that he was a coward. That proved it. Without waiting for any further argument, he shook himself free from my hold, put his tail between his legs and went yelping down

the street. I stood and gazed after him thinking what a coward he was. When I turned, the lady was still brushing the dust and dirt from her little boy. I felt awfully sorry for him, so forgetting my manners and how dirty I was, I went up to him and licked his hand and put out my paw. You see I was ashamed of my kind for being so rude and I wanted to make up in some way for his act. Still you can excuse those tramp dogs you know, because they have no one to teach them better."

Here the other two dogs nodded their heads in evident agreement with the speaker.

"When I licked his hand," continued the collie, "the little fellow's tears stopped as quickly as they had begun and a wonderful smile broke through them. It was just like after a rain when the mist is still in the air and the sun's rays come shining through it."

"'Look mamma, look!' he cried. 'He's a good doggie. He's lickin' my hand. That's a sign. Jim Lawrence told me so.'"

"'A sign of what?' replied his mother 'I knew from the way she said it that she too was beginning to feel a little more tender toward me."

"'A sign that he's a good dog, a thoroughbred. His dog does it. Please let me keep him, mamma.'"

"'Well,' said the lady, 'I suppose if you must have him, you must see if he will come along.'"

"Come along? I would have come on two legs had I heard the words 'come doggie.' just then. But I heard that and more too."

"'Wowie doggie! you're mine now. You're mine, old dorg. Just the kind I wanted too.' 'He would have hugged me if his mother had not dragged him away."

"So that was how I came here to the house of my master. What a difference it was compared to my last few weeks of living. I had received nothing but neglect and abuse. Here I received nothing but love and ease. They fed me well too and I rounded out and began to grow big and strong. My coat was soft and silky and when the hairs got tangled up, my young master combed them out. They washed me too and soon I began to feel like the gentleman dog I was born to

be. I held my head high and when I dashed along with my master at play, my long tail stood out in the wind and many a man turned back to look at me again. You know I have a wonderful coat and an especially fine tail. It was mostly because of my beautiful tail that I got a blue ribbon at the last show."

Here the other two dogs winked again. "Bragging again," they plainly said.

"And that young master of mine, how proud he was of me." 'Prince, he called me. 'Because you are a prince,' he said. Then he would play with me and we would roll over the grass and run foolishly around.

"Such was my life for a year or two after finding my new home. It was too good to last and I found myself wondering at times just how long it would last. I didn't have to wait long to find out.

"'Say mother, just look at that dog,' my master's father said one night. 'Why he has actually grown to be a veritable beauty.'

"'Yes!' she said, stroking my fine coat of silken hair, 'He is a beauty.'

"Just when I felt so safe in the estimation of my masters, I must have wagged my tail too vigorously for several long hairs fell out of it and fell upon the carpet. That long hair of mine is the plague of my life. If a dog has long hair he can't help shedding it any more than if he has short hair. But short-haired dogs romp through the house and shed their hair just as much but never get blamed."

At this his two short-haired friends grinned and exchanged glances. "If he thinks he is so beautiful with his long silken tresses, he's got to pay the price some way or other," I imagined them saying.

"My mistress saw those long hairs of mine fall," continued the collie. "Then she sighed and said, all of a sudden. 'Still, hubbie, dear, I'm afraid we shall have to get rid of Prince after all. He is getting so big now, and really, I'm getting tired of finding his hairs all over the carpets.'

"That shot went straight to my heart. Think of it! She spoke of getting rid of me and just now too when but a few moments before she had praised me. I looked pleadingly at her husband. I knew his word was

law in the house even superceeding that of my young master. Imagine my feeling when instead of my master's father standing by me, he only said:

"'Perhaps Mary, we won't have to get rid of him. We may be saved the trouble. You know we found him in the first place, and when no one answered our advertisement in the newspapers, we thought he was ours. Today I received a letter from a gentleman named Robertson. He returned the other day from a trip on business. It seems that he lost a dog about the same time we found Prince. He was looking in the old files of the papers and thinks maybe our Prince is his Rover. He is coming next Monday to identify him.'

"That was enough for me. I knew that name Robertson only too well. He was my former master and he had called me Rover, too. Right then and there I decided that rather than go back to him, I would take to the road again. It would be heartbreaking, I know, but then life with him would be altogether unbearable."

"'What will Paul say to that?' inquired the mother.

"'Better not say a word to him about it,' the father replied. 'When the man has identified his dog and gone, there will be a scene of course, but I'll buy the boy a football and he will probably forget the dog.'

"A football! He thought my master would prefer a football to me. My little master would never forget me. I was sure of that. Still if something didn't happen before Monday, it meant the end for us both. Luckily for me, something did happen; otherwise I wouldn't be here now."

His tale was growing very interesting now and the dog's two listeners showed it in their actions. They hung upon his words and forgot even to wink at one another when he praised himself.

"What happened didn't take long in coming," said the collie. "You know we had a habit of going down to the ocean-side every Thursday for a swim. At least my little master called it that, but as he was only six then, he couldn't swim much. My mistress always accompanied us and in all my life I never enjoyed myself more. This day

happened to be particularly bright and shiny. I couldn't help remembering that this was to be our last swim together. We paddled in the water for a while and then played in the sand. We dug up little crawfish: I with my long snout, he with his little hands. It was a question who was the more loath to touch them, once we had uncovered one. They tickled my nose so I didn't like to go near them and they pinched his fingers. Then I chased sticks into the water for him, and by noon we were so tired and hungry, that we were ready for the lunch his mother had brought. After the lunch the waves were much higher so his mother suggested a little walk. After a while we came to a long high pier that jutted out into the deep water. By this time the waves were terribly high, and they growled like a big mastiff when he is angry.

"'Suppose I should fall in, mamma,' my master said teasingly.

"'Oh, Honey, don't talk of such a thing,' she replied.

"I didn't like to think of it myself; my own kind-hearted master in those big waves. It made me shiver all over.

"The railing along the pier was nothing but a heavy beam about a foot high. For that reason my mistress held firmly to Paul's hand. I walked behind them as I too wasn't any too brave. It was a fisherman's pier you know, and evidently they had caught many fish that morning, for the heads of dead fish and other parts lay scattered about. No fishermen were present now, it being about three o'clock in the afternoon. We had the place all to ourselves. My mistress saw a pretty fish lying on the ground and wishing to examine it more closely, stepped to one side and forgot for a moment to hold on to her boy. Youngster that he was, he didn't see any danger, so he sidled over a step or two to gaze down at the water. Now nothing would have happened if my mistress had not become excited. But when she looked up and saw Paul so near the edge, she screamed a little and rushed over to snatch him away. Just then she stepped upon a piece of the slippery fish that lay all along the pier and stumbled. Her hands went out unconsciously to pro-

tect herself but unhappily, as she was going down, she struck my little master and he was so near the edge that he went plunging head over heels thirty feet into the water below. The woman jumped to her feet quickly and screamed like mad. I never saw anything like it before or since. She couldn't swim a stroke and, where we were, the sea was running strong. The only men present were on the shore and we were far out on the pier. I ran to the edge and stood there a second. I looked at the mother and wondered why, even if she couldn't swim, she didn't go to her little boy. Well, thought I, if she wouldn't go, I would. So while she screamed, in I plunged. I hit the water with my stomach and the breath was knocked out of me for a second. Just then I saw my little master come to the surface but before I could reach him he had gone down again. The next time he came up I was a little nearer. Seeing me, he struck out wildly to come to me, and just as he was about to go down again, perhaps for the last time, his hands grasped my long tail. He clung on for dear life and then drew himself further up on my shoulders. How glad I was then that my tail had never been cut off. What if a few of its long hairs did get on my mistress' carpet! They were precious hairs now. But now I had other things to think of. The child clung to me like a leach and he was heavy too. Burdened down with his weight I couldn't swim. It was lucky to keep the two of us afloat. I struggled as best I could; I beat the water wildly with my forepaws. But it was of little avail. I couldn't make a bit of headway and the tide began to carry us out to sea. All was over unless help came from the shore and I could keep my young master afloat long enough. He was dead now. I knew it. The only reason he wasn't washed off was that he had a dead man's grip in the long hair around my neck. Well, I thought, if I die now at least they can't separate us, my young master and I. He wouldn't have deserted me; I didn't intend to fail him. Just then I heard the swish of oars. I hadn't much more life left. I had drunk a whole stomach full of salt water and I was fast going under myself. That's all I know of that.

"I heard them talking about it afterwards. They said that the men in the boat reached me just as I sank beneath the waves with my master clinging to me. They lifted him into the boat first and would have forgotten me then had not my mistress, for she was in the boat too, cried out, 'The dog, Prince! save him too.' Oh! if I could only have remained conscious long enough to hear her say that. As it was, the next time I opened my eyes, I was laying on a mattress they had stretched out for me in my master's room. They had worked on us both hours before we revived.

"When I did open my eyes and manage to wag my tail a little, there wasn't a dry eye among them. All except little master; he lay back upon his pillow too weak to either laugh or cry. The last thing I heard before I went to sleep again was, 'How about the hairs on your carpet now, Mary?'

"'Daddy! How could you?' said my mistress. 'If he shed a million hairs I'd bless every one of them. And now for that,' she went on, 'when that man comes to claim his dog, if Prince proves to be his, you will have to buy him if it takes five hundred dollars. If it wasn't for you, poor doggie,' she said, bending down to stroke my head ever so gentle, 'we wouldn't have our little son row.'

"I slept soundly and contentedly after that I tell you."

The Boston Bull and his German friend

moved in their positions and growled a little as if to say, "Well that's been mighty interesting."

But the collie, taking little note of their applause, hurried on. Evidently he had something else to tell that he wanted them to hear. "The rest of my story is soon told," he said. "My former master never came to identify me. He was arrested instead, for it turned out that he had stolen me from a very wealthy man that kept a kennel of prize collies. When this man found out my whole story, he said that he was proud of me, and that I could remain where I was. The next day he brought a long sheet of paper with great seals on it telling of my pedigree. My father was, as I have said, the Royal Collie Jack, my mother was the Princess Belle. That was why—"

"My father had no royalty about him, nor my mother either," broke in the Police Dog with a growl, "but I can tell you a story about how I came to this country that will match yours, interesting though it was. You know I was with the army," he began.

"Your story will have to wait till some other day," cried the other two. "It's too late now. Besides here comes Master Paul and Prince, we'll have to run and welcome him and play with him a while before supper."

"Yes!" said Prince, barking his delight, and with a bound he was off to greet his master.

On Dogs

JACK MULLEN, '28

TASTES differ in dogs as in everything else. Some people like their dogs to be tall and tawny, with sharp ears and snarling lips. Other people would have them very small and very fluffy, with eternally impudent expressions in their muzzles and eternally amazed expressions in their eyes. Then there are those (I would hardly call them people) who would not have dogs at all. They will have to worry along without further mention here.

I have my own tastes and ideas about dogs, and I fear that they are rather low. Some experts say that you can judge the man by the dog. If that is so, I should be avoided as much as possible by the owners of Pekinese and police dogs. Be that as it may, I cannot subscribe to most of the latest ideas in styles for dogs. Take the question of cutting off a dog's tail, for example. Many people cannot bear the sight of a small dog who has been so badly brought up that he

still retains his tail. But these same people (O, Marvels of Consistency!) would probably laugh at the idea of cutting off the tail of a collie or a St. Bernard. Why? Has not a fox-terrier, by all the laws of justice, at least as much right to his tail as one of his bigger cousins? It seems to me that if the tails *must* be cut from some dogs they should be cut from all.

Do not imagine, however, from what has been said, that I favor the cutting of dog's tails at all. I oppose it, and thereby display my plebeian tendencies. Tails were given to dogs for several good reasons. Their chief utility lies in their capability of expressing emotion, and when they are removed this capability is removed with them. A dog can, of course, wag a stump to indicate happiness, but dogs are not always happy. There is nothing, I think, more pathetic than a dog with a clipped tail trying to put it between his legs.

Another outrage practiced upon small and helpless dogs is the clipping of their ears. The object of this clipping is, I suppose, the beautifying of the animal. Perhaps they are beautified, but I confess that my sense of the aesthetic (or whatever it is) is not capable of appreciating the added beauty. It is another case of some dogs being favored over others. If some dogs should have clipped ears, why not all? Yet, fancy the strange and rather naked appearance of a blood-hound with short ears. We allow him to keep his ears because our sense of humor prevents doing otherwise, but unfortunately, when other dogs are concerned, our sense of humor goes on a strike.

But we have wandered away from our subject, which was dogs' tails. A dog's tail is, I think, often an indicator of his character. I am speaking, of course, of those dogs which have tails because a clipped tail,

which cannot indicate fear, obviously cannot indicate character.

Dogs which have long tails curling over the back are inclined to be introspective; the curl indicates that. Grip, who is small, white, and racially nothing in particular, is such a dog. He is given to much moping in corners, and to much moaning while asleep. If I were not well acquainted with him, I would say that he had an evil conscience. Dogs which go about with tails raised proudly, or at least happily, are usually good natured. Dogs with long tails that curve downward should be avoided, particularly if they have long sharp teeth. The poor creatures whose tails are always carried either between their legs, or at a point convenient thereto, should be treated as well as possible. Such dogs have usually been the victim of heredity and environment and, should one of these tragic animals show an inordinate appetite for our pants legs, we should remember that it is not the dog who bites us, but his environment. Unfortunately, no one has yet devised a means of kicking an environment in the ribs.

As I started out to say, however, some time ago, my tastes in dogs run rather low. I find it impossible to give due reverence to a pedigree. In the minds of many people there are two kinds of canines: pedigreed dogs, and just dogs. To me, they are all just dogs. Not all of them are exactly likeable of course, but there are at least as large a proportion of likeable ones among the social nobodies as there are among the Hans Von Gutenswagers, the Chin Wun Lungs, and the Grand Champion Angus McLean-Macdougals. After all, when Tige, or Terry, or Pal jumps all over you, licks your hand, and musses your clothes, what difference does it make who his father and mother were?



SPORT NEWS

Irish Top Hilltoppers, 57-37

Little did Father Marquette suspect, when he camped in South Bend in 1673, that 253 years later a school bearing his name would send a team down to meet the boys from Father Sorin's school. Regardless of what the good missionary dreamt as he slept in his camp over near the present site of Playland Park, the boys from the Jesuit school came down here last Friday night and garnered 37 points to Notre Dame's 57.

Milwaukee was made famous by a man named Schlitz, a brewer by trade. Well, this fellow Schimek that runs the two mile and the mile is doing his share in keeping up the honors of Beerburg. The Kenosha sorrel-top runs like Nurmi, only more so. Schimek led the pack in the two-mile all the way and lapped some of the runners on the eighth-of-a-mile track. He cut seventeen and one-fifth seconds from the gym record set by Dolmage, when he turned the sixteen laps in nine minutes and fifty-five and two-fifths seconds. Dolmage, running for Notre Dame, put up a splendid race until the final few laps when Schimek managed to break away and finish as strong as though it had been but a short windsprint he had been taking. Schimek also ran in the mile but relinquished his lead in order to allow his teammate Murphy to share honors with him. Young and R. Collins of Notre Dame pressed the Hilltoppers all the way in the mile event.

Captain Harrington furnished his usual evening's entertainment. Paul, just to prove that even the intercollegiate champ can have an off-night, knocked the bar down at 12 feet and again at 12 feet 6 inches. It surely was an off-night for Paul; the only record he was able to smash was the gym record, formerly held by him at 12 feet 6 inches.

The Notre Dame leader cleared the bar at 12 feet 9 inches and after two attempt's at 13 feet 2 inches, he decided to call it an evening. Marquette carries with them a young vaulter named Glaser that needs watching. He has a peculiar jack-knife leap from the pole that gives him plenty of height. His best jump was equal to the old gym record, but he was forced to be contented with a second place when Harrington went three inches higher.

Joe Boland, like wine, improves with age. Although Joe isn't much older since he last competed his toss of the sixteen pound pellet was good for forty-four feet three inches, or about two feet better than his best toss in the Northwestern dual. A couple more weeks of age and Joe will set a new gym record.

In the quarter mile the runners proved a law of physics: "Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time." It looked as though all of the quarter milers wanted to have the pole at the start and as a result three of the boys changed their perpendicular position to one of a horizontal nature. After the spill Lahey of Notre Dame was the only one of the spilled group to continue running, closely pressing Coughlin of Notre Dame and Heineman of Marquette. Jimmy Stack, Notre Dame's star quarter miler did not run because of a cold he had contracted.

In the half-mile Notre Dame took a slam with Nulty, H. Ryan and Masterson finishing in the order named. The time of the half was 2:04 2-5. Della Maria copped the 60-yard dash and Barron took the 60-yard high sticks. Carey of Notre Dame took the high jump and scored second in the broad jump.

The mile relay team composed of Lahey, Gurnett, Masterson and Coughlin walked off

with that event in three minutes and thirty-four seconds. Notre Dame took the lead on the first lap and never lost its position.

Summary:

Shot put—Boland, Notre Dame, first; Moes, Notre Dame, second; Huhlick, Marquette, third. Distance: 44 ft. 3 inches.

60 yard dash—Della Maria, Notre Dame, first; Heineman, Marquette, second; Shotola, Marquette, third. Time 6 3-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Harrington, Notre Dame, first; Glazer, Marquette, second; Hammill, Notre Dame, third. Height, 12 ft. 9 inches.

60 yard high hurdles—Barron, Notre Dame, first; Champney, Marquette, second; Griffin, Notre Dame, third. Time 8 1-5 seconds.

One Mile run—Murphy, Marquette, first; Schimek, Marquette, second; Collins, Notre Dame, third. Time 4:33 3-5 seconds.

440 yard dash—Coughlin, Notre Dame, first; Heineman, Marquette, second; Lahey, Notre Dame, third. Time 9:55 2-5 seconds.

High jump—Carey, Notre Dame, first; Doyle, Marquette, second; Wirth, Marquette, third. Height: 5 ft. 8 inches.

Two mile run—Schimek, Marquette, first; Dolmage, Notre Dame, second; Turek, Marquette, third. Time 9 min. 55 2-5 seconds.

880 yard run—Nulty, Notre Dame, first; H. Ryan, Notre Dame, second; Masterson, Notre Dame, third. Time 2:04-5 seconds.

Broad jump—Shotola, Marquette, first; Carey, Notre Dame, second; Donahue, Marquette, third. Distance, 20 ft. 6 5-8 inches.

One mile relay—Notre Dame (Lahey, Gurnett, Masterson and Coughlin). Time 3:34.

INTERHALL TRACK MARCH 7

An interhall indoor track meet will be held in the Gymnasium during the first two weeks of March. The preliminary events will take place Sunday, March 7, at 3 p. m., and the first eight to qualify in this meet will be eligible to compete in the finals which will be held Sunday, March 14, at 3 p. m.

To the winning hall will be awarded a banner and to the first three winners in the finals will be presented gold, silver, and bronze medals respectively. The meet is open to all except varsity track men.

The events will include: 60-yard dash; 60-yard high hurdles; 60-yard low hurdles; 220-yard dash; 440-yard dash; 880-yard run; one-mile run; two-mile run; high jump; broad jump; pole vault; shot put; one-half mile relay.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

University, Va., February 23.—Virginia's boxers have had the University of North Carolina added to their ring schedule. The Tar Heels will come to the Memorial Gymnasium for a match next Tuesday night, February 23.

Carolina's term will be followed by the University of Pennsylvania here on Saturday, February 27, and the season will be closed with a final match at home on Wednesday, March 3, with the strong team from Notre Dame.

In defeating Colgate last Thursday night the crippled Virginia team sprang a surprise. Four regulars, including Captain Al York, were kept from entering the ring on account of disabilities of one sort or another, but the second string fighters came through nobly.

Captain York, welterweight, and Kinchloc, light-heavy, both of whom were kept out of the Colgate engagement by injuries, will probably get into action against the Carolinians but as much cannot be said of Flannigan, bantamweight, and Wadsworth, lightweight, who have been ill in the hospital.

Smith who took Captain York's place against Colgate was injured about the right eye, but he is the only one of those who opposed the New Yorkers who will not be in shape to enter the ring against the Carolinians. Coach Johnny LaRowe should have no difficulty in selecting a strong team for Tuesday's battle.

But the coming of Carolina may leave the Virginians in poor shape for the strenuous engagements that are to follow with Pennsylvania and Notre Dame. Last winter the Tar Heels turned out their first boxing team, and it was a good one;—this season's should be still better.

To meet three strong teams within a week and one day is no small task for any boxing squad and the Virginians will need all their skill to do so.

Thus far Penn State has been the only team able to defeat the Virginians who have been victorious over Virginia Military Institute, Washington and Lee, and Colgate.

A WORD ABOUT THIS FRANKLIN TILT

Just a few years ago the popular way of gaining the reputation of being an optimist was to bet that Notre Dame would score when playing a state opponent. To-day it is quite significant that Notre Dame is considered as the championship combine of the state hardwood arena. To-morrow evening's fray with the famous "Wonder Team" that has made Franklin basketball history in the past few years will decide definitely whether or not the Fighting Irish will ascend the Hoosier net throne. If Coach George Keogan's famous flying Fenians annex the scalp of the brilliant downstate aggregation they will be considered as claimants for the laurels.

The other bidder for state honors is the Butler aggregation. So far both Butler and Notre Dame have lost one state game this season. The Blue and White dropped their game to Manchester, while it was Franklin that nosed out the Celtic cagers in the last few minutes of the contest. So both these institutions enter the present week with the same chances of parking the state title on their books. Another factor of note is that both play their last state opponent Saturday evening. Butler meets Pete Vaughan's Wabash crew, while Captain Vince McNally and his Victory Team will attempt to break the spell that Franklin team seems to have on the Irish.

Due to the fact that the Irish have played but four state teams it has been contended that Butler has a better record as far as Indiana collegiate circles are concerned. Notre Dame with but one defeat in seventeen starts has the better in the matter of a general record. In fact the Blue and Gold record is one of the, if not the, best in the entire country this season. Flashing across the slippery surfaces of the Middle West the Fighting Irish have demonstrated a baffling brand of rifle pass offense, air-tight defense, and coordination of the "Four Horsemen" variety that has justly brought them into the calcium glare of popularity. It is quite significant that Illinois, easily a loser when McNally and Company sojourned to Urbana, are now leading the Big Ten and

that another victim of theirs holds first honors as far as the Missouri Valley goes.

The writer was present at the Butler-Franklin fray last week and is of the opinion that the Notre Dame quintet can hand either of these teams the short end of the count. After looking over some of the best in the state we are of the opinion that McNally, Nyikos, Dahman, Crowe and Conroy constitute the best in the state. Franklin, however, has a great team and this fact should never be lost sight of in making forecasts. Saturday night's game will be one of the best leather jousts ever seen at Notre Dame no matter which way the honors finally go. But we are backing up the Victory Team to live up to its name, and with that final word we sign off until to-morrow evening about 8 o'clock.

SWIMMING TEAM BUSY

Having completed a successful practice session the Irish swimming team faces some tough opposition in the next few days. Three of the country's best teams are going to attempt a splotching of the Celtic record. These are, the City College of Detroit, Michigan Aggies and Indiana.

The Detroit lads are new to the Notre Dame schedule, but their ability as swimmers is an old story. Many of the boosters that reside in Henry's city, (in Ohio you know), claim that they are one of the strongest teams in the country. The meet will be held at Detroit.

From Detroit the team will travel to Lansing where the Aggies, smarting under the 50-18 victory of the Irish last year, are preparing for vengeance. They have a vastly improved group of natators and should give Notre Dame a stiff battle.

Then comes the gala night. Indiana is coming to South Bend to dispute their supremacy on the water with the Celts. Always rivals, the meet promises to be a bitter struggle until the last event has been decided. Twice has Notre Dame gone down to defeat at the hands of the Hoosiers, but they are determined to demonstrate their superiority on the night of March 1 in the Engmann pool.

The Irish lineup will be practically the same as the one that has been participating in all of the meets to date. The men who will accompany Captain Rhodes on the trip are: McCaffery, Tennes, Brykczynski, Cronin, McKiernan, McLaughlin, Brennan, McMahon, Hudson and Manager Wilcox.

Brykczynski, Tennes, McCaffery and Cronin, the unbeaten quartet that comprises the 240 yard relay team, will attempt a new record for the natatorium. Captain Rhodes will take care of the 100 yd. breast stroke with McKiernan as an able assistant, while Brykczynski and Tennes will race in the 50 yard crawl.

The versatile McCaffery, with his team mate Brennan, will give their rivals enough to worry about in the Fancy Dive, besides working together in the 220 yard crawl.

The two "Macs", McMahon and McLaughlin, will contribute their share to the festivities by engaging their opponents in the 100 yard backstroke. As McMahon lives in Detroit, he will do all in his power to put Notre Dame on the long end of the score in that village.

McCaffery and Cronin will wage their usual battle in the 100 yard free-style. The medley relay will find McMahon, Rhodes, and Cronin carrying the Blue and Gold.

It is an unbeaten team that represents Notre Dame in these meets and it is with a determination to keep their record unsullied that the men enter every one of them. Victory means added glory while defeat will not merit disgrace.

NUMERALS FOR FROSH TRACKMEN

Now that the Varsity trackmen have demonstrated to the public that records are made only to be broken, the Freshmen have decided to take their share of the limelight. That they have a good start is understood when one remembers that this chap Elder has but a slight regard for world's records. The men who will represent the Freshmen in their meet with Western State Normal on March 17, will be chosen from the best performers in the interhall meet.

Every year numerals are given to the Freshmen who comply with the rules neces-

sary to the earning of them. For this purpose a list of marks has been compiled for all events. To gain a numeral it is necessary to make these marks twice, either in official trials of competition or under the supervision of the coaches. The list of events and the required marks are as follows:

INDOOR MARKS (Track Events)

60 yard high hurdles, 9 seconds.
440 yard run, 57 seconds.
880 yard run, 2 minutes, 14 seconds.
Mile run, 4 minutes, 58 seconds.
Two mile run, 11 minutes.
220 yard dash, 25 4-5 seconds.

(Field Events)

High jump, 5 feet 5 inches.
Broad jump, 20 feet.
Pole vault, 10 feet.
Shot put, 36 feet.

OUTDOOR MARKS (Track Events)

100 yard dash, 10 3-5 seconds.
220 yard dash, 24 seconds.
440 yard run, 55 seconds.
High hurdles, 17 4-5 seconds.
Low hurdles, 28 4-5 seconds.
880 yard run, 2 minutes, 14 seconds.
Mile run, 4 minutes 58 seconds.
Two mile run, 11 minutes.

(Field Events)

Discus throw, 105 feet.
Javelin throw, 140 feet.
High jump, 5 feet, 5 inches.
Pole vault, 10 feet.
Broad jump, 20 feet.
Shot put, 36 feet.

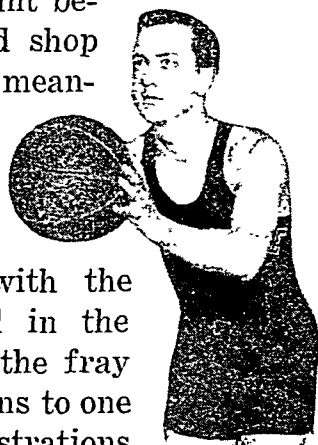
BALL TOSSERS WORK OUT

The official opening of the American and National league practice season was an impetus which set the Notre Dame base ball squad to intensive indoor training. Under the supervision of Captain Jim Silver the squad has been working out daily in the Gym. The work so far has consisted mainly of work on the track, with a little hitting practice. The infield material has been working on double plays, while the battery staff has been slowly limbering up.

Notre Dame has an experienced squad, with a veteran for every position and a lot of promising material from last year's yearling outfit. Coach George Keogan will assume active charge of the team at the close of the present basketball season.

SCOTS BURIED: 60-26

Sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make an hour and evidently Coach George Keogan's Celtic cagers are of the opinion that sixty points constitute a game. Be that as it may, they succeeded in pushing up the tally to that point before the scorers closed shop for the evening. In the meantime they allowed Carnegie Tech to accumulate some twenty-six points.



LEY

The game opened with the proverbial "bang" and in the first seven minutes of the fray the Irish treated the fans to one of the greatest demonstrations of hardwood coordination ever seen in these parts. They worked the ball down the floor with a display of teamwork that made them appear sure-fire state champions. After this burst of speed the Victory Team slowed down a great deal and the rest of the evening's performance was one that would have done justice to the Pathe "five times slower" filming.

It must be said however, that the game was not so slow as the score would indicate. The Fighting Irish had the edge over their eastern opponents from the first tip-off and were never pressed. For the sixteenth time this season, the opposing quintet seemed completely baffled by the rifle-pass system that the Blue and Gold brought to the hardwood surface. Carnegie just couldn't cope with the style of offensive opened by Messrs. McNally, Crowe, Nyikos, Conroy and Dahman, and the result was a continuous parade down the court toward the point where the draperies are suspended. The Celtic basket work was poor and many an easy shot failed to induce the score keepers to wield the pencil.

As soon as the contest got under way the Keoganites began piling up a comfortable lead. With the first ten minutes in history the score stood 18 to 5 in their favor. Then a fresh offensive brought a shower of net navigators and the pointage soared sky high

so that as the intermission was taken the score stood: Notre Dame 34, Carnegie Tech 10.

In the second half the Blue and Gold emphatically had things their own way and accounted for the rest of the sixty points with ease. The regulars did not extend themselves, as there was no reason why they should do so. Toward the end of the game the second team replaced the first and the fans were again treated to some snappy basket work. The reserve force brought a lot of zipper to the floor with them and the game ended in a spurt of speed.

Captain Vince McNally led the scoring list with six two-pointers to his credit, as the result of devastating, close-in sniping. Clem Crowe came next with a total of five drapery disturbers. The Nyikos family—or at least Mike and Johnnie—were next, as each had counted four times from the floor. Conroy counted twice and Dahman once from the floor. In reserve ranks, Ley played a great game. Harvey followed Mike Nyikos in the matter of scoring in the five minutes that the second team played and accounted for three two-pointers in that time. Purcell added the other field toss garnered by the Irish.

Notre Dame (C0)	FG	FT	FM	PF	TF
Crowe, rf.	5	0	0	0	10
Lew, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
McNally (C), lf.	6	2	0	1	14
M. Nyikos, lf.	4	1	1	0	9
J. Nyikos, c.	4	3	0	1	11
Harvey, c.	3	1	0	1	7
Dahman, rg.	1	1	1	0	3
Purcell, rg.	1	0	0	1	2
Conroy, lg.	2	0	0	0	4
Besten, lg.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	26	8	2	5	60
Carnegie Tech (26)	FG	FT	FM	PF	TF
Hurd, rf.	1	0	0	1	2
Maurer, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Amaus, lf.	3	1	0	0	7
Conrad, c.	4	3	0	4	11
Cook, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Beede, rg.	1	0	1	0	2
Sebastian, lg.	2	0	0	1	4
Totals	11	4	1	6	26
Referee—Reynolds (Indiana).					
Umpire—Nohr (LaCrosse Normal).					

BOXERS HAVE THREE MEETS

Seven Irish leather pushers including, and under the protecting wing of Captain Charles Springer entrained yesterday afternoon for State College, Penn., where, after a short workout this afternoon in their host's gymnasium, they will uphold, and seek to add still further to their boxing laurels by engaging the leather artists from Penn State in what promises to be a hotly contested match of fisticuffs tomorrow afternoon.

According to old man dope the teams are about evenly matched, considering the fact that both have met the Navy battlers sometime or other during the present season, and both fared exactly alike at the hands of their seafaring opponents, namely in taking the short ends of 5 to 2 encounters. Another striking similarity of these Notre Dame-Navy, Penn State-Navy clashes is the fact that the two matches Notre Dame and Penn State each took from their mutual opponent, were in the featherweight and bantam classes. So, if predictions mean anything whatsoever, the feature bouts of the afternoon will be in these two classes this coming Saturday.

The Irish have been resting up since they tasted defeat at the hands of the Navy two weeks ago, in preparation for the coming fray, while on the other hand the Nittany Lion took on the Maroon and Black of Catholic University last Saturday and were barely able to grab a 4 to 3 triumph from their opponents.

To inaugurate the afternoon's festivities, the first bout will bring together two scrappy bantams in the persons of Maury Welsh of the Celts and Gans of the Lions in what promises to be an extremely active engagement.

Succeeding this argument will be what would more appropriately be termed an all Irish bout, and a mighty mean bout at that, inasmuch as Mike O'Keefe of Notre Dame tangles with Joe McLernan of State in the featherweight division. This bout promises to be the hottest of the evening for Mike has been going great guns lately for his alma mater and his rival is the inter-

collegiate featherweight champ. Incidentally it would be quite a feather in the cap of the Blue and Gold lad if he defeated McLernan because of this championship.

Jimmy Moran, Notre Dame's dependable lightweight will trade blows with Filliger of the Blue and White in the next match, another promising encounter, while Jerry Left, competing the first time this year in a scheduled match, will clash with Grazier of State. These two battlers will fight in the welterweight division.

The middleweight encounter will bring together two real scrappers in the personages of Al Doyle for the Celts, and Keil for the Lions, in a match which should terminate in a K. O., for both ringsters are of the "give and take" variety.

In the semi-final bout of the afternoon, Captain Springer of the Irish will meet Uibel of State, and as Charlie is primed for the encounter, "nuff" said.

Joe Maxwell, Notre Dame's star heavy-weight of last year, will meet his first 1926 intercollegiate opponent when he takes on Welsko, a rising young battler from the home pasture ground state. Joe is particularly eager to show his numerous friends that he has lost none of his old cunning, and as his rival has his repertoire of tricks also, the bout seems destined to close the entire festivities in a blaze of fistic glory.

Immediately after this argument the Irish will entrain for Washington, D. C., to rest up there Sunday and Monday, and then proceed to Charlottesville, Virginia, Tuesday night where they stack up against the Virginia Cavaliers in another promising ring proceeding.

Two days later, on the way home, they will stop off at Cincinnati long enough to take on the St. Xavier's mitt-artists from that place in their last scheduled match of the season.

Three hard opponents in less than a week is enough to dampen the enthusiasm of any boxing team, but not so with the Irish who are primed to close their fistic season in an auspicious manner by bringing home three more ring scalps, and thereby makeup for their defeats.

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

HOW FRANKLIN FEELS

There have been many years which have passed since Franklin became basketball mecca of Hoosierdom; there have been many games since a team of youngsters started a net career which ultimately gained for them the renown justly due them; there have been the Vandiviers, the Gants, the Ballards of other basketball teams, but none equal to the originals.

Friday night, Robert Vandivier, John Gant, and Wendell Ballard played their last home game of basketball against Butler. It was a game that will become a classic in the basketball traditions of Franklin. It was a game that tested the skill, the tact, the cunning of a passing basketball generation with that of an oncoming age. Franklin lost, but to Franklin the playing of "Fuzzy" and John and "Ike" will continue in the future as the ghost of the past when basketball meant Franklin, and Franklin meant basketball—champions.

Franklin paid a tribute to Robert Vandivier and John Gant and Wendell Ballard Friday night when the gym was packed to see them humble Butler in the first half, only to try with failure in the last. Franklin watched the game with varied emotions, while over there in a small, dimmed room Coach Wagner sat with even more varied emotions—the last home game for his boys being played without him near them on the bench. We cannot imagine the inward grief of Coach Wagner.

And neither can we imagine the regard that filled those fighting basketball men when desperate defeat faced them before that great crowd—their crowd, a crowd which had watched them from high school days to college days, a crowd that had seen them win five championships of Indiana as the best of the best.

There have been many years passed since Franklin became the basketball mecca of Hoosierdom; there have been games won and games lost; but Robert "Fuzzy" Vandivier, John Gant and Wendell Ballard will live forever in the annals of basketball fame. They have played a good game, and have won.—*The Franklin.*

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HALL CIRCLES QUIET

The interhall league threatens to eclipse the American court system in their matter of postponements.

In the only games reported for this week Badin measured the Off-Campus outfit and took unquestioned possession of the pole position in the hall rankings. The contest went into an overtime period and when it ended Badin was smiling. Oh yes.—The score was 29 to 24.

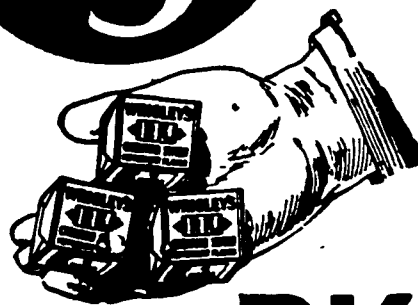
Day Dog stock kept tumbling when the rejuvenated Sophomore quintet scored 33 points to the 10 amassed by the Towners.

GOLFERS WARMING UP

If practice and interest have anything to do with the success of a team, Notre Dame should have a highly polished squad of golfers this season. Practically all winter, prospective members of the team have been taking regular workouts on the indoor courses downtown, and this coupled with an occasional practice out of doors has kept the golfers fit.

When the season officially opens the Erskine, Studebaker and Coquillard courses will be open and arrangements may be made to use the Chain-of-Lakes course also. This variety of courses should prepare the squad for any kind of competition on any strange course.

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THE SAFETY VALVE

Dear E. S. B.: How beautiful is the white mantle of snow that adorns mother earth, as they say. And how much has transpired since our last appearance! "The wizard of the hard-wood floor," as our friend Mr. Bert Dunne writes so aptly, has won a few more basketball games; that poor girl brought here from Chicago was almost burned to death at the stake one Friday evening in Washington Hall; several from the E. S. B. bade a tearful farewell, as they say, to alma mater after the exams, and for the present have been granted separate bed and board. Then there was—heavens, what a splendor!—the Junior Prom.

"Youth and beauty were there" wrote our frantic local reporter. Youth, beauty and the chaperons.

You have heard, of course, both sides of the band-gee club trip to Chicago? Well, we have too. Moreover we possess one, or did. It was given to us by genial Mr. James K. Kelleghan, of the news stand, while the record was still fresh. Long before the gee club got all hoarsed up from its triumphant trip to Steubenville, Greensburg and other community centers.

"Would you like the Victory-Hike record?" queried Mr. James K.

We would.

"Charge or pay?"

We wrote: "One hair-cut," thinking we were in the barber shop.

Then we gave the record to St. Joseph hospital. They inquired if it was a donation, and we said it was, and asked for one bottle of cough syrup, some aspirin tablets and a roll of adhesive tape. So after feeling fine because of this good turn done for the fellow-man, as they say in Boy Guidance, we came back home.

Well, since then the results have more than justified our hopes. Victory-Hike treatment has completely established itself and is very likely to become as well known as Sloan's Liniment or Father John's Medicine. To give you a few testimonials.

(1)—Joseph K. Prelli: "I had completely injured my singing voice (sic) because of repeated renditions of La Paloma. One application of 'Shake down the thunder from the sky' completely restored my larynx."

(2)—Joseph Francis O'Donnell (Commerce 3): "Was completely discouraged before exams and expected to flunk in all my classes. I could not sleep nights. Took two renditions of 'Cheer, Cheer for old Notre Dame' and felt better right off. I made an unexpectedly brilliant showing at the mid-winters. Only flunked in two classes, and got away with three conditions. I recommend Victory-Hike."

(3)—A. E. Parisien: "I am a student in Pre-law and will take up Post-law later on. Since I took two treatments of 'Hike' I feel that I can duplicate my unheard of feat of last fall, when I tore down through the entire Minnesota team to place the ball ½ of 1 on this side of the goal line."



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